A Good Soldier

by RangoAteMyBaby (FormallyKnownAsFreya)

Summary

Lance is suddenly and unexpectedly dumped by his live-in girlfriend Nyma. No warnings, no explanation, leaving Lance high and dry and worst of all, sad and alone. Not to mention horny.

Pidge and Hunk take the brunt of his melancholy until they gift him some time with an escort. Enter Keith, the experienced Dom assigned to him. It's his job to give Lance the night of his life. To give Lance everything he wants from bondage to beatings.

And boy does he deliver.

Notes

Thank you tumblr user Jaspurrlock for all the inspiration. *wink and finger guns*
Chapter 1

“Aww come on Lance, Putt-Putt’s no fun if you’re going to sulk the entire time,” Pidge huffs as she hits the little pink golf ball down the way. It bounces off a wall and just barely misses the hole. “Damn it. I need new glasses.”

“I’m not sulking,” Lance denies.

“It’s been two weeks,” Hunk says, taking his turn hitting his green ball. Hole in one and Pidge grumbles as she writes it down. “He’s over it. Right, Lance?”

“Why didn’t she tell me she was transferring out?” Lance asks, for the fiftieth time and both his friends sigh. “If she’d told me, I...maybe I could have transferred too.”

“Lance,” Hunk says softly, shaking his head. He pats his shoulder. “She probably didn’t tell you because she didn’t want you to follow.”

“But why?” Lance asks, his jaw clenching. He hits his little red ball. It misses the hole by a mile. “I thought we were--”

“Her career was more important to her than you were, Lance,” Pidge says, pulling no punches. “I never liked her. Neither did Hunk.”

“Pidge.”

“But it’s true Hunk,” Pidge insists. “We’ve had this talk nine times now. Maybe Nyma liked you. Maybe. But she likes money more. Sorry, that’s just how it is.”

“But--”

“You were an obstacle for her,” Pidge insists, taking her second shot. In the hole. Birdie. “If she hadn’t been chosen for the promotion then you would have. Either way you’d be split up. Just be glad it was her and not you.”

“Yeah, or you’d be in a foreign country, far from your family and your friends,” Hunk encourages him with another pat. “Maybe it’s for the best this way. This way you can start over, just like she is.”

Maybe but he doesn’t like it at all. Lance was very attached to Nyma. They were together for two years. Two years of living together and all that entails. He...loved her but she left him like it was easy. Like it all meant nothing.

Since she left, he hasn’t been able to get to sleep at night. Might have been easier if she hadn’t left so much of her stuff. Her clothes. Her books. Her pictures. Her...toys. But Lance can’t bring himself to throw any of it out. Not even after two weeks.

He should be furious. She said nothing. Didn’t leave him a note. Won’t take his calls. She’s probably blocked him from all her phones.

Nyma’s never had a problem with confrontation so this was out of character for her. He likes to think that she was reluctant to break things off face to face because she didn’t want to see how much it hurt him but the truth all but hits him in the face every time he wakes up alone.

She stopped caring about him at some point and it was just simpler to cut Lance from her life.
But his heart aches to accept it.

“Come on Lance, it’s the last hole,” Hunk encourages him. “We’ll go get some drinks after this.”

Lance hits the red ball and finally it goes into the divot. One over par. Bogey. His game’s been off since Nyma left. Normally he’s so good at this. Pidge takes down the score while Hunk guides them back to the counter to return their putters.

They’re about to get in in Hunk’s car when Lance diverts, sad smile on his face.

“Sorry for bringing down game night guys,” he says. “Think I’ll just head home. Headache.”

“Lance,” Pidge sighs, disappointed but sympathetic.

“We get it,” Hunk nods. “See you at work Monday Lance.”

Lance waves them off and gets into his car to return home. The drive is quiet and lonely. Nyma would have turned on a local pop station and they’d have sung on the way home. Now he can’t even bring himself to touch the dial.

When he steps through the door it’s the same feeling. Quiet emptiness fills the apartment. He flicks the lights, kicking off his shoes in the entry and not bothering to line them up perfectly on the shoe rack. No one left to impress, why should he bother keeping it tidy? He walks down the hall stripping clothes as he goes until nothing but his boxers remain. With a sigh, he flops onto the well made bed.

“Nyma,” he whispers.

The bed is cold and empty like every night the past weeks. It’s going to be empty from now on he reminds himself. But maybe...one day...she’ll come back.

Ugh, he shouldn’t think like that. He knows it's not true.

With a huff he gets up and picks all his discarded clothes off the floor. Throws them in the hamper. He returns to the entryway and puts his shoes away properly. Then his eyes fall on a pair of her nice black boots. Genuine leather. She always looked so good in them. He bought them for her a year ago. Said they were her favorite.

They need a good polishing. Like the good old days. Yeah, that will make him feel better.

Lance takes the pair in hand, grabs the kit, and slides open the door to his balcony. Takes a seat on the ground and spreads a towel over his lap. He brushes over the toes of the boot with a brush, ready to give them the cleaning they need. But before he can even get the polish out he sighs, the container falling from his hand.

It’s not the same. He pushes the boots from his lap to the floor, the towel too. His legs lift up and Lance curls in on himself. Tears stream even though he bites at his lip to try holding it all back. Maybe one day he’ll get over this...but it’s not today.

He slumps to the side, lowering himself to the ground, still tucked in. At least it’s nice out he thinks with a pathetic laugh. He can sleep out here instead. He thinks it’ll feel warmer than his bed has in days.

And he isn’t wrong.

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Lance sits at his computer, bags under his eyes and a crick in his neck. Sleeping on the balcony was a terrible idea. He’s usually very friendly. The nicest guy in the building. But the stiffness in his back, coupled with the hurt from his breakup, have made him irritable today.

Finally past the stage of unrelenting sadness to annoyed with every little thing. Now he’s grumpy with nearly everyone he interacts with today. His answers on the phone are clipped. His emails curt. Lance even raised his voice at a coworker as he came through to drop off some papers. He apologised but still felt terrible about it, even after covering the guy’s lunch.

The phone rings and Lance snatches it up.

“McClain,” he sighs, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

“The head of IT is here to fix your computer,” says the woman on the other line. The secretary for the whole floor.


A few minutes later Pidge knocks on his office door then peeks in.

“Hey you miserable dick,” she says, quirking her brow with a grin. “Heard you yelled at Bobby.”

“I...didn’t mean to,” Lance tells her, face guilty. He rubs his forehead with a frustrated sigh. “I don’t know why I did that.”

“I do,” Pidge asserts as she closes the door and takes a seat on his desk. She loosens her tie from her neck and takes his coffee cup. Swallows a gulp before grimacing at the flavor. “Jesus, when did you last pour this? It’s freezing.”

“Pidge, you said you know what’s wrong.”

“Yeah, you’re horny. Now that Nyma’s been gone for so long, your body needs a good boning,” she declares and takes the cup into the hall. She dumps it out into a water fountain and returns with a piping new cup. “Time to fuck someone. Drown your sorrow in some good sex and you’ll forget about Nyma. Reset the system.”

Lance rolls his eyes at her suggestion and takes the cup. He sips it then places it on the coaster.

Just go fuck someone. Yeah, because it’s that easy to overwrite two years of intimacy. It’s that easy to find someone who’ll treat him just the right way. Just the way she did. He doesn’t know anyone well. He’s not close enough to anyone else to casually suggest some kinky sex.

“No one said you had to be close,” Pidge shrugs and takes the cup, sipping it.

“I can’t just...do the things I like with anyone,” Lance mumbles quietly and they pass the cup back and forth. “Most people aren’t...into that stuff. They think it’s weird. Turns them off.”

“That’s why I got you this,” Pidge grins and slaps a business card down. Actually, it’s little bigger than a business card. High quality paper too.

Lance eyes the writing. Lion Escorts: Serving you is our Pride. Offering a wide range of services from leather to lace. There’s a silhouette of a lion as the logo and coupon code printed on the bottom.

“I’m not paying for sex, Pidge,” Lance raises a brow.
“You don’t have to. *That* is a gift voucher for one of the best services in the city,” Pidge says. “Hunk and I pitched in for you. Should get you a full night.”

“Young--”

“We’re tired of your bitching and moaning,” Pidge says but the tone isn’t hurtful. Just blunt, like most of Pidge’s comments. “It’s easy. Go to the website. Fill out the form. They’ll set up a meeting. Pound town,” she says, numbering each step in the process. “Slump over.”

Lance looks at the card again with curiosity. A night of fun with someone who’ll cater to his needs. His very specific needs. Can’t get into it without someone else there. Which is why he hasn’t done anything even close to pleasing himself. And the longer he goes the more irritable he gets.

Maybe Pidge is right. He needs something to officially end things with Nyma. So he can move on. Start dating again.

“I’ll check it out,” Lance says, putting the card in his desk. “Later.”

“Good,” Pidge says, ruffling his hair and planting a kiss on the top of his head. “We love you kid. Hate seeing you down.”

“Thanks,” Lance says, his smile weak. “Stop calling me kid. I’m older than you.”

“But I’m so much more mature,” Pidge argues, sticking her spit soaked finger into his ear.

“Fucking! Gross! Pidge!” Lance gripes, wiping his ear and throwing the stress ball on his desk at her as she runs to the door. He misses and it bounces off his diploma on the wall. “You--you’re a goblin!”

“Later Lance,” she tells him. “Glad you’re feeling a little better,” she adds and closes the door behind her.

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Lance stretches back in his chair and puts his feet up on the desk. The long day is finally over. Normally, he’d just head home and pour a drink for himself and Ny--he shakes his head of the thought.

Right. No more thinking of Nyma.

The voucher Pidge gave him comes back into his head. He sits up and opens the drawer, pulling out the piece of cardstock. Inspects it and puts it on the desk as he types the site into the computer.

Time to find out what the big deal is with this service.

They need an email and number for contact. This is what his throw away email is for. Porn and stuff like this. He types in his blueninja3 email and the number to his cell. Last thing he wants is them contacting him through his work accounts or phones.

It opens to a well constructed page. Looks pretty professional. A form with a series of check boxes and surveys. Looks like it’ll take a good bit. Luckily he’s been staying late since she left. No one will think it weird if it looks like he’s working overtime.

Click. Click. Click.

Basic sex questions at first but then they get very specific as he clicks through the pages. Are you
interested in the BDSM lifestyle? Lance empathically checks the box marked Yes. What role do you prefer? Sub. Then more questions arrive.

What degree of experience do you have when it comes to BDSM?

__Haven’t tried but I’m curious
__Tried it once and would like to try again
__Fairly familiar with certain scenarios
__Well-versed in what I like in a scene
__Can’t get off without a scene

“Hmm,” Lance hums and clicks that he’s well-versed. It moves to the next page and Lance sits up with interest. A kink list. Now this is what he’s talking about. Probably won’t have mu--

He’s wrong--there are so many.


“Hmm,” he hums, his interest piqued.

He’s always thought soldiers were hot. He was in the military himself for a couple years and man did he ever have the biggest hardon for his CO. She was--phew. Too hot. He often got off at night thinking of her ordering him around in his skivvies. He can’t remember the last time Nyma wore her Marines costume.

Maybe that would be fun, a little soldier roleplay like the good old days. Why not? Click. Woah! They have bootblacking too! Yes! Click. The impact play option also has a drop down menu of the implements he’d prefer and to what degree of pain he can handle. Click. Click. Click.

It’s all very specific to cater to his needs. This might actually have been a good idea. But then he gets to the end of the list he’s a little disappointed.

They don’t allow for knife/blood play. Against company policy for safety reasons. They don’t allow breathplay either but he cares less about that one. Cuts--It’s one of the things craves most but...he can live without that he guesses. Everything else should make it fun enough.

The final section is purely for aesthetic purposes of the escort. Tall or short. Thin, average, or heavy. Muscular or not. Male or female. Long, medium, or short hair. Blonde, redhead, or brunette. Whatever he chooses they’ll try they’re best to accommodate him but skills supercede appearances.

Lance can’t say he cares too much about this portion but...Click. Click. Click.

Dark hair that’s medium length or shorter, nothing like Nyma’s long blonde curls. Height doesn’t matter but maybe not too tall. He wouldn’t mind some muscles. As long as they know what they’re doing...he can’t say he cares about the sex of the escort though he has a preference for stern women.

Once complete he submits the form with a final click. Done. They’ll contact him in the next twenty four hours via email or phone call to set up a ‘date’ at a hotel for him. There’s a ‘thank you for using Lion Escorts, where serving you is our Pride’ message to finish it all off.

Lance shuts down his computer and grabs his things to head home with the first real hint of
excitement in weeks. All he has to do now is wait.

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The phone rings in the middle of his lunch hour. He answers it absentmindedly, chewing on a turkey sub.

“Speak,” he says through his food.

“Hello, this is Lion Escorts,” the woman on the other end says in a british accent. “We are trying to reach Mr. blueninja3 for arrangement of--”

Lance spits his food and sits up, suddenly alert.

“You--That’s--I mean--That’s me, just a sec,” Lance tells her and excuses himself with a gesture from the table of coworkers. He goes into a maintenance closet and closes the door behind him. “Did you...find someone? For me to meet?”

“Yes, Mr. Blue. We have several people that are near matches for your application,” she says. “I’m afraid no one meets your preferences perfectly but fret not, that is often the case as no one is perfect.”

“Right, right,” Lance nods, understanding.

“Which one becomes your escort for an evening will depend wholly on when you are available,” she explains. “Do you have an available time slot Thursday? Or Friday?”

“No, I, uh, I don’t,” he says. “I’m free on Saturday night.”

“Only one of the four are available then,” she tells him. “You listed a preference for female, older with several years experience. The only one available Saturday is male and only a year your senior. That being said he meets all your other requirements. Is this acceptable or would you rather wait until next week when a different escort becomes available?”

He could always wait but...he shakes his head. The longer he puts it off the more miserable he’ll get. Stewing in his sorrow until he can’t function. And damn if Pidge isn’t right. Ever since she said he was just horny it’s all he’s thought about after submitting his form.

It’s been a while since he’s been with a guy but he’s not opposed.

“No, yeah. I’m down for the Saturday escort,” Lance answers.

“Understood,” she says and he hears her clicking at a computer. “We understand the desire for anonymity Mr. Blue, but we will need a recent sti test for the health of our escorts. Attached to your real name.”

“Yeah, of course,” Lance nods. That makes sense. “It’s Lance. McClain with two ‘c’s. I’ll schedule for one after work. And fax it to you before the day’s out.”

“Excellent, Mr. McClain,” she says. “Your application and health documents will be kept on file in the event that you’d like to use us again. Rest assured, your records will be kept confidential. They will be destroyed should you decide not to use our service again.”

Nice. Escort services have come so far. And this one is so professional. If it turns out to be a fun night he might consider using them again. He’ll have to hit up Pidge and Hunk to find out how much they paid for this. If it’s not too terribly pricey he could try for twice a month.
At least, until he’s ready to move on.

“Once you send the requisite information we will reserve a room for you,” she explains.

“Sounds great,” Lance tells her. “Thanks Miss...uh…”

“Madame Allure,” she says with a chuckle. “Have a good day, Mr. McClain.”

With that she hangs up and Lance is left to return to his lunch. But when he sits down he can’t eat. His stomach bubbles with too much excitement and he smiles for real for the first time in weeks.

Saturday can’t get here fast enough.

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Fuck he’s nervous. Lance paces the room going back and forth in front of the big hotel window. Can people see him freaking out? He closes the drapes and takes a seat on the bed. Two seconds later he stands and turns on the TV. That lasts a minute before he’s pacing again.

Why the hell is he nervous? It’s not like he’s never been with a guy before. College was crazy! He was all over the place in those days. And he remembered to hit an ATM, so he can tip the escort if he does a really good job. So that can’t be what he’s freaking out about either.

“Just sit down and chill out,” Lance scolds as he takes a seat for the fourth time, tapping his feet.

He finds himself worrying about his application, trying to remember everything he put on it. Was he completely honest? Did he make sure to include that he likes a authoritative tone? Like borderline mean? What about pain tolerance? He did list it as high, right? How high on the priority list did he--

Knock knock.

Lance’s breath catches as he looks at the door and then his watch. Seven on the dot. He shoots up off the bed, clicks off the TV and rushes to the door, not wanting to keep him waiting. The door swings open to his ‘guest’ for the evening.

Dark black shoulder length hair, peeking out from under a brown Mao cap. His eyes are hidden by a pair of fashionable sunglasses. Other than the two hundred dollar pair of shades, everything else he’s wearing looks plain. Dark jeans, red tee layered with a zipped up black hoodie. Over one shoulder he’s got a backpack that looks more than a little filled.

Didn’t the Madame say a year his senior? He looks like a college student. A really young and really bored college student.

Maybe it’s not--

“Blueninja3?” he asks, voice deeper than he expected.

Guess it is him.

“Yeah, my name’s--”

“I don’t care what your name is,” he interrupts. “You’re blocking the door. Move.”

That tone. Lance feels a shiver go down his spine. Something tells him that it’s intentional, this attitude. The night’s already started and he hasn’t even come in the door yet. Lance swallows and quickly obeys, moves aside to let him stride in.
Keith passes by him, smirking to himself. He’s very submissive, this client. He already knew this from the application form but it’s all the more obvious in person. The way he ducked his head and moved just screams it.

He stops in the center of the room and looks around. Yeah, the set up in here looks good except...he moves the armchair away from the wall and closer to the bed. The door closes and Lance approaches as he straightens back up.

“Can I get your bag or--”

“Don’t talk unless I ask you to,” Keith says, tone clipped.

Lance closes his mouth and stands still by the TV. Keith inspects the room a little. Moves things around. He walks over to the window and peeks outside at the view of the city. There’s another hotel across the street with windows they can sort of see into.

“Your form said you’d like a little roleplay,” Keith announces. “So for the rest of the night, you’ll call me sir or captain. Got it, cadet?”

Those words go straight to his stomach in the best way.

“Y-Yes...sir!” Lance adds belatedly. “Yes sir,” he repeats in a calmer voice.

“That’s...satisfactory,” Keith sighs. “I’m going to change clothes. Ten minutes. When I come back out you’ll be there.” He points definitively in center of the room. “Lose your shirt, pants, socks, and shoes.”

With that Keith strides across the room and into the bathroom. The door shuts and Lance loses no time doing what he’s told, butterflies in his stomach as he peels of his shirt.

Jesus, that derisive tone is so much like Nyma’s it’s scary. And yet...it’s different too. Stronger. Harsher. He’s never had a guy be this commanding with him but man if it isn’t doing something for his libido. Already he can feel a certain warmth on his cheeks and he’s ready for things to get even hotter.

All his clothes are quickly pulled off and then neatly folded before he places them out of the way behind the armchair. Socks rolled and tucked into the shoes. Then the shoes placed on top of it all.

Time to take his place in the center of the room. He gets on his knees, upright and resting on his calves. Legs comfortably spaced, tops of his feet against the carpet. Then he curls his toes under, lifting for support. Back straight, shoulders back. Lastly, his hands cupped and resting on the tops of his thighs.

Now he’s nothing but a guy in his boxer briefs, sitting in a perfect kneel waiting for a dom to walk out that door and...treat him just right. He thinks he’s ready for this and then the door swings open…

Lance’s eyes are naturally averted to the floor which means the only thing he sees are boots. They look like...army boots. Oh man does he have a full outfit? It makes him curious enough to break from his usual demeanor to look up and take in the rest.

It’s a complete Garrison Officer’s Uniform from head to toe. Dark grey trousers, bloused at the boot. A lighter grey uniform jacket that fits like it’s tailored to him. Pressed collar and cuffs. Belt secured perfectly accentuating the waist. It almost looks real except there’s no name plate. And no rank insignia. But for a costume it’s dece--
A smacking sound sends lightning down Lance’s spine. He no longer has an inclination to analyze the outfit. No, his eyes instead zero in on the crop in Keith’s hand that he’s popping on his open palm. The now unobscured eyes of the man holding it look down on him with a single raised brow.

How can an indifferent stare raise his body temperature and give him goosebumps at the same time?

Lance remembers himself in time to avert his eyes from looking directly into Keith’s, to focus back on his feet again. Nyma always said to keep his head down so until this guy says otherwise he’ll just...fall back on what he knows.

“At least you know how to follow orders,” Keith says, looking down on Lance with an unimpressed frown.

Keith takes heavy steps forward, closer to Lance while he taps the top of the crop. Approaching slowly, inspecting Lance as he walks around him. Lance keeps his eyes locked on the ground and on those boots.

Those...those are real military boots. Then he realizes, the whole outfit is real. Expensive. This guy commits to his roleplay. Now Lance is really glad he hit the ATM. He has a feeling he’ll be getting his money’s worth. The boots stop directly in front of him and the heels come together.

“What’s your safe word, cadet?” Keith asks him. “For a hard stop.”

“It was...Semper fi,” Lance answers.

Keith raises a brow at that. Was? Understanding hits him as he takes in that sad frown.

So that’s this guy’s deal. This is to forget someone. To get over them. Not a problem for Keith. It’s something he’s done many times before.

“Would you like me to give you a new word?”

A new word? Despite himself Lance looks up. Keith looks mildly sympathetic, like he understands the need for this. A new word...if he does that it means its really over. She’s gone.

Lance turns his head back down and takes in a calculated breath.

“I uh,” he starts, his voice wavering a little. He clears his throat and tries again. “Yes, sir.”

“Your new word to slow down is hopscotch. Hard stop is double dutch,” Keith tells him and stalks around his spot on the floor again with bit of a march. Circling. “If you can’t handle what I’m doing to you at any point and you’re ready to slow down or stop just say them. Understand?”

“Yes, sir,” Lance answers.

“Good.”

The leather tongue of the crop lands softly on Lance’s shoulder making him freeze. He takes in the slowest breath as it trails across his traps, against his neck, and then down the otherside. Slow and scraping. And he doesn’t flinch when it taps his chin, just turns his head when it presses his cheek to one side so his eyes focus on the armchair. He only breathes out when the leather leaves his skin.

Keith steps over to the chair and takes a seat, leans leisurely on his arm like a bored king on a throne. Shifts a little until he’s comfortable then taps the crop to the chair.

“Crawl over here and kneel like before,” Keith commands. “We’ll start with something simple.”
Lance leans forward onto his hands and knees with ease. He does what he’s told and crawls over to the space between Keith’s spread legs. Sits back up like before while keeping his face tilted down in submission. That’s when Keith drops a rolled up towel in his lap.

“Unfold it.”

He does so to reveal a boot brush, polish, and a smaller cloth. Everything he needs to shine a pair of leather shoes. The crop comes up fast on his chin, not hitting him so much as it brings up his face so Keith can look directly into his eyes as he speaks.

“I believe you know what to do with those,” Keith tells him and then taps the crop to his cheek. “Get to work cadet.”

Lance swallows with a nod, taking the tools in hand.

He lays the towel across his thigh and props Keith’s shoe onto it. He dusts the toes off first and working along the rest of the boot, diligently brushing any dirt or detritus from the leather. Then he applies the polish in a dense layer. While the polish dries on that one Lance dusts off the other. By the time he’s finished applying a layer of polish on the second boot the first is ready for him to buff.

There’s no alcohol or water so he’ll have to use his own spit to dampen the cloth for the buffing. Lance licks his lips and gets started.

Keith finds it surprising how good his client is at this. Lots of people lie on their forms. Say that they’ve done something a million times but they’ve only seen youtube videos of what they think they want. Not this guy. He takes to this like a duck to water. When Lance finishes the first boot, Keith brings it up for inspection by resting it on Lance’s shoulder.

Damn. His boots haven’t looked this good since he got out of the military. He can practically see his face in it and that’s with just one buffing.

“Is it good enough?” Lance asks.

“I told you not to talk unless asked,” Keith reminds him with a stern tone. “Speak out of turn again and you’ll get a smack with the crop, understand?”

“Yes, sir,” Lance swallows.

“If you deserve any praise then I’ll give it to you,” Keith tells him.

Lance continues the polishing of the second boot. Puts all his focus into shining, even while Keith trails the crop down his jaw. The strip of leather at the end presses and slides from his chin to his ear then back again. It doesn’t distract him from his current mission but his breath catches a little when it scrapes down his adam’s apple.

It’s hard to impress Keith but his ‘cadet’ is getting there. When they started the man looked borderline scared. Now he’s like a whole different person on his knees. Obedient and submissive but no longer looking like he wants to bolt.

Lance finishes the boot and looks like he’s about to do a second polish but Keith taps him with the crop, right on the cheek.

“Once is enough,” Keith tells him.

So Lance tidies up the polishing kit. Organizes it, folds it away tight in the towel, and then sits in his
waiting position for more orders while Keith inspects his work again.

They look...good. Better than they have in years. The guy probably would have done a second or third coat if Keith asked but those fingers are filthy enough. Plus, they don’t have all the time in the world. Best to move along.

Keith leans forward, looking down on Lance. He brings the crop up onto Lance’s chin to tilt his head up again. It forces Lance’s baby blues to look into Keith’s stormy greys. Those pretty eyes dilate slightly when Keith leans in barely an inch from his face.

“Good job, cadet,” Keith tells him and Lance flushes at the praise. “Go wash your hands. They’re disgusting.”

Lance nods but before he can stand Keith presses his palm firmly to his throat, stilling him. His breath shallows as Keith looks at his lips and then his eyes again. For a second he thought...he thought a kiss was incoming.

“When you’re done, you’ll return here in front of me. On your knees,” Keith says. “A little more work and we’ll see if you deserve a nice reward.”

Keith feels that pulse skyrocket at the mention of a reward and he almost smirks. What a people pleaser. He lets him go and jerks his head at the door, giving Lance permission to leave.

Lance stands and goes quickly to the bathroom. Runs the water and thoroughly washes his hands with the soap in there. No matter what he does, it’ll stain his fingers for a few days but at least he won’t get any excess polish on the carpet or bedding or, heaven forbid, that pristine uniform.

Would the agency bill him for the dry cleaning? Or the escort?

When he returns to the room Keith’s removed his belt and unbuttoned his uniform jacket. It’s open and Lance sees the glimmer of the silver dogs tag resting against his black undershirt. No time for staring, he has work to do. Lance goes to the floor between Keith’s spread legs and sits up on his knees.

Keith raises a boot and nudges Lance’s face side to side, inspecting him with a smirk. Compliant, he doesn’t resist at all. Good quality in a sub. And man, not a bad looking guy either. Most of Keith’s clients are decidedly average but...what a boon to get a hottie who likes menial labor and being treated like the help. In a just world, he’d never have to pay for sex of any kind.

He’ll make for a handsome footstool.

That shoe moves to rest on Lance’s shoulder and Keith crosses his other boot at the ankle with it. Lance doesn’t have any trouble supporting the weight. He just sits there as Keith pulls a sheet of paper from his jacket pocket. He unfolds it and props up his head with an elbow on the arm of the chair to read it.

Client application form. Let’s see...

“Take off my boots,” Keith tells him. “Massage my feet.”

Not a word from Lance. He just nods his head, lowers the boots one at a time and unlaces them. They’re tied exactly the way he used to tie his own when he was still in. He removes them and tucks the laces back in before putting them to the side of the chair. Lance then takes one socked foot in hand while the other resets itself on his shoulder.
Keith lets out a soft breath within three firm squeezes of Lance’s hands.

Jesus, that feels great. Finally, a client who knows what the fuck he’s doing. He listed that he was well versed in servicing activities. Bootblacking. Massage. Blowjobs. But it’s good to know his client didn’t fudge his application.

While Lance massages, Keith looks over the pages again, just to see what reward to give this guy for such good behavior.


And he looked so button-down typical when Keith came in. What a fun guy.

Keith switches feet so the other can get some attention. Instead of returning his foot to Lance’s shoulder he lowers it, presses the arch over Lance’s crotch gingerly. Semi hard.

Those blues go wide for a second. Lance swallows nervously and looks up but finds Keith isn’t even looking at him. So he doesn’t divert from his routine, thinking it’s probably subconscious. Keith disproves this with a deliberate roll of his ankle so that the ball of his foot rubs firmly over the quickly hardening bulge, pressing just between the realms of discomfort and pleasure.

Lance could never explain why something like this drives him wild. He knows that his ‘captain’ would never actually step on him. Never actually hurt him in a way that would be unenjoyable but the knowledge that Lance has given him the power to do so gets his engine running. Has his heart racing with anticipation at what’s to come.

Keith presses that hardon down, much firmer this time, and Lance is unable to keep in his shaky gasp of pleasure. He even stops working but only for a fraction of a second. Fuck...that was--Lance takes a deep breath to keep working but now his face is beet red. The chuckle that comes out of his dom sends a warm ripple down Lance’s back.

“Guess you liked that,” Keith smirks and gives his cheek a playful tap with the crop.

“S-Sorry, sir,” Lance blurs but his voice weak.

“Hmm. And why are you sorry?” Keith wonders, tilting that head up so he can look at those pretty blue eyes again.

“I...you told me not to talk,” Lance tells him, turning his eyes down. “And then I...I’m sorry. I won’t make a sound next time, sir.”

That almost makes Keith laugh. Is this because he gasped? Moans of pleasure don’t count as talking in Keith’s book. He’s not that strict. But that apology means his client is used to the opposite. Likely would have been reprimanded for it by his previous domme from the look of regret on his face.

Won’t make a sound, huh? We’ll see about that, Keith thinks with a smirk.

Keith slides the ball of his foot up and down the hard length he feels through boxers while looking down on his client. Lance clenches his jaw at first as Keith presses along his crotch. He’s managing to keep quiet but his face erupts with heat and his breathing gets shallow.

