So are y'all gonna form Voltron? Orrrrrr.....

by Fawk_yu_mean

Summary

Voltron Trash, the fanfic you all don’t know you needed.
AIlura,Shiro,Pidge,Hunk,Coran,Lance & Keith are looking for the white Lion.
What happens when they find her?
All hell breaks loose when they suddenly find themselves sucked into the middle of an
intergalactic space war that’s been raging on for 10,000 years.
The Galra are merciless in their pursuit to find the Key to endless quintessence. Enslaving
and destroying Planets along the way. What happens when the key is discovered on Earth?
Will the paladins stand and fight or be destroyed?
Also they strugglin to form Voltron

Notes

Shiro needs to get out of the house, and Matt has no trouble tricking him into doing so.
That’s not your Name

Chapter Summary

*** appear at flashback
-chps under construction, going through and editing.

Shiro inhaled and exhaled deeply, trying to push back the waves of annoyance that settled above his eyebrows and below his hairline. He'd been ditched, again. His frown deepened as he read and reread the text message again. This had been Matt's idea, he'd spent the entire week pestering his best friend.

"Bartender, another two please." He said absently, still in denial that he agreed to leave the comforts of his home for this.

***
"Shiro when was the last time you left the house?" Matt asked as he entered Shiro's study, not bothering to knock. Shiro made a mental note to have his locks changed. "Why does it matter?" He asked as he typed furiously at his keyboard, replying to a student inquiring about extra credit on a past assignment.

An assignment they had failed with flying colors. "Takashi, it's not healthy," Matt replied, starting to stare daggers into the other man's head. Shiro didn’t bother to look up, as he continued to type. "I work a lot," he replied stiffly.

"The only time you leave the house is to grocery shop or go your morning runs. But by the looks of it, you haven't even been grocery shopping." Matt said as he spotted several containers of take out, messily placed atop Shiro's work desk.

I've been preoccupied." Shiro replied dropping several togo boxes in the trash.

Matt scoffed, rolling his eyes. "You work from home, you’re not that busy." "I'm a professor," Shiro replied offended. "You literally only have TWO classes and work THREE days a week!!!" Matt yelled, he was losing his patience. "Shiro it’s been years since the accident...you can’t hold onto what she did...you can’t shut yourself away from the world." Matt said trailing off, pushing back the unpleasant memories that had began to rise to the surface. Shiro's fingers hovered motionlessly over the keyboard. He enjoyed being home, he was perfectly fine and miserable, alone in his fortress of solitude. He liked being home. At home, devastating things didn't happen. "I'm not hiding...." He was. "I have a lot of work to do" He did not.

Shiro trailed off not even half way believing himself. Matt sighed loudly. "If I agree to go out, will you drop it?" Shiro asked, he was tired of going back and forth. "Yes." Matt chimed happily, sliding into a victory dance around Shiro's desk. "But NOT alot of people. I'm only going to stay a few hours." Shiro hissed, annoyed cutting Matt's dance short. "Of course, of course I know the perfect place." He said deviously, a cheshire smile forming happily on his lips. ***

Shiro read and reread the string of text messages until his vision blurred. "Sorry I won’t be able to make it. Don't have too much fun without me." The message read. Shiro snorted rudely as he took
another sip of his drink.

This is just like him, to get pressured into doing avoidable things. “I need new friends.” He said aloud as he started to take in the aesthetics of the bar. If he wasn’t pleasantly pissed about being purposely ditched, he probably would’ve been enjoying his night.

Or at least trying to.

The bar had high ceilings, modern furniture, vast space and a nice dim ambiance. Something akin to smooth jazz drifted lazily from the speakers. What a wonderful way to spend a Friday night, alone in an almost empty bar, on drink number six. Shiro thought bitterly. Shiro lifted his drink to his lips, his motions stopping as he caught sight of women stepping silently into the bar, the large oak door closing meekly behind her. He’s greeted with skin the color of the rich chocolate, her hair is pulled into a high ponytail, and cascades down her back in ebony waves of twists that reach her waist. An elegant neck meets slim shoulders, her toned long arms are adorned in silver and gold bracelets. He wonders if she’s wearing a bra. As his eyes continue to roam shamelessly down her luscious frame. Her large supple breast sits high in an almost nonexistent shirt that stops just below her breast. His eyes continue down and stop at her wide inviting hips, her legs are large and toned, they go on for miles and meet delicate ankles. He takes a sip of his drink, suddenly thirsty. She’s wearing heels that click as she stops and looks around the bar. She’s wearing a deceptively long skirt, the fabric moves as she does revealing twin slits that crawl dangerously high up her thighs. Her bracelets jingle as she moves, sounding like wind chimes as they clink together. She's dressed head to toe in black. “It should be a crime to look that alluring in funeral attire.” Shiro thinks. Almond dark brown eyes attached to an attractive face meet his. He feels his face begin to heat, she's caught him staring. The corners of her full lips tug into a knowing smile as she makes her way across the bar.

Her heels clicking.

She’s greeted happily by the bartender, they make small talk, share a laugh, moments later a complementary drink is placed in front of her. “Pleasant and attractive.” Shiro hummed into his drink. She hasn’t even taken a sip of drink, before a large drunk man drapes himself in the stool beside her. His drink in hand sloshing messily as he grumbles a question about the seat being taken. She says it is, he ignores her with a smile. The man moves, completely blocking her with his body, obscuring Shiro’s view. Not that he was looking. He was. Shiro rolls his eyes as he stands and makes his way to the bathroom. He tosses a final look in their direction, pushing back the crease of annoyance swiftly forming between his brows. Shiro takes his time washing his hands. He casually looks at his reflection. Smoldering intense grey eyes stare back at him. He takes in his attire; his black shirt, his black pants, his black boots. Hell. Even his socks where black. Funeral attire indeed. Shiro laughs dryly as he runs his fingers through freshly cropped hair, his callous fingers drag lazily across the white tuff of hair in the front. He drops his hand and watched as the hair fail back in place across his forehead.

As Shiro pushes open the door, he hears her before he could see her. "I told you I didn’t come alone. I have a boyfriend.” She spat venemously, giving the unwelcomed company a heated glare of hate. She sounds...angry isn't the right word. The glare goes unnoticed. She was lying Shiro noted, she had come alone. He watches her long fingers curl into tight fists, she looks ready to strike if provoked. The drunken man carries on oblivious and ignorant to her tone, he's to busy drawing tiny circles on the exposed flesh of her thigh. “What's a pretty lil thing like you doing in a place like this alone?” He hiccups, his body moving closer towards her. Before Shiro can think, his body moves. In three quick strides he crosses the room, his hand reaching forward clamping down hard on the other man’s wrist, snatching him in place. It takes a few seconds for his drunken mind to register Shiro’s presence. He still seems unsure as to why Shiro is there. Let alone touching him.
Shiro has no problem showing him why. Their eyes meet in a tense duel of silence. She speaks, reminding them of her presence. "Hey Baby, I've been waiting for you." She says with such sincerity, Shiro’s temporarily caught off-guard, his eyes meeting hers. Her voice sounds the way honey taste. A genuine smile touches her lips, she looks relieved. As her hands touch his, the touch sends a spark straight down his spine, she continues to touch, pulling Shiro’s free arm toward her.

The man seems thoroughly confused, as his eyes shift from Shiro to her. "Who the fuck-." Shiro cuts him off, his hand clamping down tighter around the man’s wrist, Shiro’s grip is so tight his knuckles turn white. "She told you she wasn’t alone and has a boyfriend and you still..." Shiro trails off, his anger seeping through his words, making his tone venomous and confrontational. He’s ready to swing. He’s feeling destructive. Soft full lips touch the corner of his mouth, bringing him back to the room. His fingers loosen around the man’s wrist. Brown eyes meet his, and he reluctantly let’s go of the drunk’s wrist. Soft fingers touch his as she speaks. “I’ve been waiting for you.” Her tone and lips together do something sultry to the words, making the invitation to play along to appealing to turn down. Her eyes don’t leave Shiro’s, he feels the spark again. "Is this your boyfr-" Shiro cuts the man off, his voice offering no room for debate. "Leave." Shiro growls, turning his attention back to the man, his aura of anger immediately spiking back around him in full force, as he protectively moves infron of the women. The man slowly registers Shiro’s words and the situation. He begins to slowly back away, mumbling unpleasantries under his breath.

They stand in silence, after a moment she sits. After an unsure second he sits. "Bartender can I have another drink for my boyfriend." She says putting enough emphasis on the word boyfriend it makes him blush and look away. "Thank you." She says with a smile as she turns his way. "Don't mention it." He says automatically, and begin to wonder if he should have said something else. The drinks are slid in front of them, she makes an introduction. “My names Jenni." She says taking a sip of her drink. Shiro scoffs, she looks at him and pretends to look offended. “You don’t believe me?” “You don’t look like a Jenny.” He replied trying not to laugh. "Why? Because I’m black?” “What? No!” They both laugh. “If you want to give me a fake name, at least be creative about it.” He says as he sips his drink. She moves her left wrist closer to him, her fingers shifting through the bracelets, she stops and shows him a dated multi-color bead bracelet. His eyes fall on the five white beads that sit in the center. They spell out J-E-N-N-I, two little faded red hearts follow the letters. A faraway look of fondness reaches her, softening her features. “See.” She says, showing him her wrist. He smiles, they sit in comfortable silence for a few moments. "Takashi." He says after a beat. "Are you Japanese?" She asks curiously. Shiro nods. "Why are you alone at a bar on a Friday night?" She deadpanned, as if she’s suddenly just noticed. He laughs. “I could ask you the same thing.” Shiro responds. "I'm going dancing." She says starting to play with the ice in her drink. "In those shoes?" He asks with an eyebrow raised. "What’s wrong with my shoes?" She asks with a rich laugh. "The heel." He points out. She nods understanding. “These are really comfortable and my heels are super sturdy.” She says moving the fabric of her skirt, showing Shiro her shoes. He tries not to look at the tempting skin that’s revealed in the process. "These heels are sooooo sturdy I could smash one of these tables." She says nonchantley. Like they're casual friends who aren't strangers, like they didn't just meet moments ago. “Please don’t smash any of my tables," the bartender chimes in. They laugh in unison.
Chapter Notes

I’m such a slut for Shiro. He deserves everythinggggggggg.

Shiro is unsure how long they’ve been huddled close together at the bar, but he’s had more than enough drinks and long enough conversations to realize he likes her.

She has a foul mouth and a dry sense of humor. She's rather pleasant. Shiro begins to push up his sleeves, he’s starting to feel warmer then comfortable. She watches him silently, saying nothing as her eyes fall on his metal prosthetic arm.

He waits for it, the look of pity people often give when they see his arm. The shallow words of sympathy that often follow, the way others move as far away as possible trying not to touch. Or be touched. It's always been this way since...

She seems deep in thought, as if she has a question but is unsure how to ask it. Then again, she's probably just drunk. "Can I touch?" She asks, her soft voice cutting him from his mental turmoil of angst. "Um...sure." He replies to easily, surprised by the tone of the question. She reaches forward cautiously, her fingers gentle as she takes in the sight of Shiro’s arm. Her fingers trail up his arm and stop just below the flesh before his shoulder. Her fingers roam where the flesh and metal meet. She seems intrigued, as her fingers slip delicately down Shiro’s arm and toward his wrist, her fingers intertwine with his metal ones. The intimate gesture catches him competently off guard, his body tenses. "Are..you uncomfortable being touched?" She asks faintly, as she cradles Shiro’s hand in hers timidly, as if she's scared it'll shatter at her touch. Something in his chest shifts, as he takes her in. She's turned completely toward him, committing her full attention, their knees are so close they touch. He swallows the lump in his throat, forcing himself to relax and answer. “No," he said firmly. "It sometimes just makes for uncomfortable conversation." "Mmmh."

Is all she says, but after a moment she adds. "It’s really nice. The details, the way it looks like an extension of your arm instead of an add on."

"My best friend is an Aerospace Engineer, after the accident.....he ended up taking time off...helping me. He built my arm for me." He doesn’t offer more details, and she doesn't pry. "What's his name?" She asks as she releases his fingers. "Matt" He says as he moves his fingers, missing the warmth of hers already.

"He's amazing. "She says after a second, as she turns toward her untouched drink. She sways a bit as she does. Shiro clears his throat as he notices the fabric of her thighs shift. Shiro feels his cheeks darken, as heat starts to irrupt up his body. He feels longing slide down his spine like an ice cube. It's been a long time since he has felt anything remotely close to this.... It’s been so long he knows it's more than just the alcohol making him become bolder. Knows the cause of his arousal stems, from, the good conversation and the pleasant indulge of attention he was receiving from the captivating women who sat beside him. She turns his way and their eyes meet. She smiles as her sharp eyes take him in, goosebumps pebble his arms. Shiro can feel the arousal skyrocket as it starts from his chest and makes its way well below his beltline, he feels the familiar sensation of need blossom below his waistline. "What are you thinking about?" She asks, her eyes closed as she begins to sway to the music that hums softly throughout the bar. He falters for moment, wondering
if throwing caution into the wind would be a good thing. The worse she could say to his invitation in bed...was no, the best......yes. The things he would do, if she said yes. He squares his shoulders and decides to go for it. “I'm thinking about what you're like in bed.” Shiro says, not bothering to feel embarrassed or change his delivery. She stills for moment, and then the swaying picks back up again. "How so?" She asks faintly a mischievous smile appearing on her lips.

"I wanna know what you sound like.” She sways softly to muffled notes of a saxophone, allowing my words to baptize her, deliciously submerging her in lust created honesty. “I want to taste you're moans, make you scream.” “I want to run my tongue across every inch of you.” Shiro said breathlessly closing his eyes. “I want to know...if you whimper and come without a sound...or are you vocal and cry...just to name a few things." Shiro says his eyes still closed, his mind trailing off to fantasize about the two of them partaking in scandalous behavior. “Why does any of that matter?” She asks, leaning back far on her stool to stretch out her back. Shiro peeks an eyes open at her question. She's graceful. He watches as she arches her back. "Does it have to?" Shiro asks, remembering to finish his drink. "I'd prefer you not beat around the bush.” He can hear the amusement in her voice. “Ok.” He said quickly as he spun around in his seat, turning completely in her direction. “I want to make love to you for hours, then I want to fuck you unconscious, and afterwards I'd love to have sex with you.”

"What's the difference between any of those?" She asks, her body has stopped moving, entranced with curiosity. “Let me show you.” Shiro says so low, he begins to wonder if she’s heard him. Her eyes slowly open as she turns towards him. “That’s going to take longer than one night." She says seriously, as if she's already had these thoughts and had already contemplated a game plan in advance. He smiles, "You can have my tonight and my tomorrow.” He says bluntly, not bothering to tone down the nature of the conversation as the bartender walks by.

“Only on one condition.” She says after a beat. He holds her gaze. "We dance." She says as she stands up suddenly from the stool, she reaches her hand out towards him. Towards his prosthetic and he takes her hand, with little hesitation, intertwining their fingers as they step out into the night.
I follow as she leads me into the night, we cross the street and make our way toward a series of large buildings.

I feel the vibration of the music on the soles of my shoes as we gradually get closer. A long line wraps around the corner and spreads out further back as we approach. She pulls me with her as she bypasses the line, I ignore the violent glares of jealousy and the immediate stream of middle fingers we receive in the process.

The bouncer's face lights up when he sees us.

"I didn't think you'd be coming out to night." He says with a smile as he moves by to let us in. "Well It is Friday, I thought why not?" She says as she brushes a quick kiss to his cheek. The man turns in my direction looking me up and down, he nods allowing me in. "You come here a lot?" I ask as we make our way through the thick crowd, the building is packed. "I know a few people." She shrugs. I tighten my hold on her hand as she pulls us towards the bar, as she orders I take in the club. The dance floor is huge, it wraps around and doubles back stopping just before the bar. A DJ with white hair akin to Jenni's sits up high and proud as he works, his arms moving changing the song. I wince as the crowd erupts in approval. There's to many people here, I begin to panic as my eyes skim the room looking for an exit. "Here." she says as she hands me a shot. I raise an eyebrow, she's already on drink two. "You have a high tolerance." She says with a smile as she takes the glass from my fingers and places it on the bar. Her hand touches my arm as she guides us to the center of the dance floor. The song fades out into a new one. A thick island accented voice of a man fills the room, as he melodically sings about wanting to dance with a woman. I watch as she pulls her hands away from me and drags her hands sensually up her body. She begins to move her hips, her arms in the air, her body moves like water to the beat. Her hair flows freely behind her. She begins to sway as her hips more, her movements becoming more enticing. She arches her back and bounces her ass. I'm not ready for any of this. I freeze, unsure how to move. It vaguely dawns on me that I don't dance. Her movements quicken, demanding my attention. Her hips roll in circles as her upper body joins chasing the flow of her hips. A few men and women take notice of her movements. I move forward, I need to touch. I need to feel those tempting hips move with me. My mouth waters at the thought. She turns her head toward me, her body still moving," Dance with me?" She asks, breaking me from my mental battle. I move closer, she meets me half way, her hips press against me. The heat of her body goes straight to my crotch, stroking my fire, as I struggle to meet her flow. She's patient as I stumble. She pushes into me, her right arm wraps around my neck as her hips guide me. I hesitantly touch her, my hands slide down her body and rest considerately just above her hips. I'm rewarded, her arm moves from around my neck, she interlocks our fingers as she moves forward and arches her back, her hips moving dangerously fast in front of me. I briefly wonder if she's trying to seduce and hypnotize me with the way she's moving. I start to feel personally attacked by the lyrics of the song, as she suggestively grinds into
me. "Girl I ain’t been in love in a minute. I ain’t rub bodies in the club in a minute. Might as well admit it, prolly gon get it. Body moving swift girl, I’ma let you finish." I move with her as her movements change, starting to grow more confident as she flows with me and our bodies mesh together. She moves sensually her hair falls to the side revealing her neck, her hips rock back and forth into mine as the lyrics grow louder. "Tsunami, you know you got dat ting mami. The way that you dancin on me, you waking my ting up." What a poetic way to sing about having an erection I think as I smash my hips into her. She smiles accepting my challenge. The song fades out into a new one, the beat completely changes.

A woman with a heavy Jamaican accent begins to rap aggressively about riding something. I struggle to understand the lyrics and the flow the music. I hear her laugh as she moves effortlessly in front of me, feeling my hesitance. I hear her sing the words as her hips rock dominantly into mine. "Yes a so mi like it. Bring yo body come yah meck mi ride it. Ride it like a bike it. cock up and a sitdown and wine it." Her body pulls away from mine, as she leans forward placing her hands on-top of her knees and begins to bounce with the drums. I watch hypnotized as her ass bounces with every hit of the drum. Oh....... She moves dexterously, her body matching the music, I smile feeling bold as I pull her close and watch her work in front of me. She tosses a smile in my direction and laughs, as she feels me move with her. Guiding her where I want her to go, I laugh as she turns around and continues to dance. Her thigh moving between my legs as she continues to dance, the song has faded into a different one. The beat is lighter and easier to move to, I confidently place my hands low on her hips. Her hands roam freely across my chest as we move together. I watch a bead of sweat slide deliciously down her neck and realize why she’s dressed the way she is. She laughs, we've worked up a sweat dancing. She moves her hands from my chest as she pulls them above her head as her body moves like a wave. Her waist crashing into mine repeatedly on beat. I smirk as I pull her body flush against mine, lifting her up, her legs instantly wrap around my waist. I like the way her legs feel wrapped around me. I continue to move, she laughs. Her lips brush me ear as she speaks. " You look like you’re having fun." She says with a smile. I respond by rocking my waist into the center of her heat in tune with the lyrics of the song. She matches my movements, letting me lead, we both become lost in the music. I adjust my arms letting her slide down my body. She’s about to say something when the song changes and the room erupts again. She shakes her head as she takes my hand guiding me away from the chaos of the dance floor. I look back and see why. All men have moved from the floor, a healthy crowd of women remain. They move, their bodies moving dangerously fast to the command of the song playing. The women’s movements mimic Jenni’s, I look down at her and take note of her expression. Her eyebrows are knitted together. “Why aren’t you dancing out there?” I asked, my attention turning back to the dancing women. “I didn't want to leave you. You seem uncomfortable with large crowds.” She said, her eyes still on the dancers. “Plus it’s just people showing off....." Her words sink in, and I remember the liquid courage statement from earlier. She didn't want me to feel uncomfortable. "Go." I say, as I release her hand and push her forward. "I'll be right here." I say with a smile. "Go show off." I say silencing any more protests. She gives me one more look before she makes her way back to the middle of the dance floor. I watch as she drops low, balancing on the balls of her feet. Her hips winding, she gradually rise her body, bouncing. The music drives on giving the women instruction, the beat shifting back and forth quickly. She moves confidently, a smile on her lips as we make eye contact. Her shoulders move slowly as she turns around as she steps lightly on the balls of her feet, her hips moving in hypnotic confident motions. The progression causes her ass to bounce freely. I Look around the crowd and find myself feeling possessive again. Other eyes are on her. Her laugh brings my attention back, she’s in front of me, her hands touch mine as she pulls me back onto the dancefloor. Other couples are returning as well. "You looked a little lonely." she says as my arms wrap around her, she’s facing me. "I admit nothing." I say with a smile. Her touch is euphoric, I feel myself become light headed as I happily indulge in her touches. She smirks as she pulls my hands lower, on impulse my hands slide further down and cup her lush ass. Lifting
and pulling her waist closer to mine, I don't bother with hiding my erection. I want her to feel it. “I guess that was all the encouragement you needed.” She says with a laugh, leaning closer to me. I'm unsure how long we continue to dance, but when I look up the club is closing and its time to go.

I inhale the fresh air as we step out into open space, the cool night breeze feels good against my skin. This is the first time in a long time I've stayed out remotely this late. "Ahhhhhh, I'm all danced out.” Jenni says with an infectious smile. We walk through the club parking lot in comfortable silence. Self-doubt starts to rear its ugly head. This is where it’s supposed to get awkward. She'll realize I'm not what she wants, and we'll go our separate ways. I wait patiently for the words of dismissal, the made-up excuse to leave. The words never come, instead she takes her heels off. “Takashi please tell me you did nooooooooot walk to the bar.” She says cutting through my thoughts. I stop walking and laugh hard. She still wants to go home with me. Relief washes over me as we return to the bar. “That is my car." I say trying to stifle my laugh as I point to the black SUV parked on the far end of the lot. “Cool. Just give me a second to grab my purse.” She says stepping in the opposite direction, pulling a pair of car keys from between her breast. I begin to wonder if those had been there all night. “The answer is Yes.” She says with a laugh unlocking the door to a small silver four door car. She returns with a white bag, with tiny doodles all over it. I open my car door for her, and walk to my side getting in. We sit in silence a few moments before I ask a serious question. “Are you as drunk as I am?” "Does a monkey throw shit?” She responds dryly, it’s not a question. “I'll arrange a ride.” I say as I try not to laugh. A few short minutes later our Uber arrives. The ride home is uneventful, but comfortable. She reaches between us and intertwines our fingers and gives my hand a reassuring squeeze. The remainder of the ride we sit in silence, my thumb sliding softly back and forth across her hand. The car pulls to a stop and we get out, I lead the way, her hand never letting go of mine as we reach the front door.

Chapter End Notes

If your wondering what songs their dancing to;

Destorm-Tsumani
Spice-So me like
Vybz Kartel-Fever
Gyptian-Non stop
Is this how you taste

Chapter Notes

I think you know what’s up.

“Make your self at home.” I say as I step ahead, turning lights on in my path. "Um...do you live a lone?" She asks after a moment of looking around. "Why?" I asked, taking off my shoes and leaving them by the front door. “Because this is a big ass house.” She deadpans, dropping her shoes next to mine. "It's just me and my brother. But our childhood friends are usually here." I say absently as I make my way into the kitchen, grabbing a water bottle from the refrigerator. "Would you like something to drink? " I call out from the kitchen. "Why? You got scotch?" She asks with a smile. I look at her. "Your an alcoholic aren't you?" I ask as I hand her a bottle of water. "Haha no. I actually usually don't drink." I don't be believe her, she sees my skepticism and laughs. “Seriously I don't. I'm usually either at home or work. I rarely even go out." She says as she fiddles with her hair tie, pulling her hair into a messy bun. "I'm damn near a hermit." She says uncapping the water and taking a drink. I watch as her full lips touch the top of the bottle, and imagining those lips wrapped around me.

I leave the kitchen and wonder what I'm supposed to do next. "I usually don't go out and I usually don't go home with people." She says her voice closer. "Yeah, me either." I say starting to feel my pulse quicken as the thought sinks in that we're alone. "Where's your bathroom?" She asks after a moment.

"I have three. Which one would you like to use?" She looks at me funny. “How many bedrooms do you have?” she asks as she picks up her bag, that's clearly not a purse. "Five" Her eyes widen. "Its literally you and your brother, why the hell do y'all need so much room?" This time I don't bother to hide the laughter that bubbles up from my chest, her southern accent making an appearance. “The guest room is the second door on your left.” I say as we walk together down the hallway. "I'm not sleeping with you?" She asks with devious smile. I feel myself blush. “There's a private bathroom in there." I manage to say as I open the room door. "Thanks. I got it from here." She says with a wink as she closes the door behind her. I shake my head as I make my way to the master bedroom and head to the shower. Taking my time undressing, I enjoy the steady stream of heat from the shower. I step out of the tub, grabbing a towel as I step out of my room. My breath hitches as I catch sight of her. Shes sitting comfortably on the living room sectional, surrounded by pillows, a peach silk robe slides down her shoulder revealing beautiful dark skin. Her eyes are closed as she listens to the music play from the stereo, a glass of wine sits happily in her hand. A smile touches my lips, shes taken my make yourself at home comment to heart. I start to feel odd, as I realize I like the way she looks in my home. It's a thought I fight to push back. She turns in my direction and smiles my legs start to move. "Hey." She says as I sit next to her. “Hey." I say as my eyes roam down her body and land on her pedicured toes. Her feet are pretty, I realize as I notice the soft coat of white their painted. I reach for her feet, pulling her legs into my lap. She complies wordlessly as my hands start to rub and message her feet. "I take it you like my feet." She says her eyes closed. “I like everything about you.” I say as I lean forward taking one of her toes between my lips, sucking lightly. I pull away and begin to place soft kisses up her ankles. She inhales and exhales deeply, her eyes slowly opening. "Show me how much." She says so soft I barely hear her over the music. I feel my desire grow and blossom at the bottom of my stomach as I trail my hand from her ankle to her inner thigh. "Gladly." I say my voice dropping an octave. I move pulling both her legs onto the couch, I continued to pepper delicate kisses up her
legs, my callous hands move slowly as I push the bottom of her robe open. I lean down between her legs and inhale her sex. She smells as good as she looks, I can imagine what she tastes like. I touch lightly running my fingers along the short ebony curls that greet me. She watches me as I continue, my arms pull her down closer to me. My tongue glides along her inner thigh as I continue up again, my lips meeting where she's the hottest. I touch and tease slowly, wanting to feel her out. She's so responsive. My hunger grows as I slide a finger inside her heat, my tongue continuing its assault. My lips brush her clit as I taste more of her, slipping past her folds, she moans softly her back arching up from the couch as I start my trial. I find myself entangled in pleasing, her cries harmonious to my ears. I find myself doing more, wanting to pull more sounds out of her. I greedily drink from her, feeling comparable to being stranded in a desert for days. Finally getting to taste an oasis so sweet, I want to drown in it. I want more, I slip another finger inside of her, I lap between her legs hungrily. I'm rewarded with more gifts, her moans fill the room. I release her legs as I pull away, I lean back toward her wrapping my arms under her, pulling her center closer to face. Fingers run softly through my hair as I set my pace, becoming relentless. I want to taste her, my tongue moves in and out of her. She starts to moan louder her fingers tighten desperately in my hair, I moan as I drown in the sensation of pleasing her. I want to watch her come undone, I want to see the face she makes when she orgasms, I want to hear the sounds she makes when shes pushed to her limit. I want to take her so high, she'll never forget my name as she floats back down. I watch as she moves, her legs start to shake uncontrolled as I watch her toes curl. She's close. Her breath comes out in rushed huffs as she lets me continue. She's stubborn I see, as she tries to pull away. My flow doesn't falter as she begins to get louder, I move my tongue and focus on her clit. I suck lightly and watch as she falls apart in my arms. A smile touches my lips as I continue to taste her, my tongue fucking her well through the high of her orgasm. I pull away slowly, her juices flow from lips and down my chin, my eyes meet her heavily lidded ones. She smiles and lays down on the sectional, her body uncoils. I slowly release her, and go back to kneading her feet. "Did that prove my point?" I ask, as I lick my lips, enjoying the after taste of her. She responds by moving her feet from my hands, she sinks to her knees in front of me. Before I can react, shes consuming everything around me. Returning the favor. I groan as her hands roam up my thighs, I open my legs, inviting her closer. She moves tugging down my sweatpants, pulling me free from the confiding fabric. Her eyes widen as I spring free fully erect. Her eyes blaze with mischief as she leans forward, tasting the tip. She licks slowly up and down my shaft, her tongue pulling my tip between her full lips. I groan as she takes more of me between her lips, her eyes on me as she swirls her tongue around me. The heat of her mouth sending me to another place, my thumb caresses her cheek, as I watch her take me in deeper. Her hand joins her mouth, both working me in different directions. She hollows her cheeks and begins to bob her head, a steady rhythm continues as she swirls her tongue around me faster. She pulls another moan from me, I break eye contact and lean back, unable to look at her. She's trying to suck the life out of me. She removes her hand as she takes me deeper, I groan loudly as I feel the head of my dick hit the back of her throat. My fingers slide through her hair, pulling the hair tie from her hair, I watch in silence as ebony locs cascade around her shoulders and back. I slide my fingers thru her hair enjoying the pace shes set, I encourage her to take her time. I'm in no rush to arrive at my destination. She has other plans. She twists her lips, changing her pace completely, I see stars as she runs her teeth across the head of my dick. She sucks me dry through my climax, my body jerking from over stimulation. She's playing with me I realize as I struggle to pull away. She slowly pulls away my dick sliding free from between her lips with a wet pop. She smiles at me as I try to catch my breath. She opens her mouth showing me her prize, making a real show of it as she swirls her tongue around playfully. Before she closes her mouth and swallows. Its the most beautifully nasty thing I've ever seen. “So that's how you taste." she says with a smile as she pulls her glass of wine from the coffee table behind her, taking a sip. After a beat I tell her she's nasty. She scoffs and reminds me her toe was involuntarily placed in my mouth. I feel the beads of arousal return as her robe slides further down revealing full breast, my eyes land on her Hershey kiss colored nipple. I stand and adjust my sweatpants, I hold my hand out to her. She accepts with a smile as I pull her towards my bedroom.
As soon as we step completely into the room I press her against the wall, her lips crash into mine as we fight for dominance. I use my left hand and hold both her hands above her head, as I trail open mouth kisses down her neck and chest. She moans appreciatively, the sound going straight to my dick. I feel myself already hard with arousal. My right hand finds the tie of her robe and pulls it loose. I watch as the fabric opens, freely showcasing her luscious form. I release her wrists and lift her up off her feet, kissing her hard as I slip the robe from her body. Her legs tighten around my waist as I carry her to my king sized bed, our kisses don't stop as I lay her down. I pull away reluctantly as I remember to remove my pants. I move towards the dresser and dig around in one of the drawers for a condom. Surprisingly my hunt is fruitful. I turn back around and almost drop the condom as my eyes land on her. She's spread out lovingly on her back, the soles of her feet touch the bed, her toes entangled in my maroon colored bed sheets. She spreads her legs when our eyes meet. I approach the edge of the bed, she pulls me closer. She places two of my metal fingers between her lips and sucks all the way down to the knuckle. My chest tightens with need as she slowly slides my hand from her mouth, down her neck, between her breast, down her stomach between her legs. I growl as she inserts my fingers between her warm folds, I'm having trouble staying sane as I watch heruck her self with my fingers. I pull my fingers away, and slowly taste them, savoring her juices. She watches me with something akin to hunger. I tear open the condom rapper with my teeth and slide it down my length quickly. She pulls away and lays down, her eyes never leaving mine as she spread her legs wider, inviting me in. I accept the invitation as I line myself up against her entrance. I push forward slowly. Little by little I sink deeper inside of her, taking my time. I feel her grow impatient. I continue to pace, enjoying the feel of stretching her out, her legs envelope around me and suddenly pull me forward. We moan in unison as I slam completely into her. I start to move slowly, enjoying the way her walls tighten and pull around me. I feel her hands touch me. Gentle touches start from my shoulders, fluttering down my chest, leaving behind a trail of heat. She's exploring me by touch. Touching each and every scar that litters the canvas of my body. Our eyes meet as our fingers intertwine. I rock forward, her body meeting mine with each and every push. She bites her bottom lip, stifling a moan. I cease movement. "I want to hear you. Every moan, every scream, every sound you make. If you want to bite me, mark me up."

"You can” “I. Want. To. Hear. You.” I say as I thrust deeper and unevenly inside of her with each word. I close my eyes as I begin to lose myself. I open my eyes and watch her melt beneath me, she's so expressive. I note as a long filthy cry falls from her lips, her back arches up from the bed. I steady and pull her closer, my body sinking deeper into her. Her next moan hits every hotspot in my body, I need to hear more. I let go of her hands and grab her waist as my pace changes. I crash my body into hers again and again and again. I groan at the rough touch of nails as they drag hard down my back, the touch burns and I bask in it. I sit back pulling her with me, still inside of her as she sits high in my lap. I pull her up high and slam her down on my dick, watching her pretty face contort through a number of expressions, her breast bouncing beautifully with each thrust. I keep going, lifting her and dropping her down in my lap. She's looking down transfixed, watching me slide in and out of her. "Look at me.” I say as I pull her face close and kiss her. I need those eyes on me, I kiss her and devour a moan as it forms in her throat. "So this is what you do?" She manages to ask between kisses as my body collides in and out of her. "Mhnhh?" I ask as I bit down softly on the lobe of her ear. "You seduce women, take them home and fuck their brains out?" Her words hold fire as she frantically leaves a trail of hot kisses down my neck. "I don't know what you're talking about." I say as I cup her breast, dragging my tongue across her nipple. I multi task, my lips touching, tasting and teasing both her breasts, as I dominantly guide her body up and down harshly on my dick. Her arms unwrap around me and push agents my chest, I unfold around her and allow my back to touch the sheets. Her legs straddle me as her palms flatten high on my chest. She begins to move, her body reminding me she's a force to be reckoned with. She begins to move hypnotically like she did in the club, her walls tightening around me as she works. "O-ooh." I catch myself saying as my hands begin to desperately drag into the bed sheets, becoming more and more entangled as she dominates me. She arches her back and begins to pop her ass quickly, my dick.
sliding deeper in side her with each movement. She stills for a moment as she turns around, not breaking our connection. She leans forward her hands touch my thighs as she moves giving me a clear view as she begins to bounce, my breath hitches as she drops down swallowing me completely. I find myself start to slip into pleasures I've never experienced...let alone imagined. My hands release the sheets as I take hold of her hips, her movements have slowed. “Hold your arms out in front of you." I feel myself say, I don't recognize the voice heavily corroded with lust. She obeys, I push forward. Her hands touch the sheets, our positions changing, I notice the dimples on her lower back just above her ass. I slide my hands down until my thumbs rest happily there, my hands grip her waist as I thrust into her. Her back arches high as I slam into her. “Fuck." I hear her say as I go harder, our angles allowing me to sink deeper inside. I like the way she takes my dick. No complaints, only words and sounds of encouragement. I growl, my thrust turning primal and desperate. We're tiptoeing around the edge now. She's not really coherent once the aggression of change happens, she's moaning loudly, her face smashes more and more into the pillows as my thrust become uneven and rushed. "Takashi...." She begs my name, her toes curling into my sheets. I slide my left arm up her spine and wrap her hair around my wrist and lightly tug, her head lifts from the pillows. “Tell me what you want." I groan. I wont last much longer. But I'll be damn if I reach paradise before she does. “I...I...I..." She attempts, the words stumble to grow. “Yes?" I ask, my body beginning to ache, needing to hear her answer. "I want....to come." She whines breathlessly. “Please...." She begs, as her body begins to shake as I grant her request. "Come for me." I order as I lean forward, my body covering hers as I leave light kisses along her neck and shoulders, my hand releases her hair as I thrust inside of her one more time before we come undone. We collapse onto the sheets a tangled mess, our bodies spent. After a moment we readjust. I reluctantly pull out of her warmth and toss the condom. I return to the bed, she welcomes me with open arms. We lay in comfortable silence trying to catch our breath and regain our composure. She's tracing tiny circles along my chest absently. I enjoy the way the colors of our bodies contrast as she touches me. “You like my scars..." I say after a beat. "Yeah...there like little souvenirs of your past." She replies as she trails her hand from my chest, up my neck and onto my nose. Her fingers dance across the bridge of my nose horizontally, tracing the light scar that rests there. "I wont ask how you got any of them." She starts, " But I want you to know these marks don't hinder your appeal." She finishes as she pulls her hand away and snuggles into me. My arms wrap protectively around her as she rests her head on my chest. I say nothing as I digest her words. After some time my eyes close, and we drift off. The echo of her words bounce around my mind as I fall into a peaceful slumber. After a couple of hours I awake alone in bed, her side of the bed cold and empty. I sit up and rise from the bed, a feeling I don't wont to address starts to settle heavy in my chest as I walk around the house. Absent-mindedly as I try to push away conflicting thoughts. I don't realize I'm holding my breath until I see her and reach for air. I watch her for a moment, arguing with the feeling of relief that washes over me. She sits on the terrace, in one of my shirts. Her eyes watch the moon as she pops the last of a brownie into her mouth. She turns back around and continues her game of cards in front of her. She looks peaceful as she sits comfortably with her legs crossed under her in one the larger chairs, there's more than enough room for two. I step forward and look up at the night sky. "I didn't want to wake you." She says, as she continues to stack cards on top one another. "I usually have trouble sleeping." She continues as I sit next to her. The honesty of the comment trips me up, I'm usually not a heavy sleeper. Usually awake most of the night, usually never sleep. “Your fine." I say after I realize she's probably waiting for a response. "Are those tarot cards?" I asked with a controlled tone. God I've brought home a weirdo. "Yes." She says as she continues to stack the cards. "Your into that?" I ask trying to keep judgement out of my voice. She notices and laughs. "No, my roommate is into THIS." She says as she brings the cards together and begins to shuffle them. "HE'S into all this weird shit." "Your roommates a guy?" I ask. Is that...jealousy? I need to get my life together, I'm jealous of a man I've never met who lives with the women I'd brought home and randomly had sex with "Tsk. Tsk Is
that judgement?" She asks not bothering to hide her amusement. "No." I answer quickly. Embarrassed. "We're just good friends and we've never gone any where near each other." She says making a face, as if the thought disgusts her. I smile in wardly, happy at that. "Will you join me back in bed?" I asks as the wind picks up and I watch her begin to put up the cards. She simply nods as I stand up and wait to follow behind her. Her bare feet paddle across my wood floors lightly, my thoughts carrying me away from any attempt of a conversation. "You stay in your head a lot." She says as she plops down on the bed. "What are you thinking about?" She asks as she turns around and begins to look under my bed, I'm to busy enjoy the way her ass sits up in the air to complain. "Nothing of value." I say as I crawl up the bed, laying my head agents the head board. I close my eyes and think about what the morning will entail. "Oh lala." I hear her say as she crawls toward me, something cold and metal closes around my wrist. My eyes open as she clicks the handcuff closed around the metal bar attached to my head board. Any thoughts I had off going back to sleep die as I watch her pull my t-shirt over her head.
This should be awkward

Chapter Notes

I’m just here for the ride.
But in all honesty I’m hella proud of this love scene. *cries* it’s beautiful af

I rise well rested and eager to start my morning run.
The morning air is chilly and damp, dew still fresh sits on the grass.
I step outside my feet move immediately setting a brisk pace. I start slow and gradually increase
once I hit the one mile mark, the first two miles fly by peacefully fast. As I'm closing on my third
mile and starting my fourth, I falter in step as memories of last night immerge proudly.

“What are you doing?” I ask testing the strength of the handcuffs that's secured around both my
wrists.

"What do you think I'm doing?" She asks with a smile so devious my heart skips a beat.

I watch in heavy silence as she crawls on all fours between my thighs.
"I'm going to thank you for your services.” She says with the type of smile a cat gives a cannery
before they pounce.
The hunter has become the hunted I mused, watching her tug my sweatpants down for a second
time that night.

She pulls me out easily, with touches so gentle and experimental I begin to feel the tall tell wake of
arousal. She licks her entire palm in one swipe, and starts to stroke me, long and slow.

Whatever thoughts I had stop as her tongue slides wetly between my balls.

I release a moan as she begins to trace each and every crease. Her hand never missing a beat,
happily working me up to complete arousal. She slides her thumb across the tip, spearing precum
in its wake. I moan louder as she begins to toy with me, alternating , taking one ball completely in
her mouth at a time.

I pull agents the restraints as she takes both my balls between her lips, her tongue dancing and
cressing around them. She moans as she juggles them back and forth. She hums softly the
vibrations feel so good, I close my eyes and curse. She releases my balls allowing a soft pop noise
to break the silence.

We make eye contact and she smiles, I groan low as she takes me between her lips swallowing me
whole in one go.

I feel myself getting close as she works diligently, bobbing her head. My thighs start to shake as she
slips her tongue across the slit of my tip. My breathing becomes rushed, coming out in erratic
huffs.
She pulls away as I start to feel myself slipping toward the edge. She waits till I've calmed and my breathing has slowed to start again.

Taking me whole once more, the tip of her tongue tracing each and every vein of my dick slowly, one by one. She does it again elevating me so high I almost see stars. She knows when to let up, stopping the high just before I fall.

She wants me to beg...I almost do.

Babbling incoherently and uncontrollably as she takes me so deep I strain to keep my eyes open. She's so hot and wet, I start to jerk on the cuffs as her tongue glides between my balls. She's filling the room with the filthiest noises, as she slurps and sucks me harder. I almost come then and there at sounds she’s making alone.

I've had enough this.

I jerk my arms up hard, knocking the metal rod from the confines of the wooden headboard.

I pull on the thin chain that bind my wrists harshly, the flimsy metal gives with a snap sound as I freely move my right hand. She pulls away surprised seeing the cuff fall weakly agents my now free wrists.

"My turn." I say as I take a handful of her hair, pulling her from my very hard unpleased dick.

"Your not sup-." My lips crash hard into hers, stopping her words of protest. I want to taste her mouth. Taste every little bit of me that lingers on those delectable lips.

Her hands touch and grab me frantically searching for something to anchor her to earth. She knows how high I can take her, she can taste my intent. I pull away briefly and grab a condom.

I rip the rapper open with my teeth, we watch the foil rapper fall to the floor. Signifying the start of our game. I slide the condom down my length quickly and move towards her. She meets me half way, layed down and spread open waiting for me.

She already wet with arousal as I bring my lips between her thighs.

I taste her slowly, savoring her, catalyzing and memorizing each and every sound she makes as I over indulge. Her arousal glistens between her legs, her pink folds sparkle.

The sheets beneath her are soaked, it’s the most beautiful thing I’ve had my hand in creating.

I pull away and trail heated open mouth kisses up from between her legs, up her taunt stomach, between her supple breasts, my tongue continuing up her exposed neck. My lips hover above hers as I line myself up agents her, my tip sliding slick agents her entrance. She moans as my dick rubs agents her clit repeatedly.

Once the condom becomes coated in her juices, I push completely into her, not bothering to take my time.

She cries out as I slam into her, my pace allowing no mercy. My right hand caresses her cheek, her eyes are squeezed shut, raw emotions dance across her attractive features.

She wraps her arms around me pulling me close.

Her pointed nipples rub up and down my chest with each thrust. I smile as she starts to chant my name over and over like a mantra she doesn't want to forget. Her teeth lightly graze my neck just before she bites down hard. I groan at the sudden pressure of her teeth, the idea of a mark being left
behind exciting me.

She whimpers as I pull out of her reach, dragging my hands up to grip both sides of her waist.

I lean back and work my dick inside of her from side to side. She performs for me, my movements inspiring her show. She takes center stage, her fingers drag through the sheets, her toes curl, pornographic moans escape her lips as I move. My pace changes allowing her time to catch her breath.

My hand wraps lightly around her throat as I push inside of her. Smooth chocolate legs wrap around me, persuading me to reach deeper.

She’s so wet, the sheets beneath us have become drenched.

The sound of skin smacking together echoes and bounces off the walls so loud, I’m glad we’re home alone.

The head board sings as ir slams into the wall over and over again as I make her mine. Her walls start to pulsate around me, she's so close. I fight back the urge to finish before her. Her hands lightly touch my forearms before her nails sink down hard into the flesh of my arms. She cries out as she climaxes her walls clench around me so tight I chase close behind her. We ride our euphoric high together as I slam into her until my lower back aches.

I collapse in her arms, both of us struggle to catch our breath. Shaky soft fingers run through my hair as we bask in the afterglow to tired to move. We lay in silence, both of us covered in sweat, the sheets a mess and neither one of us has the strength to move. We drift off together not to long after.

I vividly recall waking up this morning, a feeling of warmth spreading throughout my chest as I remember the way her hands reached out to me as I rose from the bed, encouraging me to stay. I have to push to continue to finish the rest of my workout.

The desire to return home growing stronger as I remember the way she felt curled in my arms.

I inhale and exhale deeply as I push forward, closing the distance and arriving home at my usual time. The smell of bacon, eggs and coffee happily greet me as I step through the door. She's in the kitchen, wearing my clothes. My sweat pants hang loosely on her hips, my black tank top hangs dangerously low. Revealing a lovely sneak peek of her breast, she's not wearing a bra.

"How was you're run?"

She asks as she hands me a bottled water, completely oblivious to how domestic this all seems.

“It was ok.” I say before I down the water, she simply nods and tells me she's waiting on me to have breakfast. I rush to the shower and step in, it's been a long time since I've shared intimate moments like these with someone else. Keith and I don't even eat breakfast together, and we’re related...and live together.

I get dressed on autopilot as I do my morning ritual, brushing my teeth, washing my face and pretending to comb my hair. I return to the kitchen, streams of sunlight filter through open blinds bathing the living room in a peaceful morning light. She's waiting at the table, several plates sits in the middle of the table piled high with various foods.
She's reading the morning paper, a pen in her hand, she nibbles on the end of a pen as she attempts to do the cross word. She looks up and smiles as I take the seat in front of her.

"I wasn't sure what you wanted. "She starts with a shrug.

“So I just made whatever you had.” She continues handing me a plate.

"This is a lot of food.” I said as I grabbed a hand full of bacon.
Several full plates sat between us.

Pancakes, scrambled eggs, crispy bacon, sausage, fruit coffee and juice.

“You're a big guy. I assumed you'd be hungry.." She says with a smirk, and I suddenly remember what it felt like to have my face buried between her thighs.

I say nothing as I pile my plate high with food, she mimics my movements opting for sausage over bacon. We chat comfortably about mundane things, and I begin to notice I devolve more about myself then I usually do.
I reach for more food, I am hungry. It dawns on me that I haven't eaten since Friday afternoon.

She sips her juice quietly across the table. After a bit we both rise from the table, grabbing dishes and heading to the kitchen. She washes and I dry, dishes are put away quickly and the kitchen is cleaned.

"I'll be in my study if you need me.”
I say already half way down the hallway.

I need space, your not supposed to feel this comfortable around someone you just met.

I don't want to accept that she'll walk right out the front door and completely out my life at some point today. I turn on my laptop and do what I do best.

Busy myself with other things.

I grade tests and reply to the emails in regards to extra credit.

I've been so busy I’ve created the curriculum for the next two weeks. A light knock on the door reels me out of my thoughts. She stands in the doorway, no longer wearing my sweat pants.
A form fitting dress rests on her curves, the soft yellow color complementing her rich completion. The dress is strapless and flows down to her ankles, colorful strappy sandals complete her look. Her hair flows freely behind her shoulders, her bracelets clink together and jingle as she steps toward me.

The smell of coco and peaches wraps charmingly around me as she stands at the edge of my desk.

"Do you know what you'd like for lunch?" She asks softly, she's cautious as she approaches.

Unlike Matt, she waits to be addressed before disturbing me. She has fucking manners.

"Lunch?" I asked looking away from her and looking at the watch on my wrist. It's well past noon, I've been in my bubble for almost four hours.

"We'd have to go shopping. There's literally nothing in your fridge but eggs and bottled water."
Matt's conversation about never leaving the house lingers in the back of my mind.
“What’d you have in mind?” I asked as I closed my laptop and rose from my chair. 

She shrugs. 

"I was just gonna decide at the store." 

“Are you ready to go now?” She nods as we exit my study, I grab my keys as we head to the door. 

Light dance music plays from the radio as we drive into town. She happily supplies the music for the ride, I smile watching her bounce lively in the passengers seat. 

We pull into the parking lot of Cresmont Grocery and I groan inwardly, remembering why I prefer to stay home. 

Cresmont is filled to the brink with pompous, arrogant, judgmental, money grubbing members of society. 

Jenni opens her car door unaware of my hesitance. She walks alongside me asking if I like various things. 

I give her full reign of the kitchen, and tell her to make whatever she wants. 

She simply nods as I grab a basket and follow behind her. 

She's talking, I'm not too sure what about. My eyes roam down her silhouette, her exposed skin looks immaculate in this shade of yellow. My eyes stop on wide hips, and I watch the way her ass jiggles with each step she takes. 

I'd follow that ass anywhere I mused as I didn't bother to hide where my eyes were placed as other shoppers mingled near us. 

This must be what Lance is talking about when he says sundress season. 

My has it arrived. 

"...Kashi?" I catch the tail end of my name, her voice breaking me from my perverted stream of thoughts. Its become apparent I've been agreeing mindlessly to everything she's been saying, half assed listening. 

I don't want to admit I wasn't paying attention. 

"Sooooo it's a yes then?" She repeats, her eyes skimming through prep directions on the box in her hand. 

"Yes Dollface?" I answer, unable to catch the pet name as it tumbles from lips. 

She stops reading, seeming slightly surprised, her smile quickly returns. "Ohhh so you do eat ass?" She says with a laugh, it's not a question. 

"What?!" I try not to screech loudly, surprised our conversations had taken this turn. 

My face heats as several shoppers turn our way. 

She doesn't care. "So you weren't listening?" She asked with a raised brow. 

I'd been caught. 

"Anyway." She says with a laugh. "You can head to the register. I forgot to grab bread." 

She finished as she turned away and walked down a random isle, before I could say anything.
As I head to one of several open registers I catch sight her looking at a bouquet of colorful bright flowers. She leans in and inhales the flowers deeply, a soft smile paints her features as she pulls away. Just as quickly as she stopped to admire the flowers, she walks away leaving them untouched.

I wonder why she doesn't pick them up or say anything. I'd buy her the whole God damn grocery store if she asked. I look up, several baskets are ahead of me, I leave my basket in line as I step away and head toward the array of flowers. As I pick up the vase, a pale hand lands on my arm.

The hands remind me of talons; long boney and cold. A vulture to be more accurate.

I look up to see Mrs. Watanabi, an unfavored colleague of my mother. Certain adjectives comes to mind when I find myself in the company of Mrs.Wantanbi.

Pushy, cold, callous and conniving to name a few.

“Takashi Shirogane, It's been to long. How have you been?”

A vulture indeed.

She practically purrs, her small brittle frame hovers unnecessarily close to mine.

“I've been well ma'am. How have you and Akari been?” I ask as politely as I can manage.

“Oh we've been well. I've been trying to find her a husband. You are aware my daughter is of marring age now." She says poshly.

Not this conversation again.

She'd been aggressively suggesting the idea of an arranged marriage to my mother since I could remember.

Not that I had anything agents the idea of marriage, I actually held high hopes of getting and staying happily married.

But the Japanese women and her snobby daughter had rubbed me wrong decades ago, I inwardly cringe, considering gauging my eyes out at the idea of being tied to either one of them.

Such materialistic and status hungry women.

Vultures.

“I'm seeing someone."

I say firmly wanting to end the conversation completely.

She seems surprised, retracting her hand from arm as if it burns.

I hope it does.

Once she gains her wits, she starts rapidly firing questions my way.

“You are? Do I know her or of her family? What estates do they own? Or do they only deal in franchises?” She asks quickly getting to the meat of everything.

She doesn't even ask if I'm happy or how long the person and I have been dating. Seeking information about money and status.

Placing the value of someone’s worth below what they own.
“She's not from around here. You don't know her.” I say my grasp tightening unconsciously around the vase in my hand.

I want her to leave.

“Surely she must be of a prestigious breed, to have gained the attention of a Shirogane.” She says her eyes scanning the isles closest to us, she’s looking for Jenni.

I visibly tense.

My posture changing dramatically, my prosthetic dividing the unwanted closeness between us. Mrs. Wantanbi quickly withdraws from my arm, not bothering to hide the repulsed expression that takes hold of her features. If it wasn’t for my parent’s success and overwhelmingly prosperous legacy, women like Watanabi wouldn’t bother.

On cue Jenni appears, her eyes hold mine as she approaches. She reads my posture, feels my energy, she’s already aware of my distress. It swarms around me, eagerly willing me to slip into an ugly place of darkness.

“Baby I didn’t see the pop tarts you wanted.” She says as she draws closer toward me, her fingers immediately intertwine with my metal ones, she radiates comfort. I feel myself relax in her touch, my cloud of anxiety slowly floats away.

Mrs. Watanabi’s eyes travel up and down Jenni’s body twice, she doesn’t bother to hide her disapproval as she does. “Mrs. Watanabi, this is Jenni.”

I say remembering my manners.

Jenni smiles, Mrs. Watanabi returns the smile but it doesn’t reach her eyes. It’s stiff and unnatural.

“So this is your type Takashi.” She says venomously, disapproval laced deeply into her tone.

“Forgive me.” She says to no one in particular.

“Takashi has never been seriously involved with anyone. He’s created a bit of a reputation as a bachelor. To suddenly see him tied to someone like yourself is a bit of a surprise.”

Jenni doesn’t miss a beat, she pulls me closer. Her stance is protective, she looks smug.

“Takashi just needed a splash of color in his life. You know what they say. The darker the berry, the sweeter the juice.” She says as she pulls me into a heated kiss that makes my toes curl.

I blush as she pulls away, a soft smile forming on my lips.

Mrs. Watanabi goes rigid, she stubbles quickly making an excuse to leave, reluctantly wishing us a good day.

Jenni and I get in line and check out, she says nothing until we’ve placed the groceries in the back seat and we’ve both buckled our seatbelts.

“That women was bitch.” She frowns.

“You only spent three minutes with her, imagine growing up NEAR her.” I seethe as I pull out of the parking lot.
We ride for a moment in silence.

“It’s true what they say.” I said as I continue to look straight ahead. I feel her eyes on me.

“About the juice.” I say.

She laughs, I smile.

We ride home comfortably in silence as she plays more music. Once home we unload the car and head to the kitchen. I place the bouquet of flowers on the kitchen table and turn to her help.

She declines my invitation and ushers me out of the kitchen. I slump into the living room and lazily flip through channels.
A half hour later the aroma of something delicious fills the house and sparks my interest.
A short lived goodbye

Chapter Summary

Allura finds the white Lion

Chapter Notes

Everyone but Pidge is here. Lol

Shiro rose from the living room couch and made his way slowly to the kitchen.

“Is it done?” He asked peeking into the kitchen, he was greeted with a soft amused laugh.

“It is,” she said with a smile as she pulled something lightly toasted from oven, the smell of butter and herbs wrapped around him pleasantly as he pretended not to watch her comfortably move around the kitchen.

“Do you need help?” He asked after a beat.

“Sure,” she said with smile as she handed him plates and utensils. Shiro simply nodded as he took the items into the dining area and began to prep the table for two. His mouth began to water as he took in the feast, hardy enough for a king.

“That...that’s a lot of food.” He said after what felt like minutes, watching Jenni place a basket of hand-made rolls onto the table.

“Yeah, so. You and your brother can have left overs.” She said with a shrug. “You’re not one of those people are you?” She questioned with narrowed eyes.

“People who waste food” she continued. Shiro tossed his head back and laughed, she wore a devastatingly serious look, a look that was to intense for the conversation.

“I can guarantee no one in my house wastes food.”

She smiles blanketing her attractive features in peace.

There she goes again, doing the unnecessary extra. She shrugged off the large amount of food she’d made as if cooking for strangers and their siblings was normal. A thick lump begins to form in Shiro’s throat, before he can understand the ball of uncertainty, Jenni spoke. “So, I hope you like everything.” She says shyly, her eyes cast everywhere but on him. She’d cooked enough to feed an
army. Steak, lemon pepper shrimp, broccoli & cheese rice, a vast amount of mixed baked seasoned vegetables and homemade rolls drizzled in butter occupied his vision and taunted him. The idea of her surrounded by his closest and childhood friends laughing and eating together briefly crossed his mind, violently forcing a space in his armor of resistance that sat protectively over his chest. He hastily pushed the worrisome thoughts away as he said rushed thanks and began to greedily pile his plate high with food. He slowly cut into the streak, he took his time tasting the food as it touched his tongue. The worrisome feeling amplified, digging a hole thru the center of his chest as he savored the rich and tender meat. He wondered if his life had the potential to be near anything as great to what she’d allowed him to taste so far. His mouth watered for more as he swallowed. He hadn’t noticed how silent he had fallen as he continued to eat and think. The sound of relieved laughter cut him from his greedy motions. “I’m glad you like it.” She said as she grabbed a roll, her food untouched. “It’s delicious.” He said as he dragged his tongue hungrily across his lips. His reply having absolutely nothing to do with food. She simply smiled as they ate in comfortable silence. Once they had their fill, they rose together and headed to the kitchen. They continued their movements in silence as they cleaned the kitchen and put away the rest of the food.

“Will you watch a movie with me?” Shiro asked once the kitchen was cleaned, desperately trying to pull the strings of her departure at bay.

He was pushing for more time. Her movements stilled for a moment, processing his request. He began to panic, thinking maybe he’d crossed the line.

“Sure,” she said faintly as she turned toward him, her bracelets clinking together as she moved, an expresssion miscellaneous to him held her features. Shiro felt himself relax the same time she did, their bodies uncoiling with relief once again as they danced around addressing the elephant in the room.

He offered his hand to her and she reached for him, he tightened his hold as he intertwined their fingers. She followed behind him wordlessly as he guided them both to the living room couch.

“What are we watching?” She asked as he turned away and began to look through his stack of DVDs.

He had no idea what the hell they were going to watch.

“It’s a surprise.” He said trying to suppress a chuckle as he grabbed a movie at random and placed it into the DVD player.

He sat down next to her and pulled her securely into his arms as the movie began to play.

“I haven’t seen this since I was a kid.” She said with a laugh after a few moments into the movie.

“It’s one of my favorites.” He said with a laugh, amused he’d picked the right movie.

He’d heard enough complaining from Keith and Pidge to know his movie tastes, were limited in enjoyment.

In the middle of the movie he felt soft hands caress up his inner thigh. He turned towards her and pulled her close, their lips meeting. The kiss began to turn heated as he wrapped his arms around her waist and lifted her into his lap.

Desperately wanting to convey all the things he couldn’t say aloud. He kissed her hard, his tongue
mapping the inside of her mouth, tasting every bit of her as the thought of never seeing her again lingered in the back of his mind.

Encouraging him to do more.

Her hands rested softly on his chest, her eyes blissfully closed as she let him take control. He felt himself moan as she pulled his bottom lip between her teeth. At that moment, he realized that if this was the last time he’d get to enjoy her, he was going to make her remember him.

Make her want and crave him. He gathered her into his arms as he rose from the couch, their kisses never stopping as he carried her to his room.

Shiro took his time kissing every inch of her as he undressed her slowly. Lazily trailing unrushed soft open mouth heated kisses from her toes, up delicate ankles, between thick luscious thighs. He stopped as he moved his head where her legs met, where she was the hottest.

He inhaled her sex deeply, becoming drunk on his need to satisfy her.

He pulled her closely, her legs sitting peacefully around his shoulders.

“Can I taste you?” He asked his voice heavily laced with lust as he looked up, their eyes meeting.

“Please” She begged breathlessly, her eyes locked on his, watching as he moved with her permission. She groaned as he moved her effortlessly, placing both their bodies on the bed, her on top. He drank from her mercilessly as he worked, securing his arms behind her legs.

He closed his eyes as she rode his face, his tongue slipping between her folds repeatedly reaching deeper, encouraging her to enjoy the ride.

She arched her back and moaned loudly as he added a finger, his thumb moving in circles over her sensitive clit.

Her thighs began to shake as he added a second finger, his tongue never stopping to reach its goal as it moved in sync with his thumb.

He over indulged in the fact that she was getting wetter and wetter with each stroke.

He could stay like this all day, with his face buried between her thighs.

“Takashi...” She whined as she tried to pull away.

A growl escaped his lips as he held her tighter and continued to take his time. Enjoying each and every sound of encouragement she gifted him with each stroke of his tongue.

“I’m..close...” She barely managed to say, her words coming out rushed and desperate, her eyes closed.

A faint blush painted her dark skin, her lips swollen from previous kisses. The next pretty cry he pulls out of her, goes straight to his dick, her hand covers her lips desperately trying in vain to stop the noises. Her ebony locs fail around her as she begins to rock forward, chasing the movements of his tongue.

He wanted a picture, he wanted something to encapsulate every detail of her like this.

In complete bliss at his hands.

Coming undone with each touch, each flick of his tongue. A soft beautiful cry fell from her lips as she came, his mouth filling with her pleased release.
As he continued to work her through her orgasm her body shaking from over stimulation. He ran his tongue across his lips, enjoying the evidence of her undoing.

Shiro feels her eyes on him before he even looks up, a look of determination held her features as she slipped from his grasp. He whined at the sudden lack of warmth. She had turned around, her back to him as she leaned forward and took him between her lips.

Taking him completely down till her lips touched black curls. She continued to swallow around him, deep throating him as she moved with vigor.

Shiro propped himself on his elbows and watched. Her tongue tasting, teasing and whirling around him. Her fingers grazed his balls as she worked, making the naughtiest sounds he’d ever had the pleasure of hearing. He watched through lidded hungry eyes as she pulls her hands away from touching him, trailing them down her body. Putting on a real show, as her hands stopped on her ass cheeks.

He bit the inside of his cheek sharply as she spread her ass cheeks playfully, showing him her wet pink pussy and tight asshole.

He exhaled as he reached for her, his fingers brushing against her folds. He sat up and pulled her close, her pussy smiled, her asshole winked at him, enticing him.

Without hesitation he leaned forward and smooshed his face between her cheeks and tasted her. She stilled for a moment, completely taken by surprise. He continued eat her, his tongue sliding its way into her tight little hole. He pulled a moan from her as he slipped a finger inside slowly. His finger moved slowly, testing the strength of her walls. Her back arched as he attempted to add a second finger. He began to move the digits inside of her, scissoring her walls, she groaned as he slipped his tongue between his fingers. He pulled away slowly and blew inside her opening. She tensed one last time before she came. “What the fuck Takashi?!” She asked panting, sounding more embarrassed then mad.

He laughed, unable to hold onto the amusement that leaked from his body. “Does that answer your question?” He asked, as he grabbed a condom from under his pillow. He’d grown annoyed with searching for the damned things, often having to stop when things were going so well. “You’re a fucking sadist, aren’t you?” She asked with a laugh as he easily lifted her, moving her body more onto the bed. Shiro ripped the foil packet open and quickly slid the condom on. Her eyes watching the entire time. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.” He said with a smile as he climbed between her legs, burying his face in her short black curls. She hummed softly, her fingers threading lazy patterns through his hair. He took a moment to memorize the heat of her body against his own, and trailed soft kisses up her body. Her legs wrapping around him as his lips lightly brushed her jaw. Their fingers intertwined as the tip of his dick brushed her wet entrance. Shiro pushed inside slowly, biting his bottom lip letting her adjust patiently. Her walls tightened and constricted eagerly around him, as he moved. His movements slow and deliberate, his lower back working into of her. Her hips matched each thrust, enjoying the ride. She moans softly, her little cries distracting him. He dragged his eyes away from watching his dick move inside and out of her. Loving the way her walls swallowed him down completely to the hilt. Her eyes closed as he pulled another moan from her. He leaned forward and captured her lips between his, swallowing a moan. Their fingers came apart as he moved, her cool hand moved finding its place on the back of his neck. Her other hand more adventurous grabbed and squeezed his ass enthusiastically, encouraging more. He gave her more, as he drove harder into her, her walls tightening around him. He groaned as her nails dragged down his back, the pain more pleasurable then it should be. He pulled up on his knees bringing her with him, she complied, her hands resting on his shoulders as
he placed each hand on her ass cheeks and slammed her down onto him repeatedly. The change in position making him slide even deeper. She’s loud in her praise as he aims to please her, he wants to make her his. And only his. The possessive thought burns through his veins as he shifts their position again. She rests in his lap as he moved her legs together around him. Shiro’s arms wrap around her waist as he starts to slam her down onto his dick, she bites her bottom lip as he fucks her into oblivion. Her breast bounce wildly with each movement, he leans forward and pulls one of her pert nipples between his teeth. She whimpered as he added light pressure to the bite. After a moment he realizes she was calling his name, he releases her pebbled nipple and their eyes meet. Her hands touch his face. The tips of her thumbs graze his cheeks, as her finger tips slide past the shells of his ears. She leans in and kisses him hard with fire so hot it burns, their lips mingle as their tongues intertwine. Tasting each other desperately. He feels the need to bond her to him, it’s so strong it weights him down. He starts to feel himself drift closer to the edge, as the feeling of warning blossoms in his lower half. He’s close. She suddenly starts to move, her movements chasing and mimicking his. He groans deeply as she playfully pulls his bottom lip between her teeth, her kisses and movements are starting to become over whelming. A fierce blush tints her cheeks as she pulls away, a trail of saliva follows behind her and hangs between their lips. She leans back, her hands braced on his shoulders as she rides him with purpose. A dangerous smile spreads on her full lips as her movements overwhelm and dominate his own. His body’s near the point of waving a white flag. He’s not sure how long he can on. “I’m so close.” She says breathlessly as her eyelids flutter closed. “Make me cum Takashi. Make me yours.” She demands her lips crashing into his. And in that moment Shiro feels every wall he’s built up come crashing down. She does it effortlessly, making him dream of wanting things he’d long given up on. Desires he thought he’d buried deep, surface with vengeance and threaten to break free. In the brief time she’s spent around him, she’d purged his mind of all the self-control he owned. Like the waves pull the sand, like the moon pulls the tide...he was her’s. In a blissful collision of tangled bodies, they erupt together, her walls tightening and milking him. He starts to see stars as they continue to move together. He held her close as they lay on the bed in silence, their bodies still joined together as they fought to catch their bearings. Shiro laid his head in the juncture where her shoulders and neck met. Both of them covered in sweat and juices, a tangled mess in his bed sheets. Soft fingers card through his hair, he feels the whisper of her lips touch his forehead in a tender kiss. There it is again. The unnecessary but hopelessly desired intimate gesture. Their bodies untangle as they lay in bed, he disposes of the condom and pulls her back into his arms. Her head rests on his chest, his fingers absently trailing soft patterns into the soft skin of her shoulder. They lay in comfortable silence, not wanting to break the spell. After some time, he drifts off, his body happily spent. —— When Shiro’s eyes open a couple of hours later, the feeling of dread sets in. He’s in bed alone. He doesn’t have to venture through his home to come to that conclusion, but he does. His footsteps echo loudly throughout the empty and suddenly too large home as he checks every room. He stops at the guest room and hesitates, his fingertips resting on the door knob. Disappointment makes a permanent reservation in his chest as he pushes the door open and steps into an empty room. The smell of peaches hits his nose and wraps around him. She showered before she left. He continues through the room, everything is in its regular place. The bed is made, the bathroom clean. The only remanence of her presence is the multi colored beaded bracelet that sits forgotten on the edge of the porcelain tub. Shiro picked up the bracelet and turned the lights off behind him as he walked back to his room. Tossing and turning the rest of the night. ——

I reluctantly wake up to the animated chatter streaming loudly from the kitchen. I pull myself out of bed and follow the voices.

Hunk and Keith are in the kitchen, the playful banter ends once they take in my stale appearance.

Good.
Now everyone knows how I feel.

“Good morning sleepy head. How are you feeling?” Hunk asked with his usual soft smile.

The 6’2 Samoan man is dressed in his standard bright polo and cargo pants, an orange headband pushes back long bangs from his eyes. His chocolate brown eyes sparkle with kindness.

He’s too happy and too bright, I squint looking away.

“Morning Hunk, Keith.” I say with a nod to Keith, as he hands me my usual cup of black coffee.

“Sooooo who made the delicious food?” Hunk asks not bothering to waste time.

“Shiro did you have company?” Keith asks, I pretend not to be offended by how surprised he seems that he actually got to ask me that question.

I sip my coffee, the bitter taste reminding me to answer. I considered ignoring Keith. I grab the cream and add it to his coffee, watching it swirl together until it changes color.

The brown it turns reminds me of her.

“Yeah I had someone over.” I say as I sit the creamer down.

“You’ll have to introduce me to this secret chef. I wanna know how she seasoned the shrimp.” Hunk said as he happily popped several in his mouth.

“I like the steak. Invite her over Shiro.” Keith demands with a mouth full of food.

I don’t respond.

“It’s great she got you to go grocery shopping. I came here prepared to make a grocery list.”

Hunk said with a sigh.

Hunk’s usually the one that reminds me to keep actual food in the house. Whenever he’s free he usually drops by and makes breakfast.

To him cooking is therapeutic, pretty sure that’s why he owns a catering business.

“She’s not coming back anytime soon.” I say trying to quickly end the conversation.

Keith looks at me mid chew and frowns. He’s been encouraging me to get back out there and live life, date, have fun, and actually leave the confines of my room.

There’s only so many ways to say no before it leads to an argument.

“Ugh…why not?” Hunk sounds the way Keith looks, disappointed.

“That wasn’t the arrangement.” I say trying to not get upset as I add sugar to my coffee.

Keith and Hunk stare at me. I break the awkward silence first.

“What?”

Keith is quick to respond. “You never add anything to your coffee.” He says pointedly.
“You like her.” He finishes as he continues to eat his hearty plate of steak and eggs.

I groan loudly at the table. Hunk makes a tsk sound.

“I didn’t say anything and she walked right out the door.” I say as my hands cover my face, trying to hide from the refreshed wave of disappointment.

“Well maybe you’ll see her again buddy.” Hunk says softly as he places a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

I simply nod, not really believing his words.

After two weeks of subconsciously looking for her, I pretend to give up. Regretting never voicing my feelings, she left my life as quickly as she entered it.

I bury himself in work and daily work outs, trying to push all traces of her from my mind.

Janae’s POV

I groaned loudly as I walked into another pillar. I’m obviously being punished for going out. This is what the fuck I get for going home with a beautiful stranger to do the horizontal tango. That was two weeks ago and I still couldn’t erase his presence from my mind. The way he smelled, how large and gentle his hands were, the level of sincerity and depth that projected from those smoldering gunmetal gray eyes. Don’t even get me started on the monster in his pants. God it was like trying to swallow a- I trip over nothing trying to find my way to more proper thoughts. It doesn’t happen, as I remember on the way he dominated me, the way his body hovered over mine, the way his lips and tongue moved selfishly between my thighs. Goosebumps start to pebble my skin as I get lost in thoughts of him. I inhale and exhale deeply trying and failing to clear my mind. “I need to prepare myself for class, my mentor’s gonna kick my ass if I don’t focus.” I remind myself more than once as I push open the heavy gym doors. I walked past the angry receptionist who seems to be struggling with an old ass shedder. I don’t bother to sign in. “Good morning Janae.” Rolo says with a muted smile as I sit my gym bag down on a nearby bench. “Hey Ro.” I say as I pull my hair into a low ponytail. “I hope you’re ready for training.” He says his Caribbean accent heavy as he tightens the band around his ivory locs. “You know I am.” I lie with the confidence I don’t have, as we bump fists and get into position. Nothing says good morning better then sparing, and potentially getting beat up bright and early. Our eyes meet as I lunge forward moving my body to his left side, my leg makes contact with his midsection. He easily blocks my kick, grabbing my ankle and throwing me down onto the mat. “Jenae what did I tell you about leaving yourself open?” He complains more then asks as he moves towards me, his leg catches mine knocking me swiftly back down onto the mat. I roll out of the way as his foot harshly makes contact with his midsection. He easily blocks my kick, grabbing my ankle and throwing me down onto the mat. “Janae what did I tell you about leaving yourself open?” He complains more then asks as he moves towards me, his leg catches mine knocking me swiftly back down onto the mat. I roll out of the way as his foot harshly makes contact with the mat. I rise to my feet and move with purpose, my movements strong and confident and my open palm slams into Rolo’s chest, knocking the wind out of him. I smile, maybe I can do this. But my victory is short lived as he moves, a fury of hands and feet come my way in perfect synce. I barely dodge half the hits and overall end up on the mat several more times. I can already feel the bruises starting to form. My mind was obviously somewhere else today. “Janae next practice I need you to focus, don’t waste my time or your time.” Rolo says as he reached for my hand, pulling me to my feet. “Yeah yeah yeah.” I mumble as I make my way towards my gym bag. “You did well. But you can always do better. Hit the showers, I expect you to be fully focused next week.” He says again with that muted smile.

I make my way to the locker room and begin to strip along the way, pulling my towel from my gym bag and wrapping it again my head. I have no qualms about being naked around other women,
why even use the public shower if your just gonna freak out at the first boob you see?
I continue to make my way towards the showers. Screaming out In frustration as the lights go out without warning, resulting in me stubbing my precious big toe into something solid and hard. I don’t bother to censor the sting of profanities that leave my lips. I’m so wrapped up in my own little world, I don’t notice I’m not alone. A woman in the locker room gasps, and I wonder if she’s stubbed her toe as well. Her voice touches me through the darkness. “Your tattoo, is it a lion?” She asks with a positively British accent. The question and accent catch me off guard, I usually don’t have casual conversations with strangers...in gym showers. Fuck it, it’s not like I actually have friends or a social life. Can’t even have a proper one-night stand.

“Yeah it’s the white lion.” I say pride lacing my words, as I remember fondly sneaking out to get and getting the tattoo at 13. Good times. I mused, as the lights stuttered a few times before coming on with a muffled hum. My eyes meet blue ones with purple irises, the woman is absolutely stunning, with skin the color of tree bark in the fall, ivory hair cascades down her shoulders in soft neat waves. She’s tall and slender, like she actively works out but she’s soft when necessary. But her ears stand out the most, their slender and slope up with a soft point. Life an elf. I wonder would pointing that out be rude.

We both blush when she realizes how close she’s standing and when I realize how naked I am. “Why couldn’t I see your lion when the lights were on?” She asks after a few seconds. I wonder how I should feel about her openly admitting to staring at me. Instead I laugh and answer. “Because it glows in the dark. I kinda...snuck out and got it...underage.” She thinks a moment before she responds. She turns her back toward me and sweeps her hair up and out of the way, revealing her delicate neck. A pastel pink lion rests fiercely there, it’s fangs barred, a look of pleasant dominance rests on its face. The tail is curled low, the lion seems to glow as it moves. The design of her lion looks nothing like mine, but they were obviously done by the same person. Her lion reeks of confidence and nobility, ready to attack if provoked. The lines are elegantly thin and graceful, they seem to shift with the rise and fall of her chest, discretely moving greeting me casually. My lion looks more playful, a lazy smile and an upright open and accepting stance. The lines of my lion are bold and thick, the solidarity of the lines make my lion appear bigger and stronger then it would care to admit. My hand absently moves to my lower back, just above the dimples that rest above my ass. The old women who did my tattoo told me to wait for the other lions. “They’ll come for you.” She’d say with a knowing smile, not bothering to offer any more information. “Would you like to meet the other lions?” The woman asks, an emotion I can’t verbalize has taken hold of her beautiful features. I look at her a full moment before I answer. “I’ve been waiting.” I say with a smile, as I reach into my gym bag and start to rummage through its contents. There is wayyyyy to much shit in here I think. I rejoice once I find what I’m looking for. The British woman seems intrigued, her eyes watching me. “I’m Allura.” She says with a polite smile. I returned her introduction with my own. “Hello Allura, I’m Janae. How many people?” I ask as I start to count our tickets. “People?.” She echoes, thinking for a moment. “Oh, you mean lions. I’m sorry, there are six.” “Ok six.” I said as I recounted and handed her the tickets. She accepts the tickets, ready to ask why I was giving them to her. “They’re tickets to my show for tonight. I’m opening. I’ll reserve a room for us all to meet after my set.” I say as I pull one of the tickets free from between her pretty fingers and write my contact information on the back. “You perform at Kerberos?” She asks, her eyes brows shooting up into her hair line. I laugh nervously as I put my pen away and close my bag. “I do.” “That’s amazing, this place has developed quite the reputation.” She says excitedly. I sigh with relief, Kerberos had developed quit the reputation indeed. Not everyone is in love with the disturbance of loud ass music and overly hyped large crowds of questionably hype people. She starts to analyze the tickets, reading aloud. Her eyebrows shot up again and I laughed. “You said you where opening...are you-“ I cut her off and nod. “So, I’ll see you guys to night?” I ask with a smile. She returns my smile happily. “Of course. They’ll be excited to meet you. We’ll see you tonight.” I nod as I quickly get dressed and head home, not bothering to shower. I’ll do that at home. I have a show to prepare for. I pull my phone from my pocket and call Rolo. He sounds grumpy as usual but grows intrigued when I tell him I’d like to reserve a room for a few hours. “Already done Janae. I’ll see you to night.” He says just before ending the call. “Time to get
ready.” I said aloud as I pulled my headphones over my ears.

Allura’s POV

I slide my sunglasses on as I gulp down the rest of my latte. The sun is shining wonderfully and the smell of freshly cut grass is rather pleasant today. I grab my mat and extra large cup of black coffee and head toward the gym. I push past the heavy doors and smile as my eyes land on a flustered Keith. He’s behind the welcome desk, a mess of unorganized papers are stacked and tossed carelessly around him. It’s not even 9am and the Korean man looks like he’s about to set fire to the entire desk, ridding himself of the stressful task of organization. “Good morning darling.” I say happily as I sit the large cup of black coffee down and slide it slowly towards him. He shot me a smile of relief as he snatches the cup from the counter, he exhales deeply after his first sip. “Thanks Allura,” he says as he runs cream colored fingers through his ink black messy uneven hair. “You really aren’t a morning person.” I say as I watch him grab a stack of papers and toss them to the floor. Dark purple eyes meet mine, his lips are in a thin line, his usual scowl is present. Dark bags sit happily under the young man’s eyes, evidence enough of his disdain for being awake so early. “Gee what gave you that impression?” He asked hotly as he began to stick papers into the ancient shredder. The shedder stutter and coughed, the poor thing doesn’t look like it’ll be around much longer. Keith groans as he kicks the shedder frustrated. “I don’t understand why anyone would want to be up this fucking early.” He hisses annoyed, as he begins to struggle more with the shedder. “It’s a beautiful day Keith. It’s always nice to stop and smell the flowers and listen to the birds in the morning.” I say as I try to stifle a laugh as he glares at me unamused. “Yeah Allura none of that shit sounds remotely appealing.” He says as he hands me the sign in clipboard. “Tsk Tsk.” I say as I sign in. “You should really enjoy the little things.” The shredder groans loudly, a loud double-clicking sound follows right after. Keith practically screams with frustration his irritation bubbling over more evident as he begins to pull his hair. “I’m really trying.” He seethes as I walk away. “Try to enjoy your morning.” I say with a sigh as I head to my morning class. The room is already partially full of women and a few men ready to start their morning stretches. I spread my pink mat out in my usual spot, placing my gym bag next to me, saving a space for Lance. He’s usually late. I roll my eyes at the thought. “Salutations everyone, we will be starting class in 5 minutes. Please be ready to stretch, let’s have a wonderful session today.” The instructor finishes with a smile so large her eyes are almost completely closed. After a few moments Lance emerges at the door, a flustered immaculate mess. His blue yoga mat is slung messily over his broad shoulders, threatening to unravel. A half-eaten granola bar hangs between his lips. The Cuban man beams when his oceanic eyes meet mine, he starts to make his way toward me. “Good morning ladies.” He says flirtatiously to a group of women at the front of the room, shooting them his signature finger guns with a smile. “Good morning Princess.” He says as he rolls open his mat and plops down next to me. He runs a tanned hand through his short chocolate curls, and yawns loudly. “Another all-nighter?” I ask as I watch him scarf down the remaining half of his granola bar. “Of course.” He replied dryly as we joined the class and stood. “Shiro’s such a hardass. You know I failed one of his assignments.” Lance says with a frown as we drop to our knees and extend our arms above our heads. “Oh my. Did you ask if extra credit was available?” I ask feeling bad, but happy I don’t have to deal with the stress of Shiro’s advanced Astronomy class or his introduction to Aerospace science. “Ohhhh you know I did.” He said with a laugh as we followed instruction to rise on the balls of our feet, pulling both arms wide and open at our sides. “The fucker took three whole days to email me back. Which is pretty weird. He usually replies within the hour with horrible suggestions for extra credit.” Lance groaned as we shifted falling back onto the slopes of our feet, leaning forward and dropping the top of our heads flat on the mat. Our palms flat agents the floor supporting the pose. “That is unusual. But Matt did tell me he managed to get Shiro out of the house a few Friday’s ago.” I say as we lift our heads and slide forward our bodies resting in a plank position. “He what?! The row ahead of us turns around and glared at Lance for his outburst. “S-sorry.” Lance says embarrassed as he pulls an arm up in defense, a slight blush
creeping across his sun kissed cheeks. “Yup Hunk told me he met someone.” I continued quietly, as if other people in the room cared in the slightest. “Whaaaaaat Hunk hasn’t said anything to me about this. He’s holding out I see.” Lance said with a slight frown, Hunk and Lance had been best friends practically since the two were in diapers. “I’m sure he's just been busy with work.” I offer as we both lazily follow behind the instructors poses. They where starting to get a bit advanced. “Yeah he is.” Lance snorts. “Busy staring at Shay with hearts in his eyes.” We both smile at the thought of Hunk politely and completely flustered around the women he’d been working with for three years. They weren’t dating, both to shy and polite to make the first move let alone show an indication of being interested in wanting more. “What’s Pidge been up to?” I try to ask casually. I hadn’t seen her in the last few days. “You know same old same old. Hacking into other people’s security software, developing several promising coding problems.” I smiled fondly, Pidge was a genius. Her preferred tool of destruction, a laptop. She and Hunk had started their own software company when she’d turn 17. I smile fondly as we continued to stretch, falling back into routine. As class ends I roll up my mat and head to the door, leaving a flirting Lance behind. I wave to Lance as I head to the locker room. I approach my locker and begin to turn the combination, when another woman enters the locker room. She’s completely naked, aside from the multicolored towel that she has wrapped around her hair. I turn away reminding myself it’s impolite to stare. She seems unfazed but annoyed sighing repeatedly as she absent-mindedly makes her way toward the showers. As I’m closing my locker the lights flicker and shut completely off, submerging us both in darkness. The woman squawks in pain as she walks into something solid, a string of colorful profanities flow angrily from her full lips. I turn in her direction and my breath catches as my eyes land on the silhouette of a large white lion. The bold lines and shape of the line seem to swirl making it seem as if it’s moving back and forth, contemplating if I’m a threat. The lion seems to purr as it stands on all fours, its tail swishing back and forth. The style of the tattoo is so startlingly familiar that I know only one person could have gifted it to her. The lights flicker a few times before they commit to staying on with a muffled hum noise. Dark brown eyes meet mine, we’re so close I can see the rise and fall of her chest as she inhales deeply. We blush as I realize how close I am. She doesn’t seem to bothered with conversing with strangers, nude in an empty locker room. “Why couldn’t I see your tattoo when the lights where on?” I ask after a few seconds. She smiles, and our unintentional friendship grows.
Show us your lion

Chapter Summary

Weird shit is happening.

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains; some Pillura.
Pinning Lane, precious Hunk, awkward Keith, an antisocial Shiro.
Yes Lance’s feelings where harmed in the making of this chapter. Lol

I exit the locker room in a huff, as I sling my gym bag across my shoulder. I grab Lance by the shoulder and pull him away from a group of giggling women. "What gives?! I almost got like three numbers Allura!!" Lance whines as we watch the women exit the gym, he throws his arms in the air dramatically above his head. I roll my eyes and dangle the tickets in front of him, his eyes scan the tickets and light up. "How’d you get these?! He asked making grabby hands at the tickets. "These are always sold out!! Months in advanced!!" I hand him a ticket and watch him gingerly slid it between the folds of his worn leather wallet. “I met an acquaintance in the locker room, and now we're invited to tonight's show." I say as I put the rest of the tickets but two away. I hand the stray tickets to Lance. “Wait you met someone in the shower? Well Allura I didn't take you for such the forward type- " I cut Lance and his devious grin off. "Anyway, Lance give these to Hunk and Keith. I believe we've found the missing piece to our puzzle." Lance seems to ponder my words, his face lighting up in recognition. "The white lion." He says in a daze, I nod as I pull my phone from my pocket and send out a series of text messages. As we exit the gym doors Pidge replies first, Shiro soon after. "I'll see you later tonight," Lance says with a wave as he opens the door to his dated blue Honda, he turns the key a few times and the tired vehicle rumbles to life. I open the door to my Beatle and toss my gym bag on the passenger’s side as I climb in and pull away.

Later That Night

I'm the first to arrive at Kerberos, the parking lot is swarming with men and women looking to have a good time, cars are parked everywhere. Some aren't even in actual parking spots. I turn down the ac and wait patiently for the others to arrive. I step out of my vehicle, when the hue of a familiar green pulls into the space a few rows away. “Pidge!” I wave to get her attention as she steps out of her pea green Fiat. Her short strawberry blonde hair is a lovely mess all over her head, her wide framed lensless glasses sit low on the bridge of her nose as she looks around the parking lot. Our eyes meet, and she smiles as she heads my way. She looks smart in a pair of long fitted dark denim jeans, a thin, white top that clings to her small curves putting them on full display, stopping shy of her pierced belly button, the sleeves of her shirt are long and green and flow down her wrists, soft brown ankle boots complete her look. “Hey,” she says with a soft smile as I pull her into my arms, she mimics my movements pulling me tighter to her body. "How have you been?" I ask as we slowly pull apart, my hands sliding down her slender shoulders, and down her arms, our hands meet and I struggle to fight the urge to not lock our fingers together. "I've been ok, just really
busy with work. How have you been Princess?” She asks softly, her hazel eyes drinking me in. “I’ve been well. But I’ve missed you Katie, I miss waking up next to you.” I say as I pull her close again, our lips meeting. She tastes the way it feels to watch the sun set over the horizon. She tastes like the happiness you experience when you leave your wallet at home and find a crumpled five-dollar bill buried deep in your pocket. I inhale her, savoring the taste of her soft small lips against my own. The kiss gradually changing as she allows me to explore, our tongues dance and meet in the middle, I ease up as her tongue demands control. I shiver with want as she begins to trail the inside of my lips, her tongue touching the roof of my mouth. We pull away slowly, both refusing to look away. She looks as if she’s hand placed every star in the sky. In the distance a motorcycle sings in the back ground behind us. We pull away reluctantly, the spell of our world breaking. “Keith!!” She says looking away as we turn in the direction of the bike. Keith takes his time sliding his helmet off and places it on the seat behind him as he stands up. He smiles as he makes his way towards us, taking long strides. He's clad in black tight skinny jeans, a black tight shirt and his signature red and white motorcycle jacket. He stops, taking a moment to wipe a smudge from his matching red and white boots. "Hey." He says with a smile as he runs a hand through messy black hair. We chat a few moments, catching up with one another. A pale, yellow van pulls into the parking lot and honks at us as it pulls into a distant parking space. "Hey guys!" Hunk says happily as he steps out of his work vehicle. He's wearing a cream yellow V-neck, the shirt clings to his solid physic, dark brown jeans fit him nicely, flowing in to his matching yellow converse. He's pulled is hair up into a neat bun. Lance follows close behind, he looks charming in a teal blue button up, a pair of dark blue jeans flow down his long legs into black dress shoes. His hair is immaculate as usual, his skin seems to glow as he smiles wide. Shiro steps out last, no surprise at all he's dress head to toe in black. His black button up clings dangerously close to his chest, a few buttons are open revealing his strong chest, he looks as enticing as he does stand off-ish. Black jeans hug his toned legs and extend into black boots. He smiles, but it doesn't reach his eyes. He looks uncomfortable, as we all mesh together and step into line. A group of scantily clad women chat animatedly in front of us, Lance tries to enter their conversation and gets ignored. Keith rolls his eyes. Pidge laughs loudly. The line doesn't seem to be moving, I turn around and see people are in the street, the line wrapping around the building. I seek progression as I look around beginning to wonder how long we'll be trapped in this stagnate line. After a few minutes the door man moves from by the door, another man quickly taking his previous position. "If You actually have tickets for tonight’s show, make a line to the left." He says with a deep-set frown. Half the line moves to the left forming a new line, us included. The frown seems to only deepen on the man's face, as he scans the line with his eyes. I get the impression he's looking for someone, after a moment he speaks. “Ok if you have VIP passes from a DJ preforming move further to the left and make a NEW line.” He says absently, as he crosses his large arms across his chest. Everyone in the left line collectively looks down at their tickets. Lance is the first to move to the new line, a cocky smile plastered on his face as he blows a raspberry at the women who shot him down earlier. One of them flips their finger up to him and his antics. Pidge smirks as she pulls me in the new line, Hunk, Keith and Shiro trail behind us. The door man smiles as he looks over our tickets slowly, he pulls something from his pockets and stamps the top of each of our tickets. He smiles and tells us to enjoy the show as he steps aside and lets us walk in. “How you gone hate from outside the club? You can’t even get in.” Lance said with a smirk to the people still in line, Hunk shook his head as he followed behind him. A few people in line start to complain, we happily ignore them as we step into another world. Loud music rocks the building, waves of bodies eagerly move enthusiastically to the beat, lights of every color swirl around the room. Men and women dipped in silver and gold dance and sway hypnotically from inside metal cages. Lance swoons as we pass by a cage, a woman in gold blows him kisses. Hunk drags a dazed Lance away by the collar as we head to the dance floor. My eyes land on Shiro, he's gazing up at the DJ a distant look of longing paints his features, he looks confused about something. I pull my eyes away from him and look up at the DJ booth. The music is changing rapidly, easily sliding into song after song. The DJ stands proud behind an assortment of speakers and equipment, someone standing behind them on stage is
blowing bubbles into the crowd. The DJ bobs to the beat, a white cat eared helmet sits over their head, a black visor conceals their eyes, nose and mouth hiding their features. They're dressed in an all white jumpsuit, standing out more among the sea of colorful dancers that surround them. The beat shifts again, the language changing from English to rapidly spoken Spanish. We move forward, Lance moving first meshing into the crowd of moving bodies. Shiro stands on the edge of the dance floor, his eyes are down looking at his phone. He's probably working, I roll my eyes at the thought of anyone working on their off day. Keith approaches him, pulling him onto the dance floor. Shiro follows behind reluctantly, almost becoming lost in the crowd. The song and language shift again, passionate Korean lyrics wrap around us, encouraging us to let loose. "Hey Pidge." Lance said moving closer to stand between her and Hunk. "Yeah?" She says trying to be heard over the music. "The DJ has like a lot of equipment up there...like is that even necessary?" Lance continued. "Yeah I think I see a synthesizer." Hunk added as he squinted a bit, trying to get a better view through the sea of bodies, Pidge scoffed. "I don't think the person writing this fic actually bothered to do any real research." She said as she grabbed a drink from a tray as a shirtless waiter walked by. "What a lazy hoe." Lance said crossing his arms. Pidge and Hunk simply nodded in agreement. "He’s pretty good, I see why his shows are always sold out.” Lance said as he started to sway to the music. “What makes you think the DJ’s a he?” Pidge asked with a raised brow. Hunk simply laughs as Lance dances harder instead of answering the question. The song shifts again, this time back to English. A woman with an accent is singing longingly to another women, trying to convince the other to go home with her. Conveniently Pidge and my eyes meet, she sways to the music pulling away from Hunk and Lance. I offer my hand to her pulling her through the crowd, as the music floats around us, conveying our repetitive game of tag. "Cause I knowwww what I like. And I know what I wanttttt. And I know how to get it. Let me in your world." Our fingers intertwine as our bodies move together becoming one, I kiss her as the words continue. "Yes I know what I want. And I know how to get it. Let me prove it to you one on one." I unlock our fingers and touch her, my hands roaming every inch of her as we move together, the beat of the music dictating how aggressive we get as we move together. She starts to trail soft open mouth kisses down my neck, as I wrap my arms around her waist, my hands trailing down until they cup her ass. “Can I take you home girl. Get you alone girl. And do you like I want to. Kiss you like I want to.” I groan as she pulls my bottom lip between her teeth, our bodies grow more bold as we find our pace and grind into one another, our lips crashing together. We grow more aggressive as the chorus repeats. Someone behind us whistles. I smile as she pulls away, her expression mirroring mine. A soft smile paints her lips, as our foreheads touch. We pull away and dance side by side as the song changes, I have no idea what’s even playing. I'm stuck in a daze, a stupid smile plastered on my face. After a moment my eyes land on Keith, he's actually dancing, swaying to the music, his movements appealing and coy. Lance is a few feet away watching him dance, hunger in his eyes. He's looking at Keith the way Hunk looks at brisket. I pull my eyes away and scan through the sea of bodies looking for the remaining members of our group. Hunk has somehow ended up in one of the cages, he looks happy as women feed him fruit through the bars. Shiro sits at the bar alone, the screen light of his phone is bright across his face as he furiously types. The lights change as the DJ waves and steps away from the booth, a collectively large amount of the crowd boo and cat call. The DJ seems unphased as they walk toward the back of the stage disappearing completely. Hunk appears beside me, he has a handful of grapes. “They said to meet them after their performance, right?” He asks as he pops several grapes in his mouth. "Yes, but everyone seems to be all over the place." I groan as she pulls away from the dance floor steadily one by one. "Hey where’s Shiro?" Pidge asks as she takes a shot. Keith eyeballs her drink and answers. "He stepped in the hall to take a call. He said he'd join us as soon as he finished." Keith said as he ordered a bottled water from a disappointed bartender. Lance materializes next to Hunk and reaches for a grape. "Dude, how'd you end up in one of the cages?" Lance asks, sounding a bit jealous. "I don't even know. I was walking by trying to find the bath room and next thing I know I'm being lured into the cage with promises of fruit." Hunk said with a shrug. Lance laughed. "Sooooo are we going to wait
or leave? Because I don't like anything the main attraction is playing." Pidge said using air quotes on main attraction. "Is everyone ready?" I asked. "Let's go find our lion." I said with a smile as I showed our tickets to the nearest bouncer and explained our situation. He looked over our tickets and smiled, as he lead us through the back of the club. He quickly ushers us to an elevator and pressed the second floor. "Last room on the right." He said as he turned away, not even bothering to wait for the doors to shut. "I'll let Shiro know where we went." Keith said as he pulled out his phone and began to type quickly. The elevator stopped with a polite ding as we stepped out and started our journey down a long hallway with several doors. We approached the last door on the right and push it open. The room is spacious and empty, a sectional sits in the middle of the room. A mini bar sits in the far corner, there in the middle of the room sat a large karaoke machine. Pidge and I sit down on the sectional, Hunk stands near the mini bar, Keith glares at Lance. He looks irritated as Lance tries to convince him to do a duet. It’s probably a pop song. After a few boring moments the door opens slowly, standing there is the DJ in the ear eared helmet. Up close and personal you can tell by the shapely silhouette that the DJ is in fact a woman. “Hey Allura.” She says with a friendly smile as she slides the helmet from her head. I stand as Janae makes her way toward me her arms outstretched, I’m a little surprised by the open affection. She doesn’t seem to notice as she happily starts a conversation. Lance’s jaw hangs open as he takes in Janae, she seems unbothered as she walks across the room and grabs a water bottle from the mini fridge. “You’re DJ white shadow.” He says loudly, he’s clearly awestruck. Janae frowns. “Please do not call me that. That is not the name I wanted to be called. Some werido made it up and it’s stuck!” She says with a groan. “But it’s pretty accurate.” Pidge added. “Yeah you perform in all white, do your show and leaveeee. You never speak to anyone and you disappear.” Lance continues doing ominous spirit fingers. “Oh God. I will leave if we ever have this conversation again.” Janae says as she chugs down her water. Her eyes roam the room, she counts aloud and looks at me. “Isn’t someone missing?” She asks. “Yeah my brother had to take a call, he’ll be here in a few minutes.” Keith said with a half-smile. Janae simply nodded and tugged the karaoke booklet from between Lance’s fingers and smiled. “Anyone up for a duet?” Everyone except Lance groaned.

Shiro’s POV

To say I was surprised when Allura invited me out to meet the remaining lion at a club, would be an understatement. I reluctantly dressed and carpooled with Hunk and Lance, my mind drifting to dark places as we drove to Kerberos.

I should have stayed home, I realized as I stepped out of the van and greeted everyone with a forced smile.

The line outside the club was a fucking circus, wrapping around the building and only elongating in the streets.

We fortunately bypass waiting in line for too long and we’re quickly ushered into the club. Once inside I’m hit so hard with de-ja-vu I stumble. I’m reminded instantly of her, the music, the bright lights, the random ass bubbles, the sea of bodies moving together growing more addicted to the drug of music the DJ provides.

I look up high at the DJ booth and my breath catches, the DJ reminds me of her and I’m not sure why. I stand in the center of the crowd transfixed, my eyes looking for sign that I’ve found who I’ve been consciously looking for. The songs change easily, sliding so well into one another I can’t tell when one song ends and another begins. I pull away from the dance floor and find myself at the bar, I begin to go through my emails. Replying to students and deleting spam lazily. Keith emerges from the crowd and drags me away from the bar. We weave into the crowd easily and become lost, I lose sight of the others as the song changes. A woman is singing longingly to another, I see Allura in her dainty high heels pull Pidge through the crowd. I turn away and smile to
Keith telling him I’m going to get a drink. He nods and continues to dance. My phone starts to vibrate in my pocket, it’s mom. I step into the nearest hallway and answer. She seems surprised that I’m out, but continues to talk about her day none the less. I laugh as she tells me about dad mixing up the sugar and salt and attempting to make her a cake.

As the steady flow of conversation progresses I start to feel better, the weight of discomfort dissipates as she nags me about Keith’s lack of phone calls.

After a few more moments we say our goodbyes and I promise to have Keith call her more. I smile absently as I read a text from Keith, everyone’s waiting for me on the second floor. I find the nearest elevator and descend to my destination, the doors open with a soft ding as I step out and trail down a long hallway.

I walk quickly, my eyes scanning for the last door, loud pop music plays. I hesitate at the door, my fingers on the knob, my breath hitches as I hear a voice so sweet..it sounds like honey. It’s her, she’s encouraging Hunk to sing the second verse of a spice girls song.

I push the door open and my eyes search the room, there she is in the middle of the room between Allura and Pidge, her backs to me. Her bracelets dance into each other as she moves her arms animatedly. The music begins to fade out as I make my way toward her, my strides sure and strong as I walk with purpose.

“Hey Shiro.” Pidge says with a smile. Janae goes still as she slowly turns toward me, her smile slides down her face until it forms into a frown. My steps falter as our eyes meet. Regret and uncertainty collide and roll heavily down my spine. “I...thought...I’d never see you again.” She says so soft, I question if I imagined it.

I move closer to her, awkward. Unsure if I should grab her and pull her in my arms or give her space.

“I’ve been looking for you.” I say as we stare one another down. The room has become quiet, I feel other eyes on me and feel myself blush. Lance says something first.

“Shiro...Janae do you know each other? He asks into the karaoke microphone.

I consider snatching it out of his hands. “Yeah. We sorta already met.” She says with a blush, nervously running her fingers through her bracelets. “We met a few weekends ago.” I finish my eyes still on her.

Keith looks from Janae to me, trying to connect the dots. Him and Hunk arrive at the same conclusion together and react the same.

“You made the steak!!” Keith says as he leaps over the sectional and heads in our direction. Hunk is right behind him, asking her questions about seasonings and herbs.

She laughs her face and body relaxing.

Allura clears her throat loudly directing order through the chaos as she speaks. Her eyebrow raised in my direction.

“I’m glad everyone is now fully aquatinted, but we are here to address more pressing matters.” She says as she claps her hands together.

“Show us your tattoo.” Keith blurts out first and the room erupts again in chaos.

Pidge is standing on the sectional going back and forth with Hunk about tattoo placement, Allura is chastising Keith on his poor manners and Lance is still singing pop songs loudly and out of key in the background.
He’s determined to be a star.

“Can you guys show me yours first?” Janae asks, her voice clear among the ruckus of the room.

“Of course.” Allura says quickly with a smile as pulls her hair up and away from her shoulders as she turns around, her pastel pink lion glows.

“As you know I am the pink lion.” She said as she turned around.

“I’m the green lion.” Pidge said with a laugh as she jumped down from the sectional and pulled her pant leg up on her right leg revealing a sage green lion on the back of her calf.

Her lion looks Peaceful as it lays on its back playing with a vine. Her lion glows as it moves, the lines are more airy and soft, making her appear at ease.

“I’m the yellow lion.” Hunk said with a smile as he repeated Pidge’s actions with the opposite pant leg. Revealing a large round gold lion on the back of his calf. His lion appears to be sleeping, the messy lines push and pull together making him appear chubby and lazy.

“Andddd I’m the blueeee lion.” Lance sings as he lifts up the left sleeve to his teal button up, revealing a large round gold lion on the back of his calf. The lines of the lion look as if their drawn with chalk, soft and freely flowing as it rests on his upper left arm.

Keith rolled his eyes as he removed his jacket, and quickly rolled up his right shirt sleeve revealing a blood red lion on his upper right arm. His looks like it was drawn with a confident marker, the lines aggressive and solid as his lion breathes, it’s eyes never moving from Janae. The red lion is noticeably the smallest of all the lions.

Janae’s eyes fall on me as I begin to unbutton my shit, she bites her bottom lip watching me quietly, the look of want prominent in her eyes. I feel myself relax as I feel relief, knowing the feelings of desire are mutual. Still. I turn around and open my shirt, showing her my back. “I’m the black lion.” I says as i feel her eyes on my back.

My lion is the largest of all the lions, sitting high on the back of my right shoulder, the lines of my lion look as if they were painted by brush. Heavy with promise with no room for mistakes.

“Wow.” I hear her say after a moment. I feel the barest and lightest touch of finger tips brush my lion, a spark shoots down my fingertips. I turn around quickly, my movements catching her off guard. Her hand is still in the air where my lion briefly was.

“Allura.” She simply says as she takes a step back and pulls the zipper in front of her jump suit and slides it down to her waist. She pulls free of the suit, revealing a white tank top underneath, she pulls free of the suit, revealing a white tank top underneath, she turns her back to us as she slips the end of her tank top up slightly on her back. My breath catches as I see her back dimples, still the way I remember them. I fight the urge to pull her close and rest my thumbs in the marks.

The lights turn off and the room is blanketed in silence as a large white lion suddenly appears, the lion is large and seems to purr. The lines dance together, bold and solid, appearing strong and solid as it watch’s us.

The lights come back on and the lion disappears, Janae turns around and lets her tank top fall from her fingers. I stumble on a question forming in my throat, why hadn’t I seen her lion before? I thought back on our time together and realized the lights were never really just off, I blush when I remember the lights would be turned off by her after both of us were spent.
“Woah.” Pidge says first, breaking the silence. “We should totally touch tattoos.” Lance said slowly as he sat the microphone down and made his way to the group. “That won’t happen dummy.” Keith said rolling his eyes. “Why not.” Lance seems to have already answered his own question as he realizes all our tattoos are in completely different places. Pidge laughs. And Janae makes a suggestion.

“What if we touch hands instead?” She said with a smile looking at a pouting Lance. Lance seems to light up at the suggestion immediately sticking his hand out first. Janae laughs and adds her hand, the rest of us follow suit humoring the two.

Once our hands all touch, the building shakes and the lights shut out suddenly. I feel an onslaught of strange expansive energy shoot throughout my body.

Hunk screeches and I look up to see he’s glowing his entire body incased in gold. Lance with blue, Keith with red, Pidge with green Allura with pink and Janae with white. I look down at my hands and watch the flow of purple light dance around my fingertips. I feel the flow of energy deepen and expand wider as the colors drift from our bodies, merge together and shoot through the ceiling.

The lights slowly blink back on after a few seconds, revealing a bunch of unsure and unprepared faces. “What the fuck was that?” Pidge deadpans, her eyes searching for the answer in each of our faces.

The room is silent as Allura’s phone begins to ring, causing Hunk to jump surprised. Allura quickly pulls the phone from her pocket and answers, her face dances through a few different emotions just before she hangs up. “That was my uncle, he wants to see us...and he wants us to bring the white lion.”
“Sooooooooo why exactly does your uncle want to see us again?”

Lance repeated for a second time as everyone, but Janae, headed into the still crowded parking lot, a few people were dancing drunkenly around them.

Allura sighed as she responded. “He wouldn’t say, he just said the matter was of the upmost importance.” She said as she pulled her car keys from her back pocket.

Lance simply nodded.

“Do you think she needs help?” Hunk asked as he unlocked his doors and sat in the driver’s seat. “She should probably be all right. She said she just had to put up her equipment and change clothes.” Pidge said with a shrug as she climbed in the passenger’s seat ignoring Lance’s protest for having already called shot gun.

Shiro and Keith trailed a few feet behind everyone, a comfortable silence wrapped around them.

“So, are you going to ask her out?” Keith asked breaking the silence, nearly causing Shiro to trip into a pothole. “I...uhhh...” Shiro trailed off his mind elsewhere. He was too busy wondering what exactly was going on with everyone and what had just happened in that room earlier. Keith seem to sense his brother’s hesitance and let the subject go as they joined everyone else.

“She’ll probably take a while.” Keith said with a shrug. “Women usually take hours to get dressed.” He continued, turning away from Pidge and Allura’s eyes that were shooting daggers in his direction. Moments later, Jenae emerged from the building, a tiny white backpack in hand. Her change of clothes more casual; she wore high waisted jean shorts, white thigh highs with black stripes, a white cropped half sweater draped across her upper body, revealing a tiny bit of skin as it slid down her left shoulder, her white shoes like her tiny backpack were covered in rainbow doodles.

“Hey sorry it took so long,” she says as she gets closer, a smile on her face, she’d pulled her hair into a low ponytail. “So who am I ridding with?” She asked once she joined the group. Everyone seems to offer at once, she simply smiles and chooses to carpool with Pidge and Allura. Sliding into the back seat of her Volkswagen.

Keith, Lance and I ride with Hunk. Once seatbelts are buckled and the van is following Allura out of the parking lot, the game of casual questions starts, back and forth like a tennis match. Them vs me. “Sooo Shiro...that’s your type aye? I must say I am a bit surprised.” I roll my eyes at Lance, he obviously won’t see me do it from behind the passenger seat. “Fine you don’t have to answer, just tell me if she’s off limits.” Lance continues, I can hear his cocky smile behind his words and I fight the urge not to ram my knees hard into the back of the passenger’s seat.

“Lance shut up and ask him something that matters.” Keith interjects, I’m about to thank him until
he starts talking. “Shiro invite her over so she can cook again.” I roll my window down and attempt to crawl out of it.

“Hey hey buddy, there will be none of that here.” Hunk says as he rolls the window back up and locks it. “Shiro this could be really good for you, it’s been a while since you dated...maybe it’d be a fresh start for you.” Hunk says softly, his eyes locked on me from the rearview mirror. He doesn’t have to, add on that majority of the group has become fed up with my reluctance to descend from my hermit crab lifestyle.

He’s so polite.

I can’t believe any of this, at least Hunk is nice about it. “You want me to start a serious relationship with a woman I just met?” I ask aloud, I’d like clarification from the mental people I have the luxury of carpooling with. “Of course.” Lance deadpans turning around to face me. “Besides she’s not a stranger, she’s the white lion.” He adds as if he’s telling a chill why the stove is hot.

“I mean it wasn’t a big deal when you brought her home a few weekends ago.” Keith adds, and just like Pidge after she’s had too much tequila, Lance flips his shit.

“You brought her home?!” He screeches. Before I can reply he continues. “That’s why you two were being so weird!! The room was full of..” He trails off waving his hand in the air trying to find the right word. “Sexual tension.” Hunk adds in. Keith laughs, and I snort.

All to glad to see we’ve arrived at our destination. I hop out first and follow behind the women, my eyes steadily drinking in the scenery. We haven’t been here since we were children. The three story White House is as I remember, too large and resembles a castle now more than ever.

Before Allura can knock the door swings open, revealing a richly tanned orange haired and mustached man, he smiles as he accepts her in open arms, inviting us all in. “Follow me. Come on come, we mustn’t dilly dally.” He says his accent slightly different but just as thick as Allura’s. We follow behind him obediently as he leads us down to the basement, revealing an advanced lab.

“Ummmm Uncle Coran what is all this?” Allura asks as her eyes sweep across the room. “Um she means when the fuck did you sit your castle house on top of a high-tech lab base?” Pidge reiterates. Coran simply holds our gaze as he began to twiddle the ends of his mustache between his fingers.

“This has always been here in plain sight, you were just never meant to see it.” He said as he spun around and walked deeper into the room, stopping as he approached a large computer in the center of the room and began typing in a series of passwords quickly. Before any of us could say anything, a small compartment on the far side of the room opened.

“Ahhhh there they are. Come along come along, I have something important to discuss with you.” Coran said as he ushered us across the room, he pulled a large sealed container from the open compartment and sat it on top of a steel metal table, the only table in the room.

He simply pulls out one of the ten chairs and sits down, he looks up at us expectantly. We hesitantly each pull out a chair and sit, joining him.

“Allura I’m sorry your father Alfor isn’t here to give you this talk. The Responsibility now falls squarely on my shoulders to make sure you’re each thoroughly prepared, and ready for what’s about to come.” Allura like the rest of us seems confused, her father’s death had never been an easy thing to talk about.
“Coran what are you…” Allura trails off as she watches her uncle pull several medium off colored devices from the box. “We were never able to find worthy predecessors, but that changed once we met Junko.”

The name of my deceased grandmother catches all of us off guard, the air in the room suddenly becoming thick as it dawns on us that she knew more than she ever let on. Coran simply continues as he begins to slide the devices across the table in front of each of us, one at a time.

My grandmother was the one who gifted everyone in the room their lion tattoo, Keith and my world briefly lost color when she pasted away. “Junko had a gift, she was able to foretell a person’s future by measuring-..“ Coran is interrupted by Lance. “Like a physic?” Coran gives Lance a dirty look that makes him slide down a little in his chair.

“She was able to measure the potential growth of a person’s quintessence.” Keith is the first to touch the device placed in front of him, as his fingertips lightly touch the corner the device lights up and uncoils taking shape. The sides elongate around a small vertical handle that rests in the middle, both ends open. Keith slowly slides his hand around the handle and tightened his grip, the color changes from a dull gray to red and black. “Oh.” Is all he manages to say as the device begins to glow. “These are traditional weapons used by the Paladins before you. Once you learn how to control them they’ll take shape into a weapon that best suits you.” Coran said as he watched Keith place it back on the table. “What’s it called?” Keith asked quietly, his eyes still on the suspicious item in front of him. “These are your Bayards.” Coran said proudly, with a smile. He looks wistful like he’s dropping his children off for drivers ED, even though he had them drive the entire way there. “Wait Coran, what are you talking about Paladins predecessors? What’s a paladin? What the crow is going on? And why are we in your basement that’s also a lab?” Hunk asks, he looks uncomfortable and ready to make a run for it at any second.

Coran simply inhaled and exhaled deeply. “Those are very important questions my boy, that will be answered.” Coran said as he leaned forward and pressed a button in the center of the table. Constellations, stars, and planets blanketed the room spreading out evenly around us. The stars and constellations begin to swirl and form into images as he speaks, conveying the story he’s telling.

“Thousands of years ago the solar system was in a state of constant peace for millenniums, that era of peace was shattered when Zarkon ruler of Daibazaal discovered the true strength of quintessence.”

Pidge is the first to speak up. “Wait wait wait. What exactly is quintessence?” She asked as she sat up straighter in her chair, giving the man her full undivided attention. As Coran opened his mouth to speak, Allura beat him to the punch. “Quintessence is the essence of life.” She says blankly, a faraway look in her eyes. “That doesn’t make any sense. If quintessence is fundamentally the life force of something, what do you mean when Zarkon discovered its true strength? Wouldn’t he have already been aware of its potential or had a general idea?” Pidge probes.

“Zarkon and his wife Honerva discovered a way to harness and convert it into energy to power weapons. As a result, they became power hungry and eventually corrupted by the very thing they sought after.” Coran added. “That sounds very bad.” I blurt out. Coran simply nodded. “Very bad indeed.” “But what does that have to do with us? And when are you going to address Pidge’s questions?” I ask quickly. I’m with Pidge on this, beginning to grow impatient. “A Paladin is a pilot of Voltron—“ This time he’s interrupted by a pissed off Allura. “Voltron is a fairy tale!” She spat out, her fingers absentely playing with the necklace around her neck. Voltron was indeed a fairy tale, a silly story her father Alfor would recite to us growing up. On lazy Saturday mornings we’d pile into Allura yard and pretend to be the characters, dressing up and attempting to form Voltron.
Stumbling and bumping clumsily into one another, trying to form something entirely new.

It was fun until we grew up, the memory so far away in the distance, I struggle to reach it. “Allura...there’s truth behind the tale.” Coran says softly, his eyes cast downwards as if he’s contemplating sharing something. “Pause. What is Voltron?” Janae asks, reminding everyone of her presence.

Lance is all too happy to explain, as he stands up from his chair and eagerly fills her in, excitedly waving his hands. “Voltron is made up of seven brave warriors, they pilot giant robot lions, fight evil across the galaxy by forming Voltron. Voltron is the boss of all bosses, he’s unstoppable and proudly wears the title of being the defender of the universe!!” He says enthusiastically, waving his hands back and forth as he’s telling the story with a childlike gleam in his eyes.

That’s probably also not the best way to describe what Voltron is, butttttt it’s close enough that no one bothers to add or change anything to the description. “We were never able to find the white lion, it was always us just trying and stumbling to form Voltron.” Janae makes a face, as if she’s processed everything and still isn’t sure what exactly is happening. “How did you know I was with them?” She asks after a moment her eyes on Coran.

“Follow me and I’ll show you.” He said as he rose from the table and began to walk deeper into the room, stopping at a control panel. The panel lit up revealing another larger closed off section of the room.

We follow behind him, watching and waiting patiently. Coran began to type in a series of passwords and codes, after a few seconds the world around us begins to shift and move, changing shape completely.

The room transforms before our eyes, revealing that the already castle like home was clearly more then what meets the eye. The room elongates showcasing an array of colorful beautiful gigantic sentient beasts, each one sits comfortably nestled in its own hanger. Our tattoos slightly resemble each lion, but nowhere near catching the true essence of the lions in front of us.

Black, Red, Blue, Yellow, Green, Pink and White mesh with steal, the armor of the lions is covered in scratches and a few dents, the beauty of the lions are in no way shape or form defamed of their regal allure. The scratches actually make them appear more real, like they’ve had their fair share of adventure.

All those years we never noticed, it never crossed our minds...that there was reason behind everything. Why we’d grown up so close and remained close, why we had been given these tattoos.

We were being groomed with the hopes of being more than anything we could of imagined. As the lights began to gradually turn on, encasing the giant room in light, my breath catches as the see-through wall rises and I’m greeted with the site of seven large lions.

“Ohhhhh shit ohhhhh shit,” Lance says while freaking out. Hunk looks like he’s about to have a panic attack, Keith looks dazed, Allura looks absolutely stunned, and Pidge seems weighed down in silence her mind working, ready to ask more questions.

And Janae looks confused, her attractive features are frozen in a look of disbelief and something else seems to hold her back from reacting.

“Let me get this straight. You want us to ride around in giant robotic ass lions, fight a bunch of Zarkonies, fight AND win a war that’s been going on for 10,000 years?!” She asked, her eyes
darting from Coran back to the lions.

“Yes.” He replies, and everyone in the room has mixed reactions. Lance appears to be the only happy one with the change in events, as he steps away from everyone and closer to the lions. His eyes skimming each one quickly, until his eyes land on the color blue. He tentatively reaches his hand out toward the lion, wanting to touch. Needing confirmation that this is in fact real. His hand is met with resistance as a large ice blue barrier surges up and wraps around the lion, encaging it in a protective bubble.

“Why is there a barrier if these are our lions?” Keith mumbles disappointed, he’s moves toward his lion that sits near Lance’s. “I knew you’d found the white lion because each lion had begun to wake up. That hasn’t happened in 10,000 years.” Coran said his eyes on us. “Wait Coran you keep talking about this...the war as if you were there.” Hunk says his eyes on the yellow lion. “Coran how old are you?” Pidge asked, pulling her eyes away from her green lion and onto Coran.

“I’ve been alive a very very long time.” He says softly. “Coran what are you?” Lance asked as he turn around and faced the man in question. Coran seems to fiddle a bit with the buttons on his jacket as he takes his time answering. “I’m from a race that no longer exists. My home planet Altea was the first to be destroyed by Zarkon.” Allura seems to tense at his words, realization setting in that her father wasn’t human.

“But....that....what are we? And how did I not know?” Allura asked weakly, she stumbles on her words unsure which ones to use, emotions starting to surface as she tries to access and gain control of the situation.

“You were just a little girl when it all happened, Alfor sealed you away in cryopod to keep you out of harm’s way. We were able to escape before our home planet was destroyed. Until it was deemed safe and we found another planet to live on, you slept in the pod.”

He said looking away, guilt written. “Coran how long was I asleep?” She asked her eyes burning a hole into the side of his face, edging him to look her way and be truthful. “7,000 years....” He said faintly, still not looking her way. “How did I not know?! Why did father keep this from me?!?” She lashes out, throwing question after question at him, like a grenade she’s ready to lash out and do damage.

Her hands fall to her sides balled into tight fists, her posture tense and rigid. “Alfor wanted to protect you....he left everything in plan site. Wanting you to find it.”

Coran said as he pulled his eyes away from the floor and faced Allura. His hand moved to his ear and unclipped the gold hoop earring that hung there. Hunk screeched as we watched the man in front of us gradually change, his eyes changing from brown to purple, his ears moved next. Tilting up to a slender point, under his eyes and just above his cheek bones, pale blue upside-down triangles formed.

“The necklace your father gave you isn’t just a necklace Allura.” He said as he slipped the hoop earring into his pocket.

All eyes fall on Allura as her hand slid slowly up and landed on her necklace, her hands began to search for the clasp. She pulled the necklace slowly from around her neck and held it in her hand and the change was instant.

Her eyes changed, turning from a lazy dark blue to a light fluorescent blue, her ears seemed to grow more and moved up to a point, pale pink upside-down triangles appeared under her eyes and rested proudly on her cheek bones. No one speaks for a long time, the room blanketed in an
uncomfortably thick silence. “So000 why can’t we get into our lions again?” Keith asks, seemingly unconcerned and not reading the vibe in the room.

He’s just as bad as I am in social settings. Coran smiled as he answered. “You won’t be able to pilot your lions until you’ve unlocked your Bayards. You have to learn how to filter and control your quintessence.” He replied. “How do we do that exactly?” I hear myself ask, my eyes locked on the black lion.

It’s takes up the most space in the hanger, standing proud on all fours, a ferocious look of dominance held its features, I feel the urge to touch it, to tame it and step inside. “Mmmmm I’m not exactly sure.” Coran says after a moment his hand supporting the weight of his chin as he thought about it.

Keith, Pidge and Lance groaned collectively. “Coran how do you expect us to form Voltron, if we can’t even unlock our Bayards? “Pidge asked with a frown.

“It’s been a very long time and honestly I wasn’t present when Alfor and the other Paladin’s unlocked their Bayards.” He said with a shrug.

“Anywayyyyyy I have something else to give you. Follow me.” He said as he spun around on his heels and headed away from the lions and back toward the lab.

I looked back one last time at the lions and followed behind the others, who reluctantly followed Coran.

He stops at the table and reaches in the container he’d earlier pulled the Bayards out of, several colorful bands rest wrapped around his fingers. “These are for you.” He said as he began to hand them out to us, encouraging us to put them on.

“What exactly are these?”

Hunk asked as he pulled his wrist to his nose and smelled the band.

They resembled regular bracelets, the kind made from rubber that you pick up from the grocery store, the ones that have random sentences of encouragement written on them.

“This is your Paladin armor.” He said with a smile. ‘How is that even poss-“ Pidge doesn’t get to finish her sentence as her green band began to glow, a change starts from the soles of her shoes and traveled slowly up her body.

Encasing her small frame in an all green jumpsuit, after a second protective armor grew and sat on her chest, the sides of her arms, her legs and slowly a helmet appeared on her head, concealing her face.

“Holy fuck.”

She said as she took her time running her fingers along the chest plate of her suit. My bracelet glows next and repeats Pidge’s, the only difference is color. Janae’s suit is last to activate, the change slow and experimental as it wraps around her body, i find myself watching her as she moves around in her suit, stretching and testing the strength of the material.

As she moved the suit resembled what I’d imagine it to look like if someone had poured milk all over her, highlighting each and every piece of her.

Her eyes meet mine and she smiles. “Like what you see?” She asked as she stood up straight, her hands on her hips. I felt myself blush, wondering if I should be honest when Lance chimes in.
“Yes, I do.” He says cockily as he poses and shakes his ass in front of one of the long pillars in the room with a reflective surface. Keith snorts and Lance shoots him a look, before breaking out in a dorky smile.

“What’s the matter Keith you upset I fill my suit out more then you? You look nice too, don’t worry.” He said as he waggled his eyebrows. Keith simply turned away, hiding the blush that had begun to rise on his cheeks.

“You double click the center of the band to retract the suit. But it activates if your heart rate picks up.” Coran said as he stood by the table, his hands resting on the cool surface.

“You’ll start your training as soon as you master your Bayards. “ He said as he began to put away the large box he’d taken the Bayards out of. “Wait Wait Wait. Let me get this straight.” Janae said as she double tapped her wrist band, retracting her suit. “You want us to fly giant space lions into a giant man thing and fight a 10,000-year war against a bunch of Zarkonies-“ Coran interrupts her.

“Galra. The followers of Zarkon are called Galra.” He said politely. “Ok whatever. You want us to do all that and defend the universe?!“ She asked her arms in the air.

“Correct.” He simply said. “Oh that’s not gonna work.” Janae countered. “And why not?” Coran asked, they had begun a passive aggressive game of tag.

“Because you see the way my life is set up...” she trailed off. Coran simply waited, ready for her to explain the way in which her life was set up. Curious as to what could possibly be inconveniencing her from defending the universe. If the situation wasn’t so serious, I would have laughed.

“Ugh...we’re not getting out of this are we?” She asked crossing her arms. “No.” He said with a smile.

“Coran what exactly are our roles in this? You know like how is this gonna work?” Hunk asked as he double tapped his wristband. “Well, I’ll let Allura remind you of your roles.” He said with a smile as he handed each of us a Bayards and quickly ushered everyone from out of the lab and into the spacious living room.

“The quintessence of the pilot is mirrored in their lion.” “It is a mystical bond that cannot be forced, together they form something far greater then science can explain.” Allura said as she sat down on one of the couches in the living room.

I sat on the love seat, Janae joined me, her thigh rubbing against my own as she sat down. It wasn’t distracting. Hunk stood by the door, Pidge plopped down lazily next to Allura, Lance joined them, Keith grabbed a stool from the bar and sat down.

“The black lion is the decisive head, it will take pilot who is a born leader, someone who is in control at all times, someone who’s men will follow without hesitation. That is why Shiro will pilot the black lion.”

I simply nodded as I felt the weight of my Bayard grow heavy with responsibility in my hands. “The green lion has an inquisitive personality and needs a pilot of intellect and daring. Pidge is the green lion.”

Allura said as she placed her hand on a smiling Pidge’s knee. “The blue lion-“ She’s interpreted by Lance. “Wait hold up, let me guess. Takes the most handsome slash best pilot of the bunch?” He asks with a devious grin.

Allura rolls her eyes and ignores him, moving on. “The yellow lion is caring and kind. Its pilot is
one who puts the needs of others above his own. His heart must be mighty. As the leg of Voltron, you will lift the team up and hold them together.” Hunk seems surprised and points to himself in question.

“The red lion is temperamental and the most difficult to master.” “It’s more faster and agile then the others, but also more unstable. Its pilot must be someone who relies more on instinct and not just skill alone.” “Keith you are red lion.” Keith smiled.

“What? This guy?” Lance asked ignoring Keith’s annoyance. “The pink lion is the heart and center of Voltron. Holding and balancing them together.” Allura said as she looked down at her Bayard.

“What about me?” Janae asked curiously. Allura smiled softly as she answered. “The white lion is the shield and protector of Voltron, highlighting and showcasing the best qualities of each lion” Janae seems to absorb this and makes a face.

“So I’m a shield?” She asked with a raised brow. Allura simply shrugged. “My father never really told me much about the white lion...and after today, now I know why.” She said, offering Janae an apologetic smile.

“Shiro and new lion.” Coran said as he entered the room, a Manila folder under his arm. “My name is Janae.” Janae filled in. Coran simply nodded and continued. “I must warn you, that you may run into a few bumps along the way of mastering your Bayards.” Coran said as he stood in the center of the room, a serious expression blanketed his usually friendly face.

“What kind of bumps?” I ask, looking from him to Janae. “Well the last pilot of the black lion became corrupt and tried to use his lion for the opposite of its designed purpose.” Coran said solemnly. “So it may take time for your quintessence to link up with your Bayard, you won’t be able to use your Bayard until the previous Paladin’s quintessence is completely removed, my boy.” Coran said as his eyes locked on mine, he looked as if he wanted to add more, but didn’t as he turned his eyes toward Janae.

“And you. Your lion and Bayard have never been used before, so you may have to work a bit harder to master both. The task of awakening them may be a hardy challenge.” Coran said. Janae rolled her eyes, an amused smile forming on her lips. “Nothing wrong with a challenge.” She said as Coran looked away, and removed the folder from under his arm, handing it to Allura.

“Coran what is this?” She asked as she hesitantly took the folder from her uncle’s hands. “It’s Alfor’s will.” He said as he sat on the opposite end of the long couch.

“But we already went over his will-“ “This is the second part of his will. The will created in the event of you unlocking your lion.” He said quietly, he had begun to fiddle with his mustache again nervously. Allura took a moment to compose herself, as she slowly opened the folder, her eyes slowly skimming its content till her eyes widen. Her body tensed as she abruptly turned back toward her uncle a look of anger and sadness disrupting her lovely features.

“He still wants me to go along with the arranged Marriage?!” She nearly yells, startling Hunk and Lance. “Yes....he’s named the suitor now.” Coran said, his eyes refusing to look at his niece. “I can’t do this. Marry a complete stranger...” She trails off her eyes losing their fire as her posture deflated making her look smaller.

A look of defiance marched across Pidge’s face as she placed her hand on Allura’s back in an attempt to comfort her. “It was your Father’s dying wish......” Coran said sadly. The room suddenly become thick and uncomfortable, the situation felt awkward as if a couple of us weren’t supposed to be present.
After a few long drawn out unnecessary moments, Coran ushers us out of the house with words of encouragement and makes us promise to return soon to start training.

Once outside Keith and Janae switch places on the ride back to Kerberos. The ride back is stale and heavy with silence, as the radio plays unappealing generic pop music, we think about what’s to come of our futures.

We wouldn’t learn till much much later, that no matter how much we trained, we’d never be prepared to shoulder the weight of the world.
Let’s take a moment

Chapter Summary

Pining Keith
Pillura Love Scene
Ugh talking about Galra
Shiro and Janae love scene

Keith’ POV

I’m a little disappointed I switched places with Janae, I realize as the ride back to Kerberos is full of arguing and blatant hostility. Pidge and Allura are at each other’s throats.

“So, your just gonna go through with it?” Pidge demands more then asks from the passenger side, arms crossed over her chest. Anger is drifting from her pours, fueling Allura to engage in the same manner, only a bit more defensive.

“It was my father’s dying wish Pidge, maybe.” Allura said with both hands on the steering wheel, her gold necklace hung forgotten from the rearview mirror. Her Altean features seemed to glow under each passing street light, highlighting the pale pink triangles on her cheeks.

“Oh yeah the same father who kept you frozen for 7,000 years and wants us to fight in a fucking 10,000-year old space war?!” Pidge shot back.

“Allura said softly, so soft I strain to hear. “Yeah....it’s...it’s not fair Allura...you don’t even have a choice. What if you....” Pidge trailed off, her eyes cast down wards, she uncrossed her arms and held her hands together placing them in her lap, as if trying to comfort herself. “.....fall in love with someone else?”

Allura filled in, her eyes on the road in front of her, a look of dissatisfaction eats at her features, making me think she’d rather be anywhere else but here having this conversation, a look of resignation hollows out the happiness of her usually bright eyes.

Pidge moves first slowly, reaching her hand out to Allura, palm up patiently waiting to extend an invitation. A soft smile tugs at the corners of her lips as Allura slides her hand in hers, locking their fingers together and giving a light squeeze.

I feel as if I’m invading a private moment, like I’ve peeked into the keyhole of my parent’s bedroom and saw something so sequestered, I feel guilt prick at the bottom of my chest.

I look away, and start to rummage through my backpack, in search of headphones. I need to drown myself in music, I shouldn’t be listening to this.

My search is fruitless, my headphones missing. It’s unusual their outta place.

“Fucking Lance, always borrowing and forgetting to return things.

“How...do you feel about everything else?” Pidge asks softly, her eyes in front of her, their hands still joined together. She doesn’t have to specify what everything else is, we all know she’s
referring to Allura’s abrupt certitude of learning she’s not human.

I don’t bother trying to comprehend what she’s experiencing, I know I won’t be able to fathom or process the feelings of realizing you aren’t who you thought you were. To wake up one day and discover everything about you is almost a lie, that nothing will ever be the same as before.

“I’ve felt like.... I’ve always known....In the back of my mind...that I was different. Unlike the rest of you, never confident enough to secure an answer of my own. The idea of self-discovery terrified me.” Allura said as she pulled to a stop, the reflection of red bounced off her dashboard illuminating Pidge’s face.

She appeared to be at odds, as if wanting to ask a question, but unsure how to form the words or go about asking.

“Are you going to leave your necklace off?” Pidge asks, she seems to be holding her breath, questioning as if she’s landed on a ticking time bomb, waiting to see if she’ll be blown to pieces.

But Allura only sighs deeply as she replies.

“I don’t know.” She said her eyes looking up at the thin Gold chain that hung from her rear-view mirror.

“What do you think?” Allura asked her eyes briefly flickering onto Pidge before returning back to the road as the light granted her permission to move forward.

“It doesn’t matter if your human or not, at the end of the day your still you.” Pidge said as she began to move her thumb in circular patterns atop Allura’s hand.

Both of them seem to visibly unwind the vibe of hostility and uncertainty dissipates, shoulders dropping relaxed and both wear soft smiles as we pull into the parking lot of Kerberos.

For a moment I begin to think they forgot my presence, sitting idle in the back seat.

“Sorry about that.” Pidge says after we’ve stepped out of the vehicle, as we’re waiting for Hunk to park his van.

“...how long have you and Allura been a thing?” I ask my eyes on her, but she doesn’t return my gaze, her eyes are on Allura.

Allura still sits in the driver’s seat, the gold chain dangles between her fingers as she looks lost in thought.

“How long have you two....?” I trail off, watching as Lance glides out of Hunk’s van with an annoying laugh. “Since middle school.” She replies her eyes now on me. “Oh...” Is all I can say, as bits and pieces start to fall into place painting a colorful yet obvious picture. None of this is any of my business. Pidge and I are close, often crossing the border and sharing things that are probably to personal. Our brothers being best friends, growing up we spent a lot of time together, often ignoring our older siblings, going off to explore and getting lost in own ideas of fun. We’d been together through pimples, adolescences, first crushes, heart break, scabbed knees and broken bones. But I know how Pidge is when it comes to feeling things, often referring to emotions as a hindrance. Preferring to spend her time in advanced classes and writing computer programs with her brother. Because that was easy, challenging your mind and bypassing personal failures and
obstacles was an easier battle to win vs dealing with matters of the heart.

I’m not exactly one to judge nor offer advice, I don’t even understand my own feelings.

I muse as my eyes fall back on Lance’s silhouette, trailing up broad shoulders that taper down into a slim waist, that gracefully meet long strong legs.

I don’t think about what I’m doing as my eyes work their way back up, drinking in sun kissed brown skin, the freckles that lightly dust across his upturned nose, messy chocolate locs that curl just below the lob of his ears, the long black lashes that kiss his cheeks with every blink, eyes so blue they rival the ocean meet mine. And I feel myself blush, my cheeks becoming warmer as he turns fully in my direction, my eyes fall to his lips. And I briefly revisit the curious thought of crashing my lips against his, I wonder what it’d be like to run my fingers through his hair. It looks soft, knowing Lance it probably is.

He cares way too much for things like moisturizer, face masks and fancy conditioners for it not to be.

“You got something to say mullet?” He asks rudely, just like that destroying my fleeting curiosity.

“Fuck off.” I say as a hand lands on my upper arm, it belongs to Janae. She’s asking me for something, I’ve zoned out long enough to deserve an elbow jab from Pidge.

“Your number.” She repeats as she hands me her cellphone, I absentmindedly type in my number and save it. She takes the phone from me and hands it to Pidge.

“I’m heading home.” I say my eyes landing on Shiro, he simply gives me a nod in response. I quickly walk to my bike and hop on grabbing and sliding my helmet on, I turn the key and hear my baby roar proudly to life, I pull out of the parking lot quickly, needing to distance myself from these thoughts.

Shiro’s POV

I try not to, but I catch myself zoning out more than once. My mind rushing back to previous events of tonight, I contemplate if someone spiked my drink at the club earlier and if I’m simply hallucinating.

It’s a pretty big leap to go from being at home grading papers, to being told you have to defend the universe from a group of power hungry aliens who want to either enslave or destroy the planet. It was...a bit much.

Oh let’s not forget me and my childhood friends, and potential love interest get to fly giant space lion robots and form a giant man and somehow end a war....yup...I’ve definitely been drugged.

Question is with what?

“Shiro..you ok man?” It’s Lance, his voice invades my thoughts and grabs me by the ankles pulling me out of the clouds and back into the present.

“Yeah just thinking. A lot has happened today, we should definitely head home and get rest. So we can tackle this head on tomorrow.”

I say as my eyes landing on Lance, but he’s looking in the direction Keith was last in.
“Yeah I agree, can’t save the world on anything less than 8 hours.” Hunk says with a nervous laugh.

“Takashi.” Janae says as she hands her phone to me, I plug in my contact information and hand her phone back, our fingers lightly touching in the process, our eyes meet, and she smiles as she pulls away and says her goodbyes, her shapely silhouette fading into the distance as she returns to the club.

“Bye Janaeeeeeeeee.” Lance’s overly friendly ass says as he waves at her one last time. I roll my eyes and Hunk laughs, as we climb back into his van, saying our goodbyes to Pidge and Allura.

The ride back home is minuscule and uneventful, Keith’s left the door unlocked as usual. Hunk and Lance follow me in, both with their overnight bags, I didn’t expect it but I’m not surprised to be having a sleep over. I feel the corners of my lips turn up into an amused smile, it’s been a while since we’ve all gotten together under one roof and did that.

I head to my room, stripping as I do, my destination the shower, my intention to wash away the strange events of tonight. I take my time in the shower, enjoying the hot stream as it hits my skin. I grab a towel as I step out, feeling refreshed, my phone dings with a notification as I towel dry my hair. I have several unread messages. A group chat has been started and apparently a party is happening at my house, I briefly wonder if I’m invited.

Amused at the thought of staying in my room, ignoring the lively activities of the young. As I scroll through the messages, an unsaved number appears, happily going back and forth with everyone else.

I click on the number and save it, my eyes still on the number as I consider texting her. I nearly drop my phone surprised, when a sudden message appears not a part of the group chat. It’s her, asking for my address. I don’t hesitate, typing in my address, wondering if I should add more or use a silly emoji. I simply add that she drive safely, she responds back with a heart and I smile.

I proceed to get dressed and leisurely leave my room, my eyes roaming the living room. Hunk’s in the kitchen, staring lovingly at a spice rack. Is that a thing?

Allura reads an aged text book on the sectional, Pidge sits next to her typing away on her laptop, they sit so close their thighs touch. Wait, are they a thing?

Keith and Lance are on the floor in front of the tv aggressively playing Mario karts, they sit so close and bicker so loudly I wonder, as Lance smiles his goofy smile and as the corners of Keith’s lips lift into a small smile. Are they a thing?

I realize then and there that I’ve spent too much time away, that I’d been hiding away from the people closest to me, that I’d started to miss out on things.

After a while the door bells rings, I rise from the stool in the kitchen quickly, leaving Hunk to season fresh vegetables alone. As I pull the door open I’m hit with the chilly fresh night air of Portland, the smell of fresh peaches and berries hit me as Janae steps into view.

She’s comfortably in a pair of tights, a white halter top, a large multi colored jacket engulfs her frame making her look smaller, a Rastafarian beanie sits happily on her head, she’s holding a large Tupperware container in her hands, she smells and looks like a happy birthday on a Thursday.

Our eyes meet, and she smiles as I invite her in. Before I can say more Keith appears and easily greets Janae, he quickly steals the Tupperware container from her hands and leaves. “Um I also
brought fruit tea.” She adds as she picked up a large pitcher from by her feet. Hunk appears next, “Hello Janae. Thanks Janae.” He said with a smile as he plucked the pitcher from her hands and walked away quickly. I shake my head, and she laughs.

She follows behind me as I guide her into the lively livingroom, she’s greeted warmly as she sits next to Lance on the floor. I smile at the scene, it feels a little surreal to see everyone peacefully together like this.

Janae’s POV

I stretch my legs out in front of me and yawn loudly, its tiring watching Pidge destroy Lance easily 22 games in a row.

“Sooolll Lance, what’s up with you and Keith?” I ask with a smile, trying not to bounce my eyebrows. “What do you mean what’s up with me and Keith?” Lance asks back, his eyes still on the game in front of him, I can see he’s trying particularly hard not to show he’s caught off guard by the question.

“I see the way you look at him, plus you pick at him all the time.” I reply back as Pidge’s hazel eyes meet mine, she knows where this is going, and she’s ready to be amused.

“What?! We’re rivals. You know that’s our thing, trying to out do one another.” He says awkwardly as his voice cracks, he’s obviously lying. “wE’rE rIvALs.” Pidge shot back at him rudely, and I laugh.

“Yeah you know...Keith and Lance neck and neck.” He tries again failing from stopping the direction this conversation was spiraling towards.

“Mhhh could be gayer.” I say with a wicked smile, Lance simply blushes nervously as Pidge flat out laughs loudly, practically rolling onto her side. The conversation has flown off the rails. “Hell Yeah we’ll call you Klance. What do you think Janae?” Pidge asks still laughing, she’s starts to laugh harder as Lance awkwardly tries to convince us he’s not into Keith.

“Yes, I’d ship that.” I say with a laugh, ignoring an embarrassed Lance as he sulks away. “I’m done playing anyway.” He says with a pout dropping the controller. Meanwhile Pidge and I are still cackling like hyenas when Keith walks into the living room and asks what’s so funny. We don’t say anything and continue to play Mario karts with dorky smiles plastered on our faces.

As the night trails on we eat, laugh and lounge, after a few drinks the conversation takes a somber but not sober turn.

“Guys do you really think we stand a chance fighting this war?” Hunk asks as he downs his fourth beer. Geez look at him go, I think as I politely sip my tea and scotch combination of a drink, I am a lady.

“Ugh Hunk why’d you bring that up, I just forgot about it.” Lance wines into his drink, eyes closed as if he’s trying to push the conversation away.

“We do need to talk about this, let’s weigh the pros and cons and go from there.” Shiro adds in, his cup half empty. Or is it half full, I guess it’s all about perspective, I muse as I take another sip. Mine’s half empty.

“I agree, but we should probably do that when we’re all sober.” Allura adds with a smile as she too sips her alcoholic beverage. “Nah I think tipsy us could make up some pretty good pros.” Pidge says with a laugh, Keith has scooted her drink away from her.
“It’s honestly a lot to take in.” I hear myself say as I take a long swallow of my drink. “I think it’s odd everyone but Hunk and I are ok with this.” I add, my eyes meeting Hunk’s, he nods in agreement.

“Rest assured Janae we are all bothered by this, but we don’t have time to dwell on that. We have to fight and protect Earth.” Shiro says so seriously, I wanna ask him if he reads manga.

Because that’s exactly what the fuck he sounds like saying that shit aloud to everyone in the room, like a fucking protagonist. “Yeah yeah I know, we gotta form Voltron and shit.” I say as I wave my now empty glass in the air.

“Do you think it’ll be hard to do? Forming Voltron.. I mean?” Keith asks joining the conversation, he’s sitting Indian style on the floor of the living room, his virgin tea untouched.

“I’m not sure...” Allura says with a shrug.

“That’s gonna be really fucking annoying if it is.” Lance says flatly.

“Soaaaa Hunk, is that like your real name orrr? “I ask dismissing the whole Voltron conversation.

Hunk laughs as he answers, “Yes it’s my government name.” He says with a smile.

I nod and turn to Pidge, she sprawled out on the floor kicking Keith who won’t give back her drink. “Pidgeeeee please tell me your name isn’t short for Pidgeon.” I say with a serious face. She laughs throwing her head back as she steals a sip of Lance’s beer.

“No, it’s a nick name my brother called me when I was younger, it kinda just stuck.” She says with a smile as an annoyed Lance swats her away from his drink.

How open and accepting they are, I’m not used to that. I’m not used to having friends or being around people I actually have to interact with, it’s easier to be closed off, to mask your emotions and stand out of reach. People don’t die and abandon you when your closed off, even if they do it hurts less. Yeah a lot less, I think bitterly as I pour more alcohol in my drink.

“How are we supposed to know what Galra even look like?” Keith asks with a frown, he’s standing now, arms crossed as he leans casually against a nearby wall. “Hold on.” Allura said as she rises from her seat and quickly strides into the living room, she comes back with a large worn text book in her hands.

“I found this badly hidden in my father’s study.” She said as she sat a large elderly book down on the table, the book is worn with age, a few corners of the pages are folded and torn, a few missing, she begins to quickly flip through the pages looking for something.

“She says triumphantly, she slightly moves over allowing us to look at the pages of the book. After a second it becomes apparent the words next to the drawings are not English. “Um Allura what language is this in?” Lance asked first, his eyes still on the page.

“It’s in Altean.” She says softly. “When I was younger my father made me take Latin, well that’s what he told me it was.” She continues, running her fingers across the pages. “Those are Galra?!?” Hunk asks concerned, I pull my eyes away from the shapes and curves of the words and look at the picture.

I understand Hunk’s discomfort immediately as my eyes land on a monster. Long limbs, various heights and weights matched to different agile strong bodies, sharp pointed teeth, purple to grayish skin, purple fur blends seamlessly into their hair lines, cat ears stand high and gold eyes glare
savagely up at us from the pages.

“Ahhhh just what I wanted to do in my spare time, get murdered by fucking cat people.” I mumble to myself as I drink a gracious amount of my drink, there’s not enough booze in the world to make this situation ok.

“Is there a picture of Zarkon?” Takashi asked curiously, his eyes holding something so serious it feels dark. “It is...” Allura trails off hesitantly as she flips through the pages again, this time landing on something none of us are ready to see.

“Fuck.” Lance drunkenly hiccups as he stares at the picture. A large man stands taller than the Galra that bow at his feet, he looks to be 9 maybe 10 feet tall, his body composed of sheer muscle, he’s as wide as he stands tall in stature, his skin appears to be a pale grayish color, every inch of his body is covered in immaculate blood red and black armor except a small area of his face, large violet eyes seem to glow as his eyes bore into each of us, daring us viscously to make a move.

The room is suddenly too small, too warm, and even though it’s a picture drawn by hand you can feel the violence and power that radiates from his presence.

The man before us is a blood thirsty tyrant, his lips appear to be in a stern unamused frown as he stands on the backs of his followers, a large fire burns untamed behind him, having consumed much of the planet he’s destroyed.

This is absolutely horrifying...but it gets worse I realize... as a heavy feeling sinks to the bottom of my chest as I get the gross feeling of familiarity....I’ve met him before.

I say nothing as the night draws on, we each seem to be stuck in our own unhappy thoughts, as silence takes its place in the dining room among us, happily pulling out a chair, we continue to drink as if the worlds ending.

After a while one at time we slowly drift out of the dinning room, Hunk in one of the bedrooms, Lance snores loudly from the living room couch, he has a pair of large headphones on and green shit smeared all over his face.

Pidge and Allura tiptoe into the guess room, right behind a sulking Keith who mutters a good night as he slips into the shadows of his room.

Takashi and I sit alone at the table, he seems deep in thought as he absently brings the glass of his drink to his lips, and I wonder if I should head to the last available room or follow him to his, among the chaos of tonight...that sounds tantalizing.

What if he gets the wrong impression? I giggle when I realize that’s the only impression I want him to get. His eyes look up when he hears me, a soft smile slowly spreads across his lips as he
stands from the table and holds his hand out to me. “Let’s go to bed.” He says softly as my hand reaches out to his.

Pidge

Allura groaned as I pushed her up against the wall of the guess room, trailing hungry, hurried, open mouth kisses down her exposed neck and collar bone.

I continued to move, running greedy curious hands all over her body, my fingers brushed the clasp of her necklace and I felt her go stiffen. “Can I take it off?” I asked determined as my eyes met hesitant blue ones.

Allura nodded slowly and shifted allowing my fingers to unlatch and remove the jewelry. I took a step back, necklace in hand, and watched as she changed in front of me, a soft blush sat on her cheeks as she looked at me through her long lashes coyly.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” She asked suddenly looking nervous. “Your perfect.” I say as I leaned forward on the tips of my toes and softly pressed my lips across the triangles that sat on her cheeks.

“Let me show you how perfect you are.” I said as I took Allura’s hand, intertwining our fingers as I guided her to the bed. I took my time...undressing her, kissing every bit of skin revealed in the process. I did this repeatedly until she lay underneath me beautifully nude, the soft white sheets underneath her making her look angelic as she removed her hair clip, I watched as her hair fail in thick waves around her.

I took a step back and began to remove my clothes quickly, tossing articles of clothing all over the room unconcerned. Streams of moonlight slipped in through half closed blinds, the moonlight wrapped around her, bathing her in a bewitching light. Making her silhouette appear to glow, highlighting every inch of her body. Captivating was the only word I could use to describe it as Allura pulled me onto the bed, our bodies danced together with no restraints as kisses grew deeper.

Our lips crash together as I found my place between Allura’s long slender legs. I Trailed my hands up and down hee body, stopping and kneading her breast. I pulled away and continued the kisses down until my lips found her nipple. I smiled as I pulled the nub between my lips, lightly biting and teasing as my other hand continued to squeeze and tease her other breast. Allura moaned softly as I pulled away and blew lightly on the pebbled flesh, the fingers of my right hand now teasing and rubbing her other nipple.

I pulled my hand away and slid my finger down the canvas of her, from between the mounds of her breast and down her flat stomach, my journey stalling at the area between her legs where she’s the hottest, waiting for my touch. She was shaved completely bald, soft peach fuzz lightly coated her entrance. Usually I have no preference for this, but I loved the way Allura’s pussy looked. Being able to witness the base of her beauty undisturbed and untouched made me crave touching her more, encouraging me wholeheartedly.

Like reaching into the ocean and pulling out a beautiful seashell, soft pink and welcoming, lips like flower petals lay open waiting for me. Her labia like the wings of the rarest butterfly enticing me to
progress forward and touch, her clit sits high and proud, beautifully displayed like a pearl.

I wanna stick my face where her legs meet, I wanna find my happiness where her heats the hottest, I lean closer and inhale deeply. Greedily filling my lungs with her deliciously sweet and musky fragrance. I taste her, my tongue moving slowly as I take my time drawing sounds out of her, wanting to hear everything.

Needing desperately to hear her, as my tongue slips between her warm folds I’m rewarded with a moan. I drag my tongue in and out of her slowly, my fingers joining the partly patiently one at a time. I insert my first finger inside of her slowly, her walls tighten around me covetously as my tongue dances across her clit demanding her attention as I slip my finger knuckle deep inside of her, I move the digit around, testing the strength of her walls as I explore. Her fingers dig into the sheets as I add a second finger, my tongue relentless as I taste her completely, I push her legs open wider as my tongue slides from her pussy down her perineum and onto her anus.

She moans louder as my fingers continue to work deep inside of her as I continuously lap at her, dragging my tongue into and out of her pussy and back to her asshole, my eyes slide up her body as I slowly press the top of my thumb across her rim. I study her expressions. Her eyes are closed, her back arched, a soft blush paints her cheeks as her breathing becomes rushed, her hair mussed and all over her head, she’s a lovely mess, few wild strands stick to her forehead, I love this. The faces and sounds she makes when we’re alone together, the way she comes completely undone. I take my time sculpting away everything refined about her, using every bit of me as a tool to mold her into a prepossessing piece of art. I push my tongue into her asshole and lick, swirling my tongue around, as my fingers continue to work into and out of her, I begin to taste more of her, as juices of her satisfaction slide down from her pussy and land graciously onto my tongue. I pull away and lick my lips, coating my thumb in her juices, as I slowly push forward my thumb slides through the first layer or resistance easily and I smile.

She groans louder, her teeth biting into her bottom lips as she falls deeper into more pleasure, I can do this all day I think to myself as I trail soft kisses down her inner thigh, enjoying the sight of her spread so wide and pretty in front of me. “Katie please.” She begs, the tone of voice goes straight to my clit, making me aware I’m already wet with arousal. “What do you want Princess?” I ask as my fingers continue to drill into her. “I...I...” She trails off as I push my thumb deeper into. “Use your words.” I say as I lean forward and kiss up her chest, dropping a string of kisses up her neck. “I want you to finish with me.” She manages to say after a second.

She whimpers as I pull my fingers out of her slowly, she yanks me into open arms as we adjust together. She’s on top as she moves between my legs, easily turning me the way she wants, our clits touch as she moves vertically between my legs. Interlocking our spread legs together, she grinds into me, her wet pussy against mine. I moan loudly as she moves, her fingers rubbing our clits together as she rocks between my thighs, it’s my turn to fall apart. I cry out as her index finger dips into me with no warning, touching and teasing me, just before she curves her finger deep inside me. My back arches as she adds a second finger, her thumb rubbing our clits together slowly as she continued to grind into me. I close my eyes and let her dominate me.

Her movements confident and strong as she pushes me closer and closer to my destination. “Katie open your eyes.” She says, I can hear her smile in her words. She slowly pulled her fingers out of me and reached for me, our lips clumsily smashing into each other as we chase the wave of ecstasy together, she moans into my mouth as she tastes herself heavy on my lips. Our bodies rock dangerously together into one another, as our lips touch over and over, her tongue slips into my mouth.
I pull away as a familiar feeling blossoms in the pit of my stomach, I’m close. Blue eyes meet mine as we cum together, our bodies continuing to move as one as our joined orgasm rocks through us, leaving us panting and covered in sweat. I feel myself go weak as I collapse into her, soft fingers brush through my hair as she moves pulling me flat onto her chest and onto the cool sheets. “Thank you.” She says softly as she kisses the lobe of my ear, I feel myself drift off to long afterwards.

Shiro

It started with a tease. She laughed at the idea of me being able to keep quiet, pointing out I’d be more embarrassed than she would be, if everyone heard us. I took her challenge head on and now we’re here, both covered in sweat, messing up my bedsheets once again.

She’s on all fours in front of me, I watch the way her ass bounces as I slam into her, over and over again. Her walls wrapping around me, pulling me back in with each thrust, my thumbs rest in the dimples of her lower back as I work into her.

She moans softly as she tries to crawl closer to the headboard, her movements threatening to interrupt mine.

I grip her waist harder, my movements not slowing as I spoke. “Don’t run now. You wanted this.” I said as I pulled her closer, pinning her beneath me, her bare breast meeting the pillows as I pull her ass up. I slide my hands from her lower back and onto her ass, spreading her cheeks, watching mesmerized with the way my dick in the condom glistened with her arousal, as I pushed into and out of her.

I bite my bottom lip, as sweat drips down my forehead and into my eyes, I close my eyes and allow myself to feel and get lost in her. Her warmth wrapping around me, pulling me closer to the edge. I shift pulling her up, her back touches my chest as I continue to thrust into her, she moans loud at the change, the back of her head lays supported on the crick of my neck.

I wrap my arm around her midsection just under her breast as I continued to move, her eyes blissfully closed as she curses me out for the things I’m doing. The string of unpleasantries sound alluring coming from her lips, her voice sounds amazing each and every time she cries out in pleasure. Her nails dig into my bicep and I welcome the touch, the kiss of pain feeding my arousal, her skin feels so hot pressed up against mine, I pepper kisses down her neck, letting my tongue lick away a bead of sweat. I groan as I realize how close I am.

I don’t even care if either of us is loud, I’m to hopped up on Janae to give a fuck. Besides this is my house.

I unwrap my arm from around her, and lightly push her forward and press her body into the sheets, pinning her body beneath mine. Her cries increase as I slide my hand underneath her, between her thighs, I rub her clit as I slam into her. “Fuck fuck fuck fuck.” She repeats with every thrust I make, she screams into the pillows as she cums, her walls contract and pull around me, forcing my climax right behind her, I see stars as I continue to fuck her through her orgasm, she babbles incoherently as I continue.

I stop and fall unsupported on top of her, breathing hard. She doesn’t seem to care as she continues to catch her breath. I slowly pull out of her and toss the condom in the trash, she pulls me back into bed and gets comfortable, pulling the sheets around us as she takes her time resting her head on my chest.
We don’t stay up for very long before we’re both consumed with exhaustion.

I awake hours later, as sunlight streams faintly through the blinds of my room, encasing the room in a soft yellow hue. My eyes land on Janae, I run my fingertips across her cheek as I watch her sleep.

Her hair blankets around us undisturbed like a halo, long thick lashes rest against her cheeks. She looks peaceful, I think as I pull her into my arms and fall back asleep, not ready for the rampant chaos that would soon devour my moment of brief peace.
The attacks

Chapter Summary

Introducing the Galra Hoes
Shiros nightmaressssssss
Keith kickingggg ass
And a silly Lance

I look around the arena taking in the thick rows of judgmental spectators, a few of them yell painfully dry words of discouragement, a larger section tosses half eaten food and trash at my feet in disgust.

“Terminate the human filth!!!” A significantly large amount of the crowd yells unapologetically, a few of them have begun to spit into the arena. I inhale and exhale deeply, holding my head high and squaring my shoulders, my body aching with protest as I stand tall, feigning confidence as I try not to look down.

The remains of my last opponent lay at me feet, discarded and almost forgotten, the floor of the arena has been bathed in so much blood they’ve stopped trying to clean it. Finding it counterproductive when the cycle would just repeat.

The ground begins to shake with warning, signaling the next round. I made my way around the arena, my eyes scanning through the rummage and remnants of previous clashes. My eyes land on silver and I reach forward pulling out a rusted jagged sword from the rib cage of a fallen fighter.

I don’t bother to wipe off the black ink that stains the sword, I don’t have time to be overcome with such soft formalities.

I pull my body into a defensive stance, ready to switch at a moment’s notice, no hesitation would plague my movements here.

Steel hazy energy bars lifted on the far end of the arena, my opponent slithered forward on a meticulous system of multiple legs, their body long and agile, dry orange scales shine under the arena lights.

They like to experiment here, often plucking strange species from other planets and making them fight to the death, the creatures here finding the entertainment too rich to overlook. The desire to cling to morals and humanity shriveled up and died here in this ring. With every battle you find yourself victorious, you get an upgrade, I’d been deemed the victor of more battles then I can remember, but yet to receive an enhancement.
Black beady eyes lock on mine as the genetically altered beast lunges in my direction, claws out, several rows of bone white canines reveal themselves as its two mouths smile amused, ready for a chance to consume the organic life that stood before it.

We clash into each one another, he’s eager to start our confrontation, we meet in the center of the ring, my blade meeting two dangerously large and sharp claws.

The crowd begins to scream encouragements to my opponent, the thought of seeing a human make it this far enraged most spectators. I attack his community of legs with my sword and move efficiently from side to side, dodging both claws and teeth. Pain erupts on my right side, as I realize my opponent has a functioning tail. The match drags on, until I realize the protective exoskeleton my opponent wears is actually armor, I hesitate on my next move.

That moment of hesitation is the in he needs to attack, within seconds my blade is ripped from my hands rendering me defenseless. He urges forward relentless as his body slinks around me, his movements akin to that of a snake, lifting me from the ground, attempting to crush me, he lifts me high and slam me down into the ground. My face and upper body meeting the pavement. He’s still for a moment, lifting me high, his face inches away from mine as he studies me.

I pull my right arm back and drive it forward making contact with his left eye, hard. A wail escapes the creatures mouths as I’m suddenly dropping back onto the arena floor. I quickly rise to my feet in search of a weapon, I grab the nearest thing in arm’s length.

My fingertips dance across the edge of something cool and Heavy, I pick it up both surprised and thankful a plasma cannon has been left among the debris. I run my fingers across the large gun, with multiple nozzles, each one different in size as they met in the middle and formed a large circle, I placed my finger on the trigger and watched the weapon glow faintly with life as it began to charge, I hold the weapon close as I dodge the swing of a wild angry claw.

I tried pulling the trigger again and watched in disappointed silence as nothing happened, the glow of the weapon slightly increasing every few seconds. Suddenly the creature stopped moving, pulling itself high on hind legs, its mouths open. I jerk right, trying to get out of range as acidic black sludge flew in my direction, my ankle is caught in the crossfire, the spit eats away the back of my shoe and half the fabric covering my calf.

My vision begins to blur, as pain comparable to third degree burn skyrockets up my calf, rendering me immobile. Panic blossoms throughout by chest as I struggle to feel the lower half of my body, as I crumble like a wet piece of paper to the ground.

Several spectators begin to cheer loudly, demanding my opponent take their time torturing me, dragging it out as long as possible. The creature rises again on strong hind legs, it’s mouths open, ready to burn me alive. As the creature rises, I notice under its belly is completely exposed and bare of armor, with the last of my strength I pull the gun tighter in my arms and pull the trigger.

I watch as the cannon hits it mark and the creature explodes into large meaty pieces in front me. The arena is silent just before it erupts in cheers, satisfied that the death of a contender was gruesome.

I feel myself begin to fade in and out as a pair of doors rise from the ground, two Large Galra soldiers approach me. Kicking the weapon from my hands easily, as they drag me back into my
cell, I pass out from pain and exhaustion.

I sit up suddenly, covered in sweat my breathing is labored as I push away anxiety induced panic as I struggle to remember where I am. I’d been having nightmares for the better part of the last two weeks. As a result, I’d become slightly on edge and irritable.

I rise on wobbly legs and make my way to the bathroom, wincing as bright lights encase around me.

I turn the faucet and bring my hands together under the water, and cup a generous amount and wash my face a few times. The cold water offering temporary relief as I grab a towel and dry my face. My eyes land on the mirror in front of me, dark bags hang from my eyes, my hair grown out, stubble sprouts up untamed from my jawline. A sense of dread blanketed my shoulders as I struggled to pushed away the dreams, not wanting to think about the hell I’d endured for months on end.

There wasn’t enough therapy or medication to make that experience go away. Grief clung to my self-conscious like an unwanted itchy sweater, threatening to come apart at the seams, unraveling my secrets. I needed to talk about this with the others. The thought of containing unspoken truths in any longer had begun to dig up fears and emotions I’d fought hard to keep concealed.

I never thought I’d see any remnants of Galra again, hoping it was a dream that never happened, a world my overworked psyche had conjured up to combat the trauma. But I knew the thinly vailed lie had been a truth the moment Allura turned open the pages of her father’s book and my eyes fell upon the Galra once again, the familiar flame of hatred manifested through my chest and trickled down throughout each of my fingertips.

I felt my eye twitch when Allura turned the pages, revealing the silhouette of an all too familiar frame, Zarkon.

I remained buried deep in my turmoil of dark thoughts, absently drinking, not tasting anything at all.

The talk of Galra had purged the room of all optimism, advising us each to try and drink our troubles away. The sound of a soft giggle broke me free of my thoughts, reaching and pulling me back into the room. I smiled as my eyes landed on Janae, we were non-surprisingly alone, I stood from the table and held my hand out to her.

Her fingers intertwined with my own as we settled into bed, that night being the last one of sleep.

I dress quickly, grabbing a pair of gym shorts and a black baggy hoodie. I hesitate at the dresser, my eyes on my inactive Bayard. I faintly hear Coran’s voice reminding me to keep it on me at all times, even when in bed.

I roll my eyes at his words and roll up my sleeve, my fingers trailing along the metal of my arm looking for a small hidden crease. I found the crease and pressed down softly, a hidden compartment opened revealing a small free space. I slide the small device in and slide my fingers back across the crease, sealing it closed once again.

The weight of the device felt oddly soothing, as I tied my shoes and grabbed my house keys, locking the door behind me. Since the reveal of the war, we’d each gone back to our daily lives waiting unsure when and how a
change would develop.

The morning air felt crisp with a slight chill as I started my morning run, deciding to run along the trail that crisscrossed through town. I needed to clear the lazy fog that’d started to take up residence in my mind.

I needed to think, needed to go over various details, I may have missed that may be relevant in helping out our cause, might as well add a few miles while I do. I mused as I fell into a comfortable pace, letting my mind unravel and freely think, the crunch of branches and debris continuous as I continued into my next mile. A few older people waved in my direction from a nearby park bench, as I politely spoke as I ran by, bread crumbs were scattered at their feet. As I hit my 8th mile, I begin to notice less and less people along the trail, the terrain changing a bit to uneven and messy dips and bumps.

I don’t think much of it as the trail begins to wrap back around toward the direction of my house, 2 more miles to go I mused as I wiped beads of sweat from my forehead.

In the distance I hear rapid footsteps behind me, I move over to the side allowing the runner more space to pass. After a few moments the rapid pace of footsteps continue, but no one moves forward. The hairs on the back of my neck rise with warning, an uncomfortable feeling begins to settle over me as I hear several more feet join the pace of the runner behind me.

Up ahead the terrain changes again, becoming thicker with trees, patches of wet earth scattered around messily. The metal of my arm begins to vibrate faintly, the inactive Bayard warming with movement, before I can pull the Bayard free one of the runner’s pace changes. I feel the heat of another on the back of my heels, I dodge to right, avoiding confrontation with a large blade as it lodges into the tree to my left.

I turn around and get a full view of my pursuers. Three large figures loom behind me, each one dressed head to toe in black stealth like armor, odd red lines curl around the chest of their suits, their faces bare of any covering. My eyes meet gold ones surrounded by purple fur. The vibration suddenly turns into a solid shake, as they dart forward in my direction.

Moving so quickly, I’m almost caught off guard, my body moves on auto pilot as the larger one of the 3 pulls two swords from behind their back, his arms more dangerously toward me as the other two flank behind him. I feel a surge of power suddenly flow through me, wrapping around the left side of my body. I dodge another swing from both blades and push up from the space I’m in, urging myself to move forward, steering clear of patches of wet mud. My arm glows brightly as it begins to change shape, forming into a large blade. There’s too much going on for me to be surprised. I turn around bringing my arm up high above my head, stopping the dance of twin blades, I slam my foot hard into the chest of the biggest threat. He slips in mud and goes down hard, the two other Galra move quickly no longer behind him, they attack me simultaneously.

The shorter one of the two favors attacking from the right, they wield a large double-sided blade. I block one side of the blade and dive to my right as they bring the other side up harshly up where my neck had been seconds ago, they block my kick but not my onslaught of punches I send their way, they too go down face first in mud. The medium sized one wields something akin to a staff with a blade at the end, the reach is distractingly long and probably serves better as a defensive weapon, not something recommended.
for close combat.

I dodge the wave of jabs sent my way, the tip of the blade gets caught above my stomach, it digs into the front of my hoodie, tearing it wide open in the process. He smiled amused, flipping a long black braid across his shoulder.

Irritation immediately grates my nerves as I will my blade to turn into a fist, I sprint toward them bypassing the point of their blade slamming my fist hard into their nose, he goes down, eyes closed.

The bigger one rises to his feet and lunges toward me, blade swinging wildly as he draws nearer. To my left I make out the shape of the smallest one rising to their feet, legs moving quickly toward me, I grab the braid of the unconscious Galra on the ground in front of me and toss him harshly into the largest of the 3.

Just as I do, the smallest one’s fists makes contact with my lower rib cage, pain immediately shoots through the left side of my body. I quickly recover, slashing my blade in their direction. My wrist is colored in red once my blade makes contact, I shift the form of my hand back into a fist and slam it hard into their face sending them several feet away.

I hear footsteps quickly approaching as I will my arm back into a blade, the largest of the 3 stands before me holding twin blades, a look of determination in his yellow eyes.

“Youreputation as Champion proceeds you. It will be an honor to kill you.” He said as he lunged toward me, arms moving the blades frantically through the air.

I slip in mud as I attempt to dodge and counter an attack. My leg scraps the ground as I roll out of the way of a blade smashing down into the earth. I rise steady to my feet and will my arm to change into something more.

My arm glows bright with light as it grows and expands, taking the shape of a large war hammer.

The Galra’s eyes meet mine as I meet him half way, slamming the head of the hammer into his chest, his blades cease all movement as he goes slack, sliding to the ground beneath him slowly.

“Tell me who sent you and I won’t kill you.” I say as I wipe blood off the jagged end of my weapon. He simply sneers at me, his ears flattening against his head, I take a step toward him, willing my arm to change back into a blade.

“I won’t repeat myself.” I say as I watch him cough up blood.

“You think I’d willingly give up information to you? Betray my ruler?” He spat at me as he slowly picked up one of the fallen blades, I moved into a defensive stance, ready. “Victory or death.” He said as he lifted the blade higher, he flipped his wrist quickly, the metal of the weapon slicing through his neck like butter.

I went still as I watched the life leave his body as he fell limp to the ground.

In the distance the light clap of thunder echoed off my neighborhood, heavy beads of water fail from the sky, as I stood rooted in place, watching the blood and rain mix together around.

Keith’s POV

I woke up early Monday morning annoyed, it’s to sunny and cold outside to have morning classes, why the fuck did I sign up for morning classes? I briefly consider not going but prefer not to be constantly asked if I’m sick, Shiro is always too eager to go mother hen on me. I roll my eyes and rise from bed, quickly getting dressed, pushing away the idea of playing hooky. Grabbing my backpack and keys, I walk past Shiro’s room, the sound of heavy erratic breathing makes me pause at the door, he’s had another nightmare.

I hesitate at the idea of checking on him, I’d been giving him the space he’d asked for…but that
had been almost two weeks ago. I drag myself away from the door as I hear him moving around, the sound of running water the only motivation for me to leave. I lock the door behind me and hop on my bike, quickly slipping on my helmet. I peel out of the drive way and head to class, wondering if it’ll rain before I make it there.

30 minutes later I pull into an empty space and turn my bike off, I sit my helmet down and double check the contents of my bag as I step off my bike. Annoyingly loud pop music blares from a dated blue Honda as it pulls into the space next to me, Lance steps out with a smile, large latte in hand. “Good morning mullet.” He says with a lazy smile as he pulls his bag from the passenger side, quickly slipping the straps onto his shoulders.

I roll my eyes and start heading to class, trying not to be late, large gray hostile clouds block out the sun, threatening to open up and drench us any minute. “Did you study for the test this morning?” Lance asks as he trails behind me, loudly slurping from his latte. “Of course. And no, you can’t use my notes.” I say stopping him before he can ask. “Awe come on Keithhhhhhhhh.” He whines loudly just as we step into the room, the professor rolls her eyes at us as we shuffle around the room finding our desired chairs. “No.” I say flatly, as I sit down, pulling my binder and a few pencils out of my bag. “Aweee come onnnnn aren’t we friends?” He continues, this time his voice low in a false whisper. “Awe since you put it that way, No.” I repeat, as I skim thru my notes. After a while he gives up pestering me and turns his attention to a petite blonde in front of us, she giggles at his jokes and enjoys the attention, quickly handing him her notes. He sends her a flirty smile as thanks and quickly goes over the notes, his eyebrows pulled tight with concentration as he reads. I turn back to my notes and wait for the test to be past in my direction. I flip through the three pages and start, flying through, double checking my answers once and turning it in. I pull my phone from my pocket and check the time, I’ll be an hour early to work, I think as I step out of the classroom, leaving behind a flirty Lance.

As I step out of the building I feel eyes on me, the sudden attention makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand at attention. I spin around my eyes scanning the parking lot, seeing no one, the eerie feeling remains present as I step onto my bike and pull out of the parking space. Within a matter of minutes, I arrive at work, earlier than necessary, I park and grab my bag and head in.

I wave to the receptionist and head to the locker room, finding my locker and switching my gym bag with my school bag. I quickly change into my work out apparel, taking my time wrapping black tape tight around the knuckles of my hands. I slip my earbuds into my ears and head to the boxing room, suddenly remembering I covered for someone else last week and that I’m actually off for the next three days. I roll my eyes as I find my usual spot, a few boxers nod in my direction. I grab my gloves and slip them on, adjusting them to my liking, I find my stance and square my shoulders and start to move. Alternating between jabs and punches, my mind unraveling and jumping from subject to subject as I get lost in practicing my movements. I think about the untouched Bayard in my locker, about the Galra we’re supposed to be fighting, about Allura’s true heritage, Shiro’s nightmares, the giant Lions under Coran’s too big weird house, I think about the exam I just took and I think about Lance. I inwardly groan as an image of him laughing dances across my mind, I slam my fist harder into the bag. My annoyance spikes as I remembered the way the blonde women in front of us batted her long lashes at him, my jabs become more aggressive, my punches meaner, before I know it I’ve graduated to angrily kicking the bag. I gradually look up to see if anyone’s noticed my hostility and realize the room is now empty.

As I’m midway through a 4-way combo, someone holds the bag steady, my movements slow as I’m momentarily caught off guard. My eyes meet gold ones, and the eerie feeling returns intensified. The person bracing the bag steady has a baseball cap slung so low over their face I barely make out the hues of his eyes. His clothes are oversized, and he’s clearly taller than he wants to let on, as he leans forward hunched over.

“Thanks. But I’m finished.” I say as I take a step back, removing my earbuds, my eyes still on him. His posture changes as he stands up straighter and pushes the heavy bag harshly into me. “Why not
indulge me in another round?” He asks as he moves his hands behind his back, the glint of something sharp catches my eye and I aggressively kick the bag directly in his chest catching him slightly off guard. He hisses as he regains his wits, his body darting in my direction, I pivot to my right and bring my fist down hard into his wrist, knocking whatever’s in his hand away, a long dagger falls to the ground with a loud clatter. I move on auto pilot as I send a wild brigade of punches and jabs his way, striking each and every pressure point in my range, among the chaos his baseball cap falls to the floor.

I jump back as he pulls free another dagger, my eyes widen as they land on grayish muted skin, pointed ears and hollow yellow eyes. Galra. I spread my arms wide in front of me, widening my stand as I prepare for an attack. I can make out the hilt of his dropped dagger from my peripheral, he copies my stance and launches forward, fangs bared as he swings the blade toward my midsection. I dodge the first few swipes and attempt to slam my foot into his throat, he catches my ankle, long nails digging down into my flesh, as he forcefully shoves me backward.

I roll to his right, snatching the blade from the ground. A sinister smile paints his lips as I quickly rise to my feet, dagger in hand. “Your more of a challenge then I expected, you fight like a Galra.” He said with a smile as he charged in my direction, his dagger slicing through the air repeatedly as he moved.

I dodge and bring my dagger up to his face, slamming the hilt of it hard into his forehead, my mind running a mile a second as I thought about how many steps it’d take me to get to my locker. He staggers back, bringing his hand to his forward, annoyance marks his features as he lunges another attack my way, he thinks I’m toying with him. I drop to my knees and bring my leg to my chest, and push forward, kicking his right knee in hard. He hisses and curses as he goes down grabbing his knee, I stagger to my feet and run out of the room, down the hall towards the lockers.

I rush the room, quickly moving to my bottom locker, I drop to my knees as I turn the combination. I hear him before I see him, he moves quickly toward me, bringing his good leg out and slams it behind me, I shift out of the way as his foot makes contact with the door of the locker, collapsing it in smooth down the middle. I reach in and snatch my back pack out of the now open locker, he’s angry as he pulls his foot free of the door and pulls the oversized jacket over his head. I begin to rummage through my bag, my hand following the rapid vibrations. My pinky touches what I’m searching for and I pull the inactive Bayard free, dropping my bag beside me.

His eyes are on me as he steps out of the rest of his poor disguise, he pulls another blade from the belt of his black stealth suit. The Bayard began to shake rapidly as it glowed brightly, a surge of energy filtered through my body, and I watched as it began to take shape. Red and white intertwined together as they continued to extend to a large long sharp point, forming into a double-edged sword. “Give me that human, you don’t deserve to wield it.” The Galra spat at me, bringing me back rudely into the battle.

“You wouldn’t be able to use it if I did.” I said cockily as I rushed him, leaving no room for hesitation as I swung the large sword easily above my head. He weakly blocks my blade with his dagger, his yellow eyes glaring into mine as he slightly stumbles, trying to shift the weight of everything onto his uninjured leg.

“Tell me why your after me and I won’t kill you.” I said as my foot made contact with his chest, sending him clear across the locker room. “I’m not here for you. I’m looking for the key.” He hisses as he stands on questionable legs lacking support. “What key? What are you talking about?” I ask as I ready myself for anything he may send my way. “Foolish human your tiny brain wouldn’t be able to comprehend our ideals.” He throws at me harshly as pulls another blade from his pocket slamming the ends together, I watch as the blades glow purple and fuse together into a longer double-edged sword. “Try me.” I say with a smile as I lunge forward, charging him hard, our blades clank together above our heads and I kick his other knee in hard. Just because he’s bigger than me, doesn’t mean he gets to walk away after calling me stupid. “You putrid-” He says as he falls to tiles of the locker room floor. I stomp on the hand that holds his blade, and happily crush his fingers.

“What are you after?” I say my eyes on his, as he attempts to pull his hand away.
“One of you filthy worthless creatures has something my lord wants. Give it to me.” He demands from the floor, as if he’s forgotten that I’m clearly victorious in our engagement. “That’s not the way you ask for something.” I say as I bring my other foot down hard on his other hand. He simply grunts in annoyance, biting down hard on his bottom lip. “Give it to me you worthless creature.” He spits out, and I laugh.

“How many of you are there?” I ask.

“More than enough to end the lives of you and your annoying friends.” He replies back with a sick smile, my mind immediately flashes to Lance.

“Stay here.” I say as I pick up his weapon and slam it into the lockers hard, it breaks back into two blades and falls to the ground. I pick the blades up and slip them into my backpack. “I take no orders from you vermin.” He sneers as he reaches weakly in my direction. I look around the locker room for something of use, my eyes land on elastic therapy bands and I smile.< I effectively and quickly tie up his wrists and ankles, he trashes around fruitlessly as I drag him into one of the restroom stalls. “What do you think you’re doing?! Don’t touch me you useless dumb-” I shove a gym towel into his mouth, stopping the strings of rude insults.

I lock the stall door and hang up an out of order sign. I quickly change clothes and grab my backpack, slipping the inactive Bayard in my pocket. I pull my phone out of my pocket and attempt to call Lance, several times I’m greeted with his childish voicemail. I hustle quickly to the parking lot, slipping my helmet on and starting my bike.

I pull out of the parking lot as gray clouds collide together, waves of lightening dance in the distance with warning. “This idiot better be safe.” I say aloud as I peel out of the parking lot quickly.
I pull into the campus parking lot and sigh with relief as my eyes land on Lance, he’s walking out of the building, slowly descending down the steps that extend into the parking lot, to his left is the petite blonde from earlier.

She’s shamelessly flirting, her hand on his upper arm as she smiles just a little too hard and laughs just a little too loud in his company.

Lance doesn’t seem to be paying her much mind, his eyes lighting up as they land on me and I wonder if I imagined it.

He says something to the blonde and pulls away quickly, his long legs striding quickly in my direction.

“Hey Keith, back because you missed me?” He asks bouncing his eyes brows in my direction and I fight the urge not to punch him.

“I was attacked at the gym. I just came to make sure you were still alive.” I say probably a bit too quickly, probably a bit to casually as I watch his eyes widen as he shifts through a series of emotions, slowly beginning to freak out.

“What do you mean attacked?! What do you mean make sure I was STILL alive?!” He nearly shouts as he entangles his fingers stressfully though his chestnut locs, visibly upset.

“Lance I was attacked by a Galra, we need to get out of this open space and talk about it.” I said as I look around the parking lot, trying to spot something, anything out of the ordinary.

“Yeah ok.” He says worriedly as he unlocks his car door and sticks the key in the ignition. The response we get is a muddle cough, he turns the key again and again, the Honda doesn’t start.

“Come on old faithful…..don’t die on me when I need you.” He whines from the driver seat, his head on the steering wheel in defeat after the fifth try. Old is right, faithful is not. I think to myself as I pull a spare helmet from my bag and hold it out to Lance who reluctantly takes it as he steps out of his car.

“Can I drive?” He asks. “No.” I say.

“Why ya scared?” He teases, as he slips the helmet onto his head and smiles.

“With you at the helm? Terrified.” I reply dryly as I step back onto my bike. “Come onnnn you know what they call me? They call me the tailor because how well I thread the needle.” He says with a cheeky smile as he sits behind me and wraps his arms around me.
I’m too distracted by the sudden closeness and heat of his body to form a decent rebuttal. Instead of replying I start my bike and pull out of the parking lot, unsure of our destination. Lightning slaps across the sky ahead of us and I push the idea of heading home away, Lance’s apartment is closer, I think as I merge onto the freeway.

Every so often glancing in the mirrors making sure we’re not being followed, we’re a few exits away from Lance’s apartment when Lance speaks from behind me.

“Uh Keith we have company.” He says as his arms tighten around me, I look in my right mirror and sure enough four motorcyclists clad in black are spread out and follow a few feet behind us.

“Great.” I mumble more to myself than aloud, I hit the accelerator and merge into the far-left lane, bypassing and cutting through traffic, trying to put distance between us, a minivan honks angrily behind us. I start to feel the familiar shake of vibration, as Lance begins to fumble around behind me.

“Hold still.” I say loudly between clenched teeth, it’s not exactly ideal to move around so stupidly on a busy freeway, on the back of a bike going 75 miles per hour, with four aliens chasing behind us with the intent to kill. A woman in a minivan speeds past me flipping me a finger, if the situation were different I’d probably be amused.

“I’m just- give me a second.” He replies back as one arm unwraps around me.

“Lance what are you doing?!” I demand as I look in my mirror and catch sight of a bright glow as his Bayard activates, taking the form of a slick blue and white sniper. Lance moves quickly removing his other arm from around me, his legs taking their place, his ankles wrapping tightly and securely around me.

He lays down, elongating his body as he does, his back flat on the back of the seat behind me, the gun upside down as he looks into the light blue spotter, gaining complete accuracy as he pulls the trigger. Releasing a pale blue light as he does, an explosion follows soon after as he hits his mark, the other three motorcyclists swerve out of the way trying to avoid pieces of debris as their comrade scatters through the air.

“Ohhhh shit.” Lance says with sheer amazement as I swerve into another lane, letting several cars and an 18-wheeler buffer between us and our pursuers. A man in a yellow bus drives alongside me, giving us a questioning look as he pulls ahead.

“They don’t call me the sharpshooter of Voltron for nothin.” He says cockily.

“No one calls you that!! Lance sit up before you fall off!!” I practically yell at him, now isn’t the time for games. Reluctantly Lance sits back up wrapping an arm around my waist, the other arm securely holds onto his now active Bayard.

“Are we heading to my place?” He asks as his eyes land on an exit sign. “Yes, unless you prefer to get pelted with rain all the way back to mine. “I deadpan as I catch sight of the other three motorcyclist falling in formation behind us.

There’s too much going on to deal with this shit, I should of stayed home, I muse aggressively as I sped into the far right lane, taking the exit just before Lance’s. We’re going to have to get off the freeway if we don’t want to hurt any parties that aren’t involved.

Non-surprisingly the three motorcyclists exit right behind us, pulling large and intimidating black rifles out, the one on the left pulls the trigger and I swerve out of the way. Watching as a large ball
of energy lands into a nearby tree lighting it completely in purple flames.

“Fuck this is bad.” Lance practically shouts in my ear, as both cyclists open fire, shooting sporadically in our direction.

As we continue down the conveniently empty service road Lance starts to fumble around again behind me.

“Lance we don’t have time for this!! You better not fucking miss!!” I hiss at him while simultaneously avoiding potholes and being blown the fuck up and being lit on purple fire.

He takes his previous position again, his legs wrapping around my waist, as he elongates his body, inhaling and exhaling deeply as he pulls the trigger. “Don’t worry Keith, I don’t miss.” His voice oozing confidence as his shot hits another motorcyclist, sending him high into the air in pieces.

The last two riders prove to be a bit of a challenge for Lance as one weaves back and forth, diverting from the road and flying recklessly onto a nearby sidewalk, we’ve reached a neighborhood. The two riders fly across yards, kicking up garden beds and scaring away small animals as they zigzag to and fro. Lance’s next few shots miss their mark as they continue to move, their speed quickening, the one on the right pulls his rifle up high and shoots in my direction. I feel long slender fingers abruptly touch me, just as my right shoulder is shoved harshly to the left. I catch bits of purple as it grazes my skin, burning the shoulder of my sweater in the process.

I remain firm and calmly continue to steer us to our destination, annoyance at an all-time high as my adrenaline spikes. “Keith are you ok?” I hear Lance ask distantly, anger burns to loud in my veins for me to answer as I gradually slow my speed, placing us right beside the bitch that shot me. “Uh Keith what are you doing?”

I pull my right leg free and kick the side of his bike hard, temporarily catching him off guard, causing him to swerve wide and open to the right, Lance follows suit behind me as he aims his sniper at attention and pulls the trigger, hitting its mark sending the Galra in pieces all over the service road. The last remaining rider pulls back and decreases speed, watching us, he reluctantly hits a U-turn, leaving the scene completely.

I accelerate and push to get us to our destination, Lance’s Bayard glows as it returns to its inactive form his arms returning around me.

I pull into the parking lot of his apartment complex, a few feet away from his door, as we step off my bike the clouds open and rain pours from the sky hard and angry.

“Great.” Lance mutters as we sprint across the lot and run to his door, I watch as he fumbles with his keys, dropping them a few times before he gets the door open.

We’re both breathing hard as we step through the door, “Leave your shoes at the door, I don’t want Hunk to kill me after I just managed not to die.” Lance says from beside me as he pulls his vans off leaving them on the welcome mat, I mimic his movements and do the same.

“Want something to drink?” He asked as he disappeared into the kitchen, “Sure.” I respond back not really thinking about drinking anything.

He returns from the kitchen with two bottles in hand, his hand shakes as he hands me mine. He looks the way I feel, absolutely wrecked with nerves, I reach out and touch him before I realize what I’m doing, his blue eyes meet mine nervously. “Are you ok?” I ask softly, trying to be more
comforting then I’m used to, Allura or Hunk should be here for this, I’m bad at this.

He laughs weakly, it sounds forced and empty, the sound akin to dropping a penny deep inside a barren wheel, he looks down his eyes at my wrist that touches his. I feel myself blush and begin to pull away, when his hand catches my wrist, his eyes still cast downwards.

“I’m...not...but I should be asking if you’re ok. You got attacked twice!! And you got shot at!! He says a bit too loudly as his eyes land on the singed part of my sweater. “Ay, Dios Mio you got shot!!” He says louder as if the realization has just sunk in, with worried eyes. He steps away rapidly speaking Spanish, he’s already half way down the hall and making his way into Hunk’s room, he returns quickly with a first aid kit and an extra shirt, still mumbling in Spanish.

“Lance.” He’s still on the verge of freaking out and wound to tight to hear me.

“Lance!” I say louder, my eyes meeting his, his breathing arctic, I watch as a drop of water falls from the ends of his hair and trails down his neck, making its way down the curve of his Adam’s apple. Among all the chaos we’d somehow tumbled into the tiny hallway, tripping over the high of what just happened, to elevated that neither of us died on the fucking freeway to come back down.

I watch the way his chest moves as he breathes, taking in large breaths of air, trying to calm down. The way his olive jacket complements his tanned skin and sits lazily across broad shoulders, my eyes trail to slightly parted lips and I swallow.

He takes a step toward me in the already tight hallway, popping my bubble, destroying any bit of resistance I may have held.

I’m not sure why, but I reach for him, and he follows, the contents in his hands fall to the floor forgotten as our lips crash together.

The kiss is rushed, nothing cute or soft about it as we fumble around awkwardly, trying to find our pace, our teeth bumping together.

His hands touch all over me as he backs me hard into the wall, his knee coming between my legs and forcing them apart.

We go back and forth fighting for dominance, his tongue moving past my lips and eagerly exploring the inside of my mouth.

His hands find mine and pull them above my head, I feel myself blush as he pulls away his eyes meeting mine a brief second before he moves forward, his lips whispering past my Adam’s apple and latching onto the side of my neck.

He sucks lightly, experimental, unsure how to touch and I moan with appreciation.

He pulls one hand free from my wrists and I watch as long slender fingers trail down my collar bone, slowly down my chest and steadily down past my waist line, I inhale deeply as he touches me, palming me through my jeans. If my arousal wasn’t apparent, it is now.

I bite my bottom lip as his thumb slides across the front of my jeans, brushing along the zipper. Zippppppppppp. I stiffen as he unzips my pants, his hand sliding inside, radiating heat and spiking my arousal as he gropes me.

This is...it’s too much and not enough, I shift and move forward breaking out of his hold, surprising
us both as we fall to the floor in a mess of tangled limbs.

We don’t miss a beat, our lips meeting as soon as we hit the floor, the palms of his hands rest on my hips, and I realize I’m straddling him, he moves unfazed clamping his hand on the back of neck and tugs me forward our lips meeting again, he moans between my lips and the sound skyrockets to my crotch, my dick jumps at the next sound he makes.

I move rolling my hips into him, the friction of me hard against him intoxicating to the senses, like I’ve taken one to many shots and the alcohol had suddenly all gone to my head.

He groans with the next wave of my hips, his body arching into mine as he joins me, his erection rocking between my thighs, I pull away and groan at the friction.

“.....Keith....” He says his voice low as he watches me through heavily lidded eyes, his breathing rushed, a thick blush spreads from his cheeks and down his neck.

His hands begin to move between us, unbuttoning my jeans and pulling me from the confines of my boxers.

My dick springs free between us, beads of precum present as he eases towards me, his hands wrapping around me and moving.

“La-Lance..” I say as my body jerks in response from the sudden touch of warmth encasing around me.

His hand continued to move as he slowly pulled his eyes from the sight of my hard dick in his hands.

“Do...you want me to stop?” He asks softly, his eyes meeting mine. The tips of my ears burn as I look away, more embarrassed by my reactions then the actual situation.

Oh, the joys of being an introverted college student, rarely leaving home, touch starved and- Ohhhhhhh- my thoughts come to screeching halt as I watch him unbutton his jeans with his free hand and unzip the zipper of his jeans, his dick springing up and free immodestly.

Lance’s dick is a lot like him, long and slender, a bit darker than the rest of him.

I watch as he spits into his hand and wraps his hand around our dicks, joining us together, I find it more enchanting then I do vulgar as he begins to jerk us off both together.

“Oh~” Is about all I can manage before everything gets too hot too quickly, the heat of his body scorching into mine as he moves his hand quickly, confidently pulling us both to the edge.

Hands are everywhere, touching places I usually try and fail not to think about, lips crash repeatedly together, hips are moving, and I moan over indulging in between it all.

He smears precum from the tip of his dick onto mine with his thumb and I move, the mixture of spit and precum lubricant enough as my hips move desperately against him, trying to smother the heat threatening to engulf us both.

An infernal is an understatement, nowhere near hot enough I ruminate, as I find myself mindlessly falling into the abyss, my eyes meeting his just before they close, a familiar feeling blossoming in the pit of my stomach as his hips chase mine.

He’s close, I can feel it. The movement of his hand Changes as he moves his wrist, alternating
between stroking and jerking, I feel my hips buck beneath me on impulse as the feeling intensifies. Doubling into something neither of us are ready for, I watch him as his eyes close, watch how the sensation of coming rips through him violently, a weak moan escaping his lips as he paints his hand with sticky white drops of cum.

I follow right behind him, screwing my eyes shut as the vision of him beneath me coming plays over for me again and again.

We lay still for a moment, trying to gather our wits on the floor of the hallway.

My eyes slowly open and meet his as recognition sits in, I just came.

Lance just came...we just....in the hallway.

My eyes trail over Lance taking him completely in, his breathing is erratic, his hair a mess of smushed curls, and his shirt is dirty. Thick ropes of cum stain the front of my shirt, happily reminding me of my handy work.

We scramble apart, eyes meeting everywhere but each other.

This....is....awkward, neither one of us says anything for a moment.

“....Lance.” I try to start first, I’m not sure what to say. “Don’t worry about...” He said as he slowly rose to his feet, his response completely throwing me off. “What do you.... we need to talk about this.” I continued as I rose to feet slowly, my back braced up against the wall. “No, we don’t.” He mumbled as he proceeded to put distance between us, his demeanor completely changing, pushing away.

“Lance you’re not just going to pretend that didn’t just happen.” I bite back, feeling waves of annoyance mix with anger...the feeling of rejection wraps around my ankles, trapping me in place.

He visibly winces at words and pulls away more. “Nothing happened...it was just the adrenaline. We’re just glad to not be dead.” He says faintly, and I see red, ready to shoot back a nasty response. Our phones rings, distracting us, he quickly answered before I can say anything, I do the same.

It’s Shiro.

He sounds....frantic on the other line asking me where I am, asking me have I spoken to anyone else. “I’m with Lance-

Before I can finish Lance makes a high-pitched noise and I turned back in his direction as he grew quiet, a funny look holding his features.

He hangs up a second later and turns in my direction, with a worried and concerned look. “Hunk’s in jail.”
Pidge rolled her eyes for fifth time as her brother Matt sighed loudly again, he’d been doing that profusely for the past hour and a half, and Pidge was finding it rather obnoxious.

“What. Is. It?” She asked hotly. She’d been having trouble maintaining focus on work, having spent most of her work day trying in vain to push past the events of her lunch hour earlier that day.

Damn Allura and her surprises. Damn her and that purple vibrator.

“Ughhhhh we work to muchhhhh, I’ll never get out and meet anyone at this rate. I wanna go homeeeeee.” Matt whined over dramatically laying his head flat on the keyboard in front of him.

“Yeah because you work so hard.” Pidge replied rolling her eyes as she continued to type, someone had to actually work.

“Yeah we cant all be as lucky as you Pidge.” He replied with a snicker.

Pidge decided to ignore that and Matt continued.

“We can’t all have our girlfriends bring us sexy lunches.” He chimed, making kissy faces at his sister.

“She’s not my girlfriend.” Pidge replied annoyed, typing harsher then necessary, stabing each key brutally as she typed.

“Rightttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttt.” He said in disbelief stretching each letter of the word. “But you don’t deny that your lunch was sexy.” He pointed out as he spun around childishly in his computer chair, arms stretched high above his head as he laughed.

“You wanna go home early Matt?” Pidge asked as she stopped typing and turned completely in his direction, exasperation apparent on her features.

“Bye Katie.” Matt said as he hoped out of his chair and sprinted out the door, he didn’t look back.

“That fucker drove me here.” She sighed as ran her hand down her face in frustration. “ I’ll just have Lance take me home.” She said aloud to no one in particular as she sat back in her chair and let her mind roam free.

Her mind kept going back to Allura.

Allura in her fitted pencil skirt, Allura in her crispt white button up, Allura in her dainty high heels. Allura and the way her hair framed her lovely face as it flowed free from her usual high bun.

Her mind kept reminding and rewinding back to the dangerous smile that her lips held as she
pulled a large purple toy from her purse, catching her completely off guard.

Pidge was pretty sure Allura’s intent was to use it on her, but she had no interest in that, waving it off completely. She had something else in mind. She wanted to greedily bask in the glory of making the older women fall to pieces in front of her. And she did. Oh did she.

Allura moaned wantonly beneath Pidge as her tongue continued to move between her legs, tasting and teasing, slipping between her wet warm folds, as her fingers scissored her asshole open.

Pidge liked this, she liked this more then working on a rainy Friday after noon.

Work seemed to drag on, her and Matt had completed a series of coding programs and did a few small jobs of testing security systems for a few local banks in their area, but it was all... so routine. Unchallenging, making Pidge desperately want a distraction.

She was all to glad to hear the confident click of high heels enter her work space, the game of entertainment beginning with a smile.

“Yes yes yes yes.” Allura began to chant louder with admiration as Pidge began to rub her thumb against her clit, rubbing in circular motions, her legs began to shake, her breathing erratic, as Pidge slowly removed her fingers and slowly slid the vibrator inside Allura’s open hole.

Taking her time, allowing her to adjust as she pushed past the first ring of muscle. Pidge drank in the sight before her, Allura spread wide in front of her, her skirt hiked high up her thighs, the buttons of her shirt flung open displaying lovely brown skin.

Pidge became drunk with pleasure as she took Allura higher and higher, her moans turning into pretty cries as she turned the level higher on the vibrator as she twisted and moved it deeper inside of her. Pidge once again found herself Buried deep between Allura’s thighs as she began to lap greedily at her, sliding her tongue up from her clit and down her perineum. Pidge’s tongue demanding Allura’s full attention as she worked up and down tasting every bit of her. Soft fingers began to pull desperately through Pidge’s shortlocs as she became merciless, wanting to pull an orgasm from Allura.

“Katie....I’m....I’m....”

Pidge smiled as she continued to work, Allura’s body began to tense as she moved, digging the heels of her bare feet onto Pidge’s work desk.

Allura arched her back as a breathless cry fail from her lips as she came apart at the mercy of Pidge. Who’s movements didn’t stop, the vibrator continuing, moving faster, her tongue still pleasing as she continued to drive Allura home.

“Welp. I can’t focus.”

Pidge said aloud, a faint blush creeping across her cheeks as she closed her laptop. She pushed away from her desk and picked up her back pack, going through its contents, she smiled as she pulled out her inactive Bayard. She sat her bag back on the floor, scooting with her foot under her desk. She turned her full attention back to the inactive device.

“How the fuck do you work?” She asked aloud as she sat it down on her desk and proceeded to poke it with her index finger.

The sound of movement caught her attention as she rose from her chair, looking around the room. “Matt?” She called out cautiously, her eyes scanning the large empty room. An array of empty desks and closed laptops greeted her.
The lack of response made her grow uncomfortable, she grabbed the inactive device and held it close as she stepped away from her desk.

“Children shouldn’t play with such dangerous toys.” A thick baritone voice boomed from behind her, he slinked forward from the corner, an open window behind him.

She spun around quickly, her eyes landing on a very large figure clad in all black. Strange red lines ran longly across their broad chest, the large figure pulled two short rods from behind him, they lit up suddenly, thick ropes of energy flowed from them forming thick whips. They cackled loudly with electricity as he moved.

“Im 23!!.” Pidge said fiercely as she felt the strong shake of vibration in her arms, as her Bayard began to glow, she snatched her backpack from under her desk and slowly took several steps backward. The figure lunged forward, pulling their whips high above their head, Pidge jumped out of the way as they slammed down toward her. Quickly slicing her work laptop and desk clean in half down the middle.

“Oh hell no!! I just got that desk!!.” Pidge growled as she bolted down the hallway, trying to distance herself from the hulking figure chasing behind her.

The glow of her Bayard began to intensify as she dodged a wide swing from behind, the rope of the whip getting caught around one of the steel display selves in the wall inches behind her.

“Give me that weapon child!!”
The figure in black yelled as he struggled to pull his whip free from the wall.
“For the last time I AM NOT A CHILD!!”
She yelled as her Bayard began to take shape, forming into a small arrow shaped blade that encased her fist.

“Tsk. Such a tiny weapon for a tiny person.” He said with a laugh as he maneuvered his whips high above his head with amusement as his eyes fall on Pidge. Pidge was too busy taking in her formed weapon, her eyes analyzing the gears of her mind quickly turning as she pressed a button under the blade on the base she held tightly in her hand.

The blade of her weapon detached, sailing forward, the bright glow of green trailing behind it, as it connected hard with the face of her attacker. The movement catching them both of guard as he stumbled backwards, holding the left side of his face, the covering of his mask cracked and crumbled falling into large pieces meeting the ground.

“This tiny weapon packs a hell of punch.” She said with a laugh as her weapon retracted, meeting back with her wrist. The figure rose back up, his back straight as he growled, anger scribbled across his face, his fangs bared.

Pidge took in his esthetic, taking in the loud purple fur that covered his face, the harsh pointed ears, hollow yellow eyes bore into her, sending ripples of goosebumps up her arms. The hairs on the back of her neck stood at attention as he took a step toward her, his whips dragging behind him, ripping and burning up the carpet in its wake.

“I’m going to take my time torturing you, then I’m going to kill you and wear your remains like a-“ Pidge cut him off unamused. “Is this monologue supposed to scare me? Because it’s not.” She said as took a step back, her Bayard ready in front of her.
The large Galra simply sneered at her as he pulled a large danger from his belt and positioned the blade between his fingers like a dart, Pidge’s eyes widen as he shot the blade in her direction. She stumbled dumbly out of the way, the tip of the blade slashing across her left cheek in the process, she fail to floor her hand clutching her cheek.

“I’m going to fashion your hide into a belt.” He said as he lunged toward her, slashing his whips furiously in her direction, scorching everything in his path.

Lance

We stood outside my apartment door, me fighting the urge to pace as I watched a white ford escape pull up in front of my door. “Bye.” Keith said as he pulled away and walked toward his motorcycle in the parking lot. He didn’t look back, I watched his back grow smaller and smaller as he pulled out of the parking lot.

The tinted passenger window rolled down revealing Janae, she politely waved from the drivers seat. “Need a ride?” She asked with a smile. “Thanks Janae just give me a second.”

I double checked the locks and headed in her direction, opening and closing her car door quickly as I buckled my seatbelt.

She simply hummed as she typed in Pidge’s address in her phone, quickly sitting her phone down in the holder on the dashboard, smooth r&b drifted from her speakers as she pulled out of the parking lot.

Janae’s car smelled like her. Like peaches and coco with an underlining scent of something familiar...that I wasn’t able to place, the smells wrapped around me, spreading warmth through me.

I’d spaced out so long after that call from Hunk, I’d forgotten how cold it was. My eyes trailed down my shirt as I fiddled with my jacket zipper, my eyes landed on the faint stain of cum on the bottom of my shirt and I felt my cheeks grow hot as I remembered how they got there.

I zipped my jacket up all the way to my neck and pushed away awkward thoughts and faced forward, my eyes taking in her as she sat comfortably at the drivers seat.

She wore an oversized gray adventure time hoodie, the long sleeves flowed all the way down her arms, almost concealing her finger tips.

She wore black jeans with ripped knees, her hair in a messy half bun all over her head.

She looked comfortable.

“So000 why are we picking up Pidge first instead of picking up Hunk?” She asked as she stopped at a stop sign, she looked both ways before continuing forward.

“Because she car-pooled with Matt and he went home early, so000 Matt asked me to pick her up. Buttttt my car kinda broke down and she’s technically only a few streets away from Hunk.” I said as sat back in the passenger seat, closing my eyes.

“Ah ok.” She said simply as she turned the car volume up, the smooth love Ballard playing tapered off into another song about love.

I sat quietly for several more songs, the pattern of smooth r&b continuing as we rode in silence, after the seventh song I asked her a question.

“Soooooo what’s up with you and my boy Shiro?” I asked with a smile, she shifted bring her hand up to turn down the music.

“The same thing that’s up with you and ya boy Keith.” She shot back with a smile.

“I what..? There’s nothing going on with me and Keith. Why...why would you ask that- why would
you think there was?” I stammered, embarrassment taking its place in the backseat behind us.

“Oh can it Lance. I saw both your faces when I pulled up.” She said with a lazy laugh as she merged onto the freeway.

Thoughts of Keith straddling my hips raced across mind, the erratic pace of his breathing, the way he watched me finish first and finish right after played on repeat as I tried to hit stop on the progression of that moment.

Like a bucket of ice water, it hits me hard...the way I reacted afterwards...the way I let my insecurities eat me alive and tell me I’d never be good and that under normal circumstances this...would of never happened.

“There’s nothing going on with Takashi and I.” She said with a unconvincing shrug as she knocked me out of destructive pep talk. “I’ve probably only seen him once since we all got together that one time like two weeks ago.” She said as she skipped the next three songs.

“Why’d you ask?”

I exhaled with relief, glad the topic of Keith and I was pushed to the side. I pulled myself together, grabbing the straws of my constant stream of timorous, self conscious and anxious thoughts. I slipped my mask of false confidence back on and projected my usual demeanor of bravado.

“Because you two where like hot and heavy a few chapters ago.” I said waggling my eyebrows in her direction.

“We decided to take it slow and get to know one another....” she said faintly as she merged into the far right lane.

I looked down at the closed water bottle that sat in her cup holder.

“Janae are you drinking this?” I asked her politely as I picked the unopened bottle up.

“Uh no. You can have it.” She said keeping her eyes on the road, a hint of curiosity in her response.

“Ok wonderful.” I said as I twisted open the top and took a sip and rolled my window down and spit it out rudely.

“What the fuck Lance?!” She asked hotly as she rolled the window back up.

“What the fuck do you meannnn take things slow? You’ve already like done everything already.” I pointed out bluntly, not bothering to sensor my thoughts.

“First of all, you rude as fuck. Second you nosey and third we are both consenting adults Lance. We decided to take it slow. Not you, me and him.” She said with irritation as she tried to jump lanes.

“Look...all I’m sayin is...you’ve already had the product, tested it out and assembled it. Why stop now and read the instructions?”

Janae doesn’t say anything for a moment, she simply turns her head in my direction, a strange look on her face.

“I’m going to pretend you did not just say that.” She said as her eyes went back to the road. We ride in weird silence for a few moments before she responds.

“Lance I like Takashi ALOT but we don’t really know each other that well, plus there’s a lot going on really right now. We can’t just have a normal relationship, we’re like defenders of the universe or some shit. If there are any issues between us....that could jeopardize....everything.” She said her voice weak, as if she wants to say more but doesn’t.
“I never thought about it like that.” I say after a second, an image of a hurt Keith popping into my mind. The sting of rejection and denial still hangs from my lips...I should...of handled that differently.

I realize as she turns the music up, it’s not loud enough, I can still hear my thoughts, dissecting and pulling me apart. I reach for the knob and turn the music up louder.

Pidge

“Stop running and stay still you insolent worm!!” The Galra chasing Pidge shouted, his voice pregnant with annoyance.

“Yeah I’m not gonna do that.” Pidge counted as she continued to run, ducking and dodging trash cans and potted plants, the decorations suddenly becoming a displeasure as each item sat like a bump along an advanced obstacle course.

Pidge’s breathing had become erratic as she forced her legs to move, they had run through eight floors already, her lack of endurance taunted her as she struggled to even out her breathing.

Her breath hitched as she caught sight of the metal rod display that sat at the far end of the empty lobby. Against her wishes Matt had arranged the display for no apparent reason, claiming it for the ambiance of the building.

“But you now child.” The Galra hissed from behind her, assuming she’d hit a dead end. Pidge dropped low and slid forward sliding easily through the rods of the display. She reach out grabbing one of the metal bars and taking it with her.

The Galra slide hard into the display, sending rods in each and ever direction, he lost his balance and went tumbling down messily tangled.

Pidge stoped running and slammed the rod in her hand hard into the metal floor, the rod slamming through the case of the control panel buried beneath the carpet of the lobby, she waited, her breathing steady as she held her weapon defensively in front of her.

“You little-“ His words stopped as he took in the sight of her posture, no longer running, ready to fight.

“Ah have you suddenly grown up child? Are you done running?” He asked with a sneer as he kicked several loose bars from around his ankles.

Pidge said nothing as she took a few steps back, shifting her backpack slightly as she moved, her eyes never leaving his.

He smirked as sprinted in her direction, both whips glowing brightly in his hands ready to attack as he stepped midway in her direction. Pidge shifted her wrist, aiming low as she released her weapon.

“That won’t work twice child!!!” He yelled as he jumped attempting to dodge the route of her blade.

Pidge simply smiled as the weapon wrapped around his ankles, encasing him in a bind of green, she pulled hard, knocking him off balance his back meeting the floor. She continued to move, running around the metal rod several times, completing her circuit. She stopped moving her eyes on him as she pressed the second button on the base of her weapon. 

“Large green sparks of electricity grew and wrapped around the released cord of her weapon, frying the Galra completely.

She hit the first button and watched as her weapon quickly retracted, unwinding and unraveling from the metal rod, leaving the burnt Galra idle on the floor of the lobby.
She was going to have to explain to Matt & Hunk what exactly happen to the backup power system of the building Monday morning, she sighed annoyed.

The sound of a car horn pulled her from her thoughts as she cautiously stepped away from the Galra, her eyes still on him as she stepped backward out of the lobby. She locked the doors behind her and turned around, her eyes landing on Lance and Janae.

“Your chariot awaits.” Lance sang from an open passenger window. I smiled as I hoped in the back seat behind Lance.
Hunk inhaled an exhaled deeply, enjoying the steady stream of different aromas that danced around him.

He loved Friday’s. No programing or running codes on Fridays. On Friday’s he did nothing but execute large catered orders, so far him and his staff only had three orders booked for the day.

“Esteban do not add more cilantro to that order then necessary. It’s a garnish not a piece of the meal.” Hunk said as he eyed Esteban hovering over a plate, his hand itching to add more then needed to the dish. Hunk sighed, Esteban has a problem.

“Mr. Garret what about these pastries? Are they ready?” Clair the resident pastry chef asked, as she handed him a sample of the apple strudel and almond butter cake she’d prepared.

Hunk hummed as the moist cake met his tongue. “This is perfect Clair. See I told you hand maid almond butter is always better.” He said happily, she beamed happily accepting his praise as she began to box the rest of the cakes.

“Ok that’s one order down. Talk to me guys, where’s the rest of my orders?”

Hunk asked as he wiped his hands on the front of his apron.

“Mr.Garret I have order two ready, can you double check it please?” Phil asked getterly, the older man was on his fifth cup of coffee.

“Yeah Phil, I’m right behind you.” Hunk said with a smile as he followed Phil to the other end of the kitchen away from the pastries.

“The pan seared scallops and duck with a red wine reduction should be ready to go. Did you wanna taste the Caribbean coated jumbo shrimp?” Phill asked expectantly, he started to tap his foot against the title of the kitchen floor.

Hunk smiled, no matter how hoped up on caffeine Phill got, he never took out a faulty order, often going above and beyond. A true perfectionist.

“I trust you Phil.” Hunk said with a laugh as he pat the older man reassuringly on his shoulder.

“After you make this delivery you can go home. Tell Carole and the kids I said hi.” Phil smiled and simply nodded, as he double check the packaging of everything and loaded up the boxs.

Hunk smiled as he stepped away from Phill and headed back to check the last order.

“Um Mr.Garrett can you double check the seasoning of the goat?” A shy soft voice asked from behind him. Hunk smiled as he his eyes met green ones, Shay smiled shyly from across the kitchen.

“Shay I told you it’s ok to call me Hunk.” He said with a laugh as he made his way toward her, she’d been working part time with him for three years and had been the first to be hired.

They’d been good friends in their culinary art classes, but she still refused to address him on a first name basis at work.

“I certainly will not.” She said sternly wrinkling her small nose at him,causing the heavy dust of
freckles on her cheeks popping with the action.

Hunk sighed taking a moment to take her all in, her tall stalky frame, her peanut button brown skin and sandy red shirt hair that framed her face in soft curls. She smiled at him expectantly as he approached the plate in front of her, he watched the way she nervously fingered her large gold hoop earring.

“Shay why do you want me to double check this?” He asked as he pulled the fork from his lips. “Because I wasn’t sure if-“ He politely cut her off with a look.

"Shay who’s idea was it to add this to the menu?

“well mine but-“

“Who’s recipe is this?”

“Mine but-“

“Shay stop doubting yourself, you and I both know your a fantastic chef. I trust in your judgement more then I do anyone else’s.” He said softly, his eyes on hers.

“Now tell me Shay, do you think YOUR order is ready?”

She didn’t hesitate in her answer, as a sure smile spread across her lips. “Yes I do.” She said sternly, as she began to box up the rest of her order, Hunk helped her, together speeding up the process.

“Soooo what’s the unnamed order for?” Shay asked after they’d loaded the entirety of her order in the back of her work van.

“Ah you saw that?” He asked with a laugh as he slipped on a pair of oven mits and pulled a closed container from inside the oven.

“I decided to make a surprise dinner for my childhood friends, I was gonna see if we could all get together and just catch up.” Hunk said with a sigh as he sat the container down on the counter.

Shay simply nodded and allowed him to finish, the loud sigh at the of the sentence was evident enough that he just wanted someone to listen.

“We’ve all been so busy and have conflicting schedules. Like I’m pretty sure Shiro has a girlfriend now-“

“That’s wonderful.” Shay said happily as she clapped her hands together.

“I know, but we’ve literally only met her twice. That’s not ok.” Hunk said as he began to open the closed container, revealing an oven roasted pig.

“I soaked this baby for three whole days before I put him on the rotisserie.” Hunk said proudly as he let Shay see his creation.

“Hunk it looks delicious. What’d you soak it in?” She asked curiously as an enticing aroma lifted up and reached her nose.

“I used my great grand mother’s old recipe, but I added a few things.” He said stepping forward and cutting open a small section of the pig open.

“I used the usual blend of garlic and herbs, but I pre soaked the shrimp and chicken separately in a mixture of different things.” He said proudly, as he grabbed a clean fork and pulled a lightly
cooked shrimp from inside the pig and handed it to her.

Shay moaned loudly with a smile as she turned towards him. “This is the best thing I’ve tasted all month!!” She said with a laugh as she plucked another shrimp as Hunk began to close the container.

“Thanks.” He said with a laugh as he turned in her direction. Their eyes met and both of them blushed softly, Hunk fought to summon up the courage to ask her out.

“I guess...I’ll be leaving.” She said after a moment. “Unless you need me to stay?” She asked her eyes on him, the comment sounded nothing like a question and more like an open invitation.

“Shay would you maybe like to-“

He was interrupted by an amused loud chuckle. “Oh how cute did I interrupt something?” The voice hissed venomously from across the kitchen, they both turned in the direction it came from.

“Yeah I think you did.” Another voice joined amused, two large Galra stood on the opposite side of the kitchen, both sharing amused looks on their faces. They seemed off, resembling nothing like the pages of Allura’s book.

The taller of the two looked ill. With a tall and very thin frame, pale patches of grayish fur covered his face, his eyes appearing more milky in color then yellow, his ears lay flat against his head. The smaller one seemed more reptile like, with large green pupil-less eyes, his skin seem to have an odd mixture of purple patches of fur and dark off colored scales, a slender split tongue darted in and out of his large mouth.

Hunk stood in front of Shay, blocking her protectively from their range of vision. “Whatever issue you have is with me. Leave her out of it.” He said as he stood firmly in front of her. “Hunk what’s going on?” Shay asked tentatively as she stood behind him, peeking over his shoulder.

“I won’t let anything happen to you Shay.” He said still facing forward,his eyes on the two threats in front of them.

“It doesn’t matter who our issue is with, we want what you have. Give it to us and everyone will get hurt.” The shorter of the two hissed loudly, a creepy smile forming on thin lips, revealing a very sharp row of teeth.

“Don’t you mean; give it to us AND no one will get hurt?” Shay asked confused.

“I know what I said.” He hissed amused.

“No. I’m not giving you anything.” Hunk said as he pushed Shay further behind him, guiding her to the back door.

“Oh no that won’t do.” The taller of the two said as he stalked forward, knocking pots and pans rudely to the floor behind him. “How about a trade for a trade? The girl for what we want.” The smaller of the two hissed as he launched forward like a bullet, catching him and Shay completely off guard.

Hunk moved quickly, pushing Shay out of the way as he grabbed a large iron cast skillet from the stove and swung.
The skillet connected with the left side of its intended targets face, causing him to fall to the ground and curse.

“Shay I need you to run as soon as you see an opportunity. Ok?”

“What? No i can’t leave you, you’ll get hurt.” She replied back, her eyes on the Galra on the floor in front of them.

“Shay this isn’t up for debate. If you stay I’ll be distracted.” He said flatly. “Promise me you’ll leave?” He demanded more then ask. Shay winced at his tone, he’d never used that tone with her before.

“O-ok.” She said timidly as she took a step further back behind him, watching the Galra rise to his feet.

“No no nooooo.” The taller of the two taunted with a laugh as he pulled a large double barrel rifle from his belt and aimed it in their direction, the shorter of the two followed suit, pulling out a much smaller but just as intimidating gun.

“Duck!!” Shay yelled as she grabbed a stack of cleaned plates and tossed them in their direction, Hunk obeyed taking her with him as he jumped behind one of the steel islands in the kitchen.

“What are we going to do now?” Shay asked calmly as rapid gun fire echoed off the walls of the kitchen. Someone is going to call the police, Hunk mused.

“Ummm how bout not die.” Hunk said worriedly as he double checked his empty pockets.

“Damn it.” He sighed with frustration, realizing he’d left his Bayard in his work bag on the other end of the kitchen.

“What is it?” Shay asked as she reached for his right hand, trying to calm him down.

“I need to get to the other end of the kitchen, but there’s no way to do that...if I could I’d be able to get us out of this situation.” He said with resignation as he pulled away and slowly peeked over the corner of the island, his eyes landing instantly on the little orange bag. Shay’s eyes followed his and she shifted, moving.

“I’ll get it for you.” Shay said quickly as she began to crawl away, pushing past debris of broken plates and pans.

“Fuck Shay don’t- ugh!!” He groaned as he reached above the counter, blindly feeling around for a distraction, she won’t make it without a distraction he thought desperately as he tried to push back the string of panic threatening to swallow him whole. His hand brushed against the large knife block holder, he rose to his feet and removed the chefs knife first, shooting it in the direction of the Galra closet to Shay.

And that is when the shit hit the fan. Or so he thought.

The blade sliced through his shoulder and landed with a soft thud into the kitchen wall behind him. The shorter Galra screamed in agony ripping his eyes away from Shay and landing on Hunk.

He launched in Hunk’s direction, Hunk moved quickly grabbing more knives and aiming them in his attackers direction, most of his hits landing.

Hunk shifted to the right, chunking the large block of wood at the Galra’s wrist knocking his gun from his hand.

“You filthy bag of meat!!” He hissed as he jumped over the counter, his body colliding into
Hunk’s knocking him harshly to the title floor. “I’m going to enjoy killing you.” He said as he snapped his jaws in the direction of Hunk’s neck. Hunk struggled for a moment, as he fought the creature that hovered over him, their claws extended thrashing about, quickly adding cuts to his arms. Hunk moved his legs, positioning them under the abdomen of the Galra and kicked hard, sending him flying into a near by shelf of empty cooking pans.

Hunk quickly rose to his feet and grabbed an array of kitchen knives, ready to throw them.

“Don’t your weapons.” The taller of the two shouted, as he snatched Shay’s wrist hard, yanking the women closer to him nearly tripping her in the process.

“Don’t listen to him Hunk.” She said as she tried to pull away, the Galra growled at her as he clamped her wrist tighter. Pointing his gun in her direction.

“Shay.” He said as weakly as he let the knives fall from his hands.

“Hunk what are you doing.” She snapped, struggling to put distance between her and the larger being. She clutched his bag in her other hand.

“Stop moving!!” The Galra sneered as he snatched her harder, catching and snatching out her gold hoop in the process.

The change was instant. Her skin began to turn gray, her eyes turned yellow. Two small dark horns formed on the top of her head, and two more formed just along both sides of her jawlines. The skin of her arms, legs and shoulders transitioned from smooth to bumpy. Her scalp turned brown with two protrusions on both sides, their appearance akin to ears, the left one held her right gold hoop.

“A Balmeran...” The shorter of the two said aloud in shock as he rose to his feet, knocking over the closed container onto the floor. The taller of the two seems just as surprised as he openly gawked at her, not moving, his hand loosely holding her wrist.

“Hunk catch!!” She says as she toes his bag across the kitchen in his direction. The bag lands in his hands and begins to glow, a strong shake of vibration apparent as he opened the bag in search of the inactive device.

“Stop him!!” The taller one yells at the shorter one, as he watches the bright yellow glow of Hunk’s Bayard as it began to take shape.

The shorter of the two paused, his eyes on the Bayard in Hunk’s hand as it took the shape of a large single barrel blaster cannon, the barrel landing with a loud thud as it dropped to the floor.

“First You attacked Shay. Then You ruined my kitchen. And you knocked over my meal I’ve been preparing for days!!!” Hunk lamented as he hoisted the cannon up in his arms and aimed in their direction.

“Shay get down!!”

Shay cocked her right wrist back and slammed it hard into the jaw of the Galra holding her, the impact nearly knocking him off his feet as he let go of her wrist. She jumped out of the way and takes cover, and Hunk pulls the trigger.
Hunk waited, but there was no kick back, as he pulled the trigger releasing a powerful rapid blast. It slammed through the entire left end of the kitchen, destroying everything in its wake in a blast of yellow.

The Galra where no where to be found among the destruction and debris.

“Shay!! Shay!! Where are you?!?” Hunk asked, as his Bayard retracted. He stalked forward, stumbling and stepping over large slabs of rubble. The flicker of panic in his chest began to grow, threatening to consume him completely.

He stopped as his eyes landed on a gold hoop earring, he moved forward and picked the earring up from the floor, brushing dust away with his finger tips.

The sound of sirens blared in the distance behind him as his breathing grew erratic, as he spun around the remains of the kitchen searching for her.

“Shay....please....”

He heard movement of trays to the far right, he turned in the direction of the sound and ran toward the movement.

“I’m here..I’m here.” She said as she pushed free from behind a rack of cooking trays slowly, she turned in his direction and tensed as their eyes met.

“Shay are you ok?” He asked moving toward her, stopping with hesitation as he watched the way her body went tense.

“......”

“Shay....what’s wrong?” He asked as he held his hands out to her, worry deeply in sketched in his handsome features.

“This....is what I really am.” She said looking away. He drew his brows up in confusion, his eyes still on her. He took a tentative step forward, his legs moving forward until he stood in front of her.

“Shay are you ok?” He asked his voice heavy with worry as he reached toward her slowly, placing his hand under her chin and tenderly turning her toward him.

“Are you hurt?” He asked.

“No...I’m not....your not bo-bothered by...” she trailed off, a soft blush painting her cheeks as his eyes never left hers.

“No I’m not Shay, that doesn’t matter. I’m just glad your ok.” He said with a relieved laugh as he pulled away slowly.

“Things really took a turn...” He said rubbing the back of his neck nervously.

“That is an understatement.” She said with a giggle, Hunk smiled the sound of her laughter sending reassuring warmth through his body.

The sirens began to blare closer, signifying the soon to be arrival of company.

“Uh this is yours.” He said as he handed the hoop earring to her. She simply smiled as she slipped the earring in, transforming back to her human form.
A short pudgy policemen stumbled to walk through the debris, he quickly made his way toward them mumbling his disdain for his now ruined shoes.

Officer Nolan had responded to the call. Hunk rolled his eyes, he didn’t exactly like the man in front of them. He’d often find him starting arguments with Pidge, trying to card her at every occasion he had the luxury of running into her in.

“Should of known it was you behind this shit storm Garret.” He said rudely as he stood tall in front of them, brushing invisible dirt from his uniform shirt. “What’d you blow up now?” He asked rudely as he survived the remains of the destroyed kitchen.

“I didn’t blow up anything. Shouldn’t you be making sure no ones hurt?” Hunk asked annoyed as he pulled his apron over his head.

“You look fine to me.” The officer said with a shrug as he pulled a pin and pad from his back pocket ready to take notes.

“So what’d you do? Not turn off a stove?” The officer asked rudely with a laugh as he began to write.

“No there was obviously an explosion. Why are you making light of the situation?” Shay asked from beside him, her annoyance present behind her words.

Officer Nolan raised a brow, his eyes on Shay as he responded. “Hey sweetie don’t interrupt the men talking. Why don’t you move over there and bake something-“

“Watch how you fucking talk to her.” Hunk sneered cutting the officer off quickly, his posture changing as he stood protectively in front of Shay.

“Your supposed to serve and protect, not cause more problems.” Hunk challenged, his eyes narrowing.

“Watch your tone boy.” Nolan shot back, stopping the movements of his pen, his eyes glaring at Hunk.

“Boy?” Shay echoed, not liking any of this.

“The only boy I see here is you. Your not competent enough to do your fucking job. You just bully people and create more problems.”

“Very counterproductive.” Shay chimed in.

“Watch your tone boy. Your disrespecting an officer of the law-“

Hunk scoffed rudely.

“You better change that damn tone of yours, I’ve just about had it with you and that underaged terrorist.”

“You are such an idiot, Pidge isn’t a terrorist nor is she underaged.”

“This is my last warning!!”

“What?! What are you gonna do arrest me?! For hurting your fucking feelings?!"
Hunk piquely mumbled under his breath as he stepped out into the chilly evening air, a light rain fail lazily across the city, softly blanketing the streets in a dreary fog.

“Hey bud, you ok?” Lance asked as he stepped out of the car and welcomed his best friend into open arms.

“Yeah I’m fine. Today has been...interesting.” Hunk replied glancing back behind him, fighting the urge to flip Nolan the finger. As he sat perched in the front of the jail building, watching them through narrowed eyes.

“It’s a good thing Shay’s brother is Lieutenant.” Lance said as he returned a wave to the older man in mention, who stood tall, verbally chastising a visibly embarrassed Officer Nolan in front of the station.

The two of them walked toward Janae’s vehicle, Hunk’s eyes widening in concern as he watched Janae place a unicorn bandaid across Pidge’s cheek.

“You aren’t the only one who’s had a rough day.”

Pidge said with a shrug as she climbed into the passenger’s seat, ignoring Lance’s complaints of already having called shot gun.

“Thanks for picking me up Janae.” Hunk said with a smile, Janae returned his smile with a her own. “No problem all.” She said as she started the car and pulled out of the parking lot quickly, she pulled her phone out and quickly typed in Shiro’s address.

The steady flow of light conversation filled the car.

“Anyone wanna dj?” Janae asked as she turned off her phone’s Bluetooth.

There’s a beat of silence and then Lance volunteers.

Pidge syncs her phone first and begins to scroll through her music, a triumphant smile on her face.

A beat starts to play loud throughout the car, Pidge turned the volume up a notch, the speakers shaking as cadence of aggressive rap music filtered throughout the vehicle.

Pidge lean forward in her seat, the strap of the seat belt doing little to deter her excitement, as grew ready to sing along with the lyrics.

“I was mobbin’ through the beach, yeah the city by the sea. Mama tried to keep me home, BUT I LOVE THE FUCKIN STREETS!!!

I WAS COOKIN UP A KI, TRYNA SERVE IT TO THE STREETS!!!”
“Ohhhhh shiitttt.” Janae said with a surprised laugh as she happily hyped Pidge to continue her antics.

“I keep everything neutral, I just wanna smoke a LEAF. I was runnin' up a check, TRY ME, he gon' get the TEC.”

Pidge continued, her voice getting louder with the progression of the music, Janae joined her. Bobbing her head along in appreciation, both of them excited from the build up just before the chorus.

Pidge started to dance, moving her hands in front of her, she bent her arms at her elbows, her forearms up at her chest, her hands balled into fists, with each word of the chorus she thrusted upwards out of her seat. Punctuating each word.

“Push it, push it, push it
Push it, push it, push it
Push it, push it, push it, push it.”

“Go pidge.” Janae said dancing along with her from the drivers seat.

“Uhhhh guys sorry to put a damper on Pidge’s much needed character development, butttttttt we’re being followed.” Hunk said from the backseat.

“Lance are you drinking that?” Janae asked as she reached behind her seat, picking up the closed water bottle from the cup holder.

“Ah no, you can have it.” Lance said absently as he turned around and looked through the backseat window, spotting the additional company.

Janae quickly opened the bottle, took a sip and rolled down her window and rudely spit.

“What the fuck Janae?!” Lance asked whiping his head around so fast in her direction, Pidge was sure whiplash was in the young man’s future.

“We’re being followed?!” Janae asked ignoring Lance, rolling up her window.

“Looks like it.” Pidge said glancing in the rear view mirror.

“How many?” Janae asked, her hand resting on the gear knob, waiting.

“Uhhhhh there’s an 18wheeler hauling ass behind us, with a long trailer attached to it.” Hunk said worriedly, double checking his seatbelt.

“Hold on.” Janae said as she shifted gears, accelerating forward at an ungodly speed, Hunk, Lance and Pidge flew backwards in their seats. Janae continued forward drifting into the next lane, quickly jumping in front and passing up other vehicles.

“Uhhhh Janae....” Lance started.

“I’ll get us out of here.” Janae said confidently with a smirk.

“Oh yeah we believe you, just don’t kill us in the process.” Pidge said flatly as she adjusted her glasses.

“Guys the trailer is opening.” Hunk said, his brown eyes wide with fear as he watched several
motorcyclist emerge from the trailer.

“Oh shit.” Lance said as he reached in his pocket and pulled out his Bayard, his eyes on the motorcyclist speeding aggressively in their direction. He unbuckled his seat belt and rolled his window down.

Hunk turned and looked at Lance, watching as his Bayard began to take shape, white and blue meshing together into a sniper rifle.

“Lanceeeeeee...” Hunk started as he reluctantly pulled his Bayard from his orange bag on the floor.

“Don’t worry Hunk. I got this.” He said as moved forward, shifting his upper body out of the window, he took a moment to right his self and pulled the trigger. Sending one of their enemies into pieces, he repeated his actions, hitting several more.

“Your actually good at something.” Pidge said absently from the front see, she had pulled her laptop out, her fingers quickly moving across the keys.

“Don’t sound so surprised Pidge.” Lance snapped, as he positioned his rifle to take another shot.

“Ohhhhh shitttt. Uh Janae you might wanna-“

Hunk leaned toward Lance and yanked the coller of his jacket, pulling him back into the car, he was cut off by the steady stream of bullets that flew in their direction.

“Thanks for the warning Lance!!” Janae said with annoyance as she merged completely to the right and jumped past a sea of cars, securing a bit of distance.

“We should definitely get off the freeway.” Pidge said, as she turned around, noting the decreased number of pursuers.

“Fuck I missed my exit!!” Janae said shifting gears, causing every to jerk forward, as she maneuvered backwards through traffic. A series of honks screamed in protest as the cars slid out the way.

Everyone but Janae screamed.

“Yup we are going to die.” Hunk said closing his eyes.

Janae said nothing as she turned around in her seat, placing her hand on the back of the passengers seat, her brows knit together in concentration as she drove the vehicle easily in reverse. This did not go unnoticed by Hunk.

“You do this a lot?” Hunk asked as a mini van and Mini Cooper swerved out of her way. The driver of the mini van flipping Janae off as she drove by, visibly upset.

“Mmmhmm give or take a few times.” She replied casually as she shifted forward, taking the exit onto the service road.

“It’s amazing you still have your drivers license.” Pidge said with a raised brow.

“Guys we have a problem. There’s an 18 wheeler behind us.” Lance said as he rolled his window back down.

“They followed us?!” Pidge asked, as she turned around in her seat.

“Well at least there’s not so many people to avoid.” Janae said dismissively.
“I’ve had enough of this.” Hunk said, anger seeping dangerously into his tone as his Bayard began to glow taking shape, Lance’s eyes widened as he watched yellow and white intertwine into a large Single barrel cannon.

“Hunk buddy...calm down...” Lance said concerned as he eyed his friend's non-hesitant movements. Pidge turned around and her eyes widened as she took in Hunk’s large weapon.

Lance watched as Hunk rolled his window down, pointed the barrel and pulled the trigger, the impact slamming into the front of the 18 wheeler, temporarily pushing back its movements as the rest of the vehicle launched forward capsizing behind them, immediately going up in flames.

“JANAE I NEED YOU TO GO FASTER!!!” Pidge screamed from the front seat.

“What’s going-“ Janae glanced up into the review mirror and slammed on the gas, the vehicle launched forward harshly, jerking everyone backward as she raced away from the trailer threatening to slam down on them.

“Hold on!!”
She said shifting gears and jerking the steering wheel hard to the right, gunning it as she drifted into the road of a nearby neighborhood.
The four of them watch as the trailer slammed into the ground, and burns in the middle of the service road.

“Someone should probably call the police.” Janae said faintly as she continued to drive through the neighborhood.

“There’s still three left.” Lance said as he pointed behind them, watching as three motorcyclist emerge from the flames unscathed.

“This is getting pretty fucking annoying.” Janae groaned as she neared an intersection with a traffic light.

“Pidge could you do something?” Janae asked as she watched the light go from green to yellow.

“Yeah give me a second.” She said as she began to furiously type away.
The light turned green instead of red and Janae roared forward.

“I got the lights covered from here. And I put a bolo out on that 18 wheeler.” She said as she continued to type.
“But there’s nothing I can do about the dicks on the bikes.” She said with a shrug.

“I got this.” Lance says as he points his rifle out the window and pulls the trigger, sending one of the riders in the air.

“Nice shot Lance.” Hunk says as he points his cannon out the window and sends the other rider into flames.

“Show off.” Mumbles Lance as he attempts to focus on the last target, who seemed invasive as he hits every twist and turn imaginable to avoid Lance.

“Guys Hunk and I cant pin the last one.” Lance calls from the back seat.
“Well Hunk Probably could, But he’d probably destroy a building.” Lance points out, Hunk nods in agreement.
“Even if you could it wouldn’t matter because he’s in front of us.” Pidge points out.

And sure enough as Hunk looks over he spots the black motorcycle slipping into and outta traffic ahead of them.

“No worries.” Says Janae as she merged to the right and takes a side street out of traffic. The rider quickly follows Janae, pushing forward and pulling a double barrel rifle from his hands and graciously shoots.

Firing off a round of determined shots, Janae screams as one of the shots knocks off her left mirror. She sounds pisted off, not scared.

Janae turns and maneuvers them into an alley way behind a string of old grocery stores and retired buildings.

“Pidge get ready.” Janae said with a smirk as she hits gears and reversed.

“Uhhh Janae your going the wrong way again.” Hunk points out.

“Get ready for what? Pidge asked looking around, her eyes falling on the rider behind them that hadn’t changed their speed or there position, it dawns on Pidge that Janae purposely pulled the Galra to the alley way with no way out.

“Ummm Janae he’s not slowing down.” Lance said from the backseat.

“Good.” She said as she slammed harder on the gas, at the increase of speed the motorcyclist seemed to stiffen as he tried to find a way out, he pulled to the left hard, trying to avoid making contact with Janae’s license plate.

The motorcyclist passes by Lance, trying to past up the driver side and the second he moves forward, Janae kicks her door open knocking him off his bike and into a near by wall of a brick building.

She gradually decreases her speed and stops, as she places the car in park she unbuckles her seat belt and hops out.

Briskly walking in direction of the Galra, and they watch as Janae proceeds to stomp him out for knocking off her side mirror.

“You bitch!!! That was rude and you owe me a fucking mirror!!”
It takes Hunk and Lance to drag her away, she mumbles unpleasantries as she slides back into the driver seat, slowly moving the vehicle, she pulls into a nearly deserted grocery parking lot and Parks.

“Welp I need a break.” She said wistfully with a sigh as she reached in front of Pidge and opened the glove compartment, removing a can of Arizona tea.

They watch in silence as she twists open the bottom of the can, pulling out a stash of things, the smell of rich marijuana envelopes them quickly.

She seems unpahsed as she opens one of the baggies and pack it’s contents into white rolling paper, as she licks it closed Lance speaks.

“Is that weed?”

“Depends.” Janae says lazily as she pulls out a lighter, brings the blunt to her lips and flicks the lighter open.

“Onnnnn?” He asks as he watches her light the end and pull in a long deep puff.
“If your the God damn police Lance.” Pidge says unamused.

Janae only smiles softly as she takes another hit, slowly releasing the smoke in front of her, eyes closed.

She pulls the blunt away from her lips and holds it in the middle of everyone and says nothing.

Pidge is the first to take the offering taking several quick puffs and holding it out next. Lance watches in shock as Hunk plucks it from Pidge’s tiny fingers.

Hunk looks at Lance and shrugs. “Dude I went to jail today, got attacked TWICE and blew up an 18 wheeler.” He says as he takes a deep long hit, his eyes closed as he pulls away and releases the smoke. “Today has been pretty fucked up.”

“True.” Lance says as Hunk hands the blunt to him, he hesitates for a second just before he pulls the paper to his lips and exhales. He falls into a coughing fit, handing the blunt back to Janae, he hits his hand to his chests as he speaks.

“Janae what the hell is this?” He asks still coughing.

As Janae pulls the paper to her lips she pulls the car out of park and pulls back onto the road, taking a series of lazy hits.

“It’s a mixture of three different things.” She says faintly as she turns the volume of her gps back up.

“Uhhh should you be driving under the influence?” Pidge asks as she watches Janae calmly stick to side roads avoiding major routes with traffic.

“I was under the influence when I pick y’all up.” She says with a laugh, handing the blunt back to Pidge.

“A mixtures of what?” Lance asks no longer coughing.

“Why you gon buy some?” She asks back with a laugh.

“I’m curious. Wait do you sell-“

“Nope. I do not, I am just a humble Dj and the white Paladin of Voltron, I have no time to live such an interesting life.” She giggles.

Hunk laughs and Pidge snorts before falling into a fit of giggles.

“And to answer your question; Girl Scout cookies, Blue berry kush and purple haze is what your smoking.” Janae says as she watches Lance take another hit, not stopping the rotation.

“Damn.” He simply says handing it back to her.

They continued the ride with amused banter, House music floats lightly from Janae’s speaker, after a few minutes she rolls the window down and clears the smoke.

As they arrive to their destination, she hands everyone gum and hand sanitizer, as they step out she slides her bag up her arms and lazily rubs her arms and hands with lotion, the scent of pastries returning.
Once at the door they don’t have to knock, Keith meets them, ushering them in quickly and guides them to the garage.
Once in side Hunk makes a unpleased noise in throat. “Guys what’s going on?”

Sitting in front of them in a steel lawn chair, tied down completely in an assortment of thick ropes with complicated knots is a Galra soldier.
His head hangs low from his shoulders, there’s a red gash across his forehead, his long black hair falls into a messy frazzled braid, his breathing is shallow, he’s also bleeding.

“We’re getting answers.” Shiro said as he entered the garage behind them.

Chapter End Notes

Also the song is singing is Push it by O.T. Genasis.
I love that song. Lol
"Um are you sure? Because it looks like your torturing him to me." Janae says heatedly her eyes on Shiro.

"Well how do you expect us to get answers?" Keith asks taking a step toward her. "He wasn’t exactly talking."

"I’m pretty sure there’s a better way to go about it."

"Better way how? Why are you defending him? He attacked me." Shiro growls more then asks, as he stands his ground.

"Guys calm down, we all want answers." Pidge says taking a step forward, trying to defuse the situation.

"Soooo what exactly has he been saying?" Lance asks as he takes a step toward the Galra, trying to get a better look.

A growl escapes the Galra’s lips as he lashes upwards, baring his fangs, causing Lance to jump behind Hunk.

"Nothing, and I will continue to say nothing." He grits out, pulling against the binds of the rope, fruitlessly trying to break free.

"Shiro can I talk to you over here?" Keith asked tensely pulling his brother away from their incomplete group.

Keith waited until they where a few feet away to speak.

"Shiro are you ok?"

"I’m fine."

"No your not,your not getting any sleep, having constant nightmares, your on edge."

"Keith I’m ok-"

"I saw you earlier."

"What?"

"Shiro I saw you in the bathroom."
Shiro seems confused for a moment, unsure where the conversation is going. He slowly works his way back, rewinding back through his day, his mind pulling up nothing out of the ordinary.

“Your back taking medication?” Keith asks softly, his eyes everywhere but on his brother.

Shiro tenses.

“Those are just to help me sleep…”

“I know what sleeping pills look like Shiro. Are they prescribed?”

“…..”

“Are.They.Prescribed?” Keith repeated.

“No…”

Keith looked up at his brother, his eyes meeting hesitant gray ones. It all went down hill when he insisted in the Garrison and left home, leaving to pursue his dream of being a pilot.

As time went on Shiro excelled beautifully, climbing the ranks and showing much promise. His hard work payed off, he’d been selected to pilot a crew for a special mission. One he claimed would be a great benefit to mankind. Keith remembered the excited look his Brother had worn as he’d carefully offered their family tiny details about the whole ordeal. Not being able to share much, keeping as much as possible under wraps.

After his brother had come back home he’d come back different...permanently altered. A hollow shell of his former self. No longer happy and optimistic, he’d come back with an array of scars, bruises and an missing limb.

His brother wouldn’t talk about what happen, but Keith had an idea.

He’d seen the news reports of how an piloting error had caused an entire crew to down,going missing in the process. As the weeks flew by, the media had written them off as dead, never to be seen or heard from again. Keith knew it was bullshit, his brother would never make a mistake that big with the lives of other people.

Shiro came back. Alone

One of the generals had stumbled across his unconscious body covered in odd wreckage, buried deep inside a large unnatural crater. He didn’t wake up for days...and when he did his usually warm gray eyes had turned cold and distant.

A few weeks after he woke, he’d been honorably discharged, handed a fat check and steadily wandered into a deep tunnel of depression, pushing people away and isolating himself from those who stayed.

Their mother recommended he see a therapist, who recommended he see a psychiatrist and Shiro reluctantly went, meeting both ,after a few appointments and a few sleepless nights, he was written a prescription.

And that’s where the abuse started.
It had taken nearly a year to pull his older brother out of that hole. At first he stood by helplessly and watched, his brother constantly telling him he was fine. Lying day in and day out, convincing no one.

Keith watched his brother steadily fade away, watched him spiral down into the abyss of addiction.

He was bearable in the morning, almost believable in his attempts at pretending everything was ok, that inside he wasn’t falling apart.

But nights...nights where bad.

The nightmares would re-emerge, viscously striking back ten fold, resulting in Keith being routinely awakened to the sound of his brother screaming.

Each time he’d rush to his brother’s side, just to find out he didn’t know where he was, re-living a past event. Stagnant.

Trapped in place, he’d won the battle but lost the war.

Like a damn over flowing, Keith watched his brother crumble, consumed by the waves and ripples of despair.

He’d come home from class to find his brother pasted out in his room, pill bottle in hand, he wasn’t breathing.

Adrenaline pumped through his veins as he dragged his brother to the floor and committed to perform cpr.

Interlocking his hands together and starting the steady flow of chest compressions, he stopped to check his brothers airway, quickly bringing his lips down and gave a reassuring breath of air.

He repeated his motions, interlocking his hands together applying pressure to each compression, panic began to set in, sliding up his arms and slicing through his confidence threatening to darken his world.

Raw tears began to run down his cheeks as his called out to his brother, trying desperately to wake him, his throat burning from over use.

Like a casket tape running backwards memories of him and his brother flashed before his eyes.

Learning how to swim, going camping, taking martial arts classes together, decorating Christmas trees, painting their faces in October, dipping eggs in paint, pillow fights, sick days, learning to read, arguments and disagreements...all of it and more pushed forward, threatening to unravel and fall apart.

Keith kept going, slamming his fists into Shiro’s chest, over and over again.

The faint sound of coughing halting his movements, as he watched in silence as his brother abruptly sat up, spitting out a mouthful of pills.

“...I’m...sorry...” Shiro spoke so weakly Keith almost didn’t here him, as he wrapped his arms around him and pulled him close, his tears never stopping.

They never spoke about that night, but Shiro changed. No intervention necessary. Tossing the pills, avidly working to get better, seeking help from others who shared his struggles, avoiding anything and all things toxic.

Slowly but steadily he got better, the nightmares slowly receding. There was still the struggle to attain sleep, but he didn’t dwell on that.

At the recommendation of a friend he started teaching. Online of course, the idea of walking into a classroom full of people made Shiro uncomfortable beyond belief.

But he didn’t look back.
“Shiro...I almost lost you once. I can’t go through that again.”

“I’m sorry...I would never...make you endure that a second time.” Shiro said firmly, his eyes on his brother.

“Good.” Keith simply said as he turned away from Shiro and headed back in the direction of the group.

“Takashi...there’s a better way to do this. If the roles where reversed you wouldn’t want this...” Janae said softly as she slowly approached, her movements hesitant as she gauged his response.

Keith watched their interaction, curiously waiting to see how it’d play out.

He seemed lost in thought for a moment, a look of fear and sadness hindering his handsome features, his body present his mind somewhere else.

Shiro had been there.
Had been the one in the chair tormented and tortured for days on end. He knew all to well what it felt like.

“Together we can find another way.” She said, as her fingers hesitantly reached for his hand, slowly intertwining their fingers. She gave a reassuring squeeze as she slowly led him back to everyone else.

He trailed behind her, his eyes sliding down to their locked fingers, he felt himself unravel as he joined everyone else.

Keith looked away.

“Ok, are there any peaceful suggestions?” Shiro asked his eyes meeting everyone else’s before flickering back to the Galra in the middle of the room.

Hunk opened his mouth and Allura spoke, her voice slamming throughout the confines of the garage.

“You will not believe the day I had!!” She screams as she hobbles forward on one high heeled shoe, her stockings are ripped, her skirt is singed on the bottom, her white button up is untucked and filthy, long strands of ivory hair escape the confines of her usual neat bun.

She holds her inactive Bayard in her hand, she stops abruptly as her eyes land on the Galra in the chair and she snaps.

“Youuuuuuuu!!” She screams as her Bayard activates, a pastel pink light engulfing much of the room as her weapon forms, taking the shape of a long thick whip.

She twirls it’s easily above her head and quickly lashes forward, the whip wrapping and sealing its self around the trapped Galra’s neck, she pulls hard. Knocking him and the steel chair to the floor, he groaned at the impact, screaming out in pain as she activated her whip, sending flashes of hot white and pink waves his way.

“I will end you.”
“So much for peaceful alternatives.” Lance sighed, shoving his hands deep into his pockets.

“Allura calm down.” Janae said pulling away from Shiro, holding both her hands up in front of her, trying to signify peace.

“I will do no such thing!” Allura snarled as she pulled harder on her whip, dragging the choking Galra across the harsh garage floor.

“Allura just calm down, we all want answers too and we’ve each had a pretty bad day. Let’s just calmly talk about this.” Hunk chimed in softly, his brown eyes on the angry Altean woman.

She simply narrows her eyes in response, not loosening her grip on the whip.
She stood motionless before the other Paladin’s her anger drifting off of her in pure unfiltered waves. She slowly took in the occupants of the room allowing her eyes to fall on each of her friends.

As her eyes fail onto Pidge they widen, she releases her whip quickly and strolled in her direction, softly taking her face between her hands.
She’s spotted the unicorn bandaid, she sighs softly as Pidge rose on the tips of her toes and kissed one of markings under her eye. The tender press so gentle, it pushes the angry out of Allura and soothes her frayed nerves, after she’s composed herself she speaks.

“Are you ok?”

“I’m fine, this is a scratch. Are you ok?”

Allura sighed long and deep, taking her time to answer, as if double checking to reassure herself before she verbalized her status aloud.

“I’m...fine...just had a very rough day.”

“Do you wanna talk about it?”

Allura

Allura took her time adjusting her clothes, watching her reflection on the elevator doors change from disheveled to presentable as she steadily descended back into the lobby.

Lunches with Pidge usually resulted in her disastrous appearance and a prolonged daze of haziness as she tried to continue on with her day.
As if she wasn’t just spread wide with her legs on Pidge’s shoulders, as if her skirt wasn’t just pushed up high above her hips.
She had to focus.

But her mind was all to willing to fall back on being responsible and making productive choices. Why do that, when she could remember what it felt like to have Pidge’s face buried deep between her legs?
Why do that, when she could still feel the shape of the vibrator pressed deep up her ass?

Why even try to conjure the facade of absolute business, when she’d rather remember how impatient and how quickly Pidge’s fingers moved to open her blouse.
Why do that when she could reminisce about the way Pidge’s hot lips felt against her cool skin as she was guided down onto the large oak desk in her office.

Allura stifled a laugh as she remembered how eager Pidge had been to take her on the desk, happily telling her she’d gladly break it in with her help.

“Are you ready to go Miss Allura?” Jackie her driver asked as she slowly approached, he smiled as he held the car open door for her, quickly ushering her inside the vehicle just as it started to lightly drizzle.

Allura smiled as she slid inside the vehicle, the material of her skirt gliding easily across the leather seats. Jackie shut the door and quickly marched around the vehicle, taking his routine spot in the drivers seat.

“Jackie you know I don’t need an escort.” Allura said as she buckled her seatbelt, placing her purse on the seat beside her.

“I am aware miss.” He simply said with a smile, with both hands on the wheel he pulled into traffic.

“You’re supposed to be on vacation, instead here you are...” Allura pointed out she’d been trying to get the older man to go on vacation for three years straight. He’d always simply wave her off and tell her it was unnecessary, after a few more months of constant pestering he agreed to take a week off.

“I took the liberty of having your vehicle dropped off for you, it’s parked in it’s usual spot.”

“Thank you Jackie. Now you don’t have to worry about me, you get to relax and enjoy yourself.” Allura said with a smile.

“I always worry about you Miss.” Jackie said with a long winded sigh. “But I do look forward to my five day spa reservation.”

“Good, I’m happy.” Allura said with a laugh as they pulled to a stop, he quickly parked the vehicle and stepped out pulling open a large umbrella, he opened Allura’s door and shielded her from the rain as she stepped out.

“Thank you.” Allura said as her phone began to ring.

“My pleasure miss.” He said with a smile as he walked her to the entrance of the building and waited patiently beside her as she dug her phone out of her purse.

Jackie closed the umbrella and waited patiently for her to end her call.

“Your keys miss.” He said faintly as he pulled her car keys out of his jacket pocket, and quickly handed them to her.
“Thank you. Jackie please be safe and enjoy yourself.” Allura said as he opened the door to the building.

“I will. You be safe as well. He said with a smile as he turned away and walked toward the still running vehicle. Allura waited till he sat in the drivers seat and pulled away before she stepped completely into the building.