He just needs to focus. You don’t deserve pleasure, not yet, Lance tells himself. He tries to keep
busy. His slender fingers work at massaging the foot in his hand but a sharp breath is pulled from him a minute later with another roll of Keith’s persistent hard pressure.

That was close, Keith thinks. He almost lost it there. But the resolved look on Lance’s face says he won’t let anything louder than that out. The shame of failing earlier steeling him into silence. It’s impressive and that’s not something Keith can say about many people.

Keith sits up finally, taking his foot away to which Lance takes a relieved breath. He pulls the other foot from Lance’s hold too. Then scoots forward in the chair and reaches out. He gets a hold of Lance’s short hair and tugs him back to expose his throat. Lance all but sighs at the feel of fingers pulling him closer.

“You stayed quiet. Admirable. But you still have this look...” Keith muses, looking over his flushed face. “Still thinking about your slipup?”

“Yes, sir,” Lance breathes.

“Can’t have that, or you won’t pay attention later,” Keith frowns. “Need to clear your head.” Keith looks towards the ceiling in thought before returning his authoritative eyes to Lance’s. “Want me to bend you over my knee for a spanking? Or would you rather just stand in front of me, hands behind your head as I beat your ass tender with the crop?”

Lance’s whole mouth goes suddenly dry. He couldn’t swallow if he wanted to.

He gets to choose which one?

Without question he wants the spanking. Not that he doesn’t like a crop, because he does. It makes a fantastic sound. But he’s always been more partial to the feeling of flesh on flesh to a tool any day. And he’s been so starved for touch, any kind of touch, that having a stranger’s hands on him in the most intimate of places very much appeals to him.

The way Lance eyes Keith’s lap gives his answer away before he can speak it.

“A spanking it is then,” Keith nods. “Come here.”

Keith shifts forward on the armchair so that his legs provide the perfect resting place for Lance to lean across. Then he pulls and guides Lance into place. Once he’s situated comfortably Keith’s hand dips into the back of his boxer briefs, sliding them down just enough to expose cheeks. He rests his palm against the place he’ll hit first, squeezing the flesh a little to get a feel for how hard he can hit. The other hand grasps firmly on Lance’s shoulder, ready to hold him steady for the strikes.

“You can make as much noise as you like when I hit you,” Keith tells him. “You can even beg for more if you like.”

Lance nods his head calmly but the heart in his chest thunders in anticipation.

The first strike is harder than he expected starting out, makes him release a surprised gasp as the smack resounds throughout the room. Barely a second in between and Keith slaps another hard strike on the opposing cheek. Like a little stinging fire breaking out over his flesh and damn does it feel fantastic. Two more hard smacks in quick succession have Lance swallowing back a moan.

That’s more like the sound Keith wants to hear. He spansks Lance again, little gasps of pain and pleasure escaping his parted lips.

“Harder?”
“Y-Yes! Please!” Lance gasps.

This treatment has him flushed and panting as his fingers tighten on the arm of the chair. It’s better than he could have hoped and they still have hours together left. What other things are in store for him? At that thought, his cock presses even harder against his boxers, tenting them more with each subsequent strike.

God looks like his client could come just like this, bent over and taking punishing blows on his ass. Keith enjoys that look of flushed excitement. The way his mouth falls agape when Keith’s hand falls on him, asscheeks radiating heat from the harsh hits. But now it’s time to move on so Keith stops, and gives the tender ass under his hand a few gentle squeezes.

“I think you’ve learned your lesson,” Keith sighs. “Your ass is red as a ruby.”

“No...please...m-more…” begs a panting Lance. “Captain, p-please--”

Keith puts his foot down. “No. Now get off me and back to the floor on your knees where you belong. Or you won’t get any kind of reward.”

Lance is so far into his subspace that his body is moving before his mind can catch up. Anything for his dom’s approval, for his offered rewards. It takes him no time to lower himself to the floor, to the space between Keith’s knees, and sit his tender ass on his heels.

So obedient.

Keith reads over the form again to find his client likes being scrutinized. But it looks like he’s into being praised for his good behavior too. Pretty sure he can incorporate both into his reward.


Lance takes to his feet immediately and stands in classic form. Hands at his side, back straight, shoulders back. It’s the only time his head isn’t turned down and instead looks up and forward. Other than the rock hard boner he’s sporting...his posture is phenomenal. Keith wishes there was something to criticize to get this guys rocks off but he finds nothing.

Smooth skin and toned musculature abound. Certainly works out a few times a week. There are several small scars from old injuries, most of them look vaguely familiar to Keith. Not in the way that he’s seen this man before but that he’s seen these types of wounds before. If what he suspects is true...then it’s little wonder his client knows how to do all the things he does.

“About face,” Keith instructs.

He turns with the proper step and gives Keith his back. More small scars, most of which are indicative of shrapnel wounds. So he was right. Prior military service. Retired or discharged, just like Keith. While interesting, those particular scars aren’t the ones that catch his attention with mute surprise.

Keith drags the tongue of the crop down Lance’s back making him shiver. He stops at a section on this left lower back. Organized cuts in straight lines. Not in a place for easy self-infliction but definitely deliberate. There’s a second section like this on his right shoulder blade too.

Keith stands and taps the ones on his lower back.

“Don’t answer if you don’t want to. Just a simple yes or no ,” Keith says. “Did you do this to yourself?”
“No,” Lance answers, staring ahead.

“Did your partner do this?” Keith then asks.

“Yes,” Lance says just above a whisper.

“Did they want to do it?”

“Yes.”

“Is it something you wanted?”

There’s a long pause after that question. Lance’s shoulders tense and his gaze falls a little. He clenches his jaw as the heat returns to his face. This isn’t an amorous flush, it’s one of utter shame. Lance just barely nods, as if it’s too disgraceful to admit to aloud.

That explains all the intensity ratings on the pain receiving activities Lance marked. He wants to be hurt. Cut. Bruised. Broken. Unfortunately, the agency Keith works for doesn’t allow that kind of play. For safety and health reasons.

That being said...Keith’s broken the rules before with the proper incentive and assurances.

“Do you still want it?” Keith asks, looking into his eyes.

“No,” Lance says but there’s a tremble to his voice. It’s clearly forced.

A lie.

“There’s a backpack in the bathroom. Center pocket. You will choose what you would like to be restrained with and bring it back to me,” Keith tells him and gives his ass a tap with the crop. “Go.”

Lance hurries off to the bathroom to do as he’s told. In the meantime, Keith takes a seat in the armchair again. An idea occurs to him so he pulls his pocket knife from his back pocket and picks at his nails while he waits for Lance to return.

When Lance comes back into the room he’s holding the long coil of dark rope. His steps halt for a second when he sees the knife shining in Keith’s hand. Those eyes focus on it for longer than he wishes as Keith’s own eyes flick over him. Breath short, eyes wide, and cock swelling again bringing him back to full hardness.

That’s what Keith thought. Doesn’t want the knife? What a liar.

Keith tosses the knife aside onto the bedside table with the blade still out and stands. He peels his uniform jacket off to reveal the tucked in tee and shining dog tags underneath. The black shirt stretches across broad shoulders, tight on the biceps. Clearly too tight to be wearing for anything other than to showcase how rockin’ his body is.

And boy is it rockin’.

Lance wakes from his staring when Keith snaps at him and gestures for the rope. He moves to obey and hands the rope over. Keith takes it and starts unravelling it slowly.

“Did you stretch at all before I got here?” Keith asks.

“Yes sir.”
“Then get on the bed. Sit on your ankles with your hands behind you,” Keith orders. “Knees apart.”

Keith gets started securing him with a series of knots starting at his neck. A Shibari design Lance doesn’t recognize. Nyma was never one for complicated ties with too many knots. She usually just went for the cuffs. And while there were a pair in the backpack...it seemed time to try something new.

And he’s glad he did.

When done his wrists are latched together behind him. With the excess lengths, his thighs are secured to his calves. He can’t unfold his legs from under him to move, even if he tried. At this point, Keith will have to do all the moving for him but with all that muscle it won’t be difficult.

Keith hooks his arm into a few loops and hoists him up with barely any effort to turn him around so they can face each other. Keith’s positioned his knee right between Lance’s legs, rubbing the hardon there as he shifts. Intentional, so he can tease Lance with it while he works.

“And now...you’re my prisoner. To with as I please,” Keith tells him giving his hair a good yank back to expose that neck again. “Are you ready for your reward, cadet?”

“Y-Yes, sir,” Lance answers, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallows.

“Good, I can’t wait to use you,” Keith exhales hot on his exposed neck. “Don’t stay quiet.”

He leans in and grazes his teeth on the juncture of Lance’s neck and shoulder, breathing him in. He cups that neck and his arm at the bicep. Fingers digging in before sinking his teeth into shoulder with a firm bite.

Lance exhales a shaking sigh as he melts. The pressure, the pain, and dear god, is that a tongue slathering over the tender flesh? Fuck. He’s glad to have permission to make noise because there’s no way silence is happening through this. Not after going without for so long.

Keith sinks his teeth in a second time, just barely an inch to the right of the first and Lance arches into the bite with groan. He moans and gasps each time, leaning into the contact, unable and unwilling to move. Keith feels his own cheeks finally start to warm now that he can hear all these great noises.

And this guy has a high pain tolerance. What a turn on. Bet he’ll make even better sounds if he--

“Want me to bite harder?” Keith breathes heavy, scraping his teeth on skin.

“Yes sir, p-please,” Lance gasps, no hesitation.

He bites into him much harder and Lance cries out beautifully. A short sharp moan. His eyes lid and glaze over as Keith compresses down hard enough to bruise. Shivers and arches with panting moans, pantingly gasping ‘captain’ and ‘harder’ over and over. Voice weak and ragged but hardon raging.

He’s falling apart.

“H-Harder, please...sir...” Lance begs, after receiving another three punishing bites. The bruises from them will be sticking around for a week after this.

“Any harder and I’ll break skin,” Keith tells him.

“Then b-break me,” Lance pleads. “C-Captain--”
“It’s against agency policy to deal in blood,” Keith says though there’s little conviction in his tone. “It’s a health hazard. For your safety and mine.”

Lance lets out a distressed noise, a desperate noise. There’s nothing more he’d like than this man to tear into him if it wasn’t obvious from the way he writhes in his hold. From how he grinds slightly against the knee between his legs. Damn it, he needs this more than he could explain.

“But I...you’re clean, right?” Lance asks, a breathy whisper.

“Of course,” Keith nods.

He wouldn’t be allowed to work if he wasn’t. Not with Lion Escorts anyway.

“I don’t have anything...I-I swear,” Lance tries to explain. “Please, I...need this. If it’s about money--”

“Shut up,” Keith commands and Lance bites his lips closed.

Look at those desperate eyes. He really wants this. So much that he’s willing to pay under the table for it. And it’s not like Keith is opposed to it. He loves biting and hard. He’s not worried about catching anything either, since all clients have to provide recent screenings. If Lance hadn’t they wouldn’t even be talking right now.

What management doesn’t know won’t hurt anything.

“How much would you pay?” Keith asks, grazing his teeth on the rope at his shoulder.

“I...there’s two hundred in my wallet. It...It’s yours,” Lance tells him.

He’d have done it for fifty.

“Done,” is all he says before clamping down hard near his neck.

Lance head snaps back as he cries out with a moan, voice trembling as much as his body. He can feel the pressure increase until it begins to sting. Then burn. He whimpers as warmth seeps out from where teeth pierce his skin.

Bleeding. He’s actually bleeding. And now he can’t help the smile forming.

Keith can taste metal in his mouth as he compresses down on Lance’s shoulder. His hands clutch tight on Lance to keep him still as he himself shivers with excitement at the bite. He loves that flavor. Keith licks the wound with with a heady sigh of his own.

A quick look up at Lance’s face shows he’s loving it. Face flushed with exhilaration, mouth parted and panting, licking his dry lips. Still begging his ‘captain’ not to stop. To take as much as he wants from him.

That kind of eagerness makes Keith hungry for more. He leans down and bites hard on Lance’s pec, drawing more blood. Lance shakes out another weak moan as Keith licks away the mess. This goes on for a while, Keith peppering bite marks all over him until there isn’t a bare spot on his chest or shoulders.

Fuck, Lance hasn’t felt this good in months. Even Nyma--she never bit him like this. She didn’t mind making him bleed but was very vocal about her dislike for the taste. But Keith is licking him clean with hungry sighs like he can’t get enough. Makes Lance’s cock strain even more against his boxers
and makes him feel like such a weak slut for enjoying it so much. Then he takes a second look at his
dom. There isn’t just one hard cock in the room now. There’s two. And that makes Lance even
happier.

Finally, someone who likes doing this to him as much as he likes getting it.

Keith breathes heavy after releasing his biting hold on Lance’s neck. His eyes are starting to take on
a little haze of their own. But there’s still some semblance of control there. He licks his lips of
residual blood all the while staring at Lance’s parted and panting mouth.

Keith breathes, “are you in any way opposed to my mouth on yours?”

“N-No,” Lance barely gets out before he’s silenced.

Keith kisses him and hard. It’s neither soft nor gentle as his tongue plies Lance’s mouth open, forcing
his way inside. He tongues, sucks and bites on Lance’s lips, sharing the taste of blood between them.
Has Lance sighing and pressing forward as his tongue hungrily searches for the slick metallic heat of
Keith’s mouth.

“You like how it tastes, don’t you?” Keith whispers into his mouth. “Answer.”

“Yes, s-sir,” Lance nods.

His pretty tongue darts out to lick a drop from the corner of Keith’s mouth. Keith gives it a nip,
drawing blood and starting the kissing frenzy all over with a new source for the flavor.

Keith’s leg is now purposefully rubbing into hard crotch as they furiously make out. Lance pants
through the wet kisses, mouth hungry for more. Keith takes his hand and grips hard on Lance’s dick
and balls which has the bound man practically sobbing into his mouth. It brings a wicked grin to
Keith’s face.

Tonight is turning out to be more interesting than Keith thought it would be. He doesn’t hate this job
but it is a job. Sometimes it's boring or monotonous. Not tonight.

He’s actually having fun.

“You want to come, don’t you, cadet?” Keith asks, biting onto his lip.

“Y-Yes,” Lance whimpers.

“Too bad,” Keith grins. He loves withholding release and thankfully it was checked on Lance’s list.
“You're not allowed. Not until your ‘Captain’ is satisfied.”

“How...do I s-satisfy you, s-sir?” Lance asks, biting his lip as Keith squeezes his cock through his
boxers.

“I think you know how,” Keith’s voice rumbles in his ear. “Can't wait to put that mouth of yours to
work doing something other than mewling like a slut.”

Keith moves away from him, only long enough to get off the bed, before roughly hoisting Lance up
to carry him across the room. Lance is heavy but not so much that it's difficult for Keith to move him.
He deposits him right on the floor in front of the window. Straightens him up and checks his
bindings. Still secure.

Keith then pulls the curtains open wide exposing them both for the world to see. Well, anyone who’s
up this time of night, in the opposing building, and looking out. Maybe no one or maybe a dozen
someones. No way they can know and that’s part of the thrill.

Lance’s eyes are drawn to Keith’s hands which work open the button fly of his military pants. He
does it slow so the anticipation can build in Lance’s stomach. He licks his lips when the waistband of
the boxers underneath are lowered just enough to reveal a dark patch of curled hair at first and then
pulled from the confines is a hard thick cock. Lance watches as Keith gives it a few good strokes
with a roll of his wrist, a haughty smirk on his face.

“You’re going to blow me right here,” Keith tells him as he steps forward. “So everyone can see you
take it—like a good soldier.”

He grabs ahold of Lance’s hair, eliciting a sharp gasp right before plunging his stiff cock into his
parted mouth. It slides in with no resistance and immediately Lance’s eyes lid, closing as he sinks
hungrily on the length.

“Bet someone is watching you, right now,” Keith tells him. “Let’s give them a good show. Open
your mouth more, I want to get in nice and deep.”

Lance whimpers but obeys and Keith thrusts it in so far that it’s hitting the back of his throat. It
makes him choke a little initially so Keith pulls back before working his way in there again. Each
time he goes in deep Lance gags a little but shows no signs of distress. If anything it’s getting him
more hot from the amount of drool leaking out the corners of his mouth as he tries to take even more.

God this tastes so good. The last time he had a cock in his mouth it was synthetic. Not that he’s
complaining. It was nice but that taste of plastic permeated everything, making it hard to focus on the
shape or firmness. Fake is satisfying enough but nothing compares to the real thing.

Lance sucks loud and laps at the tip, breathing hot and weak on his cock before sinking onto it again
with his watering mouth. He can taste the beginnings of salt as he presses the flat of his tongue
against the glans. Another flavor that a synthetic cock just doesn’t have. Makes him crave even more.

“What an eager cadet,” Keith hums with approval. “Are you glad everyone is watching? You’re so
good at this.”

Lance lets out a little whine at being called good and nods to answer the question. There could be a
hundred people watching right now. Two hundred. A thousand and he’d love every second of Keith
thrusting hard into his throat, dragging more desperate moans out of him.

Keith’s face is starting to flush the more he rocks into Lance. What great sounds and that face!
Cheeks so pretty and pink, spit dripping down his chin with no shame, eyes hazy and clouded over
with lust but still working so hard to please Keith.

“Mmm...such a skilled soldier. Excellent shoe shine. Great massage. Pays for extras,” Keith lists off
as he smirks down on him. “They really don’t make them like you anymore.”

“Th-Thank...y..ou...sir,” Lance manages to say between thrusts of cock and laps of tongue.

Keith pulls him off his dick by his hair and Lance pants, trying to catch his breath. He looks about
ready to Keith so he takes to his knees so he can look directly into those eyes.

“Your mouth passes inspection,” Keith tells him before leaning to his ear. “But what about your
pretty ass? Should I test that too?”

Lance’s breath catches but he nods, pleading look in his eyes.
Keith hoists him up from the ground yet again and tosses him onto the bed. With a little maneuvering he pushes Lance to his knees but it’s awkward. His legs are still tied together so his feet point to the ceiling as his face presses into the mattress since his arms are latched behind him. Helpless and vulnerable.

As much as Keith likes the look of it, it’ll be a hindrance. He tugs the ropes off, making sure to rub some of the redder areas to soothe the friction burns from Lance’s writhing. With the high tolerance of pain though it’s likely his client didn’t even feel it. Once the hands are freed the tension in Lance’s shoulders release with a breath.

“Stay here,” Keith orders as he gets off the bed. He goes to the bathroom and returns with a bottle he tosses onto the bed. Lube. “Work yourself open. And do a good job,” Keith says taking a seat in the armchair for a good view of the show with cock in hand.

“Yes sir,” Lance barely breathes as he pulls his boxers down.

He folds them neatly and puts them on the bedside drawer. Must have forgotten the knife was there because his eyes catch on it with surprise as he lays the boxers down. It stills him for second as he looks. Its open and glinting in the light of the reading lamp. Looks...exceptionally sharp.

With a swallow Lance drags his eyes away from it, returning to the task we was ordered to do.

He pops the cap on the lube and squirts a liberal amount on his fingers. Keith sits in his chair, legs spread and elbow on the arm. The other hand pulls his cock in languid strokes as he watches Lance slide his hand down, between his legs, and up to his raised ass. A single finger goes in and the both of them let out a heady breath.

That’s the way Keith likes to see it. Face pressed into the mattress, flushed and sighing as a finger works its way in. Loves seeing them rock their asses down to reach deeper and find that perfect rhythm. It isn’t long before a second finger joins the first and Lance lets out a moan, burying his face into the sheets.

“Ah, ah,” Keith shakes his head with a scolding tone. “Turn this way. I want to see your face.”

He turns as he’s told and continues. Lance works himself open, fingers pressing, curling, and stretching as his hips hitch. He’s trying not to reach in too far and hit his prostate. If he touches that too many times before they even start he’ll never last. Regardless of his efforts, he moans and sighs, occasionally biting into the sheets when it feels too good.

Keith notices something. Lance’s gaze keeps flitting between two things: the cock between Keith’s legs and the pocket knife perched near the edge of the drawer. The second Lance realizes he’s been caught staring he focuses on the pillow in front of him instead.

Keith stands, the crop in one hand and his dick in the other.

“You have a question,” Keith states. “Ask it.”

“Will you...spank me again? When you fuck me?” Lance pants as he fingers himself.

Keith pops his ass hard with the crop resulting in a yelp from Lance.

“That’s not the question you wanted to ask,” Keith frowns. “Don’t lie to me again.”

“S-Sorry sir,” Lance swallows.
“Ask the question to you wanted to ask,” Keith orders him again.

“Have you ever...used your knife on anyone before?” he asks.

“Yes,” Keith answers and swats his ass again. Not as hard but enough to leave a stinging red mark. “But again, that wasn’t the question you wanted to ask.”

“L-”

“You’re testing my patience,” Keith warns. “If you don’t just ask it you won’t be getting fucked by me tonight.”

This seems to spur Lance into responding honestly. He raises a little from the bed to look at Keith.

“Will you cut me with your knife? Just a little?” Lance says and then remembers to add, “Please, sir.”

Keith drops the crop aside and bends to Lance’s ear. Grabs a handful of his hair again then shoves his face into the mattress. Pressing into the sheets and making Lance whimper with how tight his hold is.

“I’ll consider it,” he purrs into his ear.

Without any warning, other appendages join Lance’s. Two thick fingers curl alongside his and drag out a ragged moan from Lance’s throat. There’s heat from the sudden stretch as Lance pants and whines into the mattress. Pinned and fingers massaging firmly into him. Lance’s eyes well with the beginnings of tears but he couldn’t be more ecstatic.

He hasn’t been this filled in months.

“You stretch so well. With a little work, I bet you could take two cocks at once. Would you like that?” Keith asks a quivering Lance, who’s ass rocks into the feel of additional fingers not his own. “I expect an answer when I ask you a question, cadet.”

“Y-Yes,” Lance sobs as those fingers drag along his insides.

“Yes, what?” Keith asks and presses in on his prostate, making Lance cry out another sob.

“Yes s-sir, I’d l-l-like...to take two...a-a-at once,” he whimpers through biting his lips.

“Bet you would,” Keith smirks. “But for now, I think you’re ready enough for one.”

Keith takes his fingers out and retrieves a condom from his bag. Not that he can’t bareback it, it’s just less mess this way. He rolls it on with one hand while climbing back onto the bed behind Lance. He braces a hand on ass, giving it a squeeze as he lines up but doesn’t push in yet.

“Raise your ass higher,” he says, slapping a cheek. Lance obeys immediately. “Good. Now take your fingers out and put your palms to the bed. Arms supporting you.”

Lance does as he says and grips tight on the sheets. Keith guides the fat head of his cock to that puckered hole, sinking into the tight heat of Lance’s ass. The man under him lets out a long drawn out moan until Keith’s in full to his hilt.

“F-Fuck...you’re...” Lance barely breathes out.

“Did you have something to say--” Keith asks. “ --Cadet ?”
“N-No...I...No sir,” Lance shakes his head. “Do...what you want with me.”

“I plan to,” Keith smirks.

Keith slides out and in again, working into a regular rhythm until Lance can accommodate him. Takes only a minute before those sharp gasps turn into needy moans. Keith’s hands grip tight on his hips and pull Lance back to meet his hard smacking thrusts. Lance’s body shakes and shivers but he stays up on his knees as instructed.

“Keep your back straight,” Keith orders and Lance manages to comply through his mewling whines. “That’s a good soldier. How about I give you something nice--”

Keith’s hand flies and smacks hard on Lance’s ass with a pop. Lance cries out, his head snapping back and his body arching. But Keith doesn’t stop with just one. He hits again and again turning those tan cheeks into a rosy red, just like before.

The smack of hands on ass mixes perfecting with the smack of Keith’s hips thrusting into Lance. One couldn’t tell the difference with how loud they are. Turns those early pants and gasps into ruined moans and broken sobs as Keith propels ever forward.

“C-C...Can I c-come, sir?” Lance begs. His arms are starting to shake under the pressure of all the pleasure he’s suffering.

“No,” Keith tells him and Lance whimpers out another sob. Brings a wicked grin to Keith’s face.

Nails scrape harshly down Lance’s back and his arms buckle under the sensation with whine. He tries to get back up but he can’t. His arms are trembling from the effort. His voice is ragged and fucked out beyond measure. He’s never felt so hoarse before and half of it is from breathing so hard.

When Lance is done, he’s not sure he’ll be able to speak.

He looks so good like this. Broken and desperate for release. And now Keith wants to wreck him even further. Nothing promises future patronage like an unforgettable night and Keith thinks he knows the perfect way to ensure this client comes crawling back to him, literally and figuratively.

Keith slows to a stop and pulls out suddenly, to which Lance whines at the emptiness. He doesn’t want to stop but this does give him a chance to recompose himself so that he’s not whimpering through his breaths. He tries to follow Keith but when he leaves his periphery he has to turn his head a little. Where’s he goi--?

Lance’s eyes blow wide and come into sharp focus the second Keith picks up the knife from the drawer. Tilts it to flash the light from the reading lamp. Keith cocks his head and levels his gaze on Lance’s.

He’s entranced. Can’t takes his eyes away as Keith flips it a couple of times, catching it by the handle.

“The truth,” Keith says and turns with the knife. “Do you want this?”

Lance swallows before whispering, “Yes.”

Keith slides a pillow below Lance’s hips. “Flat to the bed then,” he nods. The last thing they need is Lance jerking or slipping while Keith works. He’d prefer they didn’t have to make a hospital visit if at all possible.
Lance drops and Keith returns to his place, slicking his cock with additional lube before pressing it all the way back into Lance, who lets out a subdued moan. That’ll help keep him from moving with the added bonus of it feeling fantastic. And since the old cuts are in clearly defined places, spots where a tank top can cover with ease, that’s where Keith will keep to.

He takes hold of Lance at the neck, pinning him down firmly, before whispering.

“Stay very still,” he says. It’s equal parts advice, command, and warning.

At first he just presses the flat of the blade to Lance’s back, slowly sliding it up from the cuts at the bottom and towards the ones at the top. Yes, the top is where he wants to put them.

Draws the knife over to the designated spot on the shoulder, tip pressed to an old scarred line before slowly dragging it down through skin. Lance takes a shaky breath and holds it in as the blade pulls through his skin. A thin line appears, beading with blood within seconds.

Lance hisses out a sublime breath when the sharp edge is removed, his body relaxing as a drop starts to trail it’s way down the curve of his back. Perfect cut. So it doesn’t drip onto the bed spread, Keith licks his thumb and smears it over the trail and then the cut. In his experience, it helps start the coagulation process.

It thickens fairly quickly. Good. They won’t have to worry about blood on the sheets.

“That’s a good soldier,” Keith grins. “Didn’t move an inch.”

He licks the blood off his thumb with a sigh. God he loves that metallic taste.

“I’ll give you as many as I think you can handle. That sound good to you--” Keith then thrusts twice in quick succession making Lance cry out. “--cadet?”

“Ye-Yes, sir!” Lance nods.

“If not, you know your words,” Keith reminds him. “Use them if you need them.”

Keith gives him another thin cut. When he pulls the blade away, the body under him shivers and pants. Rasping out sighs drunk with the exhilaration from the pain. Catharsis. He smears each individual cut as he goes, gives him a few thrusts in between each new wound until there are six stark bleeding lines at his shoulder.

They look...amazing. Keith feels tempted to just do one more to make it a nice lucky seven but he holds back.

His client doesn’t look like he could take much more than this. His breathing is weak again, he’s having a hard time keeping his body from shaking, and his voice is hoarse from the strain of holding back his cries. It hurts of course, but now the whimpers of pain are starting to outnumber the sighs of pleasure.

Keith’s about to call it when Lance does it himself.


A slowdown but not a stop. Keith clicks the blade shut and tosses it aside. He can clean it later but right now he needs to check in with his sub. He leans forward and brushes aside Lance’s bangs, checks for any other signs of distress.
Breathing labored but consistent. Eyes hazy but move to follow Keith’s finger.

“I’m s-sorry,” Lance pants. “I can’t...can’t stop shaking. N-Normally, I can...I can take more. I’m sorry.”

Apologizing. Thinks he did something wrong by using his words.

“Don’t apologize,” Keith tells him, face serious. “That’s what the words are for.”

“I just...” Lance turns his face. He grabs a pillow and buries his face to hide the tears forming. “I normally do a b-better job. I’m...sorry.”

Probably got so deep into their activities...that he was reminded of that someone he’s trying to forget. The emotional toll outweighed his body’s ability to handle the pain. Thinks he let Keith down by tapping out.

“You did good,” Keith assures him. “Better than most. Do you want to keep going?”

Lance merely nods to answer him. He certainly doesn’t want to stop everything.

Keith rolls his hips, pressing into Lance and transforming those weak breaths into a soft moan. He lowers his mouth to the cuts, slathering his warm wet tongue across the wound with a sigh. His thrusts have switched up to a slow, soothing pace. After painful stimulation like that, Lance needs something calming so he doesn’t crash when it’s all over.

“Th-Thank you, sir...for...this,” Lance mumbles into the pillow, holding it tight in his arms.

“My job is to give you what you want,” Keith says into his neck. “Now be quiet while I fuck you nice and slow. If you want it rough again, let me know. Otherwise, I'll go slow and you can come whenever you like, cadet. You’ve earned it.”

Lance relishes in the slow fuck. Feeling that hard cock sliding in and out, rubbing gently on his prostate to bring those erotic moans back. They get stifled by the pillow but it’s clear his pleasure is mounting. He’s rocking a little with Keith when he presses in deep and sighing with each lap of tongue on his shoulder.