She sighed looking up at the clock across the room, only two more hours, she repeated over and over as if it’d miraculously speed up the flow of time. After a few moments she settled into her work, typing and rechecking accounts. After a while one of her employees poked their head through the open door of her office.

“Ms. Masterson?”

“Yes Emily?” Allura asked as she replied to her last email and slowly brought her eyes up from the keyboard.

“Is it ok if I head out a few minutes early today? I forgot my little sister has a piano recital today.” Emily replied sheepishly.

“Sure, I’ll see you Monday. Oh Emily could you please tell Tara and Beth they can also leave early today.” Allura said with a smile as Emily happily nodded and skipped away before her boss could change her mind.

Allura sighed, today had been a very slow day with little to no customers, maybe it’s the poor state of the weather she mused as she powered down her computer and walked out of her office.

She returned the waves of her employees eager to escape the confines of work, happily waltzing out of the door and briskly walking to their vehicles. Allura shook her head and laughed as she slid behind the front counter and waited.

Allura yawned as she stretched her arms above her head, thankfully time had flown by quickly, she closed down the register and locked the jewelry displays. Just as she was getting ready to turn off the lights, the bell above the door chimed, signaling the arrival of a customer.

“Sorry we’re closed.” She said absently not bothering to look up as she slipped the safe keys into her purse.

“Thats fine, we’re not here to make a purchase.” A heavy baritone voice replied, the richness of the voice striking something deep inside of her, instantly wrapping her inside a cloak of discomfort.

“Well I can’t help you.” Allura replied slowly, as she turned around and took in the owner of the voice.

On the other end of the jewelry store stood three very large Galra clad in black, the one in the middle held his head high, his thin lips pulled tight into and unamused frown.

“You can’t or you won’t?” The one in the middle asked his deep voice coloring the tone of his question ominously, highlighting it with a deeper darker meaning, making the hairs on the back
Allura’s neck rise.

“I won’t.” She said bravely as she held tightly to the straps of her purse, refusing to break eye contact first, the room grew thick with tension as the three sized her up and tried to swallow her whole, attempting to drown her in a sea of cowardice. But she wouldn’t allow that, she has other things on her mind, a series of important shit to do. She blatantly refused to let a hostile gang of overgrown purple house cats derail her plans.

The one on the left moves first, pulling out a long silver blade, Allura watched as the sides of the weapon lit up with purple flames, he charged her swinging his blade high. She quickly dodges, feeling pain freely blossom up her tight as the blade sliced through the material of her skirt, she nearly screamed as she felt the heel of her shoe suddenly slide from under her.

She bit back a cry as her arm slammed into the wall on her way down, she felt the heat of the blade growing close and rolled out of the way, avoiding the fiery blade as it slammed into the carpet beside her.

She steadily rose to feet and lunged forward, slamming her elbow into the side of her attacker’s neck, and watched as he crumbled to the floor clutching his neck violently gagging.

She began to rummage through the contents of her purse, frantically looking for her Bayard. The Galra that had been flanking the left rushed towards her, wielding a staff that came to a sharp point.

She shifted to the left, barely dodging the point of the staff as it made contact with her leg, digging a hole through her stockings, ripping them down her thigh.

“Your pretty good at not getting stabbed.” The Galra commented as he rose to his full height, flipping a long braid behind his shoulder, he smiled as he advanced toward her, aggressively thrusting the spear.

Allura took several steps back, as she began to feel an unfamiliar shake radiate from her purse, she reached inside and found the source. Just as her finger tips wraps around the inactive device, she felt the prick of the spear slice through the fabric of her blouse, tearing it open down the side.

“I’m going to enjoy playing with you.” He said as he slammed the spear down in the center of her chest, the impact of his movements knocked her to floor. He pulled the spear forward and dragged it up from the bottom of her torn shirt, steadily up her chest, he slid the tip of the blade under her gold chain and yanked forward, snapping the chain.

The necklace fall weakly to the floor as he took her in, took in the pointed ears and pink markings under her eyes.

“I didn’t know I’d be meeting an Altean.” He said with loud laugh as he watched her scramble backwards, trying to secure a safe distance. “Would you like to meet the rest of your people?” He asked with a sinister grin as he pressed a series of buttons on the end of his staff, making the tip of the pointed blade extend and grow larger in size.

Allura pulled her Bayard free and weakly rose to her feet, her pretty features twisted in anger as her Bayard began to glow and take shape.

Both Galra seemed a bit surprised as the room grew encased in a soft pastel pink, her weapon
continued to grow taking the form of energy chain.

“Are you going to beat me with your little whip?” The Galra engaging her asked, not bothering to hide his amusement as he laughed loudly.

Allura’s eyes narrowed as she moved her chain fluidly, she cocked her wrist back and pushed forward, the pink energy rapidly growing as it flew in his direction wrapping around his neck.

Stunned he dropped his weapon, his hands moving to his throat as he tried to pry himself free, after a few unsuccessful tries his eyes fail on her and he struggled to speak, gargling on his words.

“I’ll show you what I intend to do.” She said as she pressed the base of weapon releasing sparks of hot white and pink energy, the Galra hissed as she moved her wrist snatching him off balance and onto the floor.

She pivoted quickly, using all her strength and tossed him into the largest Galra that remained in the middle of the room.
He lunged back quickly, knocking his comrade to the floor. He didn’t bother to step over him, as he moved. Allura watched as he slammed his foot down into the stomach of the other Galra.

“Victory or death Mvocivg. You do not deserve to go home.” The large Galra hissed as he continued to apply pressure, a loud crack breaking the silence throughout the room.

“The weak don’t deserve to grace my presence.” He said with a sneer as he pulled a short staff from his pocket, Allura watched as it began to grow and take the shape of a double bladed spear.

“Little Altean, show me if you deserve to go home.” He boomed as he lunged toward Allura, swinging the bladed end down in front of her.

She pushed forward slamming her footing into his chest, gaining distance, she flicked her wrist in his direction, her chain moving quickly to its desired location.

He growled as the chain wrapped around his wrist, and lit up, scorching the entirety of his left arm. He simply grit his teeth and yanked hard on the chain, knocking her off her feet and slamming her hard into the glass display case, the display shattered underneath her, sending blades of glass everywhere.

Allura let out a pained cry as he stepped down on her hand, knocking the base of her weapon from her fingers.
“T’ll personally escort you to your ancestors.” He said with a smile as moved his right hand up, shifting one of the blades just above her neckline, she watched as the sides lit up encasing the blade in flames.

Allura began to desperately feel around the floor for something she could use, to gain leverage, she refused to let it end like this. Her fingers stumbled across a large piece of broken glass, she quickly wrapped her fingers around the glass and moved, slamming the shard sharply into the muscle of his calf.

He reared backward freeing her hand, hissing in displeasure as he struggled to pull the shard out.

She rose to her feet and quickly made a dive for her weapon, snatching it from the floor, she looked around the room and formed a plan.

“You!! At first I was going to quickly kill you, but now....NOW I will take my time, slowly cutting you up into tiny little pieces.” He said as he advanced toward her, his spear in hand.
Allura said noting as her Bayard activated, she moved quickly moving her wrist above her head,
sending the chain up into the air, pushing the chain to slam into a water sprinkler.

The sprinkler clicked and the rest followed suit, quickly drenching the room in water.

“You think you can put out my flames?!” He asked as he charged toward her, wildly swinging the spear, simultaneously switching the sides as he moved, slicing through the contents of the room in his wake as he moved.

“I can and I will.” Allura said changing her stance and meeting him head on, she slammed her fist into his rib cage as she avoided the blades.

“I will show you the wrath of this little Altean.”

She spun around and flicked her wrist, sending it in his direction, he dodged easily and throw his weight into her, knocking her back.

She growled as moved again, willing her chain to grow, as she moved her chain wrapped around his neck from behind, gagging him as she pulled, securing a permanent tightness.

Their eyes met as she pressed the button on her base, sending sparks of white and pink energy in his direction, she watched as he lit up like a Christmas tree, the pink sparks consuming him, the water doubling the impact.

She retracted her chain, and watched as his lifeless body fail to the grown, his body twitching from the aftershock.

Allura grabbed her purse and locked the doors behind her, quickly opening her car door and angrily drove to Shiros.

“That’s a lot to go through. I’m so sorry.” Pidge said as she took Allura’s hand in hers, and kissed the knuckles of her bruised left hand.

“Damn Allura your cut throat.” Lance said amazed.

“Yes I’m fine.” Allura said her eyes on Pidge, ignoring Lance, she didn’t bother to hide the blatant display of affection.

Lance gave Hunk a questioning look, Hunk simply shrugged his shoulders. Of course he knew.

“Here Allura.” Keith said as he handed her a sweater and a pair of shorts. “Don’t want you to catch a cold.” He said softly as Shiro placed his jacket across her shoulders.

Allura simply nodded as Pidge took her hand and guided her from the garage.

Heavy silence wrapped around the room like a worn scarf, doing nothing to push away the chill of the night air.

“Takashi do you mind if I smoke?” Janae asked, as she sat cross legged on the floor of the garage, waving off the offered chair from Hunk.

“Uhh no.” Shiro said with a raised brow, Lance found it amusing he didn’t ask what.

Janae sighed as she slid her bag from her shoulders and placed it in her lap, leisurely unzipping it, she pulled her phone from her bag and quickly sent a serious of texts.

“We all need a break.” She said as she slid her phone into the front of her sweater.

“What’s your name?” Janae asked as she rummaged through the contents of her bag, seeming
unphased by the lack of response.

She quickly moved, rising to her feet and approached the Galra.

“Janae,” Shiro said his voice heavy with concern. She simply tossed him a casual look over her shoulder as she sat the first aid kit down.

The Galra growled at her as she grew closer, she simply ignored him as she pulled an alcohol wipe from the kit.

“This is going to sting, but It’s going to help stop the bleeding.”

“Why...why would you do that?” He asked his yellow eyes on her, he seemed to tense at the free offer of kindness.

“Why not? Plus who wants to bleed all over the place?” She asked with a shrug as she settled between his legs, he closed his eyes as she cleaned his wound, lowly hissing at the sting of her movements, she reached down and grabbed a large band aid.

Keith shot Shiro a warning look, his brows drawn together in disbelief.

Hunk and Lance silently sided with Keith, turning their attention to Shiro.

“What’s your name?” She asked again as she removed the paper from the bandaid and placed it gently on his forehead.

“Sabvis.” He said his eyes watching her as she took a step back and closed her first aid kit.

“Ah are you hungry Sabvis?” She asked as she took her spot back on the floor in front of him. He seemed caught off guard by the question, glancing around the room first and choosing not to answer.

“Well I ordered Pizza. It should be here in 20 minutes.” She said as she continued to rummage through her bag.

“What...is your name?” He asked her hesitantly looking away. Janae kept her eyes down as she continued to search through her bag.

“Janae.”

“Thank you....” He said softly as his eyes fail back on her.

“No problem.” She said with a soft smile as she sat back and allowed her self to fully look at him.

“What....is pizza?” He asked and Janae laughed.

“You’ll like it.”

“I will....believe you.” He said with a smile, the entire exchange freaking Hunk out slightly and made Keith raise his brow.

“Did you really order pizza?” Lance asked curiously, ignoring the scene in front of him.

Allura and Pidge returned to the room, Allura looked calmer, more relaxed with Pidge by her side.

“Welcome back Allura. I’m so sorry you had a rough ass day. Will you indulge me?” Janae asked as she reached back into her bag, pulling out an Arizona tea can.
“Indulge you?”

“Say yes.” Pidge deadpaned from beside her. Allura looked from Janae to Pidge before agreeing.

“Wonderful.” She said as she unscrewed the bottom of the can, instantly sumerging the room with the earthy smelled of Marijuana.

Shiro’s eyebrows shot high into her hairline and Pidge snickered.

Sabvis’s ears perked up as he watched Janae pack the strange green substance tightly into three white papers. He watched curiously as she took her time rolling the papers closed, his eyes widened as he watched her tongue quickly slid across the paper sealing it closed.

“Really Janae?” Keith asked incredulously as he watched her flip the top of her lighter open and bring the paper to her lips.

“I’m as serious as Sabvis is purple.” She said casually as she brought the lighter up and inhaled deeply, closing her eyes.

“Well I guess that’s pretty fucking serious.” Lance laugh as he watched Janae take another hit.

“Here.” Janae said as she held the lit blunt out to Allura. Allura hesitated a moment before taking it from Janae, bringing it to her lips and inhaling.

Janae quickly brought another to her lips and lit the the paper, inhaling deeply, she exhaled slowly and rose to her feet, making her way to Sabvis.

“I’m going to blow this in your face.” She said with a laugh as his eyes widened with concern. He looked up at her and slowly nodded, encouraging her to move forward.

She inhaled deeply, slowing dragging out her hit, she leaned forward and exhaled, Sabvis eagerly breathed in the air and proceeded to cough.

Shiro moved behind Janae protectively, ready to snatch her back at a moments notice.

Janae repeated the act again, blowing a large cloud into Sabvis’s face, he inhaled deeply this time he didn’t cough, Janae smiled and spun around quickly surprising Shiro.

She smiled as she handed the blunt to him, Shiro hesitated as he plucked it from her fingers. Keith watched shiro from across the room and Pidge laughed.

“Feel free to not mess up the rotation.” She said with a laugh as she watched Shiro bring the blunt to his lips.

“Your corrupting my brother.” Keith said with a laugh as he watched his brother hesitantly inhale, coughing as he pulled away amplifying Keith’s merriment.

Janae turned around and made her way to Sabvis, she stood in front of him not breaking eye contact.

“Guys. I’m going to untie him.”

“No your not.” Shiro said from beside her.

“Ummmm why?” Lance asked as he handed the blunt to Hunk and stepped forward.
“Do you trust me?”

“Not really.” Hunk said frowning.
Janae simply laughed.

“Sabvis.” She said as she took a step closer. “I’m going to take a leap of faith and untie you.”
That seemed to take Sabvis completely off guard as he went rigid in his seat.

“I want you to know if you try anything they won’t hesitate to kill you. Do we have an understanding?”

Sabvis took his time answering, mulling over the words, making sure he fully understood the weight of them.

“We won’t hesitate.” Allura reinstated firmly, her Bayard in hand.
Sabvis’s eyes bounced from Allura to Janae and he nodded.

“You have my word.”

“How do we know his word means anything?” Keith asked stepping forward taking the blunt from Pidge.

“My word is my bond.” Sabvis shot back harshly, obviously offended.

“I believe you.” Janae said as she leaned forward and untied the knots of the ropes, they watched in strained silence as the ropes fall to the floor.

Sabvis slowly rose to his feet, not moving, not wanting to chance being attacked.
Janae sat down and patted the spot next to her, Sabvis raised an inquisitive brow at the invitation. He quickly sat down beside her, his eyes cast down, he looked up once he heard the familiar flicker of a lighter.

He watched as Janae lit the third blunt inhaled deeply and handed it to him, his eyes landed on hers for a moment in question before he accepted.

Somewhere behind them the door bell rang, Hunk moved first disappearing from the garage, returning with three large boxes of pizza, he sat the box’s down in front of Janae.

“You know we have a table right?” Keith asked and rolled his eyes as his question fail on deaf ears.

“Would you like meat lovers or cheese?” Janae asked as she opened one of the large boxes.

“Ch-cheese...I don’t eat meat.” Sabvis said shyly.

Keith snorted in disbelief, and Sabvis shot him a look.

“Well I do, so hand me meat lovers please.” Hunk said as he sat down beside Sabvis.

“This isn’t weird.” Pidge said after a while, the eight of them still sat in the garage higher then necessary and uncomfortably stuffed with pizza.

“I’m higher then giraffe pussy.” Shiro said seriously from beside Janae, she fail into a fit of giggles as a response.
“So Sabvisssssss.” Keith said casually stretching out each syllable of his name easily.

“Yes Keith?” Sabvis asked as he lay down beside Janae, his eyes closed.

“You ready to talk now?”

Sabvis took a moment to answer, he felt reassuring fingers card through his hair encouraging him to answer, he spoke with his eyes closed.

“What do you want to know?”
Janae closed her eyes and attempted to drift off to sleep, the arrival of her new roommate had kept her up well past 4am and if we where going to be honest she was; Absolutely. Positively. LIVID. Butttttt she preferred not to dwell on that as she felt the soft caress of sleep tugging at her eyelids, encouraging her to let go and float away into bliss.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK

Janae’s eyes flew open at the annoyingly loud sound of knuckles pelting her door repeatedly. She lay in bed a moment, contemplating if she should even answer or pretend to be dead, she was ready to check out and not deal with any of this shit. Who in the fuck wants to people at- she sat up in bed and turned her alarm clock around and nearly screamed. Who in the fuck is knocking at my door at 7:35am?! She quickly rose from bed not bothering to grab her robe as she walked past the bathroom, past the kitchen, down the hall way and down the stairs that lead to the front door. “Whoever’s knocking at my door better be the damn police.” She hissed.

A disheveled Janae opened the door quickly, interrupting Shiro mid knock. Her eyes still closed, a very large plain T-shirt dwarfed her body, stopping just above her knees. Shiro fought back the urge to ask her who’s shirt she was wearing.

“Whyyyyy are you here so early?” She hissed, her hand still on the knob of the door.

“We brought donuts.” Hunk said happily as he held up a large white box.

“We came to check on you and continue our talk from last night.” Shiro said seriously, his eyes peeking past Janae.

She simply sighed and turned around leaving the door open as she stomped up the stairs, not bothering to verbally invite them in.

They fallowed behind her quickly, Keith and Lance curiously looking around the double floor condo, taking in as many details as possible.

Janae sat down lazily on a large white couch, wrapped a multicolored blanket around her shoulders and snatched one of the pillows and layed down.

Lance whistled as he sat down on another couch further away, he proped his legs up on the large square table in front of him.

“Nice place. What’s down stairs?” He asked as he allowed himself to sink comfortably into the cushions.

“Down stairs is my roommate’s floor.” Janae replied not removing her face from the pillow as she spoke.

“Your roommate with the tarot cards?” Shiro asked, Janae snorted.

“You have a roommate who does tarot readings?” Pidge asked with a cocked brow, as she slowly sunk her teeth into a glazed donut.

“Yes and no.”

“Yes as in you do have a roommate and no as in he doesn’t do tarot readings? Or no roommate and
“Bothhhhhhh”
“I’m confused.”
“Yes I have a roommate, but he’s like missing....and I’m not sure if he does readings or not.” Janae said as she pulled the blanket over her head.

“Missing?” Shiro asked as he moved to sit beside Janae, slowly sliding the blanket from above her head.

“Yes missing. It’s been over three months and he hasn’t come home.”
“I don’t know, shouldn’t you maybe call the police?” Hunk asked growing concerned.
“I tried that, but because he packed some of his clothes and paid the rent up two years in advanced, he’s not considered missing.” Janae whined as she swatted Shiro’s hands away.

“Is that normal...?” Keith asked as he plucked a donut hole from Lance’s bag when he wasn’t looking.

“Mhhhhh... he’s done it before, just left and not said anything. But he always comes back.” She said her voice muffled by the blanket and pillow, you didn’t have to see her face to know she was upset.

“He’ll come back.” Allura offered softly from beside Pidge.

“Where’s Sabvis?” Shiro asked his eyes roaming the room. Janae mumbled her response through the padding of the pillow, her words hard to comprehend.

“What?” Shiro asked as he moved his hands slowly, pushing back her blanket a second time.

“I.Don’t.Know.” She groaned lowly.

“What do you mean you don’t know?!?” Keith asked hoping up to his feet, startling Hunk a bit in the process.

Janae glared up at Keith as she sat up from the pillow, annoyance stapled across her sleepy face. “Like I just said. I.Don’t. Knowwwwwww.” She bit back at him, not caring how rude she sounded,she was to sleep deprived and to annoyed to give a flying fuck.

Before anyone could respond the bathroom door opened, releasing a heavy cloud off steam as Sabvis appeared, singing loudly, rubbing a loud pink towel through his long hair.

“Wild, wild, wild thoughts
Wild, wild, wild
When I'm with you, all I get is wild thoughts.”

He continued, his eyes closed as he stepped forward, continuing to dry his hair. He payed no mind to the added audience as Shiro took him in. Long gray sweatpants hung dangerously low on his hips, his chest bare, showcasing an array of toned solid muscles, a few drops of water fail from his hair and rolled down his abs.

Shiro didn’t like it. Sabvis was to comfortable.
Lance whistled again in appreciation, his eyes roaming up and down Sabvis’s build, Pidge elbowed him, Janae yawned loudly and layed back down.

“There he is. Leave me alone now.”

“Janae why are you so tired?” Hunk asked.

“Because Sabvis kept me up all night.” She groaned, face still in the pillow.

“How?” Shiro asked, his voice taking an icy edge as he rose from the couch, eyes on Sabvis. His serious gray eyes met unamused yellow ones, Sabvis frowned as he spoke.

“I’m not sure what your implying, but I suggest you be mindful of your words.”

“You suggest I be mindful?” Shiro asked his tone flat and daring, it was a statement more then a question.

“I do. We wouldn’t want to incite an altercation so early in the morning.”

Shiro barked out a laugh, as he squared his shoulders. “Why would we have an altercation? Did you do something that would warrant negative consequences?”

“Ummmmmm....” Hunk started his eyes jumping from Shiro to Sabvis, this was going to ruin everyone’s morning and Janae’s living room. “Guys I have donuts...” He tried to add cheerily, trying to interrupt the showdown that seemed to be brewing a few feet away.

“Geez I didn’t take Shiro as the jealous type.” Lance whispered to Keith, who seemed unbothered by the entire situation as he bit into a chocolate donut.

Sabvis eyed Shiro a moment longer, his posture not changing. They stood in silence a few seconds longer before he turned away and spoke.

“I didn’t do anything to your mate, I may be Galran but I do have morals.” He said as he plucked an offered donut from Hunk.

The scar across Shiro’s nose turned pink as he blanked on a response to Sabvis’s words, as he sat back down next to Janae waking her back up in the process.

Mate his mind whispered, tasting the weight of the word.

“We where up playing dance dance revolution.” Sabvis said pointing to the crumbled multi colored mat in front of the tv.

“No. Youuuuuuuuuuuu where up playing DDR!! He made me Dj the entire time!”

“But....you don’t have to do that...” Allura pointed out, confused.

“He didn’t like ANY of the songs from the actual game.”

“Well damn.” Pidge laughed, “Me either Sabvis.”

Janae groaned.

“Sabvis we’d like to continue from last night.” Shiro said sitting up straighter, resting the back of the elbows on the top of the sectional.
“What do you want to know?”

“What everything.” Keith said as he took a sip from his water bottle, eyes never leaving Sabvis.

“I can’t tell you everything because I don’t know everything…..but I can offer more details as to why your each being targeted.” He said with a sigh as he sat up lazily.

Keith nodded.

“Thousands of years ago Zarkon started a war-“

“Blah blah we already know that. Tell us something new.” Pidge interrupted as she plopped a pepperoni into her mouth.

“Do you know why the war started?” Sabvis asked turning toward Pidge with a raised brow.

“Yeah Zarkon wanted unlimited access to quintessence-“

“Nope.” Sabvis said with a shake of his head, glad to interrupt.

“The war stared because Zarkon broke the treaty written by the factions of the universe. He used wanting endless quintessence as an excuse to do it.”

“Treaty? Factions?” Lance asked waking up a bit more.

“Yes, the universe is split up into several factions. The factions are made up of 23 of the strongest planets. Each faction governs an abundance of smaller planets-“

“Then how does that work If there’s an misunderstanding or disagreement?” Shiro asked perking up at new the information.

“Do the 23 planets work like a dictatorship or communist system or more diplomatic?” Pidge asked.

Sabvis thought for a moment before responding, trying to find the correct terminology.

“Let’s break it down, in a faction the main planet in charge of dictating larger problems, but minor problems and situations they let the smaller planets decide what’s best. For example, if the threat of war is brewing between several factions, the smaller planets look toward the stronger planets for guidance.” Sabvis continued as he grabbed another slice of pizza.

“Well how exactly did Zarkon start a war then?” Allura asked politely.

“He hollowed out and destroyed the planets under his faction, created a super weapon with the harvested power and aimed it at several other factions. He destroyed millions of lives…. Sabvis trailed off, his eyes cast down as if remembering a sad event, with each breath he took he seemed to fold into himself.

“That’s….that’s absolutely horrible.” Hunk chimed in as he rested a calm hand on Sabvis’s shoulder.

“It was. All the survivors of said planets where rounded up and forced into war.”

No one said anything for moment, allowing Sabvis his moment of silence to continue.
“Zarkon set his sights on another faction, demanding they give up their resources or be destroyed.”

“Why did he make demands if he could just destroy and take?” Janae asked her eyes closed, waiting to absorb the information.

“Becomes the inhabitants of that faction possessed a different kind of raw quintessence. Pure and created organically from its people. Zarkon wanted it, but he couldn’t take it.”

“What happened?”

“He aimed the weapon at their planet, the attack was amplified and redirected back into his planet, slicing it completely in half.”

“Woah woah woah!! How?!” Lance asked cutting in.

Sabvis shrugged. “Not much is known about the planet, he had all written documentation destroyed. And that planet completely isolated it’s self from the rest of the remaining factions.”

“Why? Why didn’t they rally together with the other factions and fight?” Keith asked.

“I’m not sure, but there where rumors of the planet suffering a great loss...and more then half of the remaining factions where under Zarkon’s control.”

“It just keeps on getting worse.” Hunk said closing an empty pizza box.

“Why are the Galra here on Earth? Why are they attacking us?” Pidge demanded, impatiently ready to hear the shitty explanation.

“Zarkon has been searching for the key of endless quintessence, something akin to what destroyed his planet all those years ago. A few weeks ago you set off a beacon of mass energy, one of the energy signatures was identical to what he’s been looking for.” Sabvis said his eyes meeting the face of each Paladin in the room.

“But that would mean....one us isn’t human....” Shiro pointed out.

All eyes fail to Allura, she rolled her eyes in response.
“ My planet was destroyed, so I’m pretty sure it’s not me.”

“Wait you said identical.....” Hunk trailed off.

“Then that would mean one of us is probably from the faction that destroyed Zarkon’s planet thousands of years ago.” Pidge pointed out, her finger under her chin as the verbalize thought settled into the room.

“But wouldn’t....we know? Like that shit was 10,000 years ago!! That person should look old. We’re all visibly in our twenties....well except Shiro.” Lance tossed out, his eyes narrowing as he eyed everyone in the room.

“Lance I’m 32 and very much human.” Shiro sighed.

“Sabvis do you know which one of us he’s after?” Janae asked from beside him, as she fiddled with the messy ponytail in her hair.

“No. That’s why he’s hunting each of you.”

“Welp I didn’t think it could, but it just got worse.” Hunk sighed closing his eyes.
“Welllllllllllllllllllllllllll.” Janae said as she rose to her feet and dusted off the back of her pants with her hands. “Since we don’t know who it is and it’s late, I’m going home.”

Slowly each of them rose to their feet, suddenly noticing the lateness of the night.

“Sabvis would you like to come home with me?” Janae asked as she slipped her small backpack on her shoulders.

A chorus of protest sounded throughout the room, Shiro the loudest in his discomfort in the suggestion.

“Oh hush, I asked him not y’all.” She said rolling her eyes.

“Why are you so comfortable with him?” Keith ask his eyes narrowing in Suspicion.

Shiro pivoted in their direction, wanting to hear the answer to the question as well, Sabvis’s eyes curiously looked on.

Janae shrugged lazily. “I’m usually a good judge of character, plus I don’t exactly think he’s comfortable with any of you.” She said crossing her arms.

“Who cares about his comfort?” Keith hissed.

“If he stays will you tortured him to get more information?”

The same time Keith said yes, Shiro said no.

“That is exactly why I asked HIM.” She said with a frown.

“He’s Galra. He’s the bad guy.” Keith said pointing his finger in Sabvis’s direction.

“You sound pretty prejudice right now Keith.”

Keith eyes brows shot up into his hair line and an angry blush settled across his features. “I’m n-not prejudice.” He stuttered.

“Righttttttt.” Janae said turning from Keith back to Sabvis. Sabvis took a step toward her and Shiro moved protectively in front of her.

“I will do no harm to the first being that’s offered me kindness for the first time in hundreds of years.” Sabvis said his eyes meeting the face of each person in the room and settling back on Janae.

“You guys can come over in the morning and make sure I’m not dead.” Janae said dismissively as she pulled away from Shiro and made her way out of the garage.

Everyone’s eyes landed on Sabvis, the distrust apparent. If the situation hadn’t of been so awkwardly serious Shiro would of laughed.

“I’d give you my address, but I’m pretty Pidge knows it already.” Janae said peeking her head back into the garage.

“Come on Sabvis.” She said disappearing again.

Sabvis stilled for a moment and quickly slipped out of the room, not looking back.
“Pidge.” Shiro said dryly.

“On it.” She said as she pulled out her phone, and began to type away.

“I’m locked onto her location, I’ll let you know if there’s a change.” Pidge said as she walked out of the room.

Hunk and Lance followed behind her.

“You trust him with Janae?” Allura asked as she took a step toward the remaining Paladins in the room.

“Not at all.”

“Then why’d you let them leave?” Keith hissed more then asked.

“She obviously had her mind made up.” Shiro sighed, running his hand down the front of his face annoyed.

“Well what do we do?” Allura asked.

“We sleep and wait till morning.”

*************

“Sabvis tell them what you told me last night.” Janae said from under the blanket.

“If your looking for information on Galran bases here I may know where you can get that information.” Sabvis said as he sat down cross legged on the carpet beside the sectional.

“There’s bases here?” Keith asked, starting to look interested in the conversation again.

“Wouldn’t we have noticed evil purple cat aliens before, If there was a base?” Hunk asked looking at Sabvis. “No offense.”

“There are several bases scattered throughout this planet, but there is a main base here, hidden in plain sight.”

“Well don’t keep us waiting.” Lance said as he removed his feet from the coffee table and sat up, committing his full attention.

“I’m not sure of the location, but I know the name of the building. It’s called The Rigid Chapel-“

“Janae why does that sound familiar?” Allura asked placing her donut politely back into the opened box.

“It’s a massive night club here in the city.” Janae yawned.

“You mean the abandoned Chapel on 33rd street that was renovated into a club is run by Galra?!?” Lance asked in disbelief.

Sabvis simply nodded. “ If you are able to gain access to their systems you should be able to attain further information on what Zarkon is looking for.”

“I have an idea.” Janae said suddenly sitting up, her hair messily covering her face. “We go undercover and-“
“No.” Shiro said quickly cutting her off, tossing her idea out the window.

Janae turned and looked at him. “What do you mean no?”

“Your idea isn’t safe.” Shiro started

“You don’t even know what my idea is. Because you interrupted me.” She said heatedly pushing her hair out of her face.

“You where going to suggest we infiltrate an enemy’s base. Where we’ll be out numbered and potentially captured and killed.”

“That’s exactly not what I was gonna say.”
Janae said as she rose to her feet dropping the blanket onto Sabvis’s shoulders and stepped into the kitchen.

“What where you going to say?” Shiro asked turning around, his eyes following her as she left the living room.

“Well I’ve worked there before-“
Lance cut her off. “What?!”

Janae made a face. “Before I became a Dj I would go to different clubs and set up equipment for shows. I’ve set up equipment there before, so I have a general idea of the layout.” She said as she pulled a carton of eggs from the fridge.

“So... What was your idea?” Pidge asked as she pulled her laptop out and turned it on.

“Well I know how to get in and get past the first level-“

“Janae what do you mean first level?”
Hunk asked, not really sure if he wanted to know.

“Ok, at the Chapel they like to pick people from the crowds, then those people compete for the most attention in giant cages and whoever gets the most attention gets chartered off to the back.”
Janae said as she cracked several eggs into a warm skillet.

“What’s in the back?” Allura asked.

“Answers.” Janae said as the eggs sizzled.

“Wait wait wait. How do we know this is even true or if we can trust the source of the information?!” Keith asked from beside Lance, his annoyance obvious as he crossed his arms and glared at Sabvis.

“Not all Galra want what Zarkon wants.” Sabvis said softly, his eyes on his hands.

“Sabvis...tell them.” Janae encouraged from the kitchen, the smell of sausage and coffee steadily making its presence known.

“I didn’t have a choice....I was forced to fight. I watched my family....perish in the war, blindly following orders. You are the only way out....I refuse to go back. If I return I’ll be slaughtered openly in front of the remainder of my people, made an example out of.”

“Victory or death.” Shiro said aloud, remembering the words of the fallen Galra. The way he
yelled them with such convection just before Shiro watched the life drain from his eyes.

Sabvis’s ears perked up as he looked up and responded.

“Vrepit Sa”
“Pause even if we did manage to do all that, How that fuck would we actually do it?” Lance asked as he stuffed his face with eggs.

“Yeah Janae how exactly would that work? I mean I’m pretty sure I have a flash drive you could use. Just pop it in and give me a few minutes to hack into their shit and-“ Pidge trailed off mumbling to herself.

“Mmmh I mean getting in shouldn’t be to hard, anyone can gain access inside. But we just have to get the most attention for where we’re trying to go.” Janae said as she bit into a piece of toast.

“But how would we-“ Hunk was interrupted by Sabvis.

“I could....get you in.” Sabvis said politely pushing the plate of bacon further in the middle of the table.

“And how exactly would you do that?” Shiro asked as he picked up the offensive plate.

“There are rebels imbedded-“

“Rebels?!” Keith asked surprised knocking eggs off his plate, interrupting Sabvis.

Sabvis gave him look before continuing.
“Yes a lot of us where forced into this and would gladly like to see the over throwing of Zarkon from the thrown.” He finished rolling his eyes.

“Ok sooooo?" Lance inquired.

“I could reach out to an accomplice and see if he’s willing to help. I’ll let you know in a few hours if it’s doable.”

“Ok well if it is, who would go undercover?” Hunk asked looking at everyone seated at the table, he was not trying volunteer in any shape or form.

“Allura can you dance?” Janae asked.

“I’m classically trained in ballet.” She said with a shrug.

Janae nodded and looked around the room, her eyes landing on Lance.

“Lance can you dance?”
“Fuckin right I can.” He said proudly shoving a piece of bacon in his mouth.

“How do you feel about cross dressing?” She asked with a smile, catching Lance off guard and making him choke.

“You mean like drag?” Keith asked with a raised brow.

Janae casually shrugged not answering, her smile widening as she sat back in her seat. She looked to happy about this.

“How do you feel about cross dressing?” She asked with a smile, catching Lance off guard and making him choke.

“You mean like drag?” Keith asked with a raised brow.

Janae casually shrugged not answering, her smile widening as she sat back in her seat. She looked to happy about this.

“Um...I’m-ok with it.” Lance replied sheepishly, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Good that settles that.” Janae said happily as she continued eating her breakfast.

**********

“It’s a go.” Sabvis said as he walked into Janae’s opened room door, slipping his communicator back into his pocket.

“Thanks Sabvis, I’ll let everyone know.” She said with a smile as pulled her phone out of her backpack.

“Thank you Janae...”

Janae looked up from her phone. “Forrrrr?”

“Everything...I-“

Janae cut him off, he seemed to tense up a moment as her arms wrapped around him, encasing him in an intimate embrace.

“You don’t have to get all weird on me.” She said with a laugh, after a moment his arms mimicked hers and they held one another.

“Anywayyyyy you can help me pick out the outfits.” She said as she pulled away and went back to digging through her large closet.

“Outfits?”

“Yes weirdo, we gotta be presentable. Also you should probably call everyone and explain how this is going to work.” She said as she continued to toss miscellaneous articles of clothing around the room.

**********

“Shiro why are we dressed like this again?” Keith mumbled as he slid the black blazer onto his arms.

“Because Sabvis said this was the uniform for the bouncers. And if we want to blend in we have to wear this.” Shiro sighed as he glanced in the mirror at himself for the fifth time, unsure if he liked the outfit or not.

A couple of hours ago to his astonishment, he’d received a rather courteous phone call from Sabvis, informing him; that him and Keith had been granted access as bouncers to the club. Ironically they where short stuffed and this had all fallen into place by sheer luck.

Allura, Janae and Lance would need an extraction in case anything went south.
You can never be too careful, he mused as his eyes fell onto his reflection.

Black jeans, black shirt, black blazer and black sunglasses. This isn’t what he imagined when Sabvis said uniform.

He looked-

“How the fuck are we supposed to see?” Keith asked annoyed as he pulled the sunglasses away from his eyes.

“Put this in your ear.” Pidge said absently from behind her laptop as Hunk proceeded to hand out small black circular devices.

“These are communicators, we’ll be able to talk to one another, get a visual on what you see and if you need to have a private conversation with someone you can.” Hunk said with a smile as he watched Shiro and Keith place the devices in the shell of their ears.

“Woah where’d you get these?” Keith asked stepping out of the room to test his out.

“We made them.” Pidge said proudly with a smile.

“Also those glasses, I’m pretty sure you can’t fucking see out of those.” Pidge said rolling her eyes.

“So we took the liberty of altering them a bit. You’ll be able to see further and through walls. There’s a tiny nob on the side of them that allows you to adjust the intensity.” She continued.

“Wow thanks guys this is very-“

“Smart I know.” Pidge said with a laugh as Shiro shook his head fondly.

“Geez how long are they going to take?” Keith groaned as he stepped back into the room, adjusting the nob on the side of his glasses.

“Um I think they’re almost done.” Hunk said as he sat next to Pidge.

**********

“Allura come on.” Janae said as she attempted to pull her out of the bathroom.

“Absolutely not, I look ridiculous.” She protested, hiding behind the closed door.

“No you don’t, you look absolutely gorgeous.” Lance encouraged with a smile, “Now come on so we save the universe and look good while doing it.” He said as he slowly pushed opened the door.

“....oh alright...but only for the universe.” She said as she stepped forward, trying to pull the bottom of her short dress down past her knees.

“Come on, let’s go show the guys.” Janae said with a confident smile as she looped her arm through Allura’s and dragged her down the hall.

“What do you think?” Janae asked stepping forward placing her hands on her hips.

Shiro’s breath hitched as he took her in, took in the tiny white ripped shorts that stopped just above the cuff of her ass.

God they where so short they looked like underwear.
Black fishnets flowed down her thick thighs and legs, stopping at the beginning of black boots, she wore a black half top that cut across her chest in an x shape, causing her breast to sit high and spill forward, a curtain of long black bangs covered her eyes stopping just above her nose, revealing a set of full lips. A black chocker with a tiny lock in the middle completed her look. She spun around quickly, Shiro’s eyes drinking her in as he eyed the long black hair that flowed straight down her back, stopping just above her waistline. She looked like a completely different person, granted it may have been because 85% of her face was covered, but still.

Lance stepped forward next, resembling the models you see on run ways; beautiful and confident, his bare legs extending for miles into baby blue thigh highs that met black ankle boots. He smiled as he playfully struck a few poses, the material of the short dark denim high waisted skirt clung tight to his body as he moved. Shiro watched as his brothers eyes traveled up Lance’s body greedily, he blushed when Lance caught him looking and winked. A pale blue cropped top fit close to his body, creating the allusion of full breast, the fabric of the top flowed freely with him as he moved, revealing a tight stomach and bare shoulders. The freckles across the bridge of his nose seem to pop, as did the blue of his eyes, long chestnut brown hair fail in waves well past his shoulders.

“You don’t even have to tell me, I know I look good.” He said cockily with a smile, showing off perfect white teeth.

Allura step forward next, her hesitance obvious as she fidgeted with the bottom of her dress. She wore a soft peach dress that stopped well above her knees, with each step she took, the fabric of the dress moved revealing twin slits up her thighs. The dress dropped teasingly low in the front, displaying full breasts, the back of the dress was cut even lower, dipping low in ripples, highlighting the curve of her back. Her ivory locs where swept up into a long flowing ponytail that flowed down her back in welcoming curls, her toned legs extended into a pair of white thigh high boots.

Pidge openly gawked along side Keith and Shiro.

“Okkkkkkk...” Hunk said awkwardly as he handed the remaining ear pieces to Allura, Janae and Lance and explained how to use them.

“Let’s do this.” Lance said as he dramatically flipped his long hair over his shoulder and confidently strolled past everyone else.

“He’s having wayyyy to much fun with this.” Pidge sighed.

“Razzle Dazzel.” He said in response.

“I like your chocker.” Keith said to Janae as they exited the room.

Janae snort. “Of course you would.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” He asked unsure if he should be offended.

“You look like you fuck to My Chemical Romance.”

“Fuck you Janae!”

“Are you gon do it to My Chemical Romance?” She asked not bothering to hide her amusement as she waggled her eyebrows.

“Guys we need to focus.” Shiro said trying not to laugh as they divided up into groups, them
leaving first.

“This is going to be interesting.” Hunk said as he sat back in his seat and opened a bag of chips.

************

“Everyone in?” Shiro asked as he stood near the front of the dance floor, trying to avoid the sea of intoxicated bodies that swirled around him.

“I’m in.” Keith said sternly from beside the far end of the bar, his eyes roaming the crowd.

“I’m in.” Lance said with a smile as he flirted casually at the bar and received a free drink.

“I’m in.” Allura said as she walked around the crowd trying to find a comfortable position, not to cowed.

“Yup I’m in.” Janae said flatly as she stood in middle of the crowd. “This music sucks.”

“Pidge, Hunk do you have a visual?” Shiro said as he stood up straighter slightly turning his head.

“We have a visual.” Pidge smacked as she plopped a gummy worm in her mouth.

“Do we need to go over the plan again?” Shiro asked for the third time since their arrival.

“No.” Everyone said in unison.

“Fine and remember-“

“Don’t deviate from the plan. We know already Shiro.” Lance whined into his drink.

Everyone began to move meshing into the crowd and blending in, after a few songs Allura reached out to Janae.

“I can’t do this.”

“What’s wrong?” Janae asked, concern evident in her voice.

“I’m not comfortable with this.” Allura trailed off, gesturing to the madness of their environment.

“Where are you? I’ll come to you.” Janae said as she casually looked around the crowd, her view becoming blocked by a large silhouette.

Janae took a step back and looked up, her eyes meeting black sunglasses, a large bouncer stood before her with a smile on his face, Janae felt her skin crawl.

“I’m by the cages.” Allura said.

Shiro’s eyes roamed the room as he attempted to comb through its occupants and find his team, his eyes stopping on Janae politely denying the advances of a bouncer.

His eyes narrowed as he watched the man repeatedly grab her arm and attempt to dance with her. She moved with grace, smiling and pulling away.

“Janae do you need-“
“I’m fine.” She bit back as she softly shoved the man away and walked quickly to the far end of the club, her body becoming lost in the lively crowd.

“Shiro do you need an extraction?” Keith asked.

Shiro rolled his eyes, debating if he wanted to mute Keith’s line.

Allura moved around, trying to find a familiar face, relief settling over her as she took in Janae’s face.

“What’s wrong?” She asked softly, her hand reaching out for Allura’s, intertwining them together offering comfort in the unfamiliar setting.

“I’m not really sure how to dance to this music or know what exactly I’m supposed to be doing. All I know is that this dress is to short and if one more person asks me dance I’m going to snap.”

Janae tilted her head back and laughed, Allura’s proper English making the conversation overly formal. The music began to slowly change, settling into a fast paced dance song, a women sings shifting from Spanish to English, the words encouraging the people dancing to get closer.

Janae released Allura’s fingers and smiled as she moved around her sensually, the music becoming louder and louder as the crowd began to actively cheer, eagerly obeying the lyrics.

Janae twirled behind Allura her body still moving as she pressed up against her, one of her arms wrapping protectively around her waist, the tips of her fingers sitting suspiciously low as they trailed just below her panty line.

Allura stiffened at the touch.

“Relax.” Janae said softly, her lips tickling the back of Allura’s ear making her shiver.

“Just pretend I’m Pidge.” She whispered as she moved behind her, the words of the music moving to English.

Let’s skip this conversation
Just whine your body up

Allura felt her self relax as her hips fail into sync with Janae’s, the flow starting slow, gradually escalating with the encouragement of the lyrics.

I’m feeling your vibing, I’m riding high, it’s exotic

Allura sighed softly as she felt the soft touch of Janae’s hands as they began to trail up and down her body.

And I want you, I want you here
Pull me closer and closer and hold me tight to your body

Janae’s lips touched the back of Allura’s neck as they moved together, becoming more confident, Allura’s hand joined Janae’s as her other hand continued to feel her up, sliding down from her breast to her waist.

I wanna feel you, I wanna feel you near

The chorus hit hard, seducing their movements evolving into something beautiful and primal as
Janae dominated Allura’s body, rocking and swaying their hips together, trailing kisses down her exposed neck and upper back.

Their display catching Shiro’s and several other people’s attention. Shiro’s jaw dropped as he watched Janae move, watched the way her hands traveled possessively all over Allura’s body. Cupping her breast, grabbing her waist, rolling her hips, trailing kisses down her body, a smile never leaving those full lips as they continued to move, getting lost in the music.

“Ohh...” Was all he could manage, as he took in the sight playing before him, he ran his fingers lazily through his hair as he watched Lance sashay in their direction.

“What are you oh-ing for?” Keith asked intrusively as his violet eyes scanned the room.

The crowd seemed to part in waves around the three dancers giving them space as the song continued, lustful eyes drinking in the beautiful women erotically dancing with one another.

Shiro and Keith watched Lance moved behind Janae, walking his long fingers up the curve of back, he lightly pushed her forward with the bottom of his palm, his hands gripping her waist as she leaned forward touching her toes.

Lance began to move behind her, gracefully arching his back, moving into and out of her, a cocky smile gracing his lips as he reclined back, his hands still on her hips, his movements not stopping as he rocked into her on beat. Expertly grinding into her, bucking his hips forcefully. Shiro cut his eyes at Keith.

“Oh...” Is all Keith manages to say as the dance continues, the three of them moving and realigning together as the song shifts back into the chorus.

“What are you two oh-ing for? I wanna see.” Pidge chimed in.

Shiro pivoted slightly, offering a better visual.

“Ohhh....” Was the only thing Pidge managed to say after a moment.

Shiro watched the three of them move, Janae and Lance lifting Allura between them as they danced. Allura’s legs wrapped around Janae’s hips as she moved, rocking her body between her legs, her hands on her thighs as their lips danced together but never touching. Lance moved behind Allura, his arms holding her up from behind as he set his own pace, his body drilling into hers as he trailed teasing kisses up her neck. Allura through her head back, a look of sheer bliss etched across her lovely face as the kisses continued from her lips, down her neck to the hollow spot of her throat.

“Why’s everyone so quite-Ohhhh.” Hunk said as he took in the live feed and sat down beside Pidge.

The crowd seem to cease around them as they moved together, their bodies mingling to close to be anything but friends, limbs moving all over one another as they moved sandwiched together, reeking of sex.

Keith wondered if he should be jealous. Oh who? He wasn’t exactly sure.

The song ended and the three of them fail into a fit of giggles, their bodies still intertwined.
A bouncer approached them and Janae smiled as he lead them to a large birdcage to the left of the DJ.

“Half way there.” Janae smiled as she followed along side Lance and Allura inside of the cage.

The flow of the music began to change as the door to the cage closed behind them and rose several feet into the air.

“Oh shit, it’s about to get real.” Pidge said with a laugh.

“Are y’all ready this ?” Janae asked with a smile.

Lance made an unimpressed noise in the back of his throat.

“Question is, are they ready for me?”

He asked hotly as his eyes met the face of another in the cage across the room from them.

Allura laughed, the start of a forceful loud beat cutting her off.

You're so hypnotizing
Could you be the devil, could you be an angel

Your touch magnetizing
Feels like I'm floating, leaves my body glowing

The speakers screamed sending strong vibrations throughout the cage.

Janae moved first, pressing her body against the bars, closing her eyes as she moved sensually, she turned around slowly bouncing her ass, tossing a come-hither smile over her shoulder, a decent piece of the crowd flocked to their side of the club.

Hunk’s eyebrows shot up in surprise.

They say be afraid
You're not like the others, futuristic lover

Lance moved next, provocatively walking closer to the bars, confidently gyrating his hips as he danced behind the bars his hands moving all over his body as he leaned forward and stuck one of legs between the bars and moved, a sultry smile on his lip as he sybaritically rode the bars of the cage on beat.

You're from a whole other world
A different dimension

An array of cat calls thanked him and moved closer.

You open my eyes
And I'm ready to go, lead me into the light

Allura moved slowly, gracefully building up to more as she showcased the flexibility of her body, lifting her leg high and falling easily into a split, bouncing her ass, the sides of her dress following her movements.

Infect me with your love and fill me with your poison
More people flocked to their cage, wanting to see more, a few bold ones shoved their hands between the bars attempting to touch.

Take me, t-t-take me
Wanna be a victim, ready for abduction

The lights began to rapidly change, tossing the room in flashes of black and white, their bodies continued unphased, appearing in different posses, as if they where taking pictures with a Polaroid, still moving together.

You’re an alien, your touch so foreign
Its supernatural, extraterrestrial

The pattern of lights shifted encasing the room in black, Shiro watched in amazement as their bodies began to glow bright.

I wanna walk on your wave length
And be there when you vibrate

The white of Allura’s hair shined bright as she moved, her body a soft bright pink silhouette intoxicating the crowd around them.
Lance’s eyes seemed to glow brighter, as his body moved with Allura’s, encased in gold, his movements fun and flirtatious beside her.

For you I risk it all, all

Janae’s silhouette looked as if someone had hit her with a bunch of different glow sticks at once, resembling a splattered canvas, the three of them together looked risqué, as if they’d be held by the ankles and dipped nudely in paint.

Kiss me, k-k-kiss me
Infest me with your love and fill me with your poison

The crowd seemed to go wild with the discovery, treating it as a true spectacle.

“Their really putting on a show.” Hunk said in disbelief, watching.

“Did you know about the body paint?” Keith asked, addressing no one in particular.

“No.” They said in unison.

They watched silently as Janae moved between Allura and Lance, her body fluidly melting into theirs creating a ribbon of color. The song slowly ends, the room lighting back up.

“Anddddd we’re heading to the back.” Lance said with a laugh as the cage began to lift higher, merging into the second floor.

“Shiro, Keith I’m sending you a layout of the building now.” Pidge said as her fingers flew across her keyboard.

“And how are we supposed-“ Keith was interrupted by a beep as the lay out the building began to take shape in the front of his lenses.

“Thanks Pidge.” Shiro said as him and Keith moved forward, gaining access to the second floor.

“I’ve never been up here before.” Janae said as the stepped out of the cage and into the room.
The room was large, nearly three times the size of the dance floor, with a personal bar on the far end, pillars full of exotic fish where scattered throughout the room, a series of tables where placed throughout the room.

In the middle of the room sat a large leather black sectional, a large intimidating Galra sat in the middle of said sectional, surrounded by men, women and Galra alike each trying to get his attention as he leaned forward and touched the hookah in front of him.

The hairs on the back of Lance’s neck stood as he turned his attention on them, sizing them up, his eyes not bothering to be modest as he watched them walk through the room.

“Ummmmm this wasn’t what I expected.” Lance said nervously looking away as the Galra shot a smile his way.

“It’s weird how comfortable the people are here....mingling with so many....Galra.” Allura said as her eyes took in the room, noting the number of Galra to human ratio. Galra and men alike where a mix of bouncers and guards.

“Umm Pidge do you have a layout?” Janae asked as she ushered everyone to the bar, away from the prying eyes of the room.

“Give me a minute....yeah for some reason I can’t find a layout of upstairs...fucking weird. But from my visual through Shiro and Keith’s lenses, I see an additional room has been added.”

“Where’s the room?” Lance asked trying to whisper.

“Mmmh it’s in the same hallway as the bathrooms, a bit further down but to get to innnnn you’ll need palm recognition of someone who works there.” Hunk added.

“Ok soooo here’s plan, I sneak back into that room you guys can be the distraction.” Lance said leaning forward conspiring.

“That probably won’t work.” Allura said flatly looking past his shoulder.

“What why not?“

“Because there’s a Galra bouncer coming up behind you and chances are he’s here to pick one us.” Janae said rolling her eyes.

“Wait what do you mean pick-“ Lance was interrupted by a large purple hand as it sat on his shoulder, the large claw threatening to rip into his flesh at any given moment.

“The owner would like to make your acquaintance.” The Galran said deeply, his eyes drilling holes into the back of Lance’s skull.

“Uhhh me? Righttttt make my acquaintance.” He said nervously, his eyes meeting Janae and Allura before he was ushered away.

“Well that just happened.” Pidge said amused.

“Allura I think you should be the one to plant the drive.” Janae said as she sat down casually at the bar.

“Is there a particular reason?”

“You see the bouncer all the way to the far right by the green pillar?” Allura’s eyes casually drifted
in the mentioned direction trying not to catch unwanted attention. Her eyes landed on a large man, pretending not to look at them.

“I do.”

“Well he’s sorta been watching me since we got here andddddd I’m pretty sure he’d follow me as soon as I even attempted to go near the bath rooms alone.” Janae said with a sigh crossing her legs.

“That’s fine.” Allura said as she leaned in closer toward Janae, pressing her lips to her cheek.

“I’ll intersect anyone trying to stop you.” Janae whispered as Allura pulled away and smiled, she turned on her heels and walked away.

Janae sighed annoyed as she spun around on her stool, her eyes landing on a potentially familiar face. She eyed the bartender curiously, as he moved freely around the bar, cleaning and rearranging things. She watched him a moment taking in the large gages in his ears, the curly short hair, and the tattoos that littered his left arm, Janae dragged her eyes down from his face and searched for a name tag. There wasn’t one.

“Do you want to take a picture?” He asked.

“What?”

“It’ll last longer.” He said with a smirk as he slid a shot glass her way.

For some reason his attractive face and smug remark together piss her off.

“Fuck you.”

“I get off in a couple of hours, what you tryna do?” He asked even more amused as he took his time cleaning out a few glasses.

Janae grumbles as she downs her shot and walks away without paying. The bartender simply laugh behind her.

Allura confidently strides down the hallway towards the bathrooms, she casually makes eye contact with a Galran guarding the door and winks, he seems surprised by the interest, choosing to blush, the light fur on his cheeks darkening in color.

Allura simply smiles as she strolls a few feet away into the women’s restroom, she begins to count slowly in her head, she makes it to 15 just as He slides into the room shyly, his eyes hungrily on her.

“That’s fucking rude.” Pidge chimed in.

“H-hello.” He said timidly as his eyes roamed up and down her body.

She simply smiled as she leaned backward against the large counter top of the sink in the bathroom, her eyes on him as he fidgeted under her stare.

“That’s fucking rude.” Pidge chimed in.

“H-hello.” He said timidly as his eyes roamed up and down her body.

She simply smiled as she leaned backward against the large counter top of the sink in the bathroom, her eyes on him as he fidgeted under her stare.

“Can I help you?” She asked politely, it’s her first time seeing such a non hostile Galra, she’s a bit skeptical as her eyes look him over. He’s about average height, one of his ears is nipped, shorter then the other one, light purple fur cover his body, his long white hair is pulled into a low ponytail.
“Kick his ass Allura.” Keith suggested.

“I was hoping you could.” He said as he stepped toward her eagerly.

“Hunk does the palm recognition specifically only accept Galran dna?” Allura asked not bothering to hide her conversations in front of her company as she pulled her Bayard from out of her thigh high boot.

He visibly stiffens at her words, his eyes going to the odd device in her hands.

“Your an intruder-“ He starts.

“Yup, as long as it’s Galran you should have full access.”

“Just wanted to double check.” She said as her Bayard began to glow taking shape, his eyes widen as he took a surprised step back, reaching for the walkie-talky on his hip.

“Ah ah ah.” She teased as she snapped her chain in his direction, knocking the device out of his hands, she lunged toward him mercilessly.

Lance shivered as he was guided to the large leather sectional in the middle of the room, a cloud of smoke greeted him rudely, hitting him in his face threatening to smother him. He ungracefully coughed fanning the smoke away, the people around the Galra seem to frown at his actions, as if blowing toxic smoke in another persons face is acceptable.

Abso-fucking-lutely not, that’s the text book definition of rude.

The Galran seems amused as he watched Lance fidget and repress the urge to cough.

“Excuse you.” He said fanning away the second round that makes it his way.

“Excuse me?” He asked with a smile as he watched Lance, taking his time running his eyes up and down his body, attempting to devour him.

“Yes, that’s very rude.”

He smiled as he sat the hookah down on the table between them, his eyes never leaving Lance.

“Do you know who I am?”

“Let me guess, someone with no manners.” Lance replied back crossing his arm across his chest, annoyance obvious in his response.

Everyone around them seems to hold their breath, unsure how the Galran would react to blatant disrespect.

He simply leans back against the sectional and waves the people and few Galran away from around them, clearing the sectional completely. Lance watched as he pat the spot beside him, encouraging him to sit.

Lance didn’t sit. The large Galran laughed as he rose to his feet and offered his hand to Lance. Lance reluctantly uncrossed his arms and shook the offered him, the feeling of unease sinking in as he watched his hand completely disappear under purple.
“I am Sendak, It’s been a while since I’ve had the luxury of breaking in a new body.” He said boldly to Lance, pulling him to sit with him on the sectional.

“What is your name?” He asked with a smile, not letting go of Lance’s hand.

“Layla.” He supplies the lie easily, without a second thought as he snatched his hand out of Sendak’s.

“Bring us fruit and leave.” He says dismissively to the two guards idly remaining with a flick of his wrist.

“Uhhh thanks?”

Sendak turned his attention back to Lance and placed his sharp fingers under his chin, forcing him to maintain eye contact.

“You have such tantalizing eyes.” He said softly as he slowly released Lance’s chin.

“You too.” Lance quickly huffed returning the compliment as he watched the guards return with a large fancy assortment of fruit decoratively placed on metal trays.

Lance plucked a piece of sliced mango out of the assortment and moaned as he bit into it.

Sendak curiously watched him, his ears twitching up to the noise Lance made while eating.

“Why have I never see you before?” He asked as he not so subtly placed his hand on Lance’s thigh, Lance stopped mid chew and looked down at the overly large warm hand radiating heat and gulped.

“Uhhh guys could we speed this along? If not Lance is gonna need an extraction.”

Hunk said seriously as he watched the scene play out, Pidge seemed entertained as she watched Lance impolitely lift the non consensual hand from his thigh.

“Let us know if you need us Lance.” Shiro said as he made his way to the bar, casually looking across the room, his eyes zoning in on Lance.

Shiro heard a light clicking sound in his ear and Keith started to speak, obviously annoyed.

“Can you believe this guy?”

Shiro shook his head.

“Like who the fuck does he think he is touching Lance and feeding him fruit and shit.” Keith said as he watched Sendak feed Lance a strawberry.

“He doesn’t need help eating.” He hissed.

“Keith you sound-“ Shiro trailed off.

“I sound what?”

“Never mind.”
“Allura hows it going on your end?” Shiro asked as he watched Janae entertain a group of bored guards, distracting them from entering the same hallway as Allura.

“Half way there.” Allura said as she held her chain high above her head, she moved quickly digging the heel of her boot into the chest of the Galran knocking him back as she moved the chain above her head like a lasso.

The bathroom was destroyed, several of the stall doors knocked of the hinges, a toilet had been uprooted and water was flowing freely from the shattered pipe onto the tile floor.

She turned around and hopped onto the granite counter top of the sink, slashing her chain forward, watching as it made contact with his wrist, wrapping around it.

His eyes widen as he pivoted, yanking his arm attempting to break free.

Allura narrowed her eyes as she clicked the base of her weapon, sending a spark of sharp white in his direction, stunning and knocking him out.

She slide down from the counter gracefully and opened the bathroom door, peeking into the hallway.

Her eyes fail on Janae talking animatedly to a group of Galra and men, as she encouraged them to drink, a few of them reached for her, offhandedly touching.

She laughed as she avoided their advances.

Allura gripped the base of her weapon hard and pulled, she moved quickly sliding the Galran behind her as she tiptoped across the hallway.

She stopped at the door her eyes landing on the Access pad, she moved toward the sleeping guard and pressed the palm of his hand to the pad and watched as it lit up, the door clicked as it slightly swung opened.

She continued to move, dragging the Galran in the room behind her and shut the door.

“I’m in.” She said as her eyes roamed the brightly lit room.

“I’m not getting a visual for some reason.” Pidge said disappointed with a frown.

Allura chuckled as she pulled the flash drive from her boot and inserted it.

“Pidge I know how to do this.”

“I didn’t say you didn’t. What’s our wait time?”

“Five minutes.” Allura said as she watched a tiny green lion icon appear on the screen, it roared as a bar loaded on the screen, showing the remaining percentage left.

“Lance to do you think you can last a bit longer?” Shiro asked as he made his rounds around the room, his eyes on the circle of Galra and humans Janae seemed to be distracting.

“Uh yeah.” Lance mumbled back.

“Good, hopefully this will go off without any problems.” Shiro hoped.

“Tell me about yourself.” Sendak inquired as he watched Lance, attempting to feed him another chocolate covered strawberry.

“Uhhhh what would you like to know?” Lance asked uncomfortably as he bit into the strawberry.
“Everything. Why have I never seen you before? What do you like? And who are you looking at?”
Sendak asked sternly as he turned in the direction of where Lance had been stealing glances.
Sendak’s eyes landed on Janae and he raised a brow.

“Is the popular one in Black your partner?”

“Psssh no.”

Sendak raised a brow and Lance struggled to recover.

“I mean we’re just really good friends.”

“I saw you dancing with her. Looks like more then friendship to me.”

“........” Lance really hoped Shiro somehow misheard that.

Shiro frowned in their direction, he’d heard that.

“Hey Shiro.” Keith started.

“What?” He asked unamused.

“You look like...” He trailed off.

“What?”

“Never mind.” Keith replied clearly amused.

“Ah well are you in the market for a partner? I could show you things you’ve never experienced
before.” He said as he locked his fingers with Lance’s and casually slid them in his lap, allowing
Lance to feel solid bulge in his pants.

“Ay dios mio.” Lance squawked his eyes unpurposely moving down locked on their hands.

Keith approached the bar casually, pretending not to pay attention.
But he was.
If he hadn’t of been he wouldn’t of seen the way Lance’s face heated up when the large Galran
boldly placed Lance’s hand on his dick.

Sendak seems pleased with his response.
“You speak Spanish?” He asked with a smile as he leaned in closer and spoke, his lips tickling
Lance’s ear as he did.

“Te haré suplicar por mí.” He said with a confident smile as pulled away slowly, watching the
blush spread from Lance’s cheeks down his neck.

“Lance what the fuck did he say?” Keith asked irritated trying to keep his voice down.

The bartender side eyed him.

Sendak pulled away for a moment and summoned a guard. “Bring us some wine. And leave the
bottle.

Lance could feel himself freaking out as he spoke.
“Uh guys can you hurry up-“

“This is harddddd. Hurry up Allura.” Janae whined as she plastered a fake smile on her lips as she tried to stop the onslaught of hands and touches that gradually started at her legs and traveled up. “I’m ready to punch something.” She hissed, swatting away hands.

“It’s done.” Allura said as she casually stepped out of the room and made her way down the hallway back into the room.

“Finally.” Janae said quickly pulling away, stopping when a large hand clamped down on her wrist. The bouncer from earlier stood before her, his eyes locked on her, he smiled as his attempt to pull her close was met with resistance.

“Where ya goin lovely?” He asked his grin widening, revealing a row of sharp pointed teeth.

“I’m going home.” She spat at him, trying to pull her wrist out of his grasp.

“Why don’t you stay a little longer so i can get to-“

Lance scrambled back on the sectional, trying to put distance between him and Sendak.

“You don’t even know me.” Lance said as he refused to take the offered flute of wine.

“I’m getting to know you now.” Sendak said as he placed his large hand on Lance’s waist and pulled him closer.

“I’m really not-“

“That kind of girl, so fuck off.” Janae spat aggressively as she stood her ground, the bouncers amusement fueling the fire of her annoyance.

Red flags were going up all over the place and Hunk was starting to panic. This was not going to end quietly.

“Uh guys you need to get out of there.” Pidge said as she watched the guard Allura knocked out earlier stagger out of the control room.

Keith looked around the room his eyes meeting Shiro’s, he nodded and moved first.

The bartender cleared his throat behind him as he slid an empty bottle across the bar, Keith watched as he slowly backed away and ducked behind the bar.

Allura’s eyes met the disoriented guard and he growled lunging at her as she crouched into a defensive stance.

Keith smirked as he grabbed the neck of the bottle and smashed it into the bar, signifying the
destruction of chaos. Several eyes landed on him.

A bouncer and guard moved toward him, their fists in the air ready to swing, he easily dodge and rammed the broken bottle into the chest of the bouncer, he pivoted and slammed his elbow into the nose of the guard sending them both to the ground.

“I said let go of me!” Janae said as she shifted her body, bringing her leg up and striking the bouncer harshly in his upper chest, mid section and groin. He crumpled at her feet.

“Uhh you seem like a nice guy and everything...but uhhh I don’t think I’m ready for any of this.” Lance said as he stumbled to his feet, moving away from the sectional.

“I don’t do rejection.” Sendak growled as he rose to his feet, advancing towards Lance.

“Look man that has nothing to do with me.” Lance said his hands defensively in front of him as he backed away, he felt his back bump into something solid, he turned around slowly and gulped, several guards stood behind him.

“Sit. Down.” Sendak growled as he reached for Lance’s wrist.

“Look. I don’t fight, I don’t argue, I just—” Lance started as he grabbed the bottle from the table and smashed it into the left side of Sendak’s face, Lance watched as he staggered back and yelled.

Lance dodged the outstretched hands of the guards and jumped over the table.

Allura advanced forward dodging the weak hits of the guard, he was clearly still disoriented, she held her ground as she slammed her fist into his throat, he went down and Allura quickly stepped over him and ran toward Janae, joining her in the ring of men. She stood behind her, back to back as they sized up their opponents.

“Your very popular Janae.” Allura as she dodged a kick and returned it harshly, the boot of her heel slamming into the chest of a guard.

“Well what can I say? People like me.” Janae replied back with a laugh as she took a defensive stance, crouching low as she moved, slamming an open palm up under the chin of a bouncer.

Shiro moved quickly, his arm stopping the advancement of a guard as he ran toward Allura, he slammed his metal fist into midsection of the guard and tossed him like a frisbee into three bouncers.

“You guys are really causing a scene.” Pidge said rolling her eyes beside Hunk.

“I knew this was a bad idea.” He mumbled from beside her.

“Oh shit oh shit oh shit.” Lance chanted as he dodged the advancement of two guards, he picked up a nearby trash can and tossed it at them, hitting a guard square in the face, he bumped into Keith.

Keith smiled as he swung in Lance’s direction, Lance dodged and watched as Keith’s fist connected with the eye of a guard.

“Come on Layla, don’t tell me your scared.” He teased as he moved striking a bouncer.

“I ain’t never scared! Just a little nervous.” Lance said ducking as the trash can returned and flew in his direction. Lance spun on his heels and posted up, dodging the wild swing of a bouncer and two
pieced him, his fists moving quickly.

“Guys you need to get out of there now!!” Hunk nearly yelled as he watched the destruction of the room unravel.

“Gee what do you think we’re doing buddy?” Janae asked sarcastically.

“No we thought we’d stay, maybe get a couple of drinks, a togo box.” Lance sassed right along side Janae.

“Guys focus we need to get out of here.” Shiro said as he glanced around the room.
“Pidge any suggestions?”

“Mmmh you may be able to leave faster by the way you came. They have all exits blocked off except the cage.” She chimed in helpfully.

“Thanks. Guys when I count to FIVE we need to be in the bird cage and leaving.” Shiro said as he turned around and kicked away a bouncer.

“One.”

Keith moved quickly as he jumped over a table, slamming down into two guards in the process as he advanced toward the far end of the room.

“Two.”

Allura pivoted, her Bayard activating as she raised it high above her head and tossed a guard into a table behind her. She moved quickly running toward the cage on the far end of the room.

“Three.”

“Get off of me!!” Janae yelled as she raised her leg above her head and slammed it down hard into the head of a guard.
She smirked as he staggered backwards and fail, she shifted on her feet and ran heading into the direction of the cage in the far corner of the room.

“Four.”

“Geez!! You guys are persistent.” Lance wheezed as he sidestepped out of reach of a large guard.

“Layla where are you going?!?” Sendak yelled from across the room, applying pressure to the left of his face, drops of crimson sliding past his fingers and rolled down his wrist.

“I think we should see other people!!”

Lance said as he hauled ass across the room heading in the direction of the cage in the far side of the room.

“Five.”

Shiro said as he willed his hand to change, he slammed the blade forward slicing through a large table that flew in his direction, he side stepped and slammed his elbow behind him into the face of a bouncer, he continued to move forward running to the cage in the far end of the room.
Janae and Keith caught his wrists and snatched him into the cage as it descended down back onto the dance floor.

The five of them moved quickly, slipping through the crowd, they continued moving quickly finding the exits.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was fun af to write.
Here’s some notes you sluts

*********- a few hours have Pasted (duh)

Odd ass Songs playing in the club
Et-Katy perry
Whine up- kat Deluna

Spanish trans
Lance- oh my god
Sendak- I’ll make you beg for me
Keith- back off bitch!!

The lines Lance referenced from songs;
Miss B- Bottle action (I don’t fight I don’t argue, i just hit that bitch with a bottle)

Bonecrusher- Never scared ( I ain’t never scared!!)
We’re gonna play some Simon says, whatever I say you have to do. Ready?

Sabvis turns up the volume of the large stereo in Janae’s living room, the soca beat drums loud throughout the condo.

Si-monnnnnnnnsaysssssbend ya back, bend ya back, bend ya back, bend ya back, bend ya back, bend ya back

Janae sashays into the living room bouncing on the balls of her feet as Sabvis easily pushes furniture out of her way. Her hair is tied up and piled high in a scarf of golds and reds, she wears a white halter top and a long wrap around skirt, its tied in a knot above her right thigh, showcasing a healthy amount of leg. As she moves her bracelets chime. She looks like the mother land as she flows to the music.

She leans forward on the balls of her feet, and arches her back, enjoying being bossed around by the lyrics, a happy smile sits on her lips.

Bend ya back, bend ya back, bend ya back, bend ya back, ya back, bend ya bend ya

She continues to move fluidly, Sabvis joins her his movements mirroring her as he dances. His hair is also tied up and piled high in a scarf of golds and reds, he’s shirtless, a pair of red sweatpants hang low on his hips.

Janae steps back as he steps forward, taking center stage. He confidently moves, his body shifting and twisting as his arms move right along with him, he looks graceful. Like he’s fighting to music.

“Is he crumping?” Keith asked with a raised brow as he turned to Pidge. The look on his face read more of a what the fuck, then the question he actually asked.

Bend ya back, bend ya back, bend ya back, bend ya back, bend ya back, One, Two, Threeee, FoUR, One, Two, Threeee, FoUR, Tick Tock, Tick Tock, Tick Tock more

“Mmmh.” Pidge said looking up from her laptop, she adjusted her glasses and watched Sabvis dance. “He’s pretty good.”

“That’s clearly not what I asked.”

Janae steps forward, they stood side by side and flowed together, as they swayed, dipped, rocked and turned, Shiro wonders if this is a dance routine they’ve created the night before.
Sabvis moved, pivoting to his left, turning his back to Keith and Pidge, he placed his hands on his knees and arched his back, popping quickly in tune with the music.

Janae bounces toward him, she moves placing the palm of her hand on the small of his back, she leans back, her hips to his ass as she follows behind him, letting him lead.

Tick Tock, Tick Tock, Tick Tock more.
Say I love carnival. I love carnival. Say I love carnival. I love carnival. Now jump jump jump jump

Hunk laughs from the kitchen. Lance bounces idly beside him, enjoying the music.

Bend ya back, bend ya back, bend ya back, bend ya back, bend ya back

“Come on Lance.” Janae invites with a laugh as she steps aside, and lets him slid in her place, the three of them move together, with Lance happily sandwiched between the two.

Shiro slowly pulled his eyes and way and turned his attention to Pidge. She sat at the kitchen table tapping furiously on her keyboard.

“Pidge anything new?” He asked as he made his way in her direction.

“The Galra have a much more advanced system set up then we do…” she mumbled as she continued to type, “Give me some time and I’ll be able to unlock everything we need to know.”

“Ok, do you need anything?” He asked politely.

“Nope.” She said popping the P.

Shiro nodded and turned away, heading back to the couch to watch the show. His friends are all fucking weird, he mused as he sat down and watched Lance attempt to learn the moves to the Trinidad music.

“How the fuck do they still have energy for dancing?” Keith asked crossing his arms, he sat back in his chair and glared at the three happy beings.

“Keith when are you gonna stop being mad? Go kiss Lance and make up.” Pidge said absently, her hands still moving.

“What?!”

“Dude we all heard you on the channel gawking at Lance.” Hunk added as he sat down at the table with a bowl of freshly chopped fruit.

“I don’t know what either of you are talking about.” He lied turning away.

“You can lie to us, but you can’t lie to yourself.” Hunk said pointing a piece of fruit at him.

“Whatever I don’t like Lance.”

“Oh Lanceee, I love youuuuu as much as I love my black shirtsssss.” Pidge said deepening her voice, attempting an imitation of Keith.

“But I’m to busy wearing black eyeliner and pretending I don’t have feelings to say anything.”
Hunk added, making his already deep voice higher.
“I don’t wear eyeliner.” He hissed.

“But you don’t deny anything else?” Allura asked with a raised brow as she settled down at the table.

Keith abruptly stood up and grabbed his red leather jacket. “Whatever I’m leaving.” He said with a growl as he slipped the jacket on and headed toward the door, his brother stood up and followed behind him.

“Keith your leaving?” Shiro asked, stopping him at the door.

Keith stilled a moment, the tips of his fingers on the door knob.

“Yeah...” He said flatly not turning around.

“Do you have your blade?” Shiro asked politely, he wanted to ask where his younger sibling was going...but he tell his brother was in one of those moods where he preferred to be alone.

“I do.” Keith said turning around slipping his Bayard from his pocket.

“No your other one.”

“Always.” Keith said with a smile as he opened the door and stepped out into the night.

“Be safe.” Shiro called from the welcome mat, Keith waved to his brother as he started his bike and pulled away.

Keith

I inhaled and exhaled deeply as I made my way across down town, freeing my mind as the crisp night air hung close to me like a cape. I watched the lights of the city glow around me shifting in color the longer I drive.

I road for another few miles, no destination in mind, my eyes roaming the busy streets of the night.

A bar with an almost vacant lot catches my attention and I pull in, quickly parking. I take my helmet with me as I walk in and discover there’s a sizeable crowd of people mingling inside.

A group of drunken women trip over them selfs and butcher the lyrics to a Britney Spears song. The people of the crowd are either to drunk or to deaf to notice as they cheer happily encouraging the group to go on.

It’s karaoke night.

I take my time finding a place to sit, not wanting to be bothered. I sit in the middle of the bar and hope for the best.

The bartender turns around and smiles, I get the feeling I’ve seen him somewhere else, as I take in the large gages, curly hair and tattoos all over his arm. That’s weird, I think as I order a drink.

As I’m downing my fourth drink someone sits next to me, as he slides into his seat his elbow lightly bumps into mine.

“My apologies.” He says quickly, his accent polished and clear as he rights himself into his seat.

“It’s ok.” I simply say as I slid my empty glass across the bar.

I feel eyes on me and I look up. I forget how to breath as I take in the most striking person I’ve
ever seen in my life. The lights of the bar cast a strange muted glow, making his skin appear lavender. I open my mouth to speak, but produce no words as he watched me with curious sharp blue eyes, I feel the tips of my ears heat up as I realize he’s waiting for me to say something. I look away as embarrassment waves at me from the stool across the room, he’s happily sharing a drink with my anxiety.

“Bartender can you give us a round of whatever he’s having?” He asks his English accent once again catching my attention. A round of drinks is quickly slid our way, I politely slid my untouched drink to him.

“Thanks but no thanks.” I said as I watched the bartender refill my empty glass, if I take a drink he’ll expect something in return. And I’m not in the mood for that.

My minds is still reeling from the events of the last two days. Between the fights, attacks, and new weapons the realization that this is all real...that we actually have to fight a war that’s been raging on for thousands of years dawns on me. Don’t even get me started on what happened at the club...My eye twitches just thinking about it.

Pidge and Hunk’s words float to the surface of my mind, I’m not making up with Lance....unless he wants too...only if he’s been thinking about what happened in his hallway.....

I have.

It constantly streams through my mind like a live feed. The touches, the kisses, his face beneath me when he came....the look of regret on his face when he pulled away with my cume still fresh on his hands.

Fuck Lance.

I take a long sip of my drink, not even tasting the burn of the alcohol as it goes down dry.

“Please, I insist.” The attractive stranger says as he slid the drink back over to me, pulling me from my thoughts and reminding me where I am.

“I said no thanks.” I say harshly knocking the drink over in my haste to push it away, we watch as the brown liquid spills over the chestnut colored counter, threatening to slip over the edges and fall to the floor.

The bartender looks at me like I’ve lost my mind.

“S-sorry.” I say as I move my hands, the liquid runs down my fingerless gloves and spills down my wrist. The man beside me gets up from his seat and returns with a handful of napkins, I watch as he quickly sops up the mess. My mess.

“Thanks.” I mumble embarrassed for not just accepting the damn drink in the first place.

He chuckles softly as he tosses away the napkins. “You are rather feisty.” He says with a smile as the bartender replaces the drink, but not before eye balling me.

“So do you usually spend your Saturday nights at bars, knocking over drinks and making strangers clean up your messes?” He asked politely as he took a long swing of his drink.

I snort at the question and answer honestly. “I usually don’t drink. Usually don’t end up in bars.
Usually don’t get drinks from strangers.”

“Ah well I couldn’t tell.”

“Today was just one of those days.” I sighed.

“Same.” He dead pans dryly taking a gulp of his drink and I laugh, after a moment he joins me and we fall into steady conversation.

“So tell me,” He starts and my ears perk up. “Did it hurt?”

“Did what hurt?”

“When you fail from heaven?”

I snorted into my drink.

“No, but it hurt when I scabbed my knee crawling from Hell.”

He laughs at that. A deep body laugh, the kind of laugh where you lean forward and hold your sides kind of laugh.
I like the way it sounds, it sounds the way my drink tastes.

“You are rather amusing.” He says after a moment, another round of drinks make it our way and I’ve lost count of how many drinks I’ve had.

I start to feel my mind and body dip into a comfortable haze as the affects of the liquor flow through me. It’s such a nice feeling, for the life of me I can’t remember why I don’t allow myself this privilege. To just let go and not worry about the bullshit in my life.

I swing around quickly in my stool and nearly fall off, the man beside me catches my arm before I can meet the floor.
His grip is firm but gentle, he radiates heat.

“Be careful Red or you’ll be laying on the floor.” He said as he hesitantly released my arm once he felt sure I wouldn’t topple over. But I don’t pay any mind to that, my mind is still stuck on the pet name he’s called me.

His eyes meet mind and his brows raise in confusion, “I’m sorry, I was just trying to make sure you didn’t-“

“You called me Red....” I said cutting him off, my eyes never leaving his as I picked up his drink and took a sip.

“Well you haven’t told me your name...but your jacket and helmet are....” He trails off nervously.

“Say it again.” I say breathlessly as he takes his drink from my hands, the tips of his fingers brushing across mine in the process .

“Red” He repeats softly, his voice washes over me and spreads warmth throughout my chest as I catch my self staring at his lips.

“What am I supposed to call you?” I ask as I watch an Ivory strand of hair fall into his face, just above his right eye.
I reach forward without thinking, tucking the strand of hair back behind his pointed ear.
He exhales deeply, his eyes on me as I trail my fingers through his hair, slowly, growing immersed in the act as my fingers slip through hair so white it looks silver.

“Silver.” I say with a smile as I pull away. He simply nods and sips his half finished drink.

We watch in silence as an obviously tipsy shirtless man walks on stage, guitar in hand. He quickly adjusts the mike and brings the guitar forward.

“Evette, This song is for you.”

I sit back in my seat and look around the almost empty bar, there are no women here. Who the fuck is Evette?

He strums random chords loudly and leans forward.
“ I love you bitchhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

He strums the same mess of chords again.
“ I’m never gon stop lovin you bitchhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

To my surprise several people clap as he trips off stage, I’m happy Evette wasn’t here for that.

“Well that happened.” I say as I spun back around in my seat, not caring to watch the next performance.

“So tell me Red, why are you here drinking away your troubles?” Despite the question, his words hold no malice only interest.

Before I can filter what I’m saying the liquor pushes me forward, it dips and pulls around me reminding me there’s no reason to feel shame in sharing. There’s nothing wrong with being honest.

“I had a misunderstanding with a friend and now it’s weird.” I said dejectedly as I played idly with a straw.

“Mmmh misunderstanding between friends can be rather...unfortunate. Have you tried talking to them about it?”

I scoffed. “He’d rather pretend it didn’t happen.”

It’s his turn to scoff. “Well do you want to talk about it?”

I hesitate for a moment, debating if bringing up what happened is a good idea.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want too. But as I’ve grown older I’ve learned sometimes it’s nice to just have someone listen.” He said with a soft smile as he pulled the straw from between my fingers catching my attention.

“Who better to listen then a stranger?”

He wants to listen, so I talk.

About everything.

About my feelings prior, about what happened about how the person I wanted the most pulled away and told me my feelings where invalid and that we should just both act as if nothing
happened. That we should just be normal. Casual. What the fuck is normal?! I hiccup into my drink as I finish, the feeling of sadness washes back over me, threatens to drown me, pulling me so far to the bottom of the ocean floor that I don’t bother to fight. I close my eyes and contemplate drowning.

This is why I don’t drink.

Things I have no problem avoiding confront me and demand answers, when I’m drinking, problems I’m never ready to address confront me seeking retribution.

I can throw a punch, I can wield a sword, I can sharpen a blade, but I can’t be honest with the person I see in the mirror.

“Well I’m sorry to say this...ok not really, but your friend is a fucking idiot.” Silver says with an eye roll as he flips his wrist in the air as if the information I’ve told him is just preposterous. It makes him stick out more in the bar, as he’s been edited and dropped into frame.

I lean forward and laugh hard, I laugh so hard my shoulders shake with amusement, I wipe a tear from under my eye as I come back down from my fit.

“And if we’re being honest if I had the opportunity, I wouldn’t have so easily let you slip between my fingers.” He says so serious it’s almost a growl, his eyes on me as he speaks.

I like the attention. I like it so much the bartender can pour it in my cup and charge me for it.

“Don’t say things you don’t mean.” I reply back narrowing my eyes.

“I meant every word...” He trailed off his blue eyes on my lips.

I’m not sure what’s in the air, but I can taste it, taste the lust that floats between us and threatens to light up the room.

“Don’t tempt me with a good time.”

I feel the desire to pick up a match and light that spark, I want to see what happens. Will it be a slow burn or an immediate explosion.

“Little Red, Little Red let me in.”

My eyes widen as I turn completely toward him in my seat, curiosity, alcohol and desire swish dangerously together in the pit of my stomach.

I lean toward him, placing my drink down on the counter, we’re so close our knees bump together as I commit my full attention. “If I let you in ....will you eat me?”

“I plan to devour you.” He said as he moved toward me, his hand cupping my cheek. “What ever you want, I’ll give you that and more.”

My dick jumps at his declaration, the words of temptation igniting a want buried so deep I can’t deny it’s presence.

We move at the same time, our lips crashing together as I let him take control, let him dictate how he wants me. He takes his time picking and pulling me a part, testing the waters, his hands are
strong but his touch is gentle, as if he’s scared of breaking me. I push forward, my hands meet at his chest and ball into fists with the fabric of his jacket, I step up as he steps back, deepening the kiss, my tongue quickly sliding between his lips. I explore his mouth and over indulge once I taste a moan from his lips.

I want more. I want all of him. I want as much as he’ll let me have and MORE.

I move my hands up and card my fingers through his long hair, he breaks the kiss pulling away slowly, his eyes meeting mine just before he trails open mouth kisses down my neck, earning a groan as he sucks a little harder.

Someone clears their throat from behind us, breaking the spell. Reluctantly we pull apart and look at the source of our interruption.

The bartender glares at us.

“I’m going to need y’all to pay and get a room-“

Before he can finish Silver stands, he reaches in his pocket and pulls a large bill out of his wallet and slams it onto the counter.

“Are you ready to go Red?” He asks, his breathing erratic as he pushes a few stray strands of hair from his face.

I nod as I grab my helmet and follow behind him.

Once we step into the night air I breath in and breath out deeply, the cool air feels wonderful across my skin, I turn and watch him. He’s tall and lean, for a second I remember the way he held me in the bar and blush, as I realize he held back. He pulls a cellphone from his pocket and makes a quick call, once the conversation ends he quickly slides the phone back into his pocket and turns my way.

He steps toward me and waits, letting me come to him first, it’s obvious he wants to touch but I find his patience attractive as he allows me to set our pace.

It’s probably a bad idea, because I’m greedy and impatient.

He’s much taller then me, I muse as I notice the top of my head meets him mid chest. I reach toward him, my fingers intertwining in his hair and pull gently, he follows, our eyes meet and I lean forward on the tips of my toes and press our lips together.

He moves, effortlessly lifting me in his arms as the kiss deepens, our tongues meet in the middle as he slips past my open lips, he backs me up against the door of the bar, I bite his bottom lip and slowly pull away, a smile on my lips.

I bask in the look of surprise he gifts me as he dives back in for more, his kisses never stopping as they trail from lips, down my neck, he’s going to leave marks behind. I welcome the thought of those pretty reminders as he bites down harder, dragging a pleased groan from out of me.

Our lips don’t stop moving as a black car with tented windows pulls up, our lips don’t stop as a strange women with bright eyes and multi colored skin holds the door open for us.

He lifts me in his lap as the door closes, his lips move all over me as he attempts to taste every bit of me in the back seat, I groan as he palms me through my jeans, the fabric doing little to hide my obvious arousal.

Our lips meet again as I straddle his waist, my hands roaming all over him as I roll my hips into
him, the friction is delicious but not enough. I roll my hips again and relish in the fact that I can pull these sounds out of him.

All at once the car pulls to a stop and he scoops me in his arms, a light drizzle is falling as we step out of the vehicle, the women with the bright eyes and rainbow colored skin smiles at me as I’m placed back on my feet. She holds an umbrella open for us as we walk, I look up and take in the large extravagant five start hotel in front of me, his hand slips into mind and I follow behind him.

The women closes the umbrella once we make it to the doors, she follows behind us quietly as I look around. The floors are granite, a large fountain sits in the middle of the lobby, the walls are cream colored and the ceilings are high.

We step into the elevator and I feel his eyes on me, I look up slowly and he smiles as he places a chaste kiss to my lips.

Once the doors open the women continues to walk with us, she stops at the door and opens it.

I try not to gawk as I take in the overly luxurious suit. His hand slips into mine as he guides me through the room.

“Ezor thank you, I’ll call you if I need anything.” He says dismissively, she bows in response and walked away closing the door behind her.

I sit on the edge of the California king size bed and slide back, my feet no longer touching the floor.

He walks around the room and goes into the kitchen, I hear him open cabinets and rattle cups.

“Would you like anything?” He asks politely from the kitchen.

“Yeah, for you to fuck me.” I say impatiently.

I am not a gentlemen.

I hear a noise as if he’s dropped something, he quickly appears before me an interesting expression graces his beautiful features.

“You are rather distracting and vulgar. Do you know that?” He asks his blue eyes on me.

I lazily shrug as I stand from the bed, I quickly remove my jacket and toss it across the room, his eyes still on me as I reach down and do the same with my shoes.

“No.” He says after a moment, as I’ve placed my hands on the bottom of my shirt.

“No?”

“Go slower.”

“Slower?”

“Yes I want to watch and enjoy the sight of you.” He said with a smile as he sat in a chair across the room from me, he crossed his legs and waits.

“You want to- I -uwww watch?” His words catch me off guard and make butterflies flutter in my stomach as I blush, no ones ever wanted to watch.

“Is that a problem?” He asked with an amused raised brow.
“No....” I said as I moved my hands back to the bottom of my shirt, slowly dragging the black fabric up my chest and over my head. His eyes seem to glow as he continues to watch, waiting patiently. His patience and calm demeanor make me nervous, as I move to my pants, unbuckling them and slowly sliding down the zipper.

He hums as I slide out of my jeans and drop them beside me, as I move to my briefs he rises, in three large strides he stands in front of me.

“Let me...” He offered as he dropped to his knees in front of me, he takes his time running his large hands up and down my legs, he looks up at me as he palms me through the thin fabric. I moaned as he slid his thumb across the head of my dick, he moves his hand quickly working me through my briefs.

He stops after a moment and slides the fabric down, his eyes still on me as he moved, my length springs up, eager to be free from restraint. He continues sliding the fabric down my thighs, below my knees and to my feet, he moves efficiently helping me step out of them.

He leans back on his knees and looks at me with unwarranted affection as he allows his eyes to roam all over me. I stand before him bare, pushing away insecurities, wanting him to touch me.

“My my my Red....you are certainly something to be appreciated.” He said with a smile as leaned forward his hands on my thighs, he starts slow. With kitten licks to the tip, my legs twitch as he takes me completely between his lips. I hiss at the sudden pleasure, I fight the urge to entangle my hands in his hair, unable to move as he encases me in hot wet warm heat.

I tilt my head back and moan loudly, he hollows his cheeks and bobs his head, setting a leisurely pace as he becomes familiar with my body. My breath hitches as he gulps me down deep, his tongue sliding between my balls. “Ohhhh~” Escapes my lips right before I clamp a hand down over them, trying to muffle the array of embarrassingly honest noises.

He continues to swallow around me, swirling his tongue around me, I run my fingers through my hair unsure what to do with my hands, as I pushed back the urge to pull his hair and fuck into the hot heat of his mouth.

He pulled away slowly his eyes on me, a thin trail of salvia followed his lips and I bit my bottom lip at the sight.

He rises to his feet and pushes me back onto the bed, he stands before me and starts to strip, tossing his long jacket and pulling his shirt over his head, I prop myself up on my elbows and watch, allowing my self to enjoy the man who’d been thoroughly enjoying me.

He stepped out of his shoes and quickly slipped out of his pants, he stood before me bare and proud, his large dick sits high and at attention, I have to remind myself to breath as his eyes watch me.

He smirks watching my reaction, he turns around and walks to a dresser, I enjoy the view of his sculpted ass. He returns with lube and protection, he places the items on the night stand and crawls onto the bed, his eyes hungry like a wolf’s, watching as he made his way toward me.

I close my eyes as he settles over me, his arms encasing me in an possessive cage, I fist the sheets as he takes one of my nipples between his teeth, he teases, alternating between biting and licking.
let out a moan as his hand finds my other nipple, softly abusing the mound until it’s erect. My back arches into his touch as he bites down a bit harder, the pain blossoming into pleasure.

I reach for him, my hand wrapping around his shaft, he groans above me as I work him, moving my hand slowly, jerking him to hardness.

He pulled away slowly and slipped free of my touch, he turns away and reaches toward the night stand, he returns with a smile, lube and something else. I watch as he pulls a red ribbon free and slides the fabric easily into the tiny loop above a golden bell. My eyes brows raise in confusion as he turns my way, the bell chiming as he moved.

“Do you trust me?” He asked before moving, holding the bell and ribbon in his hands.

“Yes...” I say breathlessly against my better judgement.

He nods as he moves, wrapping the ribbon around the base of my dick, the bell sits proud in front of my balls as he tied the remaining length of the ribbon into a neat bow.

I’m unsure where this is going or how to feel about this. He seems to sense my unease and speaks, “The bow is so you can untie it at anytime if you’d like.”

I think about asking him about the bell, I don’t.

I nod wordless as I watch him unscrew the cap of the lube, his eyes on me as he squeezed a gracious amount onto his long fingers.

“Let me know if you feel any discomfort.” He said softly as he pushed my legs apart and found my rim, I shivered as his lube coated finger slid across my hole. It’s cold.

He stills a moment and looks up at me from beneath long lashes, his head between my legs. My dick twitches at the sight, I hear the bell chime as I look at him.

He continues forward, sliding a long slender finger inside of me. I bite back a groan as he moves his finger inside, I will myself to relax...but it’s not enough.

I push down onto his finger, rushing him to go deeper. He stops me, his strong hand pinning down my leg, ceasing my movements.

He slips another finger inside and I moan loud as he begins to thrust his fingers in and out of me, scissoring me slowly in the process. As he slowly worked me open he added a third finger and I felt my back arch up from the sheets, he watches me as he leans forward slipping my dick between his lips.

“Ahh...” I pant aloud as he grazes a sensitive spot in side of me that makes me shake around him. He hooks two of his fingers inside of me and hits the sweet bundle of nerves again and again. His tongue swirls around the tip of my dick slowly as he fucks me with his fingers, I feel myself teetering as he pushes me further and further to the edge.

“I’m....I’m-m gonna cume if you keep doing that....” I groan out desperately as he continues to smash into my prostate.

I whimper at the lack of contact as he slides his fingers out, he quickly slides a condom down his length and lubes up tremendously as he repositions himself over me, my legs spread wide as he lines his dick up with my entrance.

I bit down on my bottom lip hard as he pushes lightly, stopping with the tip of his head, I pant underneath him, he watches me as he eases a bit more inside of me, going painfully slow, gradually sliding more and more inside me, he slips past the first ring of muscle.
My eyes roll to the back of my head, and my back arches up from the sheets as he pushed fully inside of me, filling me completely. I reach for him desperately, pawing at his chest and he offers comfort leaning down and cradling me into his arms.

I’ve never been this full before. I don’t bother to hide the chorus of moans that spill free from lips as he moves, his body gentle. I reach for a distraction, I card my fingers through his long hair, my hands scurry across his back as he rocks into me.

I’m so full. So very full. It’s almost too much.

He keeps his slow pace until he feels me wrap my legs around him, making him sink in deeper. I feel myself start to become incoherent as he pounds into me, I pull one of my hands free and grab the sheets, I unlock his waist, and dig the heels of my feet into the mattress.

“Darling open your eyes.” He coos sweetly as he kisses the lobe of my ear, his body rocking into mine, pressing me deeper into the mattress. I can’t speak, it’s all overwhelming. The feeling of him deep inside, the feeling of him above me, his arms tenderly cradled around me, the sensation of soft cotton sheets cool against my hot skin as I sink further and further into the mattress.

“Look up I want you to see what I see.”

I slowly open my eyes and look up, my breath catches as I take in the sight above, the ceiling is encased entirely in mirrors, my blissed our reflection greets me.

I take in the deep blush of my cheeks, the faces I make out of sheer pleasure, the fucked up hair, the way my arms cling desperately to him trying to find purchase as he drills harder into me. I watch myself moan in pleasure, I watch the way our skin tones contrast as he moves into and out of me, my cream colored legs wrapped tight around him.

He continues to move, his body rocking me higher and higher up the mattress, the blankets and sheets bunch more and more beneath me as he moves. He pulls away and intertwines both our hands together, he looks up at the ceiling and watches the way my body moves while he’s buried deep inside me.

“You see that? You are absolutely stunning.” He praises me as he rocks his lower back into me, beads of precume slide down my dick immodestly. The bell chimes again and I feel my face get hotter.

“Is that what you like darling? To be praised?” He asked with a smile as he pulled completely out and slammed back inside of me repeatedly.

The bell chimes again.

“My my my Red. You certainly are a hand full.” He says breathlessly as his movements become sporadic. He unlocks our hands and lays back on top of me, his arms encase around me protectively again as his movements slow and he lifts me from the bed.

He pulls out slowly and I shudder at the loss of being full, he walks with me in his arms. He stops at the window and pulls the curtains open. My feet touch the carpet and before I can ask him what’s going on, he pushes me forward and slides back quickly inside me, the force of his movements pushes me up onto the balls of my feet, my palms press flat against the window.

He’s hunched over me, planting kisses on the top of my shoulders.
“Your so beautiful like this, I want to fuck you while enjoying the view.” He says between thrusts, my mind swims with a multitude of different thoughts, I can’t focus. I’m so close....

“Darling are you enjoying the view?” He asks his hands gripping tightly to my waist, sliding him deeper and deeper with each push. He’s going to leave a bruise.

“Fuck yes yes yes I like the fucking view.” I fight to get out, we both know I’m not talking about the damn city.

“Ah look up Little Red, we have an audience.” He says his voice full of mirth as I open my eyes and spot the high rise across from us. My eyes fall onto the shocked face of a women working late behind a desk, she quickly closes the blinds.

And I feel him chuckle from behind me, as he continued to move, pushing me up higher, my face presses harder against the glass and I feel myself about to lose balance and fall over, the glass is cool against my face.

“You seem to have a fan.” I can hear his smile behind me, his voice tickles the back of my ear, I turn my head and look higher, my eyes quickly finding the lit office space. A man sits behind the desk, wide eyed his mouth open wide in surprise as he watches.

I hear the chime of the bell again.

“Oh my Red...you are just full of surprises.” He chuckles, “And here I just wanted to show you off, I am rather surprised that you like it.” He said quickening his pace, making me cry out.

“Let’s put on a show. Shall we?” He asks as he moves behind me lifting me up into his arms, I cover my lips as he bounces me quickly onto his dick, my legs spread wide.

The man behind the desk continues to watch.

The bell chimes again and again, he kisses me behind the shells of my ears, as he continues to drown me in endless praise, continuously fucking the life out of me, a steady stream of endless touches, gentle caresses.

Tears falls from my eyes, and roll down my cheeks. It’s to much.

I groan loudly as he reaches around me and wraps his hand around my length and jerks me in sync with his thrusts, I feel my toes curl as I cry out in his arms.

“Cume for me darling. Paint the windows for me.” He growls out as his pace quickens, my legs begin to shake at his commands.

“Your so gorgeous like this. Your so beautiful with my cock shoved up your ass Red-“

My orgasm ripes through me and threatens to remove my soul, I scream as I cume, my breathing loud in my ears as I watch thick ropes of cume paint the window in front of me. He fucks me well through my orgasm, my body jerks from over stimulation as he walks us back to the bed, he lays me down gently, my ass high in the air, my face buried in the blankets as he bucks mercilessly into me, my mouth hangs open as I breathlessly scream into the blankets, I start to babble incoherently as I drool dumbly into the sheets.

His nails dig hard into me as he thrusts inside of me one final time and growls like an animal as he spills inside of me, the pulsation of his dick pushes me through another orgasm and I collapse weakly into the sheets.
He slowly pulls out and I whine weakly, he chuckles as he walks away and I hear the sound of running water.

He quickly returns and touches me softly as he turns me over, he unties the ribbon and touches me with a warm towel.
He takes his time with the after care, asking me questions and making sure I’m comfortable before he cleans himself.

My eyes close heavy with exhaustion as I allow myself to relax in the softness of the bed, after a while I feel strong warm arms pull me close, I snuggle into the warmth.

He simply chuckles and kisses the top of my head as he whispers, “Good night Little Red.”

**********

I awake to streams of sunlight slipping into slightly opened curtains, as I sit up my head throbs and I immediately lay back down into the comfortable sheets, I close my eyes and consider going back to sleep.

My eyes widen as I remember the events of last night, I sit up quickly and look around the unfamiliar large room. I’m alone, I sigh with relief as I look for my clothes without moving.
I find them neatly folded on the night stand beside the bed, along with a bottled water and a box of tylenal.

I snatch the bottle and box quickly off the table, popping three pills into my mouth, and gulp down the water. I layed back down and waited for the pills to kick in, I closed my eyes and inhaled and exhaled deeply, pulling the large duvet up to my nose. The sheets smelled of him.

After a few moments I grab my shirt, and quickly get dressed, sitting up as I slide my jeans up my legs. I stop moving once my eyes spot the note attached to my jacket.

Dear Red,
I had a few early errands to run, feel free to stay in bed as long as you’d like, feel free to order room service if you’d like.

***_-***_-****

-Silver

I blushed at the fact he left his number neatly printed on the bottom, I briefly consider staying, but quickly push the thought away as I rise to my feet. I groan as a dull pain settles in deep in my lower back, I sliped my jacket onto my shoulders and prepare to leave.

I stop with my fingers on the nob and turn around, I pick up the letter and crumple it up and toss it in a near by trash can.

After a moment I reach into the trash can and pick up the note, I uncrumple the paper and neatly fold it into a tiny square placing it deep inside my jacket pocket.

I sigh as I limp to the elevator, realizing I left my bike God knows where. I groaned annoyed as I step into the lobby, my eyes landing on a familiar set of bright eyes.

The strange women smiles as our eyes meet, she makes her way to me quickly in a few strides.

“Good morning Red, I am here to provide you with a ride back to your vehicle. “She says with a
bright smile. I blush at the casual use of the nickname. The kindness and the authenticity of the smile catch me off guard as I struggle to catch up, still in a sluggish daze, every things to bright.

“Ok...” I manage after a few seconds, her smile only widens as she spins on her heels and leads me to the vehicle parked out front.

The ride back to the bar is quick and silent, she opens the door for me as I step out. She smiles and quickly says her goodbye as she watches me walk to my bike.

It’s rather surreal.

I take my time getting home, sticking to side roads and avoiding as much traffic as possible.

I pull into the garage and turn off my bike, I walk through the house and run into Pidge, she’s propped up comfortably at the kitchen table.

“Where have you been?” She asks straight to the point.

“I Uh went out....”

She looks at me funny but drops it.

“Where you able to gain access?” I ask curiously as I move toward her, peering over her shoulder.

“Yup.” She says with a laugh as she pops a fruit loop into her mouth.

“Never doubted you Pidge.”

“I know.”

“Well I’m gonna shower.”

“Have fun washing off that one night stand.” She calls from behind me, I stiffen and flip her the finger, I hear her laugh all the way into the shower.

Chapter End Notes

The Song Sabvis and Janae are listening to is;
Bend ya back by Iamtressor

I love that fuckin song.

Also the random drunk guy singing with the guitar is inspired from a vine. Lol
Full disclosure

Shiro

The nightmares have gotten worse.
I no longer have to be asleep to have them.
Collectively it builds and pummels through my peace, beating, thrashing, stomping, burning, destroying me all at once. The hot sensation of pain, the well known ache of fear pecks at my mind and threatens to ingest me and leave behind a hollow shell of a broken man.

The recollections of fighting tooth and nail to survive just to be tossed carelessly into a dirty tiny cell, and starved well into the night emerge forward with enough vengeance it sweeps me off my feet and forces the air from my lungs.
I’m pushing people away again, steadily spiraling back into the dark sticky abyss.
I can’t....I can’t stand to let anyone else see me like this...crumbling so easily.

How am I to lead when I don’t have the strength to go on?
How are we to save the universe with a fucked up defective leader?
Am I replaceable? Can they find someone else?
Does....it have to be me?

“...Shiro?” I hear the tail end of my name and look up, Pidge is waiting for answer.

“I’m sorry Pidge, I didn’t hear you.” I push out in a rush, it’s blatantly obvious my mind was some where else. She looks at me, her hazel eyes analyzing she looks like she wants to say something but isn’t sure if she should, instead she asks me a question. I don’t answer truthfully.

“Shiro...are you ok?”

“I’m fine, just thinking.”
She knows I’m lying, we’ve spent enough time in one another’s company to notice a lie.

“Why?” I ask as I leave the kitchen and join her at the table, I push the open box of fruitloops closer to her as I sit.

“You look pale are you having trouble sleeping again?
I stiffen up at that, my thoughts screaming encouragements for me to turn tail and flee. Fear seeps up from chest and wraps around my wrists, weighing me down in place at the table. She knows I’m fucked up.

Worthless.
They all know.

“Yeah, sorry that’s why I’m a little out of it. I’m fine now.” I can taste the fraudulence, “Really I’m ok, what where you asking me?” I haven’t been ok in a very long time.
Hunk looks up from the living room, his eyes full of concern, mild distress on his face. I look away.
“I was asking if you wanted to see some of the files I found? I’ll have to give them to Sabvis to translate though.” She asks her eyes back on the keyboard, she knows something is wrong, but she doesn’t want to pry. “The files are written in what I’m assuming is Galran.” She doesn’t want to chance me clamping up and pulling away.

“Yeah sure. Did you and Sabvis already talk about translating?” I ask as she turns the keyboard toward me, she moves closer, standing beside me.

“Yeahhhhh he’s supposed to come by today and take a look.”

I hum in acknowledgement and turn my eyes to the screen, she has a few tabs pulled up already. I wait patiently as she quickly minimizes the tabs, she slides away and my eyes widen as I take in the imagine on screen.

“I was able to pull up files on-“ Her voices is quickly drowned out as my body begins to itch with desolance.

My breath hitches as I screech backwards in my chair, scraping the wood floor hard, jumping to my feet and knocking the chair over with a loud thud in my wake.

The essence of my nightmares stands before me, yellow eyes as hard and cold as glaciers. Horrid blue skin wrapped around long talon fingers reach out for me, tangled white hair flows in a mess past her shoulders, those yellow eyes survey my movements. Monitoring me and threatening to expose my truth. As I slipped further and further away forgetting where I am, my breathing begins to quicken and my pulse skyrockets through my veins, my heart’s beating so loud I can hear it in my ears, as harsh and unfamiliar unkind hands force me down and strap thick belts around my wrists and ankles securing me to a cold thin table.

I can hear the sound of uncultured power tools behind me, I can feel her cold pointed bony fingers digging into my flesh as she forces my eyes open, forces me to watch and stay awake.

No matter how many times I relive this...I’m never ready...never prepared... It burns of hot fire as it slams into my arm, scorching and tearing my skin and eating through bone as the tool collides hard into the surface of the table.

Disrespectful pain sparks through me, all over me, my skin prickles and I cry out as she continues, ripping me apart and putting me back together, each time a completely different way.

I beg her to stop, I scream my throat raw begging for it to end.

My cries are simply met with silence or the occasional laugh of amusement.

She moves towards me, her arm clamps around my wrist and forces me down, she brings her face so close to mine I can see the crimson scars that crawl down the sides of her face, I can see myself reflected in her pupil-less eyes.

“Be brave Champion, this is your gift for winning.” She smiles wide. So wide I could count each pointed tooth, she holds something metal and high above her head, she points the tip down in my direction and slams it down into me.

“...Shiro!!!! Shiro!!!” I can hear a chorus of voices calling out to me, but I can’t make out who they belong to. My head feels like I’ve been shoved deep under cold water, their voices mix and mingle sounding muffled in my ears. I slowly open my eyes and see Keith, he’s standing over me, a look of worry and trepidation weight down his features.
“Shiro can you hear me?! You’re ok, you’re at home!!” He says cautiously keeping his distance, he’s close but doesn’t touch, his arms are spread wide behind him as if he’s blocking someone away.
Pidge and Hunk stand behind him with matching troubled faces, Hunk looks like he’s on the verge of shedding nervous tears.

I blink a few times trying to push myself as far away as possible, distancing myself away from the sickening haze.
Fear sits on my chest and threatens to smother me, it gorges on my despair and seasons my panic to perfection.

I turn my head and see my chair overturned a few feet away, Pidge backs away and shuts her laptop her eyes fall back to me.

“..........” I try to speak, but realize a bit late I don’t know what to say.

“Shiro What happened?” Hunk asks softly as he kneeled beside Keith, his chocolate eyes wide and anxious, Pidge scoots beside him her eyes back on me.

“I...I’m not-“ Keith cuts me off, “Don’t say you don’t know, we all just watched you have a panic attack.”

I pull myself up, sliding back until my back touches the cool surface of the wall, my eyes downcast, I lock my fingers together and begin to fidget under the heavy gaze of eyes.

Janae
Janae frown as she read and reread the text message from Takashi canceling their fourth date in a row.

“What the fuck does this even me?!” She growled tossing her phone onto the couch almost nicking Sabvis’s ear in the process, she groans unhappily as she falls into the cushions of the couch.

Sabvis frowns as he rises to his feet and sits beside Janae, he’s unsure what to say.

“What the fuck, does what mean?” He asks politely, not noticing the incorrect placement of the profanity.

“Fucking Takashi..he skipped out on our plans to hang out again.” She whines into the cushions. “This is the fourth time he’s canceled last minute....”

Sabvis thinks for a moment, not registering the name for a second.

“Ah your strange mate?” He inquired.

Janae snorts. She slowly lifts her face and looks at Sabvis.

“Strange yes, mate no .”

“Are you sure?” His ears twice cutely at the question.

“Yes I’m sure.” She hissed.

“Could of fooled me.”
“Look would my mate send me this?” She asks heatedly as she snatch her phone up from the pillows and shoved it in his face, screen glowing.

Sabvis’s eyes fall onto the odd device, he reads the words on the screen and raises a brow. Janae turns the phone around and reads the message aloud, “Sorry to do this, but I need space.” She hisses the last word out rudely.

Space.

“What the fuck does that even mean? It’s not like I see his ass everyday or something.”

“Well space means-“

“I know what space means!” She snaps.

Sabvis frowned at her tone and Janae instantly feels regret blow away her anger.

“I’m sorry..I’m not mad at you....” She said softly as she reached for his hand and ran her thumb reassuringly across his knuckles. He hums at the touch.

“I just really thought....things where going well...” She said sadly as she brushed the tip of her finger nails along his palm absently.

“Maybe your just not on the same page.” Sabvis offers.

“Your probably right.” She sighed as she let go of his hand and fail back defeated into the pillows.

“You should try talking to him.”

“I have been, like all day. He won’t reply to any of my mess-“

“I meant in person Janae.”

Janae thinks for a moment and her face lights up in excitement, she hops up from the couch startling Sabvis.

“Your right.” She said as she slipped a large crystal gems sweater over her head.

“Do you wanna come with?” She asked as she picked up her car keys and slipped on her rain boots.

“No I’d rather not.” Sabvis said lazily as he picked up the remote and absently flipped through channels.

“Aren’t you supposed to be translating something for Pidge?” She asked placing her hands on her hips.

Sabvis groaned as he turned off the tv, grabbed a jacket and slipped on his shoes.

Janae laughed as they stepped out into the rain.

Lance cringed as he pressed send from Shiro’s cellphone. Why was he always the bearer of bad news he whined silently to himself as he ran his fingers through his hair try to remove any physical evidence of him playing the space card with Janae.

Lance sighed as he rose to his feet and slid the phone on the kitchen counter, he turned his attention back to Shiro, he still sat slumped against the wall in the dinning room.

A distant look in his eyes as Keith tried to convince him to drink water from a bottle.
“Hunk what happened?” Lance asked as he walked closer to his best friend.

“He had a panic attack...it came out of no where....he just freaked out and pasted out.” Hunk said turning away to look at Lance.

“Do you know what triggered it?” Lance asked as he nervously slid his hands onto his pockets.

“Yeah...one of the files I pulled up...he- it- he won’t talk about it.” Pidge said obviously frustrated as she tangled her fingers in her hair and pulled.

“What was in the file?” Lance asked as he watched Hunk untangle Pidge’s fingers.

“The files need to be translated...it was just an image.”

“What was it an image of?” Lance asked confusion bordering on hesitant fear.

Pidge opens her mouth and the sound of a loud explosion followed by a weak car alarm interrupts her.

They collectively move together, Keith on their heels as Pidge swings open the front door. Shiro trailing slowly behind them.

“That.” Pidge said as she pointed up at the ominous silhouette of a hooded figure draped heavily in a purple robe with gold sleeves, much of their face concealed, tuffs of white hair spill out of the hood and past their shoulders.

Lance struggled to pull his eyes away from the figure in purple, his eyes falling onto his now destroyed Honda.

“Awe what the fuck?! I just got her fixed!!”

Shiro doesn’t move. He can't move, the soles of his feet have planted themselves firmly into the earth beneath him and refuse to be uprooted.

Consternation hangs from his fingertips as the world around him suddenly becomes frigid as he struggles to breath, his body defying him every way.

The figure draped in robes stands back idly observing the scene play out as several Galra of various sizes swarm around her and force their way onto his lawn.

Keith draws his weapon first, his Bayard glowing bright as it takes shape, Pidge is right beside him, her Paladin armor encasing her form.

Lance and Hunk’s armor travel up their bodies as their Bayards take shape, they each move protectively in front of their leader blocking the progression of the enemy.

Shiro wheezes out an uncertain breath as his thoughts tear him open eat him alive.

Weak.

Worthless.

Defective.

Contemptible.

Pathetic.
Inconsequential.

The taunts scream throughout the corners of his mind, the words echo so loud they send tremors throughout his body, his knees buckle beneath him, weakly, struggling to support him up.

The Garla move first rushing the ready Paladins, Shiro watches as they each hold their ground steadily pushing the enemy back.
Rain begins to fall lightly, drenching the already wet earth.

The silhouette in purple watches each Paladin move, observes the way they wield their weapons and their attack pattern.

“What’s the matter champion? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.” The figure hisses their cold eyes on Shiro.

“Champion? Who the fuck is she talking ab-” Keith sentence falls short as he watch’s his brother take a weak step backward.

Pidge moves to Shiro’s side protectively, taking out a Galran twice her size with ease. They just keep coming, more and more of them.

Keith swings his sword high, Lance steadily hits a stream of targets, Hunk fires and strikes five down at one time.

Thunder smacks across the sky loud and vexed, it lights up the sky and highlights the face of the figure floating.

Shiro’s eyes widen as the worst thing imaginable happens, Janae’s white escape pulls up, his mouth goes dry as he watch’s her and Sabvis exit the vehicle, their faces blemished with confusion.

To his relief the hooded figure ignores them.

His relief is short lived.

He watches in fear as the hooded figures hands begin to glow bright, cracks of black electricity wrap around her fingers and form into a sphere.
His legs give beneath him as he watches paralyzed as she advances towards him, her long fingers extending out, her hands spread wide, knocking Keith out of the way, tripping and sending Lance flying in the opposite direction, she picks Hunk up and tosses him like an empty suitcase.

Pidge stands last, her weapon held high in front of her. The figure seems intrigued for a brief second before she erects a border of gold and slides Pidge out of the way, sending her spiraling into Hunk.

“Give me the weapon Champion!!! Your to weak to wield it!!”

She’s going to kill him.

She’s right, he is weak.

“Give me that weapon Champion you don’t deserve to wield it. Give it to me and I won’t take your other arm.”

Shiro goes rigid as he tries to but fails to awake his Bayard. She raises her hands above her and releases a rave of hot energy.
The sound of rubber boots squeaking cuts through his thoughts as Janae slide in front of him, her body blocking the hooded figure, her inactive Bayard held high.

The rave of energy collides with the Bayard, and cancels out.

The hooded figure’s eyes widen as they fall on Janae, she lunges backward and a black tear forms in the sky, the Galra retreat behind her as she steps through the rip, she cast one more look in their direction and disappears, the rip sealing shut behind her, silence falls and mixes heavily with the rain.

Before Shiro can asset what’s happening he feels the gentle cool touch of fingers and reassuring words of comfort.

Janae touches him, her touch full of concern and relief as his eyes look up and focus on her.

Shiro pulled his eyes away from Janae and looked up the empty sky, and noticed the lack of Galra in his yard. The only evidence remaining of the mayhem is the burnt front end of Lance’s Honda.

“What-what happened?” He manages out after a second as Sabvis and Keith pull him to his feet.

“They just....left.” Keith says confused, as if he’s really not to sure what happened but he’s stuck explaining because some how he was a witness.

“You where attacked by Haggar.” Sabvis fills in casually as if he was advising Shiro to add eggs to a shopping list.

“Wh-what?! Who the fuck was that?!” Hunk screams as he turned his attention away from Lance’s car and back to everyone else.

“Shiro what’s going on?! Why was she calling you that?! Why the fuck where you freaking out?! Did she hurt you?! Because I swear to God if she fucking hurt you-“ Keith fires off quickly, he’s just shy of freaking out and skipping straight into anger.

“What the fuck is a Haggar and why the fuck was it floating?!.” Pidge asked putting her Bayard away.

“We should probably talk in the house.” Sabvis said as his eyes combed the neighborhood, a few people had come out of their houses and where starting to ask questions.

“We should definitely go in the house andddd We should definitely lock the door.” Hunk said as he pulled away from the group and walked through the front door with Lance and Pidge right behind him.

“Talk.” Keith said as Shiro sat on the couch across from him, Hunk double checks the locks and joins everyone in the living room. Sabvis finds a spot in the middle of the floor, Janae sits beside Shiro,Pidge brings her laptop from the kitchen and sits beside Keith.

Lance stretches out of the loveseat.

Shiro sighed as he ran his fingers uncomfortably through his hair, he doesn’t look up at Keith as he takes a moment before he speaks.

“You remember how a couple of years ago I went missing...I wasn’t exactly missing- I got- “ He struggles with his words, trying to project forward his secrets he’d been collecting. “My ship landed safely with my crew...we where abducted-“

He’s politely interrupting by Janae, “What do you mean ship?” It dawns on him and everyone else
that she doesn’t know, that she hasn’t been around for very long, and luckily avoided most of the pain.

“I was a pilot for the Garrison.” He fills in softly.

Janae’s eyebrows shoot up, “You mean Garrison as in special branch of NASA?”

He nods, watching her facial expressions.

“Your a fucking Astronaut.” She says bewildered and Shiro laughs.

Keith gives Shiro a look, he quickly clears his throat and continues, mindful about details.

“I was assigned to pilot for a special mission, I had a crew assembled to me and we left Earth. We landed just fine, no casualties no accidents. Our mission was supposed to be a beneficial leap for mankind.” He sits back in the sectional a far away look gracing his features.

“We where tasked with taking and reviewing samples from a planet researchers believed could support life.”

Pidge looks up from her keyboard.

“We where attacked, ambushed and abducted.” He spits out bitterly.

“We where separated and forced to fight for our lives in barbaric matches to appease the species that held us hostage.” Janae physically stiffens beside him, her eyes falling on him as she took in the visible scars that littered his entire body.

No one says anything for a long moment, he continues.

“Day after day I watched the people I grew close to, learned with, studied with, ate lunch, shared classes with...die. I witnessed the death of every single one of my comrades and there was nothing I could do. No one I could protect.” He rushes out the words, fighting back tears as he clenched his hands into tight fists in his lap.

“Day in and day out for months I fought for my survival in that arena, I became ruthless and did what I could to survive. I won so many matches...I was given a nickname.”

“Champion....” Keith filled in faintly his eyes full of horror as the words tumbled from his lips and fail onto the floor.

Shiro simply nodded.

“Did....was she the one that took your arm?” Janae asks so soft her voice almost in a whisper.

“Yes. After a certain amount of matchs you win you get an upgrade.” The temperature of the room drops as his words sink in, frosting over each of them, his words wrap around them and release sorrow in a new way.

“How did you escape?” Hunk asks his eyes on Shiro.

“The memory is hazy, but I remember being dragged into the operation room, they wanted to update the new arm...something went off in the far end of the building....an explosion.” He trails off, trying to peel back the layers of fog, trying to remember.

“His name was Ulaz.....he helped me escape.....”
“Ulaz?” Sabvis asks his ears perking up.

“Do you know him?” Shiro asked lifting his eyes from his hands and facing Sabvis.

Sabvis nods, a soft smile spreading across his lips. “He’s my brother.”

“A Galra saved you?!” Lance asks his voice full of disbelief, Sabvis gives him a dirty look.

“He’s a part of the resistance.” Sabvis hissed.

Shiro nods and continues. “He helped me escape, got me to an escape pod....”

“All this time...you held that in and didn’t tell anyone. You didn’t say anything....you suffered all this time..” Keith whispered, his eyes cast down.

“This isn’t exactly something you just open up and talk about.” Shiro sighed as he sat up straighter on the couch.

“Which brings me to my next question, who the fuck is Haggar and why the fuck is she so strong?” Pidge asked.

“She is Zarkon’s right hand, a high priestess of dark magic.” Sabvis answered.

Shiro stiffened, Janae moved slowly, fingers trailing past his wrist and joining their hands, she gave a reassuring squeeze.

“She was over each of the experiments and upgrades...she enjoyed torturing her toys.” Shiro filled in, his words solidifying the explanation behind his prior actions.

Toys.

“Sabvis can you possibly fill us in on anything else about her?” Pidge asked as she handed the laptop to him.

Sabvis’s eyes widen as he took in the screen, he quickly read the file and looked up.

“This is a list of some of her abilities and detailed notes of her prior experiments.” Sabvis’s eyes dropped back onto the screen.

“Meaning?” Lance asked.

“Someone was keeping very close tabs on Haggar.”

“Umm is that good or bad?” Hunk asked slightly confused as he looked around the room.

“Well it depends...”

“Onnnn?” Keith asked growing annoyed with the lack of answers.

“On who was keeping the tabs.”

“Are you saying there’s a mole at the bar?” Pidge asked with an amused smile.

“I’m not sure what this mole is, but it appears someone was picking up and hoarding information about the Galran Empire.” Sabvis said as he handed the laptop back to Pidge. “Someone from the club could of been profiting from selling this information. Probably on the black market.”
“Black market?!” Lance shrieks.

Sabvis nods. “This information can go for a pretty penny and be rather beneficial to the right buyer.”

“Can you tell us what some of her abilities are?” Janae asked politely.

“She has energy projection, can form shields, teleportation, elevated speed and mobility, can levitate objects, create illusions, and detect lies.” Sabvis listed off, his eyes closed trying recount everything listed.

“Fucking great, we get to fight giant purple thunder cats with swords and now we’ve been dropped into book 1 of the Harry Potter franchise.” Janae groaned loudly, as she fail back into the sectional.

“You watch Harry Potter?” Lance asked curiously.

“Out of everything we’ve just talked about, that’s the only thing your curious about?” Keith asked sending a glare Lance’s way.

“Geez I was just trying to lighten the mood, what’s your problem?”

“You know what? Nothing, Let’s go on with our fucking lives and act like this didn’t happen.” Keith shot at Lance rudely.

Lance winced at the familiar string of words, he said nothing as he looked away.

“Ooooolllllllllllllloookkkkkkay.....” Hunk said awkwardly as his eyes shift from Keith to Lance.

The room grew silent, and Sabvis spoke.

“I can help you translate the rest of the files whenever your ready Pidge.” Sabvis said not noticing the awkward wave of hostility lingering in the room.

“Yeah we can start on it to night.” Pidge yawned as she closed her laptop and rose to her feet.

“Hunk you comin with?” Pidge asked as she slipped her backpack onto her shoulders and grabbed Hunk’s car keys.

“Sure. But I’m stopping at the store first, you always have the weirdest shit in your fridge.” Hunk said as he rose to his feet and crossed the space in the living room, he stopped his movement and turned to face Shiro.

“Shiro are you ok? Like....that’s a lot to shoulder and suddenly drop....you need anything? Or need us to stay?”

Shiro smiled softly, a relaxed look on his face.

“I’m fine Hunk.”

“Are you sure?” Hunk asked sincerely.

“Yeah...it’ll take some time but I’m ok. Thank you, thank all of you for your support.”

“Shiro no matter what we’re here for you.” Pidg piped up from the doorway.

“I know.” Shiro said with a smile. “Now go before space dust gets in my eye.”
Hunk smiled as he slowly turned around and followed Pidge, Lance and Sabvis out the door.

“You too Keith.” Shiro said eyeing his brother.

“You can’t kick me out, I live here.”

“Don’t try to pretend you weren’t on your way out of the door before any of this happened.” Shiro said giving his brother a knowing look.

Keith’s cheeks darkened and he looked away, “I’m staying here and making sure your ok-“

“Keith I’m fine, leave.” Shiro said interrupting him.

“Janae gets to stay!!” He whined from across the living room, pouting like a child.

“No, she’s leaving too.” Shiro said eyeing Janae.

“No I’m not.” She replied back coolly as she crossed her legs and looked dead at him.

“See!!” Keith pointed out.

“And why not?” Shiro asked as he turned around completely, facing Janae on the couch.

“Because we need to talk.”