Seems to be helping. Lance’s body has stopped his erratic shivering so he’s getting some control over his body back. He even raises his face out of the pillow to gasp and moan. Makes attempts at lifting himself back up on his knees and elbows so Keith can get in deeper and a little--

“Faster, please,” Lance pants. “I’m ready. As fast and as hard as you want it, captain. I want...I want to satisfy you.”

Back to the eager-to-please soldier. Keith smirks. He takes hold of his hips and propels forward in smacking thrusts.

Lance is back to a sobbing cock-hungry mess within minutes of thrusting. Begging for it harder and faster. Propping himself up with one arm while the other reaches between his legs and strokes. Precome drips in a sticky line from his cock as Keith goes to town on his ass, spanking and slamming into him with renewed energy.

“I know you’re close, cadet,” Keith pants, growing just as weary as Lance from all this activity. “Why don’t you come for me?”

“C-Captain...I want yours...” Lance begs desperately.
“Want mine huh?” Keith asks with a grin, bending down. “Hard to do. Not without screaming my name.”

“Th-That’s all?” Lance stammers. “First or last?”

“You don’t know either, cadet,” Keith smirks and rams hard into him. “I don’t use my real name with the service. And I didn’t give it to you—”


Keith stops his thrusting for a second in perplexed confusion. Did he? When did he...He doesn’t remember introducing himself. Had they met before? He doesn’t think so. A class? Or the service? No, Keith would remember a face like his.

“It’s on...your dog tags,” Lance pants to clue him in. He rocks himself backward onto Keith’s cock since he stopped moving. “They’re old...but they’re real. The whole...uniform is real. I could tell the second you...stepped out of the bathroom.”

It’s habit to put them on with the uniform. He didn’t even think twice about it. Lance must have read them when Keith bit him. That’s the only time he was face to face with them and close enough to read them.

Keith wakes from his thoughts when Lance presses his ass onto him with a desperate whine.

“So can I have it? Your release?” he begs.

With a smirk, Keith grabs a hold of Lance by the hips and maneuvers him back to his knees and renews his thrusting, making Lance cry out again with exuberant moans. Keith then gives his head of hair a tug, pulling him back and up so that he’s sitting up on his knees as he rocks his hips upward into Lance.

Once he’s up, Keith’s arm travels up under Lance's arm to wrap fingers around that panting throat. The other arm squeezes around Lance’s torso to stabilize him, to hold him in place for this rigorous fucking. Lance doesn’t fight him, only arches and writhes with pleasure as Keith pounds into him and licks his recent wounds.

They can see each other now in the mirror mounted above the bed's headboard. Both flushed and panting for breath. Lance is rosy all over. His cheeks. His neck. His stiff curled cock. Everything. Keith’s eyes peer over Lance’s shoulder like a vampire who’s taken hold of his prey. Sparks of lightning in his stormy greys. A hungry predator.

“Yeah, you can have mine if you scream for me, cadet,” Keith growls and bites into his shoulder.

“AhhHh! HhnNn! Keith!”

That sounds...so good. Loves hearing his name. So much better than sir or captain. Instantly, brings a sudden coil of heat to his stomach.

“That’s a good soldier, let me hear you. Beg. Plead. And scream as much as you want,” Keith rasps hungrily, railing into him. The sweaty slap of skin on skin echoes through the area so loud he’s sure rooms at the end of the hall can hear them. “The louder you get the harder I’ll pound into your pretty ass.”

“Ahh K-Keith! Give it--ahh!--to me, please! Keith!” Lance cries.
“Oh you’ll get it but only if you scream better than that,” Keith grins and bites into his shoulder again.

“AhhHh!” Lance sobs and gasps. “Keith please, I’m...so c-close! I’m...f-fuck--!”

“Then come for me cadet,” Keith grunts as he thrusts up. Lance’s legs have long given out and Keith is the only thing keeping him from collapsing on the bed. “Stroke it out, I’ll be right behind you.”

“KeeeEEiiTH!”

Lance arches and explodes all over the bedding. Violent shutters of his hips as he releases, spurting out in streaks and dripping down his length into a puddle. He can only take in big heaving gasps of air but each exhalation is just continuations of the same moan.

But Keith’s not finished yet. He pounds energetically into Lance’s sensitive ass.

“Keith...Keith…” he whimpers over and over, his body shaking with overstimulation. “Keith!” he whines.

“My name sounds good on your lips,” Keith breathes hard, biting back a groan as his body shudders. “Don’t stop, that’s an order.”

Lance obeys, calls out to him in that weak begging tone. Keith buries his face into Lance’s shoulder, sinking in his teeth one final time with a whining moan. He comes hard, his vision whitening out as he digs his nails and teeth into Lance. His hips keep hitching long after he’s finished.

He lets go of that shoulder with a deep sigh and carefully lowers Lance’s limp body down to the left side of the bed, avoiding the smattering of come on the right. In the process he slides out of his client and dismounts the bed to remove the condom, tossing it into the trash.

Lance just breathes into the bed, slowly getting his bearings back. It’s been weeks--no months--since he’s had something so satisfying. He could definitely get used to this. Who cares if it’s expensive? Service like this--like Keith’s--is more than worth it.

Keith rummages through his uniform jacket to double check the application for what aftercare activity to do. He forgot to check it before they began. Gets to the last sheet and blinks with confusion.

It’s blank.

“What’s your aftercare routine?” Keith asks, balling up the paper and nailing the trash can from across the room.

Lance opens his eyes and sighs. Right. He didn’t write anything in because--

“I...wasn’t sure if I wanted to do the same one I used to do with...her,” he explains. “Not with a stranger. It’d feel...weird.”

“I get it,” Keith nods. “But it shouldn’t be skipped. Don’t want you to crash.”

“Uh,” Lance falters on coming up with a suggestion on his own.

“I’ll draw you a bath,” Keith decides with crack of his neck. “It’s generic but it’s a mainstay for a reason. Sound good?”

“Yeah,” Lance nods, leveling another grateful smile. “Thanks.”
Keith throws on his boxers and goes about filling the tub. Gives his watch a quick glance with an approving nod. Still have half an hour, good timing. Enough time for his client to have a nice soak for his sore parts and then a quick patching up of those cuts.

Then it’s off to his last appointment for the night. After that, home.

Lance stands in the door and watches as Keith works. He fills the tub with water, testing it ever so often and adjusting the heat for optimal temperature. Once full he turns it off but he doesn’t call for Lance yet. Instead he pulls a couple bottles out of his bag and eyes the handwritten labels before picking one. He pours a bit of the oil into the hot water, giving it a swirl once it’s emptied.

Smells like...lavender and lemongrass. And something else he can’t identify.

“Water’s ready, do you need me to carry--,” Keith says as he turns, eyes falling on Lance. “Thought you were still on the bed.”

“What did you put in there?” Lance asks, curiously.


“Wow, you’re...really prepared,” Lance chuckles and steps over into the tub, sinking into the hot water with a content sigh. “This...this is amazing. Smells great. Feels great.”

“Try to keep your cuts dry,” Keith tells him as he stands and takes a seat on the toilet lid. “I’ll clean and bandage them when you’re done.”

“So this is your job, huh?” Lance smirks, rubbing the scented water on his arms. “Banging strangers?”

“Part-time. I only work weekends,” Keith shrugs.

“ Cause you’re a student,” Lance says and nods at the bag on the floor. “You have a keychain for University on your bag. GI bill?”

Keith nods, mildly impressed with his observational skills. “It doesn’t pay rent in the city. Not all of it anyway,” Keith shrugs.

“Hence banging strangers,” Lance points out with a smirk.

“Right,” Keith chuckles.

There’s a long pause as Lance leans back a little, careful not to submerge the cuts on his shoulder. Massages his legs under the water. He purses his lips and looks to the wall before opening his mouth again.

“Do you...uh, have any regulars?” he mumbles out.

“One but he doesn’t have to pay,” Keith says. The confusion on Lance’s face makes him snort so he clarifies. “My boyfriend.”

“Oh, haha,” Lance nods. “So, he’s got no problem with your...job?”

“No,” Keith shakes his head. “It’s his job too. But he’s full time. Want to see a picture?”

Lance finds it funny. Keith feels far more laidback now that they’re done. Relaxed posture and softer
features. He almost expected him to still be as stern and serious as before. Like it was his natural state. But here he is leaning forward, excited to show off a picture of his boyfriend to the guy he just dominated into submission.

“Sure,” Lance smiles and leans on the tub edge.

Keith pulls his phone from the bag and swipes through. Then turns the phone to Lance for him to see.

A handsome older guy with reading glasses sitting comfortably on a couch, previously reading a textbook, surprised look on his face when he realized his picture was being taken. Scar across his nose and a black turtleneck that hugs his muscular form. There’s a little splash of silver in his hair completing that silver fox look.

“He’s more popular with ladies,” Keith says swiping through to show one of him throwing a football, big smile on his face. Then a flustered one of him burning dinner on a stove. The last one is of him modeling some underwear.

“He’s handsome,” Lance says though more inappropriate and tasteless words come to mind. The guy is built like a tank. He can just imagine the cock on-- “I’d let him break me in half,” Lance jokes instead.

Keith snorts at that. Shiro? Break someone? That would be the day.

“Shiro’s what you’d call a gentle giant,” he says with a smirk, putting the phone on his lap. “One of those heart of gold guys.”

“So a Sub,” Lance guesses emphatically and the both of them snort out laughter.

When the laughter dies down, Lance looks away again. Taps his fingers on the tub and clears his throat.

“Would you ...consider a paying regular?” Lance asks nervously.

Keith smirks. “Just finished and you’re thirsty for more already?”

“What? No, it’s not that--” Lance denies but then Keith raises a disbelieving brow and he slumps with a sigh. “Yeah, okay. It’s a little like that. I...it’s hard to find people who want to...do the things I want to do. Especially now...and you’re...really good at it.”

Interesting. Office workers can’t typically afford him as a regular.

“How often?” Keith wonders and Lance sits up alert now that it looks like Keith’s considering it.

“Once a week? If that’s alright? Saturdays, same time?” Lance suggests. “At least...until I’m strong enough to...to move on.”

Jesus, once a week? He’ll end up bankrupting this guy with how much he costs.

“Going through the agency will get expensive. Hotel, scheduling fees, regular health screenings--the works,” Keith warns him and Lance’s gaze falls. “But we could always...not...go through the agency.”

Lance’s demeanor shifts to keenly interested again but there’s a smidge of worry on his features.

“So you’re saying--” Lance starts, then lowers his voice. “--under the table?”
“You’d save money,” Keith shrugs. “I’d ultimately make more, since the agency takes it’s cut. And there are less rules to get either of us in trouble.”

That cutting thing could get Keith in deep shit if Lance talked about it to anyone and it got back to the agency. If anyone reported to them about it Keith would lose his job here. Lance would get barred from the agency list for breaking contract rules and bribing an escort. But if they did it secretly all on their own, outside of the purview of Keith’s bosses, then no one would get in trouble. Probably.

“So is that a yes then? To a regular thing?” Lance asks for clarification. He’s going to slip out of the tub if he leans any further.

“I’ll check with Shiro first, see what he thinks,” Keith says flipping through his contacts. “But as long as you know how to keep your mouth shut, I don’t see why we can’t.”

“I...appreciate it,” Lance breathes a sigh of relief. “Thanks, Keith.”

Keith nods and taps away on his phone while Lance takes the time to wash his face and hair.

K.K.-- (You busy?)

T.S.-- [No, how did the client go?]

K.K.-- (Good. On the aftercare portion.)

T.S.-- [Then what are you doing talking to me? Get back to work.]

K.K.-- (He wants to negotiate a regular meet.)

T.S.-- [Okay…?]

K.K.-- (Outside Lion Escorts purview.)

T.S.-- [Ah. I see. Has some...needs outside the approved menu I’m guessing.]

K.K.-- (Nailed it.)

T.S.-- [Look, you’re an adult Keith. And you know what you’re doing.]

T.S.-- [You know the risks. It’s your choice regardless of how I feel about it.]

K.K.-- (I’m gonna do it then. Just wanted to see what you thought about it.)

T.S.-- [Won’t lie, I have concerns but maybe I could sit in the first time. Make sure it’s safe.]

[If it’s all good, I don’t see why you shouldn’t take him up on the offer and make it a regular paycheck.]

K.K.-- (Thanks Shiro.)

T.S.-- [He’s cute, isn’t he? Otherwise, you’d have flat out said no instead of asking for my opinion.]

Keith huffs out a little chuckle that has Lance looking up from rinsing soap from his chest. He turns to Lance and raises his phone.

“Shiro wants a picture. That cool?” Keith asks and Lance flushes.
A picture? Of him? Right now?

“Uh, sure. Should I smile or--”

There’s a flash before he can finish the sentence. Really a fan of those candid shots. Keith doesn’t give him the chance of a do-over before he’s already sending it. Within seconds Shiro’s responding.


Keith stifles another snort but doesn’t do Lance the courtesy of telling him what all the laughter is about.

K.K.-- (Nailed it again, Shiro.)

T.S.-- [Not hard to see. He just screams it.]

K.K.-- (He sure does. In more ways than one.)

T.S.-- [Stop, or I’ll spit my tea. Speaking of, invite your new ‘friend’ to lunch tomorrow.]
T.S.-- [At Better Latte than Never’s. Wanna meet this guy who convinced you to do under the table work again.]
T.S.-- [I thought I was the only one who could manage that. Need to check out my competition.]

Shiro’s just kidding with him. He doesn’t get jealous. And he’s never been insecure about Keith banging and bossing around clients. He’s very practical about it all but Keith always feels the need to reassure him.

K.K.-- (I would never leave you Shiro.)

T.S.-- [What’s this Cassanova’s name? Or did you plan on calling him ‘slut’ forever?]

Oh right...

Keith sits up straight and looks up at Lance who’s now toweling off his body. Beautifully tanned and slender. He’s whistling and taking extra care to avoid the injuries on his back. Even after being put through the wash he still looks so good. When done he ties the towel to his hips, checking his back in the mirror with interest. Keith gives his arm a tap and nods his head.

“What’s your name?” Keith asks when he turns. “Need to put your information into my contacts if we’re gonna do this.”

Lance blinks dumbly before his mouth turns up into a pleased smile.

“The name’s Lance,” he answers, extending a hand. “Lance McClain.”

Keith smirks as he rolls his eyes but he does take the hand, shaking it firmly. Lance gives him a tug off the seat and gestures to his shoulder, asking for a little assistance. Keith’s always prepared for these eventualities and pulls a first aid kit from his bag. Lance leans over the bathroom counter while Keith treats his wounds.

“I’m looking forward to doing business with you,” Lance admits with a dashing smile.

Keith returns the look with a smirk of his own.
“Me too.”
Chapter 2

Lance can’t believe he’s doing this.

He sits at a small table outside the cafe. Better Latte Than Never. He’s never been to it before since the only coffee he ever drinks is from the pot at work. And he never makes coffee for himself at the apartment. Neither he nor Nyma ever thought to buy a brewer since the stuff at work was free.

Right now he’s hunched over his warm cup of Chai, burying his nose in his scarf to keep it from going numb. He could go inside to wait but there were no chairs in there when he checked and he wanted to save a spot with enough seats. So to keep cozy he sips his latte for the soothing heat and warm spices. Sometimes he checks his watch and nervously fiddles his fingers as he looks out on the crowded street for familiar faces.

Lunch date. Keith said it was so they could talk more about them. About their arrangement. Said something about his boyfriend, uh, Shiro, coming too. So they could meet. He’s not sure why but that has him nervous too.

Is he really going to be cool with Keith boinking some guy off the books? Some guy just met yesterday? What if he doesn’t approve? Says that it’s a bad idea? Will he have to find a different escort? Man, he really hopes not...Keith was fantas--

A tap at his shoulder accompanied by a ‘hey’ nearly shoots him out of his skin with a squeak. Almost knocks over his Chai, but he catches it before it can tip with a relieved sigh. He looks behind him to find Keith giving a short snort and Shiro behind him shaking his head in disapproval.

“Keith,” Shiro frowns.

“Sorry, Shiro,” Keith chuckles.

“I’m not the one you almost gave a coronary,” Shiro gently scolds, gesturing at Lance.

“It’s alright,” Lance jumps up and extends a hand. “I uh...I’m jumpy by nature. Lance. McClain.”

Shiro takes his hand and shakes it firmly. “Takashi. Shirogane. Everyone calls me Shiro,” he nods.

“It’s nice to meet you,” Lance says and gestures to the other chairs. “I uh, what’s your coffee order? I’ll go get it, I don’t mind.”

Shiro nods with a smile as he takes his seat. Keith steps through the door and into the cafe leaving the two of them alone at the table so Lance lowers to his chair too. The line inside was long last Lance checked. Means it’ll be a while with just the two of them sitting here.

Just great. What is he supposed to say?

Shiro levels a friendly smile at him. Seems to be his natural state. Other than when Keith scared him, he’s done nothing but look pretty laid back. Lance nibbles on his bottom lip with an uncertain smile before gulping his drink.

“So...nice day?” Lance tries and Shiro chuckles warmly.

“You are...far more awkward then Keith gave you credit for,” he says.

Keith’s talked about Lance already? It hasn’t even been 24 hours. Lance frowns with a pout.

“Well, I’ve never had lunch with the boyfriend of an escort that plowed me so…”

Shiro laughs at that. A hearty laugh that has the added side effect of easing Lance’s tension. Keith was right, despite his size Shiro has a gentleness about him that makes him feel a little less on the spot. Reminds him of Hunk in a way. A kind of natural warmth.

“You’re funny and attractive. Double whammy,” Shiro chuckles.

“Uh, thanks?” Lance finally smiles. “You’re...not bad looking yourself.”

“Thank you,” Shiro says.

“So you’re uh, you’re an escort too? That’s what Keith said,” Lance tells him.

“I am. For six years now,” he nods.

“Did you guys meet before or...?”

“I first met Keith at the Garrison. I was his CO but we didn’t know each other well,” Shiro reveals. “Keith was quite the stubborn subordinate,” he chuckles.

“I believe it,” Lance says and they both laugh a little. “How did you get into...escorting?”

“Ah, well, that’s complicated,” Shiro sighs. “Discharged from the military. Honorable. And long story short if you’re good at something--and I mean, really good at something--why do it for free?”

“I get it,” Lance nods in understanding. “Military’s good about that. Get used to kissing ass metaphorically for years and you become--”

“--good at it literally?” Shiro finishes for him. “Something like that. Keith was never good at following orders.”

“Sure is good at giving them though,” Lance counters with a smirk.

“He is, isn’t he?” Shiro smiles and they laugh a little.

Maybe it’s thanks to Shiro’s relaxed nature but Lance is surprised how easy this is to talk about. He thought it was going to be very very weird. He anticipated a much stranger and more awkward conversation. Peeking into the cafe from their seat it looks like Keith’s finally at the register to order.
“You seem like a nice guy Lance,” Shiro says, his eyes soft and on the center of the table.

“I...thanks??” Lance falters, unsure of the intent. Insult? Compliment?

“Sorry,” Shiro chuckles. “What I mean is, I don’t see you taking advantage of this,” he clarifies. “Seeing a client under the table...it can be risky.”

“For Keith, you mean?”

“Yes,” he nods with a tone of seriousness. “If you were to tell the agency about your specific activities, or if they just happen to find out, Lion Escorts would fire him. And then other agencies might not touch him.”

Keith would lose his job if Lance blabbed about the cutting?

“And with the kind of person Keith is, makes it hard for him to find jobs he doesn’t end up getting fired from a week later,” Shiro explains. “He’s been an escort for three years now. That’s the longest he’s stuck with anything other than the military. It’s longer than we’ve been dating. I just…” Shiro sighs and his eyes meet Lance’s. “I want you to understand what he’s risking by agreeing to this.”

But couldn’t Keith easily make his life miserable too? Blackmail is very possible considering what they’re doing and what the world thinks of that sort of thing. Though the ramifications for Lance might just be the stink eye around the water cooler and a few disgusted whispers.

Did you hear?
Oh about Lance? Heard he likes being tied up.
Spanked too.
Oh and the worst? I heard he likes being carved into too!
What a deviant! Freaky!

Yes, he’d be the laughing stock of the office but...they couldn’t fire him for it. At most, they’d make him transfer to a different department or he’d do it himself to avoid the gossip. But for Keith, breaking the rules with the escort service means they tell all the other services too.

They’ll blacklist him. Then he’ll lose everything he’s worked towards.

“I get why you’re worried,” Lance starts, his arms crossing to warm himself. “It would be one thing if he saw me for the normal stuff but because of the…” Lance swallows and rubs his shoulder blade. “I guess, it would be easy for me to use him.”

“Yes, it would,” Shiro agrees with a solemn look.

“I wouldn’t do that,” Lance tells him but frowns. “I mean...guess anyone can say they won’t be an asshole. But I mean it!” he insists, voice sincere. “I’d rather...get hit by a car than throw someone else under a bus.”

At that declaration, Shiro smiles, his eye soft.

“I think...I already knew that about you,” Shiro says and looks up. “Keith told me about your scars. The shrapnel ones. On your back.”

“Oh yeah, those…” Lance shrugs sheepishly.

“You’ve been a human shield more than once,” he guesses. “Infantry, right?”
Lance nods at that and swallows another mouthful of his tea at the memory.

He can remember every time he was shot. And every time he’d been in recovery. Three different incidents that got him a chewing out from his commanding officer on each occasion. The last one got him his discharge a whole two months early.

“You wouldn’t look like swiss cheese McClain if you’d just take cover. Leave the hero work for those meatheaded Marines,” Lance mimics his CO and sighs. “I could have but then…”

“...people get hurt,” Shiro sighs.

“Yeah,” Lance nods. "I can't stand the idea of sitting by and doing nothing."

“I understand the sentiment too well,” Shiro reveals as he rolls up his sleeve.

A prosthetic. A nice one too. Looks like his whole arm up to the bicep. Why didn’t he notice that before?

Now that Lance thinks about it, all the pictures Keith showed him cleverly concealed that arm. With long sleeves and gloves. Shiro might be self-conscious about it. Explains why a job where he controls who his clients are might appeal to him. He can decide who gets to see him at his most vulnerable.

Shiro rolls his sleeve back down and puts one hand on top of the other.

“You seem trustworthy Lance. And honorable,” Shiro says with a smile. “I don’t think you’d purposefully do anything to trouble Keith.”

Lance sits up straight with a, “No sir!”

“Jesus, don’t call me that,” Shiro exclaims followed with an exasperated chuckle.

“Sorry,” Lance apologizes with a laugh.

“I haven’t been called that in years and even then I didn’t like it,” Shiro shakes his head. “Just Shiro is fine.”

“Shiro then,” Lance chuckles and then leans in to whisper. “So...do I pass?”


Keith finally returns to the table. Two large coffees and a basket of assorted pastries and miniature quiches. He gestures for them to help themselves to whatever, Lance included. He already had a sandwich but Lance plucks a donut from the center to chew on.

“So, you want to do Saturdays. Same time as before?” Keith asks as Lance takes his first bite. “I could probably swing Friday’s after class but that’s up to you.”

Right down to it. Keith’s not one for beating around the bush. Lance swallows the bite and puts down the rest of the donut.

“I work days,” he nods. “And Friday nights are a no go. They’re set aside for uh, Putt-putt.”
That elicits a raised brow from Keith.

“It’s a thing, a tradition, I do with my friends,” Lance explains, a bit of a flush on his cheeks. “Game night. It’s...important.”

“Keith understands, don’t you?” Shiro smiles and pats his partner’s shoulder. “Your Tuesday/Thursday commitment?”

“Right,” Keith nods with an embarrassed cough. “Got it. I don’t work weekdays. Saturday it is then.”

Lance didn’t think Keith could blush, not like that, but in that moment there were the makings of pink on his cheek. It quickly dissipates when he takes a long sip of his coffee. Shiro does the next inquiry while Keith eats.

“What are you hoping for, scene-wise, Lance?”

“Oh uh, s-same stuff that’s on my application, I g-guess,” Lance stammers. He didn’t expect the conversation to go into specifics. “I don’t mind changing it up to try new stuff but the uh…” Lance lowers his voice. “…the knife play again would be great.”

“How many cuts did you take last night?” Shiro asks, his tone serious but eyes curious.

“Six,” Lance answers. He remembers because he treated the cuts again this morning and counted them in the mirror. Giddy smile on his face the whole time too.

“Is that your average?”

“No. I...” Lance pauses and worries into his lip a little before continuing. “I hadn’t been cut in a while. My...ex...she used to do it all the time. But she….stopped, about two months before she...moved,” Lance swallows.

So many of those words were hard to say. Hadn’t been cut was an understatement. They were hardly doing much of anything kinky in those last two months. Then calling Nyma his ex. Feels so strange to say that. And to top it off by saying she moved instead of the truth. That she abandoned him, leaving him high and dry, floundering without a stable surface to cling to.

And now the two men across the table are looking at him, sharing a sympathetic look. Lance tries to alleviate some of the weird air with a laugh.

“Sorry, haha,” he says forcing a smile. “Not paying you to be my therapist.”

“It’s fine Lance,” Keith finally speaks. “Before then, how many could you handle?”

“In one session? Before it was too much?” Lance asks and Keith nods. “Twenty on a good day.”

Shiro whistles at that.

“I don’t like doing more than ten in a session,” Keith informs him. “And I don’t put new cuts anywhere near others that haven’t had at least two weeks to heal. Sound good?”

So that means if they meet up the following Saturday, Keith won’t cut him. Not on his shoulder anyway. It’s a good idea. Best to let it be without interfering with the healing process. He still has that scarred section on his lower back though. So it’s still a possibility for the next time they...meet up.
“Sounds great,” Lance agrees.

“Good. On to payment,” Keith nods and puts his cup down. “What you got yesterday normally costs around six hundred for three hours but that’s because it covers the room, application fee, health screenings and all the other bullshit the service does.”

$600? He’ll have to really thank Pidge and Hunk for that voucher. They really splurged on him.

“How much of that do you see?” Lance wonders curiously.

“Anywhere from two-hundred to two-fifty per client,” Keith shrugs. “Not including tips.”

That’s all Keith gets? For three hours of exertion and damn good work, he only gets around $250 out of it? Lance has to stop and do the math in his head on that.

About seventy to eighty bucks an hour on average. And if he only works weekends...two days with the average nine-hour shift only nets him about 1.5k. And that’s only if he has enough clients to fill all that time. The monthly rent of an apartment in the city is easily twice that. Not to mention food and utilities.

But then he remembers the two of them are living together. And Shiro works fulltime. They're probably pooling their resources but still. Living in the city is expensive. If Lance is going to take up valuable client time he better make it worth Keith’s while.

“So for a three-hour session,” Lance tries to figure his math right. “three-fifty, sound good?”

Keith and Shiro blink at him, eyes little wide. Shiro breaks first with a snort and puts a hand on Keith’s shoulder as he chuckles. Keith’s face splits into a grin and says something in a language Lance can’t follow. Shiro nods and says something back with another laugh.

“Is that...not enough?” Lance worries. “I could probably swing four but I’ll have to work overtime.”

“Handsome. Nice. Generous,” Shiro smiles then leans over to Keith. “He’s something else.”

“I told you,” Keith says, a little smugness in his tone.

“You did,” Shiro nods. “Now I’m really intrigued.”

“So...?”

“Four hundred is more than enough,” Keith tells him. “That’ll get you four hours of my time. Satisfaction guaranteed. Twice.”

Jesus Christ, FOUR HOURS?! He can’t even imagine what they’d do with that much time. The three they had at the hotel was intense enough. Tack on another hour and an extra release? He might just die from sexual bliss.

“Or we can break it down further,” Keith amends. “A hundred an hour. Only pay for what you end up utilizing.”

“That! We’ll do that,” Lance stammers in agreement. “I’ll uh, hit the ATM on Saturday.”

“Last thing, do you want to meet at your place or ours?” Keith asks and finishes off the last of his coffee.

“I hadn’t thought about it,” Lance admits.
But now he is. He’s not sure he wants to do anything at his place. It still feels too soon. Nyma’s stuff is still all around the apartment. To do those things with familiar walls and trappings...there are still too many memories there.

“Would it be too much trouble to do your guy’s place?” Lance asks meekly.

“Not at all,” Shiro answers. “Keith will text you the address.”

“Great,” Lance sighs with a relieved smile.

“Hope you’re not allergic to animals,” Shiro warns him. “Keith takes in a lot of...strays.”

“Two dogs and four cats isn’t a lot,” Keith quietly huffs in disagreement.

Lance laughs a little at that then adds that he isn’t allergic. And he loves dogs. No worries there.

“Good,” Keith nods and checks his watch. “I have a client in thirty minutes. Need to hit the bus.”

He stands and puts his gloves back on. Then he leans down whilst cupping Shiro’s neck, giving him a chaste kiss on the cheek. There’s a little whisper but Lance doesn’t catch it. Makes Shiro’s brow quirk with a surprised smile.

“See you tonight, Shiro,” Keith says and nods at Lance, “Later Lance.”

“Good luck,” Lance tells him.

“Have fun,” Shiro calls out.

“We’ll see,” Keith shouts over his shoulder and he jogs down the street.

Lance watches him go with a sigh. There’s something about the way Keith holds himself. Maybe it’s the confidence. Or that aloofness. Whatever it is, it’s attractive as hell. Shiro must think so too because he’s watching him go with a fond smile too.

“He’s such a cool customer,” Lance compliments.

“More than he used to be,” Shiro agrees, still smiling. He finishes off one of the mini spinach quiches before his next question. “What are you doing today, Lance?”

“Me? Uh, well it’s Sunday. I usually go to the gym,” Lance informs him gesturing to the duffle at his feet. “Work out a little.”

“How would you feel about me joining you?” he asks as he turns his cup.