Shiro blushed at the statement, he wasn’t entirely sure what “talking” entitled, but he knew that usually resulted in the end of a relationship.

She wouldn’t dump him would she?

Where they even dating?

Shiro inwardly cringed as he realized they hadn’t even had that conversation.

Welp...this is going to be uncomfortable.

Keith looked from his brother to Janae and grabbed his jacket, “You’re right, I do have plans.” He said as he slipped out of the living room.

Keith paused by the door, “Promise you’ll call if you need anything?”

“Keith I won’t-“

“Promise me.”

Shiro sighed deeply, “I promise.”

Keith wordlessly opened the door and stepped out, he pulled the door closed behind him and quickly locked it.

He pulled his phone out of his pocket and replied to a message he’d received earlier.

His phone lit up quickly with the notification of a message, he read and reread the address and started his bike, he slipped on his helmet and pulled out of the garage.

“Sooooo, what did you want to talk about.” Shiro asked nervously as he rose to his feet and strode into the kitchen, pretending to busy himself with a mundane task.
Janae didn’t bat an eye as she quickly rose to her feet and followed him into the kitchen.

“Let’s talk about this space bullshit you’ve been talking about lately.” She said straight to the point as she crossed her arms and leaned against the counter.

Shiro paused as he placed a cup in the dishwasher.

Space? What was she- It hit him unfortunately like a dropped piano to the head.

The messages he’s been sending her, avoidance of general conversation and the repeated cancellations of dates.

“Look Janae I-“ She quickly cuts him off.

“Do you not like me? Did I do something wrong?” She asked her brown eyes on him.

He wasn’t expecting that. He wasn’t expecting that at all, he closed the dishwasher and quickly turned toward her, his confusion apparent in his features.

“Of course I like you- well more then like you. Why would you think you did something wrong?” He asked softly, his eyes on her, “If anything I expect you not to want to be with me after hearing how fucked up I am. I’d rather push you away now and deal with rejection as early as possible.”

She made a face as she took a step toward him, her hand cupping his cheek as she spoke, he leaned into her touch.

“Is that what you think? That you’re fucked up and I won’t want you because you’ve been through some shit?” She asks moving her hand, she sounds offended and hurt.

“Takashi when I met you, I fail in love with the person you are now. Not the person I thought you where, not the idea of you.”

His heart skips a beat at the word love, he feels the tips of his ears heat with excitement.

“So you still want me after....” He trails off unable to fill in the blank, but she knows what he means, knows the level of want he feels for her, can recognize the level of insecurity that threatens to pull him away.

“Abso-fucking-lutely. To be honest now I want you more.” She said bouncing her shoulders, Shiro laughed with relief as she pulled him into her arms.

She wrapped her arms around him, trailing her fingers slowly through his hair, he hummed at the touch as he felt warmth spread throughout his body.

“Takashi I want all of you. I want the good just as much as the bad, I want to know about your past and make your future better. Give it all to me, all your hurt, all your anger, all your pain. Give.It.All. To me. I’ll gladly accept it, because I want you.” She said as her hand slid down and intertwined their fingers together.

“You.......are you sure?” He asked hesitantly as he watched the way her hand fit perfectly into his,creating an aura comfort.

“I do.” She said as she tilted her head up and kissed his chest, just above the spot where his heart sat.

“I didn’t want space....” He mumbled as the blush on his cheeks intensified as she looked up at
him.

“Good. Because...” She started as she lifted their connected hands to her lips, and kissed each of his knuckles slowly. “Space is just a word made up by someone who’s afraid to get to close.”
Painting bliss

Chapter Notes

Janae and Shiro solidify the status of their relationship.
The Paladins discuss Galra shit
And Hunk is sweet
And Allura is training

She takes her time and moves slow, undressing me, tossing clothes carelessly across the kitchen, soft casual touches join her movements as she takes my hand in her’s, guiding me to my bedroom, she pushes open the bathroom door and I follow behind her.

Glad I cleaned up earlier.

She moves efficiently, turning on the shower, she drops her clothes and pins her hair up, she steps into the shower and turns toward me, her hand extended out, an open invitation I quickly accept.

She stands in front of me and adjusts the temperature of the water, I watch the way the water hits her frame, sliding down her curves. She pulls my bath sponge from the rack above her head, thoroughly rinses and adds a generous amount of my shower gel to it.

She hums as the smell of rain water and pine fill the steamed room, she turned towards me and I reach for the sponge, she blocks my hand and gives me a look that makes me lower my hand.

“Just relax.” She laughed as she took my hand and ran the soapy sponge down my arm, slowly lathering, I watch as the soap turns white and produce bubbles.

“I can bathe myself....” I blushed, looking away from her as she moved up my arm to my chest, slowly moving in circles.

“I’m pretty sure you can.” She said with a smile. “Just indulge me today.”

I nodded as she moved up from my chest to my neck, I watched her. Watched the way she looked peacefully at ease as she added more soap to the sponge, she drops to her knees and washes my feet one at time with care, slowly moving up leaving soap and bubbles behind as she goes higher.

I shiver as she looks up at me through long lashes, the water hits her sending streams of water down her nose and cheeks, this is a bit more intimate then...I was expecting.

She continues, now at my thighs, moving the sponge steadily higher as she soaps me down, she smiles as she teasingly brushes a few fingers across my dick.

She giggles at my reactions, my dick jumps at the sound of her amusement, she’s playing with me.
She moves to the side, still on her knees, warm water hits me and washes the soap away, she watches the suds float down the drain.

She moves back in front of me blocking the flow of water, my breath catches as she takes me between her lips, encasing me in warmth, her tongue swirls around me as she looks up at me from between her lashes.

My legs shake as she hollows her cheeks and takes me deeper, her nose brushing my short curls. She moves with vigor, sliding her tongue between my balls, I brace myself against the wall of the shower for support as she devours me with little remorse.

I moan as her hands trail up my thighs, she leans forward closing her eyes and traces each and every vein of my dick slowly, repeatedly. She pulls back and takes my dick in her hand, her eyes hold mine as she playfully taps my dick across her cheek, she smiles as she moves her face, sliding my dick across her lips.

She’s nasty.

She giggles as she licks the tip, she moves sliding her tongue down my shaft and licks my curls playfully. She’s throwing a party down there, touching and teasing me, pulling sounds out of me I don’t usually make.

Her hand wraps around me and works me, she slides her tongue between my balls and I bite back the feeling of cuming.

She takes my balls between her lips and sucks lightly, alternating between them as she moves, greedily touching me with her other hand.

"Ja-nae..." I manage between a moan, her eyes flicker up to me but she doesn’t stop moving, her hand moves faster and I groan. Her mouth replaces her hand, tasting, licking, sucking teasing.

I close my eyes as she slurps me down, making those noises that make my toes curl, she stands beside me on the cliff of jubilation, I reach for her hand and she pushes me. Her teeth graze my tip and I fall to the bottom, color wraps and tangles around me as I surrender to the rapture.

My response is delayed as I try to warn her, “I’m cum-“ The words die on my lips as I watch her slowly pull away, my cum hits her face, painting her lips and her just above her cheek.

I push past the cloud of enjoyment as I move embarrassed, trying to pull her to her feet, trying to clean her face.

“I am so sorry-“

She ignores me and swats away my hands as she rises to her feet and turns around, letting the water wash away my enjoyment. She turns back around and faces me, I feel my face heat up and she laughs.

“I wasn’t expecting a facial, but hey.” She shrugs indifferently and I’m unsure how to feel.

“Turn around so I wash your back.” She said as she picked the sponge back up and added soap, I turn around and her fingers touch me, quickly moving in circles.

She slides the sponge down the curve of my back and continues, I lean forward relaxing, resting my forehead against the cool title wall.
Warm water hits me and washes away the soap quickly, I turn toward her and grab the soap, I squeeze a large amount in my hands and touch her, sliding my hands all over her body with care.

I wash her arms, shoulders and slide my hands down her breast, she smirks and I continue down, washing her hips and thighs, she lifts her legs and allow me to wash her feet.

She turns around and I grab more soap and wash her back, slowly sliding my hands down the curve of her back, washing her ass with care, she laughs as I wash her again for good measure.

She turns around and allows the water to fall around her, I reach for her again, our lips crashing together as the water grows hotter, steam clouds the room as she pulls away slowly and turns off the water.

I wrap a towel around her and reach for mine, she takes the towel from my hands and dries away the water that clings to my body, she moves the towel to my head and dries my hair. I kiss her through the open folds of the towel and untie her’s, repeating her actions with ease.

I drop my towel and follow behind her as she intertwines our fingers and guides me to the bed, she covers me in kisses as she lays me on the sheets, her body straddles mine as she pulls away and looks at me, she brushes her fingers through my wet hair and watches me. A soft look on her face.

“What....” I ask sheepishly as I fought back a blush under the intensity of her gaze.

“You....are...perfect.” She said as she pulled her fingers from my hair and touched me, her fingers lightly tracing the scars of my body.

I’m not sure how to respond to that, but I don’t look away as her eyes roam me, her fingers curiously touching and feeling bits and pieces of my past.

“What’d I tell you?” She asked as she took my hand in her’s, she smooths her thumb across my knuckles and looks down at me.

“Give it to you....all of it..” I said softly as I watched her kiss down my inner wrist.

“What are you giving me?”

I stumble on my words as she slowly releases my hand, she smiles softly as she pulled me up into her arms. I wrapped my arms around her and listened to the steady beat of her heart.

She moved above me, her hand sliding down between us, “Janae I-“ My words are interrupted by a moan as she swallows me whole from the tip to my base, I’m to distracted by the heat that wraps around me to form a coherent sentence.

She takes my face in her hands and peppers me with kisses. I closed my eyes as shes as pressed kisses to the top of my head, my left and right eyelid, the scar that crosses the bridge of my nose, and my lips.

“I told you I want all of you.” She started as she moved, pulling a groan out of me, my arms tightened around her, she pulled me closer and continued to move, swallowing me deeper, cradling me in her arms.

“Remember I want the good just as much as the bad.” She said breathlessly as she moved slowly, unwrapping her arms as she leaned back placing her hands on my knees. Her breast bouncing with her movements, enticing me to touch.
I fought the urge to thrust into her as she moved slowly, her walls wrapping tight around me as she rocked her hips flush against mine. I watched as my dick slid in and out of her, coated in her arousal, I bit my bottom lip and moaned loud as I watched the way she swallowed me whole, without protection.

“Give it all to me, all your hurt, all your anger, all your pain.” She moaned as she moved, placing her hands on my chest and pushing lightly.

“All your sadness.”

My back touched the sheets as she slid her arms under mine, her hands balling into fists behind my shoulders, she dropped kisses into the juncture where my neck and shoulder met. Her body rocking into mine, as her legs tightened around me, her walls sucking me deeper into her heat.

“Give. It. All. To me.” She said as my hands rested behind her knees, pulling her closer. She pulled her lips away and rested her head on my chest, she closed her eyes and groaned as I thrusted up into her.

“I’ll gladly accept...because I want you.”

She said between a moan as I kissed the top of her shoulder.

“Fine....I’ll give it to you. Everything I have...everything I am with no restrictions.” I said as I thrusted into her harder, I slide my hands up the curve of her ass and moved, lifting her and switching our positions.

I took her chin in my hands and forced her to look at me, our eyes meeting as I spoke.

“You want all of me. I’ll give you all of me.” I said as our lips crashed together, I took control sliding my tongue between her lips, I greedily consumed the beautiful sounds she made as I worked into her, steadily sliding her up more, pushing the sheets up in our wake as I made her mine. The headboard slams into the wall with each thrust, her hips met mine with every thrust, creating the tantalizing loud sound of skin slapping together.

I removed my hands from her waist and shifted, placing her legs high on my shoulders, I planted kisses across her chest as I slammed into her, her hands frantically clawing at my back as I worked, pulling almost completely out and slipping back inside of her.

Her walls tighten around me as I shift again, sitting up placing my hands on the back of knees, spreading her wider as I pulled out. My tongue slipping between her folds as I drank from her, lapping between her legs selfishly, loving the way her cries increased.

I indulged in her charming love faces and relished in her cries and needy pants as she reached fruitlessly for me, I continued to eat her out, not bothering to slow my pace.

I watched as her toes curled and as her hands desperately tangled themselves into my bed sheets. I felt the overwhelming urge to make her hit a high note, I felt the sensation deep in my being to make her sing. I wanted to hear her cry out for only me. Desired her to create a soundtrack just for me. I’d abuse it...play it on repeat all day. Play it everywhere...I’d go.

Relive the pleasure of lifting her so high she drowns in me.

I could listen to that all.
The sound of her chanting my name brings me back to the room, her eyes screwed shut, she’s begging for me.

I lick her clit one last time as I pull away and slide balls deep inside of her, she pulls me close, her nails drag down my back and I grab her hips and work my lower back into her, sliding almost completely out of her and sliding back in. She arches her back and greedily takes all of me.

Her legs wrap around me as I kiss her deeply, thrusting shallowly inside of her, pressing her deeper and deeper into the mattress.

I fight to hold on longer as I feel myself getting closer and closer to my destination, she’s close. Her walls tightened and wrap around me, threatening to milk me dry, as I fight to hold back.

She’s frantic now, kissing me deeply, touching all over me, crying my name. This time on the cliff she takes my hand and attempts to pull me over the edge with her, I pull away and push her hard into the abyss and watch as she drowns in me, becomes consumed in my need.

She cries out as she falls apart in my arms, her hands gripping my shoulders and I tighten my arms around her, fucking her through her orgasm.

I approach the cliff alone, the sensation of jumping overwhelms me as she calls out to me, crying my name sweetly.

I bite my bottom lip as I slam our bodies ferociously together, I feel her legs tighten around me and lock at the ankles.

I look at her.

Really look at her.

Brown eyes meet mine...for a brief moment make me consider making us both parents.

Her legs loosened around me as I continued, feeling a familiar sensation blossom in the pit of my stomach, I pulled out of her and watched as my cum glazed her dark brown skin, her hand wrapped around me working me through my orgasm.

I groaned as she pulled her hand away and licked her finger tips. I fail beside her and pulled her into my arms, my breathing erratic.

“Your going to get dirty.” She said softly as she lay in my arms.

“I don’t care.” I mumbled as I dropped kisses across her hairline.

“What was that look?”

“What look?” I asked as I ran my fingers through her hair.”

“The look you gave me before you hesitated to pulled out.” She pointed out with a laugh.

“What was that move?” I ask answering her question with another.

“What move?”

“The one you did right before I came,you know when you locked your ankles around me.”

“I have no idea what your talking about.” She said between a fit of giggle.
“Janae don’t play with me...fuck around and get your walls painted.”

“Takashi that’s rather vulgar.”

“I’m trying to warn you.” I said with a laugh as I sat up and pulled her out of bed, we returned to the shower.

This time I stand in front and turn the water on, letting the hot water hit me first and gradually adjust it to a desired temperature, she wraps her arms around my waist and lazily presses kisses down my back and spine, I exhale deeply and enjoy her.

The next four days of my life are full of Janae.

Waking up next to her, eating with her, cleaning and cooking with her right beside me. I quickly fall into routine, allowing myself to completely let go and let her paint the world around me.

Instead she takes my hand, and dips my finger tips in every color, we paint the canvas together, touching, kissing, talking and making love.

Day in and day out I find myself relaxing more and more. She holds my hand and intertwines our fingers as we sit with the others and discuss the files, she squeezes my hand reassuringly anytime I stiffen up at the mention of something.

She holds me close and chases away the thoughts of self doubt.

She kisses away stress whenever a nightmare strikes and threatens to uproot me from my peace.

She’s always there, her hands reaching to pull me back to earth just before I float out of orbit.

It’s something I’m not used to...the reassuring kisses, the kind touches....the warmth she radiates burns away my demons and tastes as sweet as candy.

The fifth morning I awake to her packing her bag fully dressed, she smiles at me as she zips it closed.

“Are you going somewhere?” I ask wiping the sleep out of my eyes.

She crosses the room and sits beside me on the bed, she quickly kisses the bridge of my nose and pulls away.

“I’m going home today.”

“Do you need me to take you home to get something?” I ask yawning.

“Um...no I’m going home for a couple of days to process some of this.” She said looking away, as she picked up her bag.

“Process What?” I ask trying to push away the conclusions my mind is already jumping to.

“This. It’s just a lot. I didn’t think it’d be this serious.” She said closing her eyes.

She regrets seeing this side of me.

I consider removing the cord from my ankle and jumping into the abyss.
No Bungee cord for me, not on this one way trip.

She opens her eyes and sees my panic, her eyes widen and she speaks.

“No not you. Your great, your the only good thing out of this whole situation.” She said with a soft smile as she combed her fingers through my hair.

“But this war shit, and learning about Ion cannons and seeing how many planets have been destroyed...how many lives have been lost...it’s just a bit much.” She sighed as she rises to her feet, I stand with her and intertwine our hands.

“It is...intense.” I reply, trying to find the right word.

She snorts as she guides us down the hallway, we past by Keith and she waves goodbye, I watch her walk to her vehicle, start it and pull off.

I close the door and feel eyes on me, I turn around and see the curious eyes of the other Paladins.

“You ok?” Keith asks as I sat beside Pidge at the table.

“Yeah.” I reply unconvincingly.

“She’ll be back buddy.” Hunk said as he sat a plate of breakfast in front of me.

“I just got used to her being here.” I sigh into a piece of toast.

“Of course, she’s always here.” Lance says between bites of eggs, “She practically lives here. Thanks for rubbing your perfect relationship in our faces.”

“Lance shut up.” Keith said as he slipped his jacket across his shoulders.

He’d been leaving the house a lot lately.

“Andddddd where are you going?” Pidge asked with a knowing smirk.

“Yeah mullet, where are you going?” Lance asked pointing a strip of bacon at him.

“None of your business.” Keith said as he grabbed his house keys and helmet.

Lance leaned toward him and inhaled deeply, “I can smell your secrets.” He said narrowing his eyes.

Keith rolled his eyes and waved to his brother and walked away.

“Well that was weird.” Hunk said handing Pidge another biscuit, she was in the process of building a fort.

“I know.” Lance said reaching for more bacon.

“What that he didn’t take your bait or the fact that he has a social life?” Pidge asked rolling her eyes.

“Both.” Lance deadpaned.

“Pidge what can you tell us about the Galra’s weapons?” I asked as I boredly poked my eggs, earning a frown from Hunk.
“Well I discovered more information about the Ion cannon.” She said as she drank a bit of orange juice. “It’s actually a smaller version of the super weapon Zarkon used to destroy the other factions with.” She continued.

“It’s pretty fucking bad their assembling those on Earth.” Hunk said with a frown as he handed Lance a napkin.

“But I thought you said earlier they where having trouble finding materials compatible for something like that.” I pointed concern coloring my words.

“They are having trouble finding the right raw materials, but they have no problem with wasting any of Earth’s resources to create what they need.” Pidge said with a sigh as she scrolled through more files.

“What about Haggar, has she been doing anything?” I asked taking a breath, pushing back raw emotion.

“Yeah, she’s been busy.” Pidge said as she opened another tab and brought up an image.

“She’s been running experiments on foot soldiers, trying to recreate....something...” Pidge trailed off as she stared at the screen, her fingers no longer moving.

“Pidge?”

“She’s trying to recreate something akin to the species that deflected the blast of their super weapon....but she has no samples. She’s just conducting blind experiments.” Pidge trailed off, her fingers hovering over the keyboard.

“Trail and error.” Hunk said absently.

“Shay and I where attacked by Galra she probably experimented on.” He said as he took a drink of his juice.

“What?! Why didn’t you say anything?” Lance asked in shock turning his full attention to Hunk.

“I don’t know, probably because I was to busy being in jail.” He deadpans.

“What’d they look like?” I asked curiously, picking up an orange.

“They looked sick, like they where malnourished. One of them was pale and off colored, the other one looked more like a lizard then an actual Galra.” Hunk filled in making a face at the memory.

“They’re probably using the weaker soldiers to conduct experiments on.” I said as I slowly peeled my orange, watching the peeling curl across my hand as I moved.

“Great. We get to add experiment 626 to our list of enemies.” Lance sighed over dramatically as he slumped down in his chair.

This is going to get worse before It gets better, I mused as I split my orange in half.

“Wait something’s been bothering me for a couple of days now.” Pidge said as she closed her keyboard.

“How did Janae’s Bayard cancel out Haggar’s attack if it was inactive.” She continued her eyes on me.

“I noticed that too.” Hunk chimed in.
"What if it has something to do with her Lion?" Lance offered. "Since she’s the shield of Voltron, what if that’s how her weapon works?"

“I wondered about that too, I asked her about it.” I said as I bit into my orange, everyone at the table looked up at me expectantly.

“She couldn’t offer an explanation.” I said between chews, “She just said she felt like it would work so she did it.”

Hunk and Lance’s jaw dropped, Pidge seemed to ponder on that.

“That is interesting.” She said with a laugh.

“By interesting you mean dangerous right?” Hunk asked with a frown.

“Where’s Allura?” I asked curiously.

“She’s been doing Altean training with Coran.” Pidge filled in as she bit into her eggs.
A different kind of proposal

Chapter Notes

Keith is in his feelings about Silver
Lance is a fucking hater
Pidge don’t play that shit
And Allura meets her Fiancé
Janae is amused
Hunk has questions

I cried out and held onto the sheets, trying to barry the overly honest noises escaping my lips as he pounded into me, sliding me higher and higher up the sheets.

“Darling..” He stops, his voice gentle as he speaks. “What did I tell you about letting me hear you?” He asked as his hand slid under me and lifted my face from the pillows.

“That...that you want to hear me.” I managed to say weakly, my cheeks heating up as he dropped a kiss behind the shell of my ear.

He moved again, pulling on my restraints, keeping me upright, I groaned as the belts dug into my arms. “Darling What is your color?” He asked softly, dropping kind kisses across the top of my shoulders.

“Gr-een.” I groaned as I pushed back into him, sinking lower and lower onto his dick.

“Ah ah ah Little Red.” He said with a laugh as pulled firmly on the restraints stoping my greedy movements.

“You know the rules.”

“Fuck me.” I growled ignoring him.

“My darling you are rather impatient.” He said as he flipped me over, and thrusted deep inside of me. “We have to do something about that.” He said as he gripped my waist and titled my hips at an angle, I cried out as he smashed into my special place, hitting the sensitive bundle of nerves over and over again.

I began to fidget underneath him, wanting to touch, wanting to run my fingers through his hair, wanting to kiss him.

Dark blue eyes watch me as he spreads my legs wider, lifting me higher and higher until only my shoulder blades touch the sheets.

My legs wrap around him, as he slams me down harder and harder onto his dick, I bite my bottom lip and groan as he leans forward and trails kisses from my navel up my chest, his hair falls around
me wrapping me in warmth as his lips touch mine.

I bite his bottom lip and he moans at my aggression and slams harder into me, forcing a string of cries out of me as he wraps his arms around me and lifts me up.

He repositions me, my legs straddle his waist as he slowly unties my restraints, he runs his hands across my arms checking for any marks. I roll my eyes at him and his concern as I wrap my arms around his neck and grind against him.

He repositions me, my legs straddle his waist as he slowly unties my restraints, he runs his hands across my arms checking for any marks. I roll my eyes at him and his concern as I wrap my arms around his neck and grind against him.

He trails his large hands down the curve of my back and cups my ass, lifting me high and slamming me down, thrusting deep inside of me, my legs wrap tightly around him as my eyes roll back.

He drags kisses down my neck and across my chest as I grab and pull handfuls of his hair, moaning loudly as I feel my self about to burst.

“Cum for me darling.” He demands as his hand slides between us and wraps around my length. My back arches at the touch as he quickly pumps me intune to his thrusts, I see white as I breathlessly scream, my orgasm ripping through me, making me shake.

He growls as he slams me down faster on his length and I cling to him, unable to move as his orgasm chases close behind me, my toes curl and I bite down hard on the juncture where his neck and shoulder meet, he comes hard.

His orgasm rocks through him stopping his movements, his breathing erratic as he takes a few seconds to compose himself.

He slowly pulls out of me and tosses the condom, he takes his time with my after care, double checking my wrists and arms as he cleans me up.

We lay in bed face to face, his eyes closed and I watch him breath. Watch the way his ivory lashes brush against his cheeks, watch the steady rise and fall of his chest. His finger tip lazily traces the pattern of my lion, and I unravel in his touch, wanting it to last longer.

“What are we?”

His fingers stop moving for a second, and the movement picks back up as he opens his eyes and looks at me, I blush as I realize I verbalized the thought aloud.

I start to pull away, and he stops me, his blue eyes watching me as he spoke.

“What do you want us to be?” He asked curiously, his fingers trailing through my hair. His question wakes the butterflies I pretend not to have, and makes them flutter wildly.

“....forget I said anything..” I said nervously, as embarrassment pushed opened a window and invited in my anxiety.

“What would you like us to be?” He asks softly, ignoring my previous statement.

“I...don’t know.” I mumbled truthfully, closing my eyes.

He hums at that and leans forward, and I close my eyes, he presses kisses to my closed eyelids.

“We have been spending nearly every day together since we met.” He said thoughtfully.

I felt my face heat up at that, we had been spending everyday together, cocooned together in this
hotel suit, blocking out the world.

“Would you be open to the idea of me properly courting you?”

My eyes open at that and I look at him, his eyes are closed, as if he’s patiently waiting to be told no.

“You-u mean like dating?” I asked sitting up on my elbows.

He simply nods slowly opening his eyes.

“I...I-“ He interrupts me softly, placing his hand on my cheek.

“You don’t have to answer now. Take some time and think about it.” He said lightly as he kissed my shoulder.

I nodded dumbly and sighed deeply as he continued to trail gentle kisses from my shoulder up my neck, he pulled me into his arms, and we layed joined together until I drifted off.

I awake a couple hours later alone in bed, I showered and slipped on my clothes, slipping my key card into my pocket.

I rode the elevator down to the lobby in silence, my thoughts replaying our conversation from earlier.

“Why...why’d I say that?” I groaned out in frustration as I stepped into the dimly lit lobby.

“Hello Red.” I hear a chipper voice say as I drift deeper into the lobby, just shy of the heavy double glass doors.

“Oh Hello Ezor.” I say absently as she holds the door open for me.

I start my bike and ride home, avoiding major highways and traffic, I unlock the door and walk in on Allura and Lance being rather odd.

“What’s going on?” I asked as I sat my helmet on the counter and joined everyone in the living room.

“Allura is gonna do a trick.” Hunk said excitedly as he turned his attention back to Lance and Allura.

“Hunk it’s an illusion, a trick is something whores do for money.” Lance said sassily as he turned around and faced Allura, his inactive Bayard in hand.

“Hey Keith your just in time.” Allura said with a smile as she stood her ground.

“What’s going on?” I asked whispering to Pidge.

She smirked, “We’re gonna see who’s faster at pulling their weapon.”

“I don’t think any of this should be happening in the living room.” Shiro sighed rubbing the bridge of his nose.

“On three.” Hunk chimed, “One, Two, Three!!”

I watched as Allura held her Bayard high, pink and blue shined bright as their weapons activated,
taking shape, I watched in awe as Allura’s body transformed, becoming a replica of Lance’s as her Bayard finished taking shape a few seconds before his.

“I want a rematch!!!” Lance whined as Pidge laughed reminding him that’d be his fifth loss in a row.

“I want a rematch!!” Lance demanded holding his Bayard high.

Allura laughs at him and shifts back into her regular form.

“And stop picking someone so distracting!!”

“Soooly your calling your self distracting?” Pidge asked with a raised brow.

“Damn right I am.” Lance shot back.

Hunk started the count down again.

I shook my head and rose to my feet, slipping off my jacket and hanging it on the back of a dinning room chair.

I walked to my room and shut the door behind me, I fall into bed and let thoughts of him wash over me.

Thoughts of his consistently gentle touches always patient and cautious with me.

Thoughts of the way his body demands but never abuses or takes from mine.

Thoughts of how peaceful he looks sleeping beside me.

I sigh aloud.

“Im an idiot.” I mused as I crawled into the covers of my bed, thinking about the way he cradles me in his arms.

By morning my answer annoyingly hands over my head and joins me in the shower, it obviously follows me back to my room and watches me get dressed, passively aggressively encouraging me to reach out to him.

After I’ve had enough, I grab my phone and shoot him my one word reply.

Yes

I read the sent message again and wonder if I should of said more.

Instead of replying he calls, the sound of vehicles sing loudly behind him, he’s silent for a second and then he speaks.

“What exactly are you saying yes to?”

I pause, I wasn’t expecting that response.

“I..to the courting thing” I fumble nervously for some reason.

He’s silent and then I hear his faint amused laugh, as if he’s pulled the phone from his ear not to be rude.
“Darling are you sure?” He asks after his laugh has pasted.

“Why’d you laugh?”

“Because you have such a way with words darling.”

I roll my eyes.

“I’m serious… I’d like to… see where this goes.” I push forward, not allowing my nerves to deter my momentum.

“Ok.” He says after a moment it sounds like he’s moving something around or picking something up. “I just have one thing to take care of today and we can spend the rest of the day together.” He said so soft, it makes the butterflies flutter in my belly and threaten to fly out my throat.

“Ok.” I say quietly and hang up running my fingers through my hair.

*********

Allura picked up her phone as it rang loudly from across the room, she sighed as she spotted her uncle’s name and answered.

“Wait? Slow down Coran.” Allura said trying to call down her overly excited uncle.

“Who’s requesting my-what?” Her eyes widen as her uncle explains again, Pidge looks up in concern watching her expressions change.

“Allura what’s wrong?” Pidge asked as she ended the call and absently slid the phone in her purse.

“My uncle… he said my fiancé seeks my council.” Allura replied in a daze.

“Wait. What does that even mean?” Lance asked as he stepped around the couch.

“It means my fiancé wants to talk about the state of our arranged marriage.” She groaned as she nervously ran her fingers through her hair.

“Allura calm down, when is this supposed to happen?” Shiro asked trying to calm the worried Altean women down.

“In an hour.” She said her eyes closed.

“I can’t do this alone… will you come with me?” She asked her eyes meeting the face of each Paladin in the room.

“Of course, we’ll come. Shiro said as he pulled her to her feet and hugged her. “It’ll be fine, let’s not work ourselves up when we don’t even know why he’s called the meeting.”

“Your right.” She sighed as she pulled away and fixed her bun, “Are you ready to go?” She asked glancing around the room after a moment.

“You wanna leave now?” Lance asked with a mouth full of cookies.

“Uh yeah, her uncle’s house is like 40 minutes away.” Hunk said rolling his eyes as took the plate of cookies away from Lance.

Shiro walked to his brother’s room and lightly knocked on the door, “Keith We’re heading to Coran’s for a meeting in an hour.”
“Ok. I’m right behind you.” Keith called as he continued to clean his room, half way paying attention.

“I’ll drive.” Shiro offered as he grabbed his car keys and stepped out of the door, his phone in hand as he called Janae.

The ride to Coran’s was uneventful and stressful, as Lance blasted annoying pop music from the front seat. Shiro parked and everyone slowly followed behind him unsure what to expect.

Coran greeted them at the door with a tense smile, he guided them through the house and stoped in front of the doors of Alfor’s study.

“Um princess he’s here...I’m not exactly sure what you should expect but let’s hope for the best.” Coran said as he pushed open the double doors.

A tall lean man rose to his feet, long silver hair spills past his shoulders, dark blue intense eyes take in the faces of everyone in the room, his eyes stopping on Allura, a pleased smile graces his lips.

Pidge growled.

“Hello everyone, I am Lotor-“ His greeting is rudely interrupted by an observation Lance.

“Your lavender. What are you?”

Lotor shot him a dirty look, “How dare you.” He shot back at Lance, holding back a sneer in the process.

“I dare everything. The name’s Lance, Lance Mcclain and don’t you forget that pretty boy.” Lance shot back pointing his finger guns in Lotor’s direction.

Lotor glared at him, Obviously annoyed.

Shiro gave Lance a look, he looked away as Shiro stepped forward to speak.

“I’m sorry about that, continue with your introduction please.” Shiro said politely as he tried to negate the hostile vibe emerging in the room.

Lotor simply nodded at Shiro’s words and continued.

“I am Lotor Hellsing and the women behind me are my royal guards-“ He was interrupted by Pidge.

“Royal guards?!”

“Yes.” Lotor sighed leaning back in his seat annoyed.

“Are you a king?” Hunk asked politely allowing his eyes to study the face of the man in front of him.

“Yes I am heir to the Galra Empire-“

“What the fuck?! Who arranged this shame of a marriage!!” Pidge is the first to move, climbing out of her seat and standing on the table.

The four women behind Lotor collectively move, they shadow him, their eyes on Pidge.
“You.” Lotor said pointing at the tiny green Paladin, “What is your name?”

“Pidge.”

“Look Pudge-“

“It’s Pidge!! Get it wrong again and I’ll punch you in the clavicle.” She growled.

“Are we going to actually have this meeting? Or should we just reschedule?” He asked his eyes on Allura.

“I’m sorry, we’re just all a bit surprised. But I promise you there will be no further interruptions from this point on.” Allura said shooting her friends a look, her eyes lingering on Lance.

“Very well.” He said as he sat back down in his seat.

“These are my guards, Ezor, Acxa, Narti and Zethrid.” The women simply nodded in acknowledgement, not bothering to specify who was who.

Shiro’s phone vibrated loudly in his pocket and excused himself from the room, Janae had arrived. He exhaled and walked to the front door and quickly opened it, he smiled as she pulled him into her arms.

“So how’s it goin in there?” She asked curiously as they quickly walked to the study.

“It’s a real shit show.” Shiro said honestly and Janae laughed.

Introductions where just underway as the pair entered the room, Shiro watched the way Lotor’s eyes widened at the sight of Janae.

“I’m Hunk the yellow Paladin. That’s Shiro the black Paladin and our leader and with him is-“

Janae interrupts Hunk and refuses to sit, her eyes on Lotor.

“I should throw away your fucking tarot cards.” She glared at him.

“You wouldn’t-“

“Try me.”

The nature of their relationship registered around the same time for everyone in the room.

“This purple pretty boy is your roommate?!” Lance squeaked.

Janae took a step toward Lotor and ignored his guards that moved closer to him, he simply held his hand up keeping them at bay as Janae continued forward.

She reached up and wrapped her hand in a handful of hair, and harshly yanked Lotor down to her level.

“What’d we discuss about leaving for extended periods of time?” She hissed.

“I was going to callllllll.”

“It’s been three almost- four months.” She hissed releasing his hair and raising a brow.
Lotor smiled as he pulled her into his arms, “I missed you too Janae.” He said with a laugh as she pushed him away.

“Lies.” She said as she walked back around the table and sat down. “I’m going to hide you’re Disney collection when I get home.”

“You’re a Paladin too.” Lotor hummed as he watched the way the others meshed around her. She simply nodded with a proud smile.

“Which reminds me, is someone missing?” One of the guards with Gold eyes and rainbow colored skin asked looking around the room.

“Yeah my brother will be here shortly.” Shiro said as he sat beside Janae.

Lotor nodded and turned his attention back to Allura.

“Allura do you know the meaning behind our arranged marriage?” He asked watching her keenly.

“Not entirely, no.” She said as Pidge grabbed her hand under the table.

“Well our mother’s arranged this marriage in the event of war between the Altean and Galra Empire.....with the intent to bring both Royal families together...but that was....before my mother went missing and my father flew off the handle and exiled me to this planet.” He said, resting his head in his hands.

Allura looked up at Coran, who only smiled in response, clearly ignoring the word exiled.

“The point of the marriage was to insure peace between our people...”

“But a lot has obviously happened since then.” She said sadly look away.

Lotor nodded and continued, “I called council today to offer a proposition...and alternative if you will.” He said as he raised his hand, a very large women moved toward him placing a suit case in his hands.

“I’ve drafted up a list of requirements I’m willing to meet in an effort to ensure Voltron’s victory in the war.” He said as he pulled a thick packet out of the suitcase and slide it slowly across the table to Allura.

“I like how we glazed over the fact Allura is a princess.” Janae said as she lazily flipped through people magazine, Hunk hummed in agreement.

Allura picked up the packet and quickly skimmed some of the terms. “Why are you offering to help us?” Pidge asked, her brow raised.

“Because I have no desire to continue fighting a war my father started thousands of years ago.” He sighed.

“With your father out of the picture you’d be able to take over the thrown.” Pidge said looking up from the contract, her eyes on him.

“That is true. But that isn’t the reason I called the meeting.”

“Well why did you?” Coran asked impatiently from across the room, his nerves where fried.

“I want to cancel the engagement.” He said simply as he sat back in his seat.
“Wha-what?! Is there a reason why?” Coran asked flabbergasted.

“Yeah who doesn’t want to merry Allura?!” Lance’s outburst was met with an elbow to the ribcage from Pidge.

“I’ve recently entangled myself in a serious relationship and I’d like to see where it goes.” He said casually as if breaking arranged marriages was common practice and not at all out of the norm.

“What?” Allura asked surprised, unsure what to say as she looked at Pidge.

“Wait so you’re willing to drop an arranged marriage for someone you just started dating?” Janae asked needing confirmation.

“Yes.” Lotor said simply.

“Well I wish you luck man.” Janae said with a smile as she leaned across the table and took Lotor’s hand.

“Thank you Janae-“ He was interrupted by Allura.

“May I ask who it is?” She asked curiously.

As Lotor opened his mouth to speak, the door of the study flew open revealing a rather disheveled Keith.

“Sorry I’m so late there was an accident on-“ He stops talking as his eyes land on Lotor, his jaw drops.

“Hello Red.” Ezor said happily with a smile as she waved across the room.

Keith absently waved back his eyes still on Lotor.

Lotor moves quickly crossing the room in three strides, his blue eyes on him as he moved his hand under his chin and tilted his head back.

“I missed you Little Red.” He said as he leaned forward and kissed him deeply.

The room around them erupted in an disarray of mayhem.

Janae laughs, Pidge and Allura are to stunned to do anything but gawk, Hunk has questions. Lance and Shiro move together, they appear at Keith’s side the same time Lotor’s generals gather at his.

Shiro pulls his brother backwards and Lance lunges forward grabbing a handful of Lotor’s jacket.

“What do you think your doing?” Lotor demands as he snatches the fabric of his jacket clear out of Lance’s hands.

“No, what do you think your doing?! You think you can just go around ending proposals and starting new ones with different Paladins?!” Lance hissed holding his ground. “This isn’t musical chairs.”

“Don’t you mean musical lions?” Janae snickers.

“I had no idea he was a Paladin.” Lotor replied taking off his jacket his eyes on Lance.

Keith stood in the middle of the chaos unsure what the fuck was happening, his eyes fail back on
Silver and he felt himself blush as he sent a smile his way.
Lance watches the entire interaction and sees red.

“He can’t even talk!! What’d you do hypnotize him with your purple Galra dick?!”

Lotor’s attention turns back to Lance a crack of hostility strikes through them.
A dark cloud of malice slips between the cracks of the door and surrounds the two men.

“You’re askin for it.” Lotor said taking a step forward.

“Ohh I’m begging for it!! Who’s gonna give it to me?!” Lance challenges taking a step forward.

“Me!!” Lotor lunges forward only to be stopped by Janae’s opened palm.

“Stoppppppppppppp.” She says cheerily, distracting and confusing both men.

“There is too much animosity in here, It’s time for a break.” She deadpaned, her eyes meeting both their faces.

“Keith is what Lotor says true?” Allura asked politely as she blew smoke from her nose.

“What’d he say?” Keith asked as he took the blunt from her and inhaled deeply.

“I informed everyone in the room of our relationship status.” Lotor replied, as he plucked the blunt from Keith’s fingers.

Keith immediately started to choke on the smoke, Allura and Lotor lightly tapped his back in concern.

“You did..?” He asked ignoring the burn in his chest turning toward Lotor.

“I did. Was that a problem?” He asked curiously, as he handed the blunt to Janae.

“Uh...no....I mean I’m ok with it. Allura are you ok with it?” Keith asked turning his attention back to Allura, she smiled softly.

“Keith why would it not be ok?”

“Uhhh because he lowkey stole your fiancé.” Coran chimed in as he lit the third blunt in rotation.

Allura snorted out a laugh.

“I couldn’t be more happy for you.” Allura added, Janae giggled.

“Can you believe this shit?!?!” Lance complained as he took a third hit, not passing the blunt.

“No, but I can believe you fuckin up the rotation.” Pidge said as she plucked the blunt from his fingers, Hunk laughed and Shiro shook his head.

“Allura is the angry little Olkarin your mate?” Lotor asked as he watched Pidge kick Lance in the shin.

“Olkarin?” Allura asked confused.

“Ah yes the Olkari.” Coran started with a faint smile as Janae took the blunt out of his hands, “Are
a vaguely insect-like humanoids species, renowned for their extraordinary engineering skills.”

“Pidge is human and yes.” Allura said softly as Pidge gave her a lop sided smile.

“How could you tell?” Keith asked.

“Anytime I looked at Allura she’d growl!”

The four of them fail into a fit of giggles.

“It coulda been worse.” Keith said with a shrug as he watched his friends animatedly argue about an anime he didn’t watch.

“Much worse.” Lotor said as he took Keith’s hand.

“Lotorrrr?” Lance called from behind them, he frowned as his eyes landed on their linked hands, Lotor raised an inquisitive brow.

“Did you do some weird voodoo Galra shit to make Keith like you-excuse me I mean date you?”

Keith frowned.

“Is your shoulder dislocated?” Lotor asked politely.

“No....why?”

“Oh, because that was a far ass reach.” Lotor said narrowing his eyes and turning back around.
Lance squirmed nervously in the back seat of his mother’s minivan, his mother smiled softly as she lovingly sang words of encouragement, trying to persuade her youngest child to relax.

“Mama what if the other kids don’t like me?” He asked nervously looking out the window, watching the scenery rapidly change around him.

“Todo estará bien.” She said with a laugh, “Mi amor that is impossible, stop worrying so much.”

“What if I don’t make any friends?”

“You’ll make plenty of friends amor.” She cooed as she pulled into the parking lot and quickly found a space.

“Mama what if they make fun of my accent?” He asked as his mother opened his door, she took her time unbuckling his seat beat.

“Then those aren’t the people who deserve to be around you.” She said sternly as she pulled the five year old up in to her arms.

“Now come on, you don’t want to be late.” She said as she took his hand in hers and lead him inside the school building.

Lance clung to his mother’s arm as they entered the large building, her heels clicking loudly as they walked down a long white hallway.

A women with long brown hair and large green eyes smiled wide as him and his mother stepped in front of an open classroom door.

Lance hid behind his mother’s skirt as the strange women looked at him.

“Good morning Mrs. Mcclain, I’m Rebecca.” She said as she shook his mother’s hand, her smile still wide.

Lance thought the women was creepy.

“And you must be Lance. Its nice to meet you.” She said.

Lance felt his mother’s eyes on him, and he forced a smile.

“It’s nice to meet you too Ms.Rebecca.” He said politely.

She smiled and reached her hand out to him, “Would you like to meet the rest of your Kindergarten class?”
Lance nervously looked up at his mother, she smiled reassuringly and he turned his attention back to Ms. Rebecca and nodded his head.

“Good bye Mi amor, I’ll see you in a couple of hours.” His mother said as she kissed his cheek and waved goodbye as he stepped into the classroom.

His eyes widen as he took in the large colorful room, full of decorations and children’s books, a few stuffed animals sat lazily throughout the room, the floor was covered in giant soft puzzle pieces, a play kitchen sat in the far right of the room. A few tiny tables sat scattered throughout the room, Lance also noticed the room full of other children running around and playing.

“Have fun making new friends.” Ms. Rebecca said happily, “In a couple of minutes we’ll have story time.” She said as she released his hand and walked away.

Lance stood rooted in the same spot for a few seconds unsure of what to do.

“Can you pass me the yellow?” A voice asked from behind him. He turned around quickly, his eyes landing on a dark skinned girl with curly hair, she smiled at him, both her front teeth where missing.

“Ok.” Lance said he walked closer to the tiny table and opened a box of crayons and handed her the yellow.

“Grassy ass.” She said politely as she took the crayon, he snorted a laugh.

“Are you bilingual? “ He asked curiously as he sat down across from her at the table and pulled a coloring book in front of him.

The little girl seems to ponder that for a second, she taps the crayon against her chin a few times and answers.

“Like my daddy says; I’m bi a lot of things, but lingual is not one of them.” She said brightly.

Lance laughed hard at that.

“That doesn’t sound like something a five year old should say.”

A blonde girl from the play kitchen said, narrowing her eyes.

“That’s why no one likes you Samatha.” The girl with the crayons said rolling her eyes.

“Yes they do, if you say that again I’m goin to tell Ms. Rebecca.” The blonde girl countered, feelings obviously hurt.

“And you a taddle tail.” The girl with the crayons said as she blew raspberries at Samatha.

Lance laughed as he colored a picture alongside the girl at the table, they spent the next couple of minutes comparing and complimenting each other’s art.

“All right class it’s story time. Everyone grab a puzzle piece in the story area.” Ms. Rebecca called as she walked across the room and sat in a large oak chair, she held a rainbow colored book in her hands.

Lance rose from the table, the girl with the curly hair smiled as she took his hand and guided him to her favorite spot to sit.
“This is the best part of the day.” She whispered to him.

“What about snack time?” He asked as he crossed his legs and waited for the story to begin.

“Ok, second best part of the day.” She whispered a laugh.

Lance smiled and listened as Ms. Rebecca animatedly told the story about a caterpillar that kept eating everything, he listened intently as the story progressed and found himself happy with the ending.

After story time the rest of the day seemed to fly by quickly, Lance spent the entire day playing with the curly haired girl.

They colored more pictures, talked about their favorite animals and even shared their snacks at snack time. Before Lance knew it, he was waving bye to his new friend and being buckled in his seat by his mother.

“How was it?” She asked as she pulled out of the parking lot.

“Mama it was great!! I colored a picture for you and abuelita, I listened to a story about a caterpillar that got fat and turned into a butterfly. Anddddd I made a new friend.” He said excitedly from the back seat.

“Ahhh that’s wonderful mi amor, what’s your new friends name?”

“Her name is-“ Lance frowned at that realizing he hadn’t asked her what her name was.

“I didn’t ask.” He said his cheery mood floating out the window.

“Esta bien you can just ask her tomorrow.” She said with a smile as she pulled into their driveway.

Lance smiled at that and excitedly ran into the house showing his abuelita the drawings he’d made for her.

He happily ate dinner with his family, telling them again about his first day of kindergarten, his mother kissed the top of his head as she ushered him to bed.

He lay awake in bed, too excited to sleep, staying up well into the night thinking of all the fun things he’d do tomorrow.

Lance looked up at the gray clouds and frowned as he pulled the hem of his sweater down, his mother took his hand and pulled him along down the white hallway.

“Have a good day mi amor, I’ll be back in a couple of hours.” His mother said as she kissed the top of his head.

Lance frowned as he stepped into the classroom and looked around the room, his eyes not finding the familiar face of yesterday, he only saw Samatha.

He did not want to play with Samatha.

He sighed as he walked toward a small group of boys playing with dinosaurs on the puzzle floor, he sat down next to them and picked up a stray toy.
“What are you doing?” A brown haired boy asked rudely, raising a brow at Lance.

“I’m playing with toys.” He replied, “Duh.”

The brown haired boy didn’t seem to like that, a few other boys on the floor snickered behind them, the boy moved toward Lance and snatched the toy from his hands and smiled.

“Hey why’d you do that?” He asked annoyed as he reached for the toy, the boy slapped his hand away harshly.

“Hey!!”

“Because it’s mine, and my daddy says I don’t have to share anything with dirty immigrants.” The boy shot back as he moved all the other toys away from Lance.

Lance stilled for a moment, unsure how to respond, he felt the curious eyes of the other children on him.

“I was born here.” He shot back weakly.

“You don’t sound like it.” The boy said crossing his arms.

“Your being mean.” Lance said reaching for another toy.

“What’d I say-“

The boys sentence was cut short as an umbrella hit him in the back of the head.

“Hey!!! Why’d you do that?!?” The brown haired boy yelled as he turned around rubbing the back of his head.

“Because your being mean.” A familiar voice said, Lance felt himself relax as his eyes landed on the girl from yesterday.

She wore shiny white rain boots and her curly hair was tied back neatly with a white ribbon.

“You be mean again and I’ll hit you.” She said as her eyes landed on Lance.

“I’m telling the teacher!!” He hissed.

“So.” The little girl said wacking him again with her umbrella.

The brown haired boy tossed her a glare as she walked around him, pushing a few of the other boys out of the way, she held her hand out to Lance.

“Do you wanna go color?” She asked with a wide smile, Lance returned the smile as he took her hand.

“Ok.” He said as he stood up from the floor, he trailed behind her, the two of them quickly sitting down.

Not even two minutes into their coloring Ms.Rebecca approached the table, she kneeled down between them.

“Janae, did you hit David with your umbrella?” She asked politely.
“Yes ma’am.” She said back quickly, not stopping her coloring.

“Janae you know that’s not nice.”

“Well he said something mean to me.”
She said back as she sat her crayon down on the table, her eyes meeting Lance’s for a brief second before they met Rebecca’s.

“And what’d he say? There’s no need for hitting no matter wha-“
Janae interrupts her, “He told me to go back to Africa.” She blurts out

“Oh..” Ms. Rebecca says, clearly not expecting that response, as she struggled to find what to say.

Janae shot Lance a look and tried not to giggle.

“Oh my.” She said as she as she rose to her feet quickly. “I will not have that kind of behavior in my classroom.” She said as she spun around on her heels in search of David.

Janae picked up her crayon and continued to color, “Why’d you say that?” He asked as he watched her color a dear purple.

“Because David is jerk.” She said flatly.
“I heard what he said too...that’s not how you’re supposed to treat people.” She continued, switching colors.

“I was born in Cuba and came here when I turned three.” He said after a moment.

Janae looked up at him and smiled, “That’s nice.”

“My name’s Lance.” He said.

“I know.” She said as she pulled a lollipop out of her pocket, and handed it to him.

“How do you know my name?” He asked as he unwrapped the wrapping and quickly popped the sucker in his mouth.

“It’s on your lunch box.” She said as she pulled another lollipop from her pocket.

“You can read?”

“Yes. Can’t you?” She asked as she tossed her wrapper at Samantha.

“Not very good...” He said honestly, feeling slightly embarrassed.

She hummed at that, popping the lolli in her mouth, “I’ll teach you how to read, if you teach me to be bi-lingual. She said.

He smiled at that. “Si, That means yes.” He said with a laugh as she gave him a funny look.

“My name’s Janae.” She said pointing a crayon at him.

“Jenaay.” He said testing the name out.

“No Jenaeeeeee.” She corrected.

“That’s what I said.”
“Si, no it’s not.” She said.

He laughed. “My accent just makes it sound weird.”

She hummed at that.

“What if I call you Jenny?” He asked.

“But that girl over there is Jenny.” Janae said pointing to an orange haired girl playing with Samatha.

“Is it spelled with a y or an I?” He asked, watching as the girl with the orange hair began to fight with Samatha in the kitchen, sending play pots and pans all over the floor.

“Mmmmmh Y.” She said as she squinted her eyes at an orange folder a few desks away.

“Ok then you’ll be Jenni with an I.” He said triumphantly.

“Blahhhhh, what do I get to call you?” She asked.

“Lance of course.” He said poshly as pulled his lolli from his mouth and pointed it at her.

“I guess.” She said rolling her eyes.

A couple hours later Janae got up from the table and returned with a clear fish bowl of beads, Lance peeked up at the bowl and watched as she dug her small hand inside and pulled out a handful of multi colored beads.

“What’s this for?” He asked as he watched her sit the hand full of beads in the middle of the table.

“It’s so we can make bracelets. Duhhh.” She said with a laugh as she handed him a long piece of clear string.

“Are we allowed to use these?” He asked as he began to sort the beads out of the pile by color.

“Only the kids who wont eat them, get to use them.” she said as she walked away with the clear bowl in hand.

“Don’t eat them.”

Lance snorted at that as he started to separate the letters in alphabetical order.

Janae returned and watched him sort the beads out, she smiled as she dropped a few square shaped beads in the middle.

“Why’d you bring more?”

“Because these have hearts.” She said with a laugh as she started to reach for the beads with letters, “You can make my bracelet, and I can make yours.” She said as she picked up an L.

“Ok.” He said as he slid a few beads in his direction, carefully picking colors and letters out, he picked up two of the square beads and slid them right behind the I, he quickly slipped the beads onto the thin clear string.

“Look.” She said as she held her untied bracelet up by the ends, Lance raised a brow as he took in the misspelling of his name.
“Why is there a Y?”

“Because you gave me an I, so I gave you a Y. “ She pointed out between giggles.

“Lancey.”

“That makes no sense.”

“This is America, it doesn’t have to make sense.”

“Does your dad say that?” He asked between laughs.

“No. My mom.” She said with a smile.

Lance moved toward Janae and tied the bracelet around her wrist, he frowned when he saw how much extra string was left over.

She simply slid the bracelet off her arm, and reached into her large white back pack and pulled out a pair of shiny sharp scissors.

Lance eyes widened in surprise.

“I thought we could only use the safety scissors in class.” He said as he watched her quickly cut the string.

She made a noise in the back of her throat in response. “Those things don’t work.”

“Where’d you get yours?” He asked as he moved his wrist toward her and watched her tie a neat knot.

“From my mommy. There shears, not scissors.” She said as she quickly nipped the additional string.

“What’s the difference?” He ask as watched her place the tiny scissors into a small yellow case.

“They just look like baby scissors to me.”

Janae rolled her eyes. “They’re wayyyyyy sharper then regular scissors, plus not everyone can use them. “ She said proudly, “Anyone can pick up a pair of scissors.” She said flicking her wrist dismissively in the direction of the safety scissors.

Lance hummed at that, not really understanding.

“My mommy has a matching pair, she even let’s me cut her hair.”

Lance’s eyes widen in surprise. “When my brother Marco cut my sister Veronica’s hair he got grounded for a month! And Veronica had to go to school with lop sides bangs.”

Janae laughed at that.

“Yeahhhh my mommy likes to keep her hair short, so I don’t have to worry about her bangs being lop sided.” She said between laughs.

They continued to color and play, enjoying the rest of their day. Before Lance knew it, again it was time to go.

He waved goodbye to Jenni and took his mother’s hand, happily showing her his new bracelet, explaining to her why he had an additional letter in his name.
The next few months flew by blissfully quick, before Lance knew it, the season had changed and fresh sheets of snow blanketed the earth around him.

Chapter End Notes

Spanish note-

Mi amor-my love
Todo estara bien-everything will be fine
“Can you believe it?! Keith’s running around with the Prince of fucking darkness!!”

Lance complained for the third time in thirty minutes, as he continued to pace throughout Pidge and Hunk’s work space, annoying them both to no end.

“He’s literally sleeping with the enemy.” Lance hissed.

“Lance, Lotor isn’t the enemy. Your feelings are.”

Hunk chimed in as he steadily tinkered with a gadget, his finger tips covered in grease as he reached for another tool.

“Jealously isn’t a good look.”

“Pidge you gotta back me up.” Lance whined. “Don’t you agree?!”

“Ok I need you to do something for me.” Pidge starts as she turned away from her laptop.

“Uhh ok..” Lance said turning toward her.

“Look at my face.”

“Pidgeeee?” He asked concerned, he was already looking at her face.

“No no no keep looking.”

“I am looking.”

“No your not. Look harder.”

“Is there a point to this?”

“Yes, so look as hard as you can.”

“Alright!!” Lance yelled as he stared intensely at her face, trying to see if he missed anything.

“Focus on every part of my face.” Pidge continued.

“Alright alright I’m doing it.”
“Now tell me does it look like I give a fuck?” She deadpaned, turning back around in her chair blatantly annoyed.

Lance made a face, “Pidge that was fucking rude!!”

Hunk laughed.

“I brought brownies.” Janae said as she entered the room, surprising the other Paladins.

“Hey Janae.” Hunk said with a smile as he backed away from his work station, grabbing a towel and cleaning his hands.

“What do we owe the pleasure of this visit? Anddddd thankkkkkks for bringing snacks.” Pidge said as she hopped up from her chair and made her way toward Janae.

Janae shrugged lazily as she reached in her bag and pulled out a Tupperware container and handed it to Pidge.

“I was in the area and thought I’d visit.” She said as she sat down next to a visibly cranky Lance.

“Hey.” He mumbled, pouting.

“Ah ok.” Pidge nodded distracted as she popped open the container, greedily plucking out several brownies.

Janae smiled as she leaned back in her seat, her smile slowly fading as her thoughts wandered.

The chattered around her continued as she sat still in place, her hands absently toying with the string of her large hoodie, her eyes cast down as she faded out of the room.

Hunk is the first to notice.

“Janae are you ok?” He asked as he took a step toward her, popping her cocooned haze.

Janae snapped her head up quickly at the sound of her name, she held an odd expression as she came back to the room.

“Oh...yeah I’m fine. Just feeling kinda off today.” She said absently.

“Do you need me to walk you to your car or do you need a ride home?” He asked concerned.

She smiled softly as she rose to her feet and slid her backpack onto her shoulders.

“No I’m fine. I just stopped by on my lunch break to drop off the brownies.” She said as she started to make her way across the room.

“Oh...well are you sure you don’t want me to walk you to your car? It’s no problem.” He said as he moved to grab his jacket.

“No no. I’m fine, I walked here.” She said as she shuffled her feet.

Pidge and Lance looked at one another.

“I’m just having a weird day. I’m fine. Just keep the container.” She said quickly as she stepped out of the room.
Hunk stood still in his same spot, a concerned look masking his features.

“That was....weird.” Lance said looking at the other faces in the room.

Janae*

This entire day has been unearthly...from the moment I woke up, I felt eyes watching me, observing my daily habits and whispering secrets throughout the shadows.

I grab my bag and get ready for work, I slip on a pair of jeans and large hoodie.
I don’t bother with grabbing my usual outfit, I don’t have a set to night.
I’d happily volunteered weeks in advance to set up for new Dj.

I was regretting that decision as I stepped outside into the night.

I sighed looking up at the sky, watching as ominous gray clouds spiral and dance darkening the sky.
I continued on to my Escape and groaned in frustration after the fifth try of attempting to get it started.

I stepped out and slammed the car door, quickly popping the hood, I frowned as a cloud of black smoke rose up and hit my face.
I groaned closing the hood, I looked down at my watch and decided just to ride the metro to work.

The walk to the train station is nothing short of sinister, the feeling of unease sticks and hangs tightly to me like a second skin, sliding under my pores and clogging my nose.
The feeling of being watched intensifies as I continued forward, clutching my mace.

The walk is uneventful, but still grinds my nerves as I pay for a ticket and board the train.
I sigh inwardly as I reach into my bag and discover I left my phone at home.

It just keeps on getting better and better.

I arrive at work annoyed, the feeling of being monitored doesn’t lessen. I set up equipment and help the new Dj start his set.
He’s Squamish and immensely unnecessarily nervous, I automatically assume he’s going to throw up as soon as it’s time to perform.

“Janae you can take your break if you want.” Rolo calls from the back room, he’s checking lights and avoiding questions of employees.

“Thanks.” I say as I grab my bag and walk past his ladder.

“Janae where is your car?” He asks politely, I can hear the lecture forming already.

“Ummmm....at home.”

“How’d you get to work?”

“The train....”

“Janae why didn’t you call me if you needed a ride?”
I groan annoyed, “I didn’t want to bother anyone.”

“Do you need a ride home?”
“Yeah but I’ll just ask one of the bouncers.” I say trying to wrap up the conversation.

“Ok. You can go home after you run him through his set a few more times.” He said as he climbed down. “The kids gonna throw up as soon as he steps on stage.” Rolo frowned.

I snort as I walked away, sighing as I stepped outside into the parking lot. I pull a blunt from my bag and light it, inhaling as I thought about what to do for lunch.

I remember the extra brownies in my bag and decide to visit Pidge, her building is only fifteen minutes away. I exhale deeply and clutch my mace and start my walk.

The walk to Pidge’s work space is less stressful then my walk to the train, I relax as I step into the lobby and take the elevator to the eighth floor.

I push back feelings of unease as I enter the room, warmly greeted by friends.

But the welcoming atmosphere does little to pick up my mood, I fade in and out of conversation, letting their warm voices wash over me.

I hear the tail end of my name and look up, Hunk’s worried brown eyes watch me carefully as he speaks.

“Janae are you ok?”

I stiffen up at the question and force a smile.

“Oh...yeah I’m fine. Just feeling kinda off today.”

“Do you need me to walk you to your car or do you need a ride home?” He asks concerned.

Hunk is sweet.

I smiled softly as I rose to her feet and slid my backpack onto her shoulders, trying to put on airs, tryin to fake the facade of not being close to having a mental breakdown.

“No I’m fine. I just stopped by on my lunch break to drop off the brownies.” I said as I started to make my way toward the door, trying to avoid the concerned faces and odd looks.

“Oh...well are you sure you don’t want me to walk you to your car? It’s no problem.” He said as he moved to grab his jacket.

“No no. I’m fine, I walked here.” I say awkwardly as I start to move, shuffling my feet back and forth.

I don’t miss the way Pidge and Lance’s eyes meet.

“Im just having a weird day.” I say as I take a step back, “I’m fine. Just keep the container.” I said quickly as I turned around and stepped out of the room.

I clutched my mace and briskly walked back to work, avoiding puddles and trying to escape the light sprinkles of the night.

I feel the eerie touch of eyes again, they crowd me and threaten to reach out, my pace quickens, I quickly open the door to the building.

I speed walk to my destination, and wait.
After thirty minutes, it becomes apparent the new guy isn’t coming back. I sigh and make my way to the bouncers, I smile as my eyes land on Stanley.

He stands beside the bar, his large arms folded across his chest, he’s frowning at the bartender.

Nothing new.

“Heyyyyyyy Stanley, your bald head is looking extra shiny tonight.” I say as I sit down at the bar.

He snorts out a laugh and smiles. “What do you want Jenni?”

“Can you give me a ride home?” I ask politely, declining a drink from the bartender.

“Sure. Are you going home after a few more sets? He asked looking up at the dance floor, his eyes landing on the new Dj as he slowly walks to the booth. He looks green.

Oh joy.

“The guys gonna upchuck.” He said with a frown.

“Yeah after a few sets I’ll be ready to go.” I said as I pulled away from the bar and headed back to the booth.

Pidge pulled up a map of the city, her eyes roaming the color coded dots. She picked up her phone and dialed Keith’s number, he answers on the second ring.

“What’s up Pidge?” He asks breathlessly as he pulls his gym bag out of his locker.

“What’s wrong with your voice?” She asks immediately.

“I’m horse.” He said attempting to clear his throat and speak louder. “I’m probably losing my voice.” He sighed.

Stupid Lotor.

“What have you been doing to loose-“

“Pidge.” He said cutting her off.

“I need you to check on Janae, she seemed weird. Your the closets.”

“What do you mean weird? Wait what do you mean closets? Pidge are you sharing my location again?!?” He asked slipping on his jacket and locking the locker door.

“Mmh she came by and seemed paranoid. Your at the gym, that’s like a 5 minute walk from her job.”

“Pidgeeeeee.”

“I’m not sharing your location, but I did slip a tracker into the lining of your jacket-“

“Pidge What the fuck?!!”

“It’s only for emergency situations.” She countered.
“And you think this is an emergency situation?” He probed as he sent a text to Lotor.

“I do.” Pidge said seriously.

“Ok. I’ll head her way in a couple of minutes.” He said as he disconnected the call.

Keith sighed as he stepped out of the gym, annoyed he let Lotor convince him to get dropped off instead of riding his bike.
He briskly walked pulling his jacket close and zipping it all the way up.

*

I sighed as I watched the bartender and new guys go to blows, sending a mess of booze and a random ipod shuffle across the dance floor. It takes three people to pry them apart, Stanley is one of them.

I check my watch again and decide to just catch the metro home, if I hurry I can catch the last train.
I wave goodbye to Stanley as he struggles to block the bartender’s advances, I’m pretty sure he doesn’t see me.

I pull my hoodie back over my head and walk to the door, taking a deep breath as I pull it open and step out.
The loud hum of music thumps on the air around me as I walk, I clutch the strap of my bag as I feel the eyes again.

I struggle to keep my legs from bolting, as I allow my self to walk, passing a few vacant buildings and apartment complexes.

Why’d I never realize how creepy this area was before...

The sound of footsteps echo behind me and my back straightens as I walk a little faster.
The footsteps continue behind me and I increase my pace, the footsteps mimic mine and I push forward, running at full speed.
The person behind me follows, their steps echoing mine, I begin to panic as I feel them growing closer, the heat of their body gaining close behind mine.

I grab the strap of my bag and slide it from my shoulders, my feet not stopping as I gripped the strap tightly and swing my bag hard, hitting the chest of the person behind me.

“What the fuck Janae?!” A familiar voice yells.

Keith sighed as faint drops of rain began to fall.

After a few moments he caught sight of a familiar white bag, he called out to Janae as he watched her exit the club an annoyed look on her face.

“Janae!” He yelled lowly and received no response, loud music seeped out of the walls of the club and bounced down the street.

He sighed as he sped up walking, trying to catch up with her, he frowned as her pace changed.

Shifting from a walk, to a brisk pace, to full on sprinting, he followed behind her, trying to catch
up, the music blaring from the club blocking out his voice as he called after her again.

“Janae!”

Stupid club.

Stupid loud music.

Keith pushed forward chasing after her, he reached out for her as he grew closer trying to get her attention, he didn’t expect to be hit hard in the chest with a bag.

“What the fuck Janae?!” He yelled clutching his chest, his eyes meeting her’s.

“What the fucks in there BRICKS?!”

“Why-why where you chasing me?” She asked between breaths, her movements stopping completely as she took him in.

“What’s wrong with your voice?”

“I tried to get your attention and you fucking took off! Why the fuck are you running?!”

“I thought you where a fucking creep!!” She screamed.

“What? Why are you so paranoid?!”

“Because all day I’ve felt like someone’s been watching me!!!” She hissed.

A loud chuckle interrupts their banter, they turn their heads in the direction the sound came from and take in a large Galra. Janae breath stops as she watches him move, large is an understatement. He’s three times the size of any Galran they’ve encountered and he isn’t alone. Two more regular sized Galrans flank his sides, more then half a dozen robotic humanoid silhouettes stand behind them.

The Galra are dressed differently then any they’ve encountered so far, charcoal black suits with gold and purple swirls mark their chest. The Sentries behind them are large with the logo of the Galra Empire designed in red, carved into their silver chests.

“I’ll admit I was a bit surprised when Haggar told me she needed me to collect something, I just didn’t assume it’d be in the hands of lowly organics.” He said as he trailed a large dirty double rifled sword behind him.

Keith stood in front of Janae protectively, pushing her back behind him a few steps.

“I might as well have fun, as long as I bring it back I’ll get paid.” The Galran said as he pulled a cloth from his belt and began to clean the stained red tips of the blade meticulously.

“Probably get double if I kill you both.”

“Janae whenever you can, run. I need you to get as far away as possible.” Keith said as he pulled his glowing Bayard from his pocket.

“What? And leave you here-“

“You don’t have a weapon you’ll just be in the way.” He said as his Bayard took shape extending into a long red and white sword.
“Here’s an idea why don’t you go and I stay?” She asked as she took a defensive stance.

“Besides it’s not like I actually have family to go home to or anything, not like anyone is waiting for me.”

Her words make Keith’s train of thought falter for a second, catching him completely off guard, before he can respond, one of the smaller Galran bolt in their direction, wielding three long katanas. He held one in each hand, and another between his teeth, Keith pushed Janae out of the way and countered the attack, the weight of two swords clanking loudly against his one.

The other Galran doesn’t miss a beat as he lunges for Janae, his double sided ax slicing the pavement between them as he brought it down hard in her direction. She dodges clumsy, tripping over her feet and almost slips in a puddle.

Keith pushes back hard, slamming forward, trying to knock back his opponent. The Galran retaliates by turning his head quickly, the side of the blade in his mouth slices high across Keith’s cheek. The Galran seems amused as Keith jumps back, putting space between them.

Keith doesn’t bother to wipe the blood away from his face, as he feels warmth roll down his cheek, his eyes narrow and he lunges forward, his sword connecting with two, he pivots and slams his knee up between them, hitting the stomach of his opponent, knocking him off balance. Keith moves again, slamming his foot into his chest, knocking him down.

Janae jumps out of the way and avoids the blade of the ax, she moves quickly slamming her foot into his chest, trying to push him back. He eats the attack and moves forward unphased, his movements only increasing as he swings the ax wrecklessly in her direction.

She pivots on her heels and runs, trying to put space between them as she pulled her bag into her hands and rummaged through it, trying to find her Bayard. She staggers as she’s suddenly cut off by several of the humanoid robots, they move collectively, reaching out for her. She drops hard to the ground and scraps her knees as she slides between them.

She pulls her Bayard free as she drops her bag, she rises to her feet and holds her Bayard high. It doesn’t glow, it doesn’t activate.

She begins to panic.

Keith pulls back and slams the bunt of his sword into the neck of the Galran, temporarily knocking him back several feet, the blade between his lips falls to the ground as he chokes.

Keith catches the look of horror that marks Janae’s features as she struggles to activate her Bayard, panicking, slamming the device hard into her open palm, trying to get a reaction. He sighs as he reaches in his back pocket and pulls out his dagger, he holds the tips in between his fingers and tries to think of a safer and faster way of getting it to her then throwing it.

“Janae!!” He calls.

She looks up to see Keith holding something black and pointed in his hands, he moves his arms as if he’s going to throw it and she realizes it’s a dagger. She dodges the swing of the ax and runs in his direction, encouraging him to throw it.

This is not safe, she muses, but neither is being chopped in half.
Keith moves his arm, waiting for an opening. The body of a Galra slams hard into him, knocking him down and sending the dagger flying a few feet shy of her.

She falters, watching as Keith struggles to get to his feet, the weight of the Galra pinning him down harshly, as he preceded to slam his fists into him.

Janae yells as she’s suddenly yanked backwards by her hair, she’s slammed hard into the asphalt, and dragged backwards. The bunt of the ax slams hard into her shoulder and her head is yanked hard upright, forcing her to look up in Keith’s direction.

Her eyes widen as she watches Keith be dragged up on his feet, two of the Sentries hoist him up by his arms, his face smudged in dirt and covered in bruises, blood streams down from his cheek and lip, one of his eyes is almost swollen shut.

The Galran with the swords, tosses them to the ground and takes a large rifle from the hand of a Sentry. He aims the barrel down at Keith.

The largest of the Galra steps forward, an annoyed look on his face, his eyes bounce from Janae to Keith before he speaks.

“Give me the key.” He says flatly his eyes on Janae.

“What?! I-I-I don’t have the key!!” She yells fighting back tears as the hands in her hair tighten, yanking her harshly.

“I am only going to ask you nicely a few more times.” He growls, stepping closer to Keith, the rest of the Sentries hover around him, waiting to be instructed.

“I can’t give you something I don’t have!!”

Her response is met with a fist to the face and she cries out in pain as her hair is yanked again.

The larger Galran looks at Keith and barks out an order. “Until you give me what I want, we’re going to play a little game.”

A Sentry moves forward and blocks her view of Keith, it moves quickly slamming its fist into his ribcage harshly. He slums forward coughing out blood in response.

“We’re going to play How Many.” The Galran continues as the Sentry moves around, slamming its fist in the center of Keith’s chest, he screams out in pain as he’s hit again in the same spot.

“How many hits, how many broken bones...will it take for you to give me what I want.”

Janae winces at that and she tries to move, her head is yanked back again harder, blurring her vision and making her see white.

“I-I-I don’t have the key!! Please stop!!” She cries, not fighting to hold in tears any more.

“J.....Janae...” Keith wheezes weakly, Janae cuts her eyes in his direction and bits back a cry.

“Th-this is why I told you to leave....I didn’t want anything to happen to you...”

“Your the one getting hurt!!! You should of just left me here!!! You have family, people-who care.” She struggles to get out as more tears fall forward.
“Th-that’s not true...Shiro cares about you...I care about you....Pidge,Hunk,Lance,Allura...your important to all of us...Your...family..” He wheezes out weakly, receiving another hit, this time to the face.

Janae cries harder, covering her eyes, his words amplify and pushing forward the already overwhelming emotions threatening to consume her, her bracelets chimed as she moved.

“My how touching.” The large Galran cooed as he moved his hand and signaled to the Galran with rifle, the Galran simply nodded in response as he handed the rifle to a Sentry and picked up one of his Katanas.

“Get rid of that annoying sound.” He ordered.

The Galran took a second to right the sword comfortably in his hand, he bolted forward toward Janae his blade held high.
She brought up her arms defensively, her bracelets clinking together as she moved her hands above her head.
The sword slammed into her arm, clashing into the bracelets, he brought the Katana up higher again and slammed it down harder, smashing the bracelets and cutting deeply into her arm.

She bit down on her bottom lip and tried not to scream out in pain as the Galran with the Katana moved away, he spit at her feet.

“I’ve had enough patience with you, I am going to ask two more times.”

Janae looked down her eyes landing on the black dagger that sat a few inches away to her left, her head was yanked back up forcing her to watch.

“Break a bone.” He said venomously, his eyes on Janae.

“Wait I don’t-“

The Sentry moves again, wrapping its large hand around Keith’s upper thigh, the loud sound of snapping bone and Keith’s scream cut through the air, slicing into Janae.


The Galran closest to Janae, slid his sword in place and snatched the rifle from the Sentry and pulled the clip back, aiming at Keith skull, his finger resting just above the trigger.

“You have until the count of five.”

The Sentries dropped Keith rudely and took a few steps back, he stirs, tilting his head, one eye opened as he looked up at her helplessly.

Janae’s eyes widened as she looked from Keith to the gun. “I-I- don’t have it!!!”

“One.”

The feelings of regret, anger, sadness and helplessness lodged deeper in her chest, making it harder to breath.

“Two.”

She opened her mouth, trying to pull air to her lungs as her body started to shake. Her mind moving a hundred miles a second, trying to stop the inevitable from happening.
“Three.”

She moved her head, her eyes landing on the dagger. She moved, shifting and kicked her feet out, pulling the dagger back under her ankle, as the Galran snatched her back in place.

“Four.”

She blindly felt around the ground beneath her, her fingers bumping clumsy against the blade. She snatched the dagger up in her hands and didn’t hesitate as she sliced behind her head, cutting her hair and slicing the blade across the skin of her shoulder and back, she moved.

“Five.”

The world seemed to stop around her as she rose to her feet and ran toward Keith, her legs threatening to give out beneath her, as the Galran with the rifle moved his finger, Janae screamed as she wrapped her arms around him and heard the click.

Keith

Everything hurts.

The world around me is silent, except for the loud cries of Janae as she holds me protectively in her arms, cradling me and crushing me at the same time.

She’s shaking, and her body feels to warm.

I try to move, touching her arm. She stills for a movement and pulls away, red rimmed eyes greet mine and my breath hitches as I take in the color of her eyes.

No longer brown.

Eyes the color of liquid gold stare back at me, no irises. Strange maroon colored markings decorate her face. Harshly cut short white hair blows above her shoulders, framing pointed ears.

“Keith....” She says my name so softly it sounds like a question, I look away from her and my eyes widen as I take in the translucent white bubble wrapped protectively around us.

I can see the Galra and Sentry spread out around us, weapons ready, faces twisted in confusion as they hesitantly move toward us.

“I’ll be back....” She says softly again as she starts to pull away. I cling to her, stopping her movements, panic and pain colliding together as I pull her arm weakly.

“Wh-why?” I manage to ask, once again gold eyes meet mine, and I shiver at the intensity they hold.

“Because they’re not going to leave unless I do something.”

I drink that and swish it around in my mouth before I answer, she’s right...but I don’t want her to leave.
I don’t want her to get hurt.

I don’t understand what’s going on.

What....what is she?

“I’m going to get you home.” She says as she moves slowly unwrapping her arms from around me.

“P-promise...” I said weakly as she pulls out of reach, just past my finger tips.

She smiles wistfully, she looks sad as she speaks, as if she’s telling a lie to appease a child.

“Promise.” She said faintly as she stepped out our protective bubble and left me to watch.

The Galra and Sentries stop moving as she rises to her feet, her Paladin armor sliding quickly up her body encasing her silhouette in white.

The large Galran speaks first, an amused smile on his lips, “A Chimera...I never thought I’d get to see the day.”

“I won’t let you hurt anyone else!! I refuse to stand bye and let you hurt the people closets to me.” She growls out, as she stood her ground, “I can’t...I can’t stand by and lose anyone else!!!!”

She screams tears rolling down her cheeks. I go rigid as a pair of large horns began to extend from her head, they curl deeply and come to a point.

The smaller Galrans shrink back, the one with ax drops his weapon in surprise.

“They’re......they’re not supposed to be real...”

He hisses as he takes several steps back.

“I.....was to weak to protect my family...”

She cries as she cradles her Bayard to her chest.

“You’ll have to kill me before you TAKE anyone else from me!!!”

Her Bayard begins to grow blindingly bright.

She turns towards me, tears in her eyes, a broken smile on her lips.

“Keith...”

I watch as her skin changes from brown to the color of ashes, she turns back around slowly and holds her Bayard high.

“I WILL PROTECT YOU WITH EVERYTHING I AM!!!!”

With her declaration her Bayard begins to take shape.
All I am

Janae finally got her damn weapon

Keith

“I WILL PROTECT YOU WITH EVERYTHING I AM!!!!”

I watch as her Bayard begins to take shape, extending and glowing bright. My eyes widen as it continues to grow, two bone white pivoted sharp blades met at a point, they’re three times her size and break the asphalt as the tip hits the ground with a loud thud.

A pair of scissors.

Her hand looks tiny as it grips one of the golden handles, the wind picks up around us, blowing her freshly chopped hair messily around. Her facial expression doesn’t change, the overly large weapon makes a lump form in my throat.

It’s to big.

None of our weapons look remotely like that...guns...cannons...swords...chains....blades...

She’s...supposed to have a shield...

We where all fitted with strong offensive weapons....how is.....how is she supposed to wield such a big weapon...

Can she even lift it from the ground?

The largest of the Galra shares my thoughts and gladly verbalizes them.

“How are you supposed to fight with such a large weapon? “ He barks out a rich laugh, “Can you even pick it up?”

Her eyes narrow in response, she flips her wrist lifting the blades effortlessly up and slams them harshly into the ground. The slam of the blades send tremors around us, shaking the earth.

“Don’t worry about what I can do.” She growled out as she lowered her stance, dropping to her knees.

She looks reminiscent of the girls I used to see in middle school run track, the way her finger tips touch the ground, her head up, her eyes clear.

Like she’s waiting to hear a whistle.

The Galran with the dropped ax goes rigid as he takes in her stance, his hand reaching frantically for his weapon.

That’s all the initiative she needs to move.
The balls of her feet crush the ground beneath as she takes off, her body moving so fast I barely catch her movements.
Before the Galran has lifted his weapon, she moves in front of him, her eyes meeting his as she reaches forward, her hands touching him.

She snaps his neck.

Without a second thought.

We all watch wordlessly as his lifeless body crumbles to the ground.

She turns her head, meeting the eyes of the Galran with the three Katanas, he steps forward and she moves like lightning.

He’s ready for her, both blades striking the air, attempting to touch her, he bites down hard on the handle of the sword in his mouth.
She doesn’t even dodge, as she reaches toward him, catching both blades in her hands. He tries to pull back and strike, her hands silence his movements, he looks up from her hands and she holds his gaze as she bends the blades together.

Tying them together like a pretzel.

She snatches the useless swords and tosses them carelessly behind her shoulder, her eyes still on him.

He turns his head, attempting to slice her throat and she smiles as she yanks the blade from between his teeth.

My eyes widen as I watch white smoke seep from the knuckles of her right hand, her left hand firmly locks around his wrist, sealing him in place, a look of sheer horror crosses his face and she cocks her fist back and slams forward, connecting into his chest.

Her fist slides right through him, blasting a gaping large hole in the center of his chest. He chokes up blood, and I watch as crimson rolls from his lips, down his chin uninterrupted, his eyes still on her as he slides bonelessly to the ground.

The Sentries crowd around her, a few hold weapons, they move two at a time.
She charged the first two that move, her hand snatching the wrist of one, she pivots on her heels and tosses him at the last Galran.

He easily dodges with a smirk.

Her hand connects with the chest of the next Sentry rendering him obsolete, three more approach and she sighs.

One of the Sentries inch behind her and advances toward me, it’s hands ready moving into fists, Janae doesn’t bat an I, I flinch back trying to prepare myself for an attack, I watch as the Sentry touches the bubble, he goes rigid and immediately bursts into flames.

Oh......

My eyes widen as I watch her shift forward, the palms of her hands flat against the ground as she pulls her legs up high above her head.

I didn’t think she could do that...then again I didn’t think she had fucking horns either.
Janae’s eyes meet mine and she moves.

She spreads her legs wide and the soles of her feet begin to glow white, her arms move and I watch as she spins like a drill, slicing through the remaining Sentries.

.....what the fuck...

She stops moving, closes her legs and shifts again, the glowing white soles of her feet scorching the ground as she charges toward the remaining Galran.

He smiles as their eyes meet and he presses a button on his utility belt, ghostly pale purple ropes of energy encase his arms, he shifts slamming his large fist into her and sends her flying clear across the parking lot.

She collides with the side of a dumpster, it folds underneath her like paper, the Galran removes his eyes from her and looks at me, a sinister smile touching his lips as he picks up his large blade.

He takes a step in my direction, and on impulse I reach for my Bayard...that isn’t there.

“Leave him alone.” She hissed as she rises to her feet, advancing toward him at an unnatural speed, I watch as she jumps and extends her legs out in front of her.

Her feet slam hard into his chest and sends him flying several feet away into the side of a brick building.

She walks around my protective bubble, her eyes flicker to mine and she hums, a smile on her lips as she takes her place protectively back in front of me, her small hand touching the large handle of her weapon.

A dark cackle dances throughout the deserted parking lot and he speaks, his voice slipping into an dangerous edge.

“Do you know how long it’s been since I’ve had a worthy challenge?”

He approaches from the shadows, his fangs on full display as he barks out another amused laugh, the purple ropes of energy flicker on and off around him.

“I haven’t had this much fun since I fought in the arena.” He continued as he squared his shoulders and popped his neck.

He slides the tip of his blade across the asphalt and lifts it high, pointing at her, his smile still present.

“I haven’t had this kind of fun since I fought the Champion.” He says his eyes on her, “Do you know of him?” It’s a loaded question and we all know it, he gets the reaction he wants.

She tenses up with anger, her hand grips the handle hard, her golden eyes narrow.

“Ah so you do know of him. Tell me how is his arm.”

I feel the anger that engulfs her form, it overflows from her silhouette in a rich abundance of barbaric hate and threatens to crush everything and everyone within a thirty mile radius.

I hear the sound of gravel moving as she lifts her weapon from the asphalt, her eyes glowing, “How about I take your right arm and show you?” She asks as wields her weapon high and points it at him.
“I can show you better then I can tell you.” She growls and they both move.

“Guys you need to see this.” Pidge calls from her laptop, Sabvis is perched beside her a heavy look of disbelief weights down his features as he pulls another handful of Cheetos from Hunk’s lunchbox.

“What is it?” Shiro asks as he steps out of the hallway, pulling a shirt over his head, his hair still wet from the shower.

“So when Allura stuck my usb into their system, I didn’t just download their information...I implanted a virus.” Pidge said, Allura smiled softly at her.

“Anddddddddd?” Lance asks from the kitchen, waiting on Hunk to hand him a sandwich.

Unlike Lance, Shiro patiently waits for the answer as Pidge’s fingers continue to move endlessly across the keyboard.

“The virus is a program Matt and I created that allows us to see and freely browse information thats been newly uploaded into the system-“

“So in other words anything they add, change or do...you’ll see?” Allura asks and Pidge nods.

“Well what’d you find new?” Shiro asks as he moves around the table and looks over her shoulder. His eyes widening as they land on a file with his name and face on it, there’s also a picture of him in the arena, coddling his broken arm as he stands victorious over an opponent.

Blood seeping from the creatures mouth, his lifeless eyes glazed over unfocused

He inhales sharply and exhales slowly, reminding himself to calm down.

“There was an update three days ago, there’s files of each of us here. Pictures, notes, general observations.” She continued, as she minimized the screen and pulled up a tab on Hunk.

Hunk pales as he sees a picture of him in the kitchen, a smile on his face as he tastes a pastry.

“They’ve...they’ve been tracking us. But for how long? That pictures from a few weeks ago.” He points out as he drops his sandwich back onto his plate.

“I’m not sure....it had to be around the time we all first met and sent out that energy beacon.” Pidge says as she opens up another tab, this time of Lance.

Pictures of him in class, smiling at Keith, fumbling with his Honda and pictures of him leaving the coffee shop where he works late at night.

“This....this...isn’t ok.” He says weakly as he watch’s her pull up a tab of Allura.

Pictures of her leaving her father’s jewelry store, being escorted to her car, going shopping with Pidge. Her eyes widen, “This...was a few days ago.” She said as she pointed at a picture of her leaving a hair salon.

A tab of Keith comes up next, pictures of him frowning at Lance, going to the gym, on his bike, behind the receptionist desk throwing away papers, him and Shiro laughing.

“.......this was before the attack.” Shiro said his eyes on the picture of him and Keith laughing.
“It gets worse....” She said as she pulled up a tab of Janae, picture after picture of her filled the screen, a handful of them with Shiro laughing, more with everyone else generally interacting, pictures of her walking, petting a dog, going to work, on stage, giving a homeless man brownies.

More pictures fill the screen and Shiro feels the sharp emotion of panic, out of everyone she has the most pictures and notes.

“Why are there so many pictures of her?” Hunk asks his voice almost a whisper.

Pidge clicks on an image the day of the attack, the picture of Janae standing protectively in front of Shiro, her Bayard held high in the air, Haggar’s attack forming.

“There.” She says as clicks her mouse and zooms in on Janae’s arm just above her bracelets.

“What is that?” Lance asks squinting.

Pidge zooms and more and expands the image.

“Under her bracelets...she’s glowing.” Allura whispers.

“Her eyes....” Shiro whispers and Pidge zooms out and zooms in on Janae’s eyes, no longer brown. The color of liquid gold.

“Her Bayard didn’t stop the attack....she did.” Pidge whispers, “....Haggar knows....”

“We need to find her.” Shiro said as look of anger marking his features.

“She doesn’t know she’s being targeted.”

Keith*

I hold my arms up in front of me trying to shield myself from the strong gusts of wind that fly my way each time they clash together.

She wields her weapon as if it’s an extension of her body, she pulls the blades in front of her and blocks the slam of his blade and knocks him back.

He slides back on his heels and smiles, “So tell me little Chimera what’s it like sleeping with a Champion? Maybe after our fight you’ll let me take a go.” He erupts with laughter as he charges her, pressing a button on the handle, his blade twists in response, the riffs of the blade move fast as he swings.

He nips her arm, slicing straight through her armor, a red stain quickly forms in the area of the tear.

“Oh you like that? It’s my energy projector.” He starts as he turns the dial up on his belt, the purple
ropes fade in permanently and stay, outlining his body.

“Whatever the energy amount a person has, I can take it and redirect it back to them in an attack.”

Her eyes widen as her finger tips ghost across the tear on her chest, an uncomfortable look marking her features.

“I am going to kill you, then I’m going to kill him.” The Galran said as he pointed the tip of his blade in my direction.

“This is between us!!” She yells as she raises her weapon and charges, the blades across her chest as she slams them into him.
He seems unphased as he blocks and stops her attack, he catches the blades in his hands and pivots on his heels, tossing her and her weapon high into the air.

His eyes meet mine and he smirks as he crouches, shifting the weight of his body to his feet, the earth beneath him caves in as he pushes up and goes high into the air. He sword ready.

My eyes widen as she blocks his attack and they go tit for tat, attacking and blocking one another’s moves.
My eyes can barely keep up as they transcend into moving so fast I only catch flashes of purple and white, the steady and harsh clash of their blades ground me with unease.

The sound of a loud pained growl drenches me in discomfort as I watch them both land on their feet silently.
My eyes quickly roaming Janae’s body for any new cuts of bruises.
I only see a minor change, a few light scratches, but my eyes lock onto her amused smile.
Her eyes on the Galran as he looks back at her with nothing but undivided rage.

My eyes flicker onto the Galran and I see him clutching his right arm, a pained look on his face, large drops of crimson stain and drag down his arm, his eyes narrow at Janae.

“Let it go and tell me how it feels.” She says with taunting smile.

“Fuck you, you dirty Bitch.” He hisses out as he stubbornly clings to his arms, the blood only increasing.

My eyes bounce back to her and she’s still smiling as she learns forward into a crouch.
My eyes widen as he moves his hand releasing his hold on his arm, and I watch as his right arm slides detached to the ground with large spats of blood.

He’ll probably bleed to death...

But Janae will have none of that, I realize as she charges him, her blade defensively in front of her and it dawns on me....she doesn’t wield her scissors the way you would an average blade.

She fights strictly defensive, but she’s fighting offensively to protect us.

The Galran screams and the purple of his suit bounces in response, twisting and curving unstably around him.
His hand moves first, connecting into her and sends her flying. His red rimmed yellows turn towards me and he growls.

“You think that filthy creature can protect the both of you from an explosion? Or do you think she’ll just save herself?” He asks with a sneer as he presses a series of buttons across his belt, the purple around his body pulls away and spirals into a ominous dark cloud between us.

Cracks of black electricity slice through it as it takes shape, forming a spear. It looks like the attack Haggar tried to attacked Shiro with, times two. My body tenses as I realize I can’t move... Pain shots hard throughout my body and I groan, wondering if the bubble around me can shield me from the attack.

The sphere of dark energy begins to twist and violently pull away from its original shape. It’s unstable.

The Galran seems unphased as he continues to watch it grow, uncaring the attack may get out of hand and kill us both.

He presses a button on his belt and the attack moves, dangerously advancing toward me, the sparks of electricity glowing bright.

I catch a flash of white in my peripheral, she moves quick and slams her scissors into the earth, she attempts to pull open the handles an cries out in pain shaking her left wrist. She stands strong as she yanks the scissors out of the earth and blocks my view of the attack.

She moves, the blade of the scissors defensively in front of her, she swings wide colliding with the attack I watch as the cloud of dark purple and black recedes into her weapon, a blast of white bright energy emerges and I hear two screams just as the massive explosion goes off, gusts of wind blow back and hit me hard, almost pushing me back.

The impact of the blast sends Janae flying behind me, she doesn’t get up.

I look forward and try to see past smoke and debris, and my eyes widen as I take in the destruction. The earth in front of me is scorched, burned to a crisp, the trail continues forward and I take in the destroyed solid brick buildings that lay back to back like dominos.

Thunder claps loudly across the sky and I jump startled. Rain begins to fall from the sky in heavy drops, I wrap my arms around me trying to prepare for the water. Nothing happens and I look up and watch the rain trail down the sides of the bubble.

I feel around in my pockets in search of my phone, and sigh when I remember it being crushed when I was tackled.

I helplessly sit and wait.

“Pidge do you have a location on either of them?” Shiro asks as everyone one around them moves, gearing up in Hunk’s van to leave.

“I sent Keith after her earlier, so they should still be together....”She trails off pulling back up her map, Shiro takes in the color coded shapes marking the screen. “For some reason my signal is jammed, I can only pull up their most recent location...”
“That’s ok. Everyone ready to go?”
He asked as he pulled away and met the eyes of his friends, they each nod in agreement.

“Lets go.”

“Turn left here.” Pidge said from the passenger side, Hunk obeyed turning quickly making a left and continuing down a long stretch of roads.

“At least it’s not raining anymore.” Lance said from the backseat his arms crossed as he peered out of the window, looking for any sign of his friends.

“The signal stops a few feet away.” Pidge said as she closed her laptop and looked forward, her eyes roaming the streets.

“What’s up with this area?” Hunk asked with a raised brow as he took in the few vacant buildings and apartment complexes.

“A lot of people where forced to move due to construction, they knocked over a few apartment complexes to build a stadium.” Allura sighed as her eyes fall on a freshly made vacant lot, her eyes catching sight of something bright.

“I see something in that parking lot.” She said as she moved forward beside Hunk and pointed. He moved the vehicle in that direction and pulled into the lot.

Shiro hops out the back first, pushing open the van doors behind him, he quickly moves his eyes on the bright white light, Allura and Lance trail beside him.

His eyes widen as they land on a very bruised and battered Keith, his eyes closed, a strange white translucent bubble wrapped around him.

“Keith?” Shiro said lowly as he stepped closer, reaching a hesitant hand out toward him.

His eyes widen with panic as he’s startled awake, his eyes focus and land on them, he visibly relaxes.

“Shi-Shiro.” He starts, attempting to move, he stops abruptly and hisses in pain, his hand wrapping around his midsection.

“Keith are you ok? Is anything broken?” Shiro asks moving forward, his hand reaching toward him, a look of panic spreads across Keith’s face, as he remembers what happened when the Sentry tried to touch him.

“Shiro wait-“ Keith’s words are ignored and he watches as his brother easily touches the bubble, it simply pops and he feels the chill of the night air around them.

“Keith are you alright?” Allura asks, a look of concern graces her soft features as she and Shiro look him over.

“I’m fine-“ He starts but is quickly interrupted by Shiro.

“No the fuck you aren’t, tell me where your hurt?” We need to get you to a hospital.”

“My leg’s broken...probably a few ribs too...my ankles twisted and I can only see out of one eye. I’m perfectly fine, I’m not going to the hospital.” He snaps out.

“Keith your going to the hospital.” Shiro sighs as he slowly looks over his brother.
“I know you don’t want to, but you have to.”

“No.”

“Keith...” Shiro warns, Keith rolls his eyes in response.

“Where’s Janae?” Allura asked as she pulled away and stood up, her eyes roaming the parking lot.

“I don’t know she blocked an attack and it sent her flying.” Keith said as he tried to turn around, pain ran up his spine and stopped his motions.

“Allura stay with Keith. Lance and Pidge, get with Hunk and see how we can go about lifting Keith he has a few broken bones and he’ll need to go to the hospital.” Shiro said as he rose to his feet, ignoring his brothers wishes, Lance and Pidge stepped out of the vehicle and approached Keith.

Shiro shook his head, his brother really needed to get over his irrational fear of hospitals.

He moved forward, his eyes scanning the parking lot taking in the disarray of debris and the remains of a folded in dumpster, a few feet away his eyes land on an off white Bayard, he picks it up and panic rises in the back of throat as his eyes land on Janae.

She looks wrong.

She’s on her side unconscious, he approaches slowly and his eyes widen as he takes her in.

He kneels beside her and hesitantly reaches forward, his fingers trailing through harshly chopped short white hair , he pushes hair out of her face and takes in the odd maroon marks on her face.

He tucks a strand on hair behind her ear and notices the pointed tip.

Aside from the marks, white hair and ears she looks the same, he sighed as he slowly moved her off of her side and onto her back, watching for any signs of discomfort.

She doesn’t wake, she doesn’t stir.

His eyes roam her body, taking in the large patches of blood sprinkled throughout, he lightly touches the cracked chest plate and takes in the series of cuts up her upper arms.

“Is she ok?” Hunk asks softly, as he slowly approaches his eyes on Janae.

Before he can respond Pidge is beside him, asking a questions.

“Why does she like that? She looks like an Altean.” Pidge says as she leans forward more, her eyes on the odd markings.

“She is definitely not Altean.” Keith yells from across the lot, Allura and Lance had some how managed to move him into the back of the van.

Shiro moves and easily scoops Janae into his arms, she feels extremely warm, to warm, her head rolls to the side he frowns when he takes in a large scratch across the back of her neck, it extends and disappears behind her armor.

“Should we really be moving her?” Hunk asks hesitantly as he trails behind Pidge and Shiro.

“We need to get them to the hospital.” Shiro said as he slid Janae into the bed of the van beside
Keith.
Keith eyes immediately fall on Janae and he looks her over, worry evident in his features.

“Shiro we can’t take her to the hospital, they’ll know she’s not human.” Keith points out. “They’ll ask questions.”

“I may have a solution to the problem.” Allura offered as she approached the back doors of the van, joining her friends.

“My uncle can help.”
Shiro

Coran greets us at the door, he holds a tiny black rectangular case in his hands, Hunk jumps out and walks around the van and opens the back doors.

I cradle Janae’s unconscious body in my arms, Keith sits beside me, trying not to fidget. The thirty minute ride here had been hell, he’d constantly squirmed and clutched his sides each time we ran over a bump, trying not to yelp in pain.

He still refused to go to the hospital.

“Soooo who’s in the most pain?” Coran asks rather chipper as he sits the case down in front of me and starts to assemble something I can’t see.

“What hurts the most my boy?” Coran asked as he pulled a rather large needle out of the case, he moves toward Keith, who isn’t paying attention.

“Coran that’s a big ass needle.” Lance says as he hops out of the backseat his eyes wide, Coran simply flicks the tip of the needle a few times in response, sending a few droplets of the yellow substance through the air.

“My leg’s broken and-” Coran cuts Keith off as he quickly stabs him in the upper thigh.

A look of absolute horror march’s across Keith’s face as he attempts to holds back a scream.

“CORAN WHAT THE FU-“ His sentence abruptly stops and a look of pure bliss spreads across his lips as he slumps over into Pidge.

“Ummm...what’d you just dope him with?” Hunk asks hesitantly as he watched Coran pull out the needle.

“Altean pain killers, the faster you apply them to the wounded area the quicker they stop the pain.” Coran said as he opened the small black case and slipped the syringe back inside.

“Buttttt I may have given him to much.” Coran says thoughtfully, as he fiddled with his mustache his eyes moving toward Janae.

His eyes widen at the white hair and odd markings, his eyes pan up to me.

“Has she woken up or moved at all?” He asks softly.

“No...” The word sounds to heavy, it falls from my lips and drops to ground, crushing my optimism in the dirt beneath me.

“Well let’s hurry up and get these two to a cryopod.” He says as he hastily spins on his heels and waits politely for us to follow.
“Cryopod?” I hear myself echo out in question, unsure what exactly that is.

“Wait you mean the thing you had Allura sleep in for like six thousand years?” Pidge asks with a raised brow, she looks ready to protest.

“They also serve another purpose other than persevering life, they can also heal and rejuvenate the body.” Allura fills in quickly.

Lance moves first, sliding Keith into his arms, Keith smiles in response and clings to his shirt, a peaceful smile on his lips.
A light pink dusts across Lance’s cheeks in response.

“Lance do you have Keith?” I ask before I move, my eyes on my extremely high younger brother.

“Yeah.” He says with confidence as he follows behind Coran, Hunk and Pidge trail behind him.

I move slowly, slipping out the van first and reach for her. She’s still warm, her breathing shallow, I feel compelled to watch the rise and fall of her chest...making sure she’s still alive.

So I do.

“Shiro....she’ll be fine.” Allura offers softly as she places a comforting hand on my shoulder.

“The quicker we get her to the cryopod, the quicker we can find out what’s wrong and heal her.” She continued as I slid Janae into my arms, I follow behind Allura, struggling not to look down and watch the rise and fall of Janae’s chest.

I follow her into a large brightly lit room, the room is sterile and white, several long metal tables lay throughout, Coran stands between two large white pillars.
Each one open with a large deep hollowed out opening, a pale ghostly blue mix of shapes decorates the inside of both pods.
I’m uneasy about putting either Keith or Janae in them, Coran feels my unease and smiles softly .

“Once they’re placed into the pods their bodies will immediately start to heal and we’ll be given the details of they’re injuries.”

He says as he moves around the room in search of something, We watch as he quickly moves, picking up and rearranging things.

He ends his search a few seconds later victorious, he turns around holding two white and black body suits.

“They just have to be changed into these before entering the pods.” Coran says cheerily as he places both suits on the table beside Keith.

“Waitttt do we have to change them?” Hunk asks, he looks absolutely scandalized at the idea of seeing either one of his friends naked.

Coran nods and simply heads toward the door, he stops just shy of exiting and turns back around.

“I’ll leave it up to you to decide, just do it quickly. Time is of the essence .” And with that he leaves the room, and there’s a pregnant beat of silence.

“Well I’m out.” Hunk says quickly as he nearly runs out of the room.
Pidge rolls her eyes.
I gently place Janae down on the table and move toward Keith, I grab a suit and toss it to Allura. She simply nods at the silent suggestion and moves closer to Janae, Pidge moves beside her, ready to help if needed.

Lance shuffles awkwardly back and forth in the center of the room, “I’m just gonna wait outside.” He says quickly as he speed walks out of the room.

With Keith happy hopped up on strange alien pain meds, it makes changing him easy and I get the task done rather quickly. He lays on the table his half lidded eyes open, he smiles and waves at me as I pull away and stand beside him.

Allura moves, double tapping the white band on Janae’s wrist retracting her suit, her and Pidge quickly remove her clothes. Pidge gasps and takes a step back, I move quickly around the room and my eyes widen as they land on Janae.

Her entire body is covered in dark bruises and scars, bits of dried dark blood stick to her skin, her knees horribly scabbed, a large open gash stretches across her right forearm, her left hand and wrist are bruised completely black, a large slash sits proudly across her chest and runs between her breasts.

I move closer and take note of the maroon markings that lightly mark her body. I reach toward her, touching a marking that paints just below her bottom lip and travels down her chin, I quickly pull my hand away as the marks began to glow faintly.

I reach for the suit and Allura helps me dress her, our movements quick and efficient.

“Coran.” Allura calls from beside me, her eyes still on Janae.

Coran smiles awkwardly as he instructs us on what to do next. Hunk moves lifting Keith up easily in his arms, he eases him into a pod and we watch as a door quickly rises and seals the pod closed.

Keith simply smiles and laughs his eyes closing as he drifts off to sleep, the pod begins to quickly fill with a light green liquid completely submerging him.

I move Janae next, placing her in the pod, the door quickly rises and seals her in, I turn away as green liquid feels the pod.

“What now?” Pidge asked as she glances from Keith and Janae.

“We wait.”

Coran says simply as he approached a computer in the far right side of the room, after a few seconds he prints off a piece of paper. His eyes brows shoot up into his hair line as he reads the notes.

“What’s wrong?” I ask my eyes on my sleeping brother, he looks unnaturally peaceful.

“There...uh scans came back...” Coran trailed off as he continued to skim through the notes.

“Andddddd?” Pidge asked as she took a step toward him, attempting to see the words on the paper.

“Neither one of them are completely human.”
There’s a stretch of silence as the words sink in, our eyes collectively travel back to the pods.

“What’s Keith scan say?” I ask after a moment.

“Keith’s dna is mixed with another species, but the genes are so recessively barried...I can’t get a proper reading on what they are. But he is more human then Janae, his chart shows he’s fifty percent human-“

Lance squawks, “Fifty percent human?!”

“Yes, straight down the middle.” Coran said as he made chopping motions through the middle of the air with his hand, Hunk makes a face beside his visibly distraught friend.

“But...wouldn’t that make Shiro an alien too?!” Lance was freaking out, I sighed running my fingers through my hair.

“Keith’s adopted.” Pidge pointed out annoyed.

“Adopted?!”

“Geez yes. Is there an echo in here Lance?!”

“Lance you didn’t find it odd...that Shiro’s Japanese and Keith is Korean?” Allura asked trying not to laugh.

“Well yeahhhhh...but I thought it’d be RUDE to point that out.” He hisses, teetering on the edge of the hysteria.

“And...what does Janae’s chart show? The change in hair color and the sudden appearance of markings make me think....she was concealing her appearance.” Pidge added softly, her eyes on Janae.

“That’s the problem....the pod was created to heal different types of spieces across the galaxy.....it was manufactured with previous records of already known species...” Coran trailed of, his eyes returning to the paper.

“There’s not just ONE match for what she is....sixty percent of her genetic makeup matches a large scale of different spieces recorded.”

“Wait. How is that possible? That would mean she’s almost a mix of everything. Is that even possible?” Hunk asks with a raised brow as he makes his way across the room and peeks over Coran’s shoulder at the notes.

“She’s only fifteen percent human.” Hunk whisperers, his eyes still on the notes.

“What’s the remaining twenty five percent..?” I asks turning my eyes away from the pod, Coran’s purple eyes meet mine full of concern.

“I’m not sure....there’s no information- nothing even close to what we have on file..that matches.”

“Will the pods be able to heal her?” Allura asks quickly, her blue eyes flicker from mine to Coran.

“.....seventy five percent of her yes....” Coran said as he broke eye contact and looked up at the pods.

“And they’re injuries?” I inquire, my eyes returning to the pods.
“Keith has a broken leg, three cracked ribs, a twisted ankle, a few minor cuts and bruises andddd a black eye.” Coran reads off the chart.

“He’s going to need a few days in the pod.”

I wince at the extensive list, he was that hurt and still fought me on goin to the hospital. I sigh aloud.

“As for Janae, the bones in her left hand and wrist are completely shattered, scabbed knees, a concussion, a bruised neck, a few cutes and bruises andddd internal bleeding of the chest.” Coran finishes off.

“She will also need a few days in the pod.”

I need to know what happened.

I need to know what.... happened in the parking lot that broke them down and nearly killed them....

“What do we do now...with all this new information?” Lance asks worriedly, his eyes meeting the face of each Paladin.

“We wait.” I say my eyes returning to the pods.

We wait.

And wait.

And wait.....

Keith’s pod hisses open first, the green water already drained, he stumbles forward and I catch him.

He’s groggy and blinks a few times before his eyes focus, he winces at the bright lights of the room, he groans loudly rubbing his head.

“Welcome back buddy.” Hunk says warmly as their eyes meet.

“How long was I out?” He asks his voice raspy, his eyes take in the faces of the room, his face softens as he catches sight of Lotor.

“You where out three days my darling.” Lotor answers softly as he takes a few steps forward, his eyes on Keith his arms patiently open welcoming him.

Lance rolls his eyes at their reunion.

Pidge elbows him in the rib.

“We should probably get some food in you. Go change and we’ll prepare something for you.” Coran says with a soft smile as he lightly pats Keith’s shoulder.

“By we, he means me.” Hunk laughed as he pulls out of the room and heads toward the kitchen, Pidge follows behind him her closed laptop in hand.

“Keith how are you feeling?” I ask my eyes on my brother, I slowly look him over, making sure he’s alright...making sure all the pieces of him are back together...correctly.
“I’m fine.”, He yawns lazily closing his eyes. “Where’s Janae?” He asks as he opens his eyes, his expression changing as he catches the shift in my mood.

“She’s still in the pod...”

He looks behind me and takes in her sleeping form, his expression softens and he looks back up to me.

“She’ll be out before you know it.”

“Yeah...” I trail off, looking away.

“Little Red I brought you a change of clothes.” Lotor adds in, reminding us he’s still in the room.

“You didn’t bring me anything weird did you?” Keith frowns as Lotor scoops him up in his arms, ignoring his complaints of being capable of walking, Allura offers me a kind smile as she heads out of the room behind them.

Lance moves beside me, his eyes on the still closed pod.

“Why don’t you go take time for your self.” He offers softly.

“What if she wakes up-“ He interrupts me kindly with a sigh.

“If she wakes up I’ll let you know, you’ve been awake and haven’t left this room in three days Shiro.”

I frown, fighting back a yawn.

“Go take a shower and get some sleep.”

I open my mouth to protest and he tosses a look in my direction, “I promise to let you know if there are any changes.” He ends with a smile.

“Ok...” I say with reluctance as I glance in the direction of the pod one last time and pull away, stepping out of the room.

Allura greets me in the hallway, she guides me to a spare bedroom and ushers me inside.

“Take your time and relax. I left a change of clothes for you on the bed and a tooth brush in the bathroom.”

She said quickly as she shut the door, I sighed as I start to undress, lazily dropping my clothes across the room.

I walk into the bathroom and wince as the room is suddenly bathed in bright light, I take in my reflection and grimace.

I look worse for wear.

Dark bags hang under my eyes, the early signs of stubble grace my chin, my eyes travel up and I take in my greasy hair.

I quickly step into the shower and frown when I don’t see any nobs or handles.

Weird Altean shower......
Warm water immediately hits my skin, I close my eyes and reach for the soap, slowly washing and
cleaning, I become lost in thought as I remember what it’s like to shower with Janae.

How quickly I grew accustomed to doing mundane things with a partner.

A smile crosses my lips and laugh aloud as I remember the time she slipped in the bath and
dragged me down with her, resulting in a mess of pink bubbles and suds all over the bathroom
floor.

I grab a towel and step out of the shower, the water ceasing behind me, I dry off and step toward
the mirror, brushing my teeth.

I continue my routine to decency, shaving, pretending to comb my wet hair, quickly dressing and
slipping on a pair of socks, I lay in bed and attempt to sleep.

I toss and turn relentlessly.

After thirty minutes of restlessness, I get out bed and walk through the halls aimlessly, Pidge finds
me first.

“I think she’s about to wake up.”

My heart skips a beat as I trail behind her quickly, the rooms already full of patiently waiting faces.

“Ayeeeee Shiro your back.” Lance says with a smile as he takes me in, scooting over, I step beside
him in the offered space.

I nod, my eyes on the pod.

“I’m glad you took my advice.” He starts his eyes on the pod, “You looked tow up from the flow
up, Beat up from the feet up.”

I turn and look at him.

“Needed a cheek up from the neck up.”

“Fuck You Lance.”

Even if that was true...I did not need to be reminded.

Before he can respond the green liquid drains and the pod door hisses open, I step forward and
catch her in my arms.

My breath stalls as I look down and see her eyes still closed, she doesn’t move or stir. She’s still
unconscious, the only sign of her still alive is the strong steady rise and fall of her chest.

“That...that’s never happened before.” Coran says purple eyes wide with panic as he looks at
Janae’s unconscious form.

“Lay her on a table, I’m going to do a scan to figure out what’s wrong.” He continued as he moved
around the room, clearing a table.

I lift her in my arms and quickly carry her across the room, gently laying her flat onto the table.
Coran returns with an odd rectangular device with a handle, a Lightbulb in the center of the device
shines as he runs the device up and down her body.
“What’s that?” Keith asks as he steps closer, trying to get a better look.

“It’s a biometric scanner isn’t it Coran?” Pidge asks her eyes watching the device light up and chime.

“Correct. I’m trying to get a reading on what’s going on.” He mumbles, his eyes on the screen of the device, it chimes again and he sighs. “No ones ever left the healing pod healed and still asleep.”

“What was that sigh for?” Allura asks quickly, her eyes on Janae.

“So...good news and bad news.” Coran said as he placed the scanner down on the table and turned toward us.

“Her body is completely healed that’s the good news.”He said with a tight lipped smile, “Bad news...is she experienced so much strain on her body, that she’s placed herself in an self induced coma.”

My jaw drops.

“What? Why?!?” I can hear the panic in my voice rising as I take her hand, urging her to silently to wake up.

“You see...she released and burned through so much energy it put immense strain on her body and mind.”

Keith goes rigid as he remembers how fast she moved, how strong she looked lifting her large weapon, the odd white smoke that seeped from her body as she fought.

“The strain was comparable to...” He trails off a moment trying to find the right words.

“Comparably to a very unactive person running a triathlon four times, completing it each time and crashing.”

The room is silent for a few moments, each of us wanting to say and ask a series of things...but unsure how to verbalize them.

Unsure if we want the answers.

“She’ll eventually wake up, I’m not entirely sure when...but the most we can do is wait.” Coran finishes, a soft smile on his lips.

“Can we move her to a room?” Lotor asks, as he moves forward, he pushes a lock of hair behind her pointed ear, a look of sadness overtaking his handsome features.

“Yes. Allura guide Shiro to Janae’s room.”

Allura nods and she waits as I pull Janae into my arms, I follow behind her hesitantly as my mind twists and turns with dark uncertainty.

Allura stops at the last door on the right, she quickly pushes the door open and I follow behind her hesitantly as my mind twists and turns with dark uncertainty.

Allura stops at the last door on the right, she quickly pushes the door open and I follow her in, glancing around the soft white room.

She pulls back the blankets of the bed, and I gently lay her down, I step away as Allura strips her of the cryopod suit and slides a white gown over her head.

She quickly pulls the covers up over her and smiles softly as she runs her fingers through her hair,
after a moment she pulls away and gives us space.

I grab a chair from across the room and slid it towards the bed, I take her hand between mine and wait.

I spend the next day in bed with her, talking softly to her, reading to her, brushing her hair.

She doesn’t wake, I stay beside her.

She sleeps for five days.

On the third day she has a visitor.

I awake early Thursday morning to the light sound of birds chirping and the faint aroma of coffee, I stretch beside her and yawn loudly, I kiss the top of her head and rise from bed.

“I’ll be back.” I say softly to her as I leave the room and head to mine, I quickly shower and brush my teeth, I find my way into the kitchen and I’m warmly greeted by surprised faces.

“Good morning buddy, how’d you sleep?” Hunk asks brightly with a smile as he hands me a full plate of breakfast.

I smile at his warm greeting as I find my place at the table. “Morning, I slept ok.” I say honestly as Sabvis pours orange juice in my cup.

Keith nods as our eyes meet, he continues eating, with Lotor beside him stacking more food onto his plate.

Lance smiles from across the table, he has a mouthful of eggs.

“How is she doing?” Coran asks as he pulls his cup of coffee toward his lips.

“The same.” I say as I bite into a piece of toast.

“Ah don’t worry, she’ll be up before you know it.” He says with a smile as he pours more sugar then coffee in his cup.

Allura frowns at him taking the sugar away.

“I know.” I say absently as I lose interest in my meal, half heartedly poking around my eggs with a fork.

I eat as much as I can and eventually slide my plate over to Pidge, she happily snatches the remaining pieces of bacon.

I rise to my feet and wash my hands, quickly drying them off, I head back down the hall toward Janae’s room, my feet stop moving once I hear the unfamiliar voice of a stranger.

I feel the vibration of my Bayard start to shake and I will my hand to change into a blade, I peek around the door and my eyes widen.

Sitting in my chair beside her is a large bipedal alien, he’s painting her nails a soft peach color and cooes softly, whispering kind encouraging words. He has four pairs of arms, a long thick tail, and a yellow beak-like mouth.

A pair of triangular ears sit on the sides of his head. He continues to speak to her, mumbling
rapidly about something happening in an alternate reality.

The top of his head and tip of his tail are blue, while the rest of his body is covered in gray fur with tuffs of white on his chin and hands.
He has four appendages dangling from his chin, and two that sprout from the top of his head.
He looks like a cross between a meerkat, a bird, a cat and Catapillar with the number of arms and mixed features.

I move forward and he speaks, his middle eastern accent thick and displeased.

“Are you going to stand in the hallway all day or come in? There’s a thirty five to ninety five percent chance in this reality that my niece would go in a fucking coma because of your hesitance and sluggishly weak leadership skills.” He says loudly, his large dark pink eyes narrowing in my direction

I feel my self go rigid as I step into the doorway.

“Niece.....?”

Chapter End Notes

Keith and Janae aren’t humannnnn, who knew? Lol

Also New characterrrrrrrrrrr
Chapter Notes

Little Lance invites Janae to his sister’s birthday party.

Some how related to the plot...

Lance quickly rises from the living room couch and makes his way through the crowded room, he quickly opened the front door and smiled as his eyes fall on Jenni.

“Jenni I’m glad you could come.” He said happily pulling her into his arms, she returned his hug happily inbetween giggles.

“That’s What happens when you invite people to parties.” She said with a smile as she pulled away, the sound of bracelets clinking together caught his attention, he looked down at her wrists and took in six golden bands.

“What are those?” He asked quickly as she raised her arm up higher so he could get a better look, the bands clinking together as she moved.

They sounded like his abuela’s windchimes.

“My mommy got them specially made for me.” She said with a smile, “She told me never to take them off.”

Lance thought that was a bit strange, his mother often wore bracelets and necklaces and removed them each night before bed, instead of pointing that out, he asked her a question.

“Where’s the bracelet I made you?”

She smiles as she pulls the gold bands apart, revealing the multi colored beaded bracelet. He smiled happily, showing her his.

“ Mi armor why didn’t you tell me Jenni arrived?” Lance’s mother called as she stepped into the living room, side stepping pass relatives who payed her no mind.

“Hola Mrs.Mcclain I just got here.” Jenni said as she lifted the tips of her skirt and curtseyed politely, his mother smiled in response.

“Hola Jenni, Cómo estás?” Lance’s mother asked politely.

“Muy Bien y tu?” Jenni replied with a smile.

Lance’s mother laughed as she pulled Jenni into her arms for a hug. “Estoy muy bien, thank you for asking Jenni.”

Mrs.Mcclain pulled away and guided both children out of the house and into the back yard, “I’ll be back in a few minutes with cake.” She said with a smile as she disappeared back into the house.
“Oh I brought your sister a gift.” Jenni said as she handed Lance a neatly wrapped box with a white bow.

“What is it?” Lance asked as he brought the box to his ear and shook it lightly.

“No don’t do that! You’ll hurt the sea-monkeys.” She said with a frown as she took the box out of Lance’s hand.

“Why’d you get my sister monkeys?” Lance asked confused, tempted to unwrap the present and open the box.

Jenni shrugged nonchalantly as her eyes roamed the yard, taking in the mix of children of different ages playing and celebrating.
A few of the children where gathered around a Piñata with sticks, other children happily bounced in a large castle like bounce house, more children where gathered around the kitty pool with floats.

Loud music wrapped around the yard, adding to the scene of fun, an elderly couple swayed dancing to the music.

Jenni began to pluck invisible lint from the hem of her white dress nervously, as she continued to take in the occupants of the yard, lots of different faces moved around the yard. Each looking a little like Lance, it dawns on Jenni just how large his family truly is.

“What’s wrong?” Lance asked softly as he slid the present from her hands and placed it on the table along with the other ones.

“You have a lot...of family.” She said faintly once again her eyes roaming the crowd, her eyes land on abuela, she quickly waves.

“Yeah it can be overwhelming sometimes.” Lance said as he rubbed the back of neck sheepishly looking away. He’d gotten use to people complaining about how loud and large his family was.

“Your lucky. It’s only me, mommy and daddy.” She says distantly, her voice soft as if she where somewhere else, Lance looks up and catches the sad look in her eyes.

Lance reaches for her and tries to offer comfort, he’s not sure what to say...his family had always been this way....the thought of him only having his parents never crossed his mind.

He’s not sure what to say.

Instead he takes her hand and smiles, “It’s ok we can share mine.”

Jenni seems to ponder that for second, her eyes light up and she smiles. “Ok.”

“Good, besides my mom and abuela love you.” He said with a laugh as he watched his abuela approach them with a smile, she carried two small paper plates in her hands.

“Hijo y hija tengo torta.” She said as she handed them each a slice of cake, “Gracias abuela.” They said together with twin smiles as she handed them each forks.

“See. She woulda made me get my own cake if you weren’t here.” Lance said as they watched his grandmother walk away, swaying to the loud music.

“What kinda cake is this?” Jenni asked as she poked the moist cake with her fork, her eyebrow raised in suspicion.
“It’s Tres Leches.” He said between bites.

Jenni made a face, “Why does the cake need so much milk?” She asked as she hesitantly tried a bite.

Lance laughed and shrugged. “There’s regular cake if you want.” He offered.

“No thank you.” She said as she took another hesitant bite, “Besides it’s not so bad, once you get past all the milk.”

Lance laughed and the party flew by, they splashed around the kitty pool without getting in, they ate more cake, jumped in the castle bounce house and played tag with the other children.

They gathered around his sister Veronica and sang happy birthday at the top of their lungs, embarrassing her right along with everyone else.

After a while Mrs. Mcclain rounded the children up and started to take family photos, Jenni watched patiently from beside her, eating a cupcake.

“Now I’d like one of just Jenni and Lance.” She said with a smile almost causing Jenni to drop her cupcake surprised into the grass.

Lance moved quickly his smile wide as he pulled Jenni from beside his mother and did a serious of over dramatic poses, she laughed at his silly movements. After a few more seconds of giggles, he wraps his arm around her shoulders and pulls her close, she copies him doing the same, they smile wide and his mother takes the picture, the flash temporarily blinding them as his mother stepped away, in search of Veronica.

“Today has been fun.” Jenni said with a laugh as she plopped down on the grass.

“Yup, nothing says fun like a party on a Saturday afternoon.” Lance said with a laugh as he plopped down beside her, his hands behind his head.

Later that day Lance waved to Jenni as he watched her step into the car with her family, they waved back and smiled as they pulled away.

Lance closed the door and watched as his mother grabbed her purse and car keys.

“Moma hacia donde vas?” He whined as he watched her slip on her coat.

“I’m going to get these pictures developed.” She said as she slid the camera into her purse.

Lance frowned.

“Don’t you want to give Jenni copies of the pictures you two took together Monday?” She asked with a laugh kissing him on the top of the head.

“Yes moma.”

“Be back mi amor.” She said with a smile as she stepped out into the night.

Chapter End Notes
Spanish notes

-Cómo estás- how are you
Muy Bien y tu- Good and you
Estoy muy bien- I’m fine
Mi amor-my love
Hijo y hija tengo torta- son and daughter i have cake
Gracias-thank you
abuela- grand mother
Moma hacia donde vas-moma where are you going?

Also I’m still very on the fence about Tres leches....it’s suspiciously moist
Only if your serious

Chapter Notes

Slav don’t give af
Rolo And Nyma lowkey finally make an appearance, everyone’s breaking in Coran’s House.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Yes she’s my niece. Now you and I need to have a conversation.” The creature hissed as he closed the nail polish bottle and turned his full attention back to Shiro.

A knock at the front door gained Coran’s attention as he placed a book back in place above the fireplace, he pivoted on his heels and curiously approached the door.

“Who is it?” He called cheerily as he peaked through the peep hole and took in a set of two unfamiliar faces.

There’s an awkward cough and the soft melodic voice of a women, “My name is Nyma and this is Rolo. We’re here to see Janae.”

“Who are you?” Shiro asked as he released his weapon, his eyes flicker from Janae back up to the creature.

“My name is Slav.” The alien said with a raised brow as he crossed his first set of arms.

Shiro tried not to stare.

“Who are you?” He parrots the question his tone a combination of annoyance and curiosity.

Coran pulls the door open, the women of the two smiles apprehensively. Coran takes in the cream and yellow colored skin and fur of the woman, her pointed ears, her eyes are the most striking. Light purple irises with darker purple pupils and scalera, hold his gaze, her long hair is swept up high on her head with a clip, and rolls well past her shoulders, she’s tall. Standing a full three feet taller then Coran. She’s beautiful.

“Thank you. We’ve been worried sick-“ The women is interrupted by the man quickly, he’s blatantly distraught.

“Please tell me she’s ok.”

Coran’s eyes roam over the man, he’s unnaturally pale. His skin is so white it appears gray, he has a long flat pointed nose, white dreadlocks fall just below his neckline, along with a matching white goatee. His intense dark brown eyes hold Coran’s for a second and he steps forward his eyes looking past him in the direction of the hallway.

“Wait. Hold on there-“ Coran shifts forward cutting off available access past the threshold of the door.

The man speaks, his voice clear with agitation. “Move I need to see Janae.”
“You’ve told me your names but I’m not exactly sure who you are, or if I want you in my home.” The ginger haired man replied with untrusting eyes.

“Shhhh.” Slav hissed at Shiro as he strained to hear the voices coming from the living room, he leans forward and cups his ear.

“Move I need to see Janae.”

The familiar voice makes Slav see red and he moves, his long slink like body easily sliping past a surprised Shiro, nearly knocking him over as he rapidly exits the room.

Shiro rights himself and runs behind him, watching as Slav’s body scales up the walls of the hallway expertly, Pidge walks into the hallway and her eyes widen as she dodges out of Slav’s way, nearly being knocked over by a long tail.