“Uh...is that...okay? Er, allowed?” Lance falters and starts picking apart his donut.

Shiro raises a brow while trying his best not to laugh at the nervous display.

“Allowed? You’re my boyfriend’s client,” Shiro chuckles softly. “Doesn’t mean we can’t be friends.”

“I...yeah. G-Guess that’s true,” Lance stammers in agreement before popping donut crumbs into his mouth.

“It’ll be nice to get better acquainted,” Shiro says then sighs. “Knowing Keith, while I’m trying to catch up on my reading, he’s going to tie you to the coffee table and plow you right in front of me.”
Lance nearly chokes on his donut bits and Shiro offers the rest of his coffee so Lance can clear it.

“Sorry,” Shiro chuckles. “You really are the jumpy type. My point is, you might not be so nervous in a new environment if you know all the people in the room.”

“He’d...he’d really do that? Right in front of his boyfriend?” Lance croaks trying to get the last of the pastry down.

That’s when Shiro gives him another smile, this one showing teeth before he laughs again. Lance’s heart skips a beat as he realizes how handsome he is. Like, he already knew but damn. Keith gets to be around this all the time? This beam of sunshine radiating his warmth everywhere?

Lucky duck.

“Keith likes being watched. And from what he tells me, you like it too,” Shiro smirks and Lance’s cheeks instantly warm.


“Plenty,” Shiro reveals. “He talked about you a lot when he got home. Couldn’t stop singing your praises. Best client in a year.”

If he was red before Lance is scarlet now. Best? In a year? That’s...quite the compliment coming from someone who fucks multiple people a week on the regular. But bragging about a good lay to your significant other? That’s...

“Him talking like that...normally that would piss a boyfriend off,” Lance mumbles.

Shiro crosses his arms and tilts his head giving Lance an amused look.

“Do we seem like a normal couple to you, Lance?” Shiro asks in earnest. “You can be honest.”

“No...you don’t,” Lance concedes.

“Jealousy isn’t in my repertoire, Lance. You won’t be getting any ‘stay away from my boyfriend’ threats from me,” Shiro says then leans in and puts a hand on his shoulder. “I would never beat up Keith’s problems—he’s more than capable of doing that himself.”

Lance snorts out a laugh and Shiro’s quick to follow. No trouble believing that one. Keith may not be as big as Shiro but he’s scrappy. And the way he controlled Lance in the hotel room...he has the feeling Keith brings that kind of intensity to a fight. Probably scares people shitless before anything even starts.

“Come on,” Shiro pats his shoulder again before stacking up their trash. He dumps the garbage and slides the tray on top of the others. “To the gym. It’ll be nice having a spotter on the weekend for once.”

*****

The gym is quite the adventure. They end up going to Shiro’s gym since he has clothes there and Lance already has his workout bag with him. Signs in as Shiro’s guest so he won’t have to pay.

Shiro likes all the military mainstays, mostly because they’re hard to beat out of a soldier. Crunches, pull ups, push ups. Lance gets it. They’re commonly a part of his usual routine too. He doesn’t often do weights like Shiro does but he joins him in giving it a try.
His prosthetic holds up rather well to all of the exercises with minimal adjustments needed. Just like Lance suspected he would, Shiro wears a long sleeve workout shirt with complimentary sweats. He even has weight lifting gloves that hide his prosthetic even further.

Lance almost expected the conversations to revolve around Keith. It’s kind of funny how little he’s mentioned as they work out. Instead, Shiro provides him with tips to work his core a little better and advice to keep him from straining his muscles. He tells Lance about a few protein shakes he’s been trying out. Lots of energy, very little prep, and best of all, some of them even taste good.

He tries to keep up with Shiro’s weightlifting but it becomes very clear that Shiro works out far more vigorously than he. Squats, deadlifts, benching. He’s as fit as he was when he was in the military it seems. Lance guesses that’s a boon in his line of work--everyone wants a hot escort.

Soon they’ll be done and then they’ll hit the treadmills for something a little more Lance’s speed.

“Jesus,” Lance gasps as he attempts the leg press.

“Don’t lock your legs,” Shiro warns him. “You got this. Five more.”

“Keith ever...workout with...you?” Lance pants. Four more.

“He’ll spot me sometimes. If he’s got the day off from University,” Shiro nods. “Three more. You’re almost there.”

“Does he...work out?” Lance wonders. Just two to go. He can do this.

“Not with machines,” Shiro tells him. “Keith kickboxes. Every single day.”

That explains that killer body of his.

“Is that...the reason...you said he’s...more than capable?” Lance groans and finishes the last press. Shiro locks the weights into place and helps him out of his seat.

“Yes,” Shiro nods with a chuckle.

“Water break,” Lance begs and Shiro chuckles again.

They take a seat on an empty bench and drink for a moment. They’ve worked up a pretty good sweat already. They still have a good half hour run to do on the treadmills.

“I’m gonna sleep like a baby tonight,” Lance says with a deep breath and a smile. “Appreciate it.”

“Trouble sleeping?” Shiro asks before taking a sip of his water. “Bad neighbors or...?”

“Uh, just, can’t get comfortable,” Lance shakes his head. “Just can’t stop...thinking.”

About Nyma mostly. Makes it difficult to unplug his brain when he’s focused on his loneliness. But that’s none of anyone’s business. And he doesn’t want to bog Shiro down with his problems.

“Do you like chamomile? It’s great before bed,” Shiro suggests. “Great for insomnia and...tumultuous thoughts.”

“You drink it?”

“On occasion,” Shiro nods, his eyes a little soft and far away. “I’m no stranger to...fretful sleep.”
“Can’t hurt to try,” Lance smiles. “I think my legs are ready to run. You ready?”

“But you haven’t done your second or third set on the leg press,” Shiro says and Lance blanches with a groan. Shiro laughs at his response, hearty and warm. “I’m kidding Lance. Let’s head to the treadmills.”

Their run is soothing after all that heavy lifting. Side by side, they do a very light jog for the first five minutes, to get into the swing of it. Then a brisk one for ten. Lance does an intense run for five and then returns to brisk, eventually slowing down. Once half an hour is up they hop off and hit the showers.

“I’ll admit,” Shiro calls from his stall as he washes. “This workout was a lot more fun with company. Thanks for letting me join you, Lance.”

“No problem,” Lance says as he scrubs the sweat out of his pits. “It’s nice having someone to talk to aga--” he falters and swallows down the end of his sentence.

Shiro doesn’t let that cut off stop the conversation. Just keeps going as though it wasn’t a clear avoidance of topic Lance would rather not talk about. The person he used to do his workouts with...

Shiro reveals that he usually exercises in the mornings during the week but Keith’s hurrying along to class by then. Has time to spot him for about five minutes before he has to go. He doesn’t begrudge him for it though. Schooling is far more important than his workouts. If Keith gets an opening on the weekend or class gets canceled they’ll hit a gym together but the opportunities are few and far between.

“I don’t head into work until nine,” Lance tells him, his cheeks flushing as he towels off. “If you uh, ever want to work out together again just let me know.”

Shiro comes out of the stall with a towel around his hips, showing off that ‘V’ muscle that Lance stares just a little too long at. Not only is Shiro tall but...damn. So much rippling muscle littered with old scars. Lance’s eyes catch on every crease, bulge, and mark.

Every. Single. One.

“I just might take you up on that,” Shiro answers with a smile as he tousles his hair dry.

Bet Shiro could easily lift someone and fuck them while standing without breaking a sweat.

At that thought, Lance pointedly makes himself blink and turn his head a little so he’s not staring directly at Shiro’s phenomenal body. The last thing he needs is to be thinking indecent thoughts about his escort’s boyfriend. Stick to his face or the walls, he tells himself.

He keeps his eyes to himself as they change. And Shiro gives him a fair amount of privacy too, doing him the favor of turning away when they get dressed. Lance stuffs his dirty clothes into the gym bag when done and joins Shiro at the exit.

“I need to do some grocery shopping,” Shiro tells him checking his watch.

“Text me if you want to work out again,” Lance reminds him. “I uh, I’m usually not doing anything.”

Shiro nods, assuring him he will. “I’ll see you around Lance,” he says with a firm pat on the shoulders. “If not, then I’ll see you Saturday.”
“Uh, yeah,” Lance smiles awkwardly. “Can’t wait.”

They both wave good-bye and Shiro leaves for a bus stop. Lance still has to get back to his car before returning home on the other side of the city. The minute Shiro turns the corner he lowers his waving hand and heads down the opposing street.

Six more days and he’ll have his second evening with Keith...likely with Shiro in attendance.

*****

The following week goes faster than he thought it would. Considering what he has to look forward to Lance expected it to drag on slow. Tortuous day after tortuous day with drudge work to make things even slower. But that’s simply not the case.

Around the office he’s in a much better mood. Gets his work done in a timely manner. No more snapping at co-workers that make minor errors. Even at lunch he’s telling some of his old stories. Laughing at jokes. Pidge makes a point to elbow Hunk several times and whisper about the cause. They’re sure it was that lovely voucher they gave him and they’d be right.

Since that night with Keith, he’s been in higher spirits. And twice this week already he’s gone to the gym with Shiro. Early mornings. The same workout but Lance cuts back on some of the weights. Not that he minds the work but bulking up doesn’t suit his body. Toned is more than enough for him.

Both times they talk about random things as they work out. TV shows, their military career, new restaurants they’ve been trying. And thanks to the exercise, on those days Lance gets to sleep a little better. Too tired to spend it thinking. He even gave the chamomile tea a try. It’s calming enough that he’s fallen asleep in his gamer chair in the living room.

Shiro texts him with some frequency. Smoothie recipes, news stories featuring animal heroes, photographs of ruins from around the world. All feel good stuff that brings a smile to Lance’s face. He texts back his own little things. The latest in sports scores, movies that he recently watched, and photos of puppies and kittens from Reddit. The last of which Shiro suggests he send to Keith as well since he loves that sort of thing.

Keith doesn’t text much. He texted Lance on Monday to ask about his shoulder’s status. Lance sent him a picture of the cuts during his break from the restroom. It looks a little red and tender. Half an hour later Keith asked Lance what he was using to treat it. Peroxide and a basic antibiotic cream.

Within minutes, he told him to stop using peroxide. It’s irritating the skin. Then he recommended a specific antibiotic to discourage infection, reduce scarring, and boost healing. Even included a link for where to find it. Finished up with a reminder to change the dressing twice a day. Lance bought some after work and has been following his recommendation throughout the week. Seems to be helping with the inflammation.

But other than that Keith doesn’t message him much. Lance sends him several photos of cute animals that Shiro recommended him to send. The little indicator will pop up that he’s seen them and a day later he sends one or two back. Usually orange kittens.

Before he knows it, it’s Friday.

His weekly putt-putt game with Pidge and Hunk is going better than the last one. Not a frown in sight as they traverse the holes. Hunk is in the lead right now with Pidge close behind. Lance, of course, would be doing better if is mind wasn’t full of ropes, crops, and knives.

“Looks like you’re feeling better Lance,” Hunk comments. “Nice to see you smiling again. Real
ones, I mean.”

“All week you’ve been up. Must have had a good night,” Pidge hints. “Full of boning with a sex worker, perhaps?”

“I don’t kiss and tell,” Lance says as he takes his swing.

“Pffft! Since when?!” Pidge snorts and they all laugh. “Whatever. I’m just glad you’re over Nyma.”

“Yeah,” Lance nods with a closed forced smile. “Definitely over it.”

It’s not true. Not completely. But he’s bothered the two of them enough with his complaints about Nyma. For now, all he can do is stomp down those feelings of abandonment and frustration and loss. Pack it all away in a box and pretend everything is okay so he doesn’t drag anyone into his funk with him.

“So tomorrow, Hunk and I are going to the late showing of Rocky Horror at the Nick,” Pidge tells him, bumping his hip and costing him his shot. “Whoops. My bad Lance. Take a mulligan.”

“Anyway, Pidge wanted to know if you’d like to join us?” Hunk says. “You can be Brad Majors.”

“Tomorrow…” Lance frowns and looks down at his ball. He lines up the shot and takes it. Par.

“Sorry I can’t. I have a...date,” he reveals and the two of them gape.

“A date?!” they say in unison.

“Yeah,” Lance nods with a flush to his cheeks. “With a guy. Outside of work.”

“Wow, he really is over her,” Hunk blinks with surprise.

“Ha, Nyma was so bad that Lance switched to men,” Pidge jokes but when the two of them frown at her she retracts it. “I know, I know. You’ve always been bi. I just like jabbing at that witch.”

“Pidge,” Hunk scolds with his tone and his eyes.

“Ugh FINE! I’ll stop saying how much I never liked her,” Pidge sighs then leans on Lance with a groan. “Sorry. But I am glad you’re moving on. You deserve someone who will be there for you.”

Pidge gives him a squeezing hug around the middle and at that Hunk makes a subdued whimper noise. He’s never liked being left out of a hug so Lance gestures him to bring it in before he has an aneurysm. Hunk gleefully wraps his big arms around both of them and lifts them off the ground with a happy hum.

Nothing like a found family.

They finish the game with nothing but upbeat conversations. Pidge ends up in first. Hunk in second. And Lance in dead last again but only by three points. No drinks for Lance again, since he wants to be in good shape for tomorrow but he does go with them as their designated driver.

After dropping them off at their respective homes Lance returns to his apartment. Hangs up his keys and coat. Kicks off his shoes and arranges them on the rack. He makes a move to go down the hall to bed but pauses at the threshold, trepidation rearing in his gut.

It’s not Keith’s fault but ever since that night Lance hasn’t been able to sleep in his bed. What they did...it was so reminiscent of how he felt with Nyma. Felt so satisfied and whole that when he laid down to sleep in their bed that night he almost expected her to be there when he rolled over. When
she wasn’t, the cold slap of reality hit him again. Hard.

When he tried to sleep there he tossed and turned, grunted and groaned all night. Eventually, he’d given up, grabbed a pillow and dropped into the sofa to cry himself to sleep. Instead of putting himself through the hardship of trying again, he’s taken to just going immediately to the couch with a cup of tea. Once he finishes it he curls into an afghan and clutches his pillow tight, softly weeping until he’s too exhausted to stay awake. Tonight is no different and he sighs into his pillow.

Tomorrow, he tells himself. He’ll feel so much better after tomorrow night.

*****

Lance is excited. Nervous too. But happy and looking forward to it. And then back to worried again. Jittery but in a good way? Hell, he’s feeling so many things he’s not sure which is the strongest or what to feel first.

Is Keith really going to do the things he normally does in front of Shiro? Not that Lance has a problem with being watched. Shiro’s hella fucking hot and Lance sure does love being seen while vulnerable. He just doesn't want to cause some kind of rift in their relationship. Just because he's cool with Keith doing him doesn't mean he wants to see it.

On the other hand, maybe he's into it. Like maybe it gets him riled up for later when they do their own thing. It's not like Lance could judge considering the unusual things he likes. Getting off on watching is fairly tame compared to some.

Lance doesn't think Shiro would but…would he consider joining in sometime? Just the thought brings a radiant flush to Lance's face.

Two guys at once? Two hot guys at once? That would be… ho boy. He shouldn't be thinking about it but now he's pondering what Shiro’s prices are. In the event, he wants to save up for a bit and splurge on a night with double the fun. He also wonders if anyone's done that before? Paid for both Keith and Shiro in the same session?

Keith to dominate and Shiro to pamper...sounds divine.

“ You have arrived at your destination,” the GPS announces and Lance pulls into a metered spot.

Lance looks across the street to Keith and Shiro’s apartment building. Older but well maintained enough. The bricks are still fairly bright red with a little staining from the smog of the city. Nothing a good pressure cleaning couldn’t take care of. It’s in an average neighborhood which means it’s not luxurious but it’s steps above the projects.

He pops a few coins into the meter. Just a quarter or two as the meter goes free after seven and that’s not for another--yeesh. Twenty minutes. He got here way too early. Should he wait in the car or...no, he’ll go up. It’s too cold to be roughing it out here for twenty minutes.

Lance heads on in to get some relief from the frigid air. There are five floors and Keith said theirs was on the third. Loft 306. Once he gets to the right floor he walks down the hall, eyeing the door numbers and trying his best to quell the thumping in his chest.

What he’d give for one of those calming cups of tea now. Or a valium.

He finds the blue door with 306 in the center under the peephole. There’s a doormat. It’s sporting the phrase ‘wipe your paws’ with the silhouette of a cat and dog on opposing sides. Lance scrapes his feet on it before knocking on the door.
Immediately, the barking of a small yapping dog commences. Sounding the alarm for anyone inside. On the other side of the door Shiro says something in a language he doesn’t understand. A command probably because the barking immediately stops as the door is unlocked. Then it swings open to Shiro’s friendly face.


“Thanks and yes, please,” Lance says as he shrugs off his jacket.

It’s nice. A short hallway with framed photographs that immediately opens into the main room. The kitchen is to Lance’s right as he comes in. It’s separated from the main room by a counter bar with several stools.

Shiro hangs the coat and scarf up on a wall hook then heads to the open kitchen. He pulls down a cup for Lance. Pink with black paw prints. He’s scooping powder into it as Lance looks around.

“No, I’m early,” mutters as he takes it in. “I’m always...I always think I’m going to be late for things so I--”

“You don’t have to explain Lance,” Shiro chuckles. “Keith’ll be here in about twenty. In the meantime, you can meet the gang starting with those two,” he points to the dogs at Lance’s feet looking expectantly up at him.

A small pomeranian-ish dog. A cream-colored ball of fluff with a tail going a million miles an hour. Shiny bulging eyes with her tongue sticking out as she pants. Shiro introduces her as Daisy. She would be the one who was barking like Olympus had fallen. Despite sounding the alarm she’s very friendly to visitors.

The other dog is significantly bigger. She’s called Amber. If Lance had to pick a breed he’d guess German Shepard. Or hound. Maybe a little of both. She’s much slower than the little dog running circles around her big legs. There’s gray along her muzzle and a slight fog to her eyes. An old girl that waits patiently for attention.

“They were going to put her down because she was too much trouble to take care of,” Shiro reveals. “She’s a sweetheart.”

Lance gives her a gentle pat on her head and her tail wags slowly. Shiro tells her to go lay down and she ambles to the big dog bed near the window. Circles and plops down with a sigh, her tail still wagging.

The next area is the main room. It’s got a modern looking sofa with matching loveseats on both sides. They frame a sturdy looking coffee table with a large flat screen on the opposing side. By the big windows, there’s a small dining table with several chairs, two of which are stacked with books and weights.

Lance can see the stairs that lead up to the lofted section. Up to what he assumes is their bedroom which overlooks the main room. There’s a railing wrought of fancy looking black metal bars. Matches the aesthetic of the windows.

Speaking of the windows, they open to a fire escape and a view of the neighboring building’s bricks. On that sill sits three cats, one of which hops down and approaches Lance with a trill.

“Wow, you really do have a lot of pets,” Lance laughs and takes a knee. “Hello there…”
The black tuxedo cat sniffs his hand before headbutting his face all over Lance’s knuckles. Affectionate thing, with pretty blue eyes and a matching collar with tags. There’s patch of fur missing and a recent scar from surgery on his shoulder. May have been hit by a car at one point.

“That’s Morocco,” Shiro smiles. “He’s the newest.”

Shiro goes further to point out the others on the sill. An orange tabby by the name of Kimchi who jumps down, using the big dog as a step before walking to the coffee table to clean his paws. The long-haired black cat staring unamused at Lance goes by Shiver. He just showed up one day, in the pouring rain, and never left. The only one not in attendance is Carmen. Another orange tabby.

“They’re all friendly?” Lance questions as Morocco flops over onto his feet exposing his stomach for tummy rubs. The pomeranian Daisy sees this and copies him for rubs of her own. Lance obliges both of them.

“Everyone’s nice enough,” Shiro says as he brings out a steaming cup of hot chocolate. “But there’s a reason Carmen is named what she is.”

“Why’s that?” Lance wonders as he gets to his feet again.

“You’ll spend more time chasing her then catching her,” he says with an amused chuckle as he passes the cup to Lance.

“Haha! I get it,” Lance nods with a laugh. “Ms. San Diego doesn’t like being in one place.”

“She and Shiver are...very independent. Semi-feral,” Shiro tells him as he goes to the window. Shiver just sits there, not sparing Shiro a glance. “In or out, Shiver. Can’t leave the window open all night.”

After a moment of deliberation and a flick of his tail Shiver stands. Then takes a languid step down from the window. After that he takes a seat again right next to Amber. Doesn’t look like he’ll be moving again.

“We make sure they stay up to date on their shots, as much as some of them hate it,” Shiro smiles and gives Shiver a pet. The feline allows it with annoyed narrowing of his eyes. “Come on,” Shiro waves as he crosses the room. “Relax on the couch. I’ll throw on some TV.”

Lance finally sits down, sinking into the comfortable sofa, and takes a large sip of his cocoa. It’s fantastic. He hadn’t realized Shiro put a candy cane in it to give it a peppermint flavor. Seasonal. Clever. And tasty.

Shiro’s on the other side of the couch. He clicks the TV on and switches to a soccer game. He doesn’t spend much time with his eyes on the screen. After putting on his reading glasses, Shiro opens a book and starts reading, occasionally sipping a tepid cup of tea.

The title of the book he’s reading is...The History of Pathology 1700-1750s. Looks to be a part of a series.

“That looks…” Lance starts.

“Boring?” Shiro guesses with a smirk.

“Yeah, boring,” Lance admits with a sheepish shrug. “Sorry. Is it for a class?”

“No, for fun,” Shiro says but then chuckles. “Yes, it’s for a class. Online degree. Nursing.”
That seems to suit Shiro. Lance could easily see him doing a job in which he takes care of others. Must mean he doesn’t intend on escorting forever. Keith’s doing some schooling too, he remembers Shiro saying. Classes during the week.

“What’s Keith studying?” Lance asks curiously.

“See those books there, next to you?” Shiro nods his head and returns to his page.

Lance turns and spots them on the arm of the couch. He puts his cocoa down on a coaster and picks them up to investigate. Animal anatomy and physiology. The one underneath is labeled Animal pathology. Both have portions highlighted and sticky notes bookmarking specific chapters.

“A vet?” Lance guesses.

“We don’t have six strays by accident,” Shiro chuckles. “I may have to draw a line soon. Maybe at ten?”

Lance laughs a little at the image. He can almost see this apartment filled with more dogs and cats than they know what to do with. And with this new information, he knows that each new addition is Keith’s doing. Keith, intimidating Dom on the weekends, has a soft spot for animals. Huh, so Keith’s gonna be a vet.

Means Keith doesn’t intend on escorting forever either. One day he’ll stop. Means one day Lance will have to find a new escort, that is if he doesn’t get over his issues before then.

Daisy stops bouncing about the apartment all of a sudden and stands stock still. Kimchi stops cleaning his paws and his ears twitch. Old Amber sits up and tilts her head to raise and ear. All three cats and small dog make a beeline for the front door. Amber slowly gets to her feet and saunters her way to the front door just as keys turn in the lock.

The moment the door opens, there’s mewing and eager whines from the cats and the small dog. And in response, Keith grumbles trying to get in. Lance can’t see him yet but he hears him. Feels like it’s been eons.

“Yeah yeah yeah, I’m home,” Keith huffs, gently shoving them aside with his foot. “Back off you freeloaders or you can say goodbye to the treats I picked up. You heard me. Not a single one for any of you,” he insists as he tries to push his way through.

Shiro chuckles into his teacup and whispers, “Except for you Amber.”

“Except for you Amber,” Keith says, going to his knee to hold her face in his hands.

“I’d never say no to you,” Shiro mouths in addition with a knowing smile.

“I’d never say no to you,” Keith coddles and gives her pets.

Lance snickers a little at the spot on prediction and Shiro grins as he puts down his empty mug of tea.

“Keith, Lance is here,” he announces.

“Already?” Keith asks, a puzzled look on his face as he turns the corner.

He’s got his hair tied up in a tail and his coat’s still on. Cheeks rosy from the cold walk he took from the bus stop. Keith drops the paper bag of treats on the counter bar and turns to face them again.

“When did you get here?” he asks as he tugs his gloves off and tucks them into his pockets. Then he
pulls the jacket off to reveal a tight fitted t-shirt. That he removes too and tosses into a laundry basket across the room.

“I uh, fifteen. Minutes. Fifteen minutes ago,” Lance clarifies as he stares.

“Alright, just give me…” Keith puffs his cheeks as he counts in his head. “Ten minutes. I need a shower.”

“S-Sure. Take your time,” Lance nods as Keith crosses the room to the area under the loft which Lance can only assume has the bathroom and shower. “Is there, uh, anything you want me to do?”

“Undress. And stretch,” Keith calls out from the bathroom. The water is already running. “Shiro, the dogs,” he adds and closes the door.

“Got it,” Shiro nods and puts his things down.

A quick whistle and a phrase in--Lance wants to say it’s Japanese but he can’t be sure-- has both dogs following him to two separate crates. They go in without any fuss and Shiro closes the latch. Probably to keep them from getting in the way. He slips a small rawhide inside for each of them, a reward for doing as they were told.

“There’s a yoga mat under that loveseat,” Shiro points as he takes his seat again. “So you can stretch comfortably.”

“Thanks,” Lance half smiles and gets started.

Lance begins by standing up straight and stretching his arms high. Then bending his knees slightly and slowly leaning his body forward and down. He stretches his hands forward until they touch the floor, palms flat. After that he inches slightly further back to grab his ankles and pull his body down even more. Holds position for thirty seconds.

After that, he interlocks his fingers together behind his back and brings them forward over his head. Opens up his shoulders. Relieves tension in his back and hamstrings. Good if he’s going to get his arms tied behind him. Holds again for thirty seconds while breathing carefully.

He does a couple stretches just for his arms and back. And his legs, bending them at the knee and holding them flat to his ass. Then he sits in a butterfly pose to stretch his thighs and groin. While he’s down there a quick spinal twist, holding the position for a minute in both directions.

More than once during his stretches, he catches Shiro looking over his book at him. Especially if he’s bending over. Just a quick flick of his eyes before returning to his studies. Lance isn’t sure what possesses him to do it but he stands and slowly drops into a front split. One leg forward and the other back as he stretches forward and grabs his ankle with ease.

That definitely gets Shiro to quirk a brow and stare a fraction of a second longer. More than a little impressed at that flexibility. Lance switches to the other leg forward when he notices the shower has stopped. Crap. He’s not quite done. Lance reaches for his ankle and holds the stretch.

Keith comes out of the bathroom in a clean pair of black boxer briefs and a navy tee. He’s tousling his thick hair with a towel and dabbing at his face with a relieved sigh. Keith just walks by Lance without sparing a glance for him on the floor. Guess that means he can finish his last stretches so he gets on them.

“Did you pull down those boxes I texted you about?” Keith asks as he steps into the kitchen for a second. Pours himself a glass of orange juice and gulps it down.
“I did,” Shiro nods, not looking up from his book. “They’re on the bed.”

Keith nods and passes Lance again to go up the stairs to the loft. Lance’s eyes follow him as he ascends.

He picks up one narrow rectangular box and peeks inside with a smirk. Then he checks the other, nodding with approval and closing it again. He brings them both down the stairs under his arm and stops in front of Lance.

Keith has a serious look to his face, though...he’s not into full Dom headspace yet. But if that narrowing of his eyes is any indication, he’s getting there. When Keith snaps his fingers it echoes loud through the entire loft sending an excited shiver down Lance’s spine.

“Stand up,” Keith demands and Lance bolts right up. “Take these into the bathroom,” he says and puts the boxes into Lance’s hands. “Look at the contents and choose which you’d prefer to wear tonight. The entire content of the box.”

“Yes sir,” Lance nods and waits for any further instructions.

“What you wear will influence how you are treated,” Keith informs him. “Choose accordingly.”

Lance swallows with another nod and Keith dismisses him with a jerk of his head. He quickly strides across the room and closes himself off in the bathroom.

“Which one do you think he’ll wear?” Shiro asks curiously and turns a page.

“The one I picked out,” Keith says, certain.

“Think so? My choice is cuter,” Shiro smiles.

“It is,” Keith nods in agreement and turns with smirk. “And he’d wear it if you ordered him to. But given the choice...he’ll pick mine.”

“You seem so sure,” Shiro hums and looks up from his book. “Want to bet on it?”

Keith bites his bottom lip but it doesn’t stop the grin from forming. He turns to Shiro with a confident look.

“If I win can we get another dog?” he smirks.

“Keith,” Shiro objects with a playful look of disapproval.

“Fine,” Keith rolls his eyes with a laugh. “Loser does the dishes for the rest of the week.”

“Deal.”

*****

Is he really going to wear this?

Lance looks at himself in the mirror of their well-organized bathroom and flushes at his appearance. He can’t remember the last time he wore fetish gear.

Black straps galore on the chest piece and, thankfully, all of them adjustable. The last person to wear this was definitely broader than him. The fur-lined leather cuffs fit his wrists easily enough and so do the ones for his ankles. All four of them have metal loops in them for easy binding.
And the collar…

It’s styled just like the cuffs, black with a soft inner lining. How nice to have something meant for rough bondage to be comfortable against his skin. Means he won’t have to worry about any marks showing up for anyone at the gym to spot. Last on the collar is a golden tag hooked into the front loop. It’s shaped like a dog bone and engraved on it is only the word ‘slut’.

Then there’s the black underwear. Designed like a speedo but with some...colorful changes. The side seams are just crisscrossed elastic, giving it a corseted look but the design is functional on top of aesthetic. Thanks to the stretch, it makes it wearable for anyone within a few sizes of Lance’s frame.

And the last little add-on to the outfit…well, he’s working on putting it in.

A plug. It’s been a while since he’s worn one of these too but this is the first time he’s had one shaped like this. Right now he just looks down on it from the box as he fingers his ass open through the intentional hole in the undergarment with the lube provided on the counter.

It looks like a tail. Jesus, he’s literally going to be a dog tonight. It’s not a role he’s ever played before. Guess Keith wanted to take him up on that ‘trying new stuff’ thing at lunch a week ago. He tries not to get too excited while working himself open and bites back a gasp as he presses the thick plug inside.

Once done he steps back and turns in the mirror to get a gander.

Even though in his boxers he was wearing less, this somehow feels even more exposed. The harness around his chest hardly covers skin at all, frames his pecs and brings attention to his collar bones and nipples. And the underwear barely covers anything at all as it hugs his crotch. The crotch that has a bit of a semi going on thanks to pressing that plug in. Literally, the only thing missing would be dog ears but he can’t imagine they’d stay on very well with all that Keith might do to him.

To think he almost wore the other outfit. It covered more than this. Stockings and garters and brazier with a lace collar. All of it in a pale blue. It still had cuffs and such but it was softer looking. Something a slutty concubine might wear. Even included lipstick and eyeshadow.

But then he remembered what Keith said about his treatment. Had to ask himself if he wanted to be the pretty harlot? Or the obedient pup? Within seconds of that thought, he’d clasped on the dog collar.

Now that he’s finished he folds up his boxers and puts them in the box. Then he cracks the door, hoping maybe Keith will be right there to tell him if it’s all on correctly. He’s not.

“Sometime today, slut,” Keith says from the main room, impatience evident.

Now that tone is ready. Lance swallows his nerves and takes a step out of the bathroom. Keith’s standing near the open space across the room where he did his stretches. Still in boxers and a tee. His arms are crossed with a leash in his hands.

“Told you, Shiro,” Keith grins with victory a winning the first bet. Then he returns his steely gaze to Lance. “Come here, dog.”

Lance barely takes a step before Keith frowns with a huff.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” Keith asks, his voice low and eyes narrowed.

“I...uh…” Lance stammers, trying to think.
He said ‘come’ didn’t he?

“Do dogs stand on two feet? Equal to their master?” Keith asks him.

Right. He’s a dog tonight. That’s what he chose.

“N-No sir,” Lance shakes his head before getting down on his hands and knees.

“That’s much more like it,” Keith comments. “Now crawl over here so I can put you on a leash. And no speaking unless spoken to.”

Lance crawls his way over and resists the urge to lift his head, to look at his surroundings from his new perspective. It’s a little strange crawling with something in his ass so he has to take care not to get too fast. The tail itself is stiff and raises in a curl, like a dog happy to see his master. He wants to make sure it doesn’t get caught on anything so he gives furniture a wide berth.

“Good dog,” Keith says with mild approval. “Sit or kneel in whichever position is most comfortable to you.”

Lance adjusts into his typical kneel. Brings his legs under him and props up on his knees and balls of his feet. Keeps that tail from touching the floor. But he does lean forward a little, to keep his hands on the floor like a dog.

“When I tell you to sit, this is how you will do it every time,” Keith commands as he takes a knee.

He hooks in the leash and gives it a good yank making Lance yelp in surprise as he’s pulled closer to his face. Out of the corner of Lance’s eye, he sees Shiro peer up from his book for a second before returning to its pages. Keith brushes aside his bangs and gives his cheek a pat.

“Let’s walk you around for a bit,” Keith smirks. “Until you get used to your new role. Heel.”

Lance does as he’s told. Gets walked around the apartment slowly at first, to adjust to the plug, but eventually faster. When he goes a little too quickly for Keith’s tastes he gets a persistent pull that cuts off his air for a few seconds before the tension is released. Both times it happens Lance gasps, caught off guard, and Shiro flicks his eyes up.

Probably to make sure Keith’s not depriving him of too much air for too long. That’s what Lance guesses anyway. It doesn’t account for the sparkle in his eye or that shallow swallow each time it happens though. Regardless, Lance sits, stays, and moves when he’s told to and before long he starts to melt into his role.

“He makes such a good dog, doesn’t he Shiro?” Keith comments as he walks Lance by the window again.

“Very cute,” Shiro agrees with a nod but he barely looks up.

Keith pulls the leash back and Lance gasps out a choking breath. Shiro looks up as Lance starts catching his breath again. There goes another swallow and Lance recognizes the look now. It’s...longing. For what he’s seeing or for what Keith is doing to him, Lance can’t tell.

“I’m going to let you off the leash now so I can rest my feet for a minute,” Keith says as he takes a knee again. He unlatches the leash. “Unless I say otherwise, you will do nothing a dog wouldn’t do. For the next twenty minutes, you will behave accordingly, especially if you want a treat.”

A treat. Lance subconsciously licks his lips but finds his mouth is dry.
“Do you have any questions?” Keith asks, checking his eyes for signs of discomfort.

“Can I get some water, please?” Lance rasps a little, then adds, “Master.”

“Stay,” he tells him and goes to the kitchen.

He returns with a clean bowl of water that he puts down in front of Lance with a smirk. Lance would have lapped it off the floor if Keith made him he’s so into this role. Do everything the way a dog would, he reminds himself. While Lance lowers his face to drink from the bowl, Keith takes a seat on the couch next to Shiro and reads over his shoulder.

“Twenty minutes,” Keith reminds him and starts a timer on his wristwatch. “You’re free to do anything a dog would do.”

Once Lance quenches his thirst (at least the thirst for water) he wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. Of course he doesn’t stand—Keith said only dog behaviors. Lance nibbles his bottom lip thinking about how to behave for the next twenty minutes.

Anything a dog would do, huh?

Lance swallows and crawls his way over to the couch. He ‘sits’ on the floor by his master’s leg in a perfect doggy kneel and eyes Keith’s hand on his thigh. Here goes, he thinks as he nuzzles Keith’s knee while inhaling his skin.

Smells so clean with a subtle fruit scent. Like pears.

No reaction from Keith. Dogs like attention and Lance can’t say he doesn’t love trying to get it. He moves and nuzzles Keith’s hand with his nose and lips, his tongue darting out to lick his fingers with a quiet whine. That makes Keith smirk and he raises his hand to pet gently through Lance’s hair.

He almost expects Keith to tug on his locks but he doesn’t. After all, Lance is behaving as he should. So he gets affectionate pets. Feels just like--His cheeks warm further when Keith caresses along his jaw. If fingers come close to his mouth Lance can’t help but try to lick them again.

Lance keeps his focus on Keith until he sees Shiro shift on the couch slightly. It catches his attention long enough that their eyes meet while Keith’s wet thumb trails over his lips. Shiro flushes and looks back at his book but Keith catches it.

“Do you want to pet him, Shiro? I’m sure he’d like it,” Keith teases with a smirk. “Or do you want to be in his place?”

“No,” Shiro shakes his head slightly and clears his throat. “I’m fine.”

Keith suddenly plunges his fingers into Lance’s mouth who lets out a surprised moan. He adjusts the fingers quickly and holds Lance’s mouth open with his thumb pressing firmly down on his tongue. No way to close it and drool starts to trickle out of his mouth. God what a turn on, Lance lids his eyes as he pants and whines.

“You sure?” Keith asks with a haughty chuckle. “Look at this sloppy thing.”

Keith pulls Lance up by his hold on his mouth until he has to brace a hand on the couch to stay stable. That’s when Lance has an idea. Probably a bad idea but...Keith did say he could do anything a dog would and with his hard-on raging the way it is, there’s no way a dog wouldn’t do this.

The new position allows him to rock his hard cock against Keith’s leg. So he does. Just that little bit
of pressure has a whine rising out of his throat. Stiff cock rubbing and only getting stiffer. No words of course, because dogs don’t talk, do they? The sensation feels so good that Lance doesn’t realize he’s made a mistake until the hand clutches his throat.

Lance stops rutting against him with a choked gasp and Shiro can’t take his eyes off of Keith’s hand as it gives a solid squeeze.

“Bad dog,” Keith scolds firmly. “No.”

He almost whines but Keith increases the pressure to stop it in his throat. He can still breathe but it’s restricted. Keith clearly knows where the limit is. He’s done this before.

“We don’t hump Master’s leg just because we’re a horny little slut who can’t control their animal urges,” Keith says into his ear, sending a shiver down his back. “And we don’t whine about being told no. Understand?”

Lance gives him a weak nod and Keith releases the tension, letting him go so he can breathe freely. He presses his forehead to Keith’s knee as he catches his breath.

Jesus that was intense. The feel of Keith’s hand around his throat, that loss of control—how intoxicating. He’s never been into choking but...Keith’s very good at it. He might have to amend his sheet.

Keith leans over and whispers something to Shiro. Voice low and in his ear. Lance can’t understand them again. Shiro covers his mouth and mumbles something back before Keith grins. The sight of his flashing teeth has Lance’s heart skipping a beat.

Another question leaves Keith’s smiling mouth and Shiro quickly nods his head, an agreement reached. Keith snaps and Lance’s attention is focused again. His master beckons him forward to which Lance obeys. A hand slides against his cheek and into his hair before it tugs sharply up and forward making Lance yelp again.

“I was just thinking--what’s wrong with this picture? Something is missing,” Keith muses. “Shiro figured it out though. Stay.”

Keith gives his cheek a firm pat and stands from the couch. He goes up the stairs and stays up there for a moment searching. In the meantime, Lance keeps his eyes on the floor and not on Shiro who’s finally returned to his natural shade on his face. Keith’s back in front of him within minutes and in his hand a gag.

But not just any gag.

“Every dog needs a ball,” Keith insists with a grin. Then his smile disappears. “Open up,” he commands.

Lance does as he’s bid and Keith presses the red ball gag into his mouth. There’s a strap that goes across his cheeks from his mouth and another that cradles under his chin. A hum rumbles in his throat as Keith secures it with the buckle. Nice and tight.

“If you can’t breathe or need to stop snap your fingers,” Keith reminds him. “I’ll stop, remove it, and check in. Nod if you understand.”

With lidded eyes Lance nods, a flush on his cheeks. He can already feel a slight trickle of drool starting up again at the corner of his mouth.
“Good boy,” Keith says and Lance wishes he could sigh.

There’s nothing quite like praise coming from a Dom. Coming from Keith.

“Wonder if you know any tricks,” Keith muses. “Lay down,” he commands and Lance does so.
“Good. Sit up. Shake,” Keith says with a smirk, putting out a hand. Lance puts his hand clasped into a fist on his and Keith chuckles. “Look, Shiro, he even wagged his tail.”

Keith tells him to lay down again and he obeys. Never has he been more thankful for doing stretches ahead of time. All this time on his knees would be rough otherwise.

“Roll over, onto your back,” Keith says with a snap and Lance is quick to listen.

This one is a little harder to do with the tail so he has to be careful or risk it catching on something. Once on his back, he uses his legs to lift his ass off the floor a little, otherwise the plug with push in uncomfortably. But that means his bulge is prominently displayed for everyone to see.

That’s when Keith takes to the floor.

Lance doesn’t move as he looms over him. Not even when Keith roughly grabs ahold of his hardon and squeezes. Lance would gasp if he could but the gag prevents him from doing much more than a sharp breath through his nose with a whimper. Keith studies his flushed face, biting into his lip as he rhythmically squeezes and rubs his thumb along Lance.


Keith caresses a hand down his back in a slow smooth motion. Smoothing over his skin like he’s petting Lance. His fingers dance over his shoulder bandages but don’t press. Doesn’t want to mess with the healing process after all. But down his spine he does give Lance a nice long scrape with his nails making his body shiver while holding back his noises.

When he gets to the tail plug Keith pulls it slightly then presses it in, making Lance whimper behind his gag. Even more drool slips through to drip down his chin to the floor. He wants to rock into the feel of Keith pressing it in but remembers what he said about the humping. So he stays in position, holding as stock still as he can with all the pleasurable sensations coming his way.

“What a good dog,” Keith smiles, looking down on him.

He slips a hand into Lance’s little black undies and pulls him out. The exposure to the cool air has his cock twitching and body shivering with anticipation. Shiro still hasn’t looked over since before the gag, trying his damnedest to keep focused on his work. Lance has noticed him swallow several times though.

Keith wraps his hand around Lance and gives him a few solid strokes that have Lance whining despite himself. How badly he wants to thrust into that hand but he doesn’t. More. He wants more praise from Keith for being good. That’s when Keith leans in to whisper into his ear.

“Do you want to impress me, dog?” he asks, his voice husky.

Lance’s eyes pinch shut with a whimper as he nods.

“Then you have to make some good noises tonight,” he says. “Got a bet going. If you can get Shiro to look up from his book for more than twenty seconds--I’ll give you something nice.”
Lance’s eyes widen with a question. Something nice? He likes nice things. Lance nods, his eyes promising to be good. To make as much noise as he’s able. He wants to help Keith win his wager.

“That’s a good dog,” Keith smirks.

Without much warning, Keith presses his finger into Lance alongside the plug and Lance yelps behind the gag at the sudden sensation. He hadn’t even noticed when Keith lubed up his fingers. Keith puts his other hand into Lance’s hair, twists the strands in his fingers and presses him down to keep his face on the floor as he massages that finger inside. Stretching Lance out as he shivers and needily whines. His cock drips a single drop of pre-come to the floor in a sticky thread.

“What a horny thing you are,” Keith chuckles, his tone dark. “How about...more?”

Keith presses an additional finger in and Lance moans, his brows furrowed as he breathes heavy through his nose. Shiro looks up for several seconds but bites his lip in, shifts in his seat, and continues to read.

“Hmm...not quite good enough,” Keith frowns with disappointment as slips the two fingers in and out. He pulls Lance up by the collar so that he’s on just his knees and holds tight. “Let’s try...another--”

“HnnNNnn!” Lance keens behind his gag while resisting the urge to arch his back, resisting the desire to rock onto those fingers.

There’s so much spit seeping out of the gag now. Whimpering with each breath. His lidded eyes fall on Shiro and find the man’s eyes dragging along the slick trail making it’s way down his neck. Another swallow but he returns to his book, his knuckles tight on the hardback cover.

“Oh so close,” Keith says, hot breath on his ear. “Maybe I should turn you around? Then he can see how much you’re taking. Bet you’d just love that.”

Lance can’t think, his head is clouded with lust. Clouded with thoughts of the heat of Keith’s three fingers inside him and smell of him at his neck. Before he’d been worried about this being strange in front of Shiro. Now...he can’t imagine this interaction being more enjoyable without him.

The hotel meant someone could be watching, with Shiro here...it’s guaranteed and he's living for it.

“I was thinking of carving into you tonight but I’m not feeling it,” Keith muses and Lance whines. Might have been a begging ‘please’ if not for the gag. “I like cutting high on you, easier to lick and taste you. We’ll do it next week when you’re healed.”

Lance’s brows furrow with a question. He’s heard promises like that before. Keith seems to read his worry without words.

“I always keep my word,” Keith whispers into his ear tonguing it and nibbling the lobe. “I’ll sharpen a knife...just for you.”

Lance shivers as the words wash over him. Just for Lance.

“Now, I still need to win my bet. And I have an idea on how...” Keith says, slipping his fingers out and taking the plug out with a pop.

Leaves Lance with an aching emptiness. He doesn’t want to stop, not yet, and if he could speak he’d beg for him to put it back. He’d take a hundred spankings for talking out of turn--he just wants to beg and to be filled again so badly. It must show because Keith tsk-tsk him and gives his cheek a firm
“Don’t worry, slut. I’ll put something back in there,” Keith promises and then points at his spot.
“Stay.”

Keith leaves with the plug to the bathroom. Runs some water, probably to clean it real quick. Taking his time comes with the added bonus of making Lance wait in anguished anticipation, his ass dripping with lube. He exits and takes leisurely steps up into the loft again.

Minutes later he comes down the stairs and slaps a girthy suction cup dildo onto the massive coffee table. Gets both subs attention with different responses.

Shiro looks at it with recognition and...is that embarrassment? He looks away with red cheeks, burying his nose in his book. Lance stares at it with barely contained excitement, certain it’s what’s going into his ass next and he can’t. fucking. wait.

Keith’s unfurling a length of rope and kneeling behind Lance, roughly grabbing his arms and pulling them into tight loops until secure. Gives the ropes a little tug to test the knots and sticking his fingers between the rope and Lance’s skin to gauge tightness. He’s not pleased with it and undoes the entire thing to tie it again.

Once Keith’s satisfied with it he pulls Lance to his feet. They wobble a little at the effort, weak from being on his knees. He guides Lance to the coffee table and pushes him forward. Lance looks a little confused but Keith, of course, enlightens him.

“Onto the table and on your knees,” Keith tells him but Lance hesitates. “It’s supported heavier than you. Now get on it.”

Lance stumbles a little but climbs onto the table and lowers himself to his knees again. Keith adjusts him, lines his ass up perfectly before leaning to purr in Lance’s ear.

“You’re going to drop on this cock,” Keith instructs him, giving his ass a little pinch. “You will not come and you will not stop until your legs give out. If you’re good...I’ll take the gag out after a bit.”

Keith gives his cheek another pat before going to the couch and dropping into it. He even frames his fingers real quick to make sure Lance is exactly where he wants him--center stage, cock exposed, and in full view of both Keith and Shiro. Not that Shiro’s looking at him currently.

“Begin,” Keith snaps.

Lance slowly sinks and the dildo spreads him open with a great moan. It’s fucking...huge. The first few times he has to go slow to get used to the girth of it but Keith doesn’t comment. Probably figures it’ll take a little getting used to before he can speed up. And speed up he does, each raise and drop has Lance letting out muffled moans.

What he wouldn’t give to be able to voice how he feels about it properly.

Keith sits on the couch watching him with an amused look. He even takes his own cock out for Lance to see as he strokes. Takes him a second to realize it but Keith’s keeping pace with him. It encourages him to go faster which in turn makes him whimper and moan as he’s filled fast and hard.

Shiro’s caught between glancing up at Lance each time he lets out a particularly needy noise and wanting to look at Keith as he strokes his cock. But he’s trying so hard not to. He wants to win whatever bet he has going with Keith.
“You like that cock in your ass, huh?” Keith asks Lance, his own cheeks starting to flush a little. Lance nods with a whimper as he sinks again.

“I cast it myself,” Keith brags a little. “Feels bigger than me, doesn’t it?”

Lance attempts to swallow but the gag makes it difficult. He’s not sure if this is a trick question that will get him in trouble no matter his answer. Nyma would do this sometimes and he could never figure out which way she’d take it or how she’d punish him.

Is he supposed to indicate that it’s smaller than Keith? To boost his ego? Or tell the truth, and admit that is definitely bigger. So big that it's stretching him like he wouldn’t believe. Either response could go poorly depending on the kind of Dom Keith is.

Keith stands, impatient for his answer and gives Lance’s nipple a hard pinch making him cry out. Or it would if the gag hadn’t muffled him. Not a nice pinch either as it’s got his eyes welling up.

“I asked you a simple question,” Keith huffs and puts Lance’s other nipple between his fingers, ready to divvy out more punishment. “Is it bigger than me?”

Keith likes the truth he suddenly remembers. When Lance lied about what he wanted that first night he whapped him hard with the crop. Not a nice one then either. Before he can pinch, Lance urgently nods and continues to drop on the dildo with a moan.

Keith takes away his hand with a smirk and places it on Lance’s shoulder, stilling him from raising off the dildo. He then presses down until the cock is into him up to its hilt and Lance squirms from the feeling pressing in on his prostate.

“That’s better, stay,” Keith says. He rounds the coffee table to stand behind Lance before leaning in to whisper. “I get to taste that cock, the real one, all the time. Get to ride it too, when the mood strikes me,” Keith tells him so quietly that Shiro can’t hear a word. “Big...delicious...and perfect for stretching out your pretty ass it seems.”

Keith’s fingers feel like they’re playing in his hair again but Lance realizes he’s loosening the gag. He’s going to take it off. Thank god. It’s unbuckled but before Keith pulls it away he holds it in place nice and taut, spreading the corners of his mouth semi-painfully.

“I’m going to remove this and you are going to resume fucking yourself on this table,” Keith tells him. “But...I want you to do something for me. And only if you’re comfortable with it.”

Lance waits for instructions, so ready for the gag to come out.

“I want the first word out of your mouth as you’re riding that cock to be a name,” he says and Lance gives him an eager nod. Of course, he’ll say-- “Not mine,” Keith informs him and nods his head to the couch.

Shiro. He wants him to call out to Shiro.

“He’s been trying so hard not to look at you because he likes to win,” Keith whispers. “But he wants to look. I know he does. Don’t worry. He won’t come to your rescue, or even touch you without your and my permission, but he'll watch if you beg him to.”

Lance looks over at Shiro with lidded, lusty eyes but he’s got his face downturned and jaw tight in focus. How he’d love to have Shiro’s undivided attention. To have both these men's eyes on him, drinking in his body and desperate moans. He’d get to be watched and make his Dom proud at the
same time.

And all he has to do is call out to him?

“If you're not okay with that, you can just stick to moaning ‘Master’ until I give you further instructions,” Keith tells him. “Now get back to work putting on a good show.”

He releases the gag and Lance gasps for air. Tongue out to lick his dry lips. A deep ragged breath in as he rocks off the cock again and when he drops he shudders out a moan. And a name.

“Sh-Shiro! Aaaah! Shiro!” Lance gasps, his tongue still out as he pants and rocks.

Shiro’s head snaps up and blatantly stares with wide-eyed awe as Lance works himself on the dildo. His breath shallows as he watches Lance drop and squirm and gasp and moan every time he slides up and down on that cock. The book is slowly lowered the longer his attention is stolen. His eyes drag down Lance’s body from his drooling panting mouth, down his thrust out chest to that exposed dripping cock, and finally focusing at the lubed up dildo pressing into his quivering body.

Definitely more than twenty seconds.

“Well done,” Keith praises in his ear and Lance feels warmth flood his cheeks. “What a good dog you are.”

Keith perches hands on Lance’s hips, giving them a squeeze before helping guide him faster onto that cock. Angling it so that it hits that sensitive bundle of nerves every few drops and making Lance cry out those sharp ecstatic shouts. Shiro’s long abandoned his book, placed it over his lap to hide the boner he no doubt has as he stares entranced by the show in front of him.

God, he wants to release so bad. While Shiro’s eyes are still on him. While Keith’s got his teeth in his shoulder and breathing in at his neck. That dildo inside him keeps periodically nailing his prostate. It’s enough to get him mewling and whining but it’s infrequent enough that he can’t get off.

Not that he’d get off without a command from Keith but...fuck, it’s riling him up towards desperate. Willing to take a painful spanking in return for screaming for it.

“You wanna come, huh, slut?” Keith rumbles into his neck as he licks a bite mark. “Speak.”

“Y-Yes sir, god pl-please!” Lance stammers, barely able to keep from sobbing when Keith guides him down onto the cock again, hard. “P-Please, let m-me m-master. I’ve...I’ve been s-so good.”

“Hmm...you’re decent at begging, I’ll give you that, dog,” Keith says, lips pressed to his ear. He looks over Lance’s shoulder at the person sitting on the couch, the one unable to look away.

“But...it’s only fair that you ask Shiro. Since his cock is what’s splitting you open. Go on, look at him,” Keith tells him and Lance obeys, looks right at Shiro who swallows in response. “Beg him for permission to come on his cock.”

Lance doesn’t deliberate for even a millisecond.

“Sh-Shiro, p-please…!” he pleads as Keith presses and pulls him onto the thick cock. “Please...let m-m-me? Aaahh! Can I c-come...on your c-cock? Shir-aahH! Sh-Shiro, please!”

Shiro flushes beet red as Lance continues his pleas. Gasp ‘please’, ‘Shiro’, and ‘I need it’ over and over in weak panting breaths. Shiro’s doing is best not to focus on how Lance’s eyes hone in on his crotch like he can see the erection he’s hiding under his book. Tries to not look at that little puddle of Lance’s fluids pooling on their table. Pretending like he can’t smell the heady musk of sweat and
salty pre-come.

“Keith, I…” Shiro swallows and covers his mouth with a hand as he clears his throat.

“Look at that, you turned him on,” Keith whispers with a dark chuckle. He then lowers his voice even more, words for only Lance. “Now he’s wishing he worked weekends. Wishing you’d paid for both of us. Too late to amend now.”

Keith pulls him up off the cock and pushes him face down onto the coffee table.

“For now, you’ll just take mine,” Keith grins.

He takes that perfectly prepped ass in his hands and slams his cock inside, into a bound and wailing Lance. Lance doesn’t know when Keith put on a condom or when he took off his boxers. Must have been too focused on Shiro watching them to notice but he sure as hell feels it now.

Keith squeezes hard on Lance’s hips, digging in his fingers rough enough to bruise, and snaps his hips forward into Lance in a rapid rhythm, smacking hard and fast. Lance cries out, sobs and moans with begging wails as Keith’s cock efficiently hits his prostate every single time. His legs are quivering under the strain of holding back his release.

“He’s waiting on you Shiro,” Keith smirks, giving Lance’s ass hard smacks as he thrusts forward. “You never gave him permission. So like a good dog he’s waiting.”

It’s true. Keith said Shiro had to tell him he could. That was the command. Until then…he’ll suffer like this.

His arms tied behind him, face pressed to the table as Keith slips a finger into him alongside his cock. Lance just shakes out another moan, drool slipping from his mouth to make a mess on the table as he pants. He can hardly bring his eyes into focus on Shiro’s, the simulation almost proving too much.

“P-Please,” Lance begs. It’s the only word he can manage with his subspace crushing in on him.

Shiro gives him a nod but immediately Keith tsk-tsks as he slows down. Lance whines at the slow pace and holds back.

“Come on Shiro,” Keith shakes his head with a disapproving look. “Do it your way but do it right. After all, he’s been such a good dog–haven’t you?”

Lance cries out as Keith hooks his thumbs into his ass and spreads him for a few hard thrusts. The words won’t come to him, he just nods as whimpers are dragged from his throat when Keith rolls his hips again.

Shiro swallows and looks down on Lance. He’s still drooling and panting and gasping as Keith plows him mercilessly. Those eyes, despite the haze over them, are soft. Blue and begging.

He’s so close. Literally. All he would have to do is lean forward and he could touch Lance. Damn, he wants to too but before this…Keith and he discussed the extent to which he could/should get involved. No contact unless he wants to but most importantly if Lance initiates it.

He must have express permission.

Shiro scoots forward, closer to the edge of the couch, and stares at those lips. Keith talked about them so much when he got home. Soft, wet, and so eager. So hungry. He’d love to see what the hype’s about by tasting them too.
Keith rakes his nails down Lance’s back and he lets out a broken sob. He’s so ready to break. Ready to give in. But he’s waiting, biting his trembling lips. More than anything he wants those hands on him. Shiro’s hands.

“Please...Sh-Shiro,” Lance rasps, his throat hoarse from screaming. His eyes rest on Shiro’s hand. “Please...h-help me...let m-me come...t-touch me,” he begs. “Anything...please...”

Shiro looks up at Keith, who nods. After all, it’s what they agreed. Only if Shiro wants to and only if Lance allows it.

He’s not about to grab Lance and stroke him through his orgasm but he does reach out and cup Lance’s cheek. Warm and slick with sweat. He caresses down his jaw and Lance pants short hot breaths on his palm. Takes everything in Shiro not to kiss those lips. Instead, he leans in real close to Lance’s ear and whispers.

“You’ve done so well, Lance,” Shiro praises.

God who knew Shiro’s voice could sound so good saying his name?

“Be good for your master and release ,”

It’s instantaneous, like a rubber band snapping in two. Or like a lightning strike. The pop of a gun. All Lance knows is it’s sudden and it’s loud.

He lets out a stricken wail as he splatters come all over the table in bursts. Keith continues to rock in and out of his sensitive ass until every drop leaves him. Lance sobs out panting breaths as his body shivers through the aftershocks of his orgasm and the overstimulation of a cock still pressing in on his prostate.

“Good job,” Keith chuckles and pulls out without coming himself. Shiro’s back on the couch, eyes closed, face flushed and covered with his hand as he tries to compose himself. “Both of you,” he smirks. “Stay still, Lance. I’ll untie and clean you up.”

Lance just breathes but gives a weak nod.

Keith loosens up the knots and releases the tension in Lance’s shoulders so he can use them to sit himself up. His Dom coils up the rope before tossing it into an empty loveseat and continuing. Then he unclasps the cuffs on his wrists, his ankles, the harness, and collar from his neck, all of which are tossed as well. The only thing that remains is the underwear that he tucks his cock back into for the time being.

Now Keith can help him up on his wobbling legs and off the coffee table to sit on the folded up towel on the sofa. While Lance sits and catches his breath, Keith checks over his body for any fresh bruises or injuries.

“Feel alright?” he asks as he checks and wipes sweat from Lance’s back.

“Y-Yeah,” Lance chuckles. “I feel...great.”

“I didn’t hit you nearly as much as before,” Keith nods as he looks over his neck at the bite marks. Barely deep enough to last a day. “Is anything sore? More than it should be?”

“No,” Lance shakes his head but shivers. “I’m...cold though."

Shiro stands and passes a throw blanket over to Keith without a word. He throws it around Lance’s
shoulders. Helps but he’s still shivering a little. Keith takes a seat and rubs his arms to generate a little warmth.

“Sorry, the heating isn’t the best here,” Keith admits. “Shiro, can you make some tea?”

“Already on it,” Shiro answers from the kitchen. Lance didn’t even see him move over there.

“Now, we don’t have a bathtub here. Just a shower,” Keith tells him after a few minutes of warming him up. “Is there anything you’d like to do for your aftercare in place of a bath?”