“What the fuck was that?!” Pidge yells as she climbs to her feet and follows behind them.

Before Shiro can answer, Hunk screams from the kitchen, the sound of something made of glass hits the floor.

“What thefuck was that?!” Lance screams as he jumps on top of the dining room table, flipping over his plate as he watches Slav’s long centipede like body maneuver quickly across the kitchen ceiling.

Lotor and Sabvis continue to eat unphased, Keith looks up at the ceiling and frowns.

“This is why we can’t have nice things.” He mumbled as he rose from his chair and handed a shaking Hunk his plate.

He looks over Hunk, their uninvited house guess had scurried past him and knocked him hard into the kitchen counter, he appeared to be ok.

“You don’t have any scars.” Keith said as he patted Hunk’s shoulder reassuringly.

“Only emotional ones.” He replied back still clearly shaken up, his eyes bouncing toward the direction of the living room.

“You!!!” Slav sneers with exasperation his eyes landing on Rolo as he dropped from the ceiling and landed on the balls of his feet.

Coran’s eyes widen as he looked between Slav and the strangers at the doorway.

“Who are you?! How’d you get in my house?! Allura!!!!”

Allura bumps into the back of Shiro, he stands beside Pidge in the hallway of the living room. Hunk, Keith and Lance step behind her, their eyes wide with confusion.

“Ummm...this is Janae’s uncle...Slav...” Shiro fills in awkwardly as he looked from Slav to the strangers in the doorway.

“Well this is Rolo and Nyma.” Coran said with hostile sass as he glared at the new face in the living room.

“Rolo!!! You told me if she stayed with you nothing would happen!!!” Slav yelled as he rose to his full height, his pink eyes full of rage as he stared daggers at the white haired man.
“Look Slav I can explain-” The man is interrupted viscously and the women beside him steps away.

“You can explain to me why my niece is in a COMA?!?”

That catches the white haired man completely off guard, his eyes widen in disbelief.

“I didn’t know....” He trails off the sadness rich in his voice as he looks away.

“You promised me you’d look after her!!!” Slav yelled as he moved, his hands grabbing his ankles, he tucked his head between his shoulders, forming a closed circle with his body, he launched forward, his body spinning dangerously in the man’s direction.

Coran jumps out of the way as Slav blazes forward aggressively, slamming into the white haired man and knocking him several feet out of the door way.

Hunk broke free of the group and took several steps forward, he stops at the door, grabbed the knob and closed it, quickly locking each lock.
He turned away and headed back toward the kitchen.

After a few moments there’s a soft knock at the door, Coran frowns.

“Let me back in.” Its Slav.

“No.” Coran says quickly, crossing his arms.

“What if I apologize for almost crushing you?”

“I’d say thanks for the consideration, but still no.”

“Ummm this is Nyma, you don’t have to let either of them in...but I’d really like to talk to you about Janae.” Nyma says softly as she lightly taps the door.

“Only if you promise you won’t destroy or break into my house.” Coran hisses impatiently tapping his foot.

“Promise.” Three voices say in unison.

Keith raises a skeptical brow as Coran unlocks the locks and pulls the door open.

Slav moves first, his body slinking past Nyma, “I want to apologize for almost crushing you.” He says to Coran offering him a hand, Coran smiles as he accepts his hand and shakes it.

“Apology accepted. Do it again and I’ll freeze you in a cryopod.” He said with a pleasant smile as he pulled his hand away.

Slav moves forward into the living room, he sits on the end of the couch, crossing his rows of arms.

Nyma and Rolo approach Coran next, Shiro’s eyes widen as he realizes the man looks vaguely familiar.

Lance’s eyes widened with awe as he takes in Nyma, wanting her to be familiar.

Coran allows them space and they join an indifferent Slav on the couch.
“So ummmm Your here to see Janae?” Coran starts awkwardly.

Keith breaks free of the group now, he steps into the living room and takes in the faces. “How did you know she was here?”

“That would be because of me.” Nyma said shyly raising her hand, all eyes turn to her in the room. She shifts awkwardly between Rolo and Slav.

“What do you mean?” Allura asked as she ushered the other Paladins into the living room.

“I’m able to track and find whoever I have a picture of.”

Pidge’s eyes widen, “How does it work? Does it matter the distance? Does it have to be a detailed picture or can a drawing work?”

Lance looks at Pidge.

“As long as I have a detailed description of what the person looks like I can find them, and no the distance does not matter.” Nyma answered back quickly.

“How do you know Janae?” Shiro asked as he stood beside Keith.

“I’ve known her since she was a child.”

“And you?” Shiro asked pointedly looking at the white haired man on the couch.

“I’m Janae’s mentor, teacher and employer.” Rolo sighed.

“Ah!! That’s why you look so familiar, you work at Kerberos.” Lance pointed out.


“Other then Slav, I’m not entirely sure why either of you are here.” Sabvis said as he stepped into the living room, a peanut butter and banana sandwich in hand.

Slav perks up, and smiles as he takes in Sabvis. “Sabvis it’s good to see you. Your brother wants to know how you are doing. You know my Janae?”

“Fine. Yes. But I wasn’t there when she was attacked.” Sabvis said as he sunk his teeth into the sandwich.

“Ah good, Ill tell your brother your a complete and utter disappointment.” He says crassly, causing the Galran to choke. Slav turns his eyes back onto the Paladins.

“You.” He starts, pointing a furry finger in Shiro’s direction, “Your supposed to be the leader, you should of prevented this from happening.”

Shiro visibly stiffened, the other Paladins wince at the direct and sharpness of the words. Each of them fully aware how much Shiro had been beating himself up over what happened for days.

“That’s true, I accept full responsibility for what happened and I apologize for not being a better leader.” Shiro says somberly his eyes on Slav’s.

“I don’t want an apology. I want my niece to wake up.” He hissed, “Who removed her bracelets?”
The Paladins meet the eyes of one another in question, Shiro speaks first.
“They where missing when we found her.”

Slav turns toward Nyma and Rolo, “I need her bands replaced as soon as possible.”

“Wait why? What’s going on?” Hunk asked as he stepped back into the room, drying his hands on a towel.

“Because those bracelets are suppressors, they hide her appearance and conceal the energy she leaks.” Rolo said sternly, his eyes meeting the eyes of the Paladins.

“What...is she?” Shiro hears himself ask, his voice sounds far away and unfamiliar.

“We’re not sure....” Nyma said as she closed her eyes and breathed.

Shiro’s eyes widened in disbelief.

“Why...I...I...don’t understand.” Allura cuts in.

“I guess we should explain...”

Rolo sighed deeply as he leaned forward in his seat, he pulled the tie from his hair and they watched in silence as he changed.

His hair unraveled into short white waves, his skin changed from white to a light purple, four dark purple spots appeared on his upper arms.

“Before I came to and settled on this planet, I was a bounty hunter for Zarkon. It was my job to recover rare and exotic beings with special abilities. I was trained to know by sight how to gage the rarity of prizes.”

Nyma stiffens beside him, Rolo’s eyes meet her’s, they share an intimate thought and he continues to speak.

“I didn’t know or care what Zarkon did with the creatures I caught, all I cared about was the money. That was until I met Nyma.”

“Zarkon wanted to catch me and abuse my gifts.” Nyma starts, her purple eyes low as she speaks.

“Aside from tracking people, I can also create and activate partical barriers-“

Lance interrupts her, “Girllll you already activated my partical-“

“Lance.” Shiro interjects giving him a look.

Keith rolls his eyes.

“I was sent to find Nyma, I did and never looked back.” Rolo said as he took her hand in his, “I cut all ties with Zarkon, came to this planet and settled here.”

“We met Janae and Slav a few years later, I knew immediately she was something else, even as a child she radiated pure and large amounts of quintessence. I was asked to mentor and train her.” Rolo continued.

“Train her for what?” Pidge asked curiously, her eyes moving from Rolo to Slav.
“Anyone or anything that found out what she was.” Slav said dryly as he looked away, his mind elsewhere.

“Ummm not to be rude...but did you like adopt Janae? Because you look nothing like her.” Lance blurts out.

Hunk considers telling Lance that he’s being rude, instead he settles for giving him a disapproving look.

Slav laughs deeply and leans back in his seat, his expression slowly changing as he takes a moment before he speaks.

“I was a close friend of the people who where raising her...she wasn’t their child. But they loved her just the same...they where attacked and murdered in their home...she was the only survivor.”

The room goes silent, Kieth struggles to pull air to his lungs as he remembers Janae’s harsh words just before they where ambushed and attacked.

“...it’s not like I actually have family to go home to or anything,not like anyone is waiting for me.....” Her words echo and burn throughout the corners of his mind.

Shiro tenses beside him, his hands clench so tightly into fists his knuckles turn white.

“I left her here with Rolo to keep her safe, my job isn’t exactly the most ideal environment to raise a child in.” Slav sighed, running his fingers across the two appendages on his head.

“What exactly do you do?” Coran asked after a second.

“I am a part of the Blade of Marmora, I develop gravity-bending technology that can create pockets of space-time capable of concealing entire outposts.”

Pidge and Hunk’s jaws drop, hit the floor and roll out the front door.

“That would make you a genius.” Hunk said in disbelief.

Slav waved a hand in the air dismissively.

“What’s the Blade of Marmora?” Shiro asked from beside Keith.

“The Blade is a centuries old organization of resistance fighters, created with the common goal of destroying Zarkon and bringing down the Galran Empire. Preferably from the inside.” Slav filled in.

“Where...the people raising Janae apart of the organization?” Allura asked softly.

“No, but they where rebel fighters who aided in helping those hurt in the war against Zarkon.” Slav said.

There’s a long stretch of silence.

Slav speaks, “Your supposed to take on Zarkon. You are supposed to form Voltron. How are you supposed to defend the universe when you can’t even protect yourselves?”

“How do you know about Voltron?” Allura asks curiously.
“Everyone knows about Voltron, it’s not a fairytale. Plus it’s common knowledge as to why the
Galra keep attacking this planet.” Slav filled in.

“You seven keep sending off massive amounts of energy.” Slav sighed. “You can’t even properly
use your weapons....you won’t be able to form Voltron.”

“We can and we will.” Shiro says sternly as he stands tall. “We-“ Slav cuts him off.

“You can’t and you won’t at the rate your going.” Slav sighed.

“You can’t run around playing with people’s lives, this war is serious. Stay out of it if your
anything but.” Slav said his eyes meeting each Paladin.

“We are serious!” Pidge said rising to her feet, her Bayard in hand.

“Give me that.” He says his eyes on her Bayard, Pidge hesitantly looks at Shiro.

“I’m not going to keep it.” Slav said rolling his eyes.

Shiro nodded and Pidge quickly closed the space between them, placing her Bayard in his hand.

Slav takes a moment, looking at the inactive weapon. “You use your life energy to activate these
don’t you?” He asked as he rose to his feet.

“Yes and their made specifically for only our use.” Pidge said proudly.

“Like this?” Slav asked as her Bayard began to glow bright.

“How...how did you..?” She asks at a loss of words, she steps forward and snatches her weapon
from his hands, the glowing stops.

“Because the Blade uses similar weapons.” Slav said as he pulled out a familiar black dagger from
his pocket, the Paladins watched in silence as the dagger began to glow and take the shape of
sword.

Keith’s eyes widen in shock, he grips his twin dagger in his back pocket protectively.

The room remains thick with silence, “You need to be properly trained.” He said as his weapon
began to retract to its original size.

“I can arrange that if your serious.”

Chapter End Notes

The placement of that partical barrier joke was probably inappropriate...but oh welllllllll
Last of kindergarten days

Chapter Notes

It’s about to get unnecessarily upsetting

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lance looked up at the sky from his bedroom window and flinched as thunder cracked loudly, forcing him to scurry back under the covers.

He’d woken up before his alarm clock had gone off, he held no desire to get out of bed and leave the warm safe confines of his room.

“Mi amor..are you awake?” His mother asked as turned on the lamp beside his bed, she sighed as she took in her child hiding beneath his covers.

“Si.” He mumbled, refusing to pull his head free.

“Buenos días, es hora de vestirse.” His mother said as she sat on the foot of his bed, and slowly pulled the covers away.

“Mamaaaa.” He whined, “No quiero ir...” he frowned his hair a ruffled mess as he looked back up at the window, watching as heavy drops of rain began to fall.

“Mi amor are you really going to let a few drops of rain stop you from delivering this?” His mother asked with a smile as she handed him a picture.

A soft smile crossed his lips as he took in his and Jenni’s smiling faces, she had pink icing on cheek from eating a cupcake, they stood close together both smiling and laughing so hard their eyes where closed.

“I have to give this to her.” Lance said with a smile as his mother rose to her feet and began to pluck his outfit for the day from his closet.

He quickly got dressed and slipped on his rain boots, his abuela smiled as she kissed his cheek and handed him his neatly packed lunch.

He messily ate a pop tart as his mother slipped his raincoat over his shoulders, as his mother opened the front door his father quickly approached a large umbrella in hand, he kissed both Lance and his mother and watched them step out into the rain.

He waved goodbye from the door, a half eaten pop tart in hand.

Lance fiddled with the clasp of his lunchbox as he listened to his mother sing along with the radio. The walk down the white hallway felt odd, instead of its usual warmth..it felt sterile and cold, something seemed off and Lance couldn’t quit put his finger on it.

He forced a smile as his mother let go of his hand and kissed his cheek, saying her usual goodbye.

He pulled off his raincoat and hung it up along side the coats of his class mates, his eyes roamed
the room and he pouted as he sat down alone.

He waited patiently, the photo sitting beside him in Jenni’s usual seat, he decided to busy himself with drawing.
After the fifth picture he can’t push back the feeling of unease that steadily began rise up his spine.

She’s late, but she’s never been this late.

The morning seemed to slowly drag by, with still no sign of Jenni. He picks up the picture and decides to put it in his lunch box, he slides out of his chair and walks across the room. His rain boots squeaked with each step.

He passes the teacher’s empty desk and stands beside the entrance of the classroom, he reaches up high on the tips of his toes, to pull his lunch box from its designated spot between the other lunches.

His movements falter as he hears low whispers of teachers in the hallway, he eases forward and sneaks a peek, among them Ms.Rebecca speaks.

“I didn’t want to believe it...it’s so sad what happened....” She trails off, her eyes on the other women. “One of my students lost both their parents in a house fire last night.”

Lance drops his lunch box.

The other voices echos her sadness and softly prob for more information.

“She broke both legs in the fall from a three story window..she’s in the ICU...until their able to find any living relatives...she’ll be placed in foster care.”

Lance takes a heavy step back and struggles to pull air to his lungs, he whips his head around so fast he almost falls over, his eyes frantically roam the classroom full of children, he begins to check off the faces present, desperately hoping the pieces don’t match.

He counts and counts and recounts, each and every time he arrives at the same conclusion.

She’s the only person not in class.

Lance’s legs move slowly sliding him down to the floor, he opens the clasps of his lunch box and pulls the photo of him and Jenni into his hands and starts to cry.

****

Shiro sighed deeply as he walked back into Janae’s room, he stopped by the foot of her bed and looked at the clock on the night stand beside her bed.

Five minutes till midnight.

He sat down and thought about the events of the day before, he thought about Slav’s words and Rolo and Nyma’s concerned faces.

He struggles internally as he feels his resolve crack and falter, he begins to wither under the weight of it all. The burden and blessing of being a Paladin...the black Paladin at that.

The head of Voltron.

Slav had made arrangements to mold and speed up the process of their development ...they where
going to be trained by the most elite members of the Blade.

The idea should of been comforting, maybe even soothing...but it wasn’t.

He had sat in a daze well past Slav’s departure, running over their entire conversation and meditating on the negatives and the feeling of heat given by openly disappointed faces.

Not many positives when your leadership skills resulted with people in comas and broken bones.

Shiro had been so caught up in his thoughts, he’d missed his brother come and go with clothes from home.

He sighed as he showered and changed, his fingers stalling across his pockets as they brushed across a foreign hardness.

He slipped his hand into his pocket and pulled out a familiar multi colored band of beads, he smiled as he realized how much time had past since he’d held onto it.

Enough time for it to be forgotten and washed with his other laundry and hung up in his closet.

He pulled the chair from across the room and took his usual spot, he pulled her hand into his, after a moment he slid the bracelet up her hand and onto her wrist.

“Good morning.” He said softly as he kissed the top of her head and pulled away, rose to his feet and turned the lamp beside her bed on, blanketing the room with the sloft dim glow of light.

As he made his way toward the door, he stopped and looked at her sleeping face one last time before he pulled out of the room in search of his brother.

“How you seen Keith?” Shiro asked Lance as they crossed paths in the hallway.

“Uhhh I saw him a few minutes ago talking to Pidge and Allura in the kitchen.” Lance replied back as he continued to walk.

Shiro simply nodded as he continued forward.

Lance stood hesitantly in the doorway of Janae’s room, he stepped forward and looked around, his eyes landing on the chair closets to her bed, he sat down.

He wasn’t quit sure what to say, so he said nothing. His eyes on her, watching her sleep, memorizing the steady rise and fall of her chest.

After a moment he reaches for her hand,having witness Shiro do the act thousands of times, his thumb sliding across her hand, rubbing soft circles.

“I’m not really....I’m not good at this.” He started awkwardly, closing his eyes. “Usually I’m the one always talking who won’t stop...but now...I” He trailed off unable to find words.

He leaned forward pushing a white loc of her behind her ear, “I...I just really need you to wake up.” He started softly closing his eyes, “Everyone’s walking on eggshells and we’re all...scared...and...stressed out....I just need you to wake up. I need you to wake up...and...tell me it’ll be ok.”

He opens his eyes slowly and brings her hand to his lips, softly kissing a knuckle. His breath hitches as he takes in the familiar array of colors wrapped around her wrist.
He holds his breath as his fingers move, turning the bracelet forward, his eyes landing on a familiar pair of square shaped beads with faded hearts, he reads and rereads the letters across the beads.

He struggles to swallow past the lump of emotion that burrows deep in throat, as a whirlwind of aged emotions slam through him.

He remembers the panic attack he had in class, the worried look in his mother’s eyes as she came to pick him up early.

He remembers how hard the rain fail and how loud the thunder clapped across the sky as they rode in silence to the hospital.

He remembers how loud his heartbeat sounded in his ears as he ran throughout the hospital desperately searching.

He remembers the way his mother held him close as he cried for weeks on end unable to find her.

He remembers it all at once, and struggles to breath.

“Jenni.....” He chokes weakly, feeling tears prickle behind the lids of his eyes, “Please...wake up..”

The tears push forward and land on her hand, they roll down and land on the bedsheets.

At 1:45 am Janae’s golden eyes open.

Chapter End Notes

Spanish notes

Mi amor- my love
Si-yes
abuela- grandmother

Buenos días, es hora de vestirse- good morning it’s time to get dressed

No quiero ir- i do not want to go
Janae sighed as she pulled a sweater over her head, she could feel the weight of blue eyes watching her as she pulled socks onto her feet and picked up her backpack. She looked at Lance.

“Are you just going to stare at me the entire time?” She asked with a laugh as she began to rummage through her bag.

“You just woke up from a fucking coma!!” Lance shot back mildly offended she was being so casual about the situation.

“And I just found out your my fucking best friend from childhood who went missing!!”

“Mmmhhmmm how long was I asleep?” She asked as she pulled a small yellow container from her bag. “I didn’t go missing...you just suddenly never saw me for like almost nineteen years.....”

“Counting from the moment we found you after the attack or starting from the moment you fail out of the cryopod?” He asked following her into the bathroom, his eyes widening as he takes in the small yellow case. “Janae that’s the textbook definition of going missing!!” He hissed.

He remembers the yellow case.
He remembers the tiny sharp white shears she used to cut the strings of their bracelets....after all this time...she still had them.

She stares at her reflection in the mirror and frowns, she reaches forward and grabs a toothbrush.

“I guess In general.” She says as she turns the water on, wetting the brush. “Also can we please talk about that later?” She whines squeezing toothpaste onto her brush.

“Fine.” He says reluctantly watching her reflection in the mirror from the doorway.

“Eight days Janae.”

She hums in response as she takes her time brushing her teeth, she runs her fingers through her hair idly and spits into the sink.

“That explains why I feel so weak.” She said as she placed the yellow case on top of the sink and opened it. She pulled out the familiar pair of aged scissors and begins to quickly cut her hair, evening it out and adding layers.

Lance watches silently as he moves into the bathroom, he sits on the closed toilet seat, watching how fluidly her hands move to chop loc after loc. He’s not used to seeing her hair unraveled from their usual long twists, thick coils of curls replace her dreads and frame her face, making her look doll like.
After a few more moments, she cleans off the scissors and neatly places them back into the yellow case. She looks back up at her reflection and runs her fingers through her curls, her eyes widen as they land on the peach color painted on her finger nails.

“My uncle was here?” She asks surprised, her soft features morphing into an odd nameless emotion.

“Yeah he left earlier-well yesterday.”

“How mad was he?”

“Mad enough to threaten everyone in the house and attack Rolo.” Lance replied as he crossed his arms, remembering the spinning attack.

“Ugh Rolo was here? That means Nyma was too....”

Janae groaned loudly, closing her eyes.

“Great. He freaks out over the tiniest of things....I can only imagine how he took this.”

“Ummmm....I think he took the news as well as anyone else could.” Lance said deciding not to mention how her uncle broke into the house, scaled the walls, knocked over Hunk and stomped on their self esteem and tossed it into the nearest trashcan.

“...well come on..let’s tell everyone I’m awake.” She said pulling away from the sink and moving toward the door, she stumbles a bit and Lance is immediately at her side, holding her up for support.

“I’m-mm fine.” She said timidly attempting weakly to pull away, Lance frowned as she brought her hand up to her head and rubbed her temple. She felt fragile and small in his arms, he slowly guided her to the foot of her bed.

“Stay here I’m gonna get food and let everyone know your awake.” Lance said as he watched her crawl back under the sheets.

“But I’m not hungry...” She said unconvincingly.

“You haven’t eaten or drank anything for over a week.” He said narrowing his eyes just as he stepped out of the room.

“Hunk buddy are there any more left overs of the soup you made?” Lance asked as he found Hunk and the rest of the Paladins in the basement with Coran.

“Uh yeah. Why do you need me to heat some up?” Hunk asked as he turned away from an odd Altean device, with a series of gears in front of him, he wiped grease cover hands onto a towel.

“Uh yeah, Janae woke up-“

Before he can finish Shiro is up from his chair and leaving the room, Allura and Keith follow right behind him.

Shiro exhaled deeply as he stepped into the doorway and caught sight of her no longer sleeping, she sat up against the head board, a tiny pair of scissors in hand as she cut up pieces of paper boredly.

“Janae..“
She looks up quickly at the mention of her name and smiled as her eyes landed on him.

“Hi.” She said as she sat the scissors down and watched him step into the room.

Shiro quickly moves, taking his place beside her, he pulls her into his arms and physically relaxes as he feels the warmth of her body press into his.

“How are you feeling?” Allura asked as she stepped around toward the other side of the bed, her eyes on Janae.

“I’m ok...just a little tired.”

“Allura she’s lying, she’s not ok.” Lance said as stepped back into the room, food in hand.

Janae rolled her eyes.

“She nearly fail earlier and she probably has a headache.” Lance said as he handed her a bottle of water.

“I’ll have Coran run a few more scans to make sure your alright.” Allura said softly as she placed her hand onto Janae’s shoulder.

“Your awake.” Pidge said happily as she stepped into the room, Hunk and Sabvis behind her.

“I am.” Janae said back with a laugh as she moved to pick back up her scissors, Shiro watched curiously as she quickly cut a series of patterns into the paper.

“Um what are you doing?” He asks after a second, she leisurely pulled the scissors away and open the paper revealing an extremely detailed cut out pattern.

“It’s a habit I picked up from my dad.” She said with a shrug.

Keith eyes land on the scissors and widen, they look exactly like her summoned weapon, only worlds smaller.

“Are those scissors important to you?”

Janae looks up from the paper and makes a displeased noise in the back of her throat. “These are shears, anyone can use scissors.”

Lance laughs.

“Are they special to you...?” Keith repeats softly.

Janae stills the movements of her hand and doesn’t move for a moment, a series of emotions cross her face before she resumes cutting.

“Yeah...they where a gift from my parents.”

The joy of warmness dissipates and the feeling of gloom crawls in its place, wrapping around the room.

Sabvis gives Keith a dirty look as he sits at the foot Janae’s bed, he smiles as their eyes meet.

“I’m glad you are awake.” He said as he wiggled her big toe between his fingers, making her laugh.
“Me too.” She said as she placed the tiny shears into the small yellow container, she places the container back in her bag and pulls out an Arizona can.

“Does anyone mind if I smoke?” She asked not looking up as she twisted the bottom of the canister open and began to neatly pack the green contents into white paper.

“Nope, but I’ll crack a window.” Allura said as she quickly moved and opened the window across the room from Janae’s bed.

They watch as she pulls a tiny black lighter from her bag and lights the end of the blunt, she inhales deeply closing her eyes.

“What’d I miss?” She asked as she exhaled slowly releasing smoke from her nose.

“Well after your Uncle came and hurt everyone’s feelings we started training.” Pidge said as she stepped forward and lifted the blunt from Janae’s fingers.

Janae snorts, shaking her head unsurprised. “Yeahhh...sorry about that...he’s really...” She trails unable to find the appropriate word.

“No, it was all things I-we needed to hear.” Shiro said as he exhaled beside Pidge, pulling the blunt away from his lips. “I need to do a better job, I almost lost two very important people in my life. I won’t make the same mistake twice.”

“Plus your Uncle decided to help us out in gaining a better understanding when it comes to using our Bayards.” Hunk said as he slowly inhaled, taking his time before releasing a large cloud of smoke.

“The people training us are supposed to be here in two weeks.

“So we figured before they come and kick our asses we should get in as much practice as possible.” Shiro said as he crossed his arms.

Janae simply nods at the information, she watches Allura take a hit and quickly hands it to Sabvis.

“You guys do know he’s going to put you through boot camp right?” Janae asked with a raised brow, “Like brutal with a capital B boot camp.”

“I figured.” Keith said as he exhaled leisurely.

“He did say he’d have the best and brightest come and abuse-I mean train us.” Lance filled in, making Pidge snort.

“Mmmh training does sound nice. Will you guys be doing that everyday until they arrive?” Janae asked as the blunt returned her way, after a second Allura leaves the room.

“Unfortunately yes.” Hunk sighed.

Allura smiles as she re-entered the room with Coran, he smiled at Janae as he moved toward her, biometric scanner in hand.

“Oh my.” He said as the smell of marijuana hit his nostrils, Janae giggled.

Coran proceeds to move forward, running the scanner from the top of her head, down to the bottom of her feet. The bulb on the top of the machine lights up and he reads the results.

“Well Janae, your body has been under a tremendous amount of stress...so as a result you need
more time to heal.”

Janae frowns as she proceeded to roll another blunt.

“I recommend bed rest for at least the next two weeks.” He continued with a smile.

“Bed rest? Two weeks?” Janae repeats back unhappily as she quickly lights the blunt and deeply inhales slowly.

“That’s pretty weak.” She said after a moment as she handed the blunt to Coran.

“Weak indeed, but you need to rest.” He said as he puffed quickly and handed the blunt to Allura. “We wouldn’t want your body to shut down.”

“This should be interesting.” Pidge whispered to Hunk as they watched Janae go back to cutting patterns into paper.

**

Over the course of the next few days, the Paladins each take turns visiting Janae. They trained, ate and prepared for what was to come. They quickly fail into a comfortable routine.

On the fourth day Janae says something rather ominous to Hunk, as he sits across from her adding recipes to his personal cook book.

“I feel like I’m being watched.”

Hunks motions stop moving midway across the paper, the pen slips from his fingers as he looks up at her.

Janae’s propped up against the headboard, watching the weather change into a storm out side of her window.

Rain pelts the window hard, as the clouds swirl and pollute the sky.

“What?” He asks unsure if heard correctly, the nature of the statement didn’t exactly match the lack of concern on her face.

“I feel like I’m being watched.” She repeats again, her eyes still on the window.

Hunk turns his head and tries to find what she’s looking for in the rain, after a moment his eyes return back to her.

“But it’s not like before with the Galra.” She starts as she slowly peels her eyes away from the window, “These eyes feel familiar.”

Hunk goes rigid and nearly knocks over the chair as he raises to his feet and sits on the edge of the bed.

“Janae what do you mean by familiar?”

Janae turns her head and their eyes meet, he fights the urge not to buckle under the intensity of her gaze.

“I feel like...”She pauses, trying to gather her thoughts. “I don’t think it’s a stranger...but I don’t know who it is.” She said simply as she pulled her eyes away from his and pulled a pen out of her back pack and handed it to him.
She picks up her novel from the night stand and resumes reading.

The dismissiveness bothers Hunk the most, the way she simply busied her mind with something else, as if the conversation had never happened.

The sixth day while training, Hunk tries to tell the other Paladins about the odd conversation.

Shiro moves quickly blocking a punch and kick combo from Keith, he pivots to his left grabbing Keith’s ankle and tosses him easily across the mat.

Keith groans as he rises to his feet, he takes a defensive stance and blocks Shiro’s advances.

Pidge lunges forward and attempts to knock Hunk’s large body down a few pegs, he simply dodges his mind else where as he catches his tiny opponents feet.

“I’m not really good with hand to hand combat.” Lance said as he took a defensive stance in front of Allura.

“No problem I’ll go easy on you.” She said as she moved quickly, knocking him onto the mat in a series of fluid movements.

“I didn’t even see you move.” He whined as he remained flat on his back, he looked up at the sky and allowed his eyes to drink in the change of scenery.

The weather had been nice and dry for the past few days, the team had moved their training outside to take advantage of it while it lasted.
The large few privately owned acres offered the seclusion and privacy desired.

“Guys I need to talk to you about something.” Hunk said as he turned away from Pidge, she advanced forward jumping onto his back, clinging to him.

“What is it Hunk?” Shiro asked as he dodged a flying foot to the head.

“Janae said something the other night...that kinda freaked me out.” Hunk said nervously as he fiddled with the knot of his burnt orange headband.

The other Paladins stopped their movements and turned towards him, committing their full attention.
Pidge ceases her movements and quickly slides down his back and onto her feet.

“Hunk what’s wrong?” Lance asked as he quickly rose to his feet beside Allura.

“She said she felt like she was being watched...” Hunk trails off.

“Well I mean we did all meet her crazy Uncle, I wouldn’t be surprised-“ Hunk quickly interrupts Keith, his eyes burning into theirs intently.

“She said she doesn’t know who it is...but it’s not a stranger.” Hunk pushes out quickly, forcing the words out, hoping the people around him grasp his discomfort in the revelation.

The Paladins are silent for a moment, letting the weight of Hunk’s words wash over them. Shiro speaks first, attempting to calm away the snake of disquietude that threatens to constrict around them.
“After training we’ll all check up on her and have a conversation.” Shiro said quickly, his eyes meeting each Paladin, “Until then switch partners.”

Training continues for another thirty minutes before Pidge makes an observation, stopping the flow of practiced hits.

“Uh Shiro we may not have to wait to have that conversation.”

Pidge said as she turned her head, her eyes landing on a wobbly Janae as she makes her way out of the house, toward the training area.

Coran is right behind her trying to persuade her to turn around and walk her back to bed, she simply ignores him as she continues forward on unsteady legs.

The group collectively moves toward them, a few of them ready to drag her back to bed.

“Janae Your supposed to be resting.” Shiro said as she stopped shy of them, her arms crossed over a large Scooby-Doo logo on her hoodie, she seems indifferent as she remains silent for a moment.

Coran steps beside her still talking, still trying to encourage her to retire to bed.

“Noooooo I can’t stay in bed any longer.” Janae said rolling her eyes, she was over being on house arrest. Tired or not, she couldn’t stand being in bed another minute longer.

“Janae your body’s exhausted...you need to rest.” Coran offered weakly as he stood beside her, attempting to comfort her.

“I know but....two whole weeks in bed? No.” She said uncrossing her arms as she took a seat in a nearby chair.

“If I promise just to sit down and take it easy, can I stay and watch you guys train?” She asked as she gazed from the lawn chair longingly at the training area.

“She asked as she gazed from the lawn chair longingly at the training area.

“Fine, but don’t move from this spot.” Shiro said as he dropped a kiss on her forehead and continued back to the training mat.

The others follow behind him, tossing uncertain looks at Janae.

“Switch partners.” Shiro said as he stood in front of Lance.

After twenty minutes of training Janae finds herself bored, Coran snores loudly beside her in a matching chair. She sighs as she rises to her feet and walks around the yard, every so often her eyes bouncing back onto her teammates.

She smiled as her eyes take in a patch of multicolored bright flowers, she continues forward and drops to a crouch and begins to pluck a flower, she catches movement and her eyes land on a unfamiliar pair of brown shoes.

Her eyes slowly travel up from the shoes, to cream colored harem pants, tiny intricate patterns of plants cross cross throughout, as her eyes continue up she catches the bare well sculpted chest of rich decadent dark skin, a sage and cream colored vest hangs open from his broad shoulders.

Skin the color of untainted coffee encases the man’s physque, long thick ropes of black are pulled high on his head and fall down his back, a strong chin meets high cheek bones, and spiral into a smooth nose.
Her eyes continue up and lock onto intense dark green eyes with specks of gold, the eyes stare back with so much heat they threaten to set her ablaze. She falls backwards on her hands surprised, the enchanting man moves toward her and she scrambles backward her eyes on his.

His movements stop and a look of confusion crosses his features, he speaks and the words don’t register as English. The lack of her response makes him grow more upset as he continues to speak taking another step toward her, he offers his hand out to her, attempting to touch her and pull her to her feet.

Janae stares at the offered hand and doesn’t move. She hears another voice similar in language to the man in front of her, she looks past the man and her eyes widen as they land of several more faces.

Each person sporting different colored eyes, each all matching with specks of gold.

A shorter elderly man with a large hat and silver straight hair and thick brows steps forward. Unlike the darker man in front of Janae, he’s completely covered up, a soft smile crosses his lips. His attractive olive skin is complemented by an array of multi colored silks that wrap around him. His teal blue eyes watch her for a moment, he turns toward the man in the vest and speaks.

The man in return drops his hand and takes a step back, his eyes still on her.

Janae’s eyes roam the small group of people, each one different and all striking in appearance. Among the group two women meet her eyes, their hands are connected. The women on the right has alabaster skin and short pixie cut peach colored hair and large brown eyes, the women beside her has straight soft pink hair that stops short in a sharp bob. Her eyes are hazel, her skins the color of caramel. The two willowy tall women seem oddly familiar...Janae starts to feel an odd feeling of confusion creep through her chest, as she feels a strong pull toward the people in front of her. The pull feels familiar....as if she was looking at a dated photograph of past acquaintances.

The women with peach colored hair looks away, her eyes move past Janae. Janae is easily lifted to her feet by well known warm hands, the other Paladins wrap around her protectively, their eyes untrusting as Janae is pulled further away from the group of strangers.

Shiro opens his mouth to speak, but Coran’s voice beats him to the punch.

“Who are you?! And what are you doing on private property?!” He asked angrily as he marches forward, threading through the Paladins and standing his ground.

The man with the hat looks at Coran for a second, he turns around toward the group and speaks, they’re eyes watch him intently as if he’s explaining something.

The man turns back around and sincerely smiles, Coran’s eyes widen in shock as the man begins to decreases in age. The Paladins watch wordlessly as the man regresses from a well aged man to a much younger one, potentially in his early twenties.

“You speak English here, do you not?” The man asks his voice clear.

“Ummm yes...who are you?” Coran asks a bit taken back.

“Sorry to intrude. We’ve come along way and we’ve been looking for her.” The man with olive skin says his eyes on Janae.

“Who are you? Why are looking for Janae?” Pidge says first, as she moves even closer to Janae, her Bayard in hand.
The man with dark brown skin raises an unamused brow in Pidge’s direction.

“We’re traveled from our home planet, in search of our friend who’s been missing for thousands of years.” The man adds in.

The word missing hits each Paladin harshly.

The women with peach colored hair moves first, a smile on her face, her arms spread wide as she breaks away from her group and moves toward Janae.

“Celest!! I’ve missed you, let’s go home.”

The women is blocked by a glaring Allura, the peach haired women seems confused, tilting her head to the left as she takes in Allura.

“Laxus, why is there an angry Altean attempting to block my path?” The women asked moving her eyes from Allura back to Janae.

The man with the hat steps toward the overly friendly tall women, his gaze on the Paladins.

“We mean no harm.” He says softly catching the distrust in the Altean women’s eyes.

“How do you know I am Altean?” Allura asks not lowering her weapon, the open discussion of her race sets her on high alert.

The peach haired women seems puzzled as she pursed her full lips together, she tilts her head to the right and speaks.

“I do not understand the hostility, Is the discussion of ones heritage not discussed openly here?” The women starts her eyes moving from Allura and landing on Keith. “I know you are Altean just like-”, she points a pale finger in his direction. “I know he is-“

The women with soft pink short hair steps forward and places a hand on the peach haired women’s shoulder, silencing her.

Keith makes a face, wanting to hear the rest of the sentence, he feels a few eyes of the other Paladins on him.

“Where did you come from and why are you looking for Janae?” Shiro asked his eyes roaming over the odd group, his eyes stopping on the dark skinned man.

“Because she was snatched from our planet and we’ve been looking for her ever sense.” The man says, his eyes narrowing on Shiro. “Did you filthy organics take her?”

“What do you mean snatched from your planet? We didn’t take anyone.” Shiro counters.

The man takes a step closer, his green eyes aggressively spark in Shiro’s direction.

“I’m sorry, an introduction is to be expected.” The man with the hat says politely, his eyes tossing a warning look in the dark skinned man’s direction.

“I am Laxus.” The olive skinned man starts as he turns around and begins introductions, pointing at the members of the group as he goes.

“This is Cybastion.” Laxus said as pointed in the direction of the dark skinned man crossing his arms and glaring.
“The women with short hair is Gazelle.”

Gazelle waves happily.

“The women beside her is Glass.”

Glass nods curtly, her hand intertwining with Gazelle’s.

The remaining members of the group step forward, a large wide man with ash white hair and pasty skin moves closer, his gray eyes are clear and modest.

“The gentleman with gray eyes is Silence. He doesn’t speak much, but he’s nice.” Laxus said with a shrug as the man shyly waved.

A women with long copper colored hair and sad green eyes steps forward next, a light dusting of freckles are sprinkled across the bridge of her upturned nose, she’s the smallest of group, she looks melancholy as if she’ll burst into tears at any moment.

“This is Typhoon.” Laxus said with a smile as he patted her shoulder reassuringly.

The women’s eyes bounce toward Janae and she nervously threads her fingers together, pushing the long sleeves of her black and white dress back.

The last three members of the group move forward, they’re each sporting matching soft brown eyes.

A women with long dark curly hair smiles confidently as she steps forward, long slivers of purple silk encase her curvy body and highlight large breast.

“I am Blaze and these are my twin brothers Mayhem and Chaos.” The women said confidently, placing her hands on slender hips.

The man on the left probably Mayhem cocks a wicked grin in Pidge’s direction. He runs bronzed fingers through raven black curls, he has a mole under his right eye.

The man on the right, mirrors his brother in looks, his mole is under his left eye, he frowns and shakes his head in the direction of his siblings.

The three of them are all clad in various shades of purple.

“Um those aren’t really names.” Lance says after a moment, a skeptical thin brow raised high.

“They sound made up, how do we know if your even telling the truth?” Keith said stepping forward, he looks less trusting then Allura. “How do we even know you know Janae and your not some threat?”

“Janae do...you know any of them?” Hunk asks softly from behind her.

Janae’s eyes are down cast, her hand touches her head and a heavy look of confusion hangs from her features, she looks uncomfortable, as if she’s to hot and has to perform a speech in a crowded room.

“I...I’m not sure.” She says hesitantly as she looks up, her body seems to fold in under the joined attention of both groups.

“We have no reason to lie.” Glass says from beside Gazelle, they each share unhappy faces. “We have been looking for Celest...” She trails off.
“Don’t you...don’t you remember us?” The women with copper hair asks timidly.

The sorrow in Typhoon’s voice slices through the group, and makes the Paladins flinch backwards, a wave of sadness wraps around them and they fight back the overwhelming urge to cry.

“Typhoon that’s enough.” Cybastion sneers, turning his head in her direction, she takes a step back and turns around until she’s concealed behind Silence’s large frame.

The wave of sorrow immediately lifts, and Coran inhales deeply.

“I’m...sorry I...don’t remember.” Janae says meekly, as she struggles to stand on he feet, the direct hit of emotions aimed in her direction make her stagger.

Shiro and Cybastion move at the same time, Cybastion’s hands reach out for her, as Shiro’s arm wraps around her waist and pulls her back.

Cybastion’s eyes linger on Shiro’s arm around Janae’s waist and he growls. His nostrils flare out in anger, and the Paladins watch as his skin turns to black and his hair turns white, a pair of straight horns extend from his head.

Hunk and Lance’s eyes widen, Keith blinks rapidly. The man looks exactly as Janae did when she summoned her weapon.

“Why are you so weak Celest? Why is he touching you?” Cybastion shoots off rapidly, an odd emotion taints his features, before they twist back up in anger as his eyes fall back on Shiro.

“What is he to you?”

“Why...why do you keep calling me Celest?” Janae asks her eyes touching each member of the group.

“Because that is your name.” Gazelle says as she wraps her arms around her shoulders and takes a hesitant step forward.

“How dare you not remember me wench.” Blaze challenges, pointing a perfectly manicured nail in Janae’s direction.

“You could never forget a face as enticing as mine.” She continues rudely, flipping her brown hair across her pale shoulder. “You do not deserve to call yourself my rival.”

“Wait what’s going on?” Hunk asked growing more confused by the second, his eyes meet Silence’s unsure ones, he shrugs helplessly in response.

“This is annoying and a waste of time.” Pidge said rolling her.

Mayhem locks eyes with Pidge, “If you give me more of your time, I can change your mind.” He says with a smile, Pidge makes a gagging sound as Allura moves her arm protectively in front of her.

The action only seems to increase the man’s interest, “Oh my. If you two are a packaged deal I don’t mind you both sharing me.” He blows a kiss in their direction.

Allura frowns.

“Celest answer my question.” Cybastion repeats taking back the Paladins full attention.
His eyes meet Janae’s, Shiro tightens his hold around her waist.

“I’m going to need you to take a step back.” Shiro bites out, it’s not a suggestion.

Cybastion looks ready to respond, his eyes bounce up from Janae and onto Shiro.

“What is your relationship with Celest?”

“My name isn’t Celest!!” Janae screams, the frustration evident in her voice.

“I don’t know any of you.” She turns her attention to Cybastion and glares, he shrinks back under her gaze his form returning back to normal.

“I don’t owe you any kind of explanation and I’m tired of your unnecessary aggression towards me and my friends.”

That seems to knock Cybastion back a bit, his green eyes swish around with sadness and he speaks.

“You don’t remember anything about your life on Arcadia?”

Coran’s eyes widen in disbelief, the planets name sparking a distant memory.

“What? No, I don’t even know what that is!!”

Cybastion reels back as if he’s been hit, he takes a weak step backward, his eyes bounce from Laxus’s before he speaks.

“You...you..don’t remember who I am either?”

His voice brakes as he asks the question, the sadness is so apparent it makes Janae step back and bump into Hunk.

“I..I..I’m sorry but I don’t.”

Cybastion’s eyes drop and he looks away, he quickly retracts back into the group, Typhoon places a comforting hand on his arm, the look of sorrow only stays.

“Well I’m sorry for the interruption...we may have had the wrong person-“ Laxus is interrupted by an unhappy Gazelle.

“But you said-“

“I was wrong.” He bites out as he turns around and conveys a thought wordlessly to the group behind him.

“We’re sorry for the interruption.” Laxus said gravely as he tosses one last lingering look in Janae’s direction.

Cybastion’s eyes meet Janae’s as he scuffs up the earth beneath his feet, a patch of wild sunflowers quickly sprout up from the earth in his wake. Her eyes widen in surprise, the gesture seems vaguely familiar.

The group one by one begins to fade out, leaving the Paladins uncomfortably alone, Shiro gazes at the flowers.

“Um what the fuck was that?” Lance asked after a moment.

“Some weird shit.” Keith replied back.
“Are you ok?” Shiro asks as he pulls Janae into his arms, she shakes her head and allows him to lead her back toward the house.

“Coran, What was that look?” Allura asks her uncle as they watched Shiro carry Janae back into the house.

“I think I know what she is.” He replied as he headed back into the house.
Coran’s fingers move quickly across the screen in his lab, he bypasses a series of screens and types in codes, hastily unlocking the mainframe and opening the database of information.

“Coran what are you looking for?” Pidge asked as she entered the room, ice cream sandwich in hand, her eyes on the glowing large screen.

“I’m looking for a record of a planet.” He replied his fingers still moving.

“Ahhh you mean Arcadia?” Hunk asked as he entered the room, ice cream cone in hand.

“Yes, for some reason the name stuck out. I feel like- ah ha!” He cheers triumphantly, as he presses a few more buttons, the screen dims and the visual of a soft gold planet with earth brown colored swirls appear.

“What are we looking at?” Lance asked as he licked stray ice cream from his fingers in the doorway.

“Can someone bring Shiro and Janae in here?” Coran asked as Allura took a step closer to the screen beside him.

“Sure.” Keith said as he got up from his seat, placing his bowl of ice cream on the table behind him.

“This...is Arcadia?” Allura asked mesmerized as she watched the swirls of the planet twist and pull into different directions.

“It is.” Coran said with a nod.

“What’s going on?” Shiro asked as he stepped into the room, Janae waved from behind him as he carried her to a chair.

“I could of walked.” She mumbles as he places a bowl of ice cream into her hands.

“This is Arcadia.”

“Anddddd?” Janae asked as she refused to share a spoonful of her ice cream with Shiro.

“This is supposedly where your from.” Coran said as he hit another series of buttons, pulling up an information tab with sparse notes.

“The Chimera inhabit this planet and govern over this faction.” Coran started as he clicked on a few pictures.

“The planet is ruled by the high priestess named Eclipse-“

Galra attack

Chapter Notes

Everyone’s just casually eating ice cream...for no reason
“Ok once again, those are words not names.” Lance interrupts.

Coran ignores him and continues. “The Chimera are a very private people who tend to keep to themselves, their bodies allow them to produce and enhance the strength of their life energy, they also harbor large amounts of quintessence internally.”

“That sounds a lot like the people Sabvis told us about a few weeks ago.” Shiro starts as he pulls away from Janae, “Are you able to show us any pictures?”

Coran nods as he clicks on a few notes, the screen changes and an array of people with a wide variety of different skin tones appear. The only thing stopping them from looking entirely human is the liquid gold specks in their eyes.

“Why are Janae’s eyes completely gold?” Hunk asked as he looked from the people on the screen to Janae.

“I’m...not sure.” He says as he clicks on more pictures, each one appearing like a candid shot. As if the photographer had no real desire to actually meet the people but found them attractive enough to watch and observe.

“The Chimera are rumored to have soul sucking abilities, able to trap and retain the essence and abilities of their enemies, those traits are then pasted down to their offspring.”

Shiro couldn’t really argue about the soul sucking aspect about Janae, he has to shake is head to stop the onslaught of fifthly thoughts and images that come his way.

“That explains why she nearly had a match for everything in the cryopod.” Hunk notes.

“You guys are not serious.” Janae said as she sat back in her chair, “You actually believe that group of weirdos?”

“By weirdos you mean; The creepy young old man? Your obvious angry ex boyfriend? The overly emotional goth who cried and sent a tidal wave of unsolicited sadness our way because you couldn’t remember her? The happy and monotone hippie lesbians? The hot psycho twins? The rude bitch with breast bigger then her head and the awkwardly quiet guy?” Lance asks crossing his arms and looking pointedly at Janae.

“You wanna fight?”

“Nope I just wanted confirmation, and you gave it to me.” Lance said looking back to the screen.

“He wasn’t my boyfriend.” Janae growled from across the room.

“Really? because he sure didn’t seem like just a fucking friend.” Pidge points out, joining Lance in the discussion.

Janae groaned, “Even if I did know those people wouldn’t I have some memory of that?!”

“Well they did say they’ve been looking for you for thousands of years.” Hunk chimed in, “Your bound to forget something.”

Keith nods in agreement from beside her.

“Is there any other information?” Shiro asked ignoring the group discussion.

“No like I said before, they where a very private people. But I do have a few more photos.” Coran
said cheerily as he clicked another tab loading more photos onto the screen.

A women with dark brown skin appeared, she’s vibrant and tall, gold and white silks are wrapped around her body, she holds her head high and has intimidating hard gold eyes. The Chimera flock to her side barring gifts she seems uninterested in, a large white head piece sits on her head, it hides most her face and stops just above her lips, it’s covered in jewels, golds and other fine stones.

In other pictures of her, the head piece is gone, but her face is still hidden behind a beautifully carved mask that reveals only her eyes, nose and lips.

“This is the high priestess Eclipse.” Coran fills in as he quickly flips to another picture, one with the high priestess playing with small children. A few of them have horns and are rainbow colored, the flock around her with smiles.

“I see why they call her Eclipse.” Lance whistled, his eyes widening as he catches sight of her dipped in form fitting jewelry.

Everyone chooses to ignore him.

The remaining few pictures are of various Chimera together, they’re forms altered, horns and white hair present. The high priestess stands proud with a large sword in hand, her beautifully carved mask remains, long white waves of curls fall past her shoulders, a pair of large curled horns sit high on her head. Men and women Chimera stand strong beside her, they look ready to attack, some bare weapons, others hold different shapes and forms. They look ready for war.

“This is the last visual record I have of them before the war.” Coran said dryly.

“There’s Laxus.” Janae said as her eyes notice the familiar young face with silver hair, he stands alongside the high priestess hands balled into tight fists.

“Maybe he wasn’t lying about who you where.” Shiro said his eyes on the screen.

“You guys can’t believe that can you? I don’t even look like her.” Janae says pointing her spoon at the high priestess.

“I completely agree Janae, that women is clearly well over seven feet tall and you two have very different builds.” Lance adds in.

“Shut up Lance.” Keith says rolling his eyes, he turns his attention back to Janae and realizes she doesn’t know.

“Janae the night of the attack you changed... you looked completely like them...” Keith says awkwardly, unsure how to nicely put his flash back into words.

Janae’s gold eyes bore into his for a moment, after a second she turns away and looks back up at the screen.

“That would explain my hair....but it doesn’t explain the odd markings on my face or the fact that my eyes are completely gold.” She quietly responds back.

She’s thought about it, Shiro realizes. He’s unsure how to feel or what to think, he just knows....
She has an entire life she doesn’t remember, he wonders if once she does...will she leave.

Pick back up where she left off...

The next couple of days go by in a blur, Janae stays indoors, she does research and explores the confines of the castle, she lazily stumbles across the lions and admires them from a distance.

“Did you want to get a closer look?” Coran asks from behind her startling her, she moves deeper into the room allowing him space.

“Breath taking aren’t they?” He asks his eyes bouncing from lion to lion, he has a far away dreamy look in his eyes.

“I got to watch Allura’s father Alfor pilot the red lion.” He steps deeper into the room and walks toward the large black lion in the center.

Janae slowly trails behind him in response, her eyes roaming the room.

“Do you think...we’ll be able to form Voltron?” She asks hesitantly, her eyes lingering on the white lion.

“I do.” He replies back with no sense of hesitation, “It may seem like a challenge to get started but I do believe the seven of you can.”

“Challenge is an understatement.” She mumbles as she pulls her eyes away from the lion and approaches the yellow lion. The haze soft blue partial barrier immediately rises, shortening her walk.

“You said after we master our weapons...we’d be able to unlock our lions right?” Janae asks hesitantly, as she takes a step back from the barrier.

“That is correct.”

“How exactly will we do that? I mean everyone can pretty much summon a weapon now...”

Coran seems thoughtful for a second, he folds his arms behind his back and speaks.

“I’ll tell you what Alfor told me.” He said as he took a step toward the barrier of the yellow lion. “You’ll know.”

Janae makes a face, she’s gearing up to complain when Coran speaks again.

“He said it was like experiencing something so great, so welcoming, so overwhelming it’s incomparable to anything else. You’ll know the difference between being able to use your weapon and what it’s like to master your weapon.”

“Well that’s more reassuring then a you’ll know.” She replies back with relief.

“Would you like to see what’s for lunch today?” Coran asked politely, his stomach growling as he changed the subject of conversation.

She laughed and nodded her head, following him out of the hanger.

“Shouldn’t everyone still be training?” Janae asked as they made their way down the hallway.

“They decided to take a day off to relax. They’ve been going nonstop for a while now.” Coran said
as the neared the entrance of the kitchen.

Hunk smiled as he hands them plates, the aroma of chicken and mixed vegetables engulfing the room.

“What’s for lunch today?” Coran asked rather chipper as he encouraged Hunk to load more food onto his plate.

Hunk opens his mouth to speak and the castle alarms erupts to life, wailing so loud the walls shake. The sound startles Janae and makes her almost drop her plate, Hunk looks up and meets the eyes of Coran.

Lance slides into the kitchen nearly colliding into them, “What’s going?!?”

“The alarms are going off, we’re under attack.” Coran says as he pivots on his heels not dropping his plate, he heads into the hallway, the rest of the Paladins gradually filling in behind him as he descends into the basement.

“Coran do you have a visual on who’s attacking us?” Shiro asks, his black Paladin armor encasing his body.

Coran’s fingers move quickly across the keys of the giant computer in the center of the room, after a second he gains a visual.

He pales as he watches a large Galra ship near the castle, streams of Galran foot soldiers leap from the ship. More then half of them easily landing around the castle, weapons drawn.

“Fuck.” Pidge says as she counts the number of Galrans on the ground.

“Why are there so fucking many?!” Keith asks, as his armor begins to ride up his body, his Bayard already out.

“That’s not even including the ones in the ship.” Hunk said nervously, as his armor begin to slowly form. “So much for taking a day off.”

“Pidge can you pull up any information on the ship?” Shiro asks as he watches more soldiers drop to the ground.

“Already ahead of you.” She says, her laptop already in hand, her fingers moving rapidly across the keys.

“So much for our spa day.” Lance sighs toward Allura as he hands her a towel to wipe the mask from her face.

“I needed this day.” She just about growls as she aggressively wipes the green mask from her face.

Janae’s eyes bounce up from the screen and she watches as Coran moves his fingers, adding several more visual feeds around the house.

She double taps her brand and her armor begins to ride up her body, Shiro turns in her direction and his eyes narrow as he steps toward her.

“What do you think your doing?”

“I’m gearing up to fight.” She says nonchalantly, refusing to meet the disapproving eyes of the other Paladins.
“No you are not.” He says quickly as he takes hold of her wrist and double taps the band.

“Hey-“

The look he gives her make all forms of protests die on her lips, still she glares up at him trying to stand her ground.

“No, your supposed to be on bed rest, do you really think we’d willingly let you go out and fight?” He asks his voice dipping into something dark and dangerous.

“I-I...but there’s-“

He cuts her off again, “You can barely walk. No.”

“Pidge do you have anything?” He asks his eyes still on Janae.

“Yeahhhh...soooo that’s a fleet ship and there’s an ion cannon.” She said her fingers still moving, “Guys there’s at least fifty Galra out there and there’s no telling how many are on that ship.”

“That’s not so bad.” Allura says as her Bayard begins to glow, “We’ll have roughly nine a piece.” She hissed as her suit begins to form.

“What about the ship?” Lance asked as his armor began to form.

“We’ll cross that bridge when we get there.” Shiro said as he pulled his eyes away from Janae and met the eyes of the other Paladins.

“Remember your training.”

And with that they leave the room.

Janae’s fuming beside Coran, she crosses her arms and tries not to verbalize her angry thoughts aloud and fails quickly.

“Can you believe this bullshit?! We’re under attack and he expects me to just standby and wait!!”

Coran sits beside her watching the feed, he scoops a spoonful of vegetables into his mouth.

“Shiro does have a point.” He said between bites, “You’d be more of a distraction then an asset at this point.”

Janae scoffs unhappily at him, “Who’s side are you on anyway?”

“Voltrons.” He replies as he bites into a piece of chicken.

“How’s everyone holding up?” Shiro asks over the feed as he dodges the wild swing of a Galra and sends him flying backwards.

“I’m good.” Keith replies quickly as he slices through two opponents at once, knocking them uselessly to their knees.

“Come on Lance I’ve already taken down seven Galra.” He teases, sparking the friendly fire of petty competition.
“Whatever mullet, I’m right behind you at five-ohhhhh never mind make that eight.” He said with amusement as he took aim at another threat approaching, he pulls the trigger again and hits his mark.

“Just your friendly neighborhood sharpshooter doin his thanggggg.”

Keith rolls his eyes.

“I’m fine.” Allura says as she lifts her opponent by his neck and tosses him absently several feet into the air.

“We know that she-Hulk.” Lance says back as he watches her pulverize through a group of Galran.

“I’m fine.” Pidge said as she pressed the button on base of her weapon, shocking two Galran together.

“Hunk are you ok?” Shiro asked growing concerned as he slammed a Galran down into the earth.

“Yeah guys I’m fine!!” He wheezes out, he doesn’t sound fine at all. “You know just thought I’d maybe work on my cardio today by running from Galra with big ass swords.” He sasses as he puts distance between him and his pursuers, he turns around and aims his weapon in their direction, pulls the trigger, sending the group flying lifelessly into the air.

“This kinda seems to easy guys.” Lance says as he hits another target, “We’ve literally almost taken out an entire Galran fleet.”

“Don’t let your guard down Lance.” Shiro said as he sliced through an opponent, blood staining the tip of his blade as he moved forward, in search of the other Paladins. “You never know what could happen.”

Lance was right, this did seem to easy. In a matter of minutes they’d gone through every Galran in sight, the ship still hung ominously in the air.

Keith meets Shiro first, he simply nods in response as they move to find the others. They find Allura next, she’s beating a Galran twice her size with her bare hands into the ground. Shiro moves quickly, plucking her up to her feet. They find Hunk behind a large series of boulders, his weapon drawn as he blows through six more opponents.

They find Pidge next, she’s sitting on top of an unconscious pile of Galra, shes stolen a holographic tablet, her fingers quickly move roaming for information.

“Guys.” She starts and her eyes widen as she takes in the odd circular device on the screen.

Lance is found next, he’s perched by a tree his weapon ready, he catches sight of a wounded Galran. The Galran meets his eyes as he tosses an odd colored object high into the air, everyone moves in different directions.

The world seems to fade into slow motion as Lance moves, the other Paladins diving for cover.

“Wait Lance!!!!” Pidge calls out as Allura knocks her down and slides them behind the unconscious pile of Galra.

It’s to late, Lance has already pulled the trigger, hitting his mark.
The sound of a high pitch squill echoes around them as the odd colored object is hit, the device explodes sending an array of thousands of yellow tipped needles.

Every needle lands.

One hits Shiro’s left arm another lands in his shoulder, two hit Keith in the lower back, three hit Hunk on the upper right thigh, two hit Allura in the back of the neck, one hits Pidge in her left ankle.

Lance drops his weapon as two land in his hand, the remaining Paladins standing fall to their knees harshly unable to stay upright, the strength in their bodies steadily begins to dwindle, forcing them lower to the ground.

“Pidge What the fuck where we hit with?” Keith asks weakly as he struggled to pull himself up with his arms.

“I don’t know...I wasn’t able to encrypt it before Lance pulled the trigger. Which reminds me, Lance why the fuck did you think that was a good idea?!” She asked weakly as she fought to move. Allura’s motionless body on top of hers wasn’t helping.

“I-I thought it was a bomb.” Lance replied dumbly as he lay flat on his back, his inactive Bayard a few feet away.

“So you shot at it?!” Hunk asked incredulously, his nerves skyrocketing high as he the feeling of helplessness started to weigh him down more.

“Guys we don’t have time to argue, we need to find a solution.” Shiro said weakly as he struggled to pull him self up. “Are there any helpful suggestions?”

“Yes.” A deep unfamiliar baritone voice chimed in, “Shut up and I’ll make your deaths as painless as possible.”

Shiro goes rigid as he struggles to lift his head up, the hairs on the back of his neck stand at full attention as he takes in the new threat.

The Paladins watched as seven large beast sized Galrans dropped to the ground, each one landing with a loud thud.

“Give us the key and we’ll end your lives as quickly as possible.” Another voice adds in as they moved forward, large glowing weapons in hand.

Coran’s eyes widen as he drops his empty plate onto the floor, he stands motionless and panicked beside Janae.

Janae moves quickly, tapping the band on her wrist, she tightens her hold on her Bayard.

“Janae you can’t!! You can barely stand!!” Coran says as he watches her turn on her heels.

“I can’t sit here and watch them die.”

She said as her armor quickly covered her body, she ran out of the room.

“Which one of you is the leader?” One of the Galrans asks with a hearty laugh, “They’re supposed to be a threat to the Galran Empire?” He laughs harder as he takes a step toward Allura and easily lifts her up by her collar.
“Put her down or else!!” Pidge hisses as she attempts to move, her deactivate Bayard a few feet away.

“Ah you barely have the strength to move, but can still make threats.” He drops Allura carelessly back beside Pidge.

“I admire the fire in your eyes.” He says with a laugh as he turns away, his eyes landing on Lance.

“Are you the idiot who shot the bomb?”

“Idiot is a rather strong word....” Lance says back closing his eyes.

Several of the Galrans howl with laughter in response.

“What-what was on those needles?” Keith hisses weakly, struggling to pull himself up.

One of the Galrans make their way toward him, he easily lifts Keith’s small body with one hand, propping him up.

“Why should I tell you? You’re going to die anyway.” He says with a dismissive wave of his hand.

“Humor me.” Keith grits out between clenched teeth.

The Galran seems amused by this response, and simply walks away from Keith.

“It’s a sedative that shuts off the body’s functions one by one.” Another Galran answers as he walks around Hunk, kicking his Bayard out of his hands.

“If the needles are removed in time you’ll gradually gain some control over your body.”

“If not your body will completely shut down, shrivel up and die.” Another Galran fills in as he walks toward Keith and pushes him over.

“I am an idiot.” Lance says weakly, as he closes his eyes and desperately tries to pull air into his lungs.

“Everyone spread out, I want no stone unturned. The quicker we find the key, the quicker we leave this wet rock.” The largest of the Galra orders as they break away and spread through the yard, heading toward the castle.

“This is really bad.” Hunk cries, trying to pull the needles from his leg.

“Everyone in order for us to get out of this we need to remain calm.” Shiro starts, he’s glad his voice doesn’t waver, he sounds strong, more confident then he is.

“And how the fuck are we supposed to do that when we can’t even feel are legs?!” Keith hisses.

Janae crouches low as she quickly moves behind bushes trying to go unnoticed, she stumbles across Hunk and he nearly screams.

She places a finger to his lips, Silencing him as she plucks the three needles from his leg. He nods in appreciation as she places his Bayard back into his hands, she quickly crawls away.

She plucks the needles from Lance’s hand next and quickly places his Bayard back into his hand, he wordlessly thanks her as she starts to crawl in Keith’s direction.
She grabs his Bayard and quickly plucks the needles from his body, as she places the Bayard into his hands she harshly yanked upward from the ground.

She struggles weakly as a large purple hand wraps around her throat, she furiously paws at the hand trying to break free.

“What do we have here?” The Galran asks with a smile as he takes in Janae, he laughs as she tries to kick him.

“Let her go!!” Shiro demands faintly, trying to move.

“How many runts are there of you?” Another Galran asks as he takes a step toward Janae, he looks at the marks on her face curiously.

Keith attempts to move, his movements sluggish and slurred as he inches closer and closer to his bother.

“Tell us where the key is?” The leader of the group demands as he pivots on his heels, his eyes locking in her direction.

“NO.” She grits out definitely as she continued to claw at the hand around her neck.

The Galran narrows his eyes and steps toward her, his yellow eyes meet gold as he speaks. “Either you willingly tell me or I’ll break every bone in your body until you do.”

Keith reaches for Shiro, his fingers barely touching the fabric on his shoulder, his fingers desperately roam grabbing fabric until he brushes against the needle. He plucks the needle and drops it quickly, his hand slides down Shiro’s arm, his eyes on Janae as he touched and plucked the last needle.

Janae seems to ponder the threat for a moment, her gold eyes harden as she reels back and spits in the Galran’s face.

“Oh shit.” Pidge says her eyes meeting Allura’s.

“Why? Why would she do that?!” Hunk screeches as he attempts to move, his eyes widen in surprise as he realizes he can. A little.

“To buy us time.” Lance said as he struggled to pull himself up beside Hunk.
The Glass coffin

The hold around Janae’s neck tightened, forcing her lungs to painfully constrict in her chest, the Galran growled wiping the spit from between his eyes.

He stepped forward and grabbed her hand, turning it palm up as if observing the curves of her fingers, Pidge flinched as the large hand closed tightly around Janae’s, the sound of breaking bones cut through the silence of the yard.

Janae squeezed her eyes shut and bit down hard on her bottom lip drawing blood, fighting back tears as he released her hand.

Her left arm fail weakly to her side, her fingers and hand crushed and bruised.

“Toss her.”

The hand around her neck moved, propelling her forward, her body flew between Shiro and Keith and slammed harshly into the trunk of a thick tree. The back of her head and spine connecting the hardest, taking the brunt of the landing.

She slides down slowly, her eyes screwed shut, an infinite look of pain sketched across her features.

Shiro attempts to move, and stops, feeling the weight of his brother’s hand holding him firmly in place, he meets his eyes with a look of warning.

They where weak.
To weak to make a difference.

“Retrieve her.” The largest Galran commanded his hard yellow eyes on Janae’s barely conscious body.

The Galran that held her moments before obeyed, he strolled forward, kicking past Keith and Shiro, his large hand clamped around the back of her neck hard. Pushing a weak cry from her throat as he slammed her face first into the ground and dragged her the entire way back to his original location, Lance pinched his eyes closed as he watched the dirt and grass bunch up around her.

Her breathing ragged, her eyes barely open as she’s dragged back up into the air, her legs dangle weakly beneath her, dirt and grass cover her face and tangle through her hair.

“It’s always the weak ones that cry the loudest.”

The leader sighed as he caught the eye of another Galran giving him silent orders.

The Galran nodded and moved, he steps past the pile of unconscious comrades and snatches Pidge, his large hand lifts her up easily, his fingers wrap dangerously around her midsection and threaten to crush her.

“No-NO.” Allura cries out weakly, tears threatening to spill forward as her eyes meet Pidge’s desperately.

Janae’s eyes widen as she takes in Pidge, severe panic runs through her and threatens to crush her.

“Now either you tell me where the key is. Or I take my time killing each of your friends.” The
Largest of the Galran spoke, his eyes bouncing from Janae to Pidge boredly. “You can watch if you want.” He finishes dismissively.

“Le-t let her go. I’m only going to say this once.” Janae wheezes out her head down, her voices wavers and threatens to break.

The Galra seem amused by the flimsy demand, wondering if she understands the severity of the situation.

“No.” The Galran taunts, rumbling out a hearty laugh at the despair and fear that leaks from pores of the other Paladins.

Janae’s head snaps up, her fingers dig deeply into the forearm of the Galran holding her, she brings her knees up harshly and slams his elbow up, breaking it. He howls in pain his hand still around her neck as she slams her fist into his elbow, knocking it back downward.

Hunk and Keith wince at the sight of bones snapping unnaturally.

She gets her desired opening as the Galran’s hand loosens, she launches forward slamming her head down into his, knocking him down, he stumbles, releasing her and she moves without hesitation.

She advances forward, dragging her right hand across the ground and scopes a handful of needles, she continues forward and meets a wall of resistance.

A Galran stands before her trying to block her path to Pidge, she doesn’t stop moving as she works his body like stepping stones. She runs up his chest and slams the heels of her feet down hard in the middle of his face, a loud cracking sound penetrates the air as she slams his head hard into the ground and pushes off.

The Galran holding Pidge doesn’t have time to think as Janae advances, she slams the needles viscously into his eye sockets, she growls as he caves and falls beneath her wilting in pain as he quickly drops Pidge.

She moves again catching Pidge before she hits the ground, she plucks the needle from her ankle and places her beside Allura. She quickly plucks the needles from Allura’s neck and places two Bayards in her lap.

Shiro’s eyes widen as he watches one of the Galra in black snatch a tree from the earth, the dirt and grass crumbling down from erect misplaced thick roots. The Galra pivots on his heels, both hands gripping the end of the tree like a baseball bat.

Janae slowly moves her eyes from Allura and Pidge, as she looks up the tree slams into her, knocking her throughout the forest beyond the yard, she flys backward slamming into trees and ripping up bushes.

The Galra drops the tree with a smile, he turns toward his leader ready to say something, his mouth closing abruptly as a loud animalistic growl rips through the air.

Janae steps forward through the clearing an angry look twists her features together making her look almost inhuman.

Hunk jaw drops as her skin begins to turn to the color of ashes, his eyes widen as large curled horns grow from her head, her teeth bared. If he wasn’t nearly paralyzed he’s pretty sure he’d be running by now, he turns to his side and catch’s the shared look of surprise on Lance’s face.
“This is why I stopped you.” Keith said weakly as his hand fail away from the fabric of Shiro’s suit.

Shiro doesn’t respond, he’s to busy staring at Janae, his thoughts twisting and turning a hundred miles a minute, as he takes in the changes. He’s to in awe to look away, she shares the same cold hard look in her eyes as the High priestess did in the photos Coran showed them. He shivers as her eyes flicker to him, he’s unsure what to think or how to feel.

“Which one you FUCKS hit me with a tree?!” She growls out, her eyes glaring daggers into the remaining four Galra left.

A Galran clad in black stands proud in the middle of the yard, a pleased smile on his lips, he meets Janae’s eyes and shrugs nonchalantly.

Her eyes narrow and the Paladins watch as her stance shifts, her head low, her feet in front of her, she looks up from between thick lashes and Allura’s eyes widen when she realizes what she’s about to do.

The Galran raises a brow, debating if he should be concerned or not, before he can decide Janae charges.

Her horns at attention leading her forward, she moves quick and crushes the earth beneath her feet. He spreads his arms out in front of him attempting to stop her attack, his hands bracing the tips of her horns, trying to push her back.

She doesn’t stutter in her movements as she shifts, sinking her horns straight into his chest, he cries out weakly, blood seeping from his lips as she unkindly manhandles him, her horns piercing deeper through him.

Lance, Hunk, Keith, Pidge, Allura and Shiro go rigid at the blatant abuse.

Janae thrusted upward sending him from her horns and high into the air.

Crimson remains in his place, staining the tips of her horns, the blood runs down the curl of her horns and threatens to fall into her hair and face.

A Galra in red moves, the movement of his feet catch Janae’s attention and they lock eyes, he raises his fists and steps into a boxer like stance. Large metal gauntlets cover his large fists, short spikes decorate his knuckles and shine.

Janae moves toward him, stepping into a familiar stance, her fists ready, her eyes on him, her feet shoulder width apart.

Pidge ‘s eyes widen as she takes in the stance. The same offensive stance Keith had spent the last few days teaching her, showing her how to stand her ground when being approached by a much larger and potentially stronger threat.

He moves first, his right fist aims toward her midsection, she dodged and slams her left fist into his jaw, knocking him backward.

He smiles as he rounds his shoulders, he spits beside his feet and sizes her up.

“Thought your hand was broken.” He points out as he gets back in stance, waiting for her to move.

“It is.” She grunts out between closed lips, Keith’s eyes widen as he catches sight of white smoke drifting from her left hand.

She charges, swinging her right fist, he blocks her jab, his right gauntlet connects with her jaw
knocking her back, he moves again bringing his leg up.

She catches his ankle before he touches her chest, their eyes meet and she flips her wrists, twisting his ankle backwards.
He roars in pain as he tries to pull away.

A Galra in purple lunges toward her, two large swords drawn as he attempts to slice her in half. She releases the ankle in her hands and pivots on her heels, slamming her elbow behind her, connecting with the nose of her attacker.

He stumbles backwards wincing, his swords move quickly around him, resembling waves of water.

She steps back and winces as a gauntlet slams into her lower back, almost knocking her to the ground, a sword moves across her chest, slicing through her chest plate.

“She needs help!!” Hunk cries frantically, his eyes meeting his friends as they watch helplessly from the sidelines.

Lance picks up his Bayard an attempts to activate it, nothing happens.

“Guyssss...my Bayard isn’t working.” He said after his third attempt.

“Where’s her Bayard? Can anyone get it to her?” Shiro asked as he watched Janae get knocked down to her knees.

“She dropped it earlier. But I didn’t see where it went.” Pidge said her eyes meeting Shiro’s.

“I think...” Hunk trails off as him and Lance search the ground for her Bayard, Keith finds it first.
He grips the Bayard in his hand and waits for an opening.

Janae rolls out of the way as a gauntlet slams hard into the ground, she rises to her feet and kicks back the Galran with the two swords, disrupting his flow.

“Janae!!” Keith yells as he cocks his arm back and throws the Bayard in her direction, she moves quick pivoting on her heels. She catches the Bayard and dodges a two fist combo as she drops to the ground, her Bayard begins to glow.

She side steps dropping her Bayard as her hands brace the ground, she pulls her legs high above her head and slams her heels into the Galran with gauntlets, sending him flying backwards several feet away.

She quickly moves snatching her still glowing Bayard from the ground, she’s on her feet, watching the flow of twin blades dance.

Their eyes meet and something unexpected happens, he compliments Janae.

“I like the way you fight.” He says as he charges toward her, “So archaic and ruthless.”

Her Bayard forms and Keith’s eyes widen in surprise as she moves, wielding a single pivoted blade. She holds the loop of the golden handle in her hand and meets him blow for blow, they move together in harmony. The clash of blades constantly striking and clashing together flows into continuous music as they dance together, neither one backing down.

Janae moves aggressively, swinging her single blade, her feet move quickly, the heel of her shoe slams into his chest and he staggers back, holding her gaze.
“You should consider switching sides, Zarkon is always accepting-“

She growls, interrupting him, her eyes narrowed, she raises her pointed blade and points in his direction.

“Are you willing to die for what you believe in?” She asked her voice heavy, strong as her stance as she holds her head high.

“I’m willing to die for the better of my Empire.” He sneers offended.

“Good, because I’m willing to die for my cause.” She countered, the sincerity and sureness of her words send a chill up Shiro’s spine as he watches her.

“I will kill anyone who stands in OUR way.”
She continued her eyes glowing as neither of them refused to break eye contact.

“Vrepit Sa.” He said with a smile as they moved, colliding into one another, their pace changing, resulting in blurred flashes of white and purple.

The Galran in gauntlets charges toward them, trying disrupt the scale of power of their battle. Janae catches him before he can interrupt, she slams her blade down hard, knocking back the Galran with swords.

She charges, meeting him halfway, gauntlets fly desperately fast in her direction, trying to push her back. Her eyes narrow as she catches his right fist in her hand, her fingers crush the metal of the gauntlet as she locks him in place, she brings her leg up high above her head and slams down hard, knocking him down into the earth several feet.

“Don’t forget about me.” The Galran with swords growls as he charges toward her, she frowns a look of sheer annoyance hangs from her features.

“I’ve had enough of this!!” She screamed as she charged toward him, slamming her blade down, he blocks her quickly and his eyes widen as their eyes meet, he realizes he’s left himself wide open. Her left fist moves encased in white smoke slamming into his lower stomach, a weak cry leaves his lips as he’s sent spiraling into the air.

“Oh shit. She’s badass.” Lance says in awe as he watches Janae move, countering an attack from the largest Galran.

“So her impaling a guy with her horns pales in comparison to this?” Hunk asked with a raised brow.

“You surprised me.” He grits out as he slams his head down into her, knocking her back. “Who would of known earth had such promising fighters.” He continued as he pulled a large spiraled blade from his belt.

A Galran in blue, among the last two on the ground pulls an item from his belt and begins to speak rapidly into it, the only catchable words; Fire and Ion cannon.

“Back up!!” Janae grits out as she slams her knee up her into his midsection, he laughs as he’s knocked back.

“Playing with you is going to bed fun.”
He muses aloud as he charges her, slashing his blade down connecting into her upper thigh. She grits her teeth and slashes her blade blocking him, her left hand curiously drifts down her thigh to the cut area. She winces as her finger tips become coated in blood.

The Galran in blue hits a button on his belt and the Paladins watch as his body launches up into the air toward the direction of the ship.

“Guys what is he doing?” Lance asks worriedly as he watched the Galra rise higher and higher into the sky.

“He’s trying to escape- Janae there’s-“

Janae interrupts Shiro with an annoyed grunt, “I know.” She growled out as she twirled her blade high in her hands, she moved gracefully as she danced around his large blade.

Her eyes narrow as she spins, knocking her blade into his, She pivots and pushes forward hard, sending him sliding backwards.

“Come back and fight me coward!!” She yelled as she pulled away from her battle and grabbed the uprooted tree, with a heavy grunt she tossed the large tree into the air effortlessly. The tree moves quickly through the air, the Galran yelled in annoyance and pain as the tree slammed into him, knocking him out of the air.

The Galran with the large blade laughs as he watched his comrade hit the ground, he turns toward Janae and speaks.

“You fight so hard for a planet that’s about to be destroyed.”

He said amused as he charged her, his blade sliding faster then hers, slicing the flesh of her left arm.

“What are you talking about?!” She nearly yelled as she her left hand began to seep white smoke once again, she charged him, widely swinging. Whatever her blade didn’t touch her left hand did as she slashed several sharp fingers in his direction.

“We have orders. Find and retrieve the key. The cannon is to be used to destroy any hindrance or obstacle that may stand in our way.”

His words nearly distract Janae as they both move, his spiraled blade slicing into her calf and jumping up to her left shoulder. She lashes out at him putting distance between them, he bites his bottom lip and glared at her as her clawed nails dug deeply into the side of his face.

A piercing wail screamed through the air, as the cannon on top of the ship began to glow, charging for an attack.

“No.....” Pidge said weakly, her eyes on the ship.

“I don’t have time for this!!” Janae yelled as she blocked his attack, she moved quickly, taking a chance in the sudden change subjecting her open for an attack. She doesn’t stop moving as his blade slides through her chest plate, she ignored the pain and moved, slamming her left fist hard under his chin and sending him flying.

“Can—-can any of you-“ Janae falls weakly to her knees, her body shaking as she pushes forward, demanding it to rise. “Can any of you move?!”
“I can!!” Hunk said as he struggled to pull himself completely to his feet, his movements sluggish and clumsy.

“Me-me too.” Lance said as he grit his teeth and struggled to stand.

“Can anyone else?” Janae asked her eyes closed, as she struggled to stay upright.

“Yeah.” Keith said as pushed up on wobbly knees, his eyes closed.

Janae’s Bayard retracts, as she moves toward Pidge and Allura, she pulls them closer together and stands protectively in front of them.

“We don’t have a lot of time, everyone behind me.” Janae said as her Bayard began to glow, taking shape.

Lance and Hunk move beside Keith and help him pull Shiro up to his feet, Hunk takes the bulk of the weight on his shoulder and they move together.

“Janae what are you going to do?” Allura asked as she watched her Bayard continue to grow and take shape.

A gasp escaping her lips as she takes in the large scissors that grow, her eyes zero in on how tiny Janae’s hand looks gripping the handle tightly.

“I’m going to protect you.” Janae said as she struggled to stay up, her body shaking as she tried to slow her breathing.

“That’s crazy!! You can barely stand up!!” Lance says from behind her, his voice heavy with worry.

“We need to leave before the cannon is fired-“ Shiro starts as he tried to pull his weight from Hunk, his eyes on Janae.

“There isn’t any time for that.” Janae counters heatedly, not meeting the eyes of the other Paladins.

The wind around them picks up wildly whipping around them, as the cannon is aimed in their direction.

Janae holds her scissors high and attempts to open them, she cries in pain dropping them, clutching her right hand in her left one.

She was struggling to open her weapon.

Her thoughts began to jumble together as the fear of not being able to protect her friends threatened to sink in.

She grit her teeth and picked her weapon up from the ground, she tries again.

A sharp hot overwhelming pain shoots up her wrist scorching the skin up her arm, and she winched still trying to pry the blades open.

“Janae....” Shiro says softly as he watches her struggle, the obvious cries of pain growing louder and louder as she keeps trying.

She cries out, her knees shaking as she forces the blades open, she raises her weapon high and slams it down hard into the earth.

Shiro’s eyes widen as he takes in the perfect x shape that stands tall and wide before them, she falls
to her knees, her breathing erratic.

“No Janae don’t do this.” Keith said as he pulled away from his brother, the scene before him ripping uncomfortable flashbacks forward as he relived the way she looked standing protectively in front of him.

She almost died the first time she tried to stop an attack.....

He struggles to speak, his words sticking to his throat. His tongue felt fat in his mouth as he watched her rise again on unreliable legs. She looks like she’ll collapse at any moment.

“Janae please....” Shiro pleads from beside Keith, he picks up his brother’s unsaid words and tries to step toward her.

“There has to be another way...” Lance said his voice breaking as he watched Janae spread her arms wide.

“There’s no time for any of that.” She says softly as the large x in front of her starts to glow white.

“Janae maybe we can...maybe we can do something else...” Hunk offers weakly.

Shiro takes a measured step forward and reaches out to her, “I don’t want to lose you....”

A pillar of white sprouts from the ground behind her, protectly cutting the Paladins off from reaching her.

“Don’t do this!! You’ll die!!” Shiro pushes out, as he slammed his fist into the barrier, his voice wavers heavy with pain, his words hang frail in the air.

Janae turns around slowly, a peaceful look on her face, her lips pull into a sympathetic smile, large tears spill from her eyes.

“I won’t let anything happen to you...” She said softly as she turned back around, ignoring the pleas and cries of her friends.

Shiro slams his fist harder against the barrier, desperately trying to stop the events that where about to unfold.

“Baby...please...”

“I love you Takashi....” She said softly as the cannon fired, blanketing the world around them in purple as the blast slammed down.

The world goes silent as they watch the blast hard, she stands tall, her legs shaking as she holds her arms in front of her, her hands bracing the scissors in place.

The world around them winches as the blast of the cannon tears up the earth, scorching and destroying everything in its wake.

She bites back a cry as she’s pushed backward, her scissors threatening to fold in.

She looks so small and out of place, Hunk realizes as she’s pushed back further.

She’s going to die and I’m going to watch. Keith struggles to keep his eyes open, the sight in front of him leaving a bitter sensation throughout his body.

I’m going to lose her again and I just got her back. Lance fights back tears as he watches the
muscles in her back tense and ball together under stress.

“I....won’t...let... anything happen...to any of you.” She struggles to say between clenched teeth, her eyes closed, she pushes forward digging her heels into the earth as she supports the scissors.

She screamed as her body and weapon began to glow white, the blast shifts and begins to flow into her weapon, a wave of white wrapping around and consuming the blast.

She pushes forward and her scissors change a series of different colors rapidly, the energy of the blast erupts forward burning the ground beneath as the blast is redirected and amplified.

The wave of corrupt energy is propelled up into the air, slicing through the Galran ship easily, a series of explosions ensue as the blast continues to slice through the ship, clean down the middle.

The Paladins watch as the remains of the ship become consumed with fire and burn away, leaving behind a thick cloud of heavy black smoke.

Shiro turns his eyes on Janae, her hands still out in front of her, he watches as her weapon begins to fade and disappear. Her inactive Bayard falling to the ground.

The barrier around the Paladins flickers hesitantly and they watch as she collapsed.

Shiro*

The protective barrier flickers a few times before it drops completely, I rush forward, forcing my legs to move. My body feels stiff, and I struggle to stay upright, I continue undeterred needing to get to her.

After a few sluggish tugs my body cooperates and I push forward, I reach her side in seconds. I drop to my knees and carefully pull her onto her back, I place my index and middle finger against her neck searching for a pulse.

I feel the tail end of a weak pulse beneath my fingers, I pull my eyes up and watch the feeble rise and fall of her chest, she feels cold and I feel a tidal wave of despair nip at my being.

She needs to open her eyes.

I need her to open her eyes.

The other Paladins wrap around us in a circle of concern, no one speaks, the wave turns to unfiltered distress as she stops breathing.

Everything goes quite, I can only hear the erratically loud sound of me struggling to pull air to my lunges, my breathing uneven and rushed as I watch the horns disappear and her hair turn back to black.

I pull her closer to me, cradling her in my arms, my hand shakes as I cup her cheek, my thumb moves slowly caressing under her eye.

“Baby...please wake up....”

She doesn’t respond and I push back tears and keep trying. I pepper her face with kisses.
I drop tender kisses to both her closed lids, my lips linger as they touch hers.

She doesn’t return my kiss, she doesn’t respond.

Misery and despondency collide in my chest, it rips through my bones and threatens to snatch my already wavering peace.

Memories of her and I stream through my mind, our first laugh, our first dance, the first time she pulled me close and kissed me with no hesitation. The way she held me after nightmares and uplifted me during moments of uncertainty. I see her smile, I hear her laugh, but she doesn’t wake up.

She doesn’t move.

“Please.....” I beg between tears as my finger trails across her lips. I brush back the tears that fall heavily onto her face.

I pull her hand into mine and intertwine our fingers, I don’t fight it anymore, I kiss each of her knuckles softly.

I don’t try to stop the tears that mix with snot and roll together.

I stop pretending to be strong.

I push back the realization that seeps deep into my bones and constricts around my heart.

My world is breaking in my arms.

“...ro.”

Someone beside me calls my name, I don’t look up, I don’t respond to the words.

“Shiro.”

It’s louder this time, probably Keith.

He’s always yelling.

“Shiro her feet!!” Pidge yells, her voice snapping me from my trance, I look up and my eyes widen.

I watch as large shards of crystal begin to form, encasing her feet, the crystal continues to grow moving up her calfs and thighs.

I reluctantly pull away, placing her down and watch in silence as the crystal consumes her completely, sealing her motionless body in a coffin of glass.

“Wh-what’s going on?!” Lance asks as he moves closer toward her, he hesitates not touching the crystal.

I move forward and touch.

She’s cocooned in what feels like ice, I pull my eyes to her face and take her in, she looks at ease....as if she’s sleeping.

“We have to get her out of there!!” Keith moves in a panic, trying to activate his Bayard.
“Wait Keith!!” Hunk moves, blocking his path.

“I don’t think we should remove her.” Allura says hesitantly as her eyes flicker up from Janae and meet mine in question.

Keith isn’t trying to hear that, he continues to move trying to brush past Hunk.

“Keith stop!!” Lance said as he moved protectively beside Hunk, his arms spread wide.

“We don’t know what’ll happen if we do that!!” Pidge said as she rose to her feet, meeting Keith’s eyes.

“She’ll never wake up.” A new voice adds, causing the Paladins to freeze and look up, their eyes falling on Laxus and the familiar faces of the Chimera group.

“What do we do?” I hear my say ask softly, my voice so low the people around me strain to hear.

“Let us help.” He said softly as he moved toward Janae.

I don’t intervene.
Laxus places a steady hand atop of the crystal coffin, just above Janae’s left hand, he closes his eyes and breathes in deeply. He quickly jerks his hand away as if he’s been stung, he meets the eyes of the Paladins, “Good news is, she can be saved. But we have to work quickly.”

“What happened to her? Why is she like this?” Allura asks bringing her eyes up from Janae and on to Laxus.

“She over exerted her body-“

“Again. I knew we shouldn’t have left her here with you foolishly weak organics.” Cybastion cuts in, his voice harsh with solidly jaded aggression, his eyes bounce from each Paladin and he growls.

“Cybastion that is enough.” Laxus sneers, his teal eyes glowing as he narrowed them in Cybastion’s direction, interrupting his blame game.

“Glass. Gazelle. Can you two move her for me? We need to quickly start the purification process.” Laxus said facing the two tall women.

“Purification process?” Lance echoes, “What’s going on?” Keith continues for him.

“The actions she took to protect you almost came at the price of her life, as a result her body sealed itself up in her inner quintessence. As a means to preserve her remaining life, the only way to release her from the crystal is to cleanse and renew the energy she burned through.”

Laxus said a soft look on his face as he took in the worried eyes of the Paladins blanketed protectively around Janae.

“She will live...but I will not alter the truth for you and say this is ok. It’s very rare that our species
crystallize after such intense events.”

“What...usually happens?” Shiro asked hesitantly, refusing to meet the eyes of the older Chimera.

“We die.” Cybastion stated softly, his eyes closed as he fought to push back emotion.

He looks the way Shiro feels.

Crestfallen.

“What do you need us to do?” Shiro asks as he tries to be a pillar of strength for his friends, he quickly wipes the remaining tears from under his eyes and looks to Laxus for an answer.

Glass and Gazelle move forward, they stand before Janae and their eyes meet, they share a soft fond look and Glass speaks, her monotone voice asks Gazelle an interesting question.

“Do you trust me?” She asked as she held her hand out patiently toward Gazelle, waiting.

“With my life. Do you trust me?” She asks in return as she brings her hand up towards Glass’s, their finger tips are so close they almost touch.

“Always and forever.” Glass finishes with a smile as she links their fingers together, she pulls Gazelle close and they touch foreheads, matching smiles on their faces.

Keith raises his brow in confusion to the intimate dialogue and the affectionate touches, he’s about to speak but the words halt leaving his lips as he watches them change.

They’re bodies begin to glow softly, making them appear almost translucent. Keith’s eyes widen as they fuse together and become one large being, replacing the two women is now a large statues man with faint pink short hair.

He stands taller then all the other Chimera, his skin the color of sand, he moves forward and touches the crystal, he grunts as he lifts it up into large well built arms, his eyes flick to Laxus waiting for an order.

“Can you take us to her room so we can begin the process?” Laxus asked his eyes meeting Shiro’s.

“Of course, follow me.” He said evenly as he rose to his feet and started to make his way across the large yard into the direction of the castle.

Keith moved beside him, his eyes watching his brother, he takes a second to speak.

“Are you sure we can trust them?”

“It’s not like we have many options.” Allura said with a sigh as she marched behind them.

“Yeah we might as well give it a shot...especially since we want her to wake up.” Hunk said as he slipped his Bayard into his pocket.

“True we don’t really know them...but they are her people and they do seem to care to deeply about her to let something happen.” Shiro said as he watched the Chimera group fall into formation behind them, his eyes bounce up to the giant carrying Janae, he sighs inwardly.

“So does anyone wanna talk about how two women came together and fused into a giant man?” Lance asked off handedly as he sneaked tiny glances in the giant’s direction.

The large Chimera smiled as their eyes met, Lance quickly turned away, his cheeks darkening with
“Yeah I was wondering if I was just hallucinating.” Pidge chimed in from beside Allura.

“In our society if a pair trusts in one other completely, they can form something entirely new from that bond. A being compromised of everything good and bad about the joined pair.”

Laxus said with a smile as they grew closer to the entrance of the castle, Coran stood outside beside the large doors, his eyes wide as saucers as he takes in the scene before him.

“What’s the process called?” Hunk asked curiously looking up at the fused pair.

“There’s no word for it in English.” The giant says, his voice deep and rich, the sound catches Hunk completely off guard and he stumbles.

“What’s going on?” Coran asks evenly, his eyes meeting Allura’s.

“We don’t have time to explain, we have to take them to Janae’s room so they can start the purification.”

Allura said as she stepped away from the group and stood beside her uncle and watched the others move into the doors of castle.

“Purification?”

Coran asks as he closes and locks the door behind them, he falls into step beside Allura as they move down a long hallway.

“Coran she....she blocked a blast from an Ion cannon and redirected it into a Galra fleet ship.” Allura said as they turned left, her uncle’s feet stop moving, he stands still in hallway, disbelief visible in his posture.

“H-how...she’s...she shouldn’t be alive.”

“I know.” Allura said as she turned her gaze back toward the Chimera people.

The Paladins watched in silence as the giant slowly placed Janae in the middle of the room on the floor, he takes a step back and begins to glow again splitting back into the two women.

“Glass, Gazelle. Do you think you can handle this?” Laxus asked as he took several steps back and crossed his arms.

“Let me check.”

Gazelle said softly as she fall to her knees and placed her pale hands onto the crystal, she closed her eyes and after a moment faint ripples of blue, danced in circles around her finger tips.

Pidge’s eyes brows shoot up into her hair line as she watched, Glass kneeled across from Gazelle and mirrored her actions, ripples of blue dancing around her finger tips as well.

After a couple of minutes, Glass frowns, her eyes still closed.

Gazelle speaks first, as she opens her eyes and mouth an eerie beam of white dances behind her features, shinning brightly.
“This will take some time...but it’s not impossible.”

Hunk shivered at the display, bumping into Lance who stood beside him in awe.

“It’ll take a day...to melt the crystal.” Glass said flatly her eyes still closed, the eerie beam of light shining behind her lips as she spoke.

“Well that’s good she’ll be up and running in twenty four hours.” Coran said cheerily as he stepped into the large room behind Allura.

“Oh no...she means an Arcadia day.” Laxus said with a soft smile, “Our days are different then your earth days.”

“How long will it take?”

“How long is a day on a Arcadia?” Pidge and Shiro ask at the same time, curious eyes trained on Laxus.

Cybastion frowned as turned away from the faces.

“One day on Arcadia is five days on earth.” Laxus filled in.

Shiro’s jaw drops, Pidge looks like she’s ready to ask a series of questions when Laxus clears his throat.

“Glass and Gazelle will stay here and continue the Purification process, hopefully there’ll be no hiccups. Silence you and Typhoon stay and aid in assistance if needed-“

“What why can’t I stay?” Cybastion asks rudely, his eyes bouncing from Laxus to Silence and Typhoon’s neutral faces.

“Because you’d be a hinderance.” The older man said narrowing his eyes, “We want results not problems.”

Cybastion visits a series of different faces, clearly put off by the response, but made no effort to verbalize a reply, he simply sneered and turned away, slowly fading out of the room, taking his scent of annoyance with him.

“Ok are there any other questions?” Laxus asked happily as he clapped his hands together in front of his chest and turned his attention back to the Paladins.

“Yes.” Each of them said in unison, Pidge the loudest of the voices.

“Wonderful Silence and Typhoon will be happy to answer those for you.” And with that Laxus and the rest of the Chimera group excluding Mayhem disappeared, he stood behind and smiled his eyes on Pidge and Allura.

He open his mouth as his twin appeared clearly annoyed, he yanked his brother’s collar and they disappeared together.

Allura frowned in irritation at the display as Pidge rolled her eyes clearly indifferent.

Typhoon’s soft voice gains the Paladins attention, they each turn and look at her, a little surprised she spoke.

“I suggest you get some sleep.” She said politely, Silence nodded from beside her in agreement.
“How do we know you just won’t take Janae and leave?” Lance asks stepping forward, despite the question he seems unnecessarily at ease.

“Because that’s now how it works...”

“Not how what works?” Shiro asked curiously, as he felt all his hesitance and hostile emotions steadily ooze out of him, it felt...unnerving and felt unnatural.

As if someone’s fingers where poking and prodding inside his mind, the cold sensation of unfamiliar hands seemed to mute all signs of unhappy emotion and shift his mood.

“Which one of you is fucking with our minds?” Keith grits out, his hostility fights to push outwards and struggles to be aimed in the Chimera’s direction.

Silence turns his head and looks at Typhoon, an indescribable look crosses his stoic features as they share a thought.

He seems eager to answer, but hesitant to speak.

“You cannot come to Arcadia unless you want to. If we attempted to move her while in her present state, it would not transpire accordingly without consent.”

A rich attractive voice spoke calmly throughout their minds, causing the Paladins to have a stream of openly different reactions.

Lance and Keith felt their faces grow hot, Pidge seemed knocked off guard and a bit shaken, Allura’s jaw dropped, Coran visibly swooned, Shiro’s eyes widened and Hunk felt an odd warmth blossom through his chest.

They each shared one common feeling from the sudden voice spoken, longing.

“Um....” Hunk tried to articulate unintelligently, he struggled to build his sentence and the words where never produced.

“I’m sorry, this is one of the reasons why I do not speak often.” The voice murmured softly, as it caressed across the channels of their minds, the apology seemed to only ignite an honest stream of anything but PG thoughts.

“Silence can sway other people’s emotions.” Typhoon said gently as she looked in Glass and Gazelle’s direction.

“He doesn’t mean to be intrusive. We can both feel your emotions in waves, we thought it’d help...not upset you.”

“Are you a telepath?” Coran asked curiously, he seemed the least disturbed out of the group.

Silence looks at Typhoon, she answers for him.

“His people are.”

Coran simply nods at the information and smiles as he heads towards the door, he stops mid step and turns around.

“I suggest we all get some rest.” He said his eyes meeting the face of each Paladin in the room.

“If you need anything let us know.” He said politely to Typhoon and Silence.
They simply nodded as he stepped out of the room, Allura lingered for a moment before stepping out of the room behind her uncle.

Lance, Pidge and Hunk followed a couple minutes later, on his way out Hunk spoke.

“Um let us know if your hungry or need anything.” He said politely.

“Thank you.” Silence said softly, his words touching Hunk’s mind, the gentle thanks made the yellow Paladin blush and quickly scatter out of the room.

Keith tossed the Chimera an untrusting look as he approached his brother, placing a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“Let me know if you need anything.” He said as he pulled away and stepped out of the room.

Shiro shifts uncomfortably as he sits in his usual chair in the room, his eyes on Janae as he waits patiently for results.

The two unbusy Chimera watch him curiously, as if wondering why he’s still here instead of sleeping.

“You care deeply about her don’t you?” Glass asks her monotone voice offers no judgement, only open curiosity.

“I do.” Shiro said quickly, as he closed his eyes and leaned forward and plucked the blanket from the bed and attempted to get comfortable in the chair.

“Are you going to mate?” Gazelle asks her eyes still closed, Shiro watched as waves of faint blue rippled around her fingertips and danced across the top layer of crystal.

“Ummm.....what exactly do you mean mate?” Shiro wasn’t exactly sure what she meant by the question, it seemed more intrusive then he realized.

He briefly remembered Sabvis referring to Janae as his mate and blushed.

Glass tossed Gazelle a look, she seemed to shrink under the other women’s attention.

“Nothing. That’s a personal question.” Glass said after a moment, turning her full attention back on the task at hand.

“That is a conversation for you and Celest.”

Typhoon filled in not meeting Shiro’s eyes, giving him the distinct impression he was missing something.

The days seemed to drag by slowly, the Paladins grew restless as a result, Pidge and Hunk found themselves quizzing the Chimera about miscellaneous things.

“Soooo what’s that thing you do when you just suddenly leave?” Hunk asked curiously as he bit into his apple, he sat cross legged beside Pidge on the floor, Silence and Typhoon sat a few feet away.

“When we phase out?” Typhoon asked with a raised brow as Hunk handed her an apple, she slowly accepted the fruit and stared at it.

“Yeah I guess.” Hunk said as he plucked the apple from her fingers and handed her a baggie of
apple slices, this seemed to intrigue her more as she stared at the multi colored apples in the bag.

“It is the act of discontinuing our stay in a physical location, our bodies break down into nothing and we descend to our desired destination.” Typhoon said as she opened the baggie and shoved several slices into her mouth.

“Okkkkk then.” Pidge said eyeing Typhoon awkwardly, she turned her attention to silence. “What’s up with your voice? Can you only use telepathy to talk? Are you always reading other people’s minds? How do you control moods-“

Silence laughs deeply, interrupting her interrogation, Pidge and Hunk stare at him wide eyed as his laugh washes lavishly across their minds.

“I choose to use telepathy to communicate, I do not govern the moods of others, I can only sway them to something else.” He starts with a smile, “But I am not sure what you mean about my voice.”

Pidge opens her mouth to speak and he continues, “No I don’t always read other people’s minds, but I do occasionally peak if I’m unsure how to communicate or don’t understand something.”

Hunk simply nods at the new information, he pulls his eyes away from Typhoon, she’s now eating the plastic baggie.

“Why does your voice.....” Pidge trails off unsure how to word her question, she feels embarrassment color her cheeks.

“Why does your voice make every so hot and bothered?” Lance asked as he strolled casually into the room, Keith blushed at the blatant honesty from beside him.

Silence seems to ponder on that a moment, a look of confusion crosses his face before he takes in the stream of flustered thoughts of the humans and half breed in the room.

Recognition crosses his face and he laughs again, Lance’s blush rivals Keith’s at the enchanting rich sound.

“I’m not sure, my voice has always sounded this way.” He starts with a shrug, “This is my regular speaking voice.” He said aloud causing Lance to have a nose bleed, and Pidge and Hunk to quickly leave the room.

Silence seem genuinely surprised by the responses, he turned toward Keith and sighed. Keith quickly left the room after hearing the sound leave his throat.

On the fourth night the crystal cracks.

Shiro’s waken up from a pitiful slumber as a loud snapping sound yanks him from the clouds and knocks him to the floor.

He quickly rises to his feet knocking the blanket to the floor, he meets green amused eyes, Typhoon smiles as he attempts to pretend he hadn’t just fallen on to the floor.

“What’s going on?” He asked wiping the sleep from his eyes as he took a few steps closer to Glass and Gazelle, he looked down at the crystal and his eyes widened.

Large cracks and gashes penetrated each layer, ripples of blue seemed to melt deep inside and
break away more bits and pieces.

“She’ll be waking up soon.” Gazelle offers with a creepy glowly smile.

He pivots quickly on his heels and almost runs out of the room, as he makes his way down the hall, he catches the lovely aroma of eggs and bacon halfway down the hall and he quickly turns into the kitchen.

Why is Hunk cooking bacon at three am?

“What’s wrong?” Keith asks as he notices his brother standing wide eyed in the doorway of the kitchen, he drops his bacon and rises to his feet.

“She’s about to wake up.”
Shiro said in a rush, his eyes bouncing from his brother and down to the direction of Janae’s room down the hallway.

“It’s about fucking time.” Pidge said quickly standing to her feet and bringing her plate with her.

Allura smiled and shook her head at Pidge as she followed her down the hallway, the green Paladin continued to stuff bacon pieces wildly into her mouth.

Hunk and Lance hurriedly pulled away from their places at the table and rise to their feet, Lance grabbed a piece of toast just before darting down the hallway.

Keith placed a reassuring hand on his brother’s shoulder as they followed behind Coran.

Shiro was a little surprised to see the look of irritation sparked bright in Hunk’s eyes as they stepped back into the room, among them Laxus and Cybastion had returned.

Cybastion stood in the far corner of the room, his arms crossed, glaring at no one in particular, that was until his eyes met Shiro’s and narrowed.

Shiro payed him no mind and took his usual seat, he watched as the crystal encasing Janae’s body steadily grew smaller and smaller. Her face, chest and hands now visible.

Shiro quickly rose from his seat and took hold of Janae’s offered hand, the Chimera in the room seem to stiffen up at his action but remain wordless.

The progression of the crystal melting changed, seeming to disappear faster as if melting away, Glass made an odd sound in the back of her throat and tossed occasional glances in his direction.

“Maybe if you talk to her she’ll wake up a bit faster.” Gazelle offered with a smile, a growl from across the room snatched her optimism and attempted to stomp on her suggestion.

“No.”

Cybastion said as he took a step toward the three of them hovered around Janae.

“I should be the one waking her up. Not you.” He added giving Shiro a dirty look.

“It’s your fault she’s even in this mess.”

Before Shiro could respond, Hunk speaks up taking his rage and bringing it face first to Cybastion.

“Man what the fuck is your problem?”
Hunk asked as he turned toward Cybastion and squared his shoulders, his chocolate brown eyes burning with intensity.

He’d had enough.

“Ever since you got here you’ve been nothing but malicious, unpleasant and rude. WHAT.THE.FUCK. Is your problem?”

Cybastion seems a little taken back by the ill mannered hostility swirling through the air around the yellow Paladin, they lock eyes for a moment and he speaks.

Furious.

“She’s my WIFE!!!!”

He spits the words out venomously into the air, encouraging them to suffocate each and every person in the room.

Laxus, Silence and Typhoon each look away, trying to avoid the confrontation.

“She’s my MATE!!! How the FUCK would you feel if you suddenly never saw your mate again for thousands of years, told their dead and suddenly find them weak and in the arms of ANOTHER?!?”

Despite the colored rage of his voice, the anger he feels pales in comparison to his sadness. He struggles to hold himself afloat, as if he’s trying and failing not to fall apart.

The air in the room suddenly feels heavy and hot, to many different emotions fester and spark in the unkind atmosphere created.

Shiro wasn’t prepared for that answer, he knew there was something behind the pointed glares and sharp words delivered in his direction...he just...didn’t think it’d be this serious, he thought he was ready to find out.

But he wasn’t.

“That’s not an excuse to be an asshole.”

Keith adds in hotly, unbothered by the display of the Chimera male.

Cybastion’s eyes narrow in Keith’s direction, Keith meets him head on, ready.

“Excuse me-“ Cybastion starts his eyes never leaving Keith, he’s happy to redirect his anger at anyone willing to take it.

“You are excused.”

Allura said stepping up protectively beside Keith, “You may have HAD a personal history with Celest but that has absolutely NOTHING to do with any of US.” She said standing her ground, her hands on her hips.

“Just because you feel some entitlement to our friend doesn’t mean you deserve it or anything in that matter.” Hunk added in as he stood beside Allura.

“She doesn’t even remember you.” Pidge added lazily as she scooped eggs into her mouth.

Cybastion reels back as if been punched by the verbal jab, her dismissive tone only adding salt to
the wound.

“I’m not really sure who any of you are in relation to Janae, but we’re her family.” Lance said pointedly as he glared at Cybastion.

“Family.....” Laxus whispered surprised as he watched the group of people across from him challenge Cybastion without a second thought.

Ready to come to blows if needed.

“Besides you may have been married to Celest...”

Shiro said smoothly as he turned his eyes away from Janae’s sleeping form and met angry green eyes sprinkled with gold.

“But your NOTHING to MY Janae.”
Shiro added smugly, his voice deepening into a threatening and teasing tone.

Shiro pulls her hand to his lips and slowly kisses each knuckle, his intention obvious as he pettily stroked the fire that threatened to ensue.

“She’s my mate NOW.” He said with no remorse as a smile touched his lips.

Cybastion goes rigid and sees red, he takes a step forward his form changing.

“Typhoon!! Silence!!! Restrain him!!” Laxus yelled as he moved protectively in front of the unamused Paladins, Bayards already out.

“Could you not destroy my home please.” Coran suggested from somewhere in the room.

Typhoon moved first an aura of blue circled around her body in angry waves, she spread her arms wide and brought them down in front of her in an x shape, a large blue hand formed from behind her and grew.

The liquid like wave of blue swirled and sprung forward wrapping itself tightly around Cybastion, constricting, restraining, stopping all attempts of movement, he began to angrily thrash about, kicking and screaming.

“You think you can give her the one thing I couldn’t?!?” Cybastion screamed at the black Paladin his body tense.

Glass and Gazelle share a sad look that doesn’t go unnoticed by Shiro.

Silence moved next, he closed his eyes and placed his index and middle finger between the space of his eyebrows, the room seemed to drop several levels as it became blanketed completely in liquid black, all sound immediately stopped.

Time seemed to slow as the Paladins watched Cybastion’s movements ceased and his eyes widen completely glazed over white. Silence removes his fingers from his head and Cybastion’s body melts still entrapped into the ground.

Silence and Typhoon toss one last look up at their leader and phase out of the room, returning the room to its original color.

“What the fuck was that?!” Keith asks confused as he uselessly holds his Bayard in his hand.
“No, Shiro What the fuck was that?”
Pidge asks after a moment, her now empty plate in her hand idly.

“What the fuck was what?” Shiro countered coyly, not meeting the green Paladins eyes.

Pidge and Keith give him a look, a look Shiro happily ignores.

“Woah can you believe Janae married that demon?” Lance asks still in shock, “Her and I need to have a talk because that is UNACCEPTABLE!!!”

Allura laugs, “I can’t believe we where ready to fight him.”

“He deserved it.” Hunk said crossing his arms and frowning, “He needs to learn some fucking manners.”

“Manners.” Pidge scoffs, “Hunk you totally started the fight.

“I admit nothing.” Hunk said dryly, making Pidge and Lance snort out laughs.

“Can y’all not be so loud? Damn.”

Janae said sleepily cutting everyone off as she pulled her hand out of Shiro’s and lazily grabbed around in search of a blanket, oblivious to the chaos of the room.

“Janae!!” Lance said as he lunged across the room, pushing Shiro, Glass and Gazelle out of his way and hugged her.

Shiro rolled his eyes, Gazelle and Glass stare boredly at him.

“I’m so glad your awake but we seriously need to have a talk-“

“Lance you are displaying the behavior of a diva.”

Allura said as she sashayed around the room in their direction, “She just woke up, give her time to breath.”

“How do you feel?” Keith asked as he nudged Lance with his shoulder and hugged Janae.

“I’m fine. Just a little sleepy.” She said with a yawn as she looked up and smiled lazily at her friends.

“We’re glad to have you back.” Pidge said with a smile as she pulled Janae’s hand into hers.

“I didn’t go anywhere-“

“Janae you collapsed, stopped breathing and buried yourself inside a crystal box. Yes you did.”

Hunk said softly from beside Pidge, Janae looks at him in disbelief, she opens her mouth to respond, but the loud cadence of her stomach growling stops her.

She laughs closing her eyes and tilting her head back, the atmosphere of the room now warm and light.

“I made an early breakfast.” Hunk said with a smile as Shiro offered her his hand and pulled her up from the floor.
“Food sounds yummy.” Janae said with a smile as she clung to Shiro’s side, the friends temporarily forgetting the presence of guests.

The happy reunion is interrupted by the should of someone clearing their throat.

All eyes turn to Laxus, he smiles softly as his eyes take in each face of the Paladins.

“Janae may I make a suggestion?” He asks politely.

“When did you get here?” She asks back instead of answering, her question makes him laugh.

“We’ve been here since the end of the battle.”

Gazelle said as she turned her full attention onto Janae, “You took so much damage you crystallized yourself into a temporary sleep stasis.”

Glass’s eyes trailed down from Janae’s face and stopped on Shiro’s arm protectively curled around her waist.

Janae holds Gazelle’s eyes for moment and she scratches the back of her head dumbly. “Sorry....?”

Keith snorts.

“We had to start a Purification process to get you out and wake you up-“

Janae moves quickly, pulling Gazelle’s hands into hers, “Thank you so much.”

Gazelle seems stunned by the thanks and smiles softly as color paints her pale cheeks, “Glass helped.”

The smile only widens as she reaches and pulls Glass’s hand into hers and thanks them both repeatedly.

“We all should be thanking you.” Shiro starts calmly, as each of them fail in-line and offered thanks.

“This will only happen again...the next time you abuse and over exert your powers.” Laxus said gravely, plucking the pieces of happiness out of the air quickly.

“What-“ Janae asks worriedly, the concern in her voice mirrors the faces of the other Paladins.

“Next time we may not be able to save you.” Glass fills in bluntly, not bothering to pull a punch.

“What can we do to make sure that never happens?” Coran asks softly as he places a comforting hand on Janae’s shoulder.

“She’d have to come to Arcadia and be taught how to use her powers correctly.” Laxus said sternly.

Pandemonium erupts in the room.

Lance and Pidge hop on top of Janae’s bed, Lance is threatening everyone in Spanish, Pidge has taken up roughly translating with additional profanities.

Hunk is calmly making a pros & cons list with Allura, Keith isn’t trying to listen to any of it and he’s pulled out his Bayard, Shiro stands frozen beside a worried Janae.
He’s unsure what to say. The thought had crossed his mind...

“I can I have time to think about it?” Janae asks softly her eyes on Laxus.

Laxus simply nods as he turns his attention to the two remaining Chimera in the room, they share a silent conversation and phase out of the room quickly.

Laxus remains with a hesitating smile on his lips, “I’ll return in an earth day for your answer.” He said just before phasing out of the room completely.

“Why did he phrase his response like that?” Janae asked with a raised brow as she headed toward the hallway.

“Because one day in Arcadia is five earth days.” Shiro filled in from beside her as he took her hand and guided her to the kitchen.

“Can we talk about this...later?” She asked her eyes on him as she sat down at the kitchen table.

“Whenever you’re ready.” He said softly as he watched Hunk place a full plate of food in front of her.

Shiro *

Janae takes her time eating, she dips her toes in and out of casual conversation, her mind unnoticeably preoccupied.

I watch as she laughs at something Lance says, Hunk simply shakes his head in response. The flow of chatter is endless as we surround her, neither of us confident enough to ask her if she’ll leave...the past couple of weeks have been absolutely ludicrous.

With the talk and preparation of war, the threat of Galra lurking behind each and every corner with dangerous world destroying weapons, internal battles and the struggle to change....anyone could lose track of time and realize maybe...your relationships with those closest to you aren’t as healthy or as solid as you thought.

I don’t wonder what her life was like in Arcadia, but I do wonder if she’ll step out of mine and waltz back into hers, falling easily back in place...as if she never left.

Warm soft fingers thread between the spaces of my hand, locking us delicately together. She runs her thumb along the scars that interrupt and cross the spaces between my knuckles, I slowly drag my eyes up from our connected hands, dark brown eyes with specs of gold greet me fondly.

Her full lips curve into a faint smile as she pushes our plates away and pulls me to my feet, I follow behind her not breaking the connection of our hands as I pull her up against me.

I rest my chin in the familiar juncture where her neck and shoulder meet, I inhale the smell of peach shampoo and sigh inwardly.

She guides us to my bedroom, pushing the door open with her foot, we slip inside quickly. I pluck her bag from the top of my dresser and join her in bed, sadly on top of the covers.

Fully clothed.

She nods her thanks as she pulls the bag into her arms.
“Can we talk?”

She asks slowly, as if the words are to thick, as if they’ll weigh her down and trap out all hints of good.

I nod and patiently wait.

“Are you scared of me?”

She asks so softly that if I hadn’t of been sitting beside her I probably wouldn’t of heard. Something odd wraps and carries around her question, as if she’s using the bandaid method.

For some silly reason thinking if she rips it off quickly it’ll hurt less.

Needless to say...this wasn’t the conversation I was expecting, confusion wafts off me in mild waves. She senses this and doesn’t add to her words, her eyes on everything but me.

“No. Am I supposed to be?”

“Shiro you watched me murder seven people-“

“Followers of Zarkon.” I interject, for some odd reason thinking it’ll make her feel better.

She rolls her eyes, “I gouged someone’s eyes out with needles....” She shudders at the memory.

I’m beginning to see where she’s going with this.....

“I don’t...even know what came over me. I just didn’t wanna die and I didn’t want any of you to die....”

Just like in the Arena.

The desire to live surpasses everything else.

Desperation can turn the kindest person into a monster.

“Janae, after I told you about my time in the Arena...what’d you think?”

She shrugs honestly, “I just knew you had to fight and so you did.”

I nod as I look up and take in the decorations of the room, choosing my words carefully.

“After I told you I murdered countless individuals, did you see me differently?”

She goes tense at that for a split second, the action disappears so quickly I almost don’t catch it.

“No.”

She says softly, gripping the strap of her backpack.

“Did it ever accrue to you that I could snap your neck like a pencil if I wanted?”

She’s silent, I continue.

“Did you ever once consider all the things I had to do, to gain the title I still hold?”

She shakes her head no, her eyes closed.
“But...that doesn’t matter. I don’t care about the Champion stuff...I know you wouldn’t...” She trails off her voice dipping low in an abundance of sheer faith, “...hurt me.”

“That’s exactly why the why I feel about you hasn’t changed.”

I said as turned toward her, and pulled her chin into my hand, tilting her head up to look at me.

“I’m not going anywhere, I want the good as much as I do the bad.”

She hums contently as I pull her into a kiss, slowly savoring every bit of her as I ease my tongue between her lips.

“I’d never do anything to purposely hurt you and I know the same goes for you.”

I say between kisses, as a bit of heat starts to spark between our touches.

Our lips mingle a little bit longer before I pull away, trying to keep in mind we have more matters to discuss.

“Do you think I should go?”

She doesn’t warm up to it, she just jumps right into the depths of complication and pulls her head above the water to tell me it’s too deep.

I ponder on dry land, wondering if she’ll want or even accept a life jacket from me.

Instead of answering I pull her bag from her hands, unzip it and pull out the Arizona tea canister.

This whole situation is too much...making everyone second guess themselves and reluctant to open up.

She watches my motions silently, she chuckles as I messily pack the green contents into white paper.

“Have you done this before? “ I can almost taste the amusement in her voice.

“Yes, in college.”

That just makes her laugh louder as she hands me a lighter.

I take my time and pull the blunt between my lips and watch as the spark of fire colors the end, I inhale the smoke freely and exhale deeply.

I take two more puffs before I hand it to her, the look of amusement still paints her features.

“What do you think?” I ask as I let the smoke drift free from my nostrils.

She inhales the smoke deeply, taking a long drag of it, she holds the smoke in her lungs a few seconds longer before releasing it.

“I think it’s fucking weird. I guess it could be worse.”

I snort as she takes another hit, the end of the blunt lighting up as she inhales.

“I could of died the first fight I had....I suppose.” She continues as she hands the blunt back to me.

“True. But if you learned how to properly use your powers, you could do so much more....and not fall into a permanent coma.”
She scoffs at the permanent coma jab and snatches the blunt from my finger tips.

“Sooolllll you’d willing send me to a strange planet, with a bunch of weirdos in fancy pajamas and my angry husband?”

My back straightens with prejudice, I was accepting of everything but that. It registers that she heard the conversation and makes me wonder if she heard my childish responses.

I refuse to feel embarrassment, fuck Cybastion.

“You heard?”

“It’s a little hard not to when people are yelling from across the room.”

“You don’t see the way he looks at you.” I start, I can already feel my face twisting in disapproval.

“Like...like.” I can’t even say.

“Like he’s in love with me?” She finishes for me as she plucks the blunt from my stingy hand.

“Yes, like he’s enamored-“

“So the way you look at me?” She asks with a laugh.

“What makes you think I’m in love with you?” I ask coyly, we both know it’s a flimsy rebuttal.

She was the first to verbalize those three little words that sparked something so deep...its primal, inside of me. A warmth I so desperately craved, I ran to it without hesitation.

She scoffs out a laugh of skepticism, “My bad, just assumed.” She continued as she leaned back against the head board her eyes closed, a ghost of a smile on her lips.

“I just assumed with the whole My Janae and MY MATE thing.”

I feel my face grow hot at my words being gift wrapped and thrown back to me, I’d respond but I’m too busy laughing.

“Yeahhhhh...”

“Anyway.” She says with a laugh lightly changing the subject, “I don’t want Zarkon to destroy the earth or enslave the universe.

The mood quickly plummets from a lazy warm summer day, to a blizzard of blistering winds and mountains of snow.

“None of us do.” I say gravely, pushing back the repulsion and nausea by the very thought.

“Maybe it’s time to start my training.” She said openly, “You guys are due to start training with the blade any day now. I can’t allow myself to fall behind.”

I pause as her words sink in, nearly choking on smoke.

“You think you’ll fall behind?” I ask incredulously, “Have you not seen the shit you can do?!”
“That doesn’t matter if every time I do something I almost fucking die.”

We sit in silence for a moment, I watch as she starts to roll up another blunt, quickly packing green into paper.

“Well, if you decide to do…we’ll support you.”

She pulls her eyes up from her work and looks at me, “You didn’t say I.”

She caught me, “I’m reluctant about you leaving.” I say honestly, feeling embarrassment blossom across my face.

I watch as she lights the end and exhales.

“You might not come back.”

“Are you serious?” She sounds annoyed, as if the thought never crossed her mind and it’s the silliest thing she’s ever heard me say.

“I wouldn’t fucking do that.” She laughs breathlessly, “I’d miss you guys too much, besides I’m not gonna leave my boyfriend for my husband.” She snorts out the last bit.

“He’s such an asshole. A demony asshole.” She flicks her wrist in the air poshly absolutely put off.

“Besides I’m not that kinda girl.”

I laugh.

After a second I sober up, and push aside the feelings of unease, and give her my support. “I think you should go.”

“But come back.” I tack on the last bit quickly and she smiles.

“Of course.” She says with a sly smile as she puts out the blunt and places her hand unashamedly in the center of my lap, she caresses my length and tosses me a flirtatious smile.

“Besides I’d miss this too much.”

Oh.

My eyebrows shot up at the change of conversation.

Her eyes meet mine and we share the same thought.

We don’t think, just move. It’s all routine, so familiar.

The want, the touches, the kisses, the heat of her body to mine.

Before I know it clothes are removed by anxious hands and greedy fingers, messily and carelessly tossed across the room.

My open palms roam her body, sliding across slender shoulders and down long arms, I drop kisses from her face down the length of her neck.

She moans softly as I cover each breast in heated open mouthed kisses, linger on her nipples.

Whatever she wants me to be, I’ll be.
I can be aggressive.

I can be gentle.

I can be a savage.

Devouring every bit of her greedily, decorating her beautifully in marks, claiming and declaring her mine.

Brown and gold eyes meet me halfway and return my vigor of longing, she pulls me close and speaks. Her lips so close they tickle the shell of my ear and make me shiver.

“Fuck me.”

She demands breathlessly, the two words spill from her lips and burn waves of hot want straight down my spine and extend to my fingertips and toes.

My dick jumps at the command.

Smooth sure hands touch me, they fan across my shoulders and play down the small of my back, full lips kiss down the side of my jaw graciously.

We shift and I push her down on to her back, she spreads her legs wide for me, her eyes never leaving mine as she trailed her hand down between her breast, past her stomach, stopping between her legs.

I watch as she dips two fingers inside, she closes her eyes and throws her head back against the pillows a moan flowing from her lips, I watch her hand move fingers in and out of her.

I move toward her, my hands sliding up her calfs and thighs, she opens her eyes and winks at me playfully, arching her back like an eager drawbridge welcoming me between thick thighs.

My breath hitches as I watch her pull her fingers from between her legs and slips them between her lips, I wrap my hand around her wrist and pull her fingers free. She watches with hooded eyes as I lick her fingers clean.

Her legs wrap around my waist and pull me closer, I rest my hands on her hips and capture her lips between mine. Wanting her to taste herself on my lips.

Her arms wrap around my neck, deepening the kiss, my hand moves between our bodies. She moans into our kiss as the tip of my dick meets her entrance, I push forward, spreading her open, and watch her reactions.

I drink in the way she closes her eyes, biting her bottom lip as she shallows me down to the hilt completely.

She’s so hot.

Wet and welcoming for me. I battle the urge not to move, giving her time to adjust.

“Takashi...”

She cooes, her arms sliding from my neck down my back, as she holds on to me. Bracing herself.

I move, tangling our bodies together in a mess of limbs as my hands roam aimlessly across her form.
I trail my hands down her lower back and cuff her ass as I move, pulling her in place as I slide in and out of her deeply.

Her body rocks into the mattress, she pulls me closer, her nails dragging hard lines down my shoulders, her lips dance down the side of my neck and stop on my collarbone.

I groan as she nips me, biting down hard enough to make me want more.

I remove my hand from her lower half and capture her throat in my hand, holding her down to the bed.

She simply growls at my aggression, I pull a loud moan from her as I slam my body into hers repeatedly.

Legs I’ve come to adore tighten around me, securing me as we move in sync, her hips joining mine with each thrust.

I pull different sounds from her with each move of my hips, each sound more beautiful then the last.

The warmth of her body seeps into mine as I shift our positions pulling her high into my lap still buried inside of her.

I handle her, gripping her ass in my hands as I pull her up and drop her down on my dick, she arches her back in response and releases a rich throaty moan.

Her hands find my face, resting on the shells of my ears as she boldly whispers her praise between moans and labored breathing.