Oh. Right. Aftercare. He keeps forgetting that part.

“I uh…” Lance hesitates and swallows down his words.

“What would you normally do, Lance?” Shiro asks as he brings the fresh cup of tea. Smells great. Chamomile.

“Oh...well, that’s--I don’t need--just uh...tea. The tea is fine,” Lance awkwardly smiles, avoiding any eye contact. “Th-Thanks.”

Shiro hands off the cup and shoots Keith a concerned look. One that Keith returns with a ‘see what I mean’ look of his own and followed by a nod. Lance misses the silent communication as he’s too busy warming his hands and staring into his tea nervously to notice.

“Not to insert ourselves into your affairs Lance but…” Shiro takes a seat on the other side of Lance. Not close enough to touch but close enough to be heard better. “...a proper aftercare routine is important. Don’t want you to crash,” he explains and Lance barely nods. “If a cup of tea is enough, that’s fine, but...I get the feeling it’s not. Am I right?”

Lance swallows, his nerves building in his gut. He thought Keith would notice his aversion to specific aftercare that first night. And he did but he didn’t comment. But now it’s looking like they both noticed it. And right away too.

“Y-Yeah,” Lance nods and swallows a sip of tea. “You’re...you’re right. It’s not.”

“Keith’s told me you’re a little sensitive from a breakup. Can I ask you a few questions about that? Talking about it might make you feel a little better,” Shiro offers. “No pressure though.”

He looks up and sees that Shiro looks worried. Keith looks concerned too. Right now Keith’s hand keeps going in soothing circles on his back, rubbing gently. Feels...nice. He’s missed this kind of thing.

Some people talk for their aftercare...

“S-Sure, fire away,” Lance tries to chuckle and sips more warm tea.

“How long were you together?” Shiro asks.

After a moment Lance answers. “Two years,” he whispers.

“And you frequently did scenes together?” he inquires and Lance nods. “Did you get aftercare from her?”

Oh, is that what they think? That Nyma never--

“Y-Yeah, of course,” Lance assures them. “She was...she was very diligent about it. Never skipped
“Good, good,” Shiro says and both men relax a little. “If you’re comfortable telling me, what would your aftercare with her have consisted of?”

It’s been a while since he’s talked about her. He’s been avoiding any conversation involving Nyma around his friends and coworkers. Since they only talk negatively about her and he doesn’t want to sound like he’s whining again.

“Wound treatment. Massage. And then we’d just...lay in bed for a while,” Lance shrugs and takes another sip. “She’d hold me, pet my head, we’d kiss...guess that’s pretty standard, huh?” he chuckles.

“It is,” Shiro nods but his brows furrow a little at the way Lance’s hands clutch the cup. Tight and shaking a little. “Was there something else?”

Keith takes the sloshing cup before Lance can drop it. Puts it on the coffee table and returns to rubbing Lance’s back. Firm fingers massaging at his neck to comfort him. It’s...sort of working. Feels like opening up to these perfect strangers.

“She would--” Lance swallows as his eyes well up. He wipes the wet away immediately with his arm and chuckles. “Sorry,” he apologizes and clears his throat. “Every time...she’d promise to always take care of me. Say that she’d always be there. To protect me. Always liked how that sounded.”

Lance remembers those promises. Sweetly whispered into his ears as she caressed through his hair. Soft lips pressed to his temples as he nuzzled into her. He’d fall asleep like that, her heartbeat lulling him to happy dreams.

He thought it would always be that way and why not? She promised. Nyma would...would never break her promises? Right?

“She--” Lance’s voice cracks. His lip trembles trying to hold it back. “She...promised...and th-then she... left me.”

Lance clenches his jaw in an attempt to stop those emotions at the gate but it doesn’t work. He crumples forward into hands and starts sobbing. Just can’t stop as the flood of tears pour forth. Keith turns him so he can press his face into his chest which he does without encouragement. Just clutches his shirt and bawls into it as Keith holds him.

“W-Without saying a-anything. Anything! ” Lance sobs. “I w-woke up...and she was j-j-just... gone!”

Shiro reaches over and takes over for Keith’s rubbing. Gently massages as his shoulders heave with heavy sobs. No one says anything for a while. Lance weeps and they simply provide comforting support. God, he hasn't had anything like this in weeks.

Once it slows down Shiro takes his hand back, clasping his other hand in front of him.

“Lance, I’m...so sorry that happened to you,” he says.

“It’s...I’m f-fine,” Lance says as he pulls out of Keith’s hold. He wipes his eyes and sniffs with a hiccup. “S-Sorry about this,” he says gesturing to his wet face with a pathetic chuckle. “Guess I’ve been...ha...bottling it up.”
“You don’t have to apologize,” Keith tells him, face serious. He grabs a Kleenex box from the table and gestures it to Lance. He takes one.

“I mean, she’s been...gone over a month,” Lance shrugs and wipes his nose with a tissue. “I should be over this by now. Twenty-eight and crying over...getting dumped. I’m...such a...baby.”

“Lance, you had something very special with your partner. Something intimate you built over years,” Shiro elaborates. “No one should expect you to adjust so quickly,” he says, voice incredibly sincere. “You lost something--someone--you valued dearly. It’s natural to be upset at its loss...That doesn’t make you a baby.”

“You’re only human,” Keith adds and Shiro nods in agreement.

He’d never really thought about it that way. His own friends never meant any harm with their teasing and whatnot but...it meant he could never really express the extent of his pain. Thought his whining about it meant that he was overreacting about Nyma’s leaving. That he was burdening his friends with his miserable remarks.

But these guys...these men that aren’t really anything more than a Dom for hire and his very understanding boyfriend have given Lance free reign to just be open and honest. Told him that it was normal to be upset. That it was fine to admit he’s hurting.

And in truth, despite all the crying...he actually feels a lot better for it. Better than he has in weeks.

“Th-Thanks,” Lance nods with a sheepish smile.

Shiro gives him a soft smile. “Drink the rest of your tea,” Shiro gestures and nods at Keith. “I...want to talk to Keith about something,” he says and stands. “We’ll be right back.”

They stand and step over towards the stairs. In passing, Shiro opens the dog crates and then heads up to the loft with Keith for their private talk. Once at the top they quietly whisper back and forth.

The dogs wander out of their crates to roam the living room. Little Daisy bounds over to the couch, her collar jingling with each jump. She hops up and stares at Lance with her buggy little eyes and rapidly wagging tail. Amber slowly ambles over and plops her massive head on Lance’s knee with a tired sigh. Lance smiles and gives the both of them a pet eliciting tail wags from both of them.

“Good dogs,” Lance chuckles.

He has to wonder if that nice little talk and cry session counts as aftercare. Technically he does feel a lot better. Feels cared about and reassured. Though he’s definitely not at a hundred percent.

They both come back down the stairs and return to their respective seats.

“I usually like aftercare to be at least forty minutes long,” Keith starts and checks his watch. “Which means at about...ten I’d send you home but...”

“How would you feel about staying a little longer?” Shiro asks him.

“ Longer? I don’t think I can afford--”

“I wouldn’t charge you for anything after ten,” Keith interrupts. “If it doesn’t consist of a scene and it’s aftercare and you aren’t taking up another clients allotted time I wouldn’t make you pay for it. Besides I have to head out for another session after ten.”
Lance doesn’t understand and Shiro elaborates.

“We were thinking for part of your aftercare, we could put on a movie for you. You can settle in and relax on the couch with Keith until he has to go. Something calming to bring you back to earth,” Shiro tells him. “After the movie, you can head home--if you’re feeling alright--but if not...you’re welcome to stay a bit longer until you’re ready. No charge.”

Lance sits there holding his empty cup and looking back and forth between them. Keith has a neutral look to his face but it’s soft, something in his eyes that looks like he’s masking concern. Shiro has an encouraging smile on his. Sympathetic and kind.

“Feels like...something you might need,” Shiro adds.

They make their money off of sex but...doesn’t mean they don’t care. Feels like he’s getting way more than his money’s worth by being around these two. Maybe sticking around for a movie wouldn’t be too bad as a new aftercare routine. The alternative is going home and crying into his pillow on the sofa until he falls asleep.

“That...it sounds nice,” Lance admits with a weak smile. “Sure.”

“Then go clean up,” Keith says, picking up Lance’s clothes and handing them to him. “Feel free to use any of the products in the bathroom. Don’t worry about organizing the fetish gear. I’ll handle that.”

Lance nods, his smile a little more genuine as he takes his things into the bathroom. By the time he’s finished washing his face, cleaned himself out, and changed back into his clothes the living room is clean again. Keith’s wiped down all the surfaces Lance may have dripped or sweated on. Picked up the water bowl and packed away the gear too.

Almost like nothing happened at all.

Shiro’s setting up a movie. Looks like a RomCom. A good choice and Lance has to wonder if he used context clues from their texts to figure out a good genre for him. He comes back to the couch and takes a seat, wrapping the blanket around himself again.

“I’m ordering some Chinese,” Keith says from the kitchen. “I still haven’t had dinner and I need to eat before the next client. Want anything, Shiro? Lance?”

He’s already taking advantage of their generous hospitality. He’s not about to start asking for food too. Even if all that activity has worked up his hunger a bit.

“I, uh, don’t want to be any trouble,” Lance answers.

“If it was trouble I wouldn’t offer,” Keith huffs with a roll of his eyes. “Shiro?”

“Just a few spring rolls,” Shiro says and turns to Lance with an encouraging nod.

“Last chance Lance,” Keith tells him.

“H-Hunan chicken?” he requests. “Extra chili peppers?”

“Spicy stuff,” Keith hums into the phone as it rings. “You really are a masochist. Alright, got it. Yeah, order for delivery. I need a pint of--”

Keith orders the food while Lance glances over at Shiro. There’s a cat lounging on the back of the
sofa behind his head. Morocco. On occasion, the tuxedo taps his neck trying to get his attention but he’s not succeeding. The cat only stops when Keith finishes ordering his food and drops onto the couch. He then tries to swipe at Keith’s locks of hair with little chirrup noises.

“He’s so playful,” Lance comments, not sure what else to say.

“He’s still a kitten really,” Keith says and swats back at the cat.

Morocco trills and bounds off the couch to tackle the orange cat. They wrestle for a moment and Daisy darts for them, barking. She doesn’t like them fighting it seems. They separate and all three run up the stairs giving chase and playing. Amber stays next to Lance, chin resting on his leg with a sigh.

“She likes you,” Keith smirks, leaning back. His arms drape over the back of the couch.

“I like her too,” Lance says and turns to the dog. “She’s cute. Gentle. And very pretty!”

Amber’s tail wags slowly as she licks his hand.

“She’s a big cuddler,” Keith tells him.

“Me too,” Lance says to her, cupping her cheeks. Her tail goes marginally faster to indicate her unbridled glee. “Can she uh, is she allowed on the couch?”

“You’ll have to help her up,” Keith says with a nod. “Hip dysplasia.”

With a little finagling and assistance from Lance, she gets up onto the couch. But with the large dog the personal bubbles disappear. Amber takes the corner and spills over into Lance’s lap. Lance, in turn, has to lean into Keith who, without any prompting, hooks an arm around Lance’s shoulder to make room. Keith is squeezed in close shoulder to shoulder with Shiro too, his other hand resting on Shiro’s thigh.

A warm cuddled group and Lance has to say, he very much could get used to something like this every week.

“Don’t get too comfortable,” Keith warns him. “Chinese will be here in fifteen and I’ll need to get up to answer the door.”

“R-Right,” Lance swallows. “I’m--is it cool if I...uh...You don’t mind if--I can always--”

“It’s fine,” Keith snorts. “Just...relax.”

With a smirk, Keith plops a hand on top of Lance’s head and ruffles his hair gently. Considering what they did earlier something like this shouldn’t make him blush but it does. Feels so soothing that Lance practically folds into his body, resting his head on Keith’s shoulder with a happy sigh before returning his focus to petting the dog in his lap and the movie on the screen.

The situation on the couch only changes once the food gets there. Daisy bolts for the door, barking like someone’s trying to break it down. Amber, despite Lance’s attempts to stop her, clambers down from the couch to join her, excited at the prospect of another guest. Keith takes care of getting the food and bringing it back to the couch to divvy out.

Amber isn’t allowed back onto the sofa, in fact, Shiro whistles and says a phrase that has the dogs returning to their crates while the food is out. Good thing too, Lance has never had the self-control to ignore a puppy begging for food. Always makes him feel guilty.
Keith expertly wields his chopsticks to slurp down lo mein noodles with barely any effort at all. He’s got quite the appetite. It’s half gone before anyone else can get three bites into their own food. Lance goes much slower with his hunan, alternating between his spicy chicken and the included white rice to cut the heat. Shiro takes calm bites of his spring rolls, being sure to wipe his hands with a napkin before flipping pages in his book again.

Before they know it, they’re done eating and Lance shimmies back in close to Keith. He returns to threading his fingers into Lance’s hair and massaging gently. Again it’s so soothing that Lance finds himself sighing and leaning into Keith for more of that comforting feeling.

“Here,” Keith says, adjusting Lance until he’s laying in his lap. A hand in his hair and the other rubbing his back. “Feel good?”

It’s been so long since someone’s held him like this. Best aftercare in months. Lance nods and lets out a deep breath as Keith continues to pet him through the movie. He falls asleep within minutes. Shiro gives up his reading halfway through the movie. Opt to lean on Keith and press a kiss to his temple.

“How many more clients tonight?” Shiro whispers.

“Just one, at ten-thirty,” Keith answers back, his voice just as low. “Short scene. I’ll be back around midnight.”

“That’s soon. Should we wake him up?” Shiro asks, eyeing the sleeping body in Keith’s lap.

The two of them look down at Lance. At some point, he rolled to bury his face into Keith’s stomach. Despite being deep in sleep his shoulders are tensed up. He’s even wrapped his arms around Keith, as if afraid of losing his hold. Keith brushes his bangs aside to show his eyes of which there is a small amount of moisture gathered.

“No,” Keith shakes his head. “If he wakes up before I get back and he wants to leave just make sure he’s alert enough to drive. Otherwise...let him sleep on the couch tonight.”

“Normally you’d make him go home, even if you had to drive him yourself,” Shiro smirks. “Fond of him, huh?”

“Yes...not sure why though. We’re practically strangers,” Keith says, petting Lance’s hair.

“Because you like saving abandoned animals and injured strays,” Shiro chuckles. “And he’s a little bit of both right now...”

“Maybe that’s it,” Keith shrugs.

“You going to adopt this one too?” Shiro asks with a smile and Keith snorts.

“Thought you said I couldn’t get any more dogs,” Keith jokes and they both chuckle a little.

“I could...see myself making an exception,” Shiro concedes. “He’s...he seems like a good guy. And I have to admit...he’s--”

Shiro seems to be struggling for a word, biting into his bottom lip as he thinks.

“...enticing?” Keith guesses with a knowing smile and Shiro lets out a breath.

“Jesus Keith, the way he...looked at me--like he wanted to crawl into my lap to get the real thing.”
Shiro says, covering his mouth and flushed cheeks. “And the way he said my name--”

“I know, right?” Keith grins. “Can you...hold him while I’m gone?”

“Is that a good idea?”

“I’m not asking you to blow him, Shiro,” Keith snorts but then looks down, his face now serious. “I just...don’t like the idea of him waking up to find himself...alone. He might panic.”

Shiro gives a soft understanding smile. He knows the feeling all too well and agrees. Lance looks like he’s about two panic attacks away from a nervous breakdown with how he burst into tears earlier. Not that it’s their responsibility to save Lance from himself but...

It feels irresponsible as a decent human being to throw Lance out when he’s little more than an exposed nerve.

“Sure,” Shiro nods. “I’ll keep him company until you get back.”

Keith carefully scooches out of Lance’s hold without waking him. Then he lays his limp body back down into Shiro’s lap. He doesn’t react at all except to sigh and tighten his hold on a new waist. Otherwise, he doesn’t stir, not even when Keith ruffles his hair one last time before gathering up his things.

Keith gets dressed, shoulders his bag and then returns to the couch to give Shiro a kiss goodbye. Except it isn’t Keith’s typical quick peck. He cups his hand around Shiro’s pulse and presses his lips in for slow, deep kisses. Squeezes on his throat a little and when Shiro gasps he slips his tongue in.

The way Shiro loves it.

“Keith,” he sighs, his voice breathy. He just barely keeps himself from popping a boner, especially since Lance is in his lap.

“I’ll be back after midnight,” Keith whispers. “Can you wait until then?”

Shiro nods, flush on his cheeks.

“Though...suppose you don’t have to wait if you don’t want to,” Keith hints, glancing at Lance.

It takes him a second to catch on to what Keith’s suggesting.

“Keith,” Shiro swallows and looks down at Lance. “I know we...talked about this a little but...you sure?”

“Only if he wakes up and he’s up for it,” Keith shrugs. “I don’t mind him getting you warmed up for me for when I get back.”

Shiro has to think about it. He definitely wants to. Lance is incredibly attractive. He’s thought so since he shook his hand a week ago. And after watching him today...the thought of getting the chance to kiss those panting lips--to get them gasping his name again--it’s very appealing.

And then there’s the thought of...sharing him with Keith and that has him flushed again.

“Or you could just hold him,” Keith suggests. “Up to you. I’ll be back soon. Love you.”

Keith gives him one more kiss, long and deep and finishing off with a bite on his lip. He smiles at Shiro and takes off, snatching his keys off the counter and leaving without another word.
For the time being Shiro just returns his focus to the movie he’d put on. He worries about waking Lance so at first he tentatively pats his head until he’s certain Lance isn’t going to wake up. Then he switches to rubbing his back, right between those tense shoulder blades.

Lance’s hold tightens and his face presses into Shiro’s stomach with a mumble. He noses his way under the hem of the shirt until he feels warm skin on his cheek. Lance breathes hot on his stomach before nuzzling into the skin with a hum.

He feels a little lethargic as his eyes blink open. This isn’t his couch. And in his arms...this isn’t his pillow. It’s a warm body but not...it’s not Nyma. Of course, it isn’t. No, they’re too big. Lance tilts his head to search and Shiro’s semi-flushed face comes into focus.

Right, he’s at Keith and Shiro’s place.

“Where’s Keith?” he asks, tone drowsy.

“He left about...half an hour ago,” Shiro answers. “He had a client.”

“ Weird...I don’t remember falling asleep,” Lance yawns and looks around. When he realizes that he’s clutching Shiro in his arms he turns red and bolts up. “S-Sorry! I wasn’t--I didn’t mean to--!”


“It is?”

“Keith thought you’d be more comfortable holding someone and I didn’t mind helping out,” he says, soft smile on his face. His cheeks are still a little pink.

“O-Oh,” Lance nods as he shyly looks away. “Th-Thanks for that. I...you’re a great snuggler. Felt great. Ten out of ten,” he jokes nervously. “G-Guess I should head home. Dive into the couch and try to get some sleep.”

“Lance,” Shiro starts, eyes sympathetic. “If you’re not ready to go yet, you don’t have to. Keith and I discussed it and you can stay until you’re ready,” Shiro reminds him. “You can even spend the night on the couch if you like. Amber will be more than happy to join you to keep you warm.”

In all honesty, Lance doesn’t want to go home. To his apartment where no matter how much he cranks up the heat it feels cold and barren. Where it’s silent as the grave with the exception of his sobbing into his pillow. To stay here, even if it’s just for the night, is a far more attractive prospect than driving home alone, going to bed alone, and waking up alone.

“I’d...really like that,” Lance admits as he rubs his arm. “To stay a little longer. But only if you’re sure it’s okay.”

“It’s fine Lance,” Shiro assures him.

Lance bites his lip as he looks over Shiro. He’s so huge and toned. And earlier he was so...warm. Comforting. Slacks and a turtleneck hugging tight on that rockin’ body. And a cute flush on his cheeks, like he’s nervous for some reason.

Would it be strange to ask...

“Uh, cool. Weird question but...” Lance nibbles nervously on his lip. “...could I get more of those cuddles before heading out? They were really great actually...”
“Sure,” Shiro nods with a smile.

Shiro shifts a little on the couch so that he’s sitting up against the arm, his legs up off the floor. He opens his arms and gives him an inviting half smile. Lance in turn goes over onto Shiro’s side of the couch, crawling across the cushions until he’s between his legs then lowering himself into Shiro’s chest. Shiro wraps his arms around Lance and rubs his back up and down.

“Feeling better?” Shiro asks.

“You mean...about earlier? After cr--er, talking?” Lance asks and Shiro nods with a hum. “Yeah,” Lance smiles and rests his cheek on Shiro’s chest with a sigh. “Best I’ve felt in a while. You’re really good at that therapy stuff.”

“Ah, well,” Shiro chuckles. “I can’t take all the credit for that. It’s a conversation I’ve had before. Except, I was sitting where you were.”

Lance’s eyes widen with surprise. He shifts and looks up at Shiro.

“Really?” he blinks. “The same thing happened to you?”

“No, but close enough,” Shiro says and looks up at the ceiling with a sigh. “A sudden loss left me...very vulnerable. Emotionally compromised. I didn’t think I’d ever be able to love again.”

“You didn’t?” Lance asks and Shiro shakes his head.

But then a few years later he ran into Keith and everything changed.

Keith had requested a sub for the night and was shocked when he saw the sub was Shiro. Normally Shiro would have called the agency to replace him with someone else but...Shiro had to admit, seeing a familiar face from his past brought him some kind of comfort.

At the end of the night, Keith offered to treat him to dinner to catch up. He hadn’t seen Shiro in years and wanted to know how things were going. Not well, for either of them. While escorting paid pretty well Shiro had been living in a crappy apartment. And Keith had just gotten fired from yet another job for insubordination.

That’s when Keith decided to give escorting a try. Shiro told him he might have a knack for it and since he’d failed at pretty much every other job he tried he figured...why not? When his employment lasted longer than three weeks Keith suggested that he and Shiro pool their resources for a nicer place. So that’s what they did.

Things were going great for a while but Shiro found himself thinking about Keith more and more. For almost a year he paid Keith for under the table activities in secret from the agency. Then one day, Keith told him to stop paying. Said he’d been thinking about Shiro off the clock a lot too. Told him that Shiro satisfied something deep in him and he wanted to give him the things he craved.

One thing led to another and they began dating.

That was...a year and a half ago. Shiro says none of these things, as his past isn’t something he particularly enjoys talking about. In truth, he tries to avoid thinking about anything further back then when he started dating again. His life started over with Keith.

“I never would have considered trying again if it weren’t for Keith,” Shiro explains.

“He talked to you the same way you talked to me?” Lance guesses.
“Yes, and I was better for it. You’ll be better for it too, with time,” Shiro assures him.


When Shiro looks back down from the ceiling his eyes meet with Lance’s. Still just as bright and blue as they were earlier. They aren’t focused on Shiro’s eyes but instead his lips. There’s longing in those depths. At least there was for a split second before he flushes and hides his face into Shiro’s chest.

“Sorry,” Lance swallows. “I don’t--what the hell is wrong with me?” he mumbles to himself.


More than hugging? Does he mean...Lance’s face blazes with heat at the image he’s provided with. A tongue exploring his mouth with Shiro’s strong hands holding him firmly in place. Keith didn’t kiss him at all tonight, not like they did at the hotel and now that he’s thinking about it he wishes he’d requested more of that for tonight’s session.

“Is that...uh...am I-- you --and I allowed? To kiss you? Without, you know, Keith here?” Lance stammers into his chest.

“Keith and I talked about it,” Shiro admits, a tinge of pink returning to his cheeks. “It’s fine with us...as long as it’s fine with you. ”

It is? Lance bites his lip as he thinks. Shiro’s not saying it would cost him anything. Even if it did, he brought more than enough to pay Keith with, plus a little extra just in case. How much could a little kissing cost really?

Lance sits up and Shiro takes in that anxious look on his face. Nerves and emotion battling for a place in his eyes. Those eyes look at Shiro’s lips again as he worries his teeth into his own bottom lip.

“It won’t...mess anything up with you guys, right?” Lance asks as his face gets closer to Shiro’s.

“No,” Shiro answers, his own eyes lidding as he leans forward a little.

“Just kissing then. And only until, uh, Keith gets back,” Lance says. “Th-Then I’m gonna head home. Cool?”

Shiro nods as Lance leans in.

Lance brushes his pursed lips against Shiro’s until they’re pressed together. Lance parts his mouth just a little for the second kiss and Shiro gingerly slides his tongue inside making him sigh. Shiro brings his hand up and caresses the back of Lance’s neck as he deepens his soft kisses.

Keith’s kisses were rough and primal. Naughty desperate things with teeth and the rumbling of a growl in his throat that elicited a sudden heat and excitement in Lance’s gut. Shiro’s kisses on the other hand--they’re gentler and sensual but there’s an eagerness that’s just as insistent. Finds himself melting into his hold.

Lance tastes so good, no wonder Keith couldn’t stop talking about his mouth. Shiro sucks on his lip, runs his tongue along Lance’s teeth and the roof of his mouth. Tasting every inch he can as he kisses. He notes that there’s a lingering heat from the spices from Lance’s food. It warms his mouth and makes him let out a sigh of his own. This only makes Lance open more for him, sighing and now
gasping with each slide of Shiro’s tongue.

Jesus, Lance loves the way Shiro’s mouth tastes. He bets the rest of him tastes just as good.

“Shiro,” Lance very nearly moans into his mouth. “Can...can I kiss your neck?”

Shiro has to wonder if Lance knows or if it’s a coincidence that he asked that. Shiro’s greatest weakness and most sensitive spot on his body it easily his neck. And with a mouth like Lance’s--


He has to shift to pull off his turtleneck, revealing his expansive chest and exposing much of his skin. Lance saw all these scars and muscles that day in the gym but now he’s close enough to touch. And hell if he isn’t going to do so now.

His hands paw and press on Shiro’s shoulders and pecs as he mouths that pulse. Fingers rubbing over raised scars and squeezing muscles before sucking hard on Shiro’s neck. Licking his lips and breathing hot on his skin when he breaks for air.

Lance cups his neck and dives back into his mouth for desperate hungry kisses. He just barely squeezes on Shiro’s throat and he shivers all the way down to his toes. Rolls his hips forward into Lance making them both gasp out a moan. And now Lance is grinding against him with his own hardon.

“L-Lance,” Shiro sighs.

“Shiro,” Lance gasps, breathy and raspy. Not unlike when he was fucking himself on that dildo. But now he has the benefit of knowing the real thing is only two layers a fabric away. “M-More,” he rasps against his neck.

“More?” Shiro asks.

“I want...more.”

“Lance, slow down--”

“Please, I-I...I need--

A loud jingle goes off, echoing throughout the apartment. The suddenness of it wakes Lance from what he’s doing and realization dawns on his face. His hands were in the process of unbuckling Shiro’s belt when the phone went off. Keith’s picture and name flash on the touchscreen of the cell phone on the coffee table as it rings.

What on Earth is he doing?

All Lance wanted was to make out a little. Just enough to recreate that affectionate kissing he missed. But it felt so good, he nearly forgot about her. Thought maybe if they kept going he could pretend she never existed. He was ready and more than willing to lose himself in someone else. Eager to wrap his lips around that throbbing--Lance flushes red with absolute shame.

That’s way more than the kissing he suggested at the start. He’s Keith’s not yours, he tells himself. He doesn’t have the right to ask for the things a partner would provide. So he retreats from Shiro so he can sit up. Then he curls up on the far corner of the sofa. Shiro swallows and reaches for his cell, swiping the ‘answer’ button while clearing his throat.

“These feet guys get off real fast the minute I kick off my boots,” Keith sighs. “I don’t know if I’ll ever understand foot fetishists but man if they don’t tip well. Gonna stop and get some Häagen-Dazs. Want some?”

“I’m good,” Shiro declines.

“Lance still there?” Keith asks.

“Yeah,” Shiro nods and looks over at Lance who still looks mortified at his behavior.


“He could probably make it home without trouble if he wants,” Shiro says and pointedly looks at Lance as he says the next sentence. “But he knows if he’s not up to driving he can stay the night and leave in the morning.”

“Good,” Keith says. The sounds of a register opening chimes in the background. “Either way, be on the bed and ready for me when I get home. I’m in the mood to wrap my hands around your throat.”

With that, the phone clicks off and Shiro’s left with a flush on his cheeks.

“I’m uh, gonna turn in,” Shiro informs him as he stands. “Did you want to stay or--”

Lance’s face is laden with guilt. He holds his arm, squeezing it nervously as he keeps his eyes to the floor. Shiro knows the answer before he opens his mouth.

“No, I uh,” Lance shakes his head and stands up too. “Actually, I’m gonna head home. Thanks...for your hospitality.”

Shiro has to say he doesn’t care for that look at all. Like a puppy that chewed up the slippers before he knew it wasn’t okay. He can guess what has Lance feeling this way. That little moment where he tried to take Shiro’s pants off in a fit of unbridled desperate want.

“No problem,” Shiro says and then pats his shoulder. “And don’t worry about earlier.”

“You sure?” Lance asks, worried look still on his face. “I thought I--”

“Don’t give it another thought,” Shiro assures him. “You’re in a rough spot right now, Lance. It’s confusing and complicated and I more than understand.”

Because Shiro’s been there. The loneliness after someone’s gone...it has to be about the worst feeling in the world. To be sure that certain someone will always be there, only to have that happiness torn away...it leaves an ache that never truly dissipates. If anything it just gets marginally more bearable with time.

Lance just slipped up, let his inhibitions take control because it’s easier than having to think. If one doesn’t have to think, one doesn’t have to feel. If one doesn’t have to feel...then one doesn’t suffer through the pain of loss. Shiro can more than sympathize.