I slam her down again, my hands sliding up her to waist as I manhandle her body on my dick, rocking her aggressively as I pick her up again.

I hiss with pleasure watching her breasts bounce wildly as her walls tighten around me, pulling me closer and closer to the stars.

I pull my eyes up and moan at the sight of her.

Her head thrown back, her kiss bruised lips slightly parted, the slight color that splashes across her cheeks, I groan as her eyes roll back.

Realization slams into me hard, as I watch her, my body greedily driving into hers, the wet gracious feel of her arousal coating my dick, as she covetously wraps around me, the loud squelching sound of her arousal joins the sounds of our bodies slamming together. The loud sound of flesh slapping lewdly roger danced across the walls of the room.

I was drowning in Janae.

She was below me, above me.

Wrapped so tightly around me.

Everything was Janae.

She moaned louder as she wrapped her arms around my neck, her fingers sliding softly through my hair.

I move my arms around her, allowing one of my arms to wrap around her waist, my movements never stoping as my other hand slides up her body and cups her cheek, my thumb kindly tracing her
cheek bone.

We’re both close.

I can feel my self losing the strength to hold on longer as she moves in my lap, bouncing, rushing her self to her orgasm.

Her back arches in my arms and she cries out as she falls apart, I crash my lips into hers, selfishly consuming her moans of gratification as her hands claw at my shoulders and back.

Leaving behind beautiful souvenirs.

“Come for me baby.” She begs between kisses, her lips dominating the kiss as she rides me expertly through her orgasm.

I groan between the sloppy kiss as her walls clench around me, I growl deeply as I slam her down onto my dick, my hands working and lifting her down furiously.

“You feel so good.” She moans softly into my ear, her tongue fingering the lobe.

She wears a thin layer of sweat as she braces her hands on my shoulders and destroys my flow of movements, corrupting my power and tipping my balance as she rides me ruthlessly.

Embarrassing sounds leave my lips as I close my eyes and let her consume me.

I get lost in her movements and feel my orgasm start to form in the pit of my stomach, I wrap my arms tighter around her, burying my face between her breasts as I thrust shallowly up into her.

I close my eyes and bite back my groan as I come hard, my orgasm slams into me nearly knocking me out in the process.

My hips don’t still, steadily snapping into her, as I fuck her through it, pushing the release of my love deeper and deeper inside of her.

She pulls my head up and joins our lips, riding the wave as I climb down from my high.

We fall into a sweaty mess in the sheets, still connected as my arms wrap around her possessively.

She kisses up my neck and shoulder as she snuggles into me, her eyes meeting mine as I push a wild curl behind her ear.

“Stop...looking at me like that.”

“Like what?” I ask entranced as I pepper her face in kisses, I pull away and close my eyes.

“Like...I’ll disappear.” She finishes softly, causing me to peak an eye open at her.

“It’s not on purpose.” I say honestly.

Neither of us says anything after that, choosing to fall into a comfortable silence as we drift off to sleep.

We’ll deal with everything tomorrow....
“Ok so here’s a pros and cons list Allura and I started together.” Hunk said as he stepped to the side revealing an overly large notebook that sat in the middle of the room.

“I haven’t seen pieces of paper that big since like first grade.” Lance said lazily as he slowly read over the things already listed in t-chart form.

“If anyone wants to add anything they can, once that’s done we’ll discuss our findings and go from there.” Allura said politely as she moved around the room, handing out color coded markers to everyone.

Lance rose quickly to his feet and strolled to the large notepad in the center of the room, he quickly pulled the cap off his blue marker and leaned forward ready to write.

“You forgot something.”

He said seriously as he impolitely wrote the word UNACCEPTABLE across the entire chart, taking up the entire page.

“Lance-“ Shiro started with a sigh, rubbing the bridge of his nose in annoyance. “This is supposed to be serious.”

“Oh I’m serious.” The blue Paladin said as he crossed his arms and took his seat beside an unsurprised Hunk.

Janae moves next, she pulls the cap off of her gold marker and writes on the pros side.

Not dying.

She writes clearly, looking pointedly at Lance, he pouts and doesn’t return her gaze.

Keith moves next, writing a name in capital bold red letters on the cons side.

CYBASTION.

Janae rolls her eyes, Pidge and Lance nod in agreement.

Coran moves next, writing in the middle, his strokes of orange cursive look overly decorative on the paper, almost like calligraphy.

Arcadia

He simply writes, confusing a few people.

“Why’d you write that in the middle?” Pidge asks first as she rises to her feet and heads toward the note book.

She adds a green check mark next to Not dying and Cybastion’s name, as Hunk rises to his feet.
“Because I know if I still had the chance to see Altea I would....” Coran said softly, a twinge of sadness in his voice as he met Janae and Allura’s eyes.

“You have the opportunity to go home.” Coran said wiping away a stray tear, “That is something Allura and I will never have.”

Allura stiffens beside Pidge, her sadness for that home she’ll never get to see, hangs palpable across her shoulders.

Janae tries to shallow past the lump that’s formed in the back of her in throat.

Hunk pulls the top off his marker and quickly writes in the center of the page, just below Coran’s writing.

Janae

He’s written messily in all lower case letters.

He pulled away from the paper, closing his marker, Janae’s brows furrowed in confusion as she caught sight of her name written in yellow.

“How’d you write my name?”

“Because Janae, if it where me I’d wanna know who I was. Where I come from. What was my life like before....” Hunk said evenly, his eyes moving back towards the paper. “What my family was like....what my parents where like.”

Shiro watched in silence as Janae’s body went uncomfortably rigid, her eyes pulled away from Hunk and glazed over, her mind miles away.

“....my parents....”

She trails off horsely, devastation paints the dry whispered words as her face immediately drops, her eyes downcast, with a far away look as wet unshed tears start to form. Lance moves first pulling her protectively into his arms, as if trying to shield her from the spoken words, she clings to him like a life line, the far away look in her eyes doesn’t budge.

Hunk gives Shiro an alarmed questioning look of horror, he doesn’t know he’s stepped on a land mine.

He’s seeking a solution, attempting to stop the on slaught of an explosive live reaction that tips viscously toward going off.

Shiro returns his gaze and offers no solutions.

He didn’t know her family...was a hard blocked topic.

Like an eighteen wheeler speeding dangerously down the wrong intersection, it slams into him.

He doesn’t know anything about her.

But...Lance knows....?

His eyes roam up to Lance, watching the Cuban hold her protectively mumbling sweet endearments into her ear, his voice as smooth as silk as it transcends from English to Spanish fluidly.
Allura moves next, placing a comforting hand on Janae’s lower back, she takes her time rubbing small circles attempting to offer solace.

“Janae....” Shiro says softly as he pulls her hand into his, attempting to gain her attention.

“Are you ok?” Keith asks, shifting to get out of his chair, violet pools of concern flicker from Janae to his brother.

“I’m fine.” She mumbles from between Lance’s arms, a soft smile on her face, her eyes closed. “There’s just a lot...I didn’t consider before.”

She blinks rapidly, refusing to shed tears.

“I never considered they where still alive....”

“Janae whatever you decide we’ll stand behind you.” Shiro said softly, rubbing his thumb meekly in patterns along her hand.

“I know.”

She said faintly as Lance pulled away, his eyes still on her as he hovered close by, waiting to grab her if she needed to reach out.

“Do you need more time to think about it?” Pidge asked timidly from beside Keith, unsure if she should of even asked the question.

“No-I...I know I’m going to go..but.” She trails off, her eyes on the gold marker in her free hand.

“For how long?” Lance asked, his voice small.

“A millennium.” A gruff voice filled in from across the room, all eyes turned toward the direction the voice originated from and land on Cybastion.

“Don’t you people ever knock?!” Coran asked clearly upset at the sudden intrusion, his eyes on Laxus.

“Sorry. Which way would you prefer us to arrive?” Laxus asked politely, feeling a bit bad about disturbing the obviously private moment.

“How bout the front fucking door? And knock.” Pidge glared, her eyes narrowing on Cybastion.

Cybastion takes the baited jab and crosses his arms, he snorts unimpressed.

“Is there a problem?”

“Bitch there might be.” Pidge barked back, Keith shifted his posture ready beside her.

“Did you just call me a bi-“

“I am so sorry for our rudeness. We will make it a habit of arrival.” Laxus said calmly, ignoring Cybastion and trying to support the wall of tension in the room that threatened to collapse.

“No.” Lance said as he stood tall beside Janae, he crossed his arms and stood his ground.

“No?” Laxus questioned perplexed, unsure of what was being declined.
“She’s not leaving for a millennium.” Shiro filled in, indignation obtuse in his voice.

Cybastion seems to ponder on that, and offers an alternative. “I see. What about a century?” It’s not even a question, more of a statement. You can hear the arrogance in his voice.

Shiro seems to consider Cybastion’s alternative suggestion, he pretends to seriously inspect his finger nails and smiles wide and fake.

“How about you take that century and shove it sideways up your-“

“LAXUS what would you suggest?” Janae asked cutting Shiro off, with a winded sigh.

“A week should be efficient enough.” Laxus said tiredly, the Paladins watched as he progressed in age, his narrow shoulders slumped forward.

“A week?” Janae echos in disbelief, “Is that in earth days or-“

“Arcadian days.” He said with a tired smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

“That’s over a month!!” Hunk screeched.

“That is the shortest amount of time deemed sufficient enough-“

“Wait. Who will be teaching her?” Allura asks sternly, her sharp blue eyes curiously trained on Laxus, analyzing the situation.

“Each of the Chimera you’ve had the luxury of meeting, including myself.”

Keith’s eyes widen as he recounts each Chimera he’s met over the course of a week, his eyes land on Cybastion.

“Wait that means-“

“Yup, I’ll be teaching her too.” Cybastion said smugly, smiling at the red Paladin.

“What?!” Shiro, Pidge, Janae and Hunk nearly screamed together.

Allura narrows hers eyes unimpressed, Coran seems concerned by the details but remains wordless.

Laxus seems to wilt under the angry and untrusting gazes.

“He was her original teacher....”

“Is that supposed to make us more comfortable?” Lance boomed sarcastically.

“Yes.” Cybastion said taking a step forward as he rolled his shoulders.

“Because I was her FIRST teacher. I taught her the first on Arcadia, I know what works and what doesn’t. You do want her back as quickly as possible?”

The Paladins remained silent, none of them wanting to agree aloud, or agree at all with the dubious Chimera.

Janae sighs loudly heavy with registration breaking the tense silence.

“Yes.”
Cybastion smiles, his entire face lighting up attractively, the smile makes Shiro’s jaw tense as he feels something deep inside his stomach churn in protest.

“When will I be leaving?” Janae asks, clearly ignoring the smile, her eyes on Laxus.

“As soon as possible.”

“Welp lets go pack.” Lance said as Janae rose to her feet.

“That won’t be necessary-“

Janae’s head snaps up beside Lance’s in surprise, Coran is pretty sure both of them will have whiplash.

“Pretty sure I’ll need clothes....” She offers with a weak uncomfortable laugh.

“That won’t be necessary.” Laxus repeated. “Everything will be provided.”

“We’re ready to go whenever you are.” Cybastion said with a dismissive wave of his hand.

“Oh.” She said aloud, her eyes flickered away from Laxus onto Allura and Coran.

“Can I have a moment to-“

“Of course. Of course.” Laxus said with a smile as him and Cybastion took a few steps back, offering them a bit of privacy.

Janae hugs Allura first, pulling her quickly into her arms. “Come back soon.”

Allura said softly as she pulled away.

“Yeah don’t have to much fun.” Pidge said tossing a glare at a visibly happy Cybastion.

“I won’t.” Janae said with a laugh as she pulled the tiny Paladin into her arms and squeezed her tightly.

“If he tries anything, just say the word and I’ll-“ Janae snorted as she pulled Keith into her arms.

“I’ll miss you too.”

Lance quickly pulls her into his arms next, he holds her close and reluctantly pulls away, a sad look in his blue eyes.

“Don’t make any new friends.” He mumbled as Hunk hugged her next.

“Promise.” Janae wheezed as Hunk squeezed her tightly in a bear hug, lifting her feet from the ground and knocking the air from her lungs.

“I’ll miss you too buddy.” She said weakly patting his arm as he released her, he simply nodded in response, to upset to reply.

Coran moves next, pulling her into a soft embrace, his mustache twitching and tickling her ear as he spoke.

“I will be expecting you back healthy and ready to pilot the white lion.”

Janae smiled as she pulled away, “Yeah I’ll be-“
Her words cut off as she spun around and pulled into strong arms, her face collided into a familiar warmth, her body visibly loosened as she inhaled his familiar cologne and natural scent. The cozy, safe and close to home smell she’d grown accustomed to that was undeniably Shiro.

“Be safe.” He spoke softly, the words vibrating through his wide chest and radiating fondness.

“I will.” She said as she pushed forward on the tips of her toes, he met her half way capturing her lips.

The kiss was slow and patient, the unease of wanting to be separated felt as his tongue slipped between her parted lips, tracing and trying to not forget the feel that was Janae.

The kiss continued twisting and pulling, gaining more traction showcasing absolute affection, there was no sexual heat behind it, only yearning fueled by the movement of lips. Benevolent soft touches followed as Shiro’s arms moved, repositioning his hold on her. Cradling her protectively as he pulled away, his thumb sliding slowly across her bottom lip.

“Love you.”

He said softly as he pulled away, he didn’t even notice he’d said the words aloud until her eyes widen and she hesitated moving from his arms.

“Are you ready?” Laxus asked politely, his voice sincere.

Cybastion stood beside him a dejected look of disconsolate wrapped around him as he looked anywhere and everywhere except them.

“Uh yeah...” Janae said breathlessly as she pulled out of Shiro’s arms and stepped toward the older Chimera.

Laxus smiled as he took her hand, Cybastion took a few steps back and tossed the Paladins one last look before he phased out of the room.

“Hold your breath. This may be uncomfortable your first time.” Laxus said.

“Wait what-“ Janae’s voice faded out as they phased quickly out of the room.

“Welp that just happened.” Lance said grimly after a moment.

The loud echo of a door bell rang throughout the castle, signifying the arrival of a guest.

“Wonder who that could be?” Coran said cheerily as he pivoted on his heels and waltzed out of the room.

“He seems happy.” Hunk said as he watched Pidge open her laptop on the table.

“He’s probably just happy someone’s using the door bell.” Allura said as she watched Pidge’s fingers move.

The green Paladin snorted.

“Sooolllllooo that’s what we’re doin now Shiro?” Lance asked casually, as he coyly locked eyes with the black Paladin.

Shiro raised a quizzical brow in response.
“We’re saying love you now?” Lance pointed out, wagging his eyebrows suggestively at the older man.

Keith watched as the tips of Shiro’s ear turned pink as he squirmed a bit uncomfortably under the attention, it was interesting to say the least, but Keith would be damned if he watched Lance harass his brother about his feelings.

“Leave him alone Lance.” Keith said with a glare as he came to his brother’s defense.

“What are you like this?”

“What?! I was just-“

“It’s Slav!” Pidge said cutting Lance off and startling Hunk. “He’s here.”

“Good, we can finally start training.” Shiro said with relief as he quickly stepped out of the room, further amusing Lance.

Allura and Pidge fail in formation behind Shiro, quickly moving down the hallway and stepping into the living room.

Slav stood slouched beside Coran, animatedly carrying on in conversation, he was dressed smartly in a black stealth suit, he held a set of gold bands idly in one of his free hands.

“Ah it’s good to see you are all still alive.” Slav said with a smile as he slowly turned away from Coran and took in the Paladins.

The smile fail as he took note of someone missing, Slav’s eyes darted to Shiro and he felt a cold sensation of fear knock down his gut.

He was going to have to explain.

“Where is Janae?” Slav asked calmly, his eyes shifting from Shiro to the other Paladins in question.

“She went home to train.” Hunk said quickly, nervousness spiking his voice.

Slav’s brow furrowed in confusion.

“What do you mean went home?” He asked, his voice deceptively calm as he took a few steps away from Coran and moved toward the Paladins.

“Uh ohhhh...” Pidge mumbled as she took a hesitant step backward.

“Uh ohhh is right.” Slav started as he slid the bands into zipper like pocket and rose to his full height, his eyes narrowing.


“What do YOU mean, what do WE mean?” Lance asked stalling for time, earning the heat of unamused pink eyes.

Slav took another step forward, Lance slinked out of hitting range.

“Slav.” Shiro said peacefully, attempting to calm the angry alien down.
“She’s fine. She-“

“SheLeftToTrainOnArcadiaWithHerPeople!!” Hunk rushed out interrupting Shiro and spiraling straight to the point.

Allura sighed, placing her hand over her eyes. That was exactly not the way to go about this.

Slav’s eyes widen, as he took a step back.

“You let my only niece go with a bunch of strangers to another planet?” He asked calmly, needing confirmation.

“Yes....” Keith said weakly.

“Oh. That’s what I thought you said.” He whispered his voice airy and tight, potentially teetering on to madness.

“Look Slav-“ Shiro said his arms raised palms up defensively infront of himself as he attempted to take control of the situation.

“YOU LET MY NIECE LEAVE THIS FUCKING PLANET WITH FUCKING STRANGERS?!!” Slav shouted as he charged forward, Hunk shrieked as he dodged out of the way, Lance squealed as he tried to avoid a right hook, Allura grabbed Pidge and jumped out of the way of a string of erratic angry punches.

Keith dived to the floor and rolled out of the way, avoiding being kicked.

Shiro couldn’t dodge the angry motions of all eight wildly swinging fists. He quickly blocks, moving his arms protectively to stand his ground as the attack continued.

It takes Coran, Allura, Hunk and Keith to physically remove Slav. He’s a large ball of anger, blessing Shiro in particular with a string of colorful curses, Slav’s anger continues to grow and steadily dwindles into panic.

He sits on the opposite end of the couch, away from Coran, he holds the bracelets tightly in his hands and listens wholeheartedly as Shiro explains.

Explains everything from the attack with Keith, to the Chimera visitors all the way to reflection of the Ion cannon to Janae leaving that day.

He simply nods in response, unable to verbalize his thoughts as he takes a moment to think.

“She’ll be gone for thirty five days?” Slav asks softly, as if he’s planing ahead, calculating the steps to ensure success of a goal.

“Y-yes.” Shiro says weakly, a little exhausted by the whole ordeal, the chain of events still seaming to unravel.

Slav suddenly rises to his feet, he pulls out a strange black device and begins to hit a series of buttons.

“Come on.” He simply said as he headed toward the door, the odd loud sound of movement echoed out side, and shook the walls of the castle.

“Wait where are we going?” Hunk asks nervously as he rose to his feet.
“To train.” Slav replied flatly as he stepped outside, the sound of heavy blades turning amplified as the Paladins followed behind him.

Pidge’s eyes widen as she took in the bottom of a ginormously massive black fleet ship.

The ship hovered low in the air, sending gusts of wind wildly around them.

The ship was beautifully well kept, dipped in onyx paint, strips of hard steel bent and curved into the correct places.

Pidge’s fingers twitched as she began to wonder what types of technology where held on the ship, what kind of security measures and free information lay dormant a few feet up in the air.

She was going to find out.

Hunk’s mouth watered as he took in the build of the ship, his eyes following each twist and curve presented. The idea of taking it apart and piecing it back together inciting a riot of curiosity.

“We’ll....we’ll need to pack.” Allura started her eyes wide, as she watched a colored beam fall from the ship and land in front of them.

“No you won’t-“

“I’m not leaving without my skincare products.” Lance hissed venomously, cutting Slav off.

Slav rolled his eyes dramatically as he headed toward the beam of light, “You get five minutes. Stay any longer and I’m leaving.” He said as the beam began to lift him gracefully from his feet and into the air.

“Shouldn’t you be packing?” Coran asked as he watched Slav’s body disappear between a twin set of doors.

The Paladins scrambled, quickly each moving in different directions.

Pidge snatched her laptop, a few sets of clothes and commences to shove a bunch of electronic devices she may need in her bag.

Hunk grabs a suitcase, neatly packs a few sets of clothes, he grabs his tool box and heads to the kitchen. He proceeded to shove any and all spices he deemed appropriate for the trip.

Keith sighed as he packed his bag, stuffing it with clothes. He double checks his pockets and confirms his Bayard and dagger are present. He heads to the door.

Allura breezes through her room, quickly and neatly packing her travel bag, tossing her toothpaste and toothbrush into a small pocket, she pauses at her closet door and tucks a few of her mother’s old dresses into her bag. She grabs her Bayard and heads to the door.

Shiro moved quickly, tossing clothes and everyday necessities into his bag. His eyes roam the room, double checking if anything else needed to be added. His eyes land on the small white bag slung across his dresser, he grabs Janae’s small bag and crams in into his bag, he tightened is grip on his Bayard and headed toward the door.

Lance moved frantically, packing, tossing and shoving things into his back pack. He slipped his Bayard into his pocket and hesitates in front of the mirror.

“Lance hurry up.” Keith said idly as he walked past the doorway.
“You can’t rush perfection.” Lance sassed as he turned the room light off and slipped out of the room behind Keith.

“I’m not rushing perfection. I’m rushing you.” Keith replied rolling his eyes as they joined the other Paladins at the door.

“I’ll miss you.” Coran said teary eyed as he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and blew his nose loudly.

“Bye Coran.” Pidge said breezing by quickly as she stepped into the light, Hunk watched as she floated up inside the doors of the ship.

“Wait. Your not coming?” Hunk asked confused as he watched Allura pull her uncle in for a quick hug.

“Heavens no. Someone has to stay and protect the lions.” Coran said dismissively, as he began to usher them toward the beam of light waiting in the middle of the yard.

Lance waved to Coran as he stepped into the light next, pushing Keith out of his way.

“Bye Coran.” Keith grunted as he stepped into the beam next, his bag slung over his shoulder.

“Don’t forget to water my tomatoes Coran.” Hunk said as he quickly waved goodbye and hesitantly stepped into the light.

“Of course.” Coran said with a wave as he watched Allura step into the beam next.

“We’ll be back before you know it.” Shiro said as he stepped beside Coran, and watched Allura leisurely float upwards.

“I know. I also believe you needed this the most.” Coran said surprising Shiro as he clapped a supportive hand on his back.

“I have a feeling this experience will shape and prepare you for what’s to come.” Coran continued with a smile as he guided Shiro to the light.

“The next time I see you, I expect to see you piloting the black lion.”

“I won’t let you down Coran.” Shiro said with a wave as he stepped into the light.

“I know.” Coran said with a tired smile as he watched the double doors close behind Shiro’s silhouette.

****

Shiro stepped into the cockpit of the ship unsure what to expect, he joined his friends and waited patiently for Slav to address them.

Slav continued to move about chattering quickly, rushing and giving orders to present crew members.

Keith’s eyes roamed the ship, he took in the large stature of three men. Two large Galra stepped forward, the third man clad in mask stepped beside them.
“Okkkkkk.” Slav said moving away from the controls, he joined the group ready to start introductions.

“We will watch you each fight and then teachers will be assigned.” Slav started.

“Wait there’s only three of you.” Lance said eyeballing the small group with skepticism.

“I will be teaching too. So there are four of us.” Slav replied with an eye roll.

“You are going to fight in a simulation and we’ll pick who is assigned to who. Now follow me.” He said as he twisted forward his body slinking quickly throughout the room, he rounded the hallway quickly and didn’t pause for the Paladins.

Hunk sighed, “Bring on the simulator.” He said drying, no enthusiasm what so ever.

Pidge snickered beside him as they followed behind their future teachers.

Slav stopped at a large steel door, he quickly placed his hand on the flat pad beside the door, the scanner lit up and the large doors opened.

Allura’s eyes widened as she took in the large white room, with high ceilings. The room was empty aside from an odd cylinder device that stood in the center of the room, a few feet away sat a rounded off control panel with an array of colorful buttons, a few chairs had been lazily placed behind the panel.

“Who wants to go first?” Slav asked as he stepped behind the control panel, his fingers moving quickly, causing the metal cylinder object in to middle of the room to faintly glow.

“Why don’t they all just go at the same time?” One of the Galra asked, Hunk turned his eyes in his direction taking in his completely yellow eyes and pale gray short fur with faint patterns around his strip of white hair.

“Mmmh.” Slav said as he brought one of his hands under his chin considering, his other sets of hands still moving across the panel.

“We could do that.” Slav agreed as the room shifted from white to gray, twenty four large gold and white humanoid robots appeared from the floor, each one equipped comfortably with a large sword.

“Ummm...aren’t you gonna let us put our stuff up before we start?” Pidge questioned as she tightened her grip on the strap of her bag protectively.

“Sure. Feel free to put your stuff up before the sparring bots take off your head.” He said dismissively as he sat down in a chair.

Shiro quickly removed his bag from his shoulders and placed it on the floor, he double tapped his band allowing his armor to rise.

“Everyone get ready.” He said as he took a stance, preparing himself, his arm glowing faint purple. That gains Slav’s attention, his eyes widen in surprise just before he quickly schools his features back to a neutral expression.

“Great.” Allura said as she dropped her travel bag beside Shiro’s. She double tapped her band, her pink armor quickly rising as her Bayard began to glow and take shape.
Keith moved unphased, summoning his weapon then armor before dropping his bag.

“Might as well get this over with.” Pidge deadpanned as she gently sat her bag down onto Allura’s, her armor rising as she held her glowing Bayard high.

“Hey Keith. I bet ya I can take out more training bots then you.” Lance challenged as he dropped his bag and double clicked his band, his Bayard quickly taking shape as he got in position.

“Is this really the time for that?” Hunk asked timidly as he placed his suitcase beside Lance’s bag, his armor rising up his body quickly as he summoned his glowing weapon.

“I’ll get to twelve before you even shoot nine.” Keith snorted, as ten silver small circular balls rose high in the air.

“Guy focus.” Shiro ordered as his arm took the shape of a long blade.

The training bots moved first, their agile bodies charging forward holding swords dangerously high.

Shiro decapitates the first bot, catching it’s arm, stopping its movements and slicing his blade clear through its neck.

Keith launches forward from beside him, slamming his feet clear into the chest of a bot, sending him backwards as he brings his sword down into another.

Allura moves gracefully, her chain dances around her body as she twirls her wrist, sending spirals of hot pink into three bots as she raised them clear off the ground and slammed them down hard across the room.

Lance moves quickly, his rifle raised at attention as he quickly picks off targets, he catches motion on his left side and moves his rifle ready. Several of the small floating circular devices move around him, his eyes widen as the eye of the circles light up red, he jumps out of the way as they shoot layers down at him.

“What the fuck!?” He yells as he precedes to run away from the circular devices, trying to gain distance.

One of the Galra laughs loudly at his antics.

Pidge held her Bayard tightly as she slid low, slashing the knees of her opponents. She squirmed as she felt cold metal fingers yank her harshly up from the ground, she slashed her Bayard into the center of the bot’s head, she quickly pressed a button on her base and watched as the bot lit up, quickly dropping her and falling to the ground.

“Guys get down!!” Hunk yelled as he hoisted his cannon high, quickly pulling the trigger, destroying seven bots at once.

“Damn Hunk you almost took my head off.” Lance chimed as he stayed on the ground and shot down two more bots.

“Thanks for the warning.” Allura said as she lunged forward running up Hunk’s slouched back, she jumped high swinging her whip, slashing three bots clear down the middle.

“Show off.” Pidge said with a laugh as her Bayard launched forward wrapping around three bots at once, she yanked hard on the cord sending them tumbling down, she pressed the base of her
weapon shocking them quickly.

“Your one to talk.” Shiro said as he body slammed a bot down between her and Allura, he moved fluidly, slicing through a series of bots at one time.

“Pssh. Hello kettle, meet pot.” Keith snorted as he moved beside Shiro, ramming his blade through the chest of a bot and pushing him backwards into another, cutting through them both.

“Is it just me or are they enjoying this?” Hunk asked as he hoisted his cannon high, ready to take aim. “Down in front.”

He said releasing the trigger, sending a harsh roar of yellow forward as it ate through several bots heading in Shiro and Keith’s direction.

“Them or you?” Allura asked with a raised brow, as she fought beside Lance. Slicing through several circular bots moving rapidly in an unwarranted rotation.

“Oh shit.” Pidge said taken completely off guard as the figure in a mask moved quickly toward her, his body shifting quickly out of reach as she swung and fought with her Bayard, he easily knocks her hard off her feet.

“I see you made your selection Zander. Only one?” Slav asked with a smile from behind the control panel.

“No. I want the red one too.” Zander hissed as his suit stretched unnaturally flowing with his shape, as it spread apart rapidly like liquid in Keith’s direction.

“Keith watch out!!” Pidge yelled as she rose to her feet, Keith dodged quickly. His eyes wide as he takes in the wild shape of his new opponent.

“We have names.” He grit out, as he charged forward ready, his blade moving.

“Of course.” Zander laughed as he shifted his form, absorbing the blow of the blade and sending it back, knocking Keith clear across the training room.

“Hey hey hey.” Lance ranted off nervously as the largest of the Galra approached him, his expression stern as he moved ripping Lance from the ground and sending him clear across the room.

“I want the blue and pink one.” The Galran said as he advanced toward Allura faster then he did Lance. She takes a cautious step back and swings her chain in his direction.

“You sure Kolivan? I thought you preferred hand to hand fighters.” Slav said as he watched Kolivan dance around Allura.

“I look forward to teaching long rang fighters. How to protect themselves from REAL threats.” Kolivan said as he caught hold of Allura’s chain with ease, her eyes widened as he yanked her forward and swung the chain rapidly, sending her into Lance.

“I like the power behind the yellow one.” The pale gray Galran said as he rose to his feet and charged toward Hunk.

“Hey I don’t wanna shot you.” Hunk warned holding his cannon high, the barrel light in his arms.

“Ulaz don’t hurt him.” Slav warned tiredly with a sigh.
“That’s fine with me.” The Galran said with a smile as he dived forward, easily stepping in Hunk’s personal space, knocking the handle of the barrel down from Hunk’s hand and slamming his fist hard into his jaw, sending Hunk to the ground.

The Galran shrugged lazily, “It probably would of been in your best interest to shoot me.”

“Thanks for leaving me the one I wanted.” Slav said as he rose to his feet and grabbed his ankles, he spiraled forward, his body slamming and knocking over training bots and Lance as he made his way to the black a Paladin.

Shiro’s eyes widened as he moved, wiling his arm to change shape, the metal of his arm warmed as it took in the solid shape of a shield.

Slav continued forward colliding into Shiro and sending him across the room.

Slav uncoiled slowly, his eyes taking in the disarray of the Paladins across the room.

“End simulation.” He said harshly as he watched Lance and Hunk rise to their feet.

“Are you going to give them their evaluations now or later?” Zander hissed as his fluid like body took shape, solidifying back into its humanoid form.

“Now.” Slav said with a frown.

“I would not want to be in your shoes.” Ulaz whistled, as he crosses his arms behind his back and made his way across the room toward the chairs.

Kolivan simply nodded in agreement as he pulled Allura to her feet and quickly stepped away.

“Hunk. You are strong but to scary to be of use, you hesitate to much and that will result in casualties. Your teacher will be Ulaz, he’ll beat the fear out of you.”

Hunk winced cradling his tender jaw, his eyes moving from Slav to Ulaz.

“Pidge. You are quick, and think on your feet, but you need to be more competence when it comes to offense and defense. You leave your self wide open for attacks, your stance is weak and you come off unprepared.”

Pidge frowned, a bit of her pride stomped on by the harsh assessment.

“Keith. You are agile, quick, have strong offensive and better defensive skill. But you lack patience and jump to attack your enemy to quickly, you don’t consider your opponents strengths to your lack of experience and as a result can walk yourself into an early grave.”

Keith recoiled, retracting his Bayard as Shiro offered him a hand pulling him to his feet.

“Zander will be training you both, he will teach you how to asses your opponents strengths and weaknesses, he’ll also teach you which fight style better suits you.”

Lance groaned as he rubbed his right calf, Allura sighed from beside him retracting her Bayard, an unpleased look on her face.

“Lance. You are a good shot, have quick reflexes and you know when to leave a situation. But you are childish, easily distracted,immature and-“

“Damn is this an assessment or are you naming off shit about me you don’t like?” Lance asked interrupting, retracting his Bayard and picking up the pieces of his bruised ego.
Kolivan snorted.

“You have the mindset of a boy, until you are ready to be serious and honest with yourself, you will hold yourself back.”

Lance’s cheeks darken in embarrassment.

“Allura. You fight smart, play to your strengths and your strong. But you hesitate to much, often picking the cleanest uncreative way to fight your battles. If you keep that up you’ll become predictable in battle and won’t win very often.”

Allura visibly wilted.

“Kolivan will whip you both into shape. Teaching you hand to hand and opening your mind to different thoughts alternatives you have yet to consider. He will grow you both.”

Slav pivoted on his heels, his eyes on Shiro, his eyes narrowed as he crossed his four row of arms.

“Shiro. You are strong, quick on your feet, a mild tactician when it comes to battle. But you hold back. You hold back and you hesitate. As a result it makes you a weak leader and a flimsy fighter.”

Shiro opens his mouth to disagree, but one look from Slav clamps his mouth shut.

“You also are a cheater.”

“A what?!?” Shiro asked knocked off guard and visibly confused.

Slav uncrosses one of his arms and proceeds to point his finger at each Paladin in the room.

“Do you notice anything different from the way they fight to the way you fight?”

“I-“ Slave cuts him off, turning his gaze to Pidge.

“Pidge what’s the difference?” Slav asked patiently.

Pidge straighten her back, her eyes bouncing on Shiro twice as her eyes roamed the room for clues, after a few seconds her eyes light up in recognition.

“Shiro where’s your Bayard?” She asked softly, not wanting to push him under the bush but generally curious.

“I have it here.” Shiro said as he retracted his suit and rolled up his sleeve, his flesh fingers ghosting across his metal arm stopping on the hidden compartment. He presses down and the small slot opens, he pulls his Bayard free and holds it in his hand.

“You never told me you kept it in your arm.” Keith says faintly, Shiro frowns at the hurt in his brother’s voice. They usually don’t keep secrets.

“Wait.” Hunk said stepping back into conversation, his hands up. “Shiro have you been using your arm as a conductor this whole time?”

Slav watches quietly, taking in the different reactions of each Paladin.

“How is that even possible?” Lance asked in awe, her turned his head toward Pidge. “Pidge explain.” He demanded.
“Why me?!” She shot back.

“Because. Now explain.”

Allura takes a measured step toward Shiro, her eyes on his arm, the metal looks familiar but she’s not sure why.

“Shiro what did Matt and Mr.Holt make your arm out of?” She asked, taking in the faint soft lines that travel up and around his arm. She’s never payed much attention to it before, thinking it was just a rather flashy prosthetic.

“I’m...I’m not sure. But they weren’t the only ones who help build it.”

A brief awkward silence settles into the room, Ulaz yawns loudly.

“Who..else?” Allura asked meekly, her eyes flicking from Shiro back to his arm.

“Your father.” He whispered, Allura’s posture changes immediately, confusion and anger flashes across her pretty features.

“Why didn’t you tell me?-“

“He made me promise not to.” Shiro replied honestly not meeting her eyes, guilt sinking into his chest.

“Mmmh...I’m gonna go out on a limb here and say your father probably used Altean material to craft Shiro’s arm. There’s no way anything on earth can do anything remotely close to the things we’ve seen it do.” Hunk filled in.

“Doesn’t matter what it’s made out of.” Slav said bluntly, invading their conversation and steering it back into his direction of the room.

“He hasn’t even unlocked his Bayard or summoned his weapon. He’s holding each of you back.”

Shiro felt his lungs constrict uncomfortably as he felt the weight of each of each of his teammates eyes, Allura and Keith’s the heaviest.

“I am aware the owner of the Bayard before you turned evil and poisoned your Bayard, but until you filter all their life energy out and cleanse it with your own quintessence you will not be able to summon your weapon or pilot your lion.”

Slav sighed deeply, rubbing the bridge of his nose, he closed his eyes and exhaled deeply.

“We have a lot of work to do. I hope each of you are ready.” He deadpanned as he met the gaze of each Paladin of the room.

“Get your things. Zander will show you to your rooms. Rest up, training starts tomorrow.” Slav said as he stepped out of the room, not bothering to look back a second time as he left.

“Welp, this is gonna suck.” Pidge groaned as she grabbed her bag from the floor and handed Allura hers.

“Come on guys let’s look on the bright side.” Hunk said as he grabbed his suitcase and hauled it across his shoulder.

“What bright side?” Keith snorted as he grabbed his bag, and retracted his suit.
“I don’t know but when we find it we should look on it.” Hunk continued willfully, causing Allura and Lance to groan in frustration.

Ulaz laughed loudly from across the room.

Training was going to be hell.

Chapter End Notes

*also i have an editor nowww, so I’ll probably fix this after she reads*

Prologue to everyone’s personal training arch. Lol

Slav is mean
Ulaz is happy
Kolivan is indifferent
And Zander is an oc, he’s not a Galran, but he is a part of the blade.
"AAAAAAAH MOTHERFUCKIN HOES!!!

Pidge screamed as the sudden screech of alarms filtered throughout the speakers of her room, startling her awake and knocking her clean off the bed.

She groaned tiredly as she rose to her feet, rubbing her sore behind as she snatched her phone from the small table beside her bed and checked the time.

Why the fuck are the alarms going off at five am?

“Who do I have to murder today?!” She sneered as she stepped out of her room and into the hallway, promptly greeted by the remaining Paladins, each one more grumpy and half awake than the last.

“Morninggggg runts.”

Ulaz said cheerily as he skipped happily down the hallway, his amusement blatantly obvious as he tossed Pidge a kind wave.

“Five am. Why?” Lance asked between a yawn as he attempted to rub the sleep from his eyes.

“Glad you asked. I’m here to hand you your training suits, breakfast is in ten hurry up so we can start our morning.” He said with a smile as he tossed at suit square into Lance’s sleeping face.

“What’s for breakfast?” Hunk asked stretching his arms high above his head, popping his back.

“If your not down in ten you’ll never know.” Ulaz cackled as he tossed Hunk his training suit.

“Are you always this happy in the morning?” Keith asked with a not so subtle glare, tired bags hung heavily under his violet eyes.

Ulaz observers Keith for a moment, looking him up and down, his face broke out into an even wider smile, grossing the red Paladin out even more.
“Of course sunshine. I’m always in a cherry mood.” He said placing Keith’s training suit on top of his head.

“Eww.” Pidge said with a frown, disgusted by the joyously bright display so early in the morning.

“Ah Another morning person.” Ulaz sang as he chucked a suit high in Pidge’s direction.

“I’ll be seeing you each soon.” Ulaz continued as he handed Allura and Shiro their suits and quickly walked away.

“Well it could be worse.“

“Shiro please don’t start.” Pidge begged cutting him off as she turned on her heels and headed back into her room.

Pidge yawned loudly as she half heartedly went through the motions of getting dressed, washing her face, brushing her teeth, not brushing her hair. She held the suit up in her hands, taking in the work of the detailed stitching and the soft sage color of the thick stretch material.

She undressed quickly and stepped in one foot at a time into the suit, slowly pulling the material up her body with ease. She flexed in the bathroom mirror, grinning to herself as she zipped the long zipper in the front of the suit.

She sighed tossing one last glance at her laptop and headed out of the room, Allura met her in the hallway with a soft smile. Her white hair pulled high into a neat bun, her faded pink suit complimenting her complexion, Pidge smiled and listened to her idle chatter about their upcoming morning.

“So are you nervous?” Allura asked as they stepped into the large kitchen, the smell of anonymous foods tickling her nose.

“Nervous about?” Pidge asked as she looked around the room, her eyes landing on a grumpy Keith. He sat at a far away table, a scowl on his face as Shiro attempted to wake him up.

“Training. I know you aren’t really one for fighting.” Allura said softly, a hint of concern in her voice.

Pidge sighed, Allura was right. She was not one for fighting, but she wasn’t nervous.

“I’ll be fine.” She said quickly dismissing the thought and plopped down in the seat in front of Keith.

“Morning.” Allura said with a smile, Shiro returned her smile and greeting just as bright. Keith grunted in response, laying his head down onto the table.

“What’s with him, not enough beauty sleep?” Pidge asked as she watched Hunk drag a half asleep Lance into the doorway, his eyes closed, loudly complaining and cursing the universe.

“No idea. But I’m ready to eat.” Hunk said with a smile as he placed Lance in a nearby chair.

“Keith. Lance. Up, its time to eat.” Shiro said as he rose to his feet, tossing the two Paladins a look as he headed toward the cafeteria.

“Ummm....what the fuck is this?” Hunk asked as he watched an irritated Galran in a crooked
hairnet slap a ladle full of green gooe onto his plate.

“It’s all the basic nutritions humans need to consume a day to survive.” The Galran in the hair net hissed, causing Hunk to scoot quickly away with his plate and tray.

“Welp could be worse right?” Lance asked half heartedly as he poked the green gooey substance untrustingly with a spoon.

“We’re going to fucking die here.” Hunk cried covering his eyes as he slid the tray a few inches away.

Pidge snorted.

Keith groaned, his face still on the table.

“I’m pretty sure we won’t die, that would defeat the purpose of them bringing us here.” Allura said as she scooped a tiny bit of goo into her mouth, she quickly made a face.

Lance watched in amusement as she promptly turned pale, her face twisting with disgust as she swallowed a tiny bit of the visually unappealing meal.

“What was that you were saying about them not killing us?” Lance teased.

“If the food doesn’t kill us, training will.” Pidge lamented as she hesitantly scooped a bit of goo into her mouth and blanched at the odd taste.

“Don’t even get me started on training.” Hunk glared, “They are going to kick our asses.”

“You did get punched pretty hard in the face yesterday.” Keith pointed out, his eyes still closed.

“It probably won’t be to bad.” Shiro offered trying to picture the glass half full.

Lance snorted, tilting the glass upside down and dropping it onto the floor. “You didn’t get snatched off the floor and tossed like a rag doll across the room.”

So much for optimism.

Shiro frowns.

“Your right, instead he got hit by a spinning fur ball of death.” Pidge snickered between bites.

“Can we not talk about that?” Shiro asked with a tired sigh, trying to push the vivid memory from his mind. He winced remembering the sensation of being slammed into so hard his lunges stuttered to pull in air.

“Oh ok, you wanna talk about how your arm is a fucking energy rod and you didn’t tell us?” Keith asked with now open and narrowed eyes.

“....can we not talk about that either?”

“So what does everyone think of their teachers?” Allura asked, reluctantly changing the subject.

“I don’t even know what the fuck he is.” Pidge deadpanned with a frown.

“At least Slav didn’t quote your teacher beating the fear out of you.” Hunk sighed with closed eyes as he leaned back into his seat. “He punched the fuck out of me guys....and I didn’t like it.”
“It actually made me very uncomfortable.”
Hunk continued, causing the other Paladins at the table to wilt with understanding.

“I’d rather get punched in the face, than tossed across the room and verbally abused again.” Shiro confessed.

“Shiro...he wasn’t just hard on you. He was hard on all of us.” Allura offered softly placing her hand reassuringly on his shoulder.

“Psssh.” Lance said rudely, “Speak for yourself, he was pretty much the meanest to me.”

“But did he lie though?” Pidge asked seriously, causing Lance to sputter out a half assed protest , making Keith laugh.

“Oh shut it Mr.Inexperienced.”

Keith slowly lifted his head from the table and stares at Lance, a look of absolute boredom crosses his face.

“I’d rather be inexperienced than a childish, easily distracted,immature piece of sh-“

“FUCK YOU KOGANE!!!” Lance yelled obviously riled up as he rose from his seat and moved toward Keith.

Keith snorts unamused at the blue Paladin’s antics, he swiftly rose from his seat, fully awake.

“YOU DO NOT want these problems MCCLAIN.” Keith shot back stepping toward Lance, his shoulders tense.

“Guys...” Shiro started calmly as he rose to his feet and attempted to separate the impending storm of the two.

Pidge and Hunk simply watch the show, finding nothing new in the usual exchange.

“HOW DO FUCKING KNOW WHAT I WANT?!?” Lance continued hot, as he pushed Shiro’s arm from his chest and sized up Keith, anger blazing behind blue eyes.

Keith mirrors his actions, pushing his brother’s hand away and moving toward Lance, he stands dissent and tough, his fists balled tight at his sides.

“BECAUSE I GAVE IT TO YOU AND YOU DIDN’T FUCKING KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT!!!!” Keith spat venomously, the choice of wording catching everyone else at the table off guard. Lance stepped back the animosity instantly draining from his frame, he turned away from Keith, a forlorn look stamped across his face.

“Ummm what’s going on?” Hunk asked timidly as he watched Lance slink backward, seeming to shrink under the weight of each step.

“Gay.” Pidge chimed as she took another bite of gooe unphased, Allura gave her a look.

“Why don’t you ask Lance?” Keith finished with a look of disgust as he stepped back and found his seat.

Hunk turned to Lance, Lance wouldn’t meet his eyes.

“Nothing...” he mumbled.
“Exactly. NOTHING.” Keith said crossing his arms annoyed.

Shiro looked at his brother, he apparently wasn’t the only one keeping secrets. Shiro’s eyes moved from Keith to Lance, his posture tight, he fretted nervously with the sleeve of his faded blue suit.

What happened.

Shiro doesn’t have long to dwell on the matter. Slav steps into the kitchen and greets them. His expression grim, his black suit clean and unmarred.

“Meet me in the training room.” He said quickly turning away, he stood still waiting in the door way.

Shiro rose to his feet first, the others quickly imitating him and following Slav’s silhouette.

“Lance are you ok?” Hunk whispered, as he fail instep beside his Bestfriend a few paces behind the others.

“I-I’m fine.” Lance replied weakly, clearing his throat, he quickly ran his hands down his legs, his palms sweaty with guilt.

“Lance.” Hunk said stoping his movement in the hallway, he reached toward Lance and grabbed his wrist. “You know you can talk to me right?” He asked earnestly, his brown concerned eyes meeting hesitant blue ones.

After a second Lance quickly nodded, the corner of his lips pulling up into a shaky smile. “Thanks. I know.”

Hunk held their gaze a moment longer before pulling away, he kept his hand around his friend’s wrist as they continued to walk. Lance inhaled and exhaled deeply with relief, glad to feel the supportive warmth radiating from Hunk.

Things with Keith had gotten out of hand, gone down hill...and caught on fire...but he didn’t think the raven haired man was still upset...let alone still thinking about what happened.

Did Keith think about it as often as he did...

Did he crave Lance the way he craved him?

Why would he?

He had Lotor...

Lance though bitterly, he could taste the envy on the tip of his tongue, his inner thoughts threaten to spill from his lips and set ablaze to the world around him.

He wanted Keith.

Wanted him more then he did the minute they touched experimentally in his hallway.

He wanted to touch him, taste him, kiss every inch of him and make him his.

He wanted a redo.

He wanted to stamp Keith with his love and make his thoughts of affection known.
He swallowed the words and straightened his back, this was not the time for that.

Not for these thoughts of regret.

Besides...he has Lotor...unless he wanted him.

The thought incited a melee of emotions, they sprouted from his chest and made him want to reach for something he didn’t deserve to have.

Pidge grunted from beside Keith, gaining his attention, he simply raised a thick black brow in response.

“What was that?”

“What was what?” Keith asked back, purposely attempting to avoid the question, he absently wiggles the zipper in the front of his pale red suit, ignoring her.

Pidge glared, making Keith sigh deeply.

“Fine. Can we talk about it later?” He asked as he leaned toward her, trying to keep out of ear shot of Shiro and Allura in front of them.

She simply nodded and faced forward, her eyes on Slav as the doors to the training room opened.

“For the next few days we’ll work on hand to hand and break you from any bad habits you may have.”

Slav said as he fully stepped into the room, Kolivan, Zander and Ulaz stood patiently across the room.

“What do you mean break?” Hunk gulped, his eyes on Ulaz as he watched the tall Galran crack the knuckles of his left hand.

Slav gave Hunk a look, before quickly turning away and strolling across the room toward the other teachers.

“Zander could you?” Slav asked as he handed a small silver square box to him, Zander simply nodded in response taking the box in his large hands and stepping away.

“All weapons please.” Zander hissed as he glided toward them, his body twisting and flowing along the confines of his suit.

He held the silver box open and waited for the Paladins to turn over their weapons.

“Why?” Keith asked defensively, his hand hovering protectively over the black dagger hidden in his suit.

“Because we’re working strictly on hand to hand combat, no weapons aloud.”

Ulaz supplied.

“Keith.” Shiro said sternly, after his brother didn’t move.

Keith glared placing his Bayard quickly into the box, Zander hovered looking at him a few seconds longer before pulling his eyes away and moving toward Pidge.

Pidge quickly placed her Bayard into the box, then Shiro and so on. Once all the Bayards where collected Zander closed the box and pressed his finger along the top. Allura watched as the box lit up bright before producing a loud clicking sound and locking.
“Ummmm....” She started unsure what exactly to ask.

“What exactly is happening?” Shiro asked for her, echoing the thoughts of the other Paladins.

“Once you are past hand to hand combat training, you move to weapon training.” Kolivan said as he took a step forward, his yellow eyes on Shiro.

“How long will that take?” Lance asked nervously, he felt his breath hitch as yellow eyes turned to him, analyzing and threatening to see through him, he fought the urge to look away.

“That is entirely up to you.” Kolivan said evenly as he pulled his eyes away and watched Slav move toward the control panel.

His fingers moving quick as he pressed a series of buttons, Hunk watched in awe as the room began to change color and transform.

Long thick tree trunks sprouted from the ground, thick ropes of green and splashes of moss covered the ceiling, lush green plants sprouted forward, blanketing the room in the forest like interior. Among the green grass, lines of worn dirt paths appeared throughout the room.

“This is Kolivan’s favorite training room.” Slav said with a smile as he stepped away from the control panel.

“Everyone prepare to spare. Hold nothing back.” Slav said as he squared his shoulders, his eyes falling on Shiro.

Ulaz moves first, quickly slipping past the others, he glided across the new terrain with ease and collided into Hunk, knocking him back several feet, his shoes sliding across the dirt.

Ulaz smiled as their eyes met, “Hold nothing back.” He said as he charged forward again, slamming his foot into Hunks chest.

Hunk gritted his teeth and moved, catching Ulaz by the arm, he pivoted, loose beads of gravel moaned under his feet as he slammed Ulaz hard into the ground. He quickly took a step back getting into a defensive stance as he watched Ulaz quickly rise to his feet, dusting the dirt from the front of his suit with a smile.

“Now we’re getting some where.”

Keith grit his teeth as he moved forward, attempting to land a hit on Zander, his combinations and quick movements doing little to no damage as the being moved forward, he slipped easily around Keith absorbing the force of one of his hits and sending it back. Keith slid back a few feet and lunged forward, his feet and hands moving in sync as he fought to push his teacher back.

“You fight with such fire.” Zander gargled in response as he caught Keith by the wrist, yanking him forward and slamming him down into the dirt.

“You will need the most work.” He said flipping his wrist, Pidge screamed as she was easily tossed around the room.

“Channel that fire.” Zander said as he released Keith and advanced toward Pidge.

Pidge heaved hard to her left, attempting to block and put distance between her and Zander. He continued forward undeterred by her measly hits and shallow kicks, Zander moved quickly his large hand catching her ankle.

“You will need the most work.” He said flipping his wrist, Pidge screamed as she was easily tossed around the room.
“Pidge!!” Allura called temporarily distracted as she watched her other half fly dangerously across the room.

“You should really pay attention to your own battles.” Kolivan growled low as knocked Allura down to her feet and kicked her out his way as Lance charged toward him.

Kolivan’s face remained neutral as he pushed back Lance’s advances. He was pleasantly surprised by the blue Paladins flexibility as he shifted low to the ground into a hand stand bringing his legs high above his head. Kolivan’s eyes widened with surprise as strong lean legs wrapped around his neck and slammed him off balance.

Allura moved gracefully pinning Kolivan’s arms harshly behind his back, locking him to the floor. Lance stood beside her, his breathing erratic as he tried to climb down from the ladder of adrenaline pumping through his veins.

“You two have surpassed my first impression of you.” Kolivan said evenly as he easily broke Allura’s hold and rose to his feet, “But you are holding back.”

His eyes locked on them, he popped his neck and clamped his right hand around Lance’s wrist and his left hand onto Allura’s.

“Good I can be as brutal as I want.” The ominous words made Lance wheeze as he was pulled high into the air, his feet no longer on the ground.

Him and Allura shared twin expressions of horror as the grip around their wrists tighten.

“Prepare yourselves.”

Shiro’s eyes narrowed as he braced for another of Slav’s attacks, his long slender body moved dangerously twisting and extending toward him.

Shiro managed to block five out of eight punches thrown his way, Slav didn’t let up as he launched forward slamming into him, his long body wrapping tightly around his.

Shiro wobbled and struggles to stay upright on his feet, his legs snapped closed together, forcing him still in place, the pressure surrounding his body increased, making him go light headed.

He began to claw at any and all bits of body his fingers could reach, his arms locked down at his sides in place.

“Do you concede?” Slav asked politely, not moving.

The words register late, slowly pushing past the haze of dizziness surrounding him.

“If you don’t you’ll pass out.”

Shiro struggled to look around the room, his situation identical to his team members, he grit his teeth and fought through it, attempting to grab one of Slav’s arms.

“Suit yourself.” Slav said dismissively with a shrug of his shoulders, as he tighten his hold on Shiro, causing the Paladin to hiss in discomfort.

“Do you concede?” Ulaz asked Hunk as he stood above him, his knee pressed to the back of the yellow Paladin’s neck. Hunk huffed under the unfamiliar weight, struggling to pull free and properly breath, bits of dirt smudged and sullied the shoulder of his cream yellow suit.
“Do. You. Concede?” He repeated casually, watching with satisfaction as the large man squirmed underneath him helplessly.

“Do you concede?” Kolivan asked as he applied more pressure on his foot pinning Lance to the ground. Lance struggled hard underneath him trying to wiggle free, Allura flailed about trying to remove the vice like grip that held her left arm pinned to the back of her right calf.

“Do you concede?” He repeated patiently as he remained unmoved by their attempts at freedom. Lance started to claw at Kolivan’s foot and that rested firmly in the center of his chest, Allura shifted trying to yank free, knocking herself off balance and falling to the ground.

Kolivan sighed. He was ready for lunch.

“Do you concede?” Zander asked for a second time as he locked his limbs around Keith and Pidge, cutting of their movements and attempts of escape.

“Bite me.”

Keith hissed struggling and kicking in Zander’s hold, trying to angrily break free. The hold around them tighten causing Pidge’s eyes to shut as pain skyrocketed up her arms and down her legs.

“Keith stop it. Your making this worse!!”

Pidge grit out as she observed the way Keith’s movements caused the being to constrict around them like a python more and more.

“Do. You. Concede?” Zander asked again, Keith could hear the amusement behind his words and grew more irritated.

“Do you concede black Paladin?”

Slav repeated as he shifted slamming Shiro’s body hard into one of the dirt paths, sending bits of gravel and dirt sporadically around them. Shiro saw white as his breathing became rushed and uneven, dread blossomed throughout the corners of his mind, he wouldn’t be able to last much longer.

“I CONCEDE!!”

Shiro’s head snaps up at the sound of Pidge’s strangled voice, she sounds hurt.

“I concede!! Let go of me!!” Allura voice sounds off next as she kicks free from Kolivan’s grip, she stumbles as she rises and quickly rights herself moving in Pidge’s direction.

“I concede.” Keith whispered as he stopped all movement, his worried eyes on Pidge’s form. Zander shifts the mass of his body, swiftly releasing the two Paladins, Pidge crumbles to the ground beside Keith.

Before Keith can move, Allura’s at Pidge’s side, tenderly and hesitantly touching her as she lays her flat onto her back.

“I CONCEDE!!” Lance and Hunk sound off together, Hunk breaks Ulaz’s hold on him and quickly rises to his feet heading in Pidge’s direction. Lance rolls from under Kolivan’s feet and kicks him sharply in the thigh as he heads toward Pidge.
“Pidge! Are you ok?” Allura asked anxiously, her voice dripping of apprehension and distress, she pushes strands of Pidge’s short hair from her closed eyes.

“I-mmmm ok.” Pidge mumbles softly slowly opening her eyes, she attempts to sit up and flinches clutching her sides,pain and regret written across her face.

“Pidge don’t try to move.” Keith starts slowly, hesitantly reaching a hand toward her.

“Pidge you are not ok.” Hunk sighs softly as he squats beside her, examining a large dark bruise on her forearm.

“Pidgey stay still. We don’t know what’s wrong.” Lance said as he sat down beside her, his blue eyes full of worry.

“I concede.” Shiro grits out quickly, he only cares about the wellbeing and health of his friends, the battle with his pride could wait. Slav unwraps around him quickly, Shiro rushes to his feet and heads toward Pidge.

He takes in her minor scratches, the large bruise on her forearm and the scraps on both knees of her training suit.

“Pidge how are you feeling? Are you light headed? What hurts?” He asks quickly dropping to his feet in front of her.

“Just a little beat up but I’m fi-“

“DON’T you dare sit here and repeat that lie!” Allura nearly shouts, seething with absolute anger, her tone causes Pidge to wince and look away.

“And you!!” Allura sneered turning her full attention to Zander, “Your supposed to train us!!! Not hurt us!!”

Zander stands still in place, the humanoid mask concealing his reaction.

“My intention was not to hurt her-“

“Well you did!! Is this why you picked her?! To hurt her?!“

“Allura please...it’s ok...I’m-I’ll be fine.” Pidge offers weakly, trying to calm her down.

“No!!” Allura hissed turning her blue eyes toward Pidge, “I am angry, I have a right to be angry!!”

“Look we have healing-“ Allura cuts Ulaz off with a pointed look, he raises his hands defensively in front of himself.

Slav’s eyes widen as he catches a ray of pink colored light flash from Allura’s right hand. Her Bayard appears glowing bright and begins to take shape, her chain quickly forms the heavy weight of it drops to the ground with a loud thud.

“Allura calm down.” Shiro starts hesitantly his eyes on the unusually large chain, “Everyone’s tired we just all need to-“

“Fuck off Shiro.” Allura breathed out, her eyes on Zander, “You like to hurt people huh? How bout I show you what I think about your fucking training.”

“Allura please.” Pidge pleads weakly, trying to stand up, she stumbles and nearly falls.
Hunk catches her and easily lifts her up into his arms protectively, his eyes on Allura, he takes note of the lion on the back of her neck glowing and prowling about.

The lion just like its owner share the same wavelength of anger. Both enraged and seething.

“Should we stop this?” Kolivan asked from beside Ulaz his eyes on Slav. Slav shrugs in response, his eyes glued to the Bayard he had locked away.

“Let’s see what happens.” Ulaz said curiously, his eyes on the soft pink weapon in Allura’s hand. “Wasn’t her chain smaller then that?”

“That may not be wise.” Kolivan stated as he turned his eyes from his companions and back onto his student. His eyes fail on the pink glowing marks just below her eyes, they seemed to pulsate as their owner stared down Zander, ready to strike.

Allura’s wrist moves and her chain flows freely, lifting from the ground, she doesn’t bother lifting her wrist higher, she uses minimal movement. Zander stumbles backward in surprise as the chain moved abruptly without order, viciously in his direction.

Allura moves with him, not allowing him the space to breath or peace of mind to attack, with each step she takes her anger only seemed to increase, climbing higher and higher with no mind to come down.

Zander moves defensively, ducking and dodging the flow of her chain, his body twisting and retracting away before she can land a solid hit. He occasionally steps her way and attempts to knock her off balance and disrupt her flow, but like a mountain, she refuses to be moved.

Her attacks become more aggressive pushing him further and further back, he’s unprepared for the wall of anger he’s unknowingly unleashed.

“I’ve...never seen her this mad before.” Pidge whispered, as she watched Allura ruthlessly go after Zander, her blue eyes sharp and unforgiving.

“I have...only once.” Lance said as he rose to his feet and stepped beside Hunk, “We better take a step back.”

“What? Why they aren’t even near-“ Keith’s words stop as he watched Allura pull her chain high above her head, the length continuously extending as it shattered the ground behind her a few paces away from them, the chain continued to sink into the ground. Moving.

“We should definitely move.” Shiro said as he snatched his brother up from sitting position and followed behind Hunk and Lance away from the battle.

“What is she do-“ Pidge’s question stopped as she watched Allura flick her wrist pulling harshly on the large chain, her eyes widened as she took in the large piece of earth her chain had uprooted.

“She shouldn’t be able to do that!! This is supposed to be a simulation!!” Hunk yells, he’s openly freaking out as he takes in the massive boulder Allura’s chain has imprisoned.

“Slav isn’t this supposed to just be a simulation? She shouldn’t be picking up pieces of it.” Shiro
said as he turned toward his teacher, Slav stood still in place his arms crossed.

“It is a simulationnnn, but it’s not. Everything in it is real.”

Shiro’s jaw dropped in disbelief.

“We need to stop her!!”

“It’ll be fine.” Slav dismissed with a flick of his wrist, Kolivan sighed from beside him.

Zander’s movements stalled as his eyes fail on the pink energy wrapped around the large bolder, he shifted backwards his form liquifying to the ground.

Allura’s eyes narrowed as she snapped her arms and hurled the large rock in his direction, her feet quickly moving as she grit her teeth and advanced in his direction.

Zander moves in waves along the ground, his body flowing recessively away from Allura’s advances.

“You think I care about you changing forms?!” Allura growled out as she brought her left hand to the base of her chain, changing the shape.

“Uh oh....” Lance chimed watching Allura’s weapon take a different form.

“I didn’t know she could do that...can we do that?!” Hunk questioned as they watched Allura’s chain break down and flow into a wetter shape.

Allura growled as she charged after Zander, snapping her chain in his direction, his fluid movements stuttered as her chain landed, merging into him.

“I’m stopping this.”

Kolivan said as he broke away from Slav’s side and advanced forward, his eyes on Allura as he rushed to stop her.

Pidge turned her head and caught sight of Kolivan, everything around them seem to slow as Allura continued to move, her left hand touching the bottom of her chain’s base.

Pidge watched in awe as dangerously large sparks of hot white and pink spiraled around the chain, extending forward and collided into its intended target.

Zander cried out loud in pain, as the sparks grew and consumed his flowing form, forcing him to retreat into a mid sized puddle. Allura was jerked backward harshly from her feet, dropping her weapon surprised as large arms wrapped around her and flung her across the room.

She easily landed on her feet, her eyes narrowed unamused.

“Zander!!” Ulaz yelled as he crossed the room quickly, he kneeled beside the now dark puddle, he hesitantly placed a finger into it and received a sharp jolt of electricity. He yelped and fail backwards into a sitting position.

Kolivan stood beside him, his eyes on Zander’s mistreated form.

Slav moves quickly pulling a radio like device from his pocket, he held it to his lips and began to speak.

“Ready a pod. We’re also going to need a liquid transport immediately in the training room.”

“Copy that.” A fuzzy unfamiliar voice replied quickly.
“End simulation.” Slav projected loudly, the Paladins watched as the room quickly changed back to its original cold gray color.

Keith’s eyes widened and he turned away as he caught site of the oily black puddle that sat a few yards away from them in front of Ulaz.

Allura began to walk in their direction, she didn’t bother to look at the mess she’d made of Zander. Kolivan shifted his gaze onto Allura, their eyes met as she continued forward unbothered.

Before anyone could find the words to speak, the doors to the training room opened and Hunk watched as the Galran from breakfast minus the hairnet, stepped into the room, he held a large thermos like object in his hands, he quickly made his way toward Ulaz.

The Galran moved efficiently, uncapping the lid of the container, he held it low and hovered it slowly a few feet above Zander’s form, the Paladins watched as the container sucked in all the remains of Zander’s form.

“Welp hand to hand combat was a bust.” Ulaz sighed as he watched the unknown Galran quickly close the container and retreat from the room.

“Maybe not.” Slav said thoughtfully as he tapped his chin with the fingers of his left hand. “I didn’t know you could summon your weapons to different locations.”

“Um we didn’t either.” Lance said his eyes on Allura.

“We won’t be able do to hand combat for the next few days, but you will start strength training tomorrow.” Slav said absently as he pulled away from the group and headed toward the training doors.

“Wait what’s going to happen to him?” Pidge asked softly as she reached her hand out to a still upset Allura.

“He’ll be fine. Allura just destroyed his form and now he has to regenerate. He’ll be up and running in a few days.”

“What about Pidge’s injuries?” Allura asked not bothering to connect hands with Pidge, she crossed her arms in defiance.

“Ah yes. Kolivan take them to the spring.” Slav said as he continued forward. “Good work today Paladins, let’s hope tomorrow goes just as well.” Slav continued as he stepped out of the room.

“Goes just as well?!” Lance shrieked in disbelief, “I can use a lot of words to describe how today went and well isn’t one of them.”

Keith nodded in agreement.

“I am going to place your Bayard back into the box.”

Kolivan said evenly, his eyes on Allura. She simply nodded dryly in response, and watched as Ulaz dropped her inactive Bayard back into the box, Kolivan quickly locked it.

“What did he mean by spring?” Shiro asked as he watched Allura uncross her arms and accept Pidge’s offered hand.

“On the ship we have healing springs.”
“Wait like hot springs?” Keith asked surprised by the concept of a spring being inside of an alien fleet ship.

Kolivan simply nodded, “Feel free to grab anything from your rooms, I’ll be waiting in the hallway in five.” He continued as he strolled across the training room and headed out the door.

“Why are we going to a hot spring?” Allura asked with a raised brow.

“Because it’s a healing spring. It was Kolivan’s idea to have one added to the ship before your arrival.” Ulaz said as he peeled away from the group and headed across the room.

“Ok then.” Hunk said as he pivoted on his heels and turned heading towards the door with Pidge in his arms.

“Allura do you wanna talk about what happened?” Shiro hesitantly asked, unsure what mood the Altean women was in.

“Depends, do you want to talk about your arm?” She snapped back, her challenging blue eyes blazed at Shiro.

“Look, I’m not trying to attack you here.” He sighed, unsure why she was throwing hostility around the room.

Allura face softens a bit at his words, she produces a long winded sigh and shifts her eyes back onto Pidge.

“Allura can we talk?” Pidge asked as Hunk sat her down on her messy unmade bed.

“Sorry lately I’ve just been really on edge.”

Shiro nods, he can understand that.

They all are.

Each of them a few ticks away from flipping their shit and falling into madness.

“Allura can we talk?” Pidge asked as Hunk sat her down on her messy unmade bed.

“Thanks Hunk.”

“Any time. I’ll see you two in a few.” He smiled softly as he stepped out of the room, the automatic door hissing closed behind him.

Allura awkwardly rubbed her arm and avoided Pidge’s gaze, “Let me grab my things first.” She said sheepishly as she quickly turned on her heels and stepped out of the room.

Pidge sighed as she reached in the dresser beside her bed, she quickly plucked a large bath towel and few articles of clothing.

A moment later Allura stepped back into her room with her bag slung across her shoulder, she moved wordlessly toward Pidge swiftly placing her choice items into her bag.

Pidge sat mute on the bed, her eyes watching Allura.

Allura rolled her shoulders and turned toward Pidge, she opened her mouth to speak.

The soft tap of knuckles against the door stopped her, the door hissed open revealing a changed Hunk and a dancing Lance, he’d stolen Pidge’s headphones the night before.

Pidge glared at his dancing form.
“You guys ready?” Hunk asked obviously not sensing the mood of the room, he stepped toward Pidge.

“I got her.” Allura said as she slid her bag from her shoulder and placed it into Hunk’s open arms.

“Ok.” Hunk replied hesitantly as he tossed Pidge one last glance before stepping aside giving Allura space.

Allura smiled as she leaned forward, her arms wrapping around Pidge, lifting her deftly.

“We’ll talk in the spring.” Allura said lowly her lips pressed to the shell of Pidge’s ear.

Pidge simply nodded, trying to force back the blush that threatened to color her cheeks. Allura moved carefully as she cradled all five feet and one hundred and three pounds of Pidge to her chest, holding her as if she where fragile and would break at any moment.

“Keith what’s going on with you and Lance?” Shiro asked his voice in a low whisper as he stepped inside his brother’s room.

Keith’s movements stalled for a moment, he sighed as he crammed his bath towel into his back pack and turned toward his brother.

“Nothing happened.”

Shiro gives Keith a look of disbelief, Keith laughs as he side steps his brother and attempted to avoid the question.

“Keith—” Shiro started, his voice heavy with worry, like a parent.

Keith rolled his eyes, he hated that voice. He hated it almost as much as the look of disappointment. The look his brother gave him whenever he did something questionable and not well thought out.

“We had a moment when we where attacked...something happened...but it didn’t.” Keith said stopping just before the door, the idea of telling his brother that Lance’s dick had been in his hand wasn’t appealing.

After a moment Shiro spoke.

“I understand if you don’t want to talk about it. I just want to make sure your ok.”

Keith inhaled deeply, Shiro worries too much.

“You know... you bottle things up until you snap. Just—“

“I’ll talk to you before that happens. I’m ok. Really.” Keith sighed as he turned around and faced his brother.

Shiro’s eyes met his and he nodded taking a step toward Keith, he placed his hand on his shoulder and they stepped out of the room.

Keith met Pidge’s eye as he stepped into the hallway, wordlessly asking if she was ok, she simply nodded and he looked away.

Kolivan greeted them all with a curt nod, he held a few items in his large hands, he pivoted quickly on his heels and stepped down the hall at a slow pace, allowing the others to follow.
Hunk shook his head as Lance danced in step beside him, swishing his hips in tune with an unheard beat.

“What are you listening to?” Hunk asked curiously as he leaned toward Lance and lifted the left side of the headphone from his ear, the lyrics sang loudly as he did.

“My neck my back lick my puss—“

“Nevermind.” Hunk said as he quickly released the headphone and laughed.

They continued silently down the hallway and turned left after another moment Kolivan turned right and stopped at a large set of wooden double doors.

“I’m unsure how you’d prefer to do this. But the men’s bath is on the left and the women’s is on the right.” Kolivan said as he pushed the large doors open and stepped inside.

Lance melted as a cloud of hot steam kissed his skin, deeply inhaling the rich sage smell of plants and herbs, his body quickly relaxing.

Hunk’s eyes widened in awe as he took in the beautiful large wooden partition that split down the middle of the room, he drank in the sea of different sized large rocks covered in moss and vegetation, the loud sound of water cascading down into a waterfall, the calming scent of anonymous healing herbs attacked his nostrils.

He felt his body relax, ready to dip into warm heated soft green water.

“This looks just like bathhouses back home.” Shiro said with a smile to Keith as they made their way deeper into the room stepping toward the men’s side of the room.

“Welp ladies what are we waiting for?” Lance asked as he swept his bath towel across his shoulders and followed behind Allura and Pidge.

“Wrong side buddy.” Hunk said quickly as he snatched his best friend’s collar and dragged him to the men’s side of the bathhouse.

Lance whined as he was dragged away, Keith rolled his eyes as he began to undress quickly stepping into the water.

He moaned deep with pleasure as he felt the warm heat of the water sink down into his bones, his eyes rolled back with pleasure.

He didn’t even know he needed this.

Shiro stepped in quickly, a look of sheer bliss spreading across his face as he sank deeper and deeper into the water, nearly submerging himself completely.

“Oh mannnnnn.” Lance moaned as stepped into the water, he quickly ducked his head below the surface and sank to the bottom. He came back up with a smile and comfortably sat down on the oak bench that peaked just under the water’s surface.

“The flowers are beautiful.” Hunk complimented as he sank into the water, scooping a handful of soft pink and white flowers into his hands.

“Cherry blossoms.” Keith filled in with a smile as he plucked a petal from the water floating in front of him.
Kolivan smiles as he sat further away, he took his time unbraiding his long white hair that fell to his waist. Lance looked up from the water in front of him and took in his teacher, his eyes marveling at the large broad shoulders and stream of muscles that covered his body.

He looked peaceful as he leaned back into the waterfall, letting himself become completely drenched.

Lance continued to watch, his eyes roaming from the large scar that ran across his left eye, to the soft pastel orange markings that decorated his face. The marks colored just above his eyes and followed the flow of his eyebrows, a circular mark sat just above the middle of his eyes.

Lance eyes continued down the bridge of his nose, past his lips and stopped on a the neatly kept goate. Lance swallowed as his he took in the scars the covered the Galran’s well defined chest, some small and new, others large and dated.

His breath hitched as slanted yellow eyes met his, Lance quickly sank to the bottom of the spring.

Embarrassed he’d been caught staring.

Allura moaned as she sank deeper into the warm water, the stress that had sat pregnantly on her shoulders seemed to evaporate as she sank completely into the water.

Pidge closed her eyes as she felt her body relax and unwind, the pain in her right side now dull and barely relevant as she sank deeper into the water.

Pidge smiled as Allura popped back up from the water, her eyes closed, her white hair blanketed beautifully across her shoulders and chest, making her appear goddess like.

Pidge moved from the bench in the water, she stepped toward Allura, plucking a flower petal from her hair.

Allura moved, her hand stopping Pidge’s movements as she pulled her hand into hers. With her eyes still closed she pressed her lips to Pidge’s inner wrist, after a moment she spoke, slowly opening her eyes.

“I won’t apologize for what I did earlier, but I will apologize for my behavior.”

Allura said sternly her blue eyes sharp as they bore into Pidge’s intensely.

“I-" Pidge words came to a screeching halt as Allura’s eyes roamed up and down her body with predatory eyes.

“For the first half of our relationship I wasn’t able to truly be with you because of my father’s prior dealings...but now..” She trailed off, her eyes flickering from Pidge’s and onto her parted lips.

“I can love you the way I want with no restrictions.”

Pidge’s eyes widened as Allura’s words registered home, kicking down the gate of hesitance and trampling down the door of discretion without a second thought. The pointedness and candor delivery of her words bundled Pidge’s body in a tantalizing sensation of want.

She blushed as Allura pulled her closer, her lips crashing into her’s immediately, igniting the timid spark of arousal buried between Pidge’s legs as their lips moved seamlessly together.

The kiss continuously blossomed as Allura backed her up against the partition wall, the kiss
aggressive, blatantly showcasing possession as Allura took the lead.

Moving carefully with purpose, encouraging Pidge to respond, Allura smiled between the touches of their lips as Pidge met her head on, returning her invitation with as much fire behind it as Allura gave.

Allura ran her wet fingers through Pidge’s hair and slid them down to the base of her skull, tilting her head back and creating a newer better angle, making Pidge moan deep with approval, deepening the kiss.

Allura moaned as Pidge’s hands touched her, all over, gliding and caressing. Each touch making her shudder more and more with need as everything became to hot.

On the other side of the partition they could hear idle chatter and the loud movement of water splashing about, as their companions started to get out of the water.

Allura pulled away slowly her hooded eyes on Pidge’s red kiss swollen lips, she smiled as she guided them toward the other end of the spring near their belongings. Quickly handing Pidge a towel and stepping out of the water.

“I guess will finish this later?” Allura questioned with a smile as she began to towel dry her wet hair.

“Of course.” Pidge said breathlessly as she began to quickly dress, glad her body no longer creaked of pain.

“That was nice.” Shiro mused with a pleasant smile as the group joined together at the doors.

“Mmmhmm.” Hunk said in agreement as he sleepily nodded beside a pleasantly relaxed Keith.

“Is the hot spring openly available?” Allura asked curiously as Lance yawned beside her, stretching his limbs out lazily like a cat.

“It is. Feel free to use it whenever the mood arises.” Kolivan said as he pushed opened the large doors, Lance tried not to watch the way the muscle in his back moved with each movement.

He needed to put on a shirt.

Or take off his pants.

Lance really couldn’t decide.

Pidge of course caught him staring and rolled her eyes.

The group continued forward in silence, more then half of them almost falling asleep along the walk back to their rooms.

“I’ll see you tomorrow morning at six.” Kolivan said as he breezed past them and disappeared down the hallway.

“Night guys.” Lance said with a yawn as the door to his room slid open.

“Rest up everyone. We want to be ready for strength training tomorrow.” Shiro said with a smile as he headed in the direction of his room.

Keith waved tiredly to Pidge and Allura as he stepped into his room, Hunk yawned loudly and
mumbled something about a midnight snack as he headed back down the hallway in the direction of the kitchen.

Pidge stepped into her room, she felt the heat of Allura on her heels as the door hissed closed, blanketing them in complete privacy.

Pidge sat down on her bed and opened her laptop, quickly scanning through the castle’s security footage, she quickly double checked the data base for any updated information on the Galran Empire.

Allura posted up by Pidge’s bed, her arms crossed as she observed, an amused smile on her lips.

“Always hungry for knowledge.” Allura notes faintly, nothing but soft fondness behind the words.

Pidge blushed meeting Allura’s gaze, she quickly shut her laptop and sat it down quickly on her night stand.

“Yeah sorry...”

Allura laughed, her eyes on Pidge as she watched her sheepishly rub her fingers through her hair.

“Nonsense, it’s one of the things I find most attractive about you.” Allura said with a smile as she took a step away from the door, almost closing the distance between them.

“What else do you find attractive about me?” Pidge asked as she rose to her feet and stepped forward, quickly closing the gap between them.

“Mmmhmm.” Allura hummed lazily, trying to pretend to think of things to list off.

Pidge smirked, “Don’t hurt yourself.”

“I’d much rather show you.” Allura said as she leaned downed and brushed her lips softly against Pidge’s, inciting a delicious reaction from the shorter women.

Pidge pulled away quickly and lifted the ends of her shirt, preparing to strip.

“Wait.”

Allura commanded, Pidge’s finger halted movement, as Allura stepped away and reached for her bag, digging through it, in search of something.

Pidge waited, her eyebrows furring in confusion as her eyes landed on a fancy sleek black camera.

“Why do you have that? What do you plan on doing with that?” Pidge asked with a nervous laugh as she awkwardly took a step back.

Her discomfort easily picked up through her words.

“I want to take pictures of you.” Allura said simply with a smile.

“Why would you-“

“Because I want to show you all the things I love about you.”

Pidge’s breath hitched at the declaration, she felt the flutter of trapped butterflies pool in the
bottom of her stomach.
She'd never done anything like this...let alone considered anyone wanting to see her in that way.

Allura waits patiently for a response, her blue eyes soft with love, but full of muted mischief.

This is a recipe for disaster. Pidge mused as she watched Allura watch her.

That only made her want to do it more.

With a shakey sigh, “What do you want me to do?” She asked.

“Get on the bed and strip for me.” Allura said quickly without a second thought.

Pidge nodded as she lay flat on her back, she grabbed the fabric of her shirt and slowly pulled it over her head.

She heard a click and saw a flash of light as she dropped her shirt on the floor, her eyes on Allura as she began to pull free of her shorts, taking her time, removing one leg at a time.

She smiled as she heard a series of clicks, she tossed her shorts carelessly beside her discarded shirt.

Her fingers hesitated, hovering above the strap of her bra, Allura clicked her tongue and moved closer, sitting on the foot of the bed.

“Take your time.” Allura said softly, the allure of her voice sending a wave of confidence through her partner.

She wanted Allura to watch.

She wanted to put on a show.

Her fingers moved without need of consent, she bite her bottom lip as she pushed forward, bolder, selfishly wanting ALL of Allura’s attention.

The Right strap drops.

So does the Left strap.

“Look at me.” Allura said as she pulled the camera away, “I want you to watch me, watch you.”

She nods as she coyly, spreads her legs and trails her hands greedily all over her body, quickly thanked with a series of appreciative clicks.

She giggled as she pulled free of her bra and threw it at her photographer, Allura smiled as she caught the fabric in her hands and watched Pidge move.

Now on her knees she swayed her hips suggestively, trailing her hands down her curves slowly.

More clicks

More pictures

She closed her eyes and moaned as she brought her thumbs down her stomach and stretched the band of her underwear, slowly pulling them down her hips.
Allura dropped her camera, watching with hunger as Pidge slide the thin fabric down her hips, from between her legs and down her thighs. Allura moves, making her way between Pidge’s legs before her panties can hit the floor.

“Ah....” Pidge moaned surprised as Allura burried her face between her legs and ravenously devoured her. Quickly slipping her tongue between her folds and lapping at her hungrily, her hands under Pidge’s ass lifting her higher as she worked, laving lovingly from her wet clit between her folds and down her perineum spreading her wider. Her pace not stopping as she added a finger, her thumb rubbing and teasing snatching a thrilled wail of pleasure from the short haired women.

Pidge groaned as she tried to run her fingers through Allura’s hair, she pulled the band, releasing damp soft waves of ivory.

Allura pulled away slowly, her fingers and hands still moving, “Do you know every time I touch you I feel a spark? Every time you kiss me I feel like I’m on fire?”

Pidge groaned loud and wantonly at the spoken compliments, her breath hitching as Allura added another finger.

“I’ve completely submitted to your power.” Allura breathed the words out as she indulge in making the women squirm and writhe beneath her.

“You bring me to my knees every time.” Allura said with a laugh as she lifted and flipped Pidge onto her stomach, her fingers still deep inside of her.

Pidge blushed as another moan spilled from her lips, she arched her back and gripped the sheets as Allura dived back down, her tongue moving rapidly along side her fingers, bathing her in a harmonious shower of inundate gratification.

Pidge’s choppy cries of thanks became broken as Allura slipped her thumb between Pidge’s ass cheeks, stroking the tight hole.

Pidge’s legs began to shake as Allura continued without pause, her tongue sliding from Pidge’s clit to her asshole.

The Altean women’s desire to covetously please her lover’s body, was known as her thumb slid past the first ring of resistance.

“Darling I have a surprise for you.”

Allura groaned as she removed her fingers from Pidge’s wet pink folds, catching sight of her juices spilling freely all over her inner thighs, she took her time sliding her fingers covered with arousal into her asshole.

“Wh-what is it?” Pidge asked breathlessly between moans, as she tried not to drift to far into the land of pleasure.

“Look back and I’ll show you.”

Pidge did as she was told, she could hear the amusement in her lover’s voice, curiously she looked. Her eyes widened and her jaw dropped as she caught sight of the heavily erect cock that stood proud between Allura’s legs.

“What? How-“
“It’s one of the perks of being Altean, my people can shift to adapt to their situation.” Allura said with a smirk as she waited on Pidge’s approval.

Pidge nodded her consent as she pulled her eyes away from the sight between Allura’s legs. Allura moved, her hand guiding her to Pidge’s entrance, she moaned deeply as she pushed completely inside, sinking into a scorching heat, making Pidge cry out.

Allura waited to move, giving her partner time to adjust, she walked her fingers up and down Pidge’s spine trying to offer comfort.

After a moment Pidge grunted with approval, Allura thrusted deeply into her, her left hand gripping Pidge’s waist as the fingers of her right hand began to scissor her unforgotten asshole open.

Pidge burried her face in the sheets, unable to stop the embarrassingly honest sounds from leaving her lips, her legs started to shake as Allura’s pace quickened.

Allura groaned as Pidge’s walls tightened around her, sucking her deeper and deeper into her heat. Allura preened with joy as she heard Pidge’s praise, the soft cute noises flowing freely, each one more enchanting then the last.

Allura removed her fingers and cupped Pidge’s ass with both her hands, she leaned forward and spread her cheeks apart her eyes watching the stretch of her hole.

“I have another surprise.” She sang.

“Another? Wha-what is it?” Pidge struggled to get out as Allura thrusts became faster and more aggressive knocking her forward, making her pull up the sheets and mess up her bed more.

Pidge thanked the stars there was no headboard, she’s not exactly sure how she’d want to go about explaining how the head of her bed ended up lodge halfway through her room wall.

Allura moved her right hand guiding her cock into Pidge’s asshole, slowing enjoying the welcomed stretch as more heat enveloped her.

“Christ A-ah-Allura how manyyyy dicks do you have?!?” Pidge panted as Allura sank deeply inside of her, filling her asshole and pussy completely.

“For you darling? As many as you like.” Allura said as she wrapped her arms around Pidge’s midsection and lifted her onto her knees.

Pidge began to babble incoherently, her eyes rolling back as her toes curls.

It felt so good.

Maybe to good.

Having Allura burried deep inside of her, fucking both of her holes at once.

As if sensing her thoughts, Allura pulled her closer, her lips kissing the back of her ear as spoke.

“Take advantage of the moment, this is for you.” She cooed as she thrusted up inside of her harder, making her fight to hold back a scream.

Allura’s movements stilled as she slowly pulled out, she moved Pidge again, laying her flat on her back, spreading her legs wide as she crawled between them and slipped quickly back inside her.
Allura basked in the luminous ethereal glow of Pidge.

Trying to drink her absolute fill of the radiant women beneath her.

The goal grew more unreachable as she witnessed the faces created beneath her as she plunged her self deeper and deeper.
The goal becomes unattainable as she hears the music like cries that flow freely into one ear and out the other.

She wanted more.

“I’ve never seen you make these faces before.” Allura purred as she watched Pidge attempt to cover her face with her hands, becoming overwhelmed by the intensity of the moment.

“You don’t have to hide.”

Allura started as she placed Pidge’s legs on her shoulders and snapped her hips with movement, bucking as deep as the new angle would allow.

“I want to see all of your faces.” Allura said as she dropped a tender kiss to Pidge’s ankle.

“I-I-I” Pidge struggled to speak a heady moan ripping through her chest as she removed her hands from her face and began to grabbed helplessly at the things around her. She grabbed at her pillow, grabbed at the sheets and tried to grab at Allura.

“Yes?” Allura asked as she dropped open mouth kisses to each of Pidge’s breasts, taking her time teasing and licking.

“Do you like this? Do you like when I fuck You?” Allura asked as she changed the angle again, lifting Pidge’s lower half completely from the bed, she gripped the edge of Pidge’s mattress and drilled into her, reaching deeper then before.

“Do you like it when I fuck you senseless?” She asked as she slammed down punching each word with movement.

“Y-y-es fuck yes I do.” Pidge cried out as her walls tightened around Allura, she began to shake her eyes rolling back as she fail under the spell of being dominated and played with by Allura.

“Oh my darling you look close.” Allura said as she released the edge of the mattress and sat up her hips still moving, her arms dropping around Pidge’s waist.

“Mmmh i-m I’m close.”

“Ah ah.” Allura teases as she her movements slowed to a stop, her eyes on Pidge.

After a moment Pidge grabbed her bearings and sat up on her elbows, a confused and disappointed look on her face.

“Why’d you stop?” She asked holding back a whimper.

Allura smiled as she kissed her deeply, her tongue slipping between welcoming parted lips, she pulled away, and rested her forehead against Pidge’s.

“I can’t have you come like this. You’ll be to tired for training in the morning.” Allura sighed closing her eyes, as she evened out her heavy breathing.
“What do you suggest?”

“Ah...a...ahhhhh.” Pidge moaned loudly as Allura bounced her up and down both hard lengths in her lap, the water of the hot spring swishing around them as Allura’s movements quickened.

Pidge wrapped her arms around Allura’s neck and attempted to brace herself as she stole kiss after kiss, messily crashing their lips, tongues and teeth together, moaning fondly into the aggressive touch.

“Let me know when your ready.” Allura said between kisses as Pidge began to ride her, greedily bouncing herself expertly, filling her holes over and over at her own pace.

Allura watched, her arms wrapping around Pidge as she fail into the kiss, enjoying the sound of splashing water made as their bodies moved together.

The scene before her absolutely bewitching as small flowers floated around them.

Pidge pulled away and groaned loudly panting, her eyes closed, a rich blush coloring her cheeks, her head thrown back, her lips slightly parted as she released another pornographic cry.

She looked absolutely wrecked.

“I’m...I’m...so...close.” She cried weakly as she tried to hold on a bit longer, her body betraying her wishes as her pussy began to throb, clamping down harder on the hard dicks buried deep inside her.

“Come for me darling.” Allura commanded softly as she slid her arms down to Pidge’s hips and began to mercilessly thrust deeper and harder inside of her, Pidge grew louder in her praise, as she pawed at Allura’s shoulders trying to find something to grab and anchor herself to the ground.

She wasn’t sure how high she’d go if she truly let go.

“Come all over me. Show me how good I make you feel.” Allura growled as she locked her arms around Pidge, drinking in the faces she made as she fail deeper and deeper into euphoria.

Pidge screamed as she came hard, failing apart in Allura’s arms as she fucked her through her orgasm.

Pidge began to babble and drool as Allura continued moving inside of her, chasing her orgasm, she captured Pidge’s lips with hers as she came, flashes of white danced behind her eyes lids as she fail into bliss.

She moaned wantonly as she felt her body completely relax, Pidge fail into her boneless, her eyes closed and her breathing rushed as her eyes closed.

“Are you sleep darling?” Allura asked with a smile as she rose with Pidge in her arms, her legs carrying them quickly from the spring and back into the confines of reality that was Pidge’s room.

Allura took her time drying Pidge off first, the shorter women falling asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Allura kissed her cheek as she slipped into bed beside her, pulling her close to her chest, drifting off peacefully right behind her.
Janae faltered to her knees coughing, desperately trying to pull air into her lungs, the arrival to Arcadia had not been a good one.

Laxus stood timidly beside her a worried look on his face, he reached a hesitant hand toward her and pulled her up to her feet.

“Are you ok? I did not think the arrival would be this taxing?”

“Blahhhhh.” Janae said with a dismissive wave of her hand, as she stood straight and took in the sight before her.

Her jaw dropped as she took in the esthetic of her homeland, she inhaled deeply, the rich sweet smell of earth settling peacefully over her.

Beautiful large colorful flowers sprouted up from midnight blue roots, the amber soil beneath her feet crunched loudly as she took a few steps forward, her eyes enchanted by the vibrant blue green water that spilled and flowed freely, meeting up to a larger body of water.

Large and small off colored insects flew by her curiously, a large furry Mammoth like creature purred as she walked by, its three eyes on her as she reached toward the odd creature.

Laxus smiled pleased from behind her, not surprised to see the bond between an owner and pet still strong.

“La-Laxus why...why does all of this seem so familiar?” Janae asked, stopping the movement of her hand midair.

The large creature huffed in disappointment as it turned away and reached toward a blue bush with square polka dot colored berries.

“Because it is. This was your home.” Laxus said as he stepped beside her, watching her drink in the new but old surroundings of her life.

“Now come we must greet the king.” Laxus said as he placed his hand on her lower back and ushered her forward, Janae stumbled a bit as her feet started to move.

“Geez what’s the rush? Why does he want to see me?” Janae asked as she allowed Laxus to guide her through the thick vegetation along a warn rock path.

“Because Your his-.” Laxus trailed off a sad look in his eye as he struggled to change and correct his words.

Janae stood in place watching him expectantly, waiting for him to finish.

“I’m his what?”

“Your his-his honored guest!!” Laxus supplied overly happy, inwardly cringing at the inaccurate lie.

Janae’s eyebrows pull together inquisitively for a second before settling into a pleased expression, she smiled.
“Oh ok.”

Laxus sighed with relief as they continued to walk down the path together, wondering how to continue his ruse once in the company of the king.

“Why am an honored guest?”

Janae asked nearly causing Laxus to trip, she ignored that and continued forward her eyes distracted by the beauty that continued to unfold as they drew deeper and deeper through the forest.

After a moment Laxus sighed deeply, his legs stopping his movement.

“Thousands of years ago....you gave up your life to protect Arcadia. The people of our faction mourned your loss for thousands of years-“

“Oh...I wasn’t expecting that...” Janae interrupted, the weighted reveal making her a bit uneasy.

The thought of millions of individuals she’d never met morning her DEATH for extended periods of time made her hesitant about meeting the king.

“Is....me being here such a really good idea?”

That wasn’t the question Laxus was expecting, he turned toward Janae and studied her for a moment, she stood awkwardly fiddling with her beaded bracelet.

“Yes.” Laxus said with a smile as he pulled her hand from her bracelet and took her hand in his, “It is an honor to be in the presence of the one who saved my world.”

“Laxus I-I don’t even remember what happened...or how I saved anyone.” Janae sighed, her voice full of sadness.

“That doesn’t matter, maybe some day you’ll remember. Until then there’s a king waiting to greet you.” Laxus said as he squeezed her hand reassuringly and pulled her along.

“How long do we have to walk?” Janae asked after several moments of silence, she pursed her lips together and made an unhappy face.

Laxus tilted his head back and laughed loudly, “We can get there faster, but I’d have to phase us there. I didn’t think you’d want to-“

“Phase already.” Janae whines impatiently, “I do not wanna walk to the King.”

Laxus smiled amused by the familiar behavior, “Hold your breath.”

Janae nodded and inhaled deeply, she brought her free hand up to her nose and squeezed her nostrils shut, she nodded in Laxus’s direction.

“This shouldn’t be as bad as the first time.” Laxus said as Janae felt the wind pick up around them, her stomach churned as it’s contents swished around uncomfortably, she closed her eyes as her body began to stretch and pull apart.

The split sensation of full body pain slammed into her, knocking the air from her lungs, the pain continued for a few more seconds.
Janae gasped as her feet touched the ground, Laxus supported her weight as she took a moment to gather her bearings.

“You...said it wouldn’t be as bad.” Janae said wiping a bead of sweat from her forehead, “You are outta line.”

Laxus laughed as he waited for Janae to right her self, she sent a glare his way.

“Whenever you are ready we shall meet the king.” Laxus pointed out as he pulled away and took a few steps back, “Welcome to the Kingdom of Arcadia.”

“I wanna go home already.” Janae conplained as she brushed imagery dirt from her knees, she stood tall and her eyes widened as she took in the large three tier castle that sat regal and proud on a massive floating piece of land.

Ribbons of water flowed unnaturally free around the land, swirling around in intricate shapes. Janae watched as tiny rainbow colored sea animals swam through the current of the water.

“How the fuck am I supposed to get up there?!?”

Laxus laughed a full belly laugh, closing his eyes as he took in Janae’s pissed off demeanor. “You are truly a joy to be around.”

“Well I’m glad you find me so entertaining.” Janae sassed as she gazed up at the castle, wondering how in the hell she was actually supposed to gain access.

“We are going to start your training now.” Laxus said with a smile as he crossed his arms behind his back.

“No.” Janae deadpans as she imagines her self attempting to jump and falling to her death immediately.

“It’s really not that hard.”

“I really don’t believe you.”

Another laugh from Laxus.

“Before the war you used to jump beyond the castle and enter through the roof. Often sneaking out and wreaking havoc.”

Janae frowns, “Still don’t believe you.”

“Mmmhmmm.” Laxus hums for a moment, wondering how to properly explain the simple jump.

“How high can you jump?”

Janae looks skeptical, “Not ten fucking feet.”

“You can do it.”

“Your high aren’t you?” Janae asks seriously as she turns away from the castle and stares down the amused older Chimera.

“I’ll teach you.”

“Yup your fucking high. I’m probably not even really here. I knew I shouldn’t of ate that edible
“Janae.” Laxus says sternly, attempting to be mature, forcing back a laugh as he schools his features into seriousness.

“Imagine your self taking the steps necessary to jump, let your mind freely roam, release the energy that flows throughout your body-“

“That sounds like some bull-“

“And jump.” Laxus finished, “Or watch me. But pay close attention.” Laxus said as the soles of his feet began to grow a faint orange color, he leaned forward and dropped to his knees.

“I’m only going to do this once.” He said as she watched him jump, his body launched through the air weightlessly. The act completed so quickly it almost looks simple.

Laxus waves at her from the doors of the castle, “If you don’t make the jump, just know you’ll probably break all of your bones and die.”

“No pressure.” Janae said as she began to stretch, quickly dropping to her knees and extending her left leg out to the side. “You can do this. You can do this and not fall to your death and die.”

Laxus watches curiously, he finds her need to stretch and give herself a pep talk rather amusing. Still the same Celest, he mused as he watched her stretch her other leg.

“Sometime today, please.” He chastised.

“Hold on!! I’m not trying to catch a cramp and die here!!” Janae frowned as she inhaled and exhaled deeply, trying to calm the wild thoughts of her mind. She closed her eyes and searched for the energy to inspire her jump.

“When you see the light grab it.” Laxus encouraged as he sat down and waited patiently.

Janae took heed to his words as she felt herself begin to wallow into darkness, wild strips of color danced out of reach around her, she continued to search reaching her hands out aimlessly into the darkness.
She took her time, easing through uncharted waters as she felt a change starting at the soles of her feet.
She pulled in a shaky breath as she caught sight of something wild and bright, she moved forward and hesitated, her eyes landing on a large white lion.

The lion started back at her curiously unmoving, it’s glowing white eyes considering her.
The silhouette of the lion only seemed to grow brighter as she took a tentative step forward, the lion gave a warning growl.

Janae’s eyes narrowed as she continued forward, she wasn’t going to die because of some antisocial lion.
She felt a number of things but fear wasn’t one, this time she grabbed instead of reached.
Her fingers tangling through soft fur before gripping down harshly, the lion rolled its eyes at her antics.

“I’ll give you what you came for if you let go of me.” The lion hissed annoyed, startling Janae, making her tug harder on its fur.

“Still as awkward and stupid as I remember.”
“Hey don’t be fucking rude!!” Janae snapped releasing her hold on the lion, an irritated look on her face as she considered snatching him a bald spot.

“Don’t you dare. I’ll make sure you plummet to your death if you do.” The lion growled reading her thoughts with a raised brow, his baritone voice rich with sarcasm.

“You wouldn’t dare.” Janae challenged.

The lion sighed with resignation, “You haven’t even been back a day yet and your already stressing me out.”

“We’ve met before?!”

“It’s rather odd your hung up on us already being aquatinted, but not the fact that your in the astral plans chatting with the see through projection of your quintessence.”

“Astral plans?” She echoed.

Janae stared at him wordlessly. She was on a strange fucking planet with fucking midnight blue grass, with a floating fucking castle, she was pretty sure talking to spirit animals wouldn’t be the strangest thing to encounter.

“I live in your body, of course we’ve met before you cretan. You need to get your life together and leave me alone. I’ll loan you the power for your little jump if you go away.” The lion said dismissively as he raised his large paw and waved it in her direction and pushed her away.

“What do you mean you live in my body? What do you mean loan?! Gimmie all my shit.” Janae said as she slapped away the offending paw.

“Until you learn to correctly distribute your output of power, I’ve been cursed to monitor your output.”

“Blahhhh I’m not tryna hear that. Gimmie all my shit, I’m firing you.”

The lion sighed and rolled his eyes, “Still annoying as I remember. Fine I’ll give you free range of your power only on two conditions.” The lion said as he sat down on his hind legs and held Janae’s gaze.

“I’m listening.” Janae said crossing her arms.

“Once I do this you have to tell Laxus to give you your scales-“

“What are scales?”

“Stop interrupting me simple minded women.” The lion snapped.

“You know I don’t really like you.” Janae said with narrowed eyes.

“Secondly don’t get us killed.” He hissed.

“Psssh you act like I’d do that on purpose.”

“You might, you did it the first time on purpose.” The lion countered as he rose on all fours and turned away from Janae, “You do those two things and I’ll give you what you desire.”

“What do you mean I died on purpose-“
“Either you agree to my terms or go away.” The lion interrupted, his tail swishing lazily behind him.

“You need to work on your people skills.”

The lion smiled amused as he stepped away, already aware of Janae’s answer.

“I agree to your terms.”

“I know, just like you did the last time.” The lion said with a soft smile as he walked away quickly putting distance between him and Janae.

Janae’s breath hitched as she felt a warm familiar feeling wrap around her body, the warmth amplified and made her finger tips tingle, the feeling trickled down to her stomach and slammed into her nearly knocking her down.

“Hey?! How am I supposed to do this?!” Janae asked as she began to panic as her body began to sporadically shake as a thin vailed halo of white appeared outlining her body.
It began to shift uncontrolled.

“Just calm down and open your eyes.” The lion trailed off as he disappeared from her vision completely.

Janae took a series of deep controlled breaths as she slowly opened her eyes, she wobbled backwards as the world shifted sides ways around her, nearly knocking her to her feet as the world slid back into color.

“Still waiting on that jump.” Laxus teased as he rose to his feet.

She unconfidently dropped low and got in position, she leaned forward on her heels and through caution into the wind, the muscles in her legs whined from lack of use as she pushed off the ground.

Janae screamed as her body propelled ungracefully high into the air, she splashed through a wall of water, sputtering and wiping the wetness from her face, she became ripe with panic as her body flew high above Laxus and continued higher.

She was going to collide into one of the towers, this isn’t exactly the way she wanted to enter the castle.

She felt hands wrap around her left ankle and pull her softly, the tug gentle as her and Laxus floated safely to the ground.

“See that wasn’t that hard right?”

“I’m never doing that shit again.”

Laxus laughed, as he guided her to the large marble double doors of the castle, a man twice their size with a frozen stoic expression approached them, his large frame was dressed beautifully and battle attire. The maroon fabric seemed to glow across bronze skin as steel gray eyes stared them down. He held a large double sided staff in his hands, his expression remained neutral as they approached.

“State your purpose.” He said as another large man dressed similarly with dark brown skin stepped
beside him.

“Laxus what do we owe the pleasure of this visit?” The dark skinned man asked with a friendly wide smile, revealing a gap in the middle of his front teeth.

The bronze skinned man’s eyes widen as they fall on Janae, he stood taller, his body suddenly tense as he turned pale and pulled his eyes away. He seemed very uncomfortable.

Like he’d seen a ghost.

“We’re here to see the king, I’ve brought an honored guest.” Laxus supplied proudly as he stood beside Janae.

The draker skinned man turned toward Janae, his eyes roaming her form twice before recognition lit up his eyes. He was better at hiding his discomfort then the other guard had been, his smile faltering just a bit as he spoke.

“Yes of course. Do you need an escort?” The man asked hesitantly trying not to stare at Janae, she frowned at his actions, his carefree demeanor had evaporated.

“No an escort isn’t necessary. We’ll be fine.” Laxus said politely with a smile, turning away, guiding Janae toward the heavy doors.

Janae tossed one last glance over her shoulder at the guards, they where leaned close toward one another as if sharing a secret their eyes locked on her. Laxus ushered her away, the doors creaking opened as they where pulled apart by two new silhouettes dressed in maroon.

“Why are there so many guards?” Janae asked as they stepped inside, her eyes landing on twelve more guards clad in royal blue.

“We’re stepping into the lion’s den, what where you expecting?” Laxus asked as he lead her down a long cream hallway, she could feel the heat of the guards behind them.

“Stillllll I’m pretty sure I’m harmless...” Janae said fidgeting uncomfortably with the elastic string of her beaded bracelet.

“Still.” Laxus said as he continued forward, Janae’s eyes widened as she took sight of rubies, sapphires and other jewels deeply encrusted into the lining of the walls.

The heels of Laxus’s shoes clicked loudly as he confidently strolled through the castle, all to familiar with the three tier building. Janae looked down at the floor and stepped down harder, her feet clicking heavily against granite.

Her eyes widened as she caught sight of a large eel like creature below the floors surface, moving effortlessly as if under water, she shrieked as the darkened silhouette circled around her, it’s long aquatic body moving with each step she took.

“Janae what are you doing?” Laxus asked with a tired sigh.

Janae sprinted toward him, the creature following close behind her.
Things in Arcadia just kept getting weirder and weirder.

“Sorry for the sudden visit sire.” Laxus said sincerely as he dropped to his knees and payed his respects. “We would of been sooner, but we hit a few minor distractions along the way.” Laxus continued his eyes downcast.

Janae stepped beside him and dropped to her knees after a second of watching the guards mimick Laxus and join his presence on the floor.

A soft laugh erupted from the bronzed brown skinned man sitting patiently in a large gold thrown. His large crown sparkled bright as a welcoming smile spread to his lips, he was dressed immaculately in black silks.

“It is ok old friend. What do I owe the pleasure of this visit?” The king asked as he waved off a servant offering him a tray of strange purple star shaped fruit.

“I have brought an honored guest....” Laxus trailed off as he rose to his feet, his full attention on the older man.

“Ah an honored guest?” The king asked curiously as he turned his eyes toward Janae. “Rise child, let me see you.”

Janae quickly rose to her feet, unsure how to properly greet the royal ruler.

The man’s eyes widened as their eyes met, he quickly rose to his feet and stepped down the three stairs dividing them. Another servant moved flustered trying to keep up with his steps as she tossed flower petals at his feet.

Within a matter of seconds the king stood in front of Janae, his eyes wide with shock as he stared intensely at her, as if wanting to ask her something. His warmness dropped as his face twisted up into confusion and then anger.

“Is this a joke Laxus?” The king asked his voice shaky as he fought to fight back the anger seeping into his tone. “Because if this is-“

“This is no joke sire, she was found on earth with no recollection, no memory of her life on Arcadia.” Laxus spoke faintly, his teal eyes on the king.

“No-no memory?” The king asked as he took a timid step back, the anger replaced with shock.

“I brought her here to learn how to use her powers-“

“To be taught again.” The King filled in as he turned his attention back toward Janae.

“Celest....do you know who I am?” The king asked, his large blue eyes desperately asking her to produce a memory of him.

“I’m sorry I don’t....”

The king reeled back as if he’d been slapped, the guards behind them winced as their king looked away, sadness heavy in his blue eyes.

Janae’s breath hitched as she felt the sadness of the room pulsate around her, she didn’t understand what was happening.

Janae moved before she could consider her actions, her hand reaching toward the king, he went...
stiff at her touch his eyes on her hand around his wrist.

Janae immediately released him, her eyes wide. “I’m so sorry I—“

“It is ok.” The King said with a soft sad smile as he stood awkwardly before her, wanting to touch yet to uncertain to move.

“I want to thank you for saving my kingdom and the people of our faction.” The king said as he dropped to his knees and kneeled before her, the scene causing a domino affect in the room.

Laxus, servants and guards alike fail to their knees.

The whole thing honestly made Janae’s skin crawl, it all felt a little too familiar, as if she where experiencing an extreme case of déjà vu.

“Um could you not do that?” Janae asked uncomfortably as she stepped toward the king, grabbing his arm and lifting him to his feet.

Her eyes land on maroon colored markings under his eyes, the marks almost identical to the ones under Allura’s eyes, she took note of his pointed ears.

The king ran a shaky hand through his brown hair as he took in Janae again.

She smiled softly, unsure what to do.

“Sorry.... I have mourned your loss for so long, I am unsure how to behave in your presence.” The king said with a weak laugh as he hesitantly pulled her into a hug.

Janae’s body tensed, the open show of affection catching her off guard, the king quickly pulled away with a sheepish smile.

“Xiomeno.” The king called as he turned around and leisurely walked back up the stairs, “Have the royal quarters for Celest arranged. She will be staying here for the duration of her training.”

The king said to an olive skin women, she was dressed similarly to Laxus, her long red hair fail past her knees, she simply nodded and quickly stepped away from the king’s side.

“Oh you don’t have to do that.” Janae said awkwardly as a servant stepped before her and bowed deeply.

“Celest your quarters will be ready soon.” The king said as he cross one of his long legs, he sat gracefully in the thrown, a pleased smile on his face.

“Janae...my name is Janae.”

The King’s smile dropped, “What?”

“The name my parents gave me is Janae.”

An odd look crosses the King’s face as he considers her words, “Surely you know those people weren’t your—“

“That doesn’t matter. They where the people who raised me and the only family I’ve known. Please don’t call me Celest.”

Janae said sternly, her dark brown eyes burned with seriousness as they met the King’s.
The people around them visibly tense at the blatant show of indifference toward the king’s status, words and opinion.

The king smiled after a moment, but it didn’t reach his eyes.

“I apologize. It’s a little hard to see you as anyone else but Celest.”

Janae nodded, she could understand the confusion. It had taken the other Chimera around her several corrections before calling her the correct name.

They’d still slip up and call her Celest.
But she knew it was more out of habit then anything.

“These parents? How are they doing?” The King asked curiously, his hand under his chin as he studied Janae.

“They pasted away...when I was still very young...” Janae grit out, the words still hard to produce.

No amount of therapy, no amount of talks from her uncle, no amount of hugs from Nyma or Rolo would ever make that topic easier to discuss.

The king simply nods, as the women with long red hair returns.

“Your highness the quarters have been arranged.”

“Thank you Xiomeno. Janae if you will, please follow her to your rooms. It would be an honor to House you for the duration of training.”

“Rooms?” Janae echoed with confusion, her eyes bouncing from Xiomeno to the king.

“Yes you have an entire tower to yourself.” The red haired women said with a bow, “Please accept me as an escort.”

Janae looked at Laxus, he simply smiled and rested a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

“I will be here in a couple of hours to collect you for training.” The teal eyed man said with a smile as he pulled away.

“...ok.” Janae said weakly as she step away slowly, she waved to Laxus and quickly bowed to the King before stepping away completely, the red haired women happily guiding her away.

“After all this time.....” The king said after a moment as Janae’s silhouette disappeared further out of view. “She looks just like her mother.”

“I think she looks more like you sire.” Laxus said softly. “But she is still as bull headed as her mother.” He continued with a sigh.

The king laughed, turning his eyes onto Laxus.

“Why didn’t you tell her?”

“Because it wasn’t my place.” Laxus said polity, crossing his arms behind his back.

“Why didn’t you tell her?” Laxus repeated back.

The king sat silent in his seat for a moment, his eyes closing briefly.
"She was unhappy here.” The King started, regret clear in his words. “Her entire life planned out from the moment she took her first breath...she willingly traded her life to get away...” The King trailed off, a far away look in his as he briefly revisited the past.

“..tell me Laxus is she happy on...earth?”

Laxus hesitated a moment, unsure if he should answer truthfully.

“You can be honest.”

Laxus sighed as he uncrossed his arms, removed his hat and ran aged fingers through his hair.

“She is sire.”

“That’s all that matters.” The king said with a tired smile, as he opened his eyes and stared up at the ceiling.

“She... she has a strong support system.” Laxus continued, “They view her as family and where willing to walk into confrontation with Cybastion.”

The king chuckled at that, “Anyone willing to face the wrath of Cybastion either has to be foolish or naive.”

“What is this support system like?” The king asked curiously as he accepted a flute of bubbling liquid from a servant nearby.

“It is a mix of individuals. Most are human, a few Altean and a halfbreed.”

“How diverse.” The king said as he sipped from his beverage. “Go on.”

“They...are also members of Voltron.”

The king’s eyes widen and he begins to promptly choke on his drink, quickly handing the flute back to a concerned servant nearby.

“What?! That’s just a child’s tale!!” The King said between coughs.

Laxus shakes his head from side to side, “No sir, it is indeed real. They intend to go up against Zarkon as well.”

“You allow my Celest to run around with this circus?!" The king shouts, clearly upset.

“It is not my choice sire, she is also a member.”

The king goes pale.

“She is the white lion....”

The king snorts, “There is no white lion.” The King snorted, “If you wanted to tell a joke and make me laugh, Laxus you sure are doing a poor job.”

“If you don’t believe me you can ask Silence. While in their company he secured any and all information you may require.”

The king exhales deeply, “She shouldn’t be running around with vigilantes. She should be following up with her studies and trying to secure an heir with Cybastion-“
“She has a new partner as well sire.”

The king’s eyes widen in shock, “Who?!?”

Laxus takes a timid step back, the marks under the king’s eyes begin to glow hot with anger.

“He is also a Paladin sire....”

“Who?! I don’t approve!!!” The king shouts, he rose from his thrown and moved, ready to head toward Janae’s room.

“It is not your choice sire....I believe they will mate and secure a bond.”

“But she’s done that with Cybastion!!! It is immoral to- you can’t have two mates-“

“She never bonded with Cybastion, they simply married.” Laxus said closing his eyes.

The king goes rigid, his fists clench at his sides as he digests the new information. Disbelief is not the right word to describe the way he’s feeling.

“Are-are you sure?” The king asked his voice low and fragile.

“Yes sire. Neither of them bare the eternal markings of mates.”

“Then I’ll have to find her a suitor.”

“Sireeeeeee.” Laxus warned narrowing his eyes at his old friend, “She’s already chosen.”

“Nonsense.” The king said waving a dismissive hand through the air, “If this Paladin-“ the king spits the word like a profanity. “Is as ideal as you say, then they’ll end up together. If not I will find her a proper suitor by her next birthday.”

“Sire you can’t do that!!”

“I can and I will.”

The king said as he rose from his thrown and turned on his heels, several servants with baskets full of flower petals hurried behind him, tossing flowers at his feet as he walked through the kingdom on a mission.

Laxus sighed deeply, running his hand exasperatedly down his face.

“Nothing has changed...” He groaned as he set out to find Janae.

“These are your quarters, I hope they are of satisfaction.”

Xiomeno said politely as she pushed the large marble door effortlessly open, she stepped inside turned on a light and waited for Janae.

Janae swallowed as she stepped inside, nearly loosing her mind as she took in the overly spacious, to large, and overly luxurious and extravagant room.

The walls where colored onyx with diamonds crushed throughout and scattered across the walls, a large bed big enough for twelve sat in the middle of the room.
The bed was dressed beautifully in large pillows and blankets, a large oddly shaped plushy sat in the center of the bed. The plushie seemed to resemble the large furry creature she’d encountered outside the castle when she’d first arrived.

Janae frowned. It just kept getting weirder and weirder.

She took in the large ruby encrusted vanity that sat across the room, a large rock sat in the middle and acted as a mirror.

Janae gingerly lifted the plushie from the bed and clutched it to her chest as she made her way across the room to the vanity. She watched in awe as the surface of the rock began to drip and melt, turning into a reflective surface, she peaked at her frazzled reflection.

Xiomeno remained rooted in her same spot by the door, her eyes on Janae a pleased smile on her lips.

“What do you think?”

“This is uh....a little much.” Janae said awkwardly as she sat the plushie on the vanity and walked away.

Xiomeno frowns, her brows furrowing up in confusion. “Well a lot of your things have been moved to this tower, but a lot of things have been replaced as a show of gratitude.”

“Let me guess the plushie is the only vintage thing in the room?”

Xiomeno nodded her head vigorously, “Do you wish to dispose of the Walmex?”

“Dispose of what?”

“The Walmex.” The red haired women said pointing toward the plushie.

“Oh no...that’s ok.” Janae said awkwardly as she pushed open a door across the room.

“That is the bathroom. It has been modified to make your stay here as enjoyable as possible.”

Janae considered fainting as she took in the massively large peach colored porcelain bath that took up eighty percent of the bathroom, large diamond nobs sat near the faucet.

She quickly pulled the door closed and walked wordlessly toward another closed door.

“That is your wardrobe.” Xiomeno offered.

Janae stepped inside and frowned as her eyes taking in row after row of beautifully, hand crafted, silks, laces and more.

“First of all.” Janae started as she pulled the door to the walk-in closet closed, she leaned her back against the door and sighed.

“Why is this-” She said gesturing wildly with both arms to the room. “So over the top?”

“Over the top? This is nothing new for yo-“

“There you are Janae.” Laxus said with a smile cutting Xiomeno off with a look as he stepped around her and into the room.
“Xiomeno the King requires your assistance.” Laxus said with a smile as he turned back toward Janae.

“Thank you. Celest I hope you find these quarters up to your standards-“

“Thanks!! I do, I’m happy with it.” Janae said plastering a wide unauthentic smile onto her face, hoping the women would leave.

That seemed to do the trick as Xiomeno smiled satisfied with her answer and stepped away.

Janae sighed deeply, “Laxus this is crazy.”

Laxus laughed, “The King has always had over the top tastes.”

“Over the top is an understatement.” Janae mumbled as she plopped down on the edge of the bed.

“I have brought your scales.” Laxus said as he stepped away from the door and crossed the room, he held a square black box in his hands.

“Yes my shitty spirit animal said I was supposed to ask for those.”

“Spirit animal” Laxus asked as he sat beside Janae and fiddled with the clasp of the box.

“Yeah you know before I jumped, you told me to reach for the light and there was a rude ass lion waiting for me.”

“Mmmhmm when I said the light, it was because it’s usually is just that. Light. No one has ever actually seen a living embodiment of their quintessence.”

Janae frowns.

“That is strange indeed.” Laxus said with a laugh as he popped the box opened, revealing a twin set of large golden bracelets.

“Why are those so big?” Janae asked as she watched Laxus quickly lift a bracelet from the box.

“They change size depending on who uses them. These are your scales.” He presented placing a bracelet into her hand.

Janae yelped as the bracelet shined and the weight increased, yanking her hand down and pulling her to the floor. The bracelet landed with a thud wedging itself into the floor of white granite.

“Whyyyyyyyy!!” Janae cried as she struggled to pull the bracelet free from the floor.

“The weight and size change depending on the strength of the wearer. “ Laxus said as he leaned toward Janae and easily plucked the bracelet free.

“These scales have different levels of advancement. “ Laxus said as he turned the bracelet onto its side, pointing at a row of clear colored squares along the bracelet.

“Once you start training this bracelet-“ He continued pointed at one of the clear squares, “Has placeholders that will begin to color with your advancement.”

Janae remained wordless as he slid the bracelet onto her left wrist, the bracelet shined brightly and quickly dimmed and adjusted, the weight of the bracelet now feather light and easily moveable.
“This bracelet is a stopper.” Laxus said as he removed the remaining bracelet from the box and slid it slowly into place up Janae’s other arm.

She watched as the row of circles quickly colored red.

“You are not to take this bracelet off until you have mastered using and releasing your power.”

“Why?” Janae asked as she pulled her hand free and took a closer look at the band, her eyes widening as she appreciates the detailed carved designs along the circles.

“Your powers will go haywire and you won’t be able to control it. You will get hurt.” Laxus said seriously his eyes on her.

“What about this one? What happens if I take this one off?” Janae asked her eyes flicking onto the colorless squares along the band.

“Your powers will be unfiltered and you’ll be able to freely use the power you’ve tamed. But you will be tired afterwards.”

Janae simply nodded, excitement flowing through her veins.

“When do I start training?”
“Janae are you ready?”

Laxus asked as he stepped back into Janae’s room, she smiled as she turned toward him, pulling her short hair into a low ponytail.

“I am.”

Janae said as she took a step away from the vanity, Laxus raised a not so subtle brow at her choice clothing.

“What?”

“Are you sure you wish to train in that?” He asked curiously, a small hint of judgement lingering in his tone.

Janae frowned as she looked down at her Paladin armor confused, “What’s wrong with my outfit?”

“Ohhhh uhhh nothing.” Laxus said as he ushered her from the room and down the hallway.

“Today Chaos and Mayhem will be training you.”

Janae nods surprised at the information, assuming he would be the one training her, she moves quickly keeping up with Laxus as he explains training for the day.

“They will teach you how to use your senses and help you hone your reflexes in battle.” Laxus said as he took Janae’s hand and phased them out of the castle without missing a beat.

“Geez where was the warning?” Janae asked dry heaving between a cough.

“I am sorry Janae, but that is the only means of transportation here, you must get used to it.”

She frowns extensively at Laxus.

Before Janae can offer a rebuttal she hears mischievous loud laughter, she turns around and her eyes land on the destructive twins of doom.

One of them is laughing menacingly as he scares away a sizable amount of woodland creatures, he has mole under his right eye.

Mayhem.

Janae assumes as she watches the beautiful individual do unbeautiful things, his smile so wide you can see every last one his teeth, his eyes are almost closed.

Chaos sits a few feet away from him, his head buried in a book, a sleek pair of black reading glasses perched low on his nose.

“Mayhem can you please be quite? I’m trying to read.” Chaos asks with an exasperated sigh, not lifting his head up from the page he’s reading.

“Fuck off, you never wanna have fun.”
Mayhem snorted back rolling his eyes, he ran a bronzed hand through his raven tresses. His smile only widened as his eyes land on Janae.

“Well hello there. You finally showed up.” He said with a wink, his soft brown eyes dangerous.

Janae made a face, “Are you sure this is a good idea?” She asked her eyes on Laxus.

He sighed in response, “Aside from Mayhem’s terrible behavior, him and Chaos are the most suitable for training you on this.”

Janae tossed Laxus a look of disbelief as she stepped away.

“I’ll be back to retrieve you once training is over.”

Janae simply waved, not bothering to turn around as she stepped toward her teachers.

“Afternoon.”

Chaos said politely as he closed his book, depositing it lightly onto a nearby rock and rose gracefully to his feet, his soft brown eyes on Janae.

His mole was under his left eye.

“Do you know what training will consist of today?” He asked as he took several measured steps toward her.

“Um I’ll be learning how to use my senses and reflexes in battle right?” Janae asked uncertain for some reason.

Chaos nodded his head, “I will be teaching you reflexes and he will be teaching you how to use your senses.” Chaos said pointing at his brother, who was now rudely kicking a tree stump a few feet away.

“Um ok....” Janae said turning her eyes away from Mayhem.

“Who would you prefer to learn from first?”

Chaos asked calmly taking another step toward her, Janae took two steps back growing increasingly uncomfortable, he immitted the vibe of a predator. Ready to viciously sink it’s teeth into the neck of his prey.

His calm demeanor setting off a loud string of mental warning alarms.

Chaos and Mayhem where extremely different, personalities completely flipped, and morphed...but neither choice seemed ideal.

Their names where Chaos and Mayhem...Janae pretty much assumed both would be bad.

“Do I make you uncomfortable?”

Chaos asked, as he rooted himself in place, he pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose and patiently waited for a response.

A loud cackle slapped across the open space, reminding them they weren’t alone, Mayhem headed in their direction an amused smile employed on his face.
“Step back four eyes, your creeping her out.” He teased, pushing between them and stepping even closer to Janae.

“To be honest both of you are pretty fucking creepy.” Janae hissed, becoming annoyed with the game they had unnecessarily involved her in.

“Ah well you still have to pick which one of us you’d like to learn from first. Us teaching you at the same time would be unwise and detrimental.”

Chaos said boredly, his eyes no longer on Janae as he turned away and glanced longingly at his book that sat closed a few feet away.

“Which one will take the shortest amount of time?” Janae asked as she turned her eyes away from the twins.

“Why?” Mayhem demanded at the same time Chaos pointed at him.

“Just curious.” Janae said rolling her eyes, she took several steps back and began to stretch, taking her time.

The twins watched her curiously amused.

Janae was beginning to think no one on Arcadia stretched.

Everyone here was just walking around waiting to catch a damn Charlie horse.

“Lets go nugget.” Mayhem said as Chaos took several steps away and headed in the direction of his unfinished book.

“Nugget?!” Janae echoed loudly, “Who are you talking to?”

Mayhem’s eyes locked into her, he leaned forward placing the tip of his finger on top of her forehead, condescendingly as if she where a child.

“You.”

Janae lunged forward grabbing his wrist and yanking him down to eye level.

“You call me nugget again and I-“

“You’ll what short stuff?” He snorted out a laugh tactlessly interrupting her as he easily pulled his hand from her grasp.

Janae’s eyes narrowed unpleased.

“Anyway, you two should probably get started and stop playing around.” Chaos chimed in dryly, turning a page slowly.

“How do we get started-“

Mayhem moved like lightening, sweeping Janae off her feet with his large hand.
She fail to the ground hard, clutching her ankle a scowl on her face.

That was dirty trick. She considered murdering him in the open field.

“Hurry up nugget. You should of heard AND seen that coming.” He said with a bored sigh, “I
wasn’t even moving fast.”

Janae’s eyes widened in disbelief, if that wasn’t fast...what was that?

“Rule number one.” Mayhem stated seriously as he pulled a blindfold from his pocket. “It’s better to start with one thing at a time verses all of them at once.”

Janae’s eyes zeroed in on the blindfold in his hand, she was not about to let that demon blind her.

Mayhem laughed as if reading her thoughts, “Which would you prefer to start with first? Hearing is always the easiest.”

“No.” Janae growled out as she rose to her feet and squared her shoulders.

“Mmmhmmm...well I guess you can start with sight.” Mayhem said as he pulled two black beetles from his pocket.

Janae watched in horror as the legs of the beetles moved animatedly around.

They where alive.

“You got me fucked up if you think I’m putting those in my ears.” Janae hissed.