“Drive safe, Lance,” Shiro tells him, smile soft. “And do me a favor? Text me or Keith when you get home? So we know you made it?”

Lance blinks with mild surprise but it melts into a pathetic smile as he averts his eyes.
“Sure. Will do,” Lance nods, scratching the back of his head. “Thanks again, Shiro.”

Shiro gives him another soft smile before embracing him in a big hug. Lance goes stiff for a moment before returning the hug, pressing his face into Shiro’s shoulder. There’s a gentle pat before they release each other from the hold.

Lance goes to the counter that separates the main room from the kitchen. Under the bag of treats, he leaves Keith’s payment. Enough for three hours. And a little extra as a tip. Then, with a smile, he waves goodbye to Shiro before heading home.

Once there he falls into bed—not the sofa—and tugs his phone from his pocket. Swipes out a quick message that he sends in a group chat to both Keith and Shiro, telling him he made it home. Within minutes he gets a response.

*K.K.-- *thumbs up emoji*
*K.K.-- Thanks for the tip. See you next Sat.
*K.K.-- Hit me up with anything you want specifically before Friday. I’ll get it ready.*

*L.M.-- Sure thing.*

**T.S.-- Good night Lance.**
**T.S.-- Get some rest.**

*L.M.-- Thanks. You rest up too.*

*K.K.-- He will. But only after I’m through with him.*

Lance snorts out a laugh. Oh man, he’s laughing! He almost can’t believe it. It’s been weeks since he’s done that in his own apartment. Let alone his bed. He plugs his phone into its charger and then rolls back into the mattress with a sigh to look around the room.

Nyma’s clothes hanging off the vanity mirror. Her makeup and perfume still out. The posters of the bands she loves. With a stern frown, Lance gets up from the bed and resolutely goes to the kitchen.

Shirts, pants, underwear, bras, posters, foundation, eyeshadow, jewelry—all of it. He shoves every item into the trash bag when he returns. Pulls the posters off the walls and shoes from the floor. He needs two bags before he’s satisfied and trudges them to the front door to dump them off.

Tomorrow he’ll take them to Goodwill. Or a shelter. Or maybe he’ll just throw it all into the dumpster down the street. Regardless, he’ll never have to look at it again.

Maybe it’s not the most mature way of putting her behind him but as he lays back in his bed, head sinking into his pillow as he curls up in the blankets, he can’t help but think; this’ll be the best sleep he’s gotten in weeks.

Chapter End Notes

NSFW artist Jaspurrlock herself drew fanart inspired by this chapter! Check it out HERE: https://twitter.com/jaspurrlock/status/1079112590121488386

Did you like this? Give it a kudos!
Really like it? Leave a comment or rec it to a friend!
Don't know what to say? Tell me your favorite part. Or your favorite line. Leave nothing but hearts. Anything to show you appreciate the work will make my meatsuit blush and encourage me to keep writing.

If you make the arts from this fic tell me about it! I'll link it into the story! Gotta love some of that kinky art! <3

Also, if you really like Voltron stuff and want more, check out my other fics. Tell me what you think of them! If I'm stagnating on one maybe YOU can be the one to inspire me to keep writing!
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I lived bitch.

Also: PLEASE CHECK TAGS AND READ RESPONSIBLY. I have listed that Keith is Vers and but purely DOMINANT. A translation for those of you who don't know what this means--Keith can take cock as good as gives but it is purely at his discretion and control. NO ONE tells Keith what to do as he is large and in charge. That is all.

That said enjoy this update and feel free to yell at me in the comments/my twitter/my tumblr.

(Sorry it's a little short and to answer your question now: YES THERE WILL BE MORE just not right now. I need to decompress for a while before I write more for this. Feel free to check out my other Voltron works while you wait.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lance didn’t expect his Sunday after his session with Keith to be particularly eventful. In fact, he had little to no plans past cleaning up the apartment. The trash bags full of Nyma’s things still sat by the front door when he woke. Well-rested for a change. After a quick wash of his face, he hefted the first contents up, took them down stairs, and tossed them into the trunk of his car. He considered making a quick trip to the local homeless shelter with it all but holds off in case there’s more he could add to the donation pile.

He rummages through closets and dresser drawers, pulling shirts, dresses, tights and more out and into mountains of clothes. It’s strange but that’s really all of hers that remains other than makeup and some jewelry. The only things missing are her laptop, a few pairs of shoes, and several sets of clothes. Guess everything else was deemed unnecessary. Or easily replaceable.

“Including me,” Lance thinks bitterly as he shoves the clothing into new trash bags.

The room looks different without her things. Bare and empty, like he just moved into a college dorm with nothing more than a bedspread and movie posters on the wall. He considers buying a bookshelf in the moment. Maybe he can start collecting some books. Start reading casually again before bed. He bets Shiro could recommend a few good novels for him to start out with.

While rifling through the drawers he comes to the bottom one of their bedside dresser.

“Right,” he hums and frowns.

Their toys. She didn’t even take any of those with her. Not even the nice expensive dildos that she claimed to love. It’s full of accoutrements that they often used. Vibrators, dildos, a nice strap-on, nipple clamps, gags, blindfolds and more. All their crops and flogs hang on hooks inside their closet along with the cock cage and fetish gear that he hasn’t worn in months.

Should he throw them away? He’s not sure.
“Can’t exactly donate them,” he snorts to himself.

It’d be such a waste he tells himself. Some of that stuff is real leather and a lot of it is high quality stuff. Might as well get his money’s worth and use them until he can’t anymore. That is if he can bring himself to use them. He hasn’t been able to since she left. Couldn’t muster up the motivation to get off on his own but maybe now…

Well, it’s not like he has anywhere to be today.

Lance rifles through the drawer a little, purses his lips together with a thoughtful look as he searches. His fingers wrap around a simple bullet vibrator on a long cord to a control dial. Great for reaching the prostate and not having to risk a trip to the ER when it can’t be pulled back out. Never happened to him specifically but he’s heard enough stories from his nurse sister about mystery extraction objects. Hell if he’s ever going to be a story told around a hospital water cooler so he’s always stuck to ones with cords.

A little prostate stimulation seems simple enough a place to start so he takes it out along with a little tube of lube before he shuts the drawer with his foot. A quick divesting later he’s laid out on the bed with his legs spread and a finger slicking lube over his asshole. Once he’s sure there’s enough he slowly presses the bullet inside with a quiet sigh. Doesn’t take much since he’s still pretty loose from yesterday and within seconds it sinks into him.

“So far so good,” he says aloud. “And now--”

Lance lets out a surprised yelp when he it clicks on and it begins buzzing loudly. Whoops. It was left at the highest setting but he quickly adjusts it down to the lowest so he can work himself up. He begins with stroking his cock nice and slow, working it up to hard after a few minutes.

Finally, he thinks to himself. It’s about time he was able to do this on his own again. So Lance takes a deep sigh, closes his eyes and rests his head on the headboard while pumping his cock.

He tries to think about anything but Nyma. Blocks out her blonde curls, her sweet smile, and her soft touch at his cheek. In their place he envisions…dark wild hair. A prideful grin of flashing teeth that sink into his shoulder. Fingers roughly pinning him at his neck as a voice croons in his ear.

You want to come, don’t you, cadet?

“Hah...ah...yes...sir,” he breathes calmly. His thumb rubs over the fluids pearling on his cockhead.

I know you’re close, cadet. Why don’t you come for me?

Lance huffs out a weak noise. A begging noise but rides the edge of his orgasm. He can almost hear Keith laughing in his ear, his hand on his cock as he pumps it. Part of him wishes he was there, right now, coaxing him into tipping over the threshold.

“Keith,” he exhales. “I--”

Lance nearly jumps out of his skin when his phone goes off. It rings loud with a default tone and vibrates so hard it nearly jumps off the side dresser. Lance grumbles out a noise and turns down the vibration to a low hum as he looks over the caller ID.

Keith’s number. Odd. It’s Sunday. Shouldn’t he be working? It’s gotta be important because he’s never called Lance before, not once. He’s only ever texted. Lance swallows and takes a breath before answering.
“Keith? What’s up?” he says, giving no indication to what he’d just been doing. In fact, he continues to pull at his cock in languid strokes so he doesn’t lose his hard-on and can get right back to it as soon as the conversation is over.


“Uh, Harvest Avenue,” Lance answers. “Why?”

“Do you have a washing machine in your place? And a bathtub?” he asks.

What does he need those for? Did something happen? In the background Lance hears a car come to a sudden stop, the brakes squealing. They honk and Keith lets him know how he feels about that with a string of obscenities. Lance has long stopped stroking himself and turned the vibrator off.

“Lance? You still there?” he then checks in, still waiting for a response.

“Yeah. Yeah, I have those,” Lance tells him. “Are you--”

“You don’t have to say ‘yes’ but I could really use them both,” Keith says, his tone labored as if struggling with something. “I’ll pay you back,” he adds.

Like Lance cares about that. Keith needs his help with something, it’d be a dick move to not aid him if he can. He can always get off later. After all, he’s waited this long to masturbate. What’s another couple hours?

“Sure, just, let me text you the address,” Lance nods and the both of them hang up.

He lets Keith know how to get there and proceeds to clean up. Takes the bullet out with a sigh and wipes everything down. Then proceeds to tidy himself up a little. Puts on clean clothes and fixes up his hair in the vanity mirror so he’ll look nice for--

What the hell is he doing?

It’s not like Keith’s his boyfriend. And it’s not like Keith hasn’t seen him unraveled and shamelessly kneeling on his floor with drool spilling down his chin. Keith’s literally seen him a disheveled mess after ugly crying into his shirt for half an hour. Not having product in his hair is barely going to register. That said...he still gives himself a quick spritz of cologne before answering the knocking at the door.

He almost expected Keith to be roughed up like he’d just gotten out of a fight. That he’d be covered in dirt and blood and bruises. That maybe he needed to clean up before his next client saw him or maybe before Shiro could see him. His expectations could not have prepared him for what actually lay beyond the door when he opens it.

While Keith is covered in dirt and muck like he suspected. His clothes are saturated with just about anything you’d expect to find rolling around in an alley behind a restaurant. The real shocker comes in the form of the filthy animal wiggling in Keith’s arms that Lance only identifies as a dog thanks to its wagging tail and happy whining noises. And as gleeful as the dog looks, Keith has a deadpan unamused look on his face.

No wonder he asked about a bathtub. Lance tries to stifle a snort but fails and starts laughing as he gestures them inside.

“You look...great,” Lance snickers. “Smell great too,” he adds with another round of chuckling.
“Shut up,” Keith rolls his eyes with a smirk. “It was in an alley scavenging for trash. Probably hasn’t eaten in days,” Keith says, frowning as the dog looks up and licks his chin. “Do you have any vinegar?”

“Vinegar?” Lance quirks a brow.

“I’m guessing you don’t have dog shampoo,” Keith says as Lance closes the door.

“Ah, yeah, no. I don’t,” Lance confirms but points at the kitchen. “I’ll check the cabinets for vinegar. Bathroom’s the first door on the right. Help yourself.”

Keith nods and toes out of his sneakers. He leaves them at the door so he doesn’t track anything through the apartment and trudges down the hall to the bathroom. Within seconds he has the water running and sets to work rinsing yuck off the dog, mumbling to the beast the whole while about what a pain in the ass it is. Knowing what he does about Keith, the grumpy attitude makes Lance chuckle as he rifles through cupboards.

He does find a bottle of vinegar in the space above the fridge. Never opened along with several bottles of cooking wine and different olive oils. Must have been from when Nyma was going to get into cooking but she never got far. In love with the idea of it more than the practice. That’s why the waffle maker up there never got any use either. Still in it’s box.

Lance makes his way down the hall and peeks in the door. Keith’s already got most of the caked on dirt and mud off to reveal a beagle mix underneath.

“Wow, you’re fast,” Lance comments. He’s only been in here about five minutes.

“I do this a lot,” Keith shrugs. “Did you find any vinegar?”

Lance nods and twists the top off before handing it to Keith who then pours half the contents onto the dog. He works it into the fur as he explains that vinegar is a quick way to get rid of odors. It’s pretty good for their coat too. Better than human shampoo anyway.

Lance just nods as he speaks before looking Keith over. He’s still absolutely filthy and stinking to high heaven because of this stray but there’s a smirk on his face. As much as he gripes it’s clear Keith enjoys this. He likes saving these troublemaker strays and taking care of them. It’s easy to see why Shiro would fall for him. Lance smiles fondly as Keith rinses the dog once more to get the last of the dirt off.

“He’s a little thin,” Keith frowns. “Probably from roaming the streets...no collar either.”

“What’ll you do?”

“I’ll take him to the clinic Tuesday after class. See if he’s chipped,” Keith says as he towels the animal off.

“And if he isn’t?” Lance wonders and steps aside as the dog takes off down the hall to explore.

Keith stands and cracks his neck before answering. “Then he’ll go up for adoption. He’s friendly enough so he’ll get picked up in no time,” he says as they watch the dog zoom up and down the hall at breakneck speeds, it’s tail going a million miles an hour.

“You’re not going to keep him?” Lance asks and Keith snorts out a laugh while shaking his head.

“No, we don’t have the room. Besides, I only keep the ones that…” Keith’s eyes lid as he trails off.
He clears his throat and straightens up. “Anyway, where’s your washer?” he asks, tugging at his shirt.

“Oh right,” Lance blinks. “This way,” he gestures then adds, “Do you need a change of clothes?”

“I’ve got some in my bag,” Keith tells him. “I just didn’t want any of these stains to set in before I made it home.”

Lance shows him where it is but luckily it’s intuitive enough that Keith doesn’t need his help getting it started. Without hesitation Keith peels off his shirt and undershirt in one move, dropping them immediately into the drum of the machine. Then just as quickly he kicks out of his pants, underwear, and socks. Tossing them in one by one.

Not an ounce of shame whatsoever and why should he feel any? He makes a living off that fantastic body. And it’s not like Lance hasn’t seen it before. Keith pours in the soap and closes the lid.

“You should go ahead and shower. The washer will take a bit and I don’t think your clients will like ode de garbage,” Lance jokes, keeping his eyes high so he won’t distract himself with what lies lower.

Keith nods in agreement and turns with a smile. “Thanks, Lance,” he says and god if Lance’s heart didn’t skip a beat a little.

“S-Sure, no problem,” Lance coughs and points. “I’ll keep an eye on Rover here so take your time,” he nods and hurries down the hall before he embarrasses himself further.

While Keith takes his time in the shower Lance plays with the dog. He chases the little guy around the furniture and encourages him to run up and down the hall to tire him out. Doesn’t seem to have any effect except make the dog more excited.

Lance has an idea and pulls a sock from one of the many trash bags. One of Nyma’s wool ones. He tosses it to the dog and it gleefully runs around the room with it in his mouth to keep it away from Lance, then chews holes into it when he gets tired. Fine with him. Not like Nyma is coming back to claim it.

Keith comes out of the bathroom after a while, toweling his hair dry with a sigh as steam pours out of the top of the door. He likes his showers super hot and long it seems. The water's even left some pink marks on his neck as he dabs dry.

He gives Lance a quick acknowledging nod before grabbing his bag from the entryway and pulling on his spare clothes. Just a shirt and boxers for now. Then he moves the clothes in the washer over to the dryer before returning to the living room.

“Thanks again,” Keith tells him, shaking his head with a smile at the dog sleeping with a sock in its mouth.

“No problem,” Lance waves it off. He then gestures to the couch he’s on. “Take a load off. Dryer takes about half an hour for small loads.”

Keith shrugs and drops into the couch next to Lance, his eyes scanning over the walls and furniture. It’s a nice sized place for one person. Kitchen/living room, two bedrooms, full bath, storage closet with washer and dryer. Lance reveals that the entire building belongs to his company, so employees get a nice discount if they stay here. It ensures that the employees don’t have to commute far for their shifts and they’re never late for work.
“You don’t have any pets,” Keith notes.

“No, I work a lot. Wouldn’t be fair to the animal, all cooped up here alone,” Lance says with a sigh and Keith nods in agreement.

“Got a lot of video games” Keith says, standing to inspect the system and discs. “You play horror survival games?” he says, raising a game case with an interested look.

“No much anymore,” Lance admits with a sheepish shrug. “I can’t play them by myself. You can borrow it if you want.”

“I’ve got this one,” Keith reveals and puts it down before returning to the couch. “Play it on co-op any?”

“I tried it once with Pidge, a friend from work, but she rage quits a lot,” Lance chuckles. “Means we don’t get too far.”

“Hmm,” Keith nods and swipes out a few words on his phone. Lance’s phone dings in the other room. “Our network account handle. It’d be nice to beat the damn game for once.”

“Shiro doesn’t co-op with you?” Lance asks curiously.

“He doesn’t like horror games,” Keith shrugs and lounges back onto the couch.

When the talking stops Lance gets nervous all of a sudden. Normally he can small talk about nothing for hours to kill time and to avoid topics he’d rather not talk about. Like Nyma leaving. Like how Lance broke down into tears talking about her last night. Like how he tried to--

“Shiro told me about last night,” Keith reveals, breaking the silence. “On the sofa?”

Like Lance could forget that. It only happened about twelve hours ago. Part of him hoped he’d never have to think about how he tried to rip Shiro’s pants off. And part of him hoped Shiro wouldn’t tell Keith but when he thinks about it...they don’t seem like the sort of couple to keep things from each other. He apologized to Shiro--maybe he should apologize to Keith too, for betraying his trust?

“S-Sorry...I...told him I was sorry. And he said it was okay--”

“It is,” Keith snorts. “That’s not why I’m bringing it up.”

“Then...?”

“He says he wouldn’t mind doing something with you again--” Keith explains. “--provided you’re in a better head-space. Said it seemed like you weren’t all there and he felt if you’d kept going he’d be taking advantage.”

Shiro taking advantage? Of Lance? Lance is the one that started it. If anything he feels like he was the one being a big fucking creep and Shiro was gracious enough to forgive his lapse in judgement.

“I still feel awful about it,” Lance tells him, scratching the back of his head and avoiding Keith’s eyes.

“You’re fine,” Keith assures him with a dismissive wave. “Shiro’s hot. It’s hard to fault your libido.”

Lance snorts, some of the tenseness in his shoulders easing.

“You’re so laid back about it--I tried to rip his pants off,” Lance says.
“He told me. I did the same thing when I got home,” Keith smirks. “Guess it was similar to how you did it because he nearly moaned your name instead of mine.”

“Oh my god!” Lance exclaims, grabbing his face in mortified shame. “I am so sorry!”

“Don’t be,” Keith chuckles. “It turned out to be...kinda fun. Want to see?”

“S-See?”

Keith gestures him to come closer as he taps away through his phone. Lance swallows down his nerves and sidles in so he’s sharing a couch cushion with Keith and looking over his phone. Keith goes through his files until he finds the one labeled with just a timestamp. Yesterday, just before midnight. That would be about ten minutes after Lance left.

“Don’t worry,” Keith nudges. “I got permission from Shiro to show you...but only if you want to see.”

Lance swallows but then nods, his eyes on the phone in Keith’s hands. Keith hits play and a video takes up the screen.

It begins focused on the leg of their bed. Dark wood, thick and sturdy with a red rope knotted expertly around it. The camera then trails up to the foot of the bed to an actual foot. Big with rope twisted around the ankle. Both ankles are bound to opposite corners of the bed.

It’s Shiro.

Lance’s eyes go wide at seeing him sprawled out there. Both of his arms are outstretched high above him, tied together to a ring on the headboard. He’s blindfolded and shirtless. The only thing he has on him clothing wise are a tight pair of boxer briefs. The camera looms over him to take in the whole of his body and shows how helpless he is.

Keith’s hand comes into the shot and trails up his calf to his thigh. His fingers brush against the fabric stretched across his semi, just barely putting any pressure and eliciting a quiet sigh from Shiro. But when he firmly squeezes Shiro’s crotch he jolts and exhales out a name.

“Keith!” he gasps quietly.

“Ah, ah. That’s not what we agreed on,” Keith tsks and gives his leg a playful pinch. “Let’s try that again.”

Keith’s hand does the exact same trail right down to the gentle caress against the boxers. This time when he squeezes there’s a different response. A response that has Lance’s breath going shallow.

“L-Lance,” he barely moans.

“Mmm that’s better,” video Keith purrs and continues to rub along the clothed shaft. “You liked watching him today, didn’t you?” he asks and scratches his nails down his stomach making Shiro groan. “Answer.”

“Y-Yes,” Shiro utters with a weak nod. “I liked...watching him.”

“Tell me what you liked most about him,” Keith asks, bringing the camera closer to his face. “What did you like about Lance?”

Shiro lets out little sighs as Keith massesages the outside of his boxers. Video Keith licks his lips which
has Lance biting his own inward as he leans forward a little, watching and listening intently.

“His...mouth,” Shiro reveals. “So soft...the heat of it...delicious,” he breathes out slowly.

Video Keith clicks the phone into a stand next to the bed and the camera stills. It loses some of the detail in Shiro’s face but he can see the whole layout of the bed this way. Keith is laying between Shiro’s legs, his head propped up on one hand while the other teases and tugs at Shiro’s waistband. That telltale haughty smile on his face.

“And what do you want with that mouth?” Keith asks, his fingers lowering the elastic a little. “Tell me.”

“I want...to kiss it more,” Shiro says. “He’s so--I-I want to taste him...and that tongue...want to feel it on me…”

Keith grins and slathers his tongue over Shiro’s hip making him shudder.

“K-Kei--”

“Ah ah,” Keith reminds him and licks again.

“L-Lance…!”

Keith can only slide the boxers down a couple inches with how he’s tied down but it’s enough to reveal the cock underneath. Just like Lance figured it would look. The same as the cast dildo that was inside him not even a day ago except this is real and flushed and veiny. The sight makes heat pool into Lance’s gut.

Shiro’s cock is stroked firmly until the tip is pearling with precome. Even then Keith doesn’t stop. He just keeps pulling and tugging and leaning in close to breathe hot on the tip of Shiro’s cock, his tongue darting out to barely ghost over the fluid. The man in his grasp shivers and makes a weak noise at the fleeting touch. Lance finds himself licking his own lips without meaning to.

“Do you imagine...his mouth would feel like this?”

Keith parts his lips and presses his mouth down, down, down with a hum. Shiro’s thick cock stretching his mouth as spit seeps out the sides to drip down his length. Shiro arches with great moan much louder than the last several. Lance’s name again. Feels like the name echoes throughout the silent apartment and it’s got Lance’s face changing shades in his seat.

The Keith from reality pauses the video and waves the phone at him.

“There’s more. Want me to send it to you?” Keith asks and Lance just blinks dumbstruck like he doesn’t understand. “I’ll send you a copy. You can watch it as many times as you want--provided you don’t share it with anyone else.”

Share it? A home movie in which he’s featured in another couple’s play, only by name but still--why would he ever share that? No, he wants that video all to himself. That’s fantasy jack-off material if he ever saw it!


“How much?” Keith frowns quirking his brow. “I was just going to give it to you. In exchange for letting me use your tub and shower.”
“R-Really? Just for that?”

“Well,” Keith shakes his head side to side. “I was also going to ask if you’d watch the dog for a couple of hours. So I don’t have to cancel a client to take him home—”

“Done,” Lance says perhaps a little too quickly because Keith snorts out a short laugh. “I mean, I’ll do it. No problem.”

“You really are a people pleaser aren’t you?” Keith smirks, his eyes softer than his teasing tone. “Have you ever said ‘no’ to anyone in your life?”

“Uh...no?” Lance answers and they both laugh a little.

The dryer down the hall interrupts them by letting out a little jingle. It’s all done. Keith peers at his watch and nods with approval. Perfect timing. He needs to get going anyway so he gets up, finishes changing, and packs away the rest into his ‘work bag’. Lance walks him to the front door with the dog in his arms so he won’t bolt into the hall.

“I’ll be back in…” Keith checks his watch and runs numbers in his head. “...two hours. Give or take fifteen minutes.”

“See you then,” Lance nods with a smile.

Lance almost leans in to kiss Keith but balks and pulls back with lightning speed. An old habit from before and he’s embarrassed that he fell into it so easily. Like this was something familiar he’d done before, like it was something he was supposed to do. He’s not sure if Keith noticed but Lance clears his throat with a nervous laugh and sheepishly waves him goodbye as he exits the apartment for his appointment.

For the next couple hours Lance occupies the dog to keep it busy. A quick google search tells him what human foods a dog can eat so he boils a few eggs and cuts up some apples. Protein that’s easily digestible (eggs) and fiber with antioxidants (apples). Plus, it’s good for his teeth. The dog, however, doesn’t care how thoughtful Lance is about the food and just scarfs it all down his greedy maw. After that they play a little tug-a-war ruining several of Nyma’s old socks, much to Lance’s satisfied delight.

Lance wonders if maybe he should consider a pet. Not a dog since he can’t be there for it during the day to let it out and walk it but maybe a cat? Or a hamster?

Might be nice to have someone to come home to like he used to, instead of coming home to a quiet apartment. Someone that will be just as happy to see him as he is to see them. Someone who will light up the same way that Shiro does when Keith walks in the door, just so thoroughly pleased to see him that they can’t help but beam and say ‘welcome home’. He could have that again someday. Someday.

Lance jolts awake from his napping on the couch when he hears knocking. Two hours already? It went by so fast. Lance pulls himself off the couch and scoops up the sleeping dog from the pile of shredded clothes, a sock clenched between his teeth.

When he answers the door Keith is there with a content look. Lance hands over the slumbering canine and lets Keith know he fed him a little bit. Some stuff the internet said was okay from several different sites. Keith just nods and tucks the animal into his jacket, zipping it up to hold him there for the bus ride back.
“I can drop you off if you want,” Lance offers but Keith shakes his head to decline.

“I gotta hit up a couple of stores anyway,” Keith tells him. “Appreciate all the help Lance. And the shower.”

“Anytime,” Lance assures him. “Even if its just to freshen up before heading home, just give me a ring. If I’m here you’re welcome to it.”

“You are such a people pleaser,” Keith snorts. He pulls his phone and hits a few buttons. “Should be more careful about that or someone will take advantage. There,” he nods and pockets his phone. “Video’s yours. Enjoy. See you next Saturday. Send me a list for next session.”


Keith heads out and the second he’s out of sight at the end of the hall Lance closes the front door and practically bounds down the hallway like a gazelle. Maybe he’s a desperate fool or maybe he’s just a horny slut but he can’t wait to watch the entire video. An intimate peek into the lives of the two men that have been dominating his focus as of late? Yes, please and thank you.

Lance leaps onto the bed landing with an oomph before settling in with his back against the pillows. Shimmies out of his boxers because he knows he won’t want them on for long once he starts up the video. Once he’s ready with his hand in reach of the bedside dresser drawer he hits play again.

Hearing Shiro say his name warms him like molten metal bubbling in his gut. To have it said like that with...longing and dripping with need. When’s the last time he heard someone say his name like that? If he’s honest never. Doms don’t say names like that but subs...oh there’s something about a submissive calling out for another like their life depends on it. Lance would know, he’s done it enough times himself.

The part where Keith sucks Shiro’s cock into his mouth soon arrives and Lance leaning in to pay close attention to the new stuff. Shiro lets out that shaking moan of Lance’s name. If he hadn’t already been hard from watching it would have brought him to full salute. No doubt about that. God, what’s it like to suck that cock?

Lance pauses and rummages through his drawer for the biggest dildo he can find. It’s not anywhere near big enough but beggars can’t be choosers. He’ll have to make a visit to a store if he wants a bigger one. Or maybe pay Keith for another cast of Shiro’s huge girthy cock. Either way, this one will have to make do. So he slides it past his lips with a sigh, pretending as hard as he can that he’s taking Shiro’s cock into his mouth just as Keith is in the video.

Then he hits play again and follows Keith’s pace.

God Keith is being so...gentle with Shiro. Nothing like he is with Lance. No grazing teeth or near bites. No growling or harsh words. Just hollow cheeks and a sliver of drool as he bobs slowly onto Shiro’s cock. It seems so out of character. Almost like he’s...pretending to be someone else. That’s when it hits Lance, the dildo going deep into his mouth.

This is how Keith thinks Lance would blow Shiro.

He’s not wrong in his assessment. If Lance was allowed to set the pace, he’d start out slow and attentive. Making sure to coax out every noise he can from Shiro, to satisfy him completely. That’s what the service bottom in him says...but the slut in him says he’d be a bit more eager in his noises while Keith stays fairly silent as he bobs.

“L-Lance hah...ah!” Shiro gasps and Lance’s gut does another somersault, a weak noise out of his
mouth muffled by the dildo.

Keith pops off him for a second and strokes the thick cock slick with spit.

“He loves the way you taste Shiro,” Keith tells him, throat a little raspy from going so deep. “Wants you to come down his throat. Wants you to choke him with your release.”

“G-God...K-Keith please I--” he stammers but Keith interrupts.

“Who? Remember, I’m not the one sucking on your cock right now,” Keith reminds him before plunging his mouth back down fast and hard onto Shiro’s twitching cock.

Shiro bursts out another shaky moan, his body tensing and toes curling. It’s only now that Lance realizes Keith is naked and while he bobs there his hand reaches back--oh god, Keith’s fingering himself open. His ass is slick with lube as he prepares himself with two fingers at the gate. Fingers curling in and spreading to loosen up. It’s not until he gets a third one in that he moans with Shiro’s cock deep in his mouth.

God this is so good. Lance finds himself warm all over as he slides the dildo in his mouth, his fingers itching to curl inside himself.