Mayhem snorted, “Your so overdramatic. You don’t wanna wear the blind fold, you don’t want the beetles.” He listed of complaining.

“Yeah because your fucking crazy if you think I’m gonna let YOU blindfold me.”
Janae fired back, jabbing an unlady like finger in his direction.

“Geez what’s the matter? Afraid it’s gonna clash with your ugly ass outfit?”

Janae’s eyes widened with anger, “My outfit isn’t ugly!!”

“Oh I’m sorry your right. It’s fugly.” He said with a hearty laugh, “I can’t believe you wore that tacky ass shit here!!” He hollered wiping away a tear.

“This is my Paladin armor.-“

“Pst. Brother she said that shits her armor. Let’s laugh together at her bad choices.”
Mayhem interrupted again, throwing his head back with unfiltered laughter as he marinated happily in the presence of a pissed off Janae.

“Your an asshole!!!” Janae yelled growing more and more angry as the taunting laughter grew louder.

“Hey you don’t know him, perhaps he’s just misunderstood.” Chaos interjected sarcastically, still reading.

“Yeah if by misunderstood you mean an asshole.” Janae snapped as she advanced toward Mayhem her fist raised, he side stepped her and easily caught her fist in his hand.

“Geez at least take me out to dinner first.” He said with a laugh as Janae snatched her fist from his hand.

Janae growled as she moved her leg, slamming her foot into his chest.
Mayhem smile as he caught her ankle at the very last second, his smile remained as he snatched her foot and yanked her off balance sending her to the ground for a second time.

“Ok, it’s time to be serious.” Mayhem said as he dusted imaginary dirt from his hands.

“You need to get serious and pay attention.” He chastised like a parent, pointing straight at Janae.

“Me?! Get serious?! Your the one joking!!!”

“Anywayyyyyyyyyyy.” Mayhem drawed out rolling his eyes, “Seriously put this blind fold on so we can start.”

He said as he tossed the purple strip of fabric in her direction, Janae frowned picking it up an untrusting look on her face.

“Good, now once you put it on I’ll explain in vivid detail how this works.”

Janae eyed him skeptical for a moment longer before she slipped the soft fabric in front of her eyes and tied it behind her head neatly.

“What now?” She asked impatiently, already feeling vulnerable from her lack of sight.

“Now the trick is to move away from whichever direction you hear me move in, you only have to dodge.”

“You can do more if you’d like. If your right you’ll be untouched, but if you get it wrong I’ll hit you.”

“Hard.”

Janae flinched at the unappealing possibility.

“Now just know each time you make a mistake the pressure of my hits will increase.”

“Great.” Janae said dryly as she dropped into a defensive stance, she closed her eyes and tried to listen to all the sounds around them.

“I’ll warn you before each hit. Since you are like handicap as fuck.” Mayhem said kindly throwing Janae off.

“What do you mean handi-“

“Here.” Mayhem said suddenly infront of her, Janae moved to dodge and felt a large closed fist slam into her rib cage.

“What THE F-“

“Keep up.” Mayhem said to the left and Janae moved to dodge, she cried out as fist slammed harder into her upper right thigh.

Janae wobbled, trying to stay upright on her feet, the feeling of pain screaming into up her chest and clawed down her leg as she grit her teeth and stood in place.

“You giving me a heads up isn’t fucking working!!”

“Uh duhhhh.”
“It’s not supposed to help you. Your not using your ears correctly. Of course you’ll hear what I’ll say, but you need to HEAR where I am.” Mayhem sighed, “You suck at this.”

“Wait I thought I was testing my sight?!”

“Nope the beetles are for that shit, this is strictly ears.”

Janae frowned, this just kept getting worse and worse.

“Mayhem maybe if you weren’t being such a snob with the details...” Chaos trailed off as he turned the page of his book, obviously bored with their banter.

Mayhem rolled his eyes and huffed at his brother, he turned his attention back toward Janae and sighed.

She was being such a cripple.

“Fine. Did Laxus make you jump to get into the castle?” He asked quickly, trying to hurry this along.

“Uh yeah....why?” Janae asked pulling out of her wobbly stance.

“Ok, that same energy you used then, You need to tap into again-“

“But I don’t know how to use it.” She flinched at the fear in her voice, she had almost landed face first into the roof of the castle earlier, she could only imagine what would happen now.

“Don’t worry you have your scales on, they won’t let you burn through so much energy at once.” Mayhem said reassuringly trying to offer encouragement.

“Ok.....” Janae started nervously, “When you say tap into it-“

“I mean do exactly what you did to jump.” Mayhem said with a nod.

Janae sighed as she closed her eyes and began to search for the spark of energy she felt earlier, the blackness seemed to swallow her hole before she felt the familiar heat blossom on the soles of her feet.

She inhaled and exhaled deeply as she snatched the white bright ribbon in front of her, the ribbon began to break down into nothingness in the palm of her hand.

She didn’t have to open her eyes to know the white aura clung to her body, like a second skin, she could feel it move freely around her, the touch as light as a feather.

Janae kept her eyes closed and waited, she allowed herself to listen; she drank in the soft lazy babble of flowing water a few miles away in the broke. She listen to the tired snores of birds, the wild footsteps of tiny six legged creatures sprinting along the ground of the forest, she could hear the faint sound of the wind blowing through the grass.

She could hear the movement of Chaos flipping through pages of his book.

She could hear Mayhem in front of her, idly shuffling his feet as he waited for her to get ready.

The intense magnitude of which she could now hear should of unnerved her, but it only brought along a string of peculiar questions.
“...this is what you meant by hear..” She whispered still in awe. “Is it always like this? Is it like this for everyone? Can you turn it off?”

“Geez half pint, you sure are full of questions.” Mayhem barked out with a hearty laugh, enjoying the child like quizzical tone.

“Why do you make so many short jokes? I’m literally not that much shorter then you?” Janae asked in a huff, growing annoyed from a different kind of teasing, she’d never been targeted for her height before.

Usually being considered taller then most women on average.

Besides Typhoon came up to her boob, she’s the tiniest one out of the group.

“It’s something you two use to do often when you lived on Arcadia.” Chaos supplied, “Often teasing and going back and forth like idiots.”

“Shut up bookworm.” Mayhem grit out, Janae could hear the faint hint of embarrassment bleeding through his tone.

“So we’re friends?”

“Geez don’t act so surprised nugget, people find me irresistible.”

“Not everyone. Most just find you a nuisance.” Chaos said with a sigh.

“How good of friends where we?” Janae asked wondering how that dynamic worked.

“Shut up short stuff, you ask to many damn questions. We’re supposed to be training, are you ready or not?”

Mayhem asked, Janae could hear the shift of body movement as he parted his legs and turned his head in her direction.

“Waiting on you.” She said as she dropped into a defensive stance, now ready and worlds more confident then before.

“Good.” Mayhem said with a smile as he moved, Janae cringed as she heard his feet slap into the ground, disrupting the flow of the plants beneath his feet.

Janae raised a confused brow, his movements seemed delayed, sloppy as if he were slowly walking and attempting to pick up speed, she could hear his movements coming from her left, but his voice boomed from behind her.

“Here.” Mayhem said as she heard him pull his arm back, she could hear the movement of muscles, the sound of disturbed air flow shifting around him as he brought his fist toward her shoulder.

Janae pivoted on her heels and side stepped out of the way, she felt the heat of Mayhem’s air zoom down beside her.

“Well look at you look.” Mayhem laughed, “You dodged a hit.”

“Why are you going so slow?” Janae asked stepping back into her stance, as she heard the quick movement of feet.
“Watch out.” His voice boomed from the right, as he jumped high, his foot extended outwards.

Janae looked up, she couldn’t see anything, but she could vividly picture what Mayhem was attempting to do, she stood her ground instead of moving.

She caught his leg before it could slam down into her, the weight of the interrupted kick weighted her feet down, breaking through the first few layers of horizon.

Before Mayhem can move, Janae does.

Tightening the grip on his ankle, she tosses him like a discus into the air. He lands a few yards away from Chaos.

Chaos continued to ignore them.

“It’s about damn time tiny women.” Mayhem said with a laugh as he brushed dirt from his hair, he rose to his feet with a laugh and headed in her direction.

Janae rolled her closed eyes, “Can I take this off now?” She asked pointing at the blindfold.

“Sure. You ready for the beetles?” He asked with a laugh as he watched her visibly gage still blind folded.

“Bring it on I guess.” She said with a sigh as she untied the blindfold and sat it neatly folded in the grass.

“Here. These are silencers.” Mayhem said as he quickly closed the distance between them and took hold of her hand, Janae watched as he placed the dime sized insects into the palm of her hand.

One of the beetles lay limp on its side, it’s tiny legs slowly moving about.

“These aren’t real bugs are they?”

The other beetle didn’t move.

“Don’t ask him anything you don’t really want to know the answer to, he won’t lie.” Chaos warned as he stretched out, now laying on his stomach, comfortably still reading.

Janae frowned and Mayhem laughed, plucking one of the bugs from her palm.

“I promise it won’t hurt you or anything.” He said softly as he moved slowly, his thick fingers gentle as they placed the bug in the lobe of her ear.

If it wasn’t alive she could of described the experience akin to someone else placing an earring into your already pierced ear.

A moment Janae realizes she can hear almost nothing, her hand nervously reaches out to Mayhem stopping him, he stills immediately his eyes on her.

“These just mute everything around you...but they’ll also open your third eye.” Mayhem said softly as he waited on adding the second bug.

Silence suddenly appears beside him, a pleasant smile on his pleasant face.
He waves friendly at Janae, she smiles returning the wave.

“Silence is going to drop you into a state of complete darkness, do not panic.” Mayhem starts
slowly, his eyes on Janae, “If at anytime you feel uncomfortable let me know.”

Janae shifted her eyes from Silence to Mayhem a few times before she nodded with understanding.

“Your goal is to hit me. You only have to do it once and that’s it.” Mayhem said as he held the beetle up in his hands.

“I repeat do not panic.”

“Ok, I’m ready.” Janae said reluctantly, pushing the words out. The warning to not panic...slightly making her internally do just that.

Her mind began rabidly shooting of question after question.

Why’d he tell me not to panic more then once?!

What if I don’t have a third eye?!

I only have to hit him once, is this a trick?

Will it hurt?

Her mind asked the last question as her worried eyes turned to Silence, he smiled softly and spoke through her mind, startling her.

“I am sorry for the intrusion, but if at any point in time you feel uncomfortable I will release you from my hold. Nothing bad will come of you....this can just be a very....intense experience.”

Silence said politely, Janae didn’t get a moment to marvel at how lovely his voice sounded as Mayhem moved quickly placing the other beetle in her ear.

“I’m going to start now.” Silence said calmly, closing his eyes and bringing his index finger to the space between his eyebrows.

Janae’s heart dropped as she felt everything around her freeze, her free range of unlimited sound savagely ripped away as the world around her suddenly turned to liquid black.

Janae’s pulse quicken as she spun around on her heels, nothing but darkness and silence greeted her, holding hands, as they embraced to tightly around her.

She didn’t like this.

She didn’t like it at all.

Fear wrapped around her ankles and dragged her away from any bit of optimism she may have held onto.

She felt herself falling into the abyss of infinite nothing, the darkness around her intensifying with each slip up of her fleeting confidence.

This is why they told her not to panic.

Janae sighed deeply, wishing she where home snugly in her bed, not trapped in the off brand version of the shadow realm

Janae sat down, crossing her legs, she continued to breath in and out deeply, attempting to calm her
mind.

After a few sets of calming breaths she felt a bit better, she frowned in confusion wondering how she was supposed to hit her target when she literally could see and hear nothing.

She thought about the previous exercise, a lightbulb went off immediately, as she closed her eyes and opened her mind. She roamed aimlessly, searching for something.

Her eyes widen in confusion as she caught sight of three different colors faint in the distance, each one slightly unalike.

She stared at the two ribbons of purple, one was faint and playful, the other one dark and unwelcoming, she turned away and her eyes fall on a soft pink colored ribbon.

She tilted her head and watched the willowy movements as it swayed softly, back and forth.

“These must be everyone’s projections.” Janae mused as she rose from her feet, pulling her eyes away from the pink ribbon.

It dawns on her that this is what Mayhem meant by using her third eye.

She stalks forward stopping just before the purple ribbons, she turns her head left and then right. The darker ribbon seems to glare at her as if annoyed, she turns her head toward the lighter ribbon, it sways playfully as in inviting her to join.

Janae laughs as she realizes who’s ribbon belongs to who.

She takes a series of steps toward the lighter ribbon, she gingerly wraps her hand around it and slams her fist into it.

She hears a loud thud and the world falls back into color as she realizes she standing in front of Mayhem, her hand bunched in his shirt collar, her fist in the air.

He tentatively rubs his jaw line, a proud smile on his face.

Silence smiles and quickly phases out.

“Look at you nugget you know how to pinpoint other people’s energy. How do you feel?”

Janae made a face as she watched Mayhem’s lips move producing no sound, she released him and brought her hand to her ear, removing one of the bugs.

“What?!?” She asked extremely loud, she felt her body relax as she was once again greeted by the sound of the world around them.

“I saiddddddddddd your last test is touch.” Mayhem said with a laugh.

“Last? What about taste?” She asked curiously, removing the other bug from her ear.

“Wellllllll I mean that test is pretty self explanatory, but if you want…” He started with a sly smile as he stepped into her personal space, “I can give you taste of-“

“What's the last test.” Janae cut in dryly, making him laugh rambunctiously loud.

“Your no fun.”
Janae gave him a look.

“Ok so the last test is touch. I am going to hit you so hard it’ll knock you unconscious-“

“Wait?! What?!“

“Anywayyyyy the point is once you wake up, you tell me where I hit you first.” Mayhem said cracking the knuckles of his left hand aggressively.

“What happens if I guess wrong?!“

“We’ll do it until you get it right.”

“Wait?! Is there some other way to do this?!” Janae ask nervously taking a step back.

Mayhem was a fucking psychopath.

“Nope nope nope. I’m going to hit you with a full body hit and you just have to tell me where you felt pain first. “

Janae’s jaw dropped in disbelief as she brought her hands up defensively in front of herself.

“Don’t worry you’ll immediately pass out.”

“That doesn’t make me feel any better about this, it actually makes everything worse!!”

“Oh stop your whining. Your making this longer then it has to be.” He said rolling his eyes annoyed.

“Fine!!” Janae said loudly, surprising him.

“Just give me till the count of five and I’ll be ready.” Janae said wearily.

“Fine.” Mayhem agreed crossing his large arms over his chest, he waited for the start of the count down.

“One.” Janae started timidly, trying to mentally prepare.

“Two.” She gulped down her fear.

“Five!!!” Mayhem yelled as he slammed his entire body into her at once, the impact so powerful it knocked Janae immediately unconscious.

“Ouchhhhhhh.” Janae whined as she sat up, wincing with pain, she placed her head along her temple, her head throbbing from the impact.

Janae opened her eyes and frowned as she noticed Mayhem sitting beside her as if waiting for something to happen, her eyes widened as she realized she was no longer in his body.

Her unconscious form lay peacefully unmoved in the grass, her eyes closed.

“How the fuck am i supposed- Did I fucking die?! I swear to fucking God if I died-“

“Did you tell her what’d happen once you knocked her out?” Chaos asked pulling his eyes up from the pages, his eyes now on his brother.

Mayhem seems to consider his words for a moment and releases a goofy smile.
“I’ll take that as a no.” Chaos said turning his attention back toward his book, “It maybe a little hard for her to return to her body if you didn’t give her a heads up.”

“She’s smart. She’ll figure it out.” Mayhem said dismissively as he stretched out beside Janae’s body and closed his eyes.

“I know this motherfucker is not taking a damn NAP!!” Janae hissed, pissed.

She stepped toward Mayhem and attempted to stomp on him, she growls as her translucent foot goes through his chest unnoticed.

“What kinda Yu Yu Hakuso fuckery is this?!?”

Janae spun around on her heels, trying to see if anything had changed.

She sighed sitting down beside herself, her eyes on her still unconscious form, it was strange.

To literally have an out of body experience.

Janae sighed placing her hand on her body, her eyes widened as patches of soft purple appeared, the spots seem to glow as she ran her hand along them.

“.....you just have to tell me where you felt pain first. “

Mayhem’s words rewind and play several times across her mind, Janae looked from Mayhem to her body, his palms where covered in the same soft purple.

“How the fuck am I supposed to know where he hit me first if he hit me everywhere...at once?!?”

Janae sighed, trying to push back the thoughts of panic seeping into her mind, maybe she could just guess...and hopefully it’d be right-

“We’ll do it until you get it right.”

Janae frowned as Mayhem’s words stomped across her thoughts and pushed the elevator of anxiety higher.

“Mmmmmmmmmh where I got hit first?”

Janae hummed as she tried to remember the events that occurred before her current state.

She closed her eyes and meditated, clearing her mind, she inhaled and exhaled deeply, envisioning the position she stood in before being hit.

She sighed as her mind swirled around, producing an image.

Mayhem stood before her, both fists raised, a smirk on his face as he moved in slow motion. Slowly advancing toward her.
His left fist connecting under her chin at the same time his right fist slammed into the center of her chest, his body moved almost God-like as he slammed his fists into every other inch of her at once.

Janae watched in stunned silence as her body immediately crumbled to the ground.

“I’m gonna beat his ass.”

Janae’s rude thoughts where suddenly interrupted by a realization, she’d been hit twice at the same time.
But that didn’t seem right, Mayhem had told her in advance he was going to hit her with his entire body, but yet…

Janae’s eyes narrowed as she replayed the scene again and again. Trying to find anything out of the ordinary, the idea of getting the answer to the question wrong nearly destroying her peace.

As she replays the scene the twelveth time she catches the discrepancy, her eyes widen and she laughs.

She moves quickly stepping inside her body, she lays down in position, carefully laying her spirit body into her flesh form, she passes out as she closes her eyes.

Janae sat up abruptly coughing harshly, trying to pull air into her lungs.

Mayhem smiles from beside her, Janae takes in the color change of the sky.

How long… had she been out?!

“See I knew you could do it. So where did I hit you first?” He asked as he easily pulled her to her feet, an amused look on his face.

“You didn’t hit me.” Janae said narrowing her eyes and turning in his direction, “You-“ She grit out as she brought her hand up and harshly flicked his nose before slamming her closed fist into his jaw.

Mayhem ate the punch and laughed wickedly.

“My work here is done.” He said dusting imaginary dirt from his hands.

“How long was I out?” Janae asked as she looked up at the darkened purple sky.

“Two days.”

“TWO DAYS?!?” She screamed loudly, “Why didn’t Laxus come get me?!?”

Mayhem frowns at her, confused.

“Because your training isn’t over.”

Before Janae could response, Chaos moved closing his unfinished book, placing it neatly into the grass. He rose to his feet and walked in their direction, he wore a monotone expression.

“Once you get through me you’ll get to sleep.” He said, as Mayhem took several large steps away.

“What are-“

“Don’t forget I’m going to help you hone your reflexes.” He said dryly. Mayhem seem to pale at the words, cautiously taking more steps back.

Janae’s eyes flickered from Mayhem to Chaos and widened.

The alarm bells where again wailing loudly, screaming for her to get away.

“Unlike my brother, I will not be soft on you.”

Janae took a step back.
“He’s the nice one.” Chaos continued as his eyes began to ominously glow purple, he smiled as he stepped toward her, the smile revealing tow rows of almost shark like teeth.

“Move.” He demanded as he lunged toward her at an ungodly speed, his hand wrapping around the back of her neck and slamming her face first into the ground.

“You don’t move, I will. You don’t get to stand in place.” He growled as he snatched her wrist, yanking her up from the ground.

Janae tried to pull away, she jerked her arm back and connected her closed fist into his neck.

“You can do better then that.” He hummed, the vibrations of his words making her skin crawl.

Her hit had no effect.

Janae felt the hairs on the back of her neck crawl as he locked eyes with her.

“I-I-“ She stammered, trying to defend herself. Unsure how.

“Was that supposed to hurt?” He taunted as he twisted her arm back harshly, popping it out of place.

Janae screamed as she fail to her knees, clutching her arm.

“As your friend AND teacher it is my prerogative to teach you to the best of my abilities.” He growled as his skin lit up with color.

“You deserve the absolute best.”

Janae watched in horror as large black horns sprouted from his head, his skin turned purple and his eyes turned completely black.

“What kind of friend would I be if I gave you anything less?”

He asked with a murderous smile as he snatched her from the ground.
The sleeping beast of the island

Chapter Notes

Hunk chp

Sooooo Pa’ia is a small place I’ve never been to in Hawaii.

Also Kapu Kuialua as loosely referred to as Lua is just Lua; is an ancient Hawaiian martial art based on bone breaking, joint locks, throws, pressure point manipulation, strikes.

It’s usually only taught to the body guards of powerful Chiefs of an island.

Hunk grunted as the weight of the scale increased, nearly causing him to drop his composure and give in, the thought of being crushed between two large metal plates haunted and inspired him to push harder.

Weight training had been more of a challenge then he’d thought it would be.

If he where being honest.

He didn’t want to do this shit.

His arms burned under the added weight, his thighs ached, Ulaz stood beside him watching the number in weight change, taking note of any physical changes.

They where on day four of training and he was already over it, ready to dismiss it all and ready to over through the chef in charge of the kitchen.

Whoever was in charge of daily nutrition needed their head throughly examined and their ass beat, for serving that abomination they’d mislabeled as food.

Picture a piece of shit.

Now picture that shit taking another shit.

That’s what the fuck they where masquerading as food here.

“You, Shiro and Allura are the strongest.” Ulaz chimed from beside the scale, his eyes wide with appreciation.

“I’m glad I picked you.” He said cheerily as he increased the weight, causing Hunk to stagger a bit.

“Why-why do you keep adding more?”

Hunk huffed out as he pushed the large metal plate high above his head, sweat threaded down from his forehead and threatened to roll into his eyes.

They’d been at this for hours, his body wailed with discomfort and begged for relief, his only joyous thought of solace, the hot spring.
He grunted harshly, his muscles in his arms screaming as he heaved the mental plate high above his head again. In between sets he allowed himself to drift off and dream, his mundane mind all to eager to venture away into his fabricated happily ever after.

“Hey!! If you got time to drift, you got energy to lifttttttt.”

Ulaz chimed waving a disappointed finger at Hunk, as he turned the dial on the machine higher, increasing Hunk’s intake of weight.

“You Just made that up!!”

“True true.”

Ulaz said with a nod, noting Hunk’s maximum weight number for that day, it’d increased tremendously over the past couple of days.

If only he’d buckle down and truly focus, Ulaz mused as he watched a bead of sweat form and run along Hunk’s jaw line.

“How-how many more sets do I have left?” Hunk wheezed tiredly mid lift, his arms, legs and upper chest burning with exhaustion.

“How? Does it hurt?” Ulaz asked as he mentally counted Hunk’s lifts. Each one strong and solid, he’d slowed down a bit since starting. The pace was still decent nonetheless.

“Um yes!” Hunk said incredulously appalled he’d even been asked that question.

“Well Pain is just weakness leaving the body.” Ulaz said as he moved toward the nob, his intention to turn off the machine, Hunk had achieved over his required goal for the day.

Humans truly where fascinating.

Ulaz thought as he watched Hunk step away from the metal plates, letting the large plate slam down with a loud clap. Hunk’s breathing came out in erratic rushed puffs, as he backed away and attempted to catch his breath, finally wiping the sweat from his eyes.

To his right he could hear the sound of metal slamming down repetitively, quickly shifting from set to set.

Hunk’s eyes drifted and landed unsurprisingly on Shiro.

The only other person in the gym with them besides Slav, Hunk watched Shiro from across the room.

He watched as Shiro wore a thin layer of sweat gracefully, his muscles working, lifting easily as Slav stacked down more plates, increasing the weight.

Shiro grit his teeth and worked through it, pushing forward without protest or hesitation, his determination for his goal already set. Hunk watched as he flew through another set, Slav stood beside him counting aloud, reminding him he was approaching his last one.

Hunk stood tentatively picking at the zipper along his suit, his eyes occasionally drifting back to the grooves of Shiro’s sculpted back.
He’d unzipped his suit, allowing the top half to fall down, resting on his waist, revealing an immaculately defined chest, marred in scars.

Shiro dropped the metal plates, stepping back quickly, he ran sweat drenched fingers through his wet hair.
Hunk looked away quickly, pulling away from Ulaz, he approached Shiro with a smile.

Shiro smiled warmly at Hunk as they stepped out of the gym, making small talk as they briskly walked to their destination.

Hunk melted as he slid into the hot water of the springs, his mind temporarily erasing his everyday problems.

He moaned happily as he sank deeper into the water, allowing soft waves to dance across his shoulders.
He smiled closing his eyes as he ran thick wet fingers through his hair, pulling his tresses free from its usual bun.

He tensed as another body joined him. He’d forgotten that he wasn’t alone, he sighed as Shiro sat across from him, his eyes closed.

Hunk inwardly sighed as he scooped a hand full of water, he spread his fingers and watched as the water slipped through, falling back into the spring.
He held several flowers in the palms of his hands, this truly was peaceful.

He sank deeply into the water, allowing its serene effects to dig and sink deep into his core and filter through his sore muscles, the thought of coming back up wasn’t appealing as he felt the aches of his body uncoil and dim.

He leisurely floated back up to the top, quickly pulling in the enchanting aroma of herbs greedily into his nostrils.

He’d never grow tired of that smell.

“What’s on your mind?” Shiro casually asked as Hunk plucked a flower from the ends of his hair.

“What makes you think something is wrong?” Hunk asked, avoiding the question, causing Shiro to look at him.

“You’ve been in your head for the last couple of days.”

Hunk meditates on that, generally surprised, everyone had been pretty much been wrapped up in their own thoughts since their arrival. He hadn’t considered that anyone would take notice.

“I’m fine.” Hunk started unconvincingly.

Shiro sighed pulling his eyes away as he stepped toward the water fall of the spring, he meagerly cups his hands and caught the water, watching quietly as it spilled over and continued to fill back up again in his palms.

Only to repeat again.

“I’m just feeling....” Hunk trailed off, desperately trying to secure the missing link to the word to better describe how he felt.
The missing word to explain the pang he felt in his chest, each time he watched one of his friends excel and take a step closer to the goal at hand.

He couldn’t even imagine himself in the picture.

His stagnance and lack of progression had begun to gnaw at him, often waiting to approach in the wee hours, when his mind was the most open and unguarded.

When he was the most susceptible to cave under thoughts he’d push at bay relentlessly throughout the day.

Like a vampire, his insecurities latched themselves to his neck and rode his pulse, sucking the life and joy from his being.

“Inadequate....” He whispered hoarsly, watching as each letter of the word skydived from his lips and fail lifelessly between them into the water of the spring.

“Inadequate?” Shiro echoes back in bewilderment, he tenderly picks up Hunk’s insecurities and turns his way, concerned sketched deeply into the creases along his eyes.

“Why would you feel...Hunk there’s nothing wrong with you.” Shiro inserts sternly, stopping himself firmly mid question.

He sounds like a worried parent.

He stands before Hunk, with a pained expression, as if he’d just run home from school to tell his mother he’d broken a finger at lunch and didn’t tell anyone.

“I don’t know...” Hunk starts with a shrug, “Everyone is just..making progress and-“

“And?” Shiro asks curiously with a raised brow.

“I’m not.”

He lets the words that have been spiraling around his mind like a broken carousel, free, he stood aside, watching as the screws to his resolve come lose and fly off into the abyss.

Shiro inhales and exhales deeply, he moves beside Hunk and places a reassuring hand onto his shoulder.

The hand is heavy and radiates heat and support.

“Hunk this isn’t easy for any of us. Don’t think just because your advancement doesn’t mirror someone else’s your not making progress.”

Shiro said as they watched the ripples of water along the base of the waterfall dance in movement with flowers.

Hunk opens his mouth to speak, but Shiro interrupts, he picks up the brush of encouragement and paints along the cracks and creases of unease.

“Remember you can always come and talk to me...or anyone else. You don’t have to battle this alone.”

“I-“
“Hunk. Take it from me. Don’t go through this alone when you don’t have to.”

Hunk nods wordlessly, he remembers all to well the day Shiro sat down and cracked himself open and bared his truth to the group.

“I won’t.”

Shiro smiles kindly, he holds Hunk’s gaze one last time before pulling his hand away and stepping out of the water.

“Hunk don’t forget we’re all HERE for you.”

“Thanks. I won’t.” Hunk said truthfully as he turned away, allowing his friend privacy as he grabbed his towel.

Hunk wades around in the water a bit longer, before he steps out.

He feels lighter and his mood has lifted, he shuffles out of the spring still deep in his thoughts.

He thinks about Voltron, about his catering business, his partnership with Pidge, his family, training and Shay.

Shay.

His lips unconsciously curve up into a smile at the thought of the Balmeran.

He quickly retires to his room and goes about his nightly routine.

He lays comfortably in bed, succumbing to the tiredness that’s plagued him throughout the day, he dreams of colorful macaroons and thoughts of Paris.

With a pretty Balmeran.


Hunk rises before the alarms screech to life, he’s in a better mood and ready to get the day started. He quickly brushes his teeth and combs his hair.

He inspects the neat bun high on his head before tying his signature headband around his head, he smiles at his reflection and steps out of the room.

He quickly greets the others and finds himself inside of the training room, he seriously stretches and rolls his shoulders.

After a few moments of silence Ulaz walks through the door, an interested look on his face. Hunk simply nods his greeting, continuing his stretches.

“Is there any particular reason you chose to come here today?” Ulaz asked curiously from beside the entrance of the room.

“Yeah.” Hunk said as he rolled his ankle, waking the rest of body up and inciting the flow of circulation.

Ulaz strides quickly across the room, waiting patiently for the answer, he already knows what Hunk’s about to say.
But the thought of the usually bashful Paladin verbalizing his intent, excites him.
Ulaz had been waiting patiently along the side lines, hoping to catch a glimpse of the animal he knows resides in the good-natured man. Hoping he’ll catch a peek of the beast nestled deep within his being.

Ulaz could wait. He wasn’t very patient. But he’d be patient for that.

“I want to spar.” Hunk said as he completed his last stretch and pulled himself up straighter, his feet shoulder width apart.

Ulaz’s eyes widen with pleasure, he feels as enthralled as a child with free range of a candy shop.

“What brought about this?”

Ulaz manages to ask calmly, suppressing his giddiness at the thought of Hunk willingly walking into the training room, with the intent to train.

“I’d just really like to get better at hand to hand.” Hunk said with a shy smile as he turned his attention completely toward his teacher. “I need practice.”

“Ok.” Ulaz said with a nod as he stepped away and headed toward the control panel, his fingers moving sluggishly across the keys.

“What about Pa’ia?” Hunk suggested, watching the movements of Ulaz’s fingers.

“Hawaii.” Ulaz said with a smile, “The water there is beautiful.”

“You’ve been?” Hunk asks with a laugh, “I was born there.”

Ulaz simply nodded as the room around them changed, encapsulating them both in Hunk’s childhood.

Hunk smiles as his feet sank lazily into the sand, he gazed gleefully at the water as it kissed the sand tenderly, pushing and pulling away.

After a few moments his smile dropped and his mind drifted some where else, escorting him back to the things he’d locked away.

“I’m ready when you are.” Ulaz said as he rose from the control panel and walked toward Hunk.

“Ok.” Hunk said robotically, his mind still distracted as he moved taking a defensive stance, Ulaz’s eyes widened as he realized which fight style the stance came from.

“Ohhhhh.” Ulaz starts intrigued as he copies Hunk’s stance and stalks toward him, his feet digging into the sand.

“I didn’t take you as someone who’s fight style would be Kapu ku’ialua.”

Hunk’s eyes light up and he smiles softly, “You know of Lua?”
Ulaz nods, shocked he’d stumbled across someone so young that knew of the ancient material arts style, let alone practiced it. “The art of bone breaking, joint locking, body throws, strikes and pressure point manipulation.”

“I’m well aware and surprised.” Ulaz said tilting his chin up at the Paladin, his gold eyes searching.

Hunk’s eyes narrowed at Ulaz’s tone, he’d caught his underlining tone, his stance changed and he shifted forward, his feet and hands moving together as he advanced toward his opponent.

Ulaz shifted, raising his fist ready to attack, Hunk stepped closer and caught his wrist, he yanked Ulaz hard and slammed the bottom of his open palm into his elbow, shoulder, and knee cap. Sending him down quickly to the ground.

He took several stepped back and watched as Ulaz rose on his feet, a glint in his eye as he truly looked at Hunk.

“You....” He trailed off as he jumped high, extending his leg down and slammed it down onto Hunk.

Hunk grit his teeth as he brought his arms up defensively into an x shape above his head, muffling the landing of the kick.

Ulaz took several steps back and watched as Hunk moved, approaching him faster then he’d previously seen him move before.

They circle one another like wild animals, prowling, ready to attack.

Ulaz lunges first, slamming his fist into Hunk’s rib cage and left shoulder.
Hunk grunts unphased as he grabs Ulaz by the shoulders and slams his knee up harshly into his chest.

Before he can pull away, Hunk digs his fingers sharply in the area just above his collar bone. Ulaz hisses in pain as he snatched away, a joyous look on his face.

He was amused.

He didn’t think he’d be having entertainment so early in the day.

“You are more of a challenge then I took you for.” He barked with a laugh, tilting his head back.

“Glad I could soar above your expectations.” Hunk said as he moved quickly, gaining air as his hands dug into the sand, he glided in the air his feet slamming into and knocking Ulaz down quickly.

He continued his assault, shoving his open palm into the left side of Ulaz’s midsection, Ulaz barked out a laugh as he shifted underneath Hunk, knocking him out of position and rising to his feet.

He gingerly clutched his midsection where he’d been last hit, the pleased smile on his lips didn’t leave.

Hunk began to circle around him, his body confident, his eyes hungry, his feet gently stalking across the sand.
“You are just full of surprises.” Ulaz started as his eyes locked with Hunk’s and stayed on him. “What secrets of are you keeping?”

Hunk’s movement faltered for a split second, Ulaz catches his stumble and advanced towards him, bringing down an onslaught of closed fists, targeting his entire upper body.

Hunk became a wall, easily blocking out each solid punch thrown his way, he pivoted on his heels and brought his right leg up and slammed it into Ulaz’s chest sending him staggering backward.

“Ahhh. I was right in my assessment.” Ulaz teased as he advanced toward Hunk again, bringing his hands together high above his head and slamming them down harshly.

Hunk caught Ulaz’s fists, and yanked him forward, quickly slamming his knee up aggressively twice into his midsection, he released his hold and slammed his open palm into his chest, sending him down into the sand.

“What are you hiding from everyone else?” Ulaz questioned as he shakily rose to his feet, he turned his head and spit blood into the sand.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Hunk stated his usually warm brown eyes cold, he stood tall with his fists clenched at his sides.

“I’m just a guy who runs a catering business and works part time with a close friend.”

Ulaz snorted rudely, “You can lie all you want, but that doesn’t erase the truth.”

“Maybe not.” Hunk said as he stepped forward, “I win, you drop this.”

Ulaz raised his eyebrows in surprise at the start of the proposition, he curiously took the bait.

“And If I win, what do I get?”

Hunk shrugged, “You won’t win.”

Ulaz smiled as he lunged forward, slamming his elbow under Hunk’s chin forcing him back, Ulaz moved mercilessly sending two closed fists into Hunk’s chest and a third one under his right eye.

“They don’t just teach regular people Ku’ialua.” Ulaz grit out as he continued slamming his fist into Hunk’s chest and breaking through his half assed attempt at a block.

“If I win-“ Ulaz’s foot connects with Hunk’s chest, slamming down into the sand, “You tell me who you really are.”

Ulaz smirked as he straddled Hunk’s waist, his fists still connecting into him.

Hunk reached up, blocking the rain of hits, his large hand wrapping around Ulaz’s throat.

He yanked him down and slammed his head harshly into his, temporarily stunning the Galran, Hunk moved without hesitation knocking Ulaz off of him and quickly rose to his feet.

He got into his stance and watched his opponent rise up on shakey but stable legs, “You won’t win.” Hunk repeated as he attacked, digging his pointer, index and middle finger painfully into the pressure points of Ulaz’s right arm.

“Your so confident. I don’t think I’ll be able to look at you the same.” Ulaz mused as he reared back and slammed his foot into Hunk’s thigh knocking him back.

“That kick was weak, you must be tired.” Hunk challenged as he wiped sweat from his brow, his
“Ah I see you’ve rendered my arm useless,” Ulaz said amused as he attempted to raise his now weighted down arm, it remained limp at his side, unresponsive.

“It’s been a while since someone’s blocked any of my pressure points.”

Hunk said nothing, as he side stepped into Ulaz’s personal space, his hands quickly moving as he snatched the Galran closer to him, locking his left arm above his shoulder, and crammed his fingers in various places vastly across his midsection painfully.

Ulaz grit his teeth as he head butted Hunk and pushed off, his legs kicking hard as he gained space.

“How many?” Ulaz struggled to get out as his left arm wrapped around his bruised and abused torso.

“How many what?” Hunk quizzed as he dropped back into his strong stance, his feet and hands ready to move.

“People have you killed?”

Hunk’s brown eyes narrowed, his usually kind and welcoming demeanor replaced with ice and unwarranted hostility.

“I don’t know what your talking about.”

For the first time since they’ve encountered, Ulaz’s smile drops, he stands in place watching the yellow Paladin before him.

No longer the young man he thought he was. A rapid animal now stood in his place, willing to do anything to prevent hidden secrets from being spilled into the air.

He’d unwittingly unlocked the cage of a feral beast.

Hunk’s eyes burned with a fire Ulaz had never felt, he took a hesitant step back, the entire right side of his body groaning with reluctance

How far was he willing to go to keep his secrets buried?

Hunk moved.

His large frame collided into Ulaz as their eyes briefly met, Hunk’s large hand locked around Ulaz’s wrist with strength akin to a python, Hunk pivoted on his heels and lifted the Galran into the air.

The world froze around them as Ulaz winced with anticipation.

“You will concede.” Hunk growled as he slammed Ulaz into the sand, making him cry out in pain as his back connected with the ground.

Hunk didn’t stop, his grip around Ulaz’s wrist tightened as he crammed his fingers quickly in three separate spots along Ulaz’s arm, completely paralyzing him from the waist up.

“You-you-” Ulaz grit out struggling to speak as Hunk stared him down, his eyes bare of compassion as his free hand hovered dangerously close above his throat.
“Do you concede?”

“I-I-“

“You what?” Hunk asked as he moved his hand, placing it in the air just above Ulaz’s right leg.

“I concede..” Ulaz grit out weakly, his eyes closed as his entire upper body convulsed aggressively in antagonizing pain.

Hunk nodded releasing his grip on the Galran, he pulled away quickly and inhaled and exhaled deeply, his body still tense with adrenaline he hadn’t felt in years.

He felt intoxicated with power. Power he’d been running away from.

Being on this ship was unnerving him, storing up and making him feel emotions and things he’d long since left buried in the sand.

He’d slipped up and allowed his past to rear its ugly head, its intention to burn through all comfort he had created.

“Pod or spring?” Hunk asked dryly as he struggled to swallow the taste of bile that threatened to spring forward.

He needed air. He needed to handle this now and get away before anyone saw-

“Hunk?”

Hunk spine with ridged as he turned around slowly, his eyes landing on Lance, hesitantly standing in the door way, his eyes flickered from Ulaz and back up to him.

He’d been so caught up in his thoughts he hadn’t heard the door open.

“Hunk what’s going on?”
A peek into Pandora’s box

Chapter Notes

You know I don’t even ship these two, but I randomly found a fic of them and died months ago and it inspired this snippet.

Enjoy

“Hunk what’s going on?”

Lance repeated as he took a step closer, his eyes widening as they landed on Ulaz’s battered form.

Hunk doesn’t answer, he’s to busy panicking, he rubs his now sweaty palms along the pants of his training suit as his mind frantically tries to embellish a believable lie.

“End simulation.” Ulaz grunts out evenly, surprising them both, as he struggles to sit up his eyes clenched shut.

Hunk moves, gently lifting his upper body into an uncomfortable upright position.

“Ulaz are you ok?” Lance asked weakly as he took two measured steps forward.

“I’m fine.” Ulaz said dismissively, “Training just got a bit out of hand today.” He said reassuringly, with a weak smile that didn’t touch his eyes.

“Hunk here just doesn’t know his own strength.” He coughed as he attempted to laugh, only causing Hunk to flinch.

“I’m fine.” Ulaz said turning his eyes back to Hunk, “I don’t mind you holding me... “ He trailed off his eyes now on Hunk’s arms supportively around him, Hunk produced a meek smile as he pulled away.

“But I would prefer the touch of a healing pod.” Ulaz continued.

“Uh what do you need me to do?” Hunk asked worriedly, his usual demeanor peeking back through the cracks, Ulaz smiled as the warm aura around Hunk returned.

“Just hand me my radio from the panel.” Ulaz said weakly, gesturing with his eyes to the panel across the room.

“Right. I got it.” Lance said as he quickly turned on his heels and briskly strolled across the room.

“You win.” Ulaz whispered closing his eyes.

“What?” Hunk asked as he pulled his eyes away from Lance’s moving form.

“Your secret....is safe.”

Hunk nodded closing his eyes, trying to will himself to relax, his mind still shifting a thousand miles a second.
“You shouldn’t fight so hard to keep a secret the people closest to you wouldn’t bat an eye at.” Ulaz said weakly holding Hunk’s gaze, a moment before looking away.

“Here ya go.” Lance said nervously as he handed the radio quickly over to Ulaz, he quickly nodded his thanks and pulled the radio to his lips.

Within moments the training door hissed open and the familiar Galran missing a hair net stepped in with a stretcher, he moved rapidly. Gently lifting and placing Ulaz onto the stretcher, he moved wordlessly, not bothering to toss a glance back at the Paladins as he stepped out of the door.

“Soossoo uhhh....” Lance started awkwardly once the training door slid to a close, his eyes everywhere but on Hunk as he fiddled with the zipper of his suit absently.

“Look Lance-“ Hunk started with a sigh as he ran his fingers nervously through his hair, unsure where to start. “I-“

“It doesn’t matter.” Lance said quickly, “You both said training just got a little outta hand, I believe you.” He finished in a huff, rolling his shoulders nervously up then down, as if he hadn’t actually meant to do it, but didn’t actually try to stop the movement either.

Hunk turns and looks at Lance, taking in his best friend’s flustered appearance, the messy hair, his rose colored cheeks and the light coat of sweat he wears.

“You wanna go to the spring?” He blurts out, the change of topic so unexpected it startles them both and results in making them laugh.

“Yeah man.” Lance said between a laugh as he placed his hand on Hunk’s shoulder. “That’s why I actually came to get you.”

Hunk simply nodded, “Come on, dude you stink.”

Lance snatched his hand from Hunk’s shoulder as if it burned, he looked absolutely scandalized.

“I do not.”

Hunk laughed as they exited the training room, his body relaxing as they stepped into the hallway.

“Yeah you do.”

“What’s up nerds?” Pidge asked as she strolled past them in the hallway, her short hair wrapped tightly in a towel, a few beads of water trailed down her neck.

“Not much heading to the spring.” Lance said as he side stepped out of her way. 

“Ah that’s good, you reek.” Pidge said pointedly, pinching the bridge of her nose closed in mock destain.

Lance makes an annoyed sound in the back of his throat, blatantly offended. He’s sputtering out a ditzy protest to Pidge when she pivots on her heels and turns her attention to Hunk.

“We still on for today? We just need a few more things....” Pidge trailed off her finger tapping her chin, deep in thought.

“Yeah, I talked to Slav about the parts we needed and he said we could borrow whatever we needed from the ship’s-“
“Parts for what?” Lance butted in stepping into the conversation.

“For the satellite we’re building—”

“Why are you building a satellite?” Lance asked interrupting Pidge, earning him a scowl from the small women.

“We’re building a satellite to openly broadcast a solid signal that’ll enable us to use our electronic devices, by using radio waves to provide wireless high-speed Internet and network connections.”

Lank turns his eyes from Pidge and looks at Hunk, with a quizzically raised brow.

“WiFi Lance. We’re making WiFi.” Pidge deadpanned with an annoyed sigh as she walked away not bothering to hear his response.

“See you later Pidge.” Hunk said suppressing a laugh, as Lank tailed behind him animatedly asking more questions.

“So long until it’s done?” Lance hummed as he slid down lazily into the water with a blissful sigh.

“Mmmh probably to night..maybe sooner.” Hunk said as he twisted his wet hair up from his face and back into its hair tie neatly.

“That’s great, I’ve been trying to binge watch Inuyasha all week.”

“What are you twelve?” Keith snorts as he settles in the spring across from Lance, his eyes closed.

“Excuse you. I’ll have you know Inuyasha is a classic and one of my favorite memories of youth.” Lance stated proudly, turning his nose up at Keith, “It shaped me into the person I am today.”

“Really?” Keith asks peeking open an eye, “That explains so much and so little.”

Lance makes a face, as he turns his full attention onto Keith, ready to start an argument and stroke the fire he knows he shouldn’t touch.

Shiro’s soft laugh interrupts and restrains Lance’s rebuttal, a small smile graced the older man’s lips as he melted into the water beside Keith.

“You look like your in a good mood.” Hunk notes aloud, his eyes on Shiro.

Shiro simply nods his head lazily as he strolled toward the base of the waterfall, letting the water fall all around him.

“Well nothing in the gym works anymore.” Keith huffed as he sank his head quickly under water, letting the calming heat and silence wrap tightly around him like a blanket.

The spring truly was the best part of the day, Keith thought as he allowed himself to float lazily back above the water, his silent bubble of peace immediately popped by the needle of Lance’s curiosity.

“Why?” Lance asked as he watched Keith rise back up above the surface of the water.

“Let’s just say strength training for the week is over.” Keith said tossing his brother a glance.

It’s Hunk’s turn to ask the question now, “What?”
“I broke every machine in the training room.” Shiro said as he floated out of water fall and near Hunk, he seemed absolutely indifferent.

“Ummmm...I’m not upset about that but...why?” Hunk asked as he watched Shiro pluck a flower petal from the bridge of his nose.

“Because that training room was bullshit. We came here to master our weapons so we can pilot our lions, not join Bally Total fitness.” Keith cut in, causing Shiro to roll his eyes.

“Honestly it was an accident.”

Lance head snaps up at attention to Shiro’s odd omission, “Accident?”

“Yeah my Bayard materialized and kinda set off a very unfortunate chain of events.”

“What happened?”

Shiro bit down hard on his bottom lip as he pushed harder, the weight of the plates sending ripples of pain down his spine a Slav doubled the weight rudely.

Shiro’s muscles wailed in protest as he pushed forward slowly going through his seats, Slav hovered nearby his anxious fingers ready to cause more mischief.

“Come on. Come on. Why are you slowing down?” Slav pestered, as he turned the dial of the machine adding more weight, his free hand hovered across additional buttons, pondering on activating another feature.

“What do you mean why am I slowing down?” Shiro huffed angrily as his patients flew out of the room along with Pidge, Allura and Lance.

“Out of everyone training I have triple the weight.” Shiro grit out sharply, his tone catching his brother’s attention from across the room.

“Your the leader. Why are you complaining? It’s your JOB to carry the most weight.” Slav replied matching Shiro’s tone with just as much aggression, his left hand pressing down an array of multi colored buttons.

Shiro gasped in surprise as the floor beneath him opened, dropping him several feet down, the plates clinked nervously together above him as the weight increased above his head and followed him down.

“SLAV WHAT THE FUCK?!” Shiro growled as he struggled to support the weighted plates above him, his arms screaming under the strain, large beads of sweat rolled down his forehead and dropped into his eyes, blinding him.

Keith could see the steam emitting from his brothers ears, from across the room his entire being radiating sheer rage.

Keith pulled away from his machine, ignoring Kolivan’s protests as he headed across the room, his eyes quickly landing on Slav and assessing the situation in front of him.

Shiro’s eyes where screwed shut, his teeth clenched, and his face red as he struggled to support the weight above him.

“Your the head of Voltron, you must be ready for any and everything at all times.” Slav chimed, as
if his current form of training wasn’t a few steps shy of homicide.

“Hey what the fuck are you doing?!” Keith growled, his voice near a yell, his tone dipped and coated heavily in hostility as he approached Slav.

“We’re training.”

“That’s not training!! Your gonna crush him!!”

“He’ll be fine.” Slav countered dismissively, his eyes on the weight of the scale, he moved his hand, dropping the floor at an angle causing Shiro to stagger backwards, nearly falling.

“Slav!!” Shiro growled icily, his tone so cold it ran up Keith’s spine and froze him place, almost stopping his train of thought.

“Turn this off or I’LL turn it OFF!!”

Slav tsked in response, unmoved by Shiro’s demand.

Keith took several measured steps toward Slav, his eyes narrowed, Slav lazily looked up from the scale and met Keith’s eyes.

“TURN IT OFF BEFORE I TURN YOU OFF.” Keith snarled as he stood ready to attack Slav, Kolivan shifted behind him, annoyed he would possibly have to intervene.

“Is that a threat Keith?” Slav replied dryly unamused. “No.”

Keith lunged.

Kolivan lunged.

Shiro moved.

Keith’s movements faltered as the room suddenly became bathed in a blindingly bright shade of purple.

Slav took a hesitant step back as he watched the purple take shape and wrap around Shiro’s metal arm.

“Keith get back!!” Shiro yelled as he cocked his fist back and reared his fist up above his head, shattering and sending large heavily weighted pieces of metal dangerously around the room.

Keith dropped to the floor and rolled out of the way, Kolivan followed suit avoiding the acquaintance of a large broken slab hurdling aggressively in his direction.

“What are you doing?!” Slav cried as he dodged the onslaught of debris, watching helplessly as the remaining hunks of slabs collided into the remaining equipment of the room.

Immediately crushing and destroying them.

Shiro climbed up and out of the dropped hole of the floor, he rose to his feet, dusted his hands clean and tossed Slav a dirty look.

“Ending training.” Shiro spat as he kicked a piece of ruble out of his path, he offered his hand to Keith quickly pulling him to his feet.
“You didn’t have to destroy the room!!!” Slav yelled as he rose to his feet, his eyes inspecting the multitude of damage.

Kolivan sighed with resignation as he quickly rose to his feet.

He needed a drink.

He didn’t even like alcohol, but he’d be lying if he said he’d decline the invitation of a drink.

Or two...or seven.

“Well you should of considered that before you tried that.” Shiro said with narrowed eyes as he stepped out of the room, Keith behind him, neither one of them bothered to look back.

____*

“Geez remind me never to piss you off.” Lance laughed as he sat on the bench below the water.

Shiro snorted as he stepped out of the water and began to dry off, clearly still annoyed by the days events.

“Dude Slav doesn’t like you.” Hunk said as he rose out of the water and quickly wrapped a large towel around his waist.

“I blame Janae.” Keith offered dryly as he plucked a flower petal from a nearby rock, Shiro rolled his eyes at the uncreative and obvious response.

“Of course.” Shiro sighed as he pulled a pair of sweatpants up his legs loosely.

“Well you are blowing his niece’s back out.” Lance chimed as he began to backstroke lazily above the water, flashing everyone in the spring.

“Dude!!!” Hunk said closing his eyes as he buttoned up his pants, making Shiro laugh and Keith snort.

“Andddddd your the black Paladin, the head of Voltron.” Lance continued wagging a skinny finger at the group. “It just keeps getting better and better.”

“I’m not just sleeping with Janae.” Shiro started, earning a skeptical look from Keith.

“We’re dating.” Shiro hissed as he dipped his foot back into the water and splashed Lance.

Lance sat up, sputtering as he wiped water out of his face.

“Hey!! My mouth was open!!”

“Your mouth’s always open.” Keith countered as he rose from the water, quickly wrapping a towel around his waist.

“Well your mullet looks like-“ Lance’s response expired on his lips as he watched Keith slowly pull up a pair of tight black briefs, Keith met his eyes expectantly waiting to hear his childish rebuttal.

Lance quickly turned away averting his eyes.

“I’ll see you later Lance.” Hunk waved as he quickly stepped away and headed towards the door.
Keith and Shiro followed behind him wrapped tightly in conversation, leaving Lance alone.

He sighed aloud as he swam to the other side of the spring, he stood with his eyes closed as he let the water fall around and consume him.

The rush of the water relaxing as it over took his senses, blanketing him in silence. He turned around slowly in the water, his body melting and becoming pliant under the constant stream of bliss.

He slowly opened his eyes and his breath hitched as he caught sight of Kolivan across the room.

Their eyes met as he began to undress, quickly pulling down the zipper in front of his suit, his gaze unwavering as he stepped out of the maroon material.

He struggled to swallow past the lump that had formed in his throat, as he battled the urge not to drop his eyes, lower.

Below large broad shoulders, down the chiseled chest beautifully blessed with a strong assortment of abs. He tried not to let his eyes wander down Kolivan’s chest and onto his waist, he knew once he scrolled down that far he wouldn’t be able to resist the urge to look away.

He blushed wildly as his mind filled in a colorful imagine of what potentially hung between the Galran’s toned legs.

Lance turned away as Kolivan joined him in the water, quickly closing his eyes, throwing his head back and producing a heady groan.

The exaggerated sound made Lance’s dick jump with arousal, he bit his bottom lip as he tried to purge the tantalizing sound that had graced his ears and startled his mind.

He needed to get out of the water.

He needed to get out of the water NOW.

He. Didn’t. Move.

His body easily overriding his command, substituting it with the bad alternative to stay stagnant in place.

His limbs felt heavy, rooted painfully in place.

He closed his eyes again and tilted his head back, willing the water of the fall to wash away all impure thoughts of his teacher, playing vividly behind his closed lids.

Thoughts of him bent over on all fours, spreading himself shamelessly open as he begged Kolivan to touch him.

Begged Kolivan to stick his dick up his slutty little asshole.

Begged for Kolivan to wreck him, claim him. Rule over him.

Begging Kolivan to do things he knew he shouldn’t ask.

He swallowed pushing back the desire to cross that line.
Lance released a shaky breath as he slowly opened his eyes, his breath catching as his eyes landed on Kolivan’s chest, impeccably close.

So close he could reach out and trace the scars that drizzled across his skin, with his fingertips.

He took a step back, the heel of his foot catching on a rock, causing him to nearly slip into the water.

Kolivan caught him, his large hand wrapping securely around the Cuban man’s upper forearm, holding him upright in place.

Lance felt his pulse quicken and his heart beat wildly as Kolivan pulled him forward out of the shower of the spring.

“Be careful.”

He said releasing Lance’s arm and stepping away.

“Uh yeah.” Lance said dumbly as he moved timidly through the water, putting distance between Kolivan and his raging libido.

“You stare quite a bit.” Kolivan said evenly, turning his attention back to Lance his gold eyes burning into him.

“Be careful.” He repeats again, running lavender fingers across the surface of the water absently.

“Wh-why?” Lance asked low, his voice almost a whisper, his eyes still trained on the Galran in front of him.

“Because I’ll begin to wonder.”

Lance’s eyes widened at that, his curiosity dangerously peeked. “Wonder what?”

Curiosity would indeed kill the cat.

“If your body matches what your eyes can do.” Kolivan replied bluntly, his voice full of sincerity.

Curiosity murdered the cat and had begun holding funeral services in the lobby.

Lance can hear his heart beating loud in his chest, as he struggled to produce a response, his mind to busy working on ways he could get busy with Kolivan.

The places they’d go and the things they’d do.

The training room.

His room.

The springs.....

He envisioned himself bent over the bench of the spring, Kolivan’s large hands gripping his hips so hard they leave bruises in the shape of his fingertips, as he bucked wildly into him, rushing them both to their release.

The waterfall of the spring a silent onlooker as Lance drowned in bliss, happily crying out-

He was dangerously working himself up, his fingertips grazing the latch of Pandora’s box.
He wanted to open that box. See what he’d discover.

After a moment Kolivan turned away and began to unbraid his hair.

“What if I don’t want to be careful?” He managed out in a huff, nervously running fingers through his short brown hair.

Kolivan turned around dropping his hands from his hair, he moved, advancing in Lance’s direction.

Lance took a nervous step back as he became quickly bathed in Kolivan’s intimidatingly overwhelming presence.

Lance swallowed nervously as Kolivan stared him down, flinching lightly as Kolivan’s large hand took his chin gingerly between his fingers, the softness of the touch surprising Lance and sparking a wave of need he struggled to suppress.

The feather like touch and the intensity behind gold eyes excited him, sending unfiltered waves of arousal through his stomach and down into his feet.

“Don’t worry.” Kolivan started his face stoic as he stepped back, his receding movements snapping Lance back into reality.

“I have no interest in childish timid boys.” Kolivan said as rose from the water and held Lance’s gaze, he stood confident and bare in front of him not bothering to shield himself, daring Lance to look.

To marvel at the masterpiece that wouldn’t be so easy to attain.

“What?” Lance croaked weakly, his eyes trailing dangerously low, he swallowed nearly choking himself as he caught sight of what swung heavily between Kolivan’s legs.

“I said.” Kolivan reiterated, as he grabbed a towel and wrapped it around his waist, pulling Lance’s full attention back up to his face.

“Come to me when your ready to be a man.”

And with that Kolivan stepped out of the room, leaving Lance to stew unhappily in naughty thoughts, along with his insecurities.

And an unhappy erection.

He quickly grabbed his towel, drying off insignificantly, his hands frantically moving as he grew more desperate to leave the room.

He half heartedly slid into his clothes, not bothered to fix the back of his shirt that clung halfway rolled up to his upper back, still wet.

Lance pulled open the large doors and ran.

His feet carrying him quickly throughout the halls and past his teammates rooms.

He ran past Hunk and Shay blushing and nervously exchanging giggles on a face time call.

He ran past Pidge and Keith watching Harry Potter and arguing about the last known sighting of the Moth Man.
He ran past Shiro trying to convince Allura not to order boots online, pointing out she couldn’t get them delivered this far out of the atmosphere.

He pushed forward until he stepped into his room, his breathing ragged as he quickly pulled out of his pants, tossing them carelessly to the floor and needily touched himself.

His mind swirling chaotically to images of Kolivan dominating him, man handling him, throwing him up against the wall of the training room.

His Bayard falling uselessly to the floor beside him as Kolivan ripped opened the bottom half of his suit, his large hands frantic as they devoured every inch of him, he’d cry out as Kolivan yanked his hair and pinned him down as he fucked him mercilessly.

He wheezed loudly as his hand moved, stroking his arousal, his thumb sliding across the slit smearing pre-cum across the head. The friction only growing more delicious as he sped up his movements, he through back his head and groaned as he imagined being forced to his knees and guided face first onto the large dick he’d just seen moments ago.

He wouldn’t be able to get through training.

Not like this.
“LET GO OF ME!!” Janae yelled clawing angrily at Chaos’s firmly placed fingers that dug aggressively into her hair, nearly yanking fresh patches from her scalp.

“You whine a lot.” Chaos sighed as he flicked his wrist, sending her flying across the field.

“Hey take it easy!!” Mayhem warned crossing his arms, “The old man said not to hurt her.”

Chaos scoffed with indifference.

“He shouldn’t have asked me to teach her if he wanted her to be babied.”

Mayhem frowned, turning his full attention onto his brother, “Look...we don’t know if she’s sick still-“

“That’s none of my concern.” Chaos said as he tilted his head to the left, watching Janae rise shakily up to her feet.

She looked worse for wear.

A large purple bruise bloomed right above her right eye, her eye in turn had begun to swell shut, her left arm hung uselessly at her side, still dislocated, her breathing erratic as she struggled to stay on her feet.

Chaos had been tossing and man handling her for the past twelve hours straight, Mayhem had grown unamused with the display.

His cheerful mood plummeting as he watched his brother’s form change.

“Chaos I’m warning you. Don’t make me-“

“Make you what? Step in? Stop me?” Chaos cackled darkly, clearly delighted at his brother’s serious demeanor.

“Just because you are my brother, don’t think you won’t catch a beating.”

Mayhem’s eyes narrowed as he squared his shoulders, his form changing, morphing into a carbon copy of his brother’s.

“Are you planning to challenge me brother?” Chaos asked with a smirk as he committed his full attention to Mayhem, his glee so palpable it hung in the air between them and left a bitter taste in Mayhem’s mouth.

“Your supposed to be paying attention to me!!” Janae challenged as she appeared in front of Chaos, catching him slightly off guard as she slammed her fist into his jaw.

His smile widened as he ate the brunt of her attack, his closed fist quickly moving and knocking her to the ground.

“That hit was better.” Chaos chimed as he slammed his foot down into her chest, breaking several layers of the ground beneath her as he pinned her down.

Janae scowled at him from the ground, hands clawing at any bit of him she could reach, Chaos smiled at her determination.

He wanted to strangle it. Wrap his bare hands around it and crush it.
Wanted to replace that defiant look with despair.

He wanted to break her.

Like a little toy.

He pressed his foot down harder, making her choke, gasping, trying to pull air into her lungs. With her eyes growing wide with fear she began to kick at him vigorously, trying to break his hold on her.

Chaos licked his lips, his eyes rolling to the back of head in pleasure as he feasted greedily on the delicious fear dripping from her pores in waves, he pressed his foot down harder.

Crushing her.

“I told you to stop it!!” Mayhem yelled as he moved, slamming his foot heavily into the juncture of his brother’s neck and shoulder.

Chaos laughed villainously as he caught his brother’s ankle before it could bloom in place. “You want to play too brother?” He asked as he slammed Mayhem to the ground beside Janae.

“Your supposed to be teaching her not feeding off of her!!” Mayhem growled as he slammed his free foot into his brother’s hand, breaking free of his hold.

“I am teaching her.” Chaos said boredly as he removed his foot from Janae’s chest, he rolled his eyes as he watched her woundedly scramble away, gasping for air, clutching her chest.

Mayhem dropped down beside her, his eyes roaming her form for any extensive signs of injury.

Mayhem was always to soft, when it came to Janae. Chaos thought bitterly.

Out of all the beings in the universe his brother would only openly show concern for such a decrepit creature.

Going against his intended design to consume the weak.

Choosing to coddle and be tender.

To such an underserving....

Weak.

Frail.

Being.

He’d never understood.

But he could see the appeal. The entertainment of watching someone born into everything they could ever want, only to be frail and grow to delicate, unable to prosper.

Falling short of their designed expectations.

“Janae what’d I tell you?” Chaos grit out harshly, his eyes turning toward the now setting sun.

He was ready to resume reading, his book sat only a few feet away, he sighed unhappily.
Janae didn’t respond, her breathing still erratic as she clung to Mayhem’s arm for support, fighting to pull herself up. Chaos lunged forward snatching Janae’s wrist and breaking her connection to Mayhem, he pivoted on his heels and slammed his fist into Mayhem’s chest, sending him spiraling several feet away.

“Stop interfering with my lesson.” Chaos growled out as he turned his attention back onto Janae.

“Wh-why’d you do that?” Her icy tone tickled Chaos’s ears, he could feel the irritation in her voice, she was mad.

How cute.

“Why’d I do what?” He inquires lazily inspecting the dirt under his finger nails with feigned interest.

“Why’d you hit him?!” Janae demanded as she stood her ground anemically, her body moving sedated and slow as she took an unfamiliar stance, her feet shoulder width apart, her arms raised at her sides.

“Awe did you want to get hit too?” Chaos teased his amusement only swelling as Janae narrowed her eyes.

“What did I tell you?” Chaos repeated as his eyes drifted from her form and landed onto his brother hurdling rapidly in their direction.

“To let my instincts dictate my actions, to get out of my head.” Janae wheezed as she stumbled out of Mayhem’s way, she watched in awe as waves of purple cascaded prepossessingly around his silhouette in vibrant rifts.

Walls of heat projected from his form dangerously, scorching the soil and ground beneath, in his wake as he collided ruthlessly into Chaos.

The impact of the hit so strong it knocked Janae off her feet.

Chaos easily caught Mayhem’s fist, he sighed boredly.

“STOP TOYING WITH HER.”

Mayhem grit out, his furious eyes locked on his brother, the ripples around him amplifying as he slammed his free fist forward.

Chaos tsked, “I’m teaching her brother, your just impatient.”

Janae’s eyes widened as she rose to her feet, Chaos and Mayhem resembled a blur of mixed color as they roared back and forth like wild animals locked in war, their movements so fluid her eyes staggered to follow along.

Blow for blow, they trade punches ferociously, destruction in copious amounts beautifully fail around them, forcing the wind to move bold, storming unchaperoned with each move of every hit.

The trees around them began to collapse, the ground beneath them began to char and burn black. They where destroying the forest. Terminating and decimating any sign of life within a five mile radius.

Janae moved without consideration, her legs thundering forward as she raced to stop the spill of
disaster ensuing.
Her hands landed on Mayhem first, his attention to his brother unwavering as he lightly shook free of her grip.

Janae grit her teeth and dug her fingers abusively into the flesh of his shoulder, she yanked him backward with all her might, ripping him from the fight, knocking him to the ground.

Chaos pulled his eyes from Mayhem and bore them intensely into Janae, his annoyance evident as he stared her down wordlessly.

“STOP IT!!! Your destroying everything you TOUCH!!!” Janae growled out as she stood her ground, Mayhem’s eyes widened as her hair began to fade into white.

Chaos snorted, tilting his head up indifferently at Janae, he took a step toward her, pleased she didn’t flinch or cower when he pushed the heel of his hand into her chest.

Attempting to force her back, she remained unmoved.

“What are you going to do about it? You can’t even defend yourse-“

Janae’s fist slammed into Chaos’s temple, sending him hurdling backwards knocking him off his feet and through several trees.

Chaos smirked as he rose to his feet, her liquid gold eyes locked onto him, Janae pushed forward the heels of her feet digging into the ground as she advanced toward him.

An overwhelming and welcoming sensation trickled through her, the unfamiliar feeling radiating a warmth she shivered eternally for, she reached toward it, that anonymous sensation. Snatching and grabbing any and all of it she could.

Janae’s skin began to change to the color of ash, long curled horns sprouted from her head, her movements quickened as she collided into Chaos.

The crash ripping up the debris of trees and the broken first layers of soil, Janae’s movements didn’t falter as she attacked, her offensive movements in sync with her body.

She didn’t have time to think. She only moved, grabbing onto Chaos’s arm, she pivoted on her heels and slammed him face first into the ground, her hand still firmly around his wrist, she yanked backwards with his arm, dislocating it.

Chaos laughed richly as Janae released him stepping back, he quickly rose to his feet and faced her, his joyous demeanor putting her on edge, his smile still present as he crammed his arm back into place.

“My my my I never thought I’d get to the fun so soon.” He cooed as he charged toward her, slamming his foot into her chest, Janae braced herself catching his ankle.

She snatched him closer, grunting as she shifted on her feet and tossed him high into the air. She could hear his laughter cutting through the distance as he crashed back into her, wrapping both his hands around her neck.

Janae growled as she head butted him, knocking him back, she slammed her fists up breaking his hold around her neck, she moved quickly cocking her right arm back and swung, connecting into his jaw.

The force of the hit was unlike her previous hits, the directness knocked Chaos’s Head back at an unnatural angle.

He simply smiled as he popped his neck and set his head back into place, the display made Janae’s
skin crawl.

“Ahmm I like this part of you so much better.” Chaos said as he took a unmeasured step toward her, a pleased almost longing look wrapped around his features.

“I like this part of you....” He trailed off as he moved like lightening, slamming his foot into her chest, sending her flying into a tree several feet away.

“So much moreeee.” He moaned licking his lips as he watched her rise from the debris of the broken tree, he watched with joy as she plucked the broken half of the tree from the ground and through it at him.

He stood still in place, waves of dark purple spiraling around him as the tree sailed into him, Janae watched as the tree parted in front of him, his aura burning it clear down the middle.

“So feisty.” Chaos laughed tapping his finger to his chin, “But I don’t really care for flowers.”

“Fuck you.” Janae spat.

Chaos shoulders shook as he chuckled, tossing his head back. “I’d rather fight. But thanks for idea.”

Janae’s eyes narrowed, she placed her left hand onto her right arm and forced it back into place, blinking back pain as she moved her arm around.

Chaos moved, quickly stepping into her personal space his movements quicker then before as they graciously traded punches, he reached forward and slammed his knee into he midsection, making her movements stutter at she fought to push him back.

They dance around one another, both fighting for the right to lead, stepping on each other’s toes and freely tossing around dirty tactics to gain the upper hand.

Janae’s fist skidded across Chaos’s face connecting into his nose, breaking it, he continued unphased returning the favor, pushing Janae back.

Janae’s eyes widened as Chaos’s right palm began to glow, she dodged out of the way just as beam of purple light ripped through air, slicing into a large boulder and turning it into dust.

“HEYY!!! NO ENERGY ATTACKS!!” Mayhem roared as he slammed into Chaos, interrupting the fight and stepping in, Janae watched as they moved viscously, their bodies perfect mirrors of one another, not just in looks but in attacks.

Janae’s eyes roamed over their forms, her piercing eyes quickly spotting the difference, she roared forward slamming her fist into Chaos, he yelped in surprise as her and Mayhem’s attack landed at the same time sending him flying.

“You can still tell the difference?” Mayhem asked in disbelief with laugh, as he watched his brother frown.

“Still?” Janae asked her eyes pinned untrustingly on Chaos.

“You where the only person who could tell us apart in these forms.” Mayhem said as he took a few steps back, “He won’t hit you with a beam again.”

Janae nodded silently as she watched Chaos charge toward them.
“If you knock him to his knees, you’re training will be over.” Mayhem said as he moved further away, stepping out of his brother’s attack range.

Janae moved, meeting Chaos halfway, her movements deliberate as she landed hits in certain places, he quickly caught on and smiled blocking the pathway of hits.

“You think you can hit my pressure points?” He asked with a laugh as she dug her fingers viscously into his upper arm.

“I can fucking try.” She hissed as she forced him backwards, Chaos’s eyes widened as he watched white smoke wrap around her right fist.

She slammed her closed fist into him, sending him spiraling high into the air, she dropped her stance and dropped to her knees, she jumped, kicking off from the ground and slammed into Chaos midair, her attacks ruthless as the fail freely from the sky.

Chaos’s cheeks began to darken with color.

He liked this.

The cutthroat and harshness of her attacks, the disregard for their safety as the plummeted through the clouds.

The wind whipping around them untamed as they fought.

The sheer force behind her attacks, forcing him to keep up and actually consider his attractions.

It’d been so long since he’d had a fight like this, he felt his arousal grow.

Janae clipped him on their landing, knocking him off balance, before he can move Janae jumps, slamming her foot under his chin, knocking him down.

Chaos groaned deeply as he moved, quickly advancing on Janae, his hands digging fists full of her suit and slung her across the field.

She shifted, using the force to kick back from a tree, redirecting herself back into his direction.

With his interest peeked he watched her, watched the way her eyes held no kindness and her body harbored no hesitation as she closed pinned him, forcing him to the ground harshly.

Chaos sighed breathlessly as he rose to his feet, her fist connecting into his jaw.

Pain and pleasure blooming together in the pit of his stomach as they traded blows, he pushed back her hit and caught hold of her wrist, he pulled her flush against him. Chest to chest.

He crammed his head between the juncture where her shoulder and neck met and inhaled deeply, the scent intoxicating, making him stagger on his feet and briefly become light headed.

“CHAOS.” Mayhem warned from across the field, his body on high alert, ready to move.

Chaos rolled his eyes, Janae moved, slamming her elbow into the hollow of his neck, forcing him back.

He smiled as she moved, her body gaining a comfortable distance as her hand covered the place on her neck where he’d inhaled.

She looked uncomfortable and angry, Chaos in return greedily licked his lips, savoring the taste.
He preferred Janae over Celest.

He liked the way she openly loathed him and wildly swung her fists in his direction, with enough passion to almost kill him.

Celest nearly tolerated him, choosing not to engage in battle.

He pivoted on his heels, crushing the earth beneath him as he slammed his elbow into her midsection, she caught his arm and shifted scooping him up and slamming him face first into the ground.

She didn’t stop her attack, moving like lightening, stepping behind him, she kicked the back of his right knee hard, almost sending him to the ground, she reached forward and locked both her hands around his wrists uncomfortably tight.

Chaos bit his bottom lip, forcing back a moan as she kicked the back of his other knee, forcing him down completely, her foot rested on his tail bone, he inhaled deeply and waited, his blush only returning as she stomped down, forcing his body aggressively forward.

Her hands still around his wrists yanked backward, dislocating both his arms at once, he cried out in bliss at the sensation of almost being ripped apart, her grip on him only tightened unapologetically holding him up in place.

He waited patiently, wanting her to finish. To deliver a crushing blow, he’d gladly accept it, his legs shook from anticipation.

Janae moved, trailing her heel up his spin, she slammed the sole of her foot into his upper back just below his neck, causing black to dance behind his vision.

He was so close, his breathing erratic as he waited for her next movement.

Sensing his intention, Mayhem speaks.

“Your done.” He said as he stepped toward her, rolling his eyes at the daggers his brother tossed up at him from his knees.

Pervert.

“Oh ok.” Janae said as she released her grip, letting Chaos fall face first into the dirt. She frowned at the sound he made as he hit the ground.

He sounded pleased.

“What now?” Janae asked as she happily turned her attention onto Mayhem.

“First you calm down.”

“Calm down?” Janae echoed confused.

“Yes.” Mayhem said as his form shifted, his horns disappearing.

Janae is silent for a moment, she reaches her hand up hesitantly past her hair, her eyes widen as she feels the curve of a horn.

She hadn’t noticed the change.
“How do I-“

“You just relax and picture yourself the way you usually look.” Mayhem offered.

Janae nodded, starting a regiment of deep breaths. She took her time, calming the storm of her mind and envisioned the way she looked a few mornings ago.

She felt the warmthness around her dimmer until it became completely dull, she opened her eyes and looked up at Mayhem. He simply smiled.

“What now?” She asked, reaching her hand up again, running her fingers through hornless hair in awe.

“I get you home half pint.” Mayhem said with a smile as he pulled her away from Chaos and guided them through the thick of the forest.

They walk in silence for a few moments, Mayhem peaks at Janae from the corner of his eye. Her face is twisted in confusion, as if she wants to ask something but is unsure if she wants the answer.

“Spit it out already.” Mayhem huffed growing annoyed.

“...did...Chaos....is he? What the fuck man?” Janae asked clearly confused, she wasn’t even sure how to phrase the question correctly.

“He likes to fight.”

“I mean that’s obvious, I got that.”

“He’s a Sadomasochist.” Mayhem sighed, running his fingers through his hair tiredly.

“That doesn’t make any sense. How can you be both-“

“He enjoys hurting people, which is why he fights. But...if someone actually posses a challenge he’ll get off on being the one getting hurt.”

Janae’s eyes widened, she felt gross with knowledge of the newly attained information.

“Yup he’s the weird one.” Mayhem laughed watching Janae’s expression shift into disgust.

“Has he always been like that every time we fought?” Janae asked, making a mental note never to touch Chaos again.

Mayhem stills, hesitating on the answer, he clears his throat.

“Um you never really fought anyone before.”

“What?”

“You just...you didn’t start fighting until after you met Cybastion.” Mayhem sighed, struggling not to openly offer to much information.

“Why? That seems weird with the way training just went.”

“Cybastion was hired to teach you everything but fighting. He went against your parents wishes and trained you.” Mayhem admitted his eyes forward as he stepped over a tree stump, his eyes
trained on the clearing of the castle just ahead. He moved quickly, hoping to avoid Janae’s intrusive nature.

“Why?”

His steps faltered.

“You’ll have to ask Cybastion that.” Mayhem said as he reached for a Janae’s wrist and tugged her forward toward the castle.

Janae frowned as she looked up, the thought of jumping unappealing as she remembered almost splattering into one of the towers.

Mayhem laughed from beside her, amused at the flicker of disproval on her face.

“It’s not that bad.”

She tossed him a skeptical look.

Laxus appeared beside them, a pleased smile on his lips, he looks clean and pristine in his soft yellow silks, his hair pulled low into a short braid.

“Ah Janae you return. Thank you Mayhem.” Laxus said with a nod as he took Janae’s hand and quickly phased them into the castle, a few steps away from her room door.

Janae coughed awkwardly, still not used to the sudden jump.

“I’ll be back to collect you for dinner.” Laxus said with a kind smile as he walked away.

Janae breezes through the door, stepping free of her suit, she yawned tiredly as she stripped leaving her suit lazily on the floor.

She pushed the bathroom door open and smiled softly as she took in the large tub, she yawned again as she fiddled with the knobs attempting to get the water started.

“May I be of assistant miss?”

Janae jumped startled, falling nakedly into the tub, her eyes quickly landing on a gray skinned women with her head bowed deeply.

“Ummmmm...who are you and why are you in my bathroom?”

Janae asked sitting up in the tub embarrassed, crossing her arms over her bare chest.

“My apologies. I was sent by the King to aid in assisting you.”

“Assist me in what?”

“Whatever you may need miss.” The women said politely, her head still bowed.

Janae frowned, it’s not like she needed help.

Ok, maybe with turning on the water but that was it.

The women smiled softly lifting her head, Janae’s eyes widened as she noticed the lack of eyes and thickly stitched closed lips.

“I’m sorry.” Janae said weakly, turning away not meaning to stare.
The women laughed in turned, unphased.

“My people resemble dolls. We are lifeless embodiments of aged souls.”

Janae stiffened. She wasn’t expecting to hear that.

“Now I am here to assist you.” The women said cheerily, pushing a strand of dark brown hair behind her ear, she moved toward the tub, twisting the knobs simultaneously.

Janae watched a sea green colored water filled the tub quickly, she sighed as the heat of the water sank heavily into her bones.

The women smiled as she stepped away, reaching into one of the cabinets pulling out a towel and a large black bar of soap.

Before Janae could protest, the women dipped the towel in the water and began to bath her, her hands gentle yet firm as they scrubbed the dirt and grim from her body, Janae watched as the water turned the same shade of black as the soap, she glanced down at the tiny white bubbles that appeared.

“This is mineral soap. It’ll aid in healing and skin renewal.” The women explained as she thoroughly washed Janae’s face, making her feel five years old again.

The women pulled away and stepped toward another cabinet, removing a glass long neck bottle. Janae watched as she covered her hands in a thick bubble gum pink colored substance.

The women approached her, stepping behind her, her long fingers digging through Janae’s hair and lathering her hair quickly.

Janae felt herself melt as her hair was washed clean, the women smiled kindly as she poured a large bison of water into her hair.

The women moved, pulling the stopper from the tub, Janae watched as the darkened water ran down the drain.

“Whenever you are ready miss.” The women said politely as she held open a large fluffy towel.

Janae sighed rising from the tub, the women had seen her naked already and bathed her, What was the point in arguing with her about drying off independently.

Janae felt more like a child as the women patted her hair dry and dried her off completely, blinding her in fluff.

“What would you like to wear?” The women asked politely, as she opened the closet door, her eyes on the clothes in front of her.

Janae shrugged lazily, “You can pick.” She hadn’t even really looked at anything in the closet when she arrived.

The women smiled as she quickly plucked out an outfit she’d been eyeballing, Janae watched as the women slid the peach covered fabric from the hanger.

“Come along.” The women said as she untied the ribbons of the silk mid-length dress, she handed Janae a pair of underwear, Janae rose to her feet, dropping her towel on the bed and slipped the fabric up her legs.
The women hummed in approval as she tied the dress closed, she took a step back and grabbed the brushed from the vanity.
Quickly brushing Janae’s wild curls into a neat French braid at the base of her neck.

The women bowed deeply stepping away, Janae smiled, lifting the women back up.

“Thank you.”

The women nodded as she pulled away and stepped out of the room, after a moment a steady knuckle tapped lightly on her door.

“You can come in.” Janae said as she yanked the plushie up from the bed and held it in her arms, Laxus smiled as he stepped into the room.

“Are you ready?” He asked politely, smiling at her change of clothing.

No one fucking liked her Paladin armor in Arcadia. Janae mused.

“Sure.” Janae said as she stepped out of the room, plushie still in hand.

“How was training?” Laxus asked after a few moments of them walking in silence down a stream of hallways.

“Weird. I don’t wanna talk about it.” Janae deadpanned as they stepped into the dining room.

Laxus chuckled nonsurprised.

Laxus’s laughter only increased as he watched Janae’s eyes nearly pop out of her head as they fail on the feast that sat in an abundance across the large oak table.

Different Meats, fruits, fish, shrimp, lobster, cow. Those where the only animals she could identify, the gracious spread continued ridiculously, nearly spilling from the large table.

“Ummm why’s there so much food?”

“Because you need to eat.” The King said as he stepped into the room and took his seat across from the two.

“I can’t eat all this!!” Janae said as she sat down, her eyes roaming the table in disbelief.

“Well you’ll disappoint the cook.” The king said with the wave of his hand, dismissing a servant near him with their head bowed.

“He caught everything here with his bare hands, including the bear hands.” The king chuckled at his own joke, pointing at a large dark clump of meat in the center of the table.

Janae frowned, she didn’t do puns and she had no intention of eating bear.

“Besides you are under weight and need to eat.” The King said as the servant beside Janae began to stack the plate in front of her with food.

“Under weight?!!” Janae yelled as she pushed the now full plate away. “I’m considered plus size!!” The King frowned, watching her avoid her plate.

“What is this plus size? That sounds like an insignificant measurement. Eat.”
Janae frowned.

“Janae I agree with the King. You are severely underweight...if you do not eat you won’t be able to properly manifest your powers.” Laxus said with a sigh as he slid the plate back in front of her.

She groaned loudly, her eyes dropping back onto her plate.

“I’m not eating the bear.”
Eclipse stumbled forward through the marsh, her feet sinking deeper and deeper into filthy mud caked water, she continued moving her eyes landing on the small cottage hidden in the wild seclusion of the swamp.

Nearly cocooned away from prying eyes, curtains of willows draped around the cottage, split trees with deep arches curved around the front porch, attempting to camouflaging the truth.

Thick trees and large snaked vines clustered her path, attempting to deter and slow her down. Her brows furrowed up with annoyance.

She wouldn’t be stopped nor would she take no for an answer.
She’d come to far and hurt to much not to leave with what she came for.

Her ambition sparks the pedal of determination and she kicks through a series of animated wines, wondering if magic is to blame for the half-assed delay.

Magic.

Suck a tricky thing.

Eclipse attempted to phase forward, her body sluggishly in response, refused her command, leaving her stuck in place, she sighed unsurprised.

Magic.

Such an annoying thing.

It’s obvious the seer of Magnolia had taken extra precaution in refusing the arrival of unapproved guests.

Choosing wizardry to dodge and cull the floodgate of questionable customers eager to do unsavory business.

Eclipse marched forward, not caring for the monsters that creeped below the water’s surface, hot on the back of her heels, watching her disapprovingly ready to attack.

Her movements froze as she heard and felt movement behind her.

Eclipse’s eyes narrowed as she turned around, her eyes landing on a large creature that rose from the water on eight legs, its jaws open wide revealing a sinister row of several pointed teeth, the
creature growled deeply. It’s oddly humanoid shape covered in sludge and weeds.

She pivoted on her heels, her body glowing white fiercely, ready to attack if provoked.

The creature hesitated, it’s eyes drinking in the blindly bright regal aura of malice, that illuminated around her form like an uncaged flame, graciously chasing away the darkness of the swamp.

Suddenly the wooden door of the cottage swung open, with an audible creak, welcoming her and surprising the creature.

The creature quickly moved away, turning its gaze elsewhere as it slithered back into the water, quickly disappearing, its black beaded eyes still disapproving.

Eclipse sighed as she stepped forward into the doorway, the old wood creaking beneath her feet as she fidgeted nervously with her mask, retracting her aura.

“Come in. Come in. What do I owe the pleasure of such a prestigious guest?” A voice riddled and thick with age asked as a women with button black eyes turned her way.

The buttons where creased and colored unkindly with age, unnerving, nearly taking up most of the space of her face. She had no nose.

A soft smile spread across thin lips, the orange skinned women held a large dated book in her hands, her fingers leisurely dipping through the pages.

Eclipse hesitated for a moment, her voice holting in her throat as she struggled to form a cohesive thought.

What was happening?

She couldn’t understand why she couldn’t speak or think.

“Oh sorry.” The women said snapping long skeletal fingers quickly in the air, the temperature of the room dropped and Eclipse shivered.

“What-“

“Sorry, I forgot I casted a spell earlier. You should now be able to speak freely now.”

The women said as she closed the book and sat it down slowly onto a thin table behind her.

Eclipse’s eyes roamed the room, dancing across the many shelves that sat crammed with a magnitude of jars. All different shapes and sizes, each filled with odd admiralties and trinkets.

“I wish to make an exchange.” Eclipse said after a moment her voice thick, she could feel the eyes of the seer piercing into her, lurking, attempting to find the authenticity of her words.

Eclipse swallowed uncomfortably.

The women’s unblinking black buttoned eyes watched her with mild interest, her threaded closed lips slipped down into a scowl.

“What would the High Priestess need, when she already has everything she could want?”

The women challenged, its not a question, the bluntness of her words skid across Eclipse’s chest and sink uncomfortably down through her being, weighing her down to the floor.
Although sharpe, the words held no malice.

“I-I want a child.” She admitted openly, standing her ground, attempting to pump away the unease that settled deep in her veins.

The seer’s eyes widened, she quickly schooled her features into a neutral expression, attempting to hide her curiosity.

“A child.” The women hummed, considering the information, she tapped her chin thoughtfully with a long thin finger.

It wasn’t very often people marched into her isolated marsh and requested assistance in obtaining an offspring.

The thought of someone as highly esteemed as the ruler of her faction needing her help made her fingers twitch.

The High Priestess must have jumped several planets, most likely following misleading rumors...to attain an heir.

She was intrigued.

“Can you not carry?” She asked as she moved around the room, running her fingers along shelves absently, brushing and lifting up cobwebs, attempting to give off the illusion of seeming busy.

“I-...no...I am infertile.”

The women nodded, gliding around the maze of shelves. “How many times have you attempted to carry?”

Eclipse winched at the question, her sadness heavy as it spiked harshly from her form and sprang up into thick feral condensed waves.

The seer jerked backward, nearly falling as she braced herself along a nearby shelf, the Priestess’s wave of despondency so potent it made the seers knees buckle.

Eclipse held her head down, her eyes downcast as her chaotic and disorganized thoughts scattered, breaking free from her attempted restraints.

She’d tried.

She’d tried repetitively for hundreds of thousands of years....and each and every time....received the same result.

Nothing.

Gone to the best doctors throughout the universe.

Traveled planets.

Tried different foods, diets and fertility treatments.

The results where always the same.

She’d gotten lucky once, her prays answers only to be quickly snatched away, she watched..her happiness slip through her fingers instantly.
The loss had been devastating.

The hammer of depression smashing her into a hole so deep, she’d almost lost the will to crawl out.

She’d given up eating.

Given up sleeping.

Spent an exponentially large amount of time wishing to walk into the arms of the reaper, desperately wanting solace.

Her ability always stepping in, ignoring her wishes. Fixing everything before it could set in place, quickly tearing up her handiwork.

She’d tripped and fallen into the pits of despair so deep and so often, she grew tired of fighting, losing interest in reaching the surface.

She’d given up.

Kind blue eyes full of fear and understanding reached for her, yanking her frantically from hell, each and every time.

His maroon markings glowing, lighting up the way to mild salvation.

She knew all too well the damage that branded her body had caused, wrapping her heavily in a cloak of regret.

Mistakes that could never be taken back, haunted her.

“Enough times to know...I can’t do this naturally.” She whispered faintly, wringing her hands together nervously.

The women nodded, shifting quickly around the room, plucking a tiny jar from one of the highest shelves.

“If you offer me something of greater value, only then will I consider your request.”

Eclipse nodded wordlessly, her gold eyes sparkling with muted hope, as they fail on the jar in the old women’s hands.


“My ability to heal. Total rejuvenation.”

The seer’s body went rigid, her surprise and disbelief evident as she stood before Eclipse, her thin lips pursed together, ready to demand clarification.

“Why would you trade that? That isn’t an ability our people can attain. Let alone have.” The women snorted, judgement and disapproval festering around her.

“If you could heal why haven’t you-“

“BECAUSE THE DAMAGE IS PERMANENT!!!”

Eclipse yelled, her resolve faltering as she spoke, her fists clenched so tight at her sides,
knuckles turned white.

“My interal organs where disfigured long before I acquired this ability.” Eclipse spat, fighting back anger.

“I was ripped apart and sewn back together...” she trailed of shaking, trying to calm down, her emotions spiking, threatening to snowball into a full fledged panic attack.

If she didn’t calm down.

This wasn’t how this was supposed to go.

This was supposed to be an easy and quick exchange.

No questions.

No talking.

Just a trade.

“Why does it matter?! Do you want it or not?!!” Eclipse grit out between deep breaths, her shoulders shaking.

The women remains silent for a moment, strands of oily black wavy hair fall into her eyes, as she considered Eclipse’s words.

“You do know all trades are finale?” She asks evenly, her voice void of sympathy.

“I do.” Eclipse nodded.

“I can give you what you want but you must be willing to prepare yourself for it. The journey may not be an easy one.”

The women said gravely as she took a series of steps toward Eclipse, closing the distance between them.

“The gift of life has and will never be an easy one.”

“I-“

The women continued, cutting off her response.

“Your child won’t be like the other children. They may be weak, and unable to do the things others can do so easily.”

Eclipse held her gaze wordlessly, the warning slicing through her mind. Her desire to bare a child out weighing and overwhelming the cons of her words.

“Are you willing to except the burden of raising a potentially defective child?”

The seer asked with the tilt of her head, lifting up the clouded jar and gazing into it.

“Are you willing to lose sleep protecting a child that could waste away at any moment?”

“Are you willing to raise a child who may grow to resent you for shielding them from the world around them?”
Eclipse didn’t hesitate with her answer, she knew what she wanted. What she’d be willing to do to have a family.

To have her own family.

“Yes.”

The women nodded placing the jar into Eclipse’s hands, she turned around grabbing an empty white jar, quickly removing the lid and brought her eyes back to Eclipse.

“This May hurt.” The women said just as she reached forward, her hand sliding straight into Eclipse’s chest without warning.

The flesh of her chest sizzled angrily, throbbing as the women’s long fingers poked and prodded around, searching. Eclipse grew light headed and staggered on her feet.

Her eyes widening as she watched the women pull a large rose colored glass bead from her chest.

“Is that-“

“Yes.” The women said with a nod, eyeballing the authenticity of the bead, visibly pleased as she tenderly placed it inside the empty jar.

She retreated around the room, her body levitating a few feet into the air as she moved and rearranged the positioning of several bottles and jars, sliding Eclipse’s jar to the very back, quickly concealing it.

She returns quickly to Eclipse, a pleased smile on her lips, she plucks the clouded jar from her hands and screws open the lid.

“Magic can be a tricky thing.” The women hummed warningly.

As she reached her hand inside the jar and pulled out a tiny pearl colored stone. Eclipse watched as the women blew dust from the stone, making it shine. The women placed the stone in the palm of her left hand, and slammed her hands together, crushing the stone.

“What are-“

Eclipse’s words halted as she watched the pearl color shift, moving freely across both the women’s palms, spreading out thickly, completely coating her palms.

“Spread your arms wide.” The women said as she moved her arms, her wrists hovering about Eclipse’s midsection.

Eclipse did as she was told, spreading her arms wide, her fingers of her left hand gripping the inside of the empty jar tightly.

This time she received no warning of potential pain as the women slammed her palms into her, nearly knocking her down, her insides began to churn and pulsate.

Warmth rained through her bloodstream and sparked thunderously throughout her body.

“Don’t move.” The women hissed as she began to painfully work and insert her fingers into Eclipse’s abdomen.
Eclipse grit her teeth, as black and white danced behind her eyes as stood still, struggling to stand on her feet.

After a moment the women pulled away, slowly removing her now clean hands from Eclipse’s body, she sighed using the back of hand to rub a bead of sweat from her forehead.

“Lay with your spouse on the third moon cycle and you shall conceive.” The women said as she took the empty jar from Eclipse’s shaking hands.

Eclipse stood rooted in place, her hands ghosting around her stomach, touching curiously, she marveled at the odd warmth circulating through her body.

“Th-thank you.” She managed to say after a moment.

The women looked up, her expression tired.

“Don’t thank me.” She said as she ushered Eclipse out of the room, forcing her onto the tiny porch outside.

“Is there anything else I have to do-“

“No.” The women interrupted, Eclipse smiled, her happiness to bright to be dimmed.

“I wish you luck.” The women said with a deep bow as she shut and locked her door.

Eclipse stood in place a few moments longer, gathering her thoughts before she marched forward, stomping through mud and grass, heading home.

A strange mixture of excitement and fear followed behind her like a cape.

One year later

*Eclipse

The day of her birth she arrives premature, weighing just under three pounds.

Her lunges are strong and her cries echo loudly throughout the walls of the castle.

I hold her close, wrapped thickly in blankets, trying to memorize every detail of her.

Her tiny hands.

Her tiny toes.

No visible abnormalities.

She’s absolutely perfect, prepossessing.

She resembles a doll, so tiny while she’s sleeping. I trace the marking of her cheek, trying to inspire her to open her eyes.

Almond shaped brown colored eyes sparkle open, her skin is dark like mine, but she bares the same maroon markings and thick curls as her father.

Thick maroon triangles form just below her lower lash line and extend down her cheeks and stop
I softly trace my finger through the brown curls of her hair, marveling at the mass of hair on such a small infant.

Her father and I watch her grow, watch her take her first step and grow her first tooth.

She’s sick.

Always sick.

We lose sleep.

Worrying over the life of our child as she falls victim to routine illnesses.

Her small body looks tinier then usual as I stand in the doorway and watch her father sit beside her and read bedtime stories.

She’s severely underweight.

No matter how much she eats, she doesn’t retain weight. Quickly throwing up if she consumes or drinks too much.

She’s seizure prone.

I nearly break down when she has her first episode.

The day starts mundane as I sit at the foot of the bed, watching her happily entertain herself with toys. Her playful movements stopping abruptly as she falls to floor, her body sporadically jerking as her eyes roll to the back of her head.

I move quickly, pushing and knocking items from around her, I fight back panic as tears fall from eyes as I move her onto her side and wait helplessly for the movements to stop.

I don’t sleep for weeks.

Refusing to leave her side, teams of doctors breeze in and out of the castle, each one unable to address the cause of her ailments.

Just before her second birthday she has an asthma attack, her happy flow of movements stalling as she spins around on her heels, her eyes wide with panic as she clutches her tiny chest gasping for air.

Her father finds her first, immediately carrying her to the infirmary.

He’s so much better then me at this.

Not breaking down....I’ve become a wreck.

Paranoia weighs down my shoulders and takes a permanent place in my heart. A tightness in my chest forms as I watch her continue on, always smiling, in complete ignorance of what’s going on with her body.

At age three, she twists her ankle and takes a tumble down a flight of stairs.

Laxus brushes away my tears and offers encouragement as I withdraw completely from my duties,
refusing to leave the castle.

Her father wordlessly takes my place, ruling the faction maintaining the era of peace outside the castle walls.

Age four, word of her “condition” spreads like wild fire throughout the faction. Beings travel far and wide bearing gifts, offering condolences I don’t accept.

She eagerly accepts the gifts, excited to see so many people around her celebrating her birthday.

She thinks it’s a regular party.

That the adults are celebrating with her.

She misses the looks of sympathy.

The last gift of the night devours all of her attention, her excitement vibrant. The gift of a humble farmer from a smaller planet of the faction steals her attention.

“What’s your name?” The green skinned farmer asked with a smile, his one eye wide as he spoke kindly to Celest, his soft tone akin to that of a grand parent.

“My name is Celest.” She said with a giggle, revealing a missing front tooth.

“What a beautiful name.” He says with a smile as he turns away, reaching behind him into a large brown bag slung heavily across his thin shoulder.

“I’ve got something for ya Celest.”

Celest smiled, patiently waiting to see what she’d receive, her eyes flickering briefly onto me, I return her smile and nod.

“High priestess.” The farmer starts, turning his attention toward me.

“I have a son with a similar condition.” He spoke softly, his eyes bouncing back toward Celest. “I know it’s hard and....” He trails off pulling a bundle of thick black and brown fur from his bag.

The bundle of fur unravels, three large eyes peek up through the mess of fur.

Celest’s eyes widen and she shrieks excitedly, reaching her small arms forward, touching the creature.

The farmer smiled as he placed the creature onto the floor, it’s body unrolling out more, a long trunk sprouts forward, wide floppy ears spread from its head. The six legged animal purs as Celest reaches forward, brushing curious fingers through its fur.

“So my spouse and I wouldn’t worry so much, we got our son a Wilmax...they keep away seizures and filter dirt particles in the air that cause sickness.”

The farmer offered with a kind smile as he watched Celest attempt to feed the animal a piece of fruit.

“What is your name?” I ask kindly as I stepped down from the thrown and reach for his hands, the gesture catches him off guard and his eyes widen, he squirms uncomfortably under my gaze.

“My name is Nazari.” He said thickly, nervously looking around as the room full of eyes turn curiously toward him.
My reputation for not touching others is disregarded as I properly show my thanks, grateful for the considerate and needed gift.

“Thank you so much.”

“It’s no problem your highness.” He said with a toothy wide smile.

“Please call me Eclipse. How is your family?”

His smile drops and a nervous color paints his cheeks. “We’re ok. Oh uh...I can’t do that-“

It’s not hard to see my casual inquiry makes him hiccup uncomfortably.

“Laxus!!” I called snapping my attention away from Nazari, Laxus appears beside me a curious smile on his face, his teal eyes land briefly to our connected hands.

“Can you please see to it that Mr.Nazari’s family and planet are well taken care of?”

Laxus nods, turning his attention quickly to the farmer who’s grown increasingly uncomfortable.

“Follow me please.” Laxus said with a warm smile.

“Hey Mr.Nazi?” Celest called from the floor, butchering the man’s name, her fingers running along the Wilmax’s ear tickling the animal.

“Yes?” The man asked with a smile turning away from Laxus.

“What’s her name?”

The man’s smile didn’t falter as he supplied the first thing that came to mind.

“Biscuit.” He said with a laugh stepping away, fallowing behind Laxus with a wave.

“Biscuittttt.” Celest hummed as she waved to the man’s receding form.

Biscuit is both a blessing and a curse.

Causing mayhem throughout the castle, chasing away guards, eating Celest’s food that she inconspicuously hides under the table.

Age six she became curious, her attention loosely slipping away from her studies.

“Laxus why don’t moma and I ever leave the castle?”

Laxus’s steps faltered a bit, he continues to move ushering Celest into the dining room for lunch.

“Because it’s safe in the castle.” Laxus said with a smile as he pushed Celest’s chair up to the table, Biscuit sat on the floor beside her.

Ready to eat half her lunch.

Celest seems to accept that answer, the wheels of her mind ever turning, she quickly supplied a new question.

“Why don’t I have any friends?”
“You do have friends, I’m your friend.” He pointed out as he watched a servant place lunch onto the table in front of them.

Celest makes a skeptical face and narrows her eyes. “Your moma’s royal adviser, you have to be my friend. She sighed, poking her lunch.

Laxus smiled softly, unsure what to say. They continued their lunch in silence.

Celest flies through her studies with flying colors, surpassing the expectations of her tutors, quickly becoming bored with daily classes.

Laxus is the first to point out her photographic memory.

Sighing as he explained how she wouldn’t actually read her history books, I laugh as he grows red in the face, fussing about how she boredly glances at the pages and quizzes her teachers on the subjects.

“Eclipse this isn’t funny, she’s made another teacher quit!!”

I roll my eyes as I glance back down at the paperwork on my desk, going over and checking the account of the orphanage on the far side of the nearest village.

I push away papers and unroll the scroll map and gaze at the building.

I’d opened the orphanage years before I became in power of the faction, creating an oasis where family-less children could grow and roam...loved and well taken care of.

Laxus and I knew all to well what it was like to grow up without a family or home.

I never wanted any other child to feel the pain we felt, we built the orphanage from the ground up and opened it’s doors to every child of the faction.

“Eclipse...” Laxus groaned tiredly from across the room, my eyes snap up from the paperwork and I sigh.

“I was listening.” I lie.

Laxus makes a skeptical face, I smile leaning back in my chair, he knows I wasn’t listening.

Before he can criticize, Celest strolled into the room, she smiled as she moved to my side, allowing me to pull her into a hug.

She climbs into the seat beside me, her curious eyes already roaming over my notes.

Her eyes widen as she looks at the map, she plucks one of my hand written notes from the pile of papers and reads it curiously.

“Moma what’s the Garden of children?” She asked placing the note back down neatly onto the desk.

“It’s a place where children go-“

“Why? Why are they in a Garden?”

I chuckle as she reads more of my notes, her curiosity amusing to me and concerning to Laxus.
“It’s a place where children who don’t have families go to be loved.” I offer as I neatly stack the notes into place. Quickly rolling the map closed.

“Why don’t they have families?”

“Is it just for children?”

“Are any of them my age?”

“One question at a time.” I say as I rise to my feet, pulling her into my arms.

“You are such a nosey child.” I said with a laugh, as I carry her to her room.

“Not everyone has a mommie and daddy.” I say as I brush her hair and help her change into pajamas.

She frowns at that, as if the idea had never crossed her mind.

“And yes some of them are your age.”

She simply nodded as I kissed her cheek, her father smiled from the doorway, book in hand.

“Celly, Laxus told me you upset one of your teachers today. Is that true?”

Her father asked as he stepped into the room, taking his usual place at the foot of her bed.

Celest pouted, looking away.

“No.”

Her father frowned, closing the book in his hands.

“Celly I told you not to be mean to your teachers-“

“Well he’s dumb AND I don’t like him.” Celest grit out, crossing her arms.

I frowned, it wasn’t common of her to speak ill of others.

“What happened?” I asked, catching the hidden undertone of sadness wrapped around anger.

Celest’s frown dropped and she turned away, pulling the covers up to her ears, attempting to hide from the conversation.

“He got made when I corrected him on several spelling errors and told him the dates he had where wrong...I wasn’t even being mean.”

I raised a quizzical brow to that, waiting to hear the rest of the story.

“He took my paper away and wrote VALETUDINARIAN across it in bold black letters. As if I WOULDN’T understand!!”

I felt myself stiffen, the heat of her father’s blue eyes turn to ice behind me and frost over with anger as I reached for her.

“Celly you aren’t-“

“You don’t have to lie to me!!!”
My hand falters, stopping shy of her shoulder. I don’t have to see her face to know she’s crying.

We never outright talked about her health, choosing to cowardly sidestep around the hole of the issue, hoping eventually it’d disappear and we’d never have to dwell on the hardship.

“I’m not a baby any more.” She sniffled rubbing the back of her hand across her nose.

Her father shifted, pulling the cover slowly down from her face. “No. But you still are a child and you will respect your mother.”

She doesn’t reply, she lays on her side still facing away from us.

“Why can’t I leave the castle?”

It’s her Father’s turn to stiffen, he sighed worriedly carding his fingers through his short brown hair.

“It’s not safe. Besides you have to complete your studies.”

Celest sits up, her almond eyes sharpe as they land on her father.

“It’s not safe?! She echoed harshly, “I’m tired of hearing that.”

Her father opens his mouth to speak, but her words continue forward, spilling from her lips without reservation, like a much needed confession.

“If you just want to keep me locked up here just say it!! I’d rather you tell me the truth then lie.”

“Celest-“

“It’s because I’m sick isn’t it?” She snaps, tears spilling from her eyes in large dime sized drops.

“It’s because I can’t phase isn’t it?!“

“You can’t keep pretending my STUDIES-“ She spits the word hatefully like a curse, turning her eyes from her father and onto me.

“Is the reason why I can’t leave!!”

“Celest you need to calm down!!!” Her father yells venomously, making her flinch.

“You will not sit here and disrespect us!!! You will not use what happened today as ammunition to lash out at us!!!”

In all our years together, this is the second time I’ve ever heard him raise his voice.
More times then not, he’s always the level headed one, often handling most situations with a calm mind and soft confident smile.

“I will handle that tutor accordingly. “ Her father growls, rising from the foot of the bed, his cobalt blue eyes flicker briefly onto mine.

“You will go to sleep and we’ll continue this conversation tomorrow.” He says quickly, cutting any and all room away from protest.

Celest says nothing, simply huffing annoyed as she lays back down, aggressively pulling the blanket up to her nose.
“We love you and only do what we think is best for you.” I say softly as I drop a kiss to her forehead.

“I know...” She hummed softly as her father dropped a kiss to her check, brushing away a stray curl.

“Good night.”

Her father said as we closed her room door and stepped into the hallway. We walk-in in silence for a few moments, attempting to process what happened.

“Don’t kill him.” I say after a moment, my eyes forward. “I want to.”

“No.” He said sternly as he slipped his fingers between mine, connecting our hands.

“As husband and wife, we do things together.”

I feel the corners of my lips tilt up into a smile.

“I’m going to snap his neck.”

“Mmmh.” He hums as I watch his free hand absentmindedly caress the wall of the hallway, thin layers of frost flow from his fingertips and freeze over the entire wall in seconds.

——

The next morning I awake, quickly going through my daily routine. I briskly walk through the halls, ready to have breakfast with Celest, before her morning studies.

Laxus greets me first, stopping me in the hallway to inform me Celest won’t leave her room, quietly refusing the invitation of food.

My breath hitches as I open her room door and notice her room is empty.

I move quickly, rushing through every inch of her room, looking frantically for her.

I inhale and exhale deeply as I leave her room, quickly heading to the highest tower of the castle.

I notice a few of her notebooks are open and scattered across the floor, her toys are piled high neatly. She usually occupies this tower when she’s trying to avoid her tutors.

My heart stops when I notice the window across the room open wide.

I rush to the window my fingers shaking as I touch the window seal, my heart beating rapidly as I fight back the realization.

I hold my breath and close my eyes, searching the castle for her aura, going floor to floor and through each room twice.

My eyes snap open after I find no trace of her.

She’s left the castle.

Alone.

Unprotected.
And I panic.
“Ahhhh...I’m close.” Pidge moaned wantonly as Allura tightened her hold around her, her hands gripping Pidge’s ass cheeks, with each thrust sending her body higher and higher up the cool tile wall.

Frantically exchanging long winded short-lived kisses, as the on pour of heat rained heavily down on them. The wide cascade of water sending rivers of warmth through their hair and down their entangled bodies. The heated steam of the shower so thick it clouds the room in a milk colored fog.

Their pants hung heavy and loud in the silent room, echoing across the walls and pleasing to the Altean women’s ears, the cries so appealing the urge to hear more, to drag the cries out skyrockets through her, the motions of her ryhthem changes. Pidge breath hitches at the change, she struggles to hold back the rapid studders of clipped moans. The response only encouraging Allura more. Allura shifts their positions, not breaking the connection of their lips as she slams repeatedly into the heat buried deep between Pidge’s thighs.

Pidge pleaded for more between kisses as she tighten her hold around Allura, desperately grabbing fists full of hair as her body rode higher and higher up the eggshell colored wall, her legs wrapping tighter around Allura’s waist, locking at the ankles.

Her body began to shake as she felt herself getting closer and closer to her destination, her orgasm within reach as she arched her back welcoming Allura deeper inside, earning her greedy ears colorful praises as she began to paw at Allura’s shoulders, her toes curling.

“Mmmmh...you feels so good when I’m buried inside you.”

Allura sighed deeply with content, her eyes on Pidge watching the beautiful display of expressions dancing across her porcelain features, she took her time counting the freckles across her lover’s cheeks as she drank in the heady moans, and the desperate hitch of her breathing. The way her eyelashes fluttered and the sight of the gorgeous pink that tinted her cheeks as she through her head back, her cries of appreciation growing louder. Nearly becoming screams.

“Let’s try for a third orgasm.” Allura hummed as she moved, unwrapping Pidge’s legs from around her waist and quickly placing them on her shoulders, the movements so smooth and fluid like, Pidge barely notices.

“I...I...don’t forget we-...” Pidge trails of with a whimper as Allura switches her pace, spreading her
legs wider, bracing her self as she precedes to slam into Pidge mercilessly while she’s talking, her hands gripping her hips as she wildly slammed Pidge down repetitively, meeting her hips with each animalistic thrust.

Allura watched as Pidge’s train of thought came crashing down, her mouth open wide as she begins to babble incoherently about their morning, her face scrunched and twisted in pain, pleasure and everything in between, her fingers desperate as they try to find purchase.

Allura likes Pidge when she’s like this.

Wrecked.

A complete mess.

So Beautiful she appears ethereal.

With red kiss swollen lips, her eyes screwed shut, her head thrown back.

She looks wrecked.

Fucking captivating as she rides Allura’s dick, submitting herself completely as she becomes lost in enjoyment, drowning pleasurably in the sensation.

Her body honest, as her walls tighten around Allura, sucking her in, threatening to milk her dry.

“I’m-“

Pidge doesn’t get to finish as her body violently convulses, her eyes rolling to the back of her head, her jaw dropping in a shrill yell as her orgasm crashed through her.

Allura baskes in the rays of satisfaction as Pidge tightens around her, pulling Allura violently toward her own orgasm, she greedily fucks her through it, her hips wildly bucking as she rode the victory of the morning.

Pidge sighed breathlessly once Allura’s movements stopped, her body spasming from over sensitivity as Allura slowly slid out of her.

Gently placing her down, her feet meeting the cool shower floor once again.

Their eyes meet and Pidge moves first, lifting her arm, cupping Allura’s cheek tenderly, her thumb slowly rubbing along her cheek and onto her lips before returning back to her cheek.

Allura in turn nuzzles into her warmth and smiles, closing her eyes.

Such a soft gesture.

Allura drinks it up, allowing herself the pleasure of being with Pidge....no strings or baggage from her past attached.

She slowly opens her eyes and meets hazel ones, full of appreciation and want.

Her breath hitches as she struggles to verbalize her thoughts, unsure what to say....not wanting to break the spell wrapped so tight around them. But she needed desperately to speak. To share the words that where entrapped around her chest like a vice, her desires, her fears, her hopes and her wants that should of been needs ..her need to speak becoming so overwhelming that her lips freeze in place with hesitation. Pidge’s curious hazel eyes locked onto Allura’s, a perplexed expression graced Pidge’s soft features. She wanted to hear Allura’s thoughts, wanted to know what was
making her lover’s beautiful face twist and contort through a hidden list of new emotions. Unlike Allura, Pidge has no problem verbalizing her thoughts or sharing her opinion. Her mind moving quickly, gearing up, threatening to cage the Altean women into the lit flames of her want.

Before either of them can speak there’s an impatient knock at the door.

“Guys hurry up! Your gonna be late for training!” Hunk whines from the hallway halfheartedly, he sounds apologetic about interrupting. But also annoyed everyone’s running late.

Allura pulled away from Pidge’s touch with a sigh and turned the water off, quickly grabbing two towels. She steps out of the shower quickly drying her soaked hair.

“Yeah no hanky panky!! It’s time to get serious!!” Lance’s brazen voice joins in beside Hunk’s now flustered one.

There’s a scandalized squeak from outside the door, Pidge shakes her head in amusement, not surprised as she pictured the yellow Paladin’s face growing red at the childish innuendo.

He was too pure.

Pidge laughed as she began to dry off quickly, grabbing her training suit as she wrapped the towel around her head.

Allura was already dressed, pulling her hair up into a neat bun.

“Your just upset you haven’t gotten any hanky panky.” Pidge scolded as the door to her room slid open, her and Allura coming face to face with their teammates.

“Y-yo-you don’t know my life!” Lance studdered, his cheeks turning pink as he turned away from the door and strolled ahead of them embarrassed.

Hunk shook his head.

Allura rolled her eyes, as she stepped out of the room, it was too early for Lance’s antics.

Keith yawned boredly as he fail instep beside Pidge, his beadhead wild, dark bags hung under his eyes, his shoulders slumped forward.

He looked like shit.

“You look like shit.” Pidge said aloud as she watched Allura and Hunk welcome Shiro into their conversation, not bothering to dull the blade of her honesty.

Keith grunted in response, clearly over the day before it could even start.

“I hate this schedule, I already have trouble sleeping.” Keith growled as he waved away Shiro’s offer of morning goo as they entered the cafeteria.

“Yeah it’s not exactly ideal for me either.” Pidge agreed with a lazy yawn as she slumped down into her seat.

She’d stayed up well into the night everyday since their arrival onto Slav’s ship.

“What do you think we’re doing today?” Hunk asked as he pulled a variety of seasonings from his
pockets and began to heavily coat his food.

Kieth snorted at the attempt to make shit taste like less shit.

“Who knows.”

Lance said with a shrug as he scooped a spoonful of goo into his mouth and blanched. It’d been nearly three weeks, and yet the taste of goo for three square meals a day hadn’t got any more appealing.

Allura was beginning to think Hunk was right, Slav was trying to kill them.

“I don’t care what we’re doing, I’m just glad the weight room is out.” Lance said with a laugh, causing Shiro to frown.

“I agree.” Allura chimed in, Ulaz had found her strength uncomfortably intriguing. Often times adding an inhuman amount of weight to her workout regimen.

“Whatever it is, I hope it’s short.” Keith whined into the table, as he fought back a yawn.

Shiro nodded in agreement, “I’ve had about enough of this training arc.”

“Yeah I’m tired of rigging that piece of shit satellite to work every night.” Pidge sighed annoyed, resting her elbows on the table and pushing away her plate.

“I can deal with the satellite.” Hunk started, as he neatly piled everyone’s plates one on top another, in the center of the table.

“I’m just ready to fucking go home.”

The group nodded in agreement. The enthusiasm they’d once harbored in the beginning of their endeavor, now dwindled, as their optimism quickly became replaced with pessimism and vulgar impatience.

“Morning Paladins.” Ulaz said with a wide smile as he stepped into the cafeteria, his hands behind his back, his morning aura bright as usual.

Ulaz was met with an unenthusiastic chorus of good mornings. He laughed brightly, used to the greeting.

“Come come. We have something important to discuss this morning.” Ulaz said as he spun on his heels and retreated from the doorway, leaving the Paladins to dump their remnants of breakfast.

“Morning.” Kolivan said sharply from beside a fully back to health Zander.

Zander waved his greeting, his attention quickly turning back to Kolivan as they dove back into conversation.

Lance’s eyes landed on Kolivan, roaming up his frame, he turned away awkwardly as intense yellow eyes meet his. A serious blush creeping to his cheeks as his mind wandered aggressively back into uncharted waters, arriving back to the exchange shared between them in the springs days ago. He swallowed thickly, counting to ten, attempting to smother the arousal brewing in his belly.

“Morning.” Slav said as he turned his eyes away from the control panel and rendered his full attention to his students.
“I have good news or bad news. Well it really depends on perspective-“

“What do you mean good news or bad news?”

“What do you mean Perspective?”

Keith and Shiro question at the same time, their eyes untrusting on Slav.

Allura sighed. Here comes the bullshit.

“Good news is; your training is just about over-“

“Anddddd?” Lance asked, stepping into the conversation.

Slav gives him a look for interrupting before he continues.

“You will each be dropped into a new training environment for 72 hours. With the goal of awakening and mastering your weapons.”

“Okkkkkk...what do you mean dropped into a new training environment?” Hunk asked with a raised brow, his nervousness bleaching his words.

Kolivan steps forward, attempting to shed much needed clarification. But like the large clock that sat in the cafeteria, it didn’t work.

“You will be transported to a unfamiliar location without your weapons. You won’t be placed within miles of one another. But you will-“

“Wait What?!“ Pidge interrupts Kolivan rudely, holding her hand up, obviously uncomfortable with the direction of the conversation.

“What do you mean without our weapons?!“ Allura questions from beside Pidge.

“What do you mean won’t be placed within miles of one another?!“ Hunk nearly yells, startling Lance beside him.

“Let me get this straight.” Shiro started with an exaggerated sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose between his thumb and index finger with heavy irritation, he could already feel a headache forming.

“You want to drop us in an unfamiliar location, without weapons and miles apart from one other?”

“Yes.” Kolivan said simply. “If you’d stop interrupting you’d know why.” The Galran grit out harshly, clearly agitated with attempting to explain to the group.

“Well could someone explain?” Lance asked crossing his arms, impatiently tapping his left foot into the training mat, pelting the material with his feet creating an odd squeaking sound.

Kolivan lips twitched, amused at the display as he steps back, allowing Slav to continue.

“You each represent a piece of something much larger. If individually you can’t stand on your own, how do you expect to form Voltron?”

That seems to snatch all the aggression from the room, crushing the Paladins unkindly with insecurity.
“You each will be dropped onto an island miles apart, the goal is to summon your weapons, change its form and find one another.” Slav continued, crossing his arms as he met the eyes of each Paladin.

“Why won’t we have our weapons?” Keith asked lightly, his concerned eyes meeting Slav’s.

“How are we supposed to find one another?” Allura chimed, her blue eyes flickering from Pidge, to Keith, Lance, Hunk and Shiro with worry.

Ulaz cleared his throat, and leaned forward.

“We believe as Paladins You each harbor a special bond that will allow you to call your weapons and find one another. No matter the distance.”

“How do you expect us to do any of that if we don’t know how?!?” Pidge growled with irritation.

“How do we even know that shit will work?!”

“We’re going to prepare you.” Zander hissed, rolling his shoulders as he stepped forward.

“What if- what if we don’t find each other? Or we can’t summon our weapons?”

Hunk asked softly, his shoulders slumped as he verbalized his source of discomfort with the assignment, his brown eyes sprinkled with uncertainty as they met Zander’s.

“Well you just have to stay alive those 72 hours and we’ll get you.” Slav said dismissively. “I wouldn’t be too worried about that.”

“Wait, you keep telling us horrible Shit. When do we actually get to the good news?” Lance asked with a sigh as he placed a comforting hand on Hunk’s shoulder, rubbing soothing patterns into the flesh.

Hunk melted under the touch, his body relaxing as Shiro stood closer beside him, offering silent support.

“Ah yes!” Slav said cheerily, making Keith flinch with surprise at the suddenly bright tone.

“Once you SUCCESSFULLY complete the 72 hours you are free to go home.”

There’s a beat of silence, before the Paladins irrupt excitedly into side conversations.

“But.” Slav said rudely, quickly cutting off the excitement across the room.

“You will spend today and tomorrow vigorously preparing for the trip. And you only get to go home if You EACH complete the tasks listed.”

“Preparing?” Allura echoed her eyes dropping onto Slav.

“Yes. We will spend these next 48 hours drilling into you vital information and tips for survival.”

“When do we start?” Lance asked, his eyes widening as he clumsily tripped backwards, barely avoiding the sudden swing of Kolivan’s right fist.

“Hey!!-“

“We start now.” Kolivan said dryly as his foot collided into Allura’s chest, sending her awkwardly into Lance, almost knocking them both to the floor.
“Wait-“

Shiro’s sentence is cut short by the wild swing of four of Slav’s arms, he dodges and steps back dropping into an offensive stance.

“Um could we maybe talk about this more-“

Hunk squawked as he jumped out of the way of a combined combination of Ulaz’s solid kicks and closed fists.

“Sure. Let’s talk.” Ulaz said as he continued his attack, pushing Hunk away from the group.

“This is getting annoy-“ Keith sentence stops as he pivots on his heels, putting space between him and Zander.

“If you have time to complain, you have time to spar.” Zander hissed as his form shifted wildly, expanding into longer strips of black as he moved toward Keith, his free hand slamming into Pidge.

“I’m gettin real tired of this shit!” Pidge growled as she side stepped, catching the appendage between her arms, she yanked forward attempting to knock him off his feet.

“Once you arrive to your destination, pay close attention to the vegetation.” Kolivan warned, as he easily blocked a punch from Lance.

“Why-why?” Lance grit out as he pushed forward into Kolivan, placing his full weight into the attack, forcing him back an inch.

“Because it’s poisonous. We’re unsure how the toxins would fair to your species.” Kolivan said as he released his hold on Lance, knocking him off guard as he stepped away, Allura quickly crashing forward into him.

“Poisonous?!” Allura yelled as she quickly rose to her feet, and lunged forward, slamming her foot into Kolivan’s chest with enough force to send him down.

“What do you mean affect our species?!?” Lance questioned from beside Allura as they began to double team Kolivan, switching aggressively between timed attacks, knocking him back further and further.

“Like I said.” Kolivan grit out, catching Lance’s ankle at the same time he caught Allura’s wrist, his eyes narrowing.

“Be mindful of the vegetation.” Kolivan growled as he slammed them both harshly to the ground.

“You are ok to eat only the pale colored fruit. But anything brightly colored is ill advised. But the creatures near the non poisonous food sources will attack.”

“What kinda advice is that?!” Hunk yelled as he slammed Ulaz down harshly into the mat, quickly straddling the Galran.

“Like I said. A lot of the creatures on that planet will see you as a potential food source and attack to kill.” Ulaz repeated as he blocked a punch to the head.

“How are we supposed to defend ourselves without our weapons?!” Hunk growled, as he rained down punches all over Ulaz’s upper body in anger.
This was bullshit.

“Be careful where you step. You may sink to your death or be swallowed whole and eaten alive by a creature hiding in the ground.” Zander said politely, as he knocked Keith across the room, breaking him and Pidge’s synchronized attacks.

“Eaten alive?!” Pidge questioned loudly as she dodged coming in contact with Zander’s foot.

“Yes. So tread lightly.” Zander said boredly, as if he where explaining something simple to a child.

“How the fuck are we supposed to be tread lightly when you told us we’ll die if we even walk?!” Keith growled as he jumped over Pidge and slammed his elbow into what he thought was Zander’s face.

“Be careful and don’t do stupid things.” Zander hissed as he caught Keith and slammed him down onto the mat harshly a few feet in front of Pidge.

“The area you are going to is uninhabited by civil creatures, they may be peaceful, then again they may not.” Slav said as he tripped Shiro onto the mat, his hands quickly moving to pin him down.

“You also should watch out for large plots of land, they can shift at any moment creating large inescapable holes.”

“What the fuck?! Why are you dropping us off there?!” Shiro asked growling with anger as he fought to break Slav’s hold on him.

“Because it’s necessary.” Slav said as he stepped back, releasing his grasp on Shiro. He quickly rolled out of the way and rose to his feet, irritation sketched heavily across his features.

“You need this. You all need this.” Slav continued, his pink eyes burning as he advanced toward Shiro, two of his hands quickly trapping the Paladin’s wrist.

“This experience will make you each stronger.” Slav growled as he body slammed Shiro onto the mat. “Or break you each down.”

“You may face some opponents with neutralizing attacks.” Kolivan said as he forced Lance backward, the blue Paladin’s back meeting the cold hard wall of the training room.

“If you come in contact with such an attack don’t panic, the effects will likely wear off. But it will hurt until it does.”

Allura pivoted on her heels, her feet slamming into the training mat as she raced toward Kolivan, her arms wrapping around his midsection as she lifted him off his feet into a suplex, slamming his grace fully head first onto the mat.

“Damn Allura.” Lance coughed rubbing her arm as he stepped away from the wall, in awe.

“Where you in wrestling or something?!”

“No.” Allura said dryly as she stood protectively in front of Lance, her eyes narrowed as she dropped into a stance.

“I just know how to fight.”

“You’ve gotten worlds better at this.”
Zander chimed as Pidge ran after him, making him retreat and go on the defensive. He seemed rather enamored by the turn of events, seeming to enjoy avoiding her and Keith’s well planned attacks.

He’s just happy they learned something.

“Stay still you asshole!!” Keith growled as Pidge fail beside him, letting him take the lead as he blazed forward slamming his foot into Zander’s liquidated form.

“Don’t forget to watch out for the insects.” Zander informed them with a hint of laughter, as his form quickly shifted, melting around Keith’s attack effortlessly.

“What do you mean insects?” Pidge asked disturbed inwardly cringing, at the thought of giant blood sucking, mutant twelve legged, body snatching parasites.

Her skin crawled at the thought.

Pidge doesn’t do bugs.

Or nature.

She also doesn’t do manual labor or fighting....but here she fucking is.

“Yes insects. You wouldn’t think we’d send you to a barren wasteland, would you?” Zander asked lazily, as he maneuvered around Keith, dodging his bold attacks created out of frustration and impatience.

“That’s rather heartless.” Zander stated softly, as he dodged Pidge’s attack, sending Keith flailing into her and knocking her down.

“It could always be worse.” Ulaz said, holding the torch of optimism high as he side checked Hunk, slamming his right fist into his midsection and his left under Hunk’s chin.

“You and your misplaced pep talk aren’t making this any better.” Hunk growled as he took several steps back, rubbing his chin.

Ulaz shrugged lazily an ominous smile forming on his thin lips.

“You’ll be fine as long as you use your head. All of you are—well seem pretty smart.”

“I agree. I am pretty smart.” Lance chimed from the far end of the training room.

Hunk rolled his eyes and moved, quickly advancing toward Ulaz, locking his large hand around the Galran’s wrist, yanking him harshly closer.

“What is the actual point of this?” He asked with narrowed eyes, his voice dropping dangerously with hostility.

“The point is team work!!” Slav said from across the room as he shifted his form, suddenly grabbing his ankles and spiraling into Shiro.

“Team work is vital for you to properly form Voltron.” Zander said as he caught hold of Pidge’s ankle and dragged her across the training room floor, avoiding Keith’s advances.

The green Paladin in response sent a fury of colorful words in the shifters direction.

“In other words...team work is dream work.” Ulaz said as Hunk tossed him down roughly onto the
mat, knocking the wind out of him.

“That’s so lameee-OUCHE!!!”
Lance’s complaint was promptly cut short by Kolivan’s fist.

“Watch it ASSHOLE!! I’m feeling fragile today!!”

Lance spat as he rose to his feet, rubbing his jaw, that was now turning a dark unwelcomed shade of red.

He was going to have a bruise.

Lance didn’t do bruises.

He narrowed his eyes in annoyance, his anger by the blemish noticeable as he took a new stance.

“You should really stop the chatter.” Kolivan said with a pleased smile, as the blue Paladin shot daggers his way.

“You’ll only get distracted. You know if you-“

“Don’t mind if I DON’T!!!” Lance yelled interrupting the Galran as he collided into him fist first. Kolivan meet him happily blow for blow, his eyes catching movement of Allura behind him.

“I suggest you stay after today’s lesson so we can have a conversation about your stance.” Kolivan said with a laugh as he side stepped to the left, his arm yanking Lance forward and into Allura’s oncoming attack.

“It’s weak.” Kolivan continued as he watched the two Paladins collide into a mess of tangled limbs.

“I’ve had enough of this.” Allura growled as she quickly rose to her feet and snatched Lance up from the floor, Ulaz’s eyes widened as he watched the Altean women easily lift Lance high into the air, her hold around his arm and leg.
Lance dangled timidly above her head, his cheeks darkening as he met Kolivan’s eyes.

“Uhhhh Allura-what are you doing?” Lance asked meekly, his eyes wide as refused to believe the conclusion his mind kept arriving too.

Allura wouldn’t throw him.

That’s..that’d be..crazy.

Kolivan took a measured step back, his eyes flickering from Lance’s horrified expression and back onto Allura’s hard stoic one, her lips pulled tightly together with indifference.

“You wouldn’t.” Kolivan challenged, refusing to think she’d toss her teammate at him, as a means to win the fight.

Allura’s eyes narrowed as she took a step forward, Lance squawked as she shifted her arms, heartlessly releasing him, throwing him easily as if he weighted nothing.

Kolivan braced himself, realizing if he moved so much as an inch, the young Paladin would slam painfully onto the floor.
Allura smiled as Kolivan stood rooted in place, and clumsily caught Lance, toppling over in the process, his back meeting the mat as the impact brought him down.
“Allura What the FU-“

“Training is over!!” Slav chimed from across the room interrupting the beginning of Lance’s interrogation, and swiftly dodging the angry fist of Shiro’s metal arm.

“We will resume tomorrow. Good job.” Slav said with the clap of his hands as he moved away from Shiro and headed toward the training door.

“You did well.” Ulaz said with a smile as he childishly kicked Hunk in the back of the leg, gifting the yellow Paladin with a Charlie horse.

Hunk tossed Ulaz a dirty look as he angrily rubbed his leg muscles, trying to force out the cramp.

“I must add in my notes that you two fair exceptionally better with prolonged training periods.” Zander said as he pulled away, his form melting toward the direction of the door into an ink colored puddle.

“What do you mean your notes?!?” Keith called after him, watching as their teacher began to stack himself back up into his humanoid form, happily ignoring the red Paladin’s question.

“You’ve been training for hours.” Zander said as he stepped out of the training room. “Each hour getting better and making smarter decisions.”

“Is it just me or does he sound proud?” Keith asked as he pulled Pidge up to her feet, both their eyes landing on the now empty training room doorway.

“He’s so weird.” Pidge replied with the shake of her head, ready to shower and wash away the evidence of the last few strenuous hours.

“He’s no weirder then Ulaz.” Hunk pointed out dryly as he limped into their conversation, absently rubbing his still sore leg.

Before either of them could ask what happened to his leg, Ulaz peeked his head back into the door way.

“Also no throwing your teammates.” He said cheerily with a smile as he quickly ducked away.

“No throwing teammates?” Shiro asked aloud meeting Hunk’s eyes with a raised brow as he joined the huddle of friends.

“Pidge did you throw Keith?” Shiro asked turning to the tiny women with a suspiciously raised brow.

“Hey!!! What makes you think I didn’t throw her?!” Keith whined, offended at his brother’s accusation.

“Nope.” Pidge cackled slapping Hunk’s sore leg and quickly earning a middle finger as thanks.

“I threw Lance.” Allura admitted rather nonchalant as she stepped into conversation, obviously indifferent as she was met with surprised eyes.

“Why?” Hunk asked first.

“Because he’s Lance.” Keith filled in rudely, his eyes turning toward the other side of the room landing on Lance and Kolivan practicing punches.
“I thought training was over.” Pidge said as she watched Kolivan instruct Lance on correcting his stance.

“It is.” Shiro said watching the lone pair with mild interest.

“Kolivan told him he needed to stay and work on his stance.” Allura said as the group moved toward the entrance of the training room and began to filter out two at a time.

Hunk tossed a worried glance across his shoulder a few times before he opted to stand in the doorway and wait.

Patiently.

“I’m fine.” Lance grit out as he brought his arms up in front of his face and blocked a string of Kolivan’s punches.

“I can wai-“

“Hunk I’ll catch you later. Besides I really need the practice.” Lance grit out in a huff, his irritation evident as Kolivan corrected his defensive stance once again.

Lance frowned as he corrected himself, his brows knit tightly together in concentration as he struggled not to be pushed back.

Out of all of them, him and Pidge had the most trouble adjusting to fighting aspect of training.

Her preferring to be tech savvy and use her head, often times behind a monitor, away from the action, but still involved, fully aware of the situation.

Him ok with being in the center of it all, even if he didn’t really know what he was doing. Preferring dance over football, swimming to wrestling and yoga to boxing.

It had been no secret Lance felt a bit out of his element of comfort when it came to close combat, often opting to fight long range and happily from a distance.

Most nights after training he’d mosey into Hunk’s room and vent unhappily about the training regiments.

Expressing the discomfort he felt each time he set foot in the training room and wasn’t given his weapon.

Expressing what if felt falling each day into the shadow of Allura he felt trapped behind each time she shined to bright, doing things he’d never be able to do.

Hunk had tried to talk Lance down from the mountain of isolation he’d created, using his lack of confidence and self fulfilled insecurities as tools.

The climb had been to steep. He still stood on the ground, watching his Bestfriend continuously climb higher and higher, refusing to hear him out.

His ears stuffed to the brim with doubt as thick as cotton.

After a moment Hunk simply nodded, turning away from the training room, hoping his friend would find his way out of the unnecessary mental maze he’d created and free fall back into himself.

Kolivan swung again, his right fist connecting into Lance’s jaw, Lance reeled back in response,
cupping his cheek as pain exploded up his jawline.

“What is wrong with you?” Kolivan asked after a moment, his eyes on Lance.

“I’m tired-“

“No.” Kolivan said shaking his head, his voice stern as it cut across the training room, making him appear closer then he was.

“What is wrong with you?” He repeated again, his yellow eyes sharp.

For a moment Lance is quite, the room around them silent as he stood wordlessly in front of the Galran, his usual playful features twisted up angrily.

“What’s wrong with me!!” Lance yelled pulling his hand from his face, his voice full of outrage.

“This isn’t my thing!! Fighting isn’t my thing!!! I’m not as good as Allura, I’m not strong like Shiro!! I’m not as fast or good as Keith!! I’m not as solid as Hunk, I can’t counter shit!!Fuck!! Pidge can throw a punch better then I can.” Lance ranted, his voice wavering as he spat the words he’d been pushing back to darkest corners of his mind.

The candor weight of his words steamrolled between them and dropped heavily to the ground with a harsh thud, illustrating an atmosphere of long static malice.

Kolivan remained silent, allowing him to vent, choosing his words carefully as he spoke.

“You compare yourself to your teammates?”

The question catches Lance off guard a bit, he wasn’t expecting the softness of the tone or the hesitation weaved tightly through the question, or the hint of surprise dipped in the sentence.

He hadn’t intentionally been doing that had he...?

“You shouldn’t do that. Each of you offer something different, you each have your own gifts that greatly contribute to your cause.”

Lance sighed as he closed his eyes, exhaling slowly as he spoke.

“What do I offer? What’s my gift?”

Kolivan doesn’t pause in his response, he doesn’t even require a full moment or second to process the question to provide an answer.

“Your a skilled marksmen.”

Lance snorted, a faint smile tugging up the corner of his lips.

“Kinda don’t have my gun. I haven’t had it in weeks. Talk about some useless fucking praise.”

Kolivan rolled his eyes.

“You have quick reflexes. Your a skilled improviser. You also know your way around a sword.”

Lance’s eyes snapped open at the last remark, his surprise evident as his eyes fail back upon the Galran.
“How... how do you know that?”

Kolivan simply shrugged, an uncharacteristic grin slipping to his lips, waking his features in a way that made Lance’s stomach jump.

“I may have seen you and Pidge sword fighting over the use of the satellite a few times.”

The image of him and Pidge storming across Hunk’s bed, knocking the poor man’s belongings to the floor as they argued, yelling at one another as they swung hand made swords created out of tinkering equipment, filled his mind.

Lance laughed, his body relaxing as his shoulders shook with amusement.

“You saw that?!”

Kolivan allowed himself the gift of looking at Lance, his breath staggering as he took in the exotic aesthetic of the man beside him.

Took in how his cheeks had turned a lively shade of pink, took in the chocolate brown hair plastered beautifully to his forehead with sweat, curling up softly at the ends, he took in rich brown skin that seemed to glow attractively under the bright lighting of the room.

“You don’t give yourself nearly enough credit.” Kolivan stated dryly pulling his eyes away from the sight, not daring to address the odd feeling in the pit of stomach forming as he stood beside the blue Paladin. He sighed closing his eyes. Your not supposed to notice these kinds of things about a student. His thoughts chimed teasingly, willing to crush the distraction and overlook the lust radiating from both bodies present in the room.

“Just because you struggle with hand to hand, doesn’t mean you don’t have anything else to offer.”

“We’ve been teaching you hand to hand in the likely chance, that if you ever DO find yourself weaponless you can defend yourself.”

Lance nodded, his attention turning onto Kolivan as he took in his teacher’s profile up close, not bothering to hide the fact he was admiring the view. Enjoying the soft essence comfortably emanating from the Galran beside him. This was the side of Kolivan he didn’t experience too often, the Galran usually so serious and quick to the point, Lance was pretty sure he’d only seen him smile twice.

His eyes roamed across Kolivan’s silhouette, up broad shoulders, onto his relaxed but usually serious face, and onto the pale scar that littered beautifully across his left eye.

“Thanks....” He said quickly, remembering it was his turn to speak.

Kolivan grunted in response, his eyes still closed.

“Fight to your strengths.” Kolivan suggested as he turned back toward Lance, his large body dropping into a stance.

“What you lack in strength, you make up for in speed. What you lack in experience, you make up for with flexibility.”

Lance pivoted on his heels, his arms up at his sides as he dropped into a defensive stance, allowing Kolivan’s words to wash over him.
Staining him with the confidence needed to progress.

“You are deceptively athletic and acrobatic. Play to those strengths Lance.” Kolivan said as he opened his eyes, meeting Lance’s intense gaze.

Lance felt a spark as his eyes melt smoldering eyes so yellow, they appeared gold in their intensity. Beckoning his forward, inviting him into the house of inclination he’d been so desperately suppressing from the rabid appetite of curiosity that was a brew.

Lance moved, not bothering to think. Allowing his body to move as freely as he felt, breezing past the usual chains of hesitation as he launched himself in Kolivan’s direction, quickly invading the Galran’s personal space.

The world seemed to pause as he spun on his heels, expecting his teacher’s ready rebuttal. Lance swung his elbow behind him, connecting painfully into Kolivan’s chest.

His body still moving as he dropped low to the ground and kicked the floor from beneath Kolivan. They moved elegantly entangled together as if in dance, spinning around one another, blocking the advancements of punches, and pushing back kicks before the could bloom.

Lance laughed as Kolivan slapped his hands away, avoiding his touches as he moved quickly, slamming his feet into his chest, nearly knocking him down.

His body feeling weightless as he ran across the room, his feet flattening the mat in his aggressive wake, as he bulldozed forward, colliding fist first into Kolivan.

They meet each other hit for hit, both strong and solid. Lance doesn’t back down as he lowers and turns around, his back to his teacher as he moves elegantly arching his back, his palms kissing the traing room mat as he flips, closing the space between them, the soles of his feet slamming into Kolivan’s rib cage.

He smiled as he dropped low to the ground in a new stance, one completely his own.

Kolivan moved light-footed, catching himself and snatching Lance up by the back of the neck, an amused grin present as he dropped him back onto his feet and took a few steps back.

“You are amazing when you try.”

Lance snorted, as he rose to his full height, his smile turning into a lopsided grin.

“I’m always amazing.” He said with a wink.

Kolivan frowned.

“Cockiness will only get you so far.”

Lance snickered.

“You’d be cocky too, if you where full of me.”

Kolivan’s eyes widen, thrown completely out of his mind that the comment had even been made out loud.

Kolivan cleared his throat roughly, thoughtlessly sliding his tongue slowly across his lips.

Lance didn’t NOT catch the action. The honest response of the Galran’s body, the anomalous invitation to a nearly discovered gray area infrequently seen.
Lance willed himself to relax as he felt his arousal between his legs threaten to rise.

“Fine. “ Kolivan said roughly, as if trying to restrain himself, his voice snapping Lance out of his fogged afflatus thoughts of temptation.

Lance swallowed thickly, the action drawing intense yellow eyes hungrily to his Adam’s apple.

“If you can pin me for ten seconds, I’ll let you temporarily see your Bayard.”

Blue bright twin orbs grow with excitement, ready for the challenge.
He doesn’t even ask for how long he’ll have it, his body craving to feel the familiar warmth and connection to something bigger then himself.

His Bayard had become the compass to the door bolted shut to the universe, left ajar just for him.

Lance’s demeanor quickly shifted into one of a predator, as he readied himself to move with the goal in mind to touch his rifle.

“If I can just pin you?” Lance asked his eyes snapping bright as he watched Kolivan respond.

His body eager as he watched Kolivan tell him he’d give him what he wanted. The double entendre of the situation had him yearning, ready to fling the door off the hinges to the opportunity that had come willingly knocking.

“If you just pin me.” Kolivan confirmed with a nod, his body dropping into a offensive ready stance.

“Change the surroundings?” Lance asked.

Kolivan pivoted on his heels, reluctantly pulling his eyes away from Lance, briskly walking to the control panel.
Purple large fur covered hands floated across the keys, the room suddenly humming a muted yellow in color as the machine loaded.

“Pick.” Kolivan said as he switched the control of the room onto manual, allowing the room to mold into whatever the blue Paladin had in mind.

“My backyard in Cuba.” Lance spoke clearly, his voice projecting loud across the room.

Kolivan watched in silence as the world unfolded into something completely new, his surroundings quickly morphing into a rather athletic and intense obstacle course.

Large wooden tower walls split the room in sections, pulling their bodies further apart and separating them, thick ropes littered the entirety of the ceiling, to something akin to monkey bars.

Large craters of empty land formed gashes hollowed out the floor, two large metal boulders dangerously circled the other end of the room, the massive weight of their movements routinely shaking the ground abusively.

He could smell something odd....

Something hot and burning.

Something was on fire.

Kolivan couldn’t see it. But he could smell it.
Kolivan stood rooted in place his mind working rapidly, taking note the level of high madness surrounding him in the room.

It should of been concerning.

Lance moved first.

His movements deliberate as he slammed into one of the walls, quickly scaling it, his feet hitting the ground beneath him as he sprinted into Kolivan’s direction.

Kolivan pushed forward, jumping over one of the large holes in the floor, his eyes locked on the color blue miles away, quickly dipping between walls.

Kolivan shielded his eyes as he landed through a sudden hoop of fire.
He grit his teeth as he landed awkwardly, checking to make sure pieces of him weren’t on fire as he looked himself over.

“This is the course my parents made for me and my siblings when they wanted us to play outside, in the summer back home.”

Lance said wistfully as he dipped through a burning circle, quickly catching a rope from the ceiling and swinging across the room, his arms quickly moving his body through the air.

“Is this normal?” Kolivan asked as he jumped out of the way of the twin boulders rolling his direction.

“It is when your dad owns a construction company and your moms likes to watch the Olympics for fun.” Lance deadpanned as he dropped from the ceiling and landed gracefully on top of a wall, skillfully catwalking across the top of a wooden surface comfortably.

“Interesting.” Kolivan replied as he kicked off one of the walls, his feet touching across wall after wall as he sprinted in Lance’s direction.

All to eager to have company.

They meet each other half way, fists sliding back and forth quicker then a stolen transaction as they sought purchase in one another.

Kolivan growled as Lance grabbed both his shoulders and rammed his head into his, quickly stomping on his toe and shoving him backwards from the wall.

Attempting to knock him down.

Lance simply smiled as he jumped into the air, his hands quickly locking around loops as he moved further across the room.

Kolivan smiled as his desire to have fun surfaced, his attention on the back of the man inviting him to play.

He wanted to see how this would play out.

Kolivan turned to his left and began to run, hopping across the tops of walls spread further apart, chasing after Lance.

Lance laughed as he looked over his shoulder, his eyes landing on the Galran close behind him crushing wooden walls beneath his feet.
“Kolivan your destroying the course.”

Kolivan snorted as he continued forward, jumping into Lance, breaking his hold on the ropes in his hands and knocking him down, they fail freely through the air.

Lance seemed unbothered as they fail, his eyes closed and arms spread wide, indulging in the brief flow of drifting weightlessly through the air.

Kolivan hissed as he was kicked harshly into the side of a wooden wall, Lance’s heels wedged in the small of his back, pinning him to a wall.

“I don’t have all day.” Lance stated, watching hungrily as Kolivan spun around beneath him and moved easily, barely restrained.

“Neither do I.” Kolivan said as he snatched both of Lance’s ankles, yanking him from the wall and slamming him down to the ground.

“Let’s hurry this up.” Kolivan said charging, slamming through debris of walls, while watching Lance slowly rise to his feet.

Lance dropped into his new low stance, watching Kolivan charged toward him.

Lance fought Kolivan back, slamming him through a wall as he stepped forward.

The smile on his face quickly falling as Kolivan slammed his feet into Lance’s chest, slapping him through debris, and almost knocking him into a gaping hole.

Lance dragged the back of his hand across his bottom lip, wiping away blood as he rose to his feet, staring Kolivan down.

Kolivan smiled, not thinking through his actions as he waved his index finger invitingly toward the Cuban, egging him on, poking at the Paladin’s competitive streak.

Lance spun on his heels, falling forward into a cartwheel, spiraling toward Kolivan. His muse Slav, as he mimicked the alien’s movements perfectly.

Kolivan doesn’t allow himself the time to feel shock at the move, as he braces himself, standing his ground and bringing his joined hands above his head into a closed fist, timing Lance’s movements.

Kolivan saw his opening and brought his fists down hard, slamming into the back of the Paladin, untangling his body and knocking him to the ground.

Lance grit his bottom lip as he moved, ignoring the sensation of pain that coiled tightly throughout his body as he dropped his stance, he’d been expecting to get hit.

Just not that hard.

His hands lock around Kolivan’s ankles and he twists his arms, knocking the Galran off his feet and onto his back.

Kolivan kicked at him, the sole of his foot slamming into the Paladin’s chest.

Lance moved unphased catching the back of his left leg and placing it over his shoulder, as he pushed forward between the Galran’s legs, eliminating space between them.

Their movements still harsh, as they fought one another for dominance, their breathing erratic as
Lance placed both his hands alongside of Kolivan’s head, boxing him in.

“I just have to pin you.” Lance said breathlessly, his eyes lidded as they fail on his teacher’s form beneath him.

“Try again.” Kolivan said dryly as he snapped his leg from Lance’s shoulder and shoved his knee into his chest, knocking him back.

“Um ouch.” Lance complained with smile, rubbing his now sore midsection.

Kolivan laughed as he quickly rose to his feet, his eyes focused as he rolled his shoulders forward.

“I didn’t expect you to be so eager to get me on my back.” Kolivan said dusting his shoulder lightly.

“I didn’t expect you to let me.” Lance said with a sly grin as he readied himself to move, sparks of high energy bouncing up his arms and through his fingertips, his grin widening as he continued to speak.

“I didn’t expect you to be a bottom either.”

An intense blush scorched across Kolivan’s face, his eyes still on Lance as he leaned forward, his smile now gone.

“Not often.” He said as he slammed into Lance, his movements chaotic as they rained in aggressive waves into the Paladin.

Lance’s movements stuttered for a brief second, as he struggled to keep up, catching a fist to his chest and midsection several times before he rammed his knee into the Galran’s rib cage, knocking him back.

“Maybe I can change that.” Lance said with confidence as he sidestepped Kolivan’s attack, catching the back of his wrist and snatching him forward, nearly knocking him off his feet. Effortlessly mimicking the Galran’s earlier training move with ease.

Lance continued, his grip around his teacher’s wrist tightening as he folded the arm painfully behind him, kicking the back of his knees and sending him to the floor.

“What makes you think I’d let you.” Kolivan grit out as he struggled to pull out of Lance’s hold, his movements fruitless as Lance caught hold of his other arm, forcing him ass up and face down into the mat.

“Because you want me to.” Lance said as his right hand locked around both the Galran’s wrists, restraining him, his left hand roaming freely as he trailed a finger up the curved spine of his teacher now bent submissively on all fours in front of him.

“One.”

Kolivan inhaled and exhaled deeply, trying to break free, his breath catching as Lance’s knee slid between his legs and spread them wider. He could barely pay attention to Lance’s count down.

“Four.”

Lance bit his bottom lip as he felt is erection strain against the confining hold of his clothing.

“Six.”
Kolivan pushed backwards, his movements faltering as he was greeted with a thankful hiss from Lance, the solid bulge of his erection now apparent as it brushed into him.

“Seven.”

“You seem like you want this more then I do.” Kolivan teased as he pushed backwards into Lance again, the heat of his arousal bumping into him with each movement.

Lance snorted.

“Eight. You say that like your not the one bent on all fours dry humping me.”
Lance said as he pushed into Kolivan, his erection sliding between his ass cheeks, the Galran moaned, the pleasant sound made Lance’s dick jump with excitement.

“Ten.” Kolivan finished for him, his eyes closed, as he felt Lance’s hold on him tighten.

“Your just as excited as I am.” Lance said as he trailed his free hand under Kolivan’s chest teasingly, his hand quickly touching and finding his arousal.

Kolivan gasped as Lance palmed him through his suit, his movements leisurely as he worked him completely in his hand.

“You shouldn’t start things you can’t finish.” Kolivan warned, his back arching more, as Lance’s hold on him loosened, his full attention now on the throbbing dick in his hand.

“What makes you think YOU won’t finish?” Lance said as he pulled away sitting on his knees, he moved quickly flipping Kolivan over beneath him, the Galran complied wordlessly with the shift, allowing the Paladin control as he was moved, laying with his legs spread open on his back.

Kolivan remained silent as his legs wrapped around Lance’s waist, their eyes locked on one another.

Lance’s eyes widened at the immediate submissive change of Kolivan, his body inviting...just waiting to be taken.

To be ravished.

Lance had to touch him.
Had to take advantage of the opportunity to taste what he’d been denying himself for days.

Lance pulled away slowly, his hands roaming all over the canvas of Kolivan. His hands shamelessly running down broad shoulders, his thumbs sliding shamelessly slow across pert sensitive nipples, his hands continued along solid abs, and across strong legs wrapped tightly around him, he groaned and grinded slightly into Kolivan, the sight of him spread so inviting was too much.

The seductive way the Galran’s hands touched him, so warm Lance’s body relaxed into the touch, making him wonder how good those hands would across his bare skin.
The way his body seemed to just open itself up, Kolivan’s hooded want filled eyes didn’t help.

“You seem like, you like what you see.” Kolivan said thickly as he watched Lance slid the zipper down on the front of suit.

“Like isn’t the right word.” Lance said breathlessly as he slipped his hands inside and ran his fingers along Kolivan’s bare chest, enjoying the sight beneath him as he pulled the zipper lower,
his eyes widening as Kolivan’s dick greeted him at full attention.

“You stare quit a bit.” Kolivan said watching Lance, observing the way a dark color of want stained his cheeks and crawled down his neck.

“I can’t help it.” Lance said as he pulled the zipper to his own suit down with haste, pulling the material quickly open and down his shoulders.

Kolivan reaches for him, running his fingers tintively across the young man’s chest, taking in the lovely shade of his soft sunkissed skin, the defined definition of strong lean muscle.

Kolivan bit his bottom lip, suppressing a moan as Lance’s hand wrapped his hand around his dick and started to stroke his arousal.

“Harder.” He said closing his eyes, rising up on his elbows, fully relaxing under the curious touch.

Lance did as he was told, his hand tightening around the thick meat of girth between his fingers.

Kolivan moaned honestly, arching his back into the touch, his hips bucking up following the delicious friction.

Lance raised his brows in concentration, his eyes heavily lidded as he twisted his wrist quickly and worked him harder, sliding his thumb across the slit coaxing a gracious amount of precum across the mushroom head of Kolivan’s dick.

Lance’s eyes widened at the uncharacteristic lewd sounds spilling from between the Galran’s lips, the way he melted under the pressure of just his touch.

Lance wanted more. His hand continuously moving as he steadily pumped the large mass, appreciating the heavy weight.

Lance’s free hand traveled between them as he lowered the zipper down his chest, pulling him self completely free.

Kolivan’s eyes seemed to glaze over at the Cuban man’s length, his eyes stuck, as he became busy trying to memorize the veins of his dick.

Lance’s left hand wrapped around his own dick, slowly stroking.

Kolivan reached forward between them, his hand rubbing his dick along with Lance, licking his bottom lip at the sounds Lance was creating while watchinh him, watch him touch himself.

He heavily coated his fingers and palm with precum, his hand immediately wrapping around Lance’s girth with a wet squish.

Lance impulsively bucked into Kolivan’s hand, his eyes slowly closing as the Galran quickened the pace of his hand.

Lance pulled his hand out of Kolivan’s way, quickly placing two of his fingers in his mouth, sultrily sucking them.

Kolivan moaned his body surprised by the sudden touch of fingers fluttering across his asshole.

“Is-is this ok?” Lance asked swallowing deeply, his fingers hesitating.

Kolivan snorted, rolling his eyes, amused that his willingness to go this far was still questioned.

“If you asking if you can fuck me, the answer is yes.”
Lance oddly enough blushes shyly, making the Galran feel that odd sensation in the pit of his stomach rise again.

“I was asking if I could spread you open and impale you with my dick.”

It’s Kolivan’s turn to blush, the bellicose dirty talk spilling from the man’s lips made his dick jump.

“Fuck. I didn’t know that was a kink.” Lance admitted staring Kolivan down.

Kolivan isn’t sure which of them he’s talking about. His mind winded at the realization he wants to hear more, savagely curious to hear more filthy words, from the Paladins lips.

Then again maybe Lance meant, the way his primal arousal spiked, watching the way Kolivan’s body pliantly opened to his words.

“I’m going to start.” Lance said, his fingers sliding into his hole and drawing Kolivan’s back up in a deep arch, closing his eyes as the fingers slowly worked him open.

Lance’s eyes rolled back in his head and his legs shook as he watched the way his fingers disappeared inside Kolivan, intense heat and warmth squeezing welcomey around him, pulling a moan from his lips.

“I-is this...ok?” Lance asked thickly, as he added a third finger, allowing the new digit to slid deeper inside, still searching for the bundle of nerves deep inside.

“Yessssss...” Kolivan moaned in response, his eyes growing wide as Lance pressed into his prostate, drawing a cry out of him.

“I-I-I...” Lance stopped attempting to speak as he pulled his fingers away and lined the head of his dick with Kolivan’s puckered entrance.

He hesitated, his body remaining still as he struggled silently to verbalize the question.

Kolivan gave him the answer, as he moved his legs around Lance, forcing him forward and making him sink inside.

They moaned loudly in unison at the sensation of their newly joined bodies.

Lance breathed in and out, pulling his hand away from the Galran’s dick and adjusted, sinking himself deeper as he possessively caged the Galran between his arms. His hips moving, as he thrusted inside him, rocking into Kolivan.

Kolivan’s legs tightened around the Paladin’s thighs, falling into the wave of movement Lance was creating with him.

“You take me so well.” Lance spoke deeply into the juncture of Kolivan’s neck, his breath caressing his exposed throat, the sudden compliment made him moan wantonly as Lance thrusted into him harder, his movements now sending the Galran up the mat, as Lance forcefully rolled his hips into him.

Lance worked his lower back into Kolivan, his movements quickly met with the rise of eager hips. Lance’s pulled completely out and slammed forward back inside, his balls quickly pressing against Kolivan’s ass, as he sinks in again.
Kolivan’s loud.

His body and voice authentic as his praise rolled across the training walls, enticing Lance to go harder, encouraging him to lose himself.

Lance’s hands suddenly move, hooking Kolivan’s knees across his shoulders.

“I never thought I’d be the cause of you making these sounds.” Lance moaned closing his eyes, his right hand returning to Kolivan’s dick, working down the length of his arousal, stroking, his thumb sliding over the head of his dick, relubing his hand with precum.

“You like to hear yourself talk.” Kolivan said with no fire as he moaned louder, Lance’s movements quickening, slamming into him harder and harder, the top part of his suit now caught wrinkled and bunched under his back.

“Maybe so.” Lance said as he fondled Kolivan’s balls with his free hand.

Kolivan shut his eyes, his legs shaking as he felt himself threaten to finish to soon, ending the race much to quickly. Kolivan’s toes curled as Lance pulled his legs from his shoulders and rocked him forward, sinking deliciously deeper as he forced the Galran’s toes to touch the mat above his head. Lance’s body slamming violently into him, his undulate movements becoming ruthless as he applied more pressure to the backs of Kolivan’s ankles, sealing his docile body in place.

“Ahh...someone’s close.” Lance hummed with a smile, thrusting into Kolivan harder, plunging deeper and deeper as Kolivan grew closer, Kolivan’s leaking dick bounced between them, ready to paint their chests in white.

“What...what was the first best thing?” Kolivan managed to ask after a second, his mind and body in a thick haze of lust for the Paladin as he slammed into Kolivan’s prostate repetitively.

Kolivan placed his hands on each asscheek, groaning as he pulled himself more open, making Lance slip deeper inside.

“Fuck your nasty.” Lance whispered biting his bottom lip, as he fail forward, his pace never stopping.

Kolivan’s to busy groaning and thrashing about, his back arching high as he tries to fight back the urge to come, his eyes rolling to the back of his head, his toes curling.

“The first best thing was you letting me see you like this.” Lance said breathlessly, releasing his bottom lip from his teeth and leaned forward, his lips colliding into Kolivan, Lance’s movements nonending as he slammed into the Galran, desperately wanting him to finish first, to see the expression he’d make while he came, bouncing on his dick.

Kolivan grants his wish, going boneless as Lance’s dick roared across his prostate, he climaxes, his cries going silent as he closed his eyes, his breath stuttering as he painted Lance’s lower abs in thick ropes of hot cum.

Lance losses it at the sight of Kolivan breaking, and spilling cum all over him, the way his body shook and eyes closed as the wave of ecstasy crashed into him. Kolivan began to purr from over stimulation, his walls clenching around Lance tighter with each of his movements.
Lance growled as he spilled inside of Kolivan, his hips bucking wildly as he continuously rutted into him. A gracious amount of semen sliding out the Galran’s ass, as he continued to pump greedily into him, not sparing a second of his orgasm.

His back suddenly straightens and his body collapses and falls forward into the figure beneath him with exhaustion, his breathing erratic.

There’s silence for a moment.

Both two busy taking their time to even out their breathing, unsure where to go from there.

Well after finishing neither of them moves, Lance is still buried balls deep inside, his training suit shamelessly ripped down his body, Kolivan’s willingness to intimately touch Lance made him blush. Lance hummed happily as a blanket of satisfaction clung to their tired bodies.

“Can I have my Bayard now?” Lance asked breaking the silence with a cheeky smile.
Although Lance had been gifted his Bayard, he was yet to touch it.

Finding playtime with Kolivan to be more satisfying, as he meticulously fucked the Galran senseless over the course of 48 hours.

The energetic Paladin finding time between eating, training, meetings with the Blade, preparing for the trip and pretty much anything in between, to pounce on his teacher.

Yanking him into storage closets, casually entering his room, taking him in the hot springs, greedily, bending him over every inch of the training room he could.

Lance’s libido was unparallel to anything Kolivan had experienced, with a sexual partner before. He held no qualms in regards to their lusty encounters, finding it rather flattering how quick and ready the blue Paladin always was to jump him.

“Fuckkkkk...” Kolivan hissed as Lance sank balls deep inside him, cramming the Galran forward into the long dresser along the wall of his room.

Even after rolling around twice in the training room earlier that day, Lance had Kolivan ass up face down in his own room.

“Come on Kolivan~ you don’t have to hold back those pretty noises from me.”

Lance cooed drunkenly into Kolivan’s ear as his pace increased, his body hovering possessively over the Galran as he mercilessly fucked into him, his thrusts primal and urgent as his balls began to smack into Kolivan’s abused ass.

“....f-fuck...youuuu.” Kolivan managed to growl out between pornographic wails, his back arching high like a bridge, his legs wobbling with each movement of Lance. Kolivan clenched his eyes shut, his breath hitching as he held his arms out in front of him.

Attempting to brace himself for the storm that is Lance.

His body rocking forward faster and faster as Lance’s hips slammed into him, his dick slapping against Kolivan’s prostate with every thrust.

“Mmmh...is that what you want?” Lance hummed his eyes lidded as he removed his hands from
the Galran’s waist and slid them up higher, lazily tracing patterns up his partner’s upper back and higher onto the back of his arms.

“You can fuck me any time you’d like...” Lance said thickly as his hands suddenly locked around Kolivan’s wrists and roughly pulled backwards, pining them behind him, forcing the Galran chest up.

“You can fuck me any time you’d like.”

Lance repeated as he thrusted up harshly into the heat of Kolivan, forcing him to clamp down on the dick Lance had shoved so happily up his ass.

“As long as I get to fuck you.” Lance said with a smirk as he forced Kolivan forward, knocking the words from his throat as he began to man-handle and toy with him.

“But you don’t want that do you?” Lance asked as he fluidly released Kolivan’s wrists and quickly slid his hands forward just above the Galran’s elbows and yanked him backwards harder, his hands firmly gripping Kolivan’s upper arms, holding him in place.

“Being in control.”

“Why...are-re you being so aggressive?”

Kolivan asked breathlessly, fighting back a scream as Lance began to drill into him, the recognizable sound of naked sweaty skin slapping together rapidly bounces off the walls, that and the squishing sound of lube soaked between Kolivan’s thighs is unmistakable.

Anyone within a foot of the door would hear them and instantly know what they were doing.

Kolivan found the notion rather comical.

The idea of one of his team members, walking in on him, in full bitch form, spread wide on all fours.

He could only imagine the look on Slav’s face, the expression so droll and bewildered.

Kolivan immediately wants to laugh.

Do not misinterpret, he isn’t into voyeurism.

He just finds the thought so facetious, he wouldn’t even bother to explain why Lance was taking the time out of saving the world, to blow his back out.

“Shut up. You love it. If You didn’t, you wouldn’t let me bend you over like this.”

Lance said his voice as thick as syrup, as he leaned forward and began to drop kisses along Kolivan’s shoulders, earning him a weak moan of surprise as Kolivan’s cheeks darkened with color at the soft act of affection.

One kiss. Then three. Five quickly turns to ten as Lance continued to drive his dick deeper and deeper, pulling out almost completely with each thrust as he steadily dragged his cock over every sensitive spot he could find.

Pulling Kolivan apart. Working into him so well his knees threatened to give out, with waves of sensations so pleasurable, so pleasing, that excitement rippled and stirred throughout his body,
sliding deliciously up his spine and flowed down into his finger tips.

Kolivan thrashed about, his body rocking forward with each strong thrust, his mind in a fog, eyes rolling to the back of his head as his body fall through a new wall of elation. Self-indulgence mixes soppily with euphoria as the two of them sprint down the path together.

It’s not a race.
But both of them will finish.

Kolivan’s legs began to shake as he fought back heady moans and whimpers combined, Lance’s touch on him is so hot it burns up his arms and slams right into his chest. Submerging him deep into a fiery inferno of lust and ecstasy wedged together.

“Stop running.”

Lance commanded his voice sweet like dark chocolate, as he pulled out of Kolivan, lifting one of the Galran’s legs and placing it across his shoulder. Lance bit his bottom lip and took in the sight of Kolivan spread amatory beneath him.

He wasn’t going to last much longer.
He could feel himself close to coming apart at the seams.

Kolivan was bared before him, beautifully nude, shuddering, shaking and falling helplessly and breathlessly apart. His words almost near incoherent babbles of gratification dripped in bliss, his body covered in sweat.

Such an amorously titilating sight.

Over the course of 48 hours Lance and Kolivan have played out half his fantasies.

The list is still very long.

Lance spends a fair amount of time cataloging every sound, every face he’s gifted, memorizing where to touch and how dominant to be.

More.

It’s not enough.

Lance muses as he pinches one of Kolivan’s nipples, he smiles at the yelp he earns.

Like professional porn stars they fall wildly through every x-rated and risqué thought Lance has ever had.

The new angle makes Lance slide deeper, one of his free hands snakes across Kolivan’s thigh and finds his leaking dick.
Kolivan writhes under the touch as Lance envelops him in heat, steadily pumping him with expertise as he danced them through unnecessarily satisfying sex.

“Kolivan look at me.”

Kolivan bristled at the way his name fall from Lance’s sinful lips, a near growl raked across his body, making him obediently lock eyes with Lance.

Blue intense eyes that rival that of the ocean, collide into him, looking through him, peeling back layers of resistance and threaten to drown him, goosebumps pebble his arms.
“I like you when your like this.”

“Like what?” Kolivan grit out, turning his nose up at Lance’s cocky tone, his arousal still high.

Spontaneously Lance gets like this. A random burst of confidence, the wave so contrasting to who he usually is.
He’s assertive, dominant, aggressive, his voice deepens and he holds his head high.

As if he just knows.

As if he just knows, what he’s doing is just that good.

“Submissive...cock hungry.”

Lance hummed as he slid his thumb across the head of Kolivan’s dick, smearing precum and making him flinch.

“Your so captivating when your like this...
Desperate, needy, loud....” Lance trailed off as his eyes shamelessly roamed up and down the Galran’s naked body.

Kolivan’s heart rammed into his chest violently, his ears flattening nervously as he held Lance’s predatory gaze.

“I’m-mmm I’m...so...close.” Kolivan hiccuped as Lance suddenly slammed harder into him, his dick jamming into his prostate making him cry out, he whimpered as Lance’s hand firmly wrapped around his length tighter, jerking him with purpose.

Kolivan stutters and stammers in response as the familiar sensation of an impending orgasm rose in the pit of stomach.

“You feel so gooddddd.”
Lance moaned as he slowly pulled out of Kolivan, gently removed his leg from his shoulder, and dropped to his knees.

His smooth slender hands quickly finding their place of the globes of Kolivan’s ass.

“You gonna be good for me?”
Lance asked as he spread Kolivan’s ass cheeks open, he leaned forward, the breath of his words caressing the Galran’s hole and making him shiver.

“I said.”

“Are you.”

“Going to be good for me?” Lance repeated with slight amusement as he slid his thumb slowly across Kolivan’s puckered hole, making him jump.

“Yes.” Kolivan mumbled, tossing one final look over his shoulder, quickly looking way from the intoxicating sight of Lance on his knees.

“Yes what?” Lance teased as he yanked Kolivan closer to him, burying his nose behind the Galran’s ballsac, slipping his wet tongue deep into Kolivan’s asshole.
“Ye-s ye-yes...oh fuck-Papi.”

Kolivan melted, a thick blush creeping across his cheeks and spreading down his neck, as he moaned wantonly as Lance’s tongue lewdly collided into his walls.

Kolivan doesn’t have to see Lance’s face to know he’s smirking like a canary, with his mouth full.

Lance has no manners.

Kolivan sighed as Lance pulled away, his hands softly pulling a purple erect dick into his mouth, greedily taking the Galran down his throat as he sucked his dick from behind.

With no manners or reservations about anything he’s doing to drive Kolivan wild.

Kolivan begins to shake, reaching out and placing his hands flat on top of his dresser, his eyes rolling to the back of his head as wet and obscene slurping noises fill the room.

Lance is abso-fucking-lutely disgusting.

Kolivan mused as the Paladin slid three fingers down to the knuckle, into his ass.

More times then not doing the kinkiest, filthiest things without a second thought, all to ready to take Kolivan apart and break him into pieces.

“I’m-close. Lance pleaseeeeee....”

Lance pulled away with a wet loose pop, slowly removing his fingers and quickly rose to his feet, he loved the sound of Kolivan begging.

Begging for him. Desperately panting his name as he attempted to hold on longer.

“Please what?”

Lance asked deceptively unceremonious, as he ran his hands along Kolivan’s spine and down onto his waist, as if he didn’t have the Galran bent over his bedroom dresser, ready to shove a hard dick up his ass and destroy him.

“Don’t make me say it.” Kolivan said faintly as he attempted to catch his breath, wondering why they’d been screwing so long in the chapter.

Lance tsked boredly as he firmly gripped Kolivan’s waist, his dick hard and at attention as he lined himself up with Kolivan’s entrance.

“But I love it when you beg.”

Lance cooed as he plunged deeply inside Kolivan all the way to the hilt, burying himself completely.

Lance doesn’t give Kolivan time to process his thoughts as he slams into him, knocking him forward, almost into the dresser.

“Come on beg Papi to make you cum.”

“Beg me to fuck you so hard you see stars.”

Lance growled as he reached forward with his right hand and intertwined his fingers into Kolivan’s white locs, gripping and pulling the Galran’s head up harshly.

Placing his Adam’s apple high and on display as he fucked into him, the tug of Lance’s fingers
through his hair, adding a sweet kiss of pain that only pushed Kolivan closer to the edge.

“Come on. Just beg for Papi’s dick.”

Kolivan does as he’s told.

Kolivan starts to hear himself become loud.
And he knows it. Knows just how loud he is.
knows he’s almost screaming. Knows his cries and whines are pouring out of him like rain.
Growing higher and louder, until his body goes rigid and he cumes in a breathless wail.

With his back arched, mouth open, and head thrown back, he drowns in Lance.

Thick ropes of white cum shoot out of him and land on the dresser in front of him, Kolivan’s mind remains in a deep haze well through his orgasm.
He’s honestly surprised he’s still some how standing.

Lance doesn’t let up, his movements picking up speed as he steadily pumps into Kolivan.

Lance’s grip tightens around Kolivan’s waist, as he supports him in place, his movements never faltering as he works his lower back like a wave.
Not even phased the he alone was holding the Galran up.

“I wish I could fuck you in front of a mirror. Just so you see the faces you make...that I get to see...when you spread yourself wide and take every inch of me.”

Kolivan’s too fucked out of mind to respond, his eyes closed as his body begins to shake from over stimulation.

“Ohhh are you tired?” Lance asked sweetly, “Am I putting you to sleep?” He asked his voice dipping into a dark villainous edge.

Kolivan can’t find the voice to form words, he’s to busy crying out in bliss.

“Let me wake you up.” Lance grit out from between his teeth as he released Kolivan’s hair and man handled the Galran again, shoving his face cheek first into the mess he’d created moment ago on the top of the dresser.

Kolivan moaned lewdly at the pugnacious act, the new position making his dick jump awake with surprise.

“I’m just getting started.”

Lance said with narrowed eyes as he proceeded to break down Kolivan’s body, thoroughly working him out.

Long story short....

The two with their bodies deliciously entangled, go at it like sex crazed mammals a few more strenuous rounds before breaking up for bed.

Kolivan steps into the shower and quickly falls into bed exhausted, ready to enjoy sleep for the next few days.
His exhausted body quickly loosening up as he crawled under his blankets.

The blue Paladin had did a number on him.
Kolivan hums in amusement.

He had a rather high level of energy...for a human.

———

“Lance come on wake uppppp!!” Hunk whined as he knocked on his Bestfriend’s door for a third time that morning, attempting to wake him.

Over the last couple of days Lance had been out of it, always yawning as if he could never catch enough sleep.

To exhausted to fight Pidge over first use of the satellite.

Not stepping into confrontational arguments with his red counterpart. Choosing to avoid hostility and carry on in cordial conversation.

Hunk never not caught the look of surprise that would flicker across Keith’s face, whenever he held conversations with Lance.

Was that interest?

Hunk refused to look into it.

Those weren’t the only not so subtle changes.

Lance radiated confidence.

Held his head high, trained harder, became more level headed and didn’t second guess himself.

He also ate his food goo with out complaining.

Without his daily diva monologue about how the shitty food here would ruin him.

It was all just a little...to weird.

Hunk didn’t want to worry...but he did.

Quickly jumping to the most outlandish conclusion his anxious and overly paranoid mind could create.

Before Hunk can freak out to much in the hallway, he’s greeted by Lance’s tired voice inviting him in.

“The door is open.”

Lance yawned loudly, Hunk’s pretty sure he’s still in bed, attempting to steal a few more seconds of sleep.

Rolling his eyes, the door slid open and Hunk stepped inside Lance’s room, his eyes slowly adjusting to the dark.

Hunk reached to his right and quickly turned on the lights, drawing an annoyed strangled sound from the Cuban man.

“Buddy it’s time to get up. We’ve got like 15 minutes to get dressed and-“
Hunk was interrupted by another loud yawn.

“I’m up. I’m up.” Lance said as he tossed a pillow at Hunk and rolled out of bed. “Geez let me wake up before morning starts.”
Lance mumbles dryly as he stepped into the bathroom.

Hunk catches the pillow, a smile forming as he turns back to Lance, about to crack a joke. His jaw drops and his eyes widen in shock as they land on the furious and desperate claw marks that start at Lance’s shoulders and extend graciously down his lower back.

Clearly the visible hallmark reminder of sex.

And judging by the length of some of those marks. Good sex.

But who?

Some of the marks looked fresh, as if they where created recently.

But who...those marks didn’t even look human.

Hunk drops the pillow.

And his mind nearly short circuits, as he tries to piece in information he’s missing.

He starts to run through the people of the ship, quickly crossing off incompatible pairings.

Quickly crossing Pidge and Allura off the list.
The pair clearly held no interest in anything Lance had to offer.

Quickly crossing off Ulaz, Zander, and the Galran in the hairnet.
Lance didn’t seem to just mesh with any of them....well not enough to.....

But what about Keith?

Hunk considers this, knows there’s something going on between the two...knows something already happened between them.

But Keith has a boyfriend. And Keith kinda hates Lance....

And Hunk knows Keith doesn’t cheat.

So he was out.

What about Shiro?

A blush crosses Hunk cheeks as he pictures Shiro and Lance’s naked bodies tangled together sensually.

Hunk shakes his head quickly, pushing the thought away.

Shiro clearly has Janae...and Lance....
Hunk isn’t really sure if the two are even remotely attracted to each another.

He sighs.

That only leaves Kolivan and Slav.
Hunk’s eyebrows shoot up into his hair line.

He nearly shits himself when he realizes that only LEAVES Kolivan AND Slav!!!

Hunk can feel himself on the verge of hyperventilating. The morning just started and he was already down the rabbit hole of secrets, freaking out about his Bestfriend’s private sex life on top of the fear of them going on their field trip to hell.

Don’t even ask him how he felt about Shay going back home to visit her home planet.

Not with all this Zarkon business and enslaving planets bullshit.

He should feel guilty for prying, but he doesn’t.

He’s to busy hoping Slav wasn’t pouring hot wax onto Lance’s chest the night before.

Fucking Slav is probably a fucking sadist.

Hunk can’t even muster up the mental imagine of stoic and strong Kolivan leaving those marks behind.

With his strong legs wrapped around Lance’s waist, purple hands dragging down Lance’s back desperately, trying to find purchase as he panted and begged, crying out for more.

Hunk’s blush deepens. Ok, maybe he can see Kolivan in that position.

P-o-s-i-t-i-o-n

Hunk tenses up, unsure if he should say anything or pretend he doesn’t know about the claw marks on his Bestfriend’s back.

The claw marks he very clearly seen.

This may potentially haunt him and ruin his morning.

Hunk has to forcibly stop himself from envisioning what the other person looks like.

......probably sore...and exhausted-

And now the thoughts won’t stop.

“What’s wrong?” Lance asked as he stepped back into the room, now fully clothed.

His usual chipper smile faltering as he notices the strained look on his Bestfriend’s face, Hunk says nothing as he leans down and lifts Lance’s pillow from the floor.

Hunk tries to think up a passable lie.

But he knows he can’t lie to Lance.

So he admits the truth....a piece of it.

“I’m just worried about this fucking 72 hour trip to hell.”

Lance took a second to study Hunk before responding, blue eyes meeting brown, he exhaled deeply, and smiled.
“Hunk it’s not gonna be that bad, I have faith in each one of us.” Lance said as he placed a comforting hand on Hunk’s shoulder.

“You worry to much. We’ll be able to summon our weapons, we’ll be able to find everyone and go home.” Lance said wit a laugh. “No more fucking space goo.”

Hunk laughed at that, Lance’s excitement. His optimism almost contagious.

“I’m so ready to go home.” Hunk said as they exited the room.

“We all are.” Pidge said as she stepped beside him, a scowl on her face.

“This better be the last fucking morning I wake up at 5 am.” Keith hissed like a snake from the shadows behind them, sending a matching chill down Hunk and Lance’s spine.

“I’m tired of my research being interrupted.” Allura said as she closed her room door and stepped forward, with a look of sheer indignation.

“This is going to be the last interruption.”

“Research?” Lance asked turning around, watching Allura join hands with Pidge.

“Yes, of my Altean heritage.” Allura divulged as Shiro greeted the group in the cafeteria.

“How’s your research going? Find out any exciting things?” Pidge asked as she took a seat beside Allura, avoiding the plate of goo Shiro sat in front of her.

Allura smiled as she accepted a seasoning packet from Hunk, quickly coating her food, her smile still in place as she spoke.

“It’s going well. I’ve learned a lot about who I am and what my people where like.”

“What do you think so far?” Pidge asked as she watched Allura scoop a spoon full of goo.

“I think....” Allura trailed off with a hum, tapping the spoon lightly against the side of her bowl thoughtfully, some how not spilling its contents.

“We where amazing Pidge. We where Alchemists. We had the ability to channel large forms of quintessence and use our bodies as mediums. We created energy with immense heal properties that could heal planets and power Altean technology.”

Allura says this all in one speedy breath, her excitement and pride so palpable the others can taste her satisfaction with the revelation.

“That’s great Allura.” Pidge said with a soft smile as she took her hand and entangled their fingers together.

“But you need to stop referring to yourself in past tense.”

“I didn’t mean to.” Allura said faintly pulling her eyes away from Pidge. “I have all this great information about who I am and who my people where-are...but no one to share it with.”

“Allura you can share anything you want with us.” Shiro responds first, bypassing the shock of the others at the table.
“No Shiro...that’s not...I know I can share anything with all of you and I am so grateful. But I’m alone, I am literally what’s left of my people.”

Allura said softly not meeting the eyes of anyone in the room, she dropped her spoon into her bowl.

“You have Coran.” Hunk offered sheepishly.

“Nope she’s alone.” Keith deadpanned, earning a glare from Shiro and a laugh from Allura.

“The point is, your not alone. We’re all here for you and I’ll-We’ll BE the support system you need.” Pidge said tugging on Allura’s arm, forcing the taller women closer, into her arms.

“Allura you’re not alone and if you need me to tell you that everyday I will.” Pidge said sincerely cupping Allura’s cheek.

Shiro looks away, his cheeks darkening. He feels like an intruder, invading an intimate moment.

“This is just like every hug scene in Inuyasha.” Lance whispered beside Hunk, a slight blush settling across his cheeks.

Keith rolled his eyes.

“Salutations.” Zander said as he slid into the room, his puddle like shape morphing into building blocks of his humanoid form.

“If you will all follow me, we can begin to prepare for your test.”

Shiro moves first, quickly sliding his half full bowl toward the center of the table, he quickly rises to his feet and steps toward Zander.

“Finally.”
Keith mumbled as he left his untouched bowl in the same place Shiro had placed it.

“We can do this.” Lance said to Hunk with a sureness he could not imitate.

Hunk said nothing as he rose to his feet, his mind wandering as he followed behind Pidge and Allura.

Keith followed beside his brother, deep in thought, unconsciously mumbling his feelings aloud.

“Just three days and I get to sleep in. Just three days. THREE DAMN MOTHERFU-“

“Keith? Are you alright?” Shiro asked quickly donating attention to his brother.

Keith could feel his brother’s exuded concern.

“I’ll be fine once we get this shit show over.”

Pidge snorts.

Ulaz greets the Paladins next, an unsettling smile on his face as he looks them over. Kolivan steps beside him and crosses his arms behind his back, a neutral expression on his face.

“Before we start, we need you each to separately collect your supply bags and return here.” Ulaz said.
“In each bag you’ll find; a map, compass, basic tools, a first aid kit, water, and nutritional bars.” Kolivan said his eyes meeting each Paladin.

“The maps show designated Rendezvous locations. There you’ll find shelter and food, you are only allowed to stay at each location for 24 hours.”

“Wait. How will you know if we stay longer? Or if we even make it to the rendezvous locations?” Pidge asked with a raised brow.

“In each of your suits we’ve implanted trackers.” Zander supplied, a bit too happily for Keith’s liking.

“What happens if we stay longer then 24 hours?” Shiro asked stepping beside Pidge, ready to ask an assembly of questions.

“That is ill advised.” Zander chimes in.

“We’ll blow up the location.” Ulaz said with a chipper smile, startling Hunk.

“Blow it up?! Are you mad?!” Allura yelled, her accent thick with disbelief.

“I knew it you’re trying to murder us!!”

The room erupts into Chaos.

Allura pointing sharp denouncing fingers at the Blade members, laying into them and their scurvy practices.

Lance is attempting to stop a nauseous Hunk from hyperventilating in a corner.

Keith looks about ready to murder everyone in the room. His violet eyes on Slav.

Shiro is engulfed in a fiery aura of rage, the weight of the situation spiking his anger up to a whole new high.

He also looks ready to murder everyone in the room, his eyes land on Kolivan and Ulaz in particular.

And Pidge. She’s in disbelief, threatening to shut off the engines along with every computer on the ship.

It takes the sound of Slav clearing his throat several times to break through the madness, eventually snapping the room in to silence.

“If you really think you’ll be sending any of us...”.

Shiro starts his voice absolutely devoid of kindness, as he turned toward Slav, his gray eyes cold as glaciers.

“To some fucked up deserted, mutant monster infested-“

“Ok, Ok I see everyone is upset.” Slav said cutting Shiro off and attempting to sooth high tensions of the room.

“Upset?!” Allura parroted rudely.

“Why the fuck would we not be?” Shiro growled out, as he took a step toward Slav, Allura and
Keith hot on his heels.

Slav sighed deeply, his eyes meeting Kolivan, and then Ulaz.

“What they said about the rendezvous locations exploding is true, but that’s only so you don’t become dependent on that location and just wait out the 72 hours.”

“But doesn’t that seem a bit excessive?” Hunk asked crossing his arms.

“Possibly.” Kolivan said dryly. “But a timer with a warning will go off well in advance, signifying when the explosion will happen.”

“Is that supposed to make me comfortable? We hear a fucking bell go off and then our safe space goes up in flames?!” Hunk spits the words out venomously, the chain of events making him more and more uncomfortable each time someone opened their mouth.

“How did you know it was bell?” Zander asked seriously, his attention on the angry yellow Paladin.

Before Hunk can reply Keith speaks.

“These bags. Where are they?”

Slav seems to perk up at the subject change, eagerly offering an answer.

“Each bag is placed separately in its own room on the ship. I’ll gladly-“

“Why?”

Lance asked with a raised brow. The fact that they’d gone the extra mile to separate their bags, was a blaring red flag.

“It’s a part of the test.” Ulaz said lazily, with a flick of a purple furry wrist.

“As I was saying, I’ll gladly point out who’s bag is where.” Slav said as he stepped away from the group and took a chair behind the control panel of the room.

“A part of the test how?” Pidge asks, she’s caught the inquisitive wave Lance is riding.

She doesn’t trust Slav not to twist something so basic into an arduous task.

Slav sighs, ignoring Pidge.

“Pidge your bag is in the main hall camera room.”

“Hunk, you’ll find your bag in the boiler room.”

“Lance, your bag is in the private spring on the third floor of the ship.”

“We have a private spring?”

Slav continued, paying the blue Paladin no mind.

“Shiro. Weight room supply closet.”

“Keith, weapons room. Don’t take any weapons.”
“And last, but not least Allura, your bag is in the Archives room.”

Slav said quickly, closing his eyes tiredly and leaning back in his chair, the Paladins eyes on him as they waited to hear more.

“Once you find your bag, immediately put it on and wait to pull the black cord on the straps.”

“Wait! Private spring? Black cord? Keith don’t take any weapons? Why are-“

“Why are you still here? The timer to your final test has begun.”

Zander said cutting off Lance’s string of questions and pointing toward a large digital clock in the back of the room counting down time.

“Has-has that clock always been there?” Allura asked nervously as her eyes settled on the large bold black numbers.

72 hours 55 minutes 28 seconds

“Doesn’t matter. Your test started.”

Kolivan said flatly, as he watched the Paladins haul ass out of the training room, their bodies moving rapidly as they split up and ran to their designated bag locations, leaving their teachers alone.

“Who do you think will figure it out first?”

Zander asked as he took a seat beside Slav, looking down at the stream of monitors showing the movements of each Paladin.

“Mmmh I say Pidge. She’s usually pretty quick to piece together things.” Ulaz offered as he took a seat furtherest away from the monitors.

“Hunk. He seems to be already on high alert.” Zander noted.

“I say Lance.” Kolivan said as he sat beside Ulaz, who was now stretched completely out in his seat, ready to nap.

“Why? Because you like him?” Ulaz teased a smile on his lips, his eyes still closed.

“What? You didn’t think I’d notice he was your favorite?”

Kolivan raises a thick annoyed brow in response to Ulaz’s probing. He was honestly too nosey.

Kolivan chooses to ignore him.

“He knew something was afoot the second Slav mentioned the bags being in separate locations.”

Zander said his eyes glued to the monitors, as he watched each Paladin make it to their bag’s location relatively at the same time.

“This is going to be exciting. I must take notes.” Zander hissed with glee, as he pulled a small notebook from his pocket.

“Well I just hope they listened to my instructions about not pulling on the black cord, until the right time.” Slav said tiredly, his eyes roaming up to the giant count down across the room.
“Well I just hope no one fucks up their landing.” Slav sighed.

Keith yanked opened the large iron door to the weapons room and stepped inside, his eyes quickly zeroing in on the maroon colored bag in the center of the room.

He crosses the room in four easy strides, he peeks inside the bag, checking its contents before quickly slipping his arms into the straps.

Lance frowned as he dug into the contents of his bag, looking for the nutritional bars Kolivan mentioned.

“Ugh this is gross.” Lance complained loudly like a child as he bit into the bar and slid his arms into the soft blue straps of the bag.

“This better not get anymore disappointing.” He whined as he took another bite of the overly moist bar, reaching for the door handle with his free hand.

Lance swallowed the bar dryly as he struggled to pull open the door.

Pidge briskly placed everything back into her sage colored bag, her eyes studying the black cord as she slid her arms into the straps.

She looks around the camera room one last time before stepping towards the door, dread sinking in as she realizes the door has been locked from the outside.

“This is about to be some bullshit.”
She said as she harshly kicked the door.

Shiro sprinted down the hall, swiftly swinging open the weight room door and marching across the room toward the supply closet.
He pulled open the door and quickly stepped inside, his eyes searching for his bag.

With break-neck speed he snatches the black bag from behind a row of dumbbells, quickly grazing through its contents. A scowl on his face as he realizes he has no compass, he quickly slides the bag up his arms. Mindful not to touch the cord.

Shiro’s eyes narrowed as he attempted to open the supply closet door. It’d been locked from the outside.

Allura hummed thoughtfully as she quickly glanced over the map, half eaten nutritional bar in hand.
She neatly folded the map and placed it back into her pink bag, quickly sliding the bag up her arms.

“What the hell.” Allura deadpanned as she fought to pull open the large double doors to the Archives.
The doors had been locked from the outside.

Hunk timidly stepped into the boiler room, his feeling of unease amplifying to dread as he pulled the map from inside the faded yellow bag, he quickly pulled the straps up his arms.

His eyes furiously roamed the map, confusion etched harshly across his features as he struggles to read the alien language.

He didn’t even have a compass.
His breath stalls in his chest as he attempts to open the door with his free hand for a second time.

“Great this map makes no sense and I’m locked in this creepy ass room.”

“Well it can only get worse.”

He sighed, attempting to fight back pessimism.

It wasn’t working.

His efforts certainly weren’t working when his head snapped up at the sound of heavy machinery moving. The sound of loud gears moving rang uncomfortably throughout the small room.

Hunk watched in horror as the floor beneath him began to open, he nervously stepped back attempting to find purchase and attach himself to an anchor.

But as fate would have it, he’d have no such luck.

Hunk screamed as he fall through the ship’s floor and into the open air.

Things had gotten much worse.

Chapter End Notes

I officially only have one job again. Lol so my updates will be better.
I missed writing. I hope you losers fuckin enjoy
Janae trains with Silence and bites off more then she could chew.

Typhoon is happy.

Silence is in a daze.

Janae smokin weed in the castle.

Janae yawned lazily as she crawled out of bed, her eyes still closed as she stepped into the bathroom, not bothering to turn on the lights.

With her eyes still closed she grabbed a small towel and leisurely dropped it into the sink quickly turning on the hot water.

With another yawn she wrings the towel out and walks back into her room, sitting at the seat of the vanity, attempting unsuccessfully to shake off sleep.

She still hadn’t adjusted to Arcadian days.

Janae’s groaned as she slowly opened her eyes, she blinked a few times at her reflection and squinted.

She wanted to get back in bed.

Stupid training.

She wondered how everyone’s training back home had been going.

“They’re probably all having fun.” She said aloud.

Chimera training had been brutal.

Janae sighed as she pulled open one of the cabinets buried in the legs of the vanity, her attention quickly falling onto a rose red comb clip with pastel pink and ivory white flower blossoms.

Janae picked up the clip, slowly running her finger tips across the flowers and beaded jewels.

“This...I don’t think this is mine.” Janae said sheepishly, as an odd sensation ran up her chest, suddenly snatching on the strings of nostalgia.

Janae gently placed the comb into the cabinet and slid it closed, the strange feeling in her chest didn’t lessen.

Janae sighed as she pulled the still warm towel up to her face.

Her eyes widening in surprise at the sight that greeted her from the reflective surface, she sat there staring in awe at her reflection.
Large bold maroon markings splashed under the bottom lash line of both cheeks and down her jaw line.

They looked like triangles. Upside down triangles.

Janae wasn’t exactly sure how to feel about the reappearance of maroon. Her brows furrowed as she examined the rest of her body, glaring at her hair, taking notice of the strip of color that starts on the knuckles of her middle fingers and continued up to her elbows.

Janae begins to strip, quickly tossing away her pajamas with little regard to where they land. Inhaling sharply as she stared at her reflection, her eyes following the rivers of maroon that paint her body.

She has markings on her cheeks, up her arms, down the backs of her legs and one crescent shaped mark on her upper left thigh.

Janae traces the crescent pattern with her finger, she’s unsure if she likes it.

Unsure if she likes any of it.

This...this was...this entire trip to Arcadia had been a lot to unpack.

She stares at the distracting markings that decorate her body, her eyes wide as she begins to wonder if this is normal.

Makes her wonder if this was the way she always looked.

Makes her wonder if this is the was she’s SUPPOSED to look.

But like an aged memory chased away by alcohol, she can’t remember.

Can’t remember what or who Celest actually is.

Can’t fathom a shred of remembrance to aid in illustrating the picture book of secrets that had fallen open in her lap.

The soft sound of knuckles tapping against the door rouses Janae from her solemn thoughts. Yllom smiled faintly as she stepped into Janae’s room, her head low in a respectful bow

“Afternoon Miss.” The gray skinned women said brightly, her stitched lips twisted up high into a smile.

“Afternoon Yllom.” Janae said with a yawn as she watched the doll women roam through her open closet.

“It is nice to see you resembling your old self.” The women said with a hum as she pulled something red from the closet.

“My old self?” Janae asked curiously as she ran her fingers through her short hair, and frowned at the stingy length.

“Yes.” Yllom said simply, her smile returning as she quickly dressed Janae in the day’s training suit.

“I can get over the weird markings, I can get over not being completely human..but my hair? I can’t-I really miss...” Janae trailed off with a sigh, her hard work had been stripped away in a
moments notice.

Seven years.

She had started the journey to twist her hair permanently years ago.

She longed to feel the sway of her hair behind her back.

She frowned as she ran her fingers once again through short hair that didn’t reach any where near her shoulders.

Yllom said nothing as she brushed Janae’s hair, sensing the younger women’s dreary mood.

“Laxus will be here shorty to escort you miss.” Yllom said with her head turned toward Janae, she simply nodded and said her thanks.

“Janae if you want to look the way you did before, tell Laxus.” Yllom said as she breezed by quickly leaving the room.

Janae said nothing as she rose from her seat and slipped on a pair of black slippers.

She stretched as she rose from her chair and pulled back open the closet door, her hands quickly finding the bag of her belongings she had arrived with.

“Time to wake up.” She said with a laugh as she pulled a rolled blunt from the bag, quickly placing the blunt between her lips as she grabbed her lighter and stepped out of the closet.

Janae walked toward the large window on the other side of her room, and quickly opened it.

Enjoying the cool morning breeze that lightly kissed her skin.

She inhaled deeply as she lit the paper, taking a seat on the edge of her bed and slowly released the air from her lunges.

“It’s been to long.”

Janae said with a blissful smile as she took another hit, inhaling greedily.

After a while Janae takes her last puff and quickly puts out the roach, she rises to her feet and closes the window.

She sighed in relief when she heard the stirrings of a familiar knock.

“Come in.” She said not bothering to address or hide the fact that she had considered hotboxing the room.

A room that wasn’t her’s.

In a castle that certainly didn’t belong to her.

Laxus smiled as he entered the room, his silver hair pulled high into a tight neat bun.

“How are you today?” Laxus asked, as he took a few moments to inspect the training bracelets on her wrists, fanning the air around them, making her giggle.

“I’m ok, just sleepy.” Janae said with a false yawn.
“Ah well you have training today, please try to wake up.” Laxus said with a laugh as he ushered Janae from her room.

Once they were outside the castle walls, he spoke.

“Today you’ll be training with Silence and Typhoon.”

“Ok...” Janae said with a nervous excitement, she hadn’t been around the two since the coma incident. Another reason for her excitement was because she felt comfortable around them both, like she knew them well.

Well enough to reach out and touch them warmly, she welcomed the idea of laughing and sharing personal feelings and perspectives with one another.

It should of been off putting.

The desire to reach out and touch complete strangers.

The overwhelming urge to treat people she’d never spoken to, like family.

But it wasn’t.....

“Silence will teach you control of the mind and Typhoon will teach you how to channel your emotions into projected energy.”

“Control of the mind? I’m pretty sure I have that...like down.” Janae said with a laugh, finding the day’s task to be unsurprising but surprising at the same time.

Chimera people where so strange with their wording.

And weird energy powers.

Powers Janae’s pretty sure are one stop short of being magic.

“Not like this you don’t.”

Laxus said gravely, his voice taking a gloomy edge, he seemed to rapidly increase in age. Quickly giving off the look of a tired and haggard man carrying a broken bottle, leaking unhappy secrets.

“You will do well in their care. You three have always been the closest.” Laxus said with a soft fond smile, his eyes forward.

“Well...that explains the odd feelings I get whenever I see them.”

That seems to catch Laxus’s attention, causing him quickly to turn toward Janae, his face pinched with disbelief.

“Can you remember anything about your previous life? Anything at all?”

Janae’s eyebrows raised in surprise, as she tried to recall anything from her past from resurfacing.

“Mmmmmmm...” Janae started with a frown as she tapped her chin with her index finger, and considered the question again.

Laxus leaned toward her with the soft glow of hope in his blue eyes.
“Nope.” Janae said with a laugh, nearly causing the older Chimera to trip and fall into a thorn bush.

“That’s something I’ve been wondering about...if your memory will ever return.”

“Yeah well there’s no use stressing about it. If it comes back, cool. If not, also cool. I guess.” Janae finished off her ramblings with a lazy shrug.

“True.” Laxus said with a muted sadness.

A crisp blush spread across Silence’s alabaster cheeks as he watched Janae and Laxus approach.

The reappearance of bold maroon markings make his breath catch as he’s reminded of their past, reminded of the little girl who ran away from home, who stumbled into his life, changed his world and blossomed before his eyes into an enchanting women.

Silence swallowed thickly, attempting to clog the hole of regret seeping into his chest.

He could feel Typhoon’s eyes on him, watching, gauging his reactions.

Watching him jump from his safe place of conclusion and into the pit of longing.

Suddenly he was thinking about closure.

Closure to what they really could of been...if he had just said something.

Said anything.

Sooner.

She hadn’t even been back a full five days, and with his first glance of her, he’s blind sided with memories and sentimental feelings from the past.

Silence sighed aloud.

He doesn’t even have to leave his mind open, for Typhoon to know he’s still smitten with his dear Celest.

“Are you going to say something to her this life time?” Typhoon asked with wide eyes as she tossed a curious look his way.

“Typhoon we’ve discussed this.”

They had. Plenty of times to many.

“That’s a no then.” Typhoon said sadly as she turned her eyes away, her smile quickly returning as Janae joined them.

Smiling shyly as she approached, hesitating a second before sweetly reaching toward them and pulling them into a hug.

Silence’s tongue is too thick in his mouth.

It’s stuck to the roof of his mouth.

He can’t speak.

His body goes stiff, promptly on high alert as the familiar level of intimacy side stepped his lingering feelings and slammed into him, sending him dangerously down the portal of what if’s.

She releases them both and smiles wide and happy, an odd sage aroma clings to her clothes.
She smells....like herbs?

“Im glad it’s finally our turn to train you.”

Typhoon said happily as she took Janae’s hand, her smile remaining as she ran her thumb across the maroon marking on her hand.

“You look even more like Celest now.” Typhoon said evenly, as she released Janae’s hand and turned toward Silence.

“Doesn’t she?”

Silence feels goosebumps pebble up his arms, he forces himself not to snap his neck and calmly look in Janae’s direction.

Typhoon was doing this.

Silence’s eyes bounce from Typhoon, and onto Janae, he looks her up and down, embarrassment knocking into him as Janae’s eyes mimic his.

Silence exhaled sharply.

“Doesn’t she look like all the happiness a person would want?” Typhoon asked with a smile so wide, her eyes are closed.

Janae makes a face of confusion, the strange compliment making her raise a brow.

Typhoon was going to do this

“You do look more like Celest.” Silence said softly, his words caressing the corners of Janae’s mind.

If Silence had expected Janae to be bothered by his mental intrusion, he would of been wrong.
If anything, she seemed to like it.
Her body relaxing and her shoulders loosing their rigid nervousness at the sound of his voice.
Silence doesn’t bother to smother the thread of hope that she’ll remember them.

Remember him.

He simply smiles.

“You know you can talk out loud right?” Janae asked as Typhoon handed her a glass rock crystal, proudly show casing her collection, rapidly pulling the stones from her pockets.

Typhoon always carried her collection with her, finding them to troublesome to leave home.

“Oh I-...” Silence fidgets nervously, his hesitance honest as he looked away from both Chimera women.

“He’s shy.” Typhoon supplied politely as she handed Janae another rock.

“Why? Laxus told me we where all close.” Janae said honestly, unaware of just how ambiguous of a truth that was.

Close had been an understatement.
You don’t grow up with someone and not become absolutely intertwined with their life, and not become close.

You don’t travel galaxies with someone you don’t like.

You don’t worry your heart is about to fall out of your chest, every time you lock eyes.

You don’t fall undeniably and desperately in love with your Bestfriend and watch her marry someone else.

Silence isn’t sure if Laxus is being messy or sincerely engaged to ignorance.

Either way, he’s unsure how training will go.

Sensing his thoughts, Typhoon volunteers him to go first.

Like a true friend.

Like a true friend who wants to see you panic and skydive without a parachute, screaming as you fall to your death.

“Well, I haven’t eaten my lunch yet.” Typhoon said with a hint of a smile as she slid the collection of rocks back into her pockets.

Silence glares at Typhoon, he can hear her thoughts seconds before she speaks them and yet, he still can’t stop her.

“Typhoon don’t-“

“Janae. Silence can teach you first. I’m hungrryyyyy.”

She said with a laugh as she quickly pivoted on her heels and walked away.

“Ok then.”

Janae says after a moment as she began to throughly stretch, Silence watches along curiously.

“Does no one here stretch before they do anything?” Janae asked with an annoyed frown as she gave Silence her full attention.

Silence says nothing as he turns around and precedes to start walking away.

“Follow me.” He said as he felt Janae’s unsure thoughts.

She moves quickly, trailing beside him, watching intently as he took several steps into a lake full of black waist high water.

“Ummmm...is this just regular water orrrr should I expect something to bite me and immediately kill me?”

Janae asked from the grass, her arms crossed over her chest, she looked like the billboard of reluctance.

Silence laughed.

“I promise the water is safe.” He said with a smile as he dipped two large hands into the water, she watched as cupped the water.

Unharmed.
She takes her time slipping out of her slippers, she dips a curious toe into the water before she steps in fully.

Janae hummed as she stepped beside Silence, patiently awaiting instruction.

Silence cleared his throat lightly and begin to speak.

“I’m going to teach you to recognize when someone is invading your mind or creating allusions.”

Janae makes a face of confusion, her right brow raised high as she watches Silence speak.

“I’ll explain....” Silence said as he ran wet fingertips through ash white hair, his gray eyes on Janae.

“There are a lot of people who like to catch and sale what they consider to be...exotic creatures.”

Janae says nothing, but she’s already piecing together the dark direction the conversation is going.

“Some species hunt our kind for money.”

Janae makes a very unhappy face.

“What the fuck?! Are we like endangered?! Is that why we’re so isolated from everyone who isn’t apart of the faction?!?”

Janae is no longer calm, her eyes are wide and she’s kicking around water aggressively, Typhoon can see her from across the pound visibly freaking out.

“It wasn’t always like that.” Typhoon said as she bit into a large slice of meat, her words fluttering across Silence and Janae’s minds, startling Janae.

“I thought you could only do that.” Janae says, but it sounds like a question, she shifts awkwardly, her eyes bouncing from Typhoon to Silence.

Silence pushes forward, waltzing into the quite space created, his eyes on Janae as he speaks, running pale fingertips across the top of the water.

“I’ve always spoken to you each freely this way, preferring to leave the channels to our minds linked together.”

“We’ve always spoken like this?” Janae asked curiously, her words fluttering softly across Silence and Typhoon’s minds.

Silence looks away from Janae, the touch of her voice sending a violent cascade of ripe unaddressed emotions through him.

Typhoon’s smile is as bright as the sun, as she rose to her feet and launched herself in Janae’s direction, with an excited squeal wrapping her arms around the surprised women, knocking them both into the water.

“Celestttttttttt, I’ve longed to hear your voice again.”

Typhoon said with a laugh as she watched Janae choke and spit out water.

“Typhoon remember to be careful. She isn’t Celest.” Silence said thickly as he extended a large hand in both their direction, easily pulling them to their feet.

He hesitates briefly before releasing Janae’s hand, watching her sputter and wipe water from her
“...sorry.” Typhoon said sincerely as she push a few strands of wet hair from Janae’s face.

“It’s been so long since you’ve graced my presence, I’ve forgotten how to properly conduct myself.”
Typhoon said with a soft sad smile as she locked eyes with Janae seconds before disappearing from her line of view.

“Where did she go?” Janae asked spinning around and looking around the lake, her brown eyes quickly racking through the contents of the forest.

Silence exhaled slowly as he crossed his arms and turned away from Janae, his mind reaching out to find the solid channel of communication linked to Typhoon.

“She’s left us alone to train. She felt like a distraction.” Silence said slowly as he rolled his neck and squared his shoulders, readying himself to start.

Janae hummed in response.

Her mind wildly bombarding with curiosity as she struggled to piece together the clues of the relationships she held with them.

Silence took his time popping each knuckle as he turned a mute ear to Janae’s personal thoughts, he didn’t want to get distracted and thoroughly teach her.

“Janae.”

Silence said thickly, catching her attention, her eyes widening in surprise as the dark water around them began to violently ripple around him, parting like a wave between them.

“I am going to teach you how to always be in control of your mind.” Silence said as he began to pace, his soft eyes turning to liquid gold as he held her gaze with heat.

Janae takes a nervous step back as Silence’s form began to change, twisting into a rich faint color.

“To know if you ever have unwanted guests digging into your mind.” He continued with a growl as he took a step toward Janae.

“I am going to teach you...” Silence said faintly as he took several solid steps toward Janae, her eyes wide and in awe as she stands still, not flinching as he took her hand.

“To protect your most precious secrets.”

He said gravely, his gold eyes scorching into her as he dropped a kiss to her knuckle, she watched black long jagged horns sprout from his head, his skin dipping into the beautiful color of pink she’s seen the sky turn as the day is ending.

Soft ivory flowers began to form along the harshest curl of his horns, making him appear even more eye catching and unearthly.

Janae took another nervous step back as the sharp wave of nostalgia slammed into her, again, nearly knocking her off your feet.

Silence doesn’t move. His hawk eyes watching her, steering clear of her thoughts and taking in the candor response of her body.
Janae’s breath hitched as she gazed up at the ivory flowers on his horns, goosebumps kissed her skin as her mind thrust forward the imagine of the clip she’d found earlier.

She’s reminded quickly of the wave of emotion that had held her down by the ankles, uncertainty is an understatement to the way she thinks she should feel in regards to the situation.

Silence takes one last step in front of Janae, his pastel pink hand touching her’s as he spoke.

“Allow your mind to freely roam and you may unlock the answers to the questions you harbor internally.”

Janae swallowed thickly, flinching slightly as she felt the ripples of immense power radiating from Silence’s form

“Answers?” Janae asked her eyes bouncing up to meet Silence’s as the air around them became heavy and thick.

“Yes.”
Silence said with a nod as he released her hand, his open palm hovering above her heart as he spoke.

“You may potentially find the truths of everything you ever wanted...”
He continued, his hand trailing up her collar bone and onto her neck.

“What...are you doing?” Janae asked her arm quickly lifting up as she caught his wrist, her brows raised in suspicion.

“Opening your mind.” He said with a smile as he lightly tapped the index finger of his restrained hand onto her forehead.

The world around them ices over in blackness, becoming mute and sharp.
Void completely of color and sound.

“Wha-“

Janae doesn’t get to finish, her sentence ending abruptly as the world slammed into her, knocking her clean off her feet, straight across the water’s surface and into the thick trunk of a tree.

“What the fuck was THAT?!” Janae yelled as she struggled to rise to her feet, her energy split and snatched in half, just after one touch.

She’s on high alert as she stands her ground, her eyes narrowed as she watched him, watch her, watch him.

“That was a mental punch.” Silence said with a soft smile, his arms crossing as he watched Janae glare him down.

“Mental- CAN I DO THAT?!” Janae asked with excitement.

“No.”
“No?”

“Yes, No.”

“What do you mean yes,no?”

Janae asked with a frown as she watched Silence rise from the water, his eyes closed as he ran his fingers through the wet hair falling into his eyes.

“Only my people-“

“People?! I thought we were the same species!! We’re not all Chimera?!”

“The faction Arcadia rules over is a collective melting pot of divergent species.” Silence informed as he watched her slowly return to the lake, her now gold eyes on him.

“I didn’t know that. I mean I just assumed everyone here would kinda look different.”

Silence nodded, as Janae stood in front of him in the waist deep water, rolling her shoulders, attempting to relax the newly formed kink in her back.

“The people of this faction are acknowledged by their genetic make up. Falling into didn’t level categories.”

“Categories..?”

Janae asked with surprise, her initial assumption of what her homeland would be like, had been vastly incorrect.

“Yes.” Silence said as he exhaled deeply, dragging the s, as if explaining had become boring and tiresome but necessary.

“Chimera haven’t always been the majority of this planet’s population. The first Chimera claimed over this land centuries before either of great grand parent’s, parents where a thought.”

He said as he closed his eyes, Janae said nothing as she watched the onyx water dance around Silence’s feet, never touching him.

“Over time the ruler of the faction had started to radiate energy and enrich the lives of the faction.”

“We have main categories here.”

“Safeguard. Those with immense offensive powers, strictly wielding their power as a shield of selfless protection.”

“Emitters. Those who can create and use massive amounts of energy, without dying.”

“Amplifiers. Those who can willingly borrow energy from anything with a pulse, channel and turn their life energy into sheer quintessence.”

Janae’s eyes widened.

“There’s a large percentage of the population that fall in none of these categories and lead normal lives.”
Janae opens her mouth to ask what’s considered to be normal here, her sentence never starting as he continued to speak.

“Lastly, The Bringers Dark. Creatures similar to your earth demons, who consume the negative emotions of the people around them, and snatch soul energy from the weak, sucking the life out of them.”

“They typically have black horns.”

Silence said as his eyes suddenly snapped open, revealing the loss of gold color and striking untamed fear down her spine as she took in his eyes.

They where completely black. His cornea, iris and pupil where now all...black.

Blacker then the water around them.

Blacker then Janae’s slippers.

Blacker then Pidge’s playlist.

Blacker then anything Keith pulled out of his closet.

Janae hesitated with what to do with the information, as she watched him look away shyly, his eyes fading back to the familiar gold colors.

“Emitters along with Amplifiers are rare. The High Priestess was the only known emitter.”

Janae hummed.

This was a lot to take in and if she where being honest, she’d admit this only made her more curious.

Made her wonder what her life had been like before.

Made her wonder what category she’d once fallen into.

Made her wonder why there was a flower clip in her room, that resembled the flowers that beautifully decorated Silence’s black horns.

Janae’s eyes shifted up, locking back onto sleek, jagged, dark horns. Before she can catch herself, she speaks the question on her mind aloud.

“Why do your horns have flowers?”

Silence’s eyes flickered back onto Janae, causing her to blush under the level of intensity behind his gaze.

“My mother and I are the last of our kind.”

Silence said as he carefully plucked a flower from his left horn, Janae watched in amazement as a red flower sprouted into its place.

“I wear my mother’s favorite flower to cherish her memory.”

He said as he smiled sadly at the flower, his eyes sliding back up to Janae as he moved without her approval, tucking the flower behind her ear.
“I wear these flowers to never forget where I came from.”

Janae took a nervous step back, desperately needing to put space between them as she fought back an onslaught of distantly familiar and overwhelming sensations.

“I wear these flowers so I never forget who I am.”

His actions had been done before.

Numerous times.

The delicate touch of gentle large hands, the soft affectionate statement behind the flower.

Janae doesn’t like it.

Doesn’t like the way these feelings suddenly make her feel painfully guilty.

Doesn’t like the way Silence hovering so close, feels NORMAL.

Almost comforting.

She takes another step back, wanting to leave. Needing to put distance between herself and her past.

Silence immediately recognizes the fear radiating off of Janae’s body in thick corrosive waves, he frowns turning completely toward her.

Watching the different masks of emotion she tries on, one after another.

She’s scared.

And...Uncomfortable.

Sadness and fear rise from around her and spiral dangerously in unfiltered waves of hot energy around her.

Silence can feel the filthy familiar touch of a panic attack lurking close, his body moves on impulse, ready to handle the situation like he had time and time again, each time he felt her mind rapidly dive headfirst into uncertainty.

He’s by her side before she can muster up a complaint, his hands cupping her cheeks, his thumbs rubbing soothing patterns along the marks of her cheeks, as he slowly speaks in benevolent and serene tones.

“Celest you know I’d never let anything happen to you. Never let anyone hurt you.”

He said breathlessly as he brought their foreheads together, closing his eyes, sending comforting waves of calming across her scattered mind.

Janae says nothing as she greedily breathed in out the air around them, growing more distressed as she desperately filled her lungs repeatedly with air.

Janae stiffened as she felt the warmth of Silence’s palm touch her, steadily chasing away the Smokey haze of fear that floated around her.

She felt herself relax, her body slumping forward under his touch, she hummed as her eyes rolled to the back of her head.
She felt so warm.

So at ease.

Almost like she could take a nap and not wake for.....days.

She’s vaguely aware of Silence speaking to her, asking her to come down from the high of warmth.

Silence’s eyes widened as he felt her slump toward him, he cursed aloud as his eyes met her’s. He watched her blissfully hum and saw her eyes roll to the back of her head with pleasure.

Her body began to shake, her eyes closing as her knees buckled beneath her.

“Sorry I released to much. I’m a bit out of practice....”

He said softly as he scooped her into his arms, watching her eyes flutter open a few times before closing.

This time he didn’t stop himself from looking at her, his eyes roaming over her adored face and distinctive markings.

His eyes greedily taking in her rich dark skin and full plump lips, and the thick long lashes that kiss her cheeks, stopping just above the start of her markings.

He curiously ran his fingers through her hair, earning a soft pur of appreciation.

He quickly removed his hand, a blush settling on his cheeks.

His breath hitches as her eyes flutter open.

He distantly wonders if she’s caught him staring.

“Sorry for calling you Celest.” He apologizes a bit embarrassed, as he willed his form to change.

“It’s ok.”

Janae whispered faintly, surprising him as she closed her eyes again.

“I like when you do.”

Silence felt the tips of his ears burn as he pulled his eyes away from her face.

“I like when you, Typhoon and Laxus call meeeeee that.”

She slurred drunkenly in his arms, making him laugh.

Silence sighed as lightly tapped her forehead with his finger, releasing them from the corners of her mind.

Janae remained silent as he continued forward out of the water, a concerned Typhoon instantly appearing at his side once his feet touched dry land.

“Oh no. Why’d she have a panic attack?”

Typhoon asked softly, her voice full of sorrow as she followed Silence through the forest.

“When I opened her mind, her body treated it like an invasion and negatively reacted.”

“She began to panic.” Typhoon filled in.
Typhoon nods at the information as she followed behind Silence, watching Janae sleep, lightly snoring.

“Why don’t we just phase her to the castle?” Typhoon asked, her eyes landing on the ivory flower tucked behind Janae’s ear.

She says nothing, but Silence can feel her amusement.

“Because it might upset her body even more or wake her up.”

Silence said, as he wrapped his arms tighter around her, pulling her closer to his wide chest.

“Mmmh are you sure it’s not just because you want her to yourself a little longer?” She asked with a smile, earning a glare.

Silence frowned, she knew him to well.

Typhoon giggled as she twirled around in circles ahead of Silence, the heavy ends of her black skirt fluttering beautifully around her, showing off black and white striped tights that disappeared into black ballet slippers.

“It’s just like old times.”

Silence rolled his eyes, not bothering to stop the meek smile that crossed his lips.

“Our Celest is backkkkkk.” Typhoon sang as she spun around faster.

Silence inhaled thickly as he looked down, his eyes falling again on Janae’s sleeping form.

“.....just like old times.” He said in agreement as he pushed a strand of curly hair from Janae’s forehead and continued forward through the forest.
Guys if it wasn’t apparent....lol

I recently moved cities for a job and I’m adjusting and my life is changing and I have so much going on and I just wanted to apologize for the hiatus.

Eventually i will finish this series
Until then.....I’m gonna probably post one shots or whatever.

So read my other shit.

Happy holidays y’all
Chapter Summary

The first time Silence and Celest meet
With hints of Mayhem and Choas as rowdy children and a feared Typhoon.

Chapter Notes

Sooooo i lied about the hiatus. Lol

That being said the pacing of this chp is super jumpy. It jumps from different perspectives and time frames throughout the same day.

When its earlier in the day
It’s ++
For present ***

Also this chp talks about the different classes/categories Chimera fall into

Class recap-

Safeguard. Those with immense offensive powers, strictly wielding their power as a shield to protect the weak.

Emitters. Those who can create and use massive amounts of energy, without dying

Amplifiers. Those who can willingly borrow energy from anything with a pulse, and channel and turn their life energy into sheer quintessence.

Bringers of Darkness-
Creatures similar to demons, who consume the negative emotions of the people around them, and snatch soul energy from the weak, stealing their life, energy and power.

****
“Give it to me you deaf dumb mute.”
The tallest of the group of children spat, his arms outstretched, fingers spread wide making greedy grabbing motions.

The boy with soft gray eyes says nothing, his stance indifferent as he stares down the group, his hand firmly maintaining its grip on his only reminder of home.

He’s already decided.

Already knows.

He’s not giving up his mother’s memento to anyone.
No one deserved to touch it.

No being had the rights to disturb his peace and disrupt her memory.

The boy in front of him sneers angrily as he kicks several pebbles into the ash haired boy’s direction with malice, his hands still outstretched, his patience growing thin.

“Hey idiot, did you not hear me? I saidddd-“

The larger boy shifted quickly on his heels, slamming his closed fist into the jaw of the other boy, sending him to the ground.

“Give. It. To. Me.” The larger boy with brown colored hair and sun kissed skin said between grit teeth and narrowed eyes.

The gray eyed boy remains wordless as he watches a dangerously dark aura of rage surround the other boy.

“Just give it to him.” A smaller boy with raven colored curls and bronzed skin and brown eyes suggested from the outskirts of the group.

The gray eyed boy shifts his eyes from his attacker and onto the boy who stood the farthest away from the group.

“He’s going to make you fight. If you don’t wanna fight just give it to him.” The owner of the voice continued annoyed, beside the boy stood his mirror image.

His arms crossed with a scowl.

He looks even more unwelcoming then his brother.

The gray eyed boy slowly rises to his feet, brushing dust and dirt from his pants legs, careful not to drop and sully his mother’s hair clip.

They gray eyed boy meets the six set of eyes trained on him, with fear unavailable he stands his ground, his face no longer held its passive expression.

With his head held high, he shook his no.

He viciously refused to let the un welcomed company of another spook him to timidness.

He was silent.

Not a coward.

Before he can react, three of the six boys move.

The tallest of them of slams both his closed fists into the gray eyed boy’s stomach, knocking him down to his knees.

Starch strong arms with filthy hands grab and restrain him, locking his arms uselessly behind him, shoving his head and neck aggressively toward the ground.

The gray eyed boy’s grip on his mother’s clip doesn’t loosen, he grit his teeth and thrashed about, attempting to break free of the unfamiliar and unwelcomed arms around him.

“I’m not going to ask you again nicely.” The leader of the group said with a smile as he slowly started to crack the knuckles of his left hand.
The gray eyed boy narrowed his eyes and grit his teeth in defiance.

Out numbered and restrained, he refused to fold.

“Suit yourself.” The boy said with a lazy shrug, just before he cooked his left fist back, the gray eyed boy sees black as his head is painfully knocked backwards.

“I’m not sitting here and watching this.”
One of the brothers said dryly, as he turned away, his lean legs quickly carrying him away.

“This is boring.”

The other twin remains rooted in place, his curious eyes trained onto the gray eyed boy, he looks like he wants to comment.

“Whatever Chaos. I don’t need your shit right now.” The tallest of the boys hissed with arrogance as he slammed his foot into the restrained boy’s upper chest, making him stagger on wobbly knees.

The raven haired boy rolls his eyes boredly in response as he slowly produced a large hard cover book from his pocket, the raven haired boy puts more distance between them as he began to search for a spot to read.

“Do not annoy me Tobi.” Chaos said crassly as he sat down under a tree, quickly opening the large book.

“Unlike the mute, I’ll snap your neck without hesitation.”

Tobi rolled his eyes, quickly turning his attention back onto the gray eyed boy.

“We’ll see how many bones I get to break, before you break.” Tobi said with a sinister smile as he snatched a handful of the gray eyed boy’s hair, harshly yanking him face forward into a closed fist.

“I think we’re lost.” Celest said with a sigh as she held her hand drawn map high in the air, trying to understand exactly how, they had gotten lost with a map she’d made.

She’d drawn the entire map by hand, easily remembering the dips and curves of every tree and river she’d seen.

Biscuit said nothing as she trolleyed beside Celest through the forest.

Celest could already feel, the “I told you so”.

“Look I’m sorry I got distracted...and....” Celest trailed off as she folded the map closed, placing it neatly into her used sketch book.

“And...got us lost..in the heart of the forest.”

Celest felt anxiety slide down her spine like a wet ice cube, her discomfort with the situation melting into a puddle of unhappiness.

The puddle only deepening as they dove deeper and deeper into the forest.

She’d gotten to excited about leaving the confines of the castle, her feet propelling her forward into the unknown with little regard for danger, her sketch pad in hand.
Her hand moving furiously as she decorated the pages with the beauty of the world she saw, attempting meagerly to catch and encapsulate the world around.

In her haste for adventure, she’d neglected her map.

Not even aware of their starting point.

They hadn’t even been out of the castle walls for an hour, and they were already screwed.

Biscuit hummed thoughtfully, her trunk extending in Celest’s direction, attempting to calm the frazzled nerves she felt brewing.

“If we find cherry moss...maybe it can point us back home.” Celest said absently, tapping her finger to her chin.

“That’s it!!” Celest said suddenly with thick new optimism, startling her companion.

“We just have to find cherry moss and it’ll point us west. West is home!!”

Biscuit tilted her head to the left as she stared wide eyed at Celest and said nothing. She had no idea what Celest was babbling about, she only knew in a few hours it’d be lunch time and she preferred to eat in the castle.

“Why is my life so complicated?” Biscuit mused as she followed beside an excited Celest, who strolled confidently through the forest, sprouting out wild ideas.

“I should of told your silly ass NO when you said you wanted to leave the castle.” Biscuit sighed deeply.

“Biscuit you know I don’t speak Wilmex. Speak up.” Celest said tilting her head back with a laugh, earning an unamused glare.

They continue forward in silence, Celest’s optimism steadily dwindling with each step.

They hadn’t seen any cherry moss.

Celest squealed nearly scaling a tree as the sharp clap of thunder slapped across the sky, causing her to step on two of Biscuit’s hooves.

Celest nervously looked around the forest, her sharp mind quickly cataloging the contents of the Amber and gold vegetation around them.

Nothing.

Nothing looked familiar.

They where lost and it was going to storm at any moment.

Celest moved quickly, pulling the map back from between the pages of her sketchbook, her eyes quickly roaming the pages.

She slid her bag across her shoulder, removing Laxus’s personal navigation map. Desperate times called for desperate measures...and sticky fingers.

“Did you ask for that?.” Biscuit frowned at the map briefly before turning her head up towards the sky.
It would rain soon.

“Judging by the mappppp...we’re in the Ember forest...no where near the castle,buttt..I see a cave.” Celest said as she folded the map closed and slid it back into her bag.

“Come on. We gotta find shelter.” Celest said as she clung to Biscuit’s side, their steps steadily flowing together, her small hand intertwined with thick tuffs of fur.

A few moments later Celest’s eyes light with excitement as she caught sight of the cave, it’s entrance concealed by loose moss and rapid maroon colored vegetation.

Biscuit hesitates in movement as she catches the distinct scent of a lurking threat, her movements cease, her three eyes widen searching. Celest mumbles angrily in ignorance as she bumps into her side, oblivious to her companion’s discomfort.

“What’s wrong? You know we need to get shelter before it rains.” Celest said with slight irritation as she caught hold of Biscuit’s trunk and tugged her forward.

Reluctantly Biscuit allowed herself to be pulled along, her eyes wide and alert, searching for something...anything that was lurking in predatory light. They step inside the cave just as the sky opens up, quickly drenching the earth.

They watch in silence as the rain burns soft acid trails around them, kindly cooking the plants and vegetation.

“I’m going to start a fire.” Celest said after a moment, pulling a small match from her first aid kit.

“No.” Biscuit said with a stale sigh, her eyes on the unwelcoming darkness of the cave a foot away from them.

“You know, your pretty pessimistic.” Celest said as she began to gather dry leaves and broken branches from the clearing of the cave.

“Besides I’m freezing. I’m starting a fire.”

“Then use the blanket you packed Celest. We don’t know who’s home this is.”

“Mmmmh when should we have lunch?” Celest pondered seriously as she tossed a lit match into her gathered pile, Biscuit watches wordless as the cave around them lights up.

“You don’t listen.” Biscuit said with a tense sigh as she caught movement in the far end of the tunnel like cave.

Celest slipped her first aid kit back into her hand made bag, her eyes now taking in the scenery of the musty cave.

Her eyes widened as they fall onto the endless decoration of large claw marks that branded the walls harshly. A deep rooted spark of fear slams into her as her mind begin to jump to wild and rabid conclusions as to what made those marks.

“....Biscuit we may...need to leave.” Celest said nervously, her voice nearly cracking as she pulled lightly on her companions fluffy ear.

Panic bloomed violently in Celest’s chest as her mind quickly worked, the pages of her mental
notebook fly open, the pages quickly turning to an assignment she’d been handed personally from her father, months ago.

Her breath hitched as the pages suddenly stopped turning, stopping on a diagrammed picture of a poisonous and large feral creature.

Crow-bearer.

It was a Crow-bearer.

Those marks where created by the one creature her father had warned her never to go near.

A 12 foot tall, cannibalistic, aggressive and territorial beast with poisonously large sharp talons, lay dormant in the cave.

Well the males where poisonous....

Celest looks over her shoulder, the rain isn’t letting up, if anything its raining harder.

A low icy growl snatches Celest’s attention back forward, her head reflectively snapping in the direction of the unpleasant sound.

Jagged large green glass eyes peered down at them from the darkness, Celest’s stood still, rooted in place as she watched the large creature step gracefully from the darkness.

The flames of the fire danced wildly, sending sparks of light all throughout the cave unevenly, fueling Celest’s already high level of unfiltered fear.

They needed to leave.

Now.

Biscuit stands her ground, her large elephant like ears spread wide, her eyes narrowed.

The Crow-bearer seems amused with the display, the corners of his beak pulling slightly up into a sinister smile, a loud growl ripples from his chest and slides between six sharp rows of large teeth, cased behind a blood red beak.

Without warning, the Crow-bearer moves.

It’s large muscular fur covered body slinks forward with grace akin to an eel, as its eyes slid from Biscuit then Celest.

“My my...myyyyy.” The large creature hummed with a venomous curiosity, it’s laughter so loud it shakes the cave walls, the vibration nearly knocking Celest off her feet.

“I wasn’ttttttt...” His green eyes gleam with mischief as he slides his split tongue across the bottom of his beak. “Expecting guests.”

A feeling of consternation as cold and sharp as an ice pick slams into her chest.

They. NEEDED. To. Leave.

“We uh...we um where just about to leave. Sorry about the intrusion.” Celest fumbles nervously, temporarily shifting the creature’s hungry gaze back onto her.

“Oh noooo...I welcome the company.” He says with a laugh as he hunches forward, his large long
arms dangle at his sides, long ivory talons drag ruthlessly along the ground as he approaches.

Black feathers coat his body making him seem to seep into the darkness, appearing larger, more intimidating.

“I insist.” He hissed with a heated predatory gave. “I have you both for dinner.”

Biscuit tossed Celest a non-conforming look of disapproval.

Like hell they where going to stay.

“Oh....that won’t be necessary.” Celest said as she took a measured step back, her fingers nervously

digging through Biscuit’s fur.

Awkwardly she stood her ground, her resolve unwavering as she stared potential death in its face.

With her shoulders square, her voice stern and her gaze unrelenting, her prideful display of defiance

sparks sheer rage deep within the beast.

He didn’t like that.

Absolutely loathed when weak creatures didn’t know their place.

She had absolutely no idea.

The things he would and could do to her, before he shitted out her remains.

He could swallow her whole.

She’d scream.

Probably thrash about.

To helpless to change the outcome of her insignificant existence.

A sharp foul growl escapes the creature’s beak as he took a solid step forward, his jade green eyes

hard as glass as he starts the advancement of his favorite past time.

Hunting.

Celest and Biscuit move simultaneously.

Biscuit’s trunk wrapped around Celest’s left wrist, and pulled, quickly yanking her out of the way

of a large poisonous paw.

Celest wobbles on her feet as she watches the creature’s paw crush and destroy the cave wall

behind her, sending large and tiny bits of debris in every direction.

Biscuit yanks Celest’s wrist hard again, trying to shake her from her seated fear, that has left them

both open to danger.

The creature seemed to smile as he took in the delicious mix of distress and alarm pouring from

Celest in undeveloped ripples.

The smile widens as he drops onto all fours, startling Celest free of her paralysis, his green eyes

glowing with hunger as they burned rabid daggers through his soon to be prey.
Celest took a measured step backward, never breaking her gaze, her breathing erratic and uneven, her discomfort amplified, drumming out the sound of the rain.

“Run.”

His command is thunderous, as he charges toward them, the corners of his beak curving upward unnaturally a split second alarming Celest, her senses suddenly going into hyperdrive as he roared forward, with publicly malicious intent.

Celest screams as the first drop of rain kisses her shoulder, her feet sliding through untamed mud as she ran. Avoiding wide tree branches and large thorny bushes.

“What’s the fastest route out of here?” Celest yelled from beside a frantic Biscuit, their hoves and boots slamming the earth in copybook sync. Biscuit huffed as she struggled to catch the scent of their earlier chosen path.

The presence of wet disaster, with burning earth and vegetation, lodged and clawed its way successfully up her trunk.

A streak of dismay appearing as she realized....

She couldn’t smell a thing.

She couldn’t navigate them home.

The one thing she had to do in order to save and protect Celest, she couldn’t do.

Beside her Celest’s steps falter as the bottom corner of her dress entangles on several hooks in a nearby bush, nearly tripping as she frantically snatched fruitlessly at the imprisoned fabric, periodically checking over her shoulder for the creature toying with them.

His green eyes dark as he watched them lazily from a few feet away.

Biscuit moved beside Celest protectively, her short trunk extending forward and grabbing hold of the fabric attached to rusted hooks and harshly yanked. Splitting the fabric horridly in a diagonal rift, ripping her bottom pocket in half and scattering black beads across the forest floor.

Biscuit briefly cuts her eyes to the newly spilled mess, her mind moving a thousand skips a second as she snatched Celest by the wrist pulling her deeper into the forest.

The creature howled with laughter as he pursued them from the shadows, cloaked in the darkness of the forest provided by the storm.

He stalks behind them with obtuse glee, his jubilation palpable as he chased his lively prey.

“Oh my, I insist the two of you stay.” He barked, his laughter as friendly as acid as he slammed through a cluster of trees, demolishing them as he continued forward unphased.

++++

“Tobi can I play with you?” The tiny girl with bold copper colored hair asked politely as she grabbed hold of the older boy’s sweater sleeve.
“Stop talking to me freak!!” The brown haired boy sneered in response, snatching his wrist free barbarously..
The young girl says nothing as she waits patiently for the boy to potentially change his mind.

She knew he wouldn’t.

He never did.

She remains still, waiting to hear her rejection.

He was all to eager and openly dismissive of his own kin, quick to partake in browbeating and often bullying the young girl for a carousel of cheap laughs.

“Just because we’re related DOESN’T mean I OWE YOU ANYTHING.” The boy spat as his routine group of supporters hovered nearby.

Curiously watching, waiting to laugh or inflict pain at a moments notice.

They cling to him the way flies do shit.

Eager and desperate to be given purpose.

The girl says nothing as she pulls her eyes away from the brown eyed boy.

One of the boys scoffs at her as their eyes briefly meet, her gaze continues onwards, unimpressed.

A hint of a smile graces her lips as she meets the gaze of soft brown eyes, framed by raven colored curls and tanned skin.

Mayhem shifted awkwardly from foot to foot.
His brother said nothing as he walked past them, to engrossed with his book to pay them any mind.

“I don’t even know why you’re friends with that abomination.” Tobi said with hostile exasperation as his eyes fail back onto the girl.

“She’s not even the same class as us.”

“Why does that even matter?” She’s still stronger then all of you put together.” Chaos said with a yawn, stroking the fire of jealously with indifference as he closed his book.

The smile on the young girl’s face grows.

Tobi pivots on his heels, his glowing gold eyes sharp as he stares heated daggers into an uncaring and happily aloof Chaos.

Chaos didn’t return the look.

He was over being social, yet his idiotic brother would drag him along him along, making promises of entertainment.

Entertainment that rarely ever happened.

Chaos was beginning to think his brother longed for more social company, but had limited and annoying options.

Plus their was the underlined unspoken rule of class placement.
The two of them and their older sister where the only bunch in the entire Orphanage of their category.

Bringers of Darkness.

Soul sucking demons of Arcadia, feared and tolerated.

A new child had arrived earlier that month, he never spoke, but was rumored to fall into their category.

Chaos turns his eyes onto the copper colored girl, his nose burning from the massive untrained aura leaking from her pores.

She wasn’t the only safeguard in the sea of 105 unclaimed children they lived with.

But she was the only one with qualities that mimicked their class.

A dangerous and uncommon combination of raw potential that had gone unsuppressed and untailored to training, as a result had leached the life out of their home planet and consumed the lives of all those around.

Reversing her initial design.

Such power without self restriction had turned the four and a half year old girl into a social pariah.

Mayhem found her intriguing. But kept a safe distance.

Chaos isn’t sure if it’s a crush or if their both just disappointing to be around.

Chaos sighed as he walked away from the commotion.

Mayhem tossed a shy wave to the young girl just before turning around and trailing behind his grumpy brother, leaving the other children alone.

“Tobi let’s play-“ The young girl starts as she reaches for his shirt sleeve again,a soft smile on her face.

Tobi said nothing, remaining still as she caught hold of the fabric of his sleeve and tugged lightly.

He took a moment to stare at her. To take in the odd features of his half blood sibling. His eyes land and trace long copper colored hair that spill past tiny shoulders in waves.

Uncommon.

His eyes slide to her large green startling ones, they look disproportionate to her face, so round they give her the appearance of a haunting spirit, that along with her pale white skin.

Uncommon.

Her eye color was also unalike any of their kind.

Tobi says nothing as he watches the little girl push strips of long her out of her eyes,she lightly pulls on his wrist, guiding him quickly to a collection of off colored rocks secluded by wild vegetation.

It’s a reminder of home.
The way they used to keep and collect gems they’d find on their planet.

Before she detonated like a nuclear bomb and turned everything to ash and slaughtered everyone they’d ever known.

The little girl moves quickly, her smile now mute as she handed him a set of matching rocks.

Tobi shifts, dropping one of the rocks before she could speak, he cocked his left hand back, his hand locking around the rock.

A conflicting string of emotions slide through him, his heart aches at the sight of a familiar and once loved face of his remaining family.
His mind darkens with the reminder that the familiar face isn’t to be trusted or ignored.

A continuous and unIntentional threat.

“How many times do I have to tell you I want nothing to do with you!!!” He yelled tossing the rock at the young girl who clumsily dodged.

A look of sheer despondency attaches itself to her features, making her look less humanoid then she already was.

Tobi glared daggers full of hate at the young girl as he quickly brushed imaginary dirt from his sleeve.

“But our moms said-“

“I don’t care what my mom or your mom said!!!” He spat, his eyes turning to liquid pools of fury.

The young girls staggers backward as if she’s been hit, her eyes wide and sad, her face pinched tightly in disbelief.

“We’re supposed to stick together. That’s what you said family is-“

“Don’t you dare speak to me about family!!” Tobi grit out his eyes turning into slits as he turned his body completely in her direction, his anger and rage so palpable the young girl can taste it.

“You don’t get to speak to me about family, when your the reason we’re here!!”

She winches at his words, taking a shaky step back, attempting to distance herself from where she knew the conversation was going.

“NOT WHEN ITS YOUR FAULT WE’RE ON THIS PLANET!!” He spat with anger, his skin scaling over as his toxic emotions shifted his form to change.

“NOT WHEN ITS YOUR FAULT WE’RE ORPHANS!!”

The girl’s back goes rigid as the remaining rocks in her hands fall to the ground, she goes pale and he watches as tears of regret and guilt fall from her eyes.

“It-IT wasn’t my fault!!”
Her rebuttal is quick, the pain apparent as she struggled to push the words out.

Tobi says nothing as he turns away, his small crew of followers waiting patiently.

“IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!!! I COULDN’T-“
“WHAT?! Control your powers?! Your the reason our planet is obliterated and our families are dead!!!”

And with the mention of their families and their former home.....

She breaks.

Dropping to her knees and trying desperately to shove her fingers into her ears, attempting to pull out the truth, that already haunted her.

The truth so evocative and corrosive it’d been clawing at her subconscious for weeks like a daily reminder.

Never missing a day.

The older boys carry on around her as if she isn’t there, all to eager to turn their judgmental eyes onto a new distraction.

“Hey Tobi that kid from Thanos has something valuable.”

“The kid from Thanos? There’s someone here from there?“ Tobi asked with a raised brow as he lead the group back into the story line.

“Who is he?” Tobi asked as the group proceeded to scale through the forest, in sight of a new target.

One of kids beside him uselessly shrugs.

“I just know he’s mute, so he won’t tell anyone.”

Tobi considered that.

“What’d he have?” He asked, curiosity growing.

“I’m not sure but whatever it was, was covered completely in jewels and beads from Thanos.” The tallest of them replied with a devious smile, anyone with a brain knew jewelry from the aged planet fail into a different price bracket.

Items from the now uninhabited planet where considered priceless relics.

“I bet ya it’s important to him.” The taller boy continued as he fail instep beside Tobi, greedily wringing his hands together like a cliche.

“Well let’s see if he has anything of value.”

***

Celest screamed as she lost her footing and fail through an assortment of jagged bushes.

She quickly rose to her feet, her legs wobbling as she pushed herself forward, she fought to stay upright, steering clear of having a mental break down.

She’d gotten separated from Biscuit.

Welllllll the three of them had all some how managed to fall down a clearing and become separated.
Celest dodged a low branch, her feet sliding clumsily, sending her down into strange violet colored mud. She fumbles through several attempts to free herself from the wet soil.

“This is not how today was supposed to go.” She whines chest-fallen, as she clung to a nearby tree trunk, scurrying to pull herself up at the sound of an odd noise.

Today had been a bad day.

Celest sighed shakily as a tiny five legged creature ran past her, it’s three tails pulled high as it hissed rudely at her. She navigated forward, her movements quickly becoming delayed by clumps of mud, steadily slowing her pace.

“Such a determined one to get away.”

The words pierce through Celest, temporarily halting her movements, her back goes rigid with fear. She had to get away.

“Think. Think. Think Celest!!! Do the one thing your good at. “ She chants over like a well memorized mantra as she struggles to pull her boots free of the clingy soil.

The creature laughs loudly as he slowly approaches, his amusement vivid and whimsical as he extended his left arm, uprooting and knocking over a tree in his facetious haste to reach her.

“What’s on your mind?”

The Crow-barer asked hypothetically, his voice taking a dangerously smooth edge, easily slipping into a deceptively welcoming warmth as he rapidly approached his entrapped prey.

An idea scratches the surface of her mind.

Celest stood her ground, her eyes narrowed as she watched the creature prowl forward, his eyes glowing so bright they appear ominous as he readies to strike.

Celest snatches a thick short branch from the tree behind her, the creature’s smile only grows.

“You intend to fight me with a twig?” His amusement is so pungent it slows his moments.

She remained wordless, her grip around the branch tightening, as a growl escaped the beak of the creature.

Celest irresponsibly holds and returns his gaze with fire, challenging him.

Collectively they move.

With his arms raised high, razor teeth bared he lunges. Celest brakes their gaze, quickly sweeping the branch across her feet, gathering a large clump of mud.

She flings the now heavy branch forward with all her might, shoving her arms forward so hard she slips and falls, her feet free.

The Crow-barer staggers backward slipping in mud, his claws ill-advised tools to scrub the now thick and heavy mud that was hardening into clay.
The mud thickens, restricting movement as it locks his beak and upper body in place.

Thunder smacks across the sky startling Celest as she quickly rose to her feet, her eyes locked on the predator trashing about in a stone cast.

With the clay caked branch still in hand she takes off and doesn’t look back.

“I will rip you limb from limb and personally deliver my feces to your parents!!!!” He lamented as he rose high and slammed his face and upper body hard into the dry ground, breaking his clay handicap.

He blazed forward his large heavy paws breaking the earth with each step.

“Your tougher then you look.” Tobi said with rich annoyance as he watched the gray eyed boy continue to stand his ground, with crimson dripping from his brow and lip he continues to fight.

A very uneven fight.

Mayhem frowned crossing his arms, his irritation evident.
Chaos remained in place a few feet away, his nose buried deep inside his book.

Happily ignoring his brother’s discomfort and the world around him.

The scrawny gray eyed boy says nothing as he dodges a series of poorly timed fists, he counters slamming into the face of another boy, sending him to the ground.

“Give it to me and you won’t have to fight anymore.”
Tobi offers, it’s a lie and they all know it.

Know that once he gets what he wants, he’ll break it probably smashing it to pieces with his bare hands.

Tobi’s eyes meet the gray eyed boy’s and he moves fluid like, as he ducks and dodges an onslaught of punches and kicks that fly his way.

His determination is unrivaled as he violently refuses to let the one souvenir of his mother become destroyed by a bitter and tactless child.

They begin to fight dirty, the seven on one battle raging on.

The gray eyed boy moves quickly and efficiently, knocking down two boys nearest to him, he continues without hesitation as he drops to the ground taking another with him, ruthlessly body slamming him on the way down.

Mayhem’s eyes widen in surprise as he watches the unusually withdrawn and introverted boy reveal pieces of himself.

An odd sound catches his attention, drawing his eyes away from the fighting, his eyes quickly roam the forest and he sees nothing. He shifts towards his brother, his eyes watching as his twin began to asset the situation, fully aware.

All movement falters as a loud iniquitous roar sliced through the forest, blanketing them all in silence and fresh fear.
Chaos rises to his feet quickly, closing the book in his hands with haste, he knows the creature that made the sound.

But he can’t remember what it is or why a sharp chill plaques his spine, nearly sealing him in place.

The gray eyed boy takes a nervous step back, his curious eyes watching the others, searching for clues.

The boy’s jaw drops as he catches sight of a large bird hybrid two legged monster, it’s beak pulled back wide revealing twin sets of razor like teeth that shift horizontally as it angrily shrieked, mowing down two rows of trees at once, it’s fury only escalating as it pulverized forward.

It’s green eyes large and bright, it’s long minacious arms spread wide, proudly revealing wildly dangerous talons.

Talons the boy watched easily rip and pull apart pieces of the earth with each step, gradually as he continued forward chasing after a small girl.

A girl none of the children had ever seen before.

The creature was absolutely livid.

“Finally some entertainment!!!” Mayhem said joyously with a wide smile as he stepped toward the commotion, arms spread wide and inviting.

Chaos sighed as he moved, quickly catching hold of his brother’s arm and dragging him reluctantly away from the trouble awaiting.

“Brother what gives?! It was finally getting fun!!” Mayhem complained as he watched the other children scream and panic, attempting to get out of harms way.

He wanted to be apart of the madness unfolding.

“Because if you die I’ll never hear the end of it.” Chaos replied dryly, his eyes narrowing at the thought of their sister.

Mayhem makes an unamused and uninterested face as he turns away from the scene in front of them.

“You never let me be great.”

Chaos rolled his eyes with heavy annoyance and sighed as he phased them far far away.

They gray eyed boy stood rooted motionless in place, watching the creature stomp through and manhandle the forest with little regard for life, knocking down trees and uprooting all other obstacles.

The boy took a nervously impulsive step back as glowing angry green eyes flickered his direction.

“What are you doing?!” An unfamiliar voice yells before a thin wall of warmth collided into him, knocking him harshly down into a patch of wild bushes and down a small mud covered clearing, isolating them from danger.

“Are you hurt?” The wall of warmth asks, as he watched the unfamiliar face rise to her feet, her eyes wide and full of concern stare him down a moment before she extends a small hand forward.
toward him.

The boy’s eyes widen in awe as his eyes trail up her clay caked boots and ripped dress, his eyes
immodestly stop on her face.

He takes in the large maroon triangles that start at her bottom lash line and roll down her cheeks to
her jawline.
He takes in the wild aray of brown, blonde and black curls, neatly pulled up by white ribbon.

She looks as if she’s never been outside before.

She looks like she shouldn’t be here or anywhere near him.

Fragile is the first word that comes to mind.

He knows he’s staring.

The girl remains firmly in place, an apprehensive brow raised, waiting on him to accept her
invitation.

But the boy’s mind is a hop, skip, jump and several planets away, rewinding and plucking fondly at
prized and aged memories of his past, of happier times before he was shipped off to Arcadia.

He swallows past the lump of sadness and hesitantly reaches for her outstretched hand, she hums in
approval as their palms touch, he inhaled slowly as she softly pulled him to his feet.

Her hand feels tiny and delicate in his own, exciting a strange melee of emotions.

He’s surprised she has enough strength to pull him up.

He’s staring again.

She breaks the silence first.

“Is there something on my face?” The girl asks after a moment, the boy’s cheeks darken as he
quickly releases her hand.

He’d been holding it longer then necessary.

“I-I...um I....” He trailed off dumbly, wanting to say everything and nothing at once.

He hadn’t exactly had much exposure to Arcadians since his arrival.

A candor and proud group.

A smile lights up the girl’s face as she patiently waits for him to gather his thoughts.

“So you can speak.”

The boy’s blush only darkens at how smug she looks with the realization.

“Silence...” He offers after a moment.

“..........?”
“My name is Silence.” The boy explains softly, trying not to smile at the puzzled look of confusion on the girl’s face.

The look doesn’t stay present for long.

“Silence?”

His heart has the audacity to skip a beat, as his name leaves her lips for the very first time.

“..............?”

“Are you hurt?” She asked now immune to his stares as she began to dig through the odd fabric sling across her shoulder and back.

Hurt?

He hadn’t really thought about that.

He hadn’t really thought about a lot of things among the madness.

“I um...I don’t think so?” He answered weakly, it sounds to much like a question for the girl’s liking.

The girl continues to dig, pulling out several strange small objects.

For some reason the word “magic” rings throughout Silence’s mind.

“Mmmh must be the adrenaline.” The girl said with a sigh as she moved closer to Silence, a bronze circular disk in hand.

“What are you-“

“This will sting a bit.” She said quickly as she expertly and effortlessly dabbed just above his brow and top lip, before he offer could protest.

The pain of fire and ice shoot angrily where the circular object touched, the pain expands and grows swirling around all open cuts.

He briefly considers ripping his face off.

After a few more seconds the pain subsides, leaving behind a dull ache.

“There ya go.” She said cheerily with a smile, as if she hadn’t just rudely dabbed unapproved objects with burning liquids to his flesh.

Silence watches as she begins to neatly repack the items back into the large strip of fabric.

“....Thank you....” He said faintly as he lightly pressed curious fingers to the places she’d addressed.

Completely healed.
“Is there something on my face?” The girl asked quickly as she pulled out a folded map, her dark brown eyes quickly roaming the paper.

“Uh...no.” He says awkwardly as he pulled his hand from his face.

“Ah....well so you where just staring.”

“.............”

“Silence it’s impolite to stare.” She says sharply as she held the map up higher, trying to pinpoint their exact location.

“.............” Silence sighs deeply, this is exactly why he avoids conversations in general.

The people of Arcadia where a bit more abrasive then he wanted to admit.

“I didn’t-“

She gives him a look.

“I don’t mean to stare....it’s just that....” He trailed off, gently pulling the map from her hands and turning it upside down and pointing at their location

This time, her cheeks darken.

And he fights the urge not to laugh as she quickly plucked the map from his hands.

“I don’t mean to stare.” He says honestly after a moment, the girl’s eyes curiously meet his.

“You..you just.” He exhaled deeply running nervous fingers through ash colored hair, he closed his eyes and spoke shyly.

“Since arriving here...I hadn’t seen or met anyone here with your complexion.”

Celest’s eyes widen at his words, he’d been the first person she’d ever met outside of the castle walls but she hadn’t noticed.....

She tilts her head up and looks at him.

She took in the pale almost ivory skin, the long ash colored lashes that rested on rose tinted cheeks.

She looked away.

Unlike him she didn’t stare....

Well she had noticed the achromatic color of his hair and eyes.

If she where honest she’d admit, the odd coloring struck an inquisitive nerve.

She had no idea where he was from, but she knew it wasn’t originally Arcadia.

“Is that a bad thi...no....why did you tell me that?” Celest fumbled to verbalize, he can feel the confusion and discomfort flicker across her mind, nervously she rolls the map back and forth in her small hands.

“Because you are the most welcoming face I’ve encountered since arriving here...it’s not bad.” He said with a hint of a smile, as he finally met her gaze.
His eyes soft with honesty as he openly for the first time returned her gaze.

Her cheeks darken at the warmth radiating from gray almost silver like eyes, she looks away and coughs awkwardly into her hand.

He represses the urge to laugh again.

“What....what does that even mean?” She asks after a moment, with her lips pulled tight together, and her cheeks puffed.

“Don’t toy with me. Is that supposed to be a joke?” She asks with heat, temporarily surprising him. She’s pouting he realizes, his smile only widens as he pulls his eyes up toward the changing colors of the sky.

“You look like the people of my village. The people I grew up with and long to see again.”

He said wistfully his voice colored with sincerity, his eyes still closed as a light breeze ruffled his hair.

Celest blinks, she wasn’t expecting that response or the soft welcoming feeling of warmth that floated off him in easy waves.

“Where are you from?”

“What’s your name?” He asks her the same time she speaks, his full attention now on her as he slowly pulled the map from her hands.

“Why?” He asked, his amusement apparent as he ignore her grabbing hand gestures toward the map.

“Celest. Ummm don’t touch my map unless you’re going to navigate me home.” She said with sass.

This time he doesn’t bother to fight the bubble of amusement that ripples up his entire being.

“I’ll help you get home.”

And for the first time in a long time, he laughs.

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