“He wants to ride you Shiro. So badly too,” Keith breathes calmly. “You heard him. The noises he made. And you saw the way he looked at your crotch like it was water in a desert, that thirsty fucking slut.”

Lance gasps out a heady moan at the insult. It’s true. Yesterday he wanted so badly to crawl off that table and into Shiro’s lap. To have Keith guide him into dropping on the real thing. Shiro’s hands on him. Keith’s hands on him. Both their cocks--

He sets the phone down so he can sit up on his knees and play with himself. A nice squirt of lube that he spreads around before craning his arm back sinking two slick fingers into his hole. He watches and listens intently to every noise coming out of his phone speakers as his fingers squelch in and out quickly to catch up with Keith.

“You want him to ride you too,” Keith says, licking up Shiro’s shaft. “Say it,” he adds, those teeth finally coming out to press gently on Shiro’s leaking cockhead.

“I-I want him, Keith,” Shiro says, his voice losing its strength.

“Don’t tell me,” Keith reminds him and swirls his tongue around the head to lap up precome. “Try again and make it good Shiro...or we’ll stop here and pick up again tomorrow.”

“Lance…” he pants. “Lance...please. R-Ride me. I...want you. Want to feel myself...inside you.”

“Sh-Shiro,” Lance moans, the dildo falling from his mouth as his eyes lid on the screen. “Oh...ha... Shiro…” he gasps as he massages into himself, rocking his hips to meet his curling fingers.

“That’s my good Shiro,” Keith purrs out praise with a devilish smile. “Begging like that...deserves a reward.”

Keith slips out his fingers and begins crawling over Shiro. He lubes up that massive cock and aligns himself.

Lance pauses the video and does the same. Lubricates his dildo and suction cups it to the vanity chair. He turns the chair so can use the back of it for leverage in raising and lowering himself. That
and he can prop the phone up against the vanity mirror. He can watch both of them and himself as he fucks onto that synthetic cock.

He hits play and follows along with Keith. As Keith sinks down on Shiro’s cock, Lance does the same with his dildo. It’s not as filling as the one he had in him yesterday but watching Shiro’s cock press into Keith is more than making up for it. Keith lets out a hissing sigh as he lowers himself and within seconds Shiro practically keens at those walls pushing in on his cock.

“Oh G-God...K-Kei--Lance! L-Lance...oh...hah...fuck…” Shiro warbles out moans.

“Tell him what to do, Shiro,” Keith hums, his face starting to flush. “You know he follows directions so well.”

“Please m-move, Lance,” Shiro begs. “P-Please, god, please.”

“So polite,” Keith smirks. “You don’t have to be so nice to him…” he says but acquiesces

Keith braces his hands on Shiro and lifts. Ass sliding up that slick cock and Lance copies. Lance gyrates his hips in small circles before lowering himself again just like Keith, letting out a soft moan with him.

All of what Keith is doing is done so painstakingly slow, making Shiro pant and bite back whining noises. He begs Keith to go faster, please. Deeper. But Keith doesn’t. No, he keeps his slow teasing pace and shallow penetration while stretching out his ass on Shiro’s cock.

That slow tease is definitely a Keith thing because as hard as Lance tries going that same pace it's killing him. He finds himself whining at the agony of having to control himself. Of having to be patient. He rocks and lifts and drops with noises that nearly match Shiro’s in desperation.

Keith is killing them with making them wait and enjoying every second.

“H-Hands...on m-my throat...Lance,” Shiro gasps and then begs. “Please...I need it.”

Despite the desperate state Lance is in he’s thoroughly impressed with Shiro. Keith must have given him express instructions to not move while he’s riding him because not once does Shiro try to thrust or buck. Not once does he attempt to lift his hips to bury his cock deeper into Keith, even though he begs enough for it. No, all pleasure comes from Keith’s complete control over him and only when he feels his sub deserves it.

For a second a pang of longing shoots through Lance and directly to his heart. Not one of physical yearning but an emotional pining. He wants that for himself. Wants what Shiro and Keith have. Complete trust and respect and best of all...love.

God he wishes he were there actually riding Shiro with Keith at his side.

Keith continues to give Shiro what he begs for. He keeps riding slow and shallow but leans forward with his hands, fingers outstretched. He brushes them down Shiro’s sharp jaw, scraping the pads of his fingers down the five o’clock shadow. Shiro’s breath stutters as those fingers drag down his pulse and staggers more when they wrap around throat to squeeze gently.

It’s not nearly as hard as he squeezed Lance yesterday when he made his mistake and Lance wonders if he’s still playing the role. Still pretending to be Lance. He thinks Lance would cradle that throat with a gentle firmness as he rocks onto Shiro’s cock. God it’s such a sight to behold.

“Lance,” Shiro gasps. “Please...more.”
"Sh-Shiro...ha ah..." Lance pants, moaning as he drops faster. Almost feels like he’s right there.
"Keith...f-faster...he wants...ah... we want it...faster...please..."

"Mmm,” Keith hums.

Keith’s biting into his bottom lip to subdue a grin but failing. Lance can see Keith’s reached the end of his patience with this. He’s done with teasing and is ready to do this his way to get what’s his. He drops suddenly and deep onto Shiro’s cock. Keith lets out a content groan but Shiro almost wails at the sensation of him speeding up. Up and down in quick succession, riding quick and hard the way Keith really likes it.

And Lance mimics him with grateful moans, sliding on and off the cock on his vanity chair. Arms tense as he pulls up and pushes down on the back of the chair. Eyes entirely focused on Keith’s ass swallowing up Shiro’s cock.

"Ch-Christ, I-I… I’m not…” Lance whines, his lips parted and starting to drool a little. “I’m not...gonna make it…"

“I’m close--!” Shiro gasps out, his whole body rigid as he tries his hardest to keep from moving.

“No coming for you, Shiro,” Keith commands through his panting. “Remember? The second bet. You lost, thanks to Lance.”

“God, please...I...I can’t…” Shiro sobs, his voice a broken sound. “N-Not two more...not two more days...please let me...K-Keith please.”

“A deal’s...a deal. You have to wait until Monday,” Keith insists and Shiro whimpers in response. Keith then grins deviously. “But I don’t.”

With that Keith rides hard and fast. His hand tight around his mount’s throat and the other stroking the cock between his legs. Keith has a sharp animal grin all the while, looking down on Shiro with proud look on his face. Shiro bites into his bottom lip trying to hold back the strongest of his noises, sweating and shaking to keep from releasing. Even his fingers are digging into his palms up a the headboard.

Lance thinks Shiro’s going to break but he doesn’t. Instead Keith comes with a shuddering gasp, splattering come all over Shiro’s stomach and chest. Lance was doing a good job holding back until then. The sight of that come shooting out of him and all over a moaning Shiro, the flushed look on Keith’s face as he takes in the mess he’s made of his sub, it’s enough to make Lance let out a mewling moan.

“Sh-Shiro…!” Lance cries, biting into his fist as he releases a hot load all over the back of the chair.
“Oh...my... f-fuck ...hah ah… Shiro ...”


He knows that was directed at Shiro but the thought of it being said to Lance makes him feel damn good. So good he whines a little while looking at the video. What he’d give…

Keith slides himself off Shiro who almost whimpers at the loss of pressure. Lance figures the video will end here, that they’re done but Keith looms over his boyfriend. Sits right beside him and looking down with calculating eyes. His hands go back Shiro’s throat and squeeze gently.

“Oh...p-please,” Shiro shivers as he begs, an ache in his voice. “K-Keith please.”
“On the other hand...it really doesn’t seem fair,” Keith teases, his thumb rubbing on Shiro’s carotid but not pressing. Not yet. “After all, you waited three days already. Three days of work up and no release—”

Shiro almost begs again but Keith cuts him off with a harsh squeeze making the cock between Shiro’s legs twitch and leak precome anew. He holds tight for several seconds before releasing the pressure. Shiro then takes a heady gasp of air, shuddering as he breathes.

“Strike one. You know better than to interrupt me,” Keith huffs. “I need an apology from you.”

“I’m sorry. Please f-forgive me...” Shiro whispers and Keith’s face goes softer.

“Of course,” Keith nods and nuzzles his cheek. “I’ll let you come tonight but then the clock starts over. A week this time for talking out of turn. What do you say to my more than gracious offer?”

“Th-Thank you,” Shiro responds quickly. “Thank you...yes...please...I’ll take...a-anything you give me...”

“That’s right,” Keith smiles, petting Shiro’s hair back and caressing his cheek. “You can come when you’re ready, Shiro.”

Keith prepositions himself on the bed. Wraps one hand around Shiro’s throat and the other around his slick, dripping cock. It doesn’t take long. Shiro’s already hard as a rock and weakly panting between squeezes of his throat.

Keith seems to know the exact moment Shiro is going to burst because he tightens his hold on his neck, choking back any sound out of him. Shiro’s body shakes and Lance can just imagine the sparks of ecstasy flashing behind those eyes as his body is hit, not only with the wave of pleasure from his orgasm but also the secondary euphoric high from his deprivation of air. With a weak a noise Shiro releases almost violent expulsions of thick come. Three days of teasing with no release will do that to a man.

And now he’s going to have to wait a whole nother week thanks to Lance.

Shiro pants and gasps once Keith lets go of his throat. That same hand that was cutting off his air cards gently through Shiro’s hair, petting softly. He unties the blindfold with one hand and pulls it from Shiro’s face. Shiro's eyes flutter open and desperately try to focus on his surroundings.

“Keith?” he whispers, eyes searching. In that moment, the tone is almost...scared.

“I’m here. Always here,” Keith reminds him, cupping his cheek. “I’m gonna clean you up. You ready for me to let go?”

Shiro shakes his head ‘no’ as he closes his eyes and takes his calming breaths. Keith understands. He thumbs his cheek and pets his head for as long as it takes until he’s calmer. Eventually, Shiro swallows and lets out a deep sigh. He nods his head to tell Keith he’s fine now. He’s ready.

With that Keith steps away from the bed and turns off the recording so they can go about their clean up and aftercare routine without an audience.

As much as he loved the dirty, sexy parts, Lance finds himself rewinding just a few seconds. So he can pause at the part where Keith’s hand touches Shiro after their session ends. To that moment when sweet relief washes over Shiro’s face in knowing his lover is there. At that comforting touch that brought him back from the edge of falling into something deeper than a subspace.
What a partnership, Lance thinks with a sigh. So much trust and overflowing with genuine affection. He longs for something like that. He thought he had it once but...guess he was wrong with how things ended up. Lance lifts himself off his dildo with a shuddering sigh and proceeds to clean up his own mess. Alone.

Once all’s taken care off he gets dressed once again and pockets his keys. He’s overdue for a trip to the local Goodwill and more than ready to pick up a new dildo from his favorite sex shop. With how often he’s sure he’ll be watching that video all week, it’ll be nice to have something that could match up better to Shiro’s cock.

It could only improve the experience.

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Monday is so busy that he hardly has time for lunch, let alone any kind of conversation that isn’t work related. Paperwork, spreadsheets, and half a dozen meetings with different departments. Pidge tries to sneak into his office under the pretense of fixing his wifi but even then he has so much work they barely get a chance to talk before he’s running to a different floor with several binders clutched to his chest.

By the time the day is over he collapses into a pile of laundry on his bed, not bothering to fold or put away any of it as he’s too tired to make the attempt. He sleeps well considering he’s tangled in slacks, socks, and shirts that need to be ironed.

Tuesday he wakes to a text early in the morning. He rolls over fumbling for his phone, swiping open the lock screen with a sock still plastered to his face. Usually it’s Shiro telling him he’s on the way to the gym with an invite for him to join.

T.S. -- Gonna bail on the workout today. Not feeling well.

A boom of thunder makes Lance jump and nearly drop the phone. He tumbles out of bed and opens the blinds. Rain pouring buckets outside with a low rumble of thunder in the distance. Lance is the type to block out an afternoon to go running in a storm but he’s not like most people. Most reasonable human beings like staying out of the rain, especially if they think they might be coming down with something.

L.M. -- I don’t blame you. Did Keith leave already for class?
T.S. -- Yes. But he’ll be back around two to pick up the beagle for the clinic.

So Shiro isn’t feeling well. Sick maybe? Might be a cold. Lance checks his watch and finds he still has about an hour before work.

L.M. -- You need anything?
T.S. -- Haha. Keith said you were quite the people pleaser.
L.M. -- That’s me lol. There’s a mexican place nearby that makes a mean tortilla soup, great for colds.
L.M.-- It’s purely vegetarian. No chicharrón (Which is a crime btw. Chicharrón is amazing but I know you don’t do meat.)
T.S. -- As delicious as that sounds I think I'll take a raincheck. Haha.
L.M. -- I’ll hold you to it. Take care of yourself Shiro.
T.S. -- Will do. Stay safe out there Lance. Bad weather makes people careless.

Lance takes his warning to heart. He only has to walk two blocks to his office building but that’s still three streets he has to cross. One person sends a wave of water his way by rushing through a huge
puddle. Luckily he dodges behind a federal mailbox in time to protect himself. But he makes it to the office without too many issues.

Other than the storm, it's another uneventful day. Hunk was going to take Lance and Pidge out to lunch at a cafe on 6th but with this weather, they push it back. Nothing wrong with doing tomorrow. Which is great really. He knows that Pidge has been trying to needle him for information on these 'dates' he’s been going on and he's been dodgy with his answers.

Lance doesn’t have a decent cover story yet that doesn’t make him sound desperate. ‘Yeah I haven’t been going on dates. I’ve actually been paying a very hot escort to treat me like a dog to get my rocks off while his equally hot boyfriend watches.’ Yeah, that’ll go over well.

The two of them know he has unconventional tastes but they have no idea how far it goes. If they knew he got off on someone cutting him open it might test the boundaries of their friendship. He could easily see them viewing it as abuse so better to give them something else to focus on.

Around three o'clock Lance gets a slew of texts from Keith in their group chat. More than he usually gets and most of them are images. All pictures of the beagle from Sunday. It’s only been three days but the little guy is looking better. His ribs aren’t so prominent and he looks like he finally got a proper bath to get the rest of the muck off him. A beautiful dog with sparkling bright eyes and tongue lolling out of his mouth.

K.K.-- [Image1121181] [Image1121182] [Image1121183]
K.K.-- No chip. Healthy though a little malnourished. Passed the temperament test.
T.S. --Good news.
L.M-- That’s great!
K.K.-- Yeah, means he has a real chance at getting adopted. Not like our band of misfits.

Now Keith’s trailing statement from Sunday makes more sense to Lance.

Amber, the old hound dog with hip dysplasia. She can’t run and jump and be playful like the younger dogs. Dumped off at the shelter because they figured she didn’t have much time left anyway. Keith saw her and decided he’d take her home. Even if it was for less than a year because she deserved to be cared for.

Carmen the antisocial cat that doesn’t like to be touched and actively runs from people. No one wanted her because why keep a cat that won’t sit in a lap? The same with Shiver. They likely were the types to spit and hiss at human contact but Keith took the time to work with them. To prove that these animals were worth the effort to make them adoptable.

It’s likely true for all the animals living in that apartment. Daisy the dog that barks too much. Morocco with the scar on his back and permanent limp from a car accident. No one was willing to give these animals a second chance.

But Keith was. And by the time they were adoptable he didn’t want to let them go.

K.K.-- [Image1121184] [Image1121185] [Image1121186]
K.K.-- Good dog. Except he won’t stop shredding socks. The staff named him Chewbarka.
K.K.-- What kind of god lets a dog get named that?
T.S. --That’s a cute name.
K.K.-- For a sci-fi nerd like you maybe.
T.S. -- What would you have named him?
K.K.-- Lance called him Rover. Why complicate things with puns?
Lance chuckles in his seat and he eats a turkey sandwich and he reads the texts between them. Pidge kicks him gently under the table to get his attention.

“What’s got you smiling?” she asks with a grin. “Boyfriend?”

“No,” Lance says and turns the phone. “Dog pictures.”

“Is that a beagle? It’s cute,” Hunk comments.

“New arrival at the local shelter. Friend of mine volunteers there so I get all the cute animal pics,” Lance tells them. “This one is...Chewbarka.”

“What a dumb name,” Pidge huffs and then adjusts her glasses as she looks the dog over again. “He’s clearly a Star Trek dog. Look at those eyes. He should be called Bones McCoy.”

“Well, unless you adopt him yourself he’s stuck with Chewbarka,” Lance shrugs and puts the phone away.

“Hmmm...to save that poor beast from being teased by other dogs for the rest of his life I’m considering it,” Pidge hums.

“We don’t have time for a dog Pidge. Who’d walk it?” Hunk asks and Pidge shrugs.

“Could hire a dog walker during the week. How much could it cost really?” Pidge asks and stretches before standing. “Anyway, gotta get back to IT before it all burns to the ground. They’re useless without me.”

“It’s cause you double modulate everything so no one else can figure out how to fix anything,” Hunk jabs, and she gives him the finger.

With that Hunk gets up from the table too. He has his own hardware issues he needs to take care of. The bossman is jumping down his throat about something being ready by the end of the week. He pats Lance’s shoulder and reminds him that tomorrow if the weather holds they can check out that cafe. Maybe by then Lance will finally tell them about his date?

Lance laughs nervously at that but nods. Yeah, sure, he’ll tell them about him later. He promises.

*****

Curse it all the sun is out and bright and warm. Not a cloud in the damn sky which means...lunch is on. Damn.

Lance and his friends stroll down the street. Hunk leads the way since he knows where the cafe is. Pidge plays a game on her phone with extreme focus. That monster catching one that she and Lance started together years ago but only she kept up with. Because hell if she’s going to stop without a hundred percent completion. She’s no quitter.

“You quit all the time!” Lance objects. “That zombie game? Remember?”

Lance and Keith played that game just last night. Keith’s not only good at giving directions in the bedroom but also when it comes to tactics games. Following Keith’s orders they made quick work of the first several levels without a hitch. Even with a small dog trying to bark and get Keith’s attention they managed to get pretty far.

“That’s different! We never beat that because it’s a team effort! Not an individual one!”
“Oh so it’s my fault?” Lance frowns, marginally offended.

“No, I didn’t say that. I’m just saying that it takes a completely different skill set for co-op versus individual play,” Pidge explains and closes out the app to shove the phone into her pocket. “When I play alone and lose I know it’s my fault. I just need to improve my skills. When I play co-op and lose there are more variables and it’s frustrating trying to figure out where things went wrong. And that’s why I only ever quit when it comes to co-op!”

“So you didn’t just shut down your monster game because you were losing?” Lance teases.

“No. I shut it down because I think we’re at the cafe,” Pidge hints and points at Hunk in front of a building, waving back at them.

“Want to sit outdoors? The weather is so nice today!” Hunk calls out.

They do end up sitting at the tables in the little fenced off section outside. There are garden boxes hanging off the wire fence with ivy flowers tangled in vines along the metal. Smells nice. Something about the fences style reminds Lance of the railing at Keith and Shiro’s place. Makes him smile a little before Hunk clears his throat.

“So... how was your date the other night?” Hunk starts as he puts a napkin on his lap.

Lance has been practicing his relaxed face in the mirror all last night. He decided to go with mostly the truth but leaving out the escort part. The easiest way to screw something up is to lie about it and he doesn’t want to lie to his friends if he can help it.

“Oh, it was great,” Lance smiles. “Lots of fun.”

“Well, don’t take all day about it! Tell us about him!” Pidge encourages.

“He’s uh, ex military. From the Garrison,” Lance reveals and Pidge whistles.


“He likes animals. Has two dogs and some cats,” Lance tells them, drinking a little of his sweet tea. “He’s actually studying to be a vet.”

“Aww, an animal lover,” Hunk sighs with a content smile. “He sounds sweet.”

The food arrives and while they eat the conversation keeps going.

“So what did you guys do Saturday for your first date?” Pidge asks with a bite of burger in her mouth.

“Actually, it was a second date,” Lance corrects and both his friends jaws drop.

“What?! Lance, you’re holding out on us?” Hunk asks, mocking personal injury. “How could you?”

“Who cares? First dates are always boring anyway,” Pidge waves it off. “So spill! Second date, how’d it go?” she encourages him to keep going.

“We uh, went to his place. He showed me how he...trains his dogs,” Lance says, knowing its skirting the truth. “We talked about our dating experiences. Watched a movie on his couch and had some Chinese food.”

“What movie?”
“Uh...it was...uh…” Lance stammers as he searches his mind.

“You don’t remember?” Hunk quirks a brow.

“Of course he doesn’t. He was too busy making out,” Pidge jokes.

It would be more fair to say that he slept through 90% of it. And out of all the things that happened that night--the movie is the last thing he’s been revisiting in his memories. But he does like Pidge’s reason so he rolls with it. Gives them a shrug with a shameless smile.

“Are you going to see him again?” Hunk wonders as he eats a bite of pasta.

“Yeah, this Saturday,” Lance nods with a smile and eats his chicken salad.

“You know what they say about third dates,” Pidge waggles her eyes. “Do we need to buy you some condoms, kid?”

“Shut up,” Lance snorts and throws a breadstick at her. “And stop calling me kid. I’m older than you.”

“But I’m so much more mature than you,” she snarks back and spits water from her straw at him, making the table laugh. “Okay, but seriously. The million dollar question: Is it going to be serious, you think? Like Nyma? Or just a casual thing?”

Lance pauses and drinks his tea with a thoughtful look.

It’s just casual, he knows, but...he wishes it could be something serious. Something more. But that can’t happen can it? They’re in a committed relationship. Sure, Shiro and Keith aren’t like any other couple he’s ever met but still--Before he can complete that thought something familiar, or rather someone familiar, catches his eye across the street.

That’s Shiro walking down the sidewalk scrolling through his phone. What are the chances? Without thinking Lance stands and waves at him.

“Shiro! Hey!” he calls out with a smile.

Shiro stops in his tracks and looks for the source. He spots a waving Lance at the cafe and smiles. He waves back and checks both ways before quickly crossing the street. One there he leans on the fence and levels a smile at Lance that has his heart melting a little.

“Hey, Lance. Nice to see you,” he nods.

“Y-Yeah, same,” Lance chuckles. “I didn’t expect to see you out here. Don’t you work days?”


The VA. That’s a hospital. For injured war vets. That instills a niggling worry in Lance’s gut. He was sick yesterday, wasn’t he?

“Is anything wrong?” Lance asks.

“No, no, nothing serious,” Shiro chuckles. “Just a checkup and a refill on some scripts. Got out of there sooner than I expected actually. I’m thinking about taking Amber and Daisy down to the dog park for the rest of the day.”

“Is this the guy?” Hunk asks suddenly, reminding the two of them that they aren’t alone at all. “The
one you had a date with?"

“Uh--” Lance balks.

Pidge eyes Shiro up and down with a whistle. “Wow, talk about an upgrade,” she says and Shiro laughs a little.

“Haha, thank you,” he tells her with a pleased look.

“Takashi Shirogane. Just Shiro is fine.”

“So, how’d you meet Lance?” Pidge asks and Lance’s heart nearly stops.

He never thought about how this could go horribly wrong. What if his friends find out he hasn’t been going on dates at all. That he’s been seeing escorts. Paying for kinky bondage scenes. That stuff’s really private! Not to mention it’ll make him look desperate as fuck! Lance really doesn’t want them to know he’s--

“Through a mutual friend,” Shiro says and Lance’s heart kicksstarts again.

Thank god. Shiro must have seen that panicked look on his face and covered for him. It’s not really a lie but it’s not exactly the truth.

Hunk leans forward and covers his mouth to not so subtly whisper to Shiro. “So...what do you think about him so far?”

Lance plasters a hand to his face with a smack, embarrassed on his friend’s behalf. In their heads, Shiro’s gone on two dates with Lance. It’s hardly time to be asking questions like that. Shiro doesn’t seem bothered by it in the least, his calm demeanor shining through.

“Lance? He’s...charming,” Shiro smiles fondly. “And very sweet.”

“Oooo! Hear that Lance? He says you’re charming!” Hunk bumps his shoulder playfully.

“Yes,” Shiro chuckles. “And we look forward to seeing more of him,” he adds with a wink to Lance.

“We?”

“He clearly means that zoo of animals he owns, Hunk.” Pidge rolls her eyes. “Keep up, would ya?”

Shiro excuses himself for a second, waving his phone. Important text. He’ll be right back. He walks several yards down the way until he’s next to a large potted plant for a little privacy. Pidge and Hunk talk amongst themselves, speculating about Shiro. That’s when a text comes through on Lance’s phone.

T.S.-- Your friends don’t seem to know who I am or what I do.

Lance glances up and when he finds his friends are still chatting with each other he quickly swipes out an answer.
L.M.-- I told them I was dating again. It’s less complicated than the truth.
T.S.-- They think I’m the one you’re dating.
L.M.-- Yeah. I am so sorry.
T.S.-- Why?

Lance looks down at where Shiro is texting from and gets an encouraging look.
L.M.-- Because it’s not true. You shouldn’t have to be put on the spot or pretend.
L.M.-- Not when you have an actual boyfriend and I’m just his client.
T.S.-- I don’t mind helping you out if you need a favor.
L.M.-- I couldn’t pay you to do this. To lie. It’s not right.
T.S.-- Easy, Lance. You wouldn’t have to pay me. It’d be a favor for a friend. One I’d do gladly.

Lance glances down at him to get another soft look.
T.S.-- And besides, I wouldn’t have to lie. Everything I’ve said so far has been the truth.
T.S.-- We met through Keith. I do find you charming and sweet. And both Keith and I look forward to seeing more of you.

Lance frowns sadly and swipes in a response.
L.M.-- As a client though, right?
T.S.-- For now. But I would be lying if I said we hadn’t considered the possibility of you being something more.

Lance can’t believe his eyes. He looks up from his phone down to Shiro with a flush on his cheeks. Something more? Like...the three of them? Together? Before Lance can say anything a new message comes through.
T.S.-- But that would still be a ways off. Right now...you’re not ready and I think you know that.

Lance slouches and nods with a sigh.
L.M.-- Yeah. You’re right.
T.S.-- You still have things you need to work through—including whether or not you’d like your friends to know the extent of your connection to Keith and I.
T.S.-- Ultimately, it’s none of their business. You can call me or Keith your boyfriend and we’ll play along if that’s what you want.

Lance sighs and looks up at his gossiping friends. He tries to think about the next several weeks of them playing twenty questions with him on his private life if they think he’s dating someone new each week. But they’d get bored in asking the same questions over and over if Shiro played the part of semi-serious boyfriend. Lance puffs out a long breath as he answers.
L.M.-- They’d definitely stop bringing up my ex if they thought I was serious about someone.
L.M.-- But you shouldn’t have to lie.
T.S.-- I’m an escort Lance. Discretion is something I’ve become good at.
L.M.-- Shouldn’t you talk to Keith about this first? What if he has a problem with this?
K.K.-- I don’t.
Ack! Lance hadn’t realized this was their shared chat. Keith’s been reading this whole time. Suppose that means he’s had plenty of opportunities to interrupt with any objections.

L.M.-- Well...they already think Shiro is my date.
K.K.-- **Play it up a little Shiro. So they’ll get off his dick about it.**
T.S.-- **Consider it done.**
L.M.-- Thanks. I owe you both.
K.K.-- **Whatever. What’s your favorite color, Lance?**

Lance raises a brow in confusion. A strange subject change. What’s that have to do with this?

L.M.-- Blue.
K.K.-- **Like any blue or…?**
L.M.-- Cobalt, I guess?? Why??
K.K.-- **You’ll find out soon enough. Class is starting.**
K.K.-- **Good luck Shiro. And Lance, I wouldn’t wear anything you love on Saturday. Later.**

With that Shiro closes his phone from down the way and returns to their table. He apologizes for how long that took. He tells Lance’s friends that it was great meeting them but there are two dogs at home that would relish a nice visit to the dog park so he better get on it.

“We missed our meetup at the gym. So are we on for tomorrow?” Shiro asks Lance before he goes.

“Oh, yeah. Yeah, of course,” Lance nods. “But only if you’re feeling alright? Weren’t you sick yesterday…?”

“I’m fine,” Shiro assures him.

“Then sure,” Lance nods with a friendly smile. “I’ll be there.”

Shiro leans across the fence, cups Lance’s cheek and plants a sweet kiss right on his mouth. Just a little more intimate than a peck but certainly not the same breath sucking kisses Lance experienced on that couch. His cheeks flush with heat regardless of intensity rating. And it’s more than enough to be a convincing ‘boyfriend kiss’.

“I’ll see you tomorrow then, Lance,” Shiro says to him in that warm tone that makes butterflies swarm in his stomach.

“Y-yeah,” Lance nods, dumbstruck smile on his face.

God Keith is so lucky. Gets to hear that voice all the time. Gets to hear when Shiro is sweet and kind, breathy and desperate.

Shiro tells the table goodbye once again to excuse himself and starts jogging his way down the street. Once he turns the corner Hunk smiles at him and Pidge grins.

“He seems really nice, Lance,” Hunk says.

“He is,” Lance admits.

“And he’s been good to you so far?” Pidge asks. “If not I’ll have to--”


“I have my ways,” Pidge asserts and pops Lance on the nose with her spoon to get his attention.
“So? Is he good for you or what?”

Good to him? He just played up a role of Lance’s boyfriend. Was willing to do it just because Lance was stressed and in need. And Keith, his actual boyfriend, was more than okay with helping out. Hell, if it had been Keith across the street he probably would have done the same thing without a second thought.

They’ve both done more for him than anyone ever has. Keith seeing him under the table for his unconventional needs when he could have said no. Helping him through his break down. His self loathing. Making him feel good about being upset. Lance only met them just over two weeks ago and he can’t remember anyone being as good to him as they’ve been.

“Yeah,” Lance says, smiling softly. “He’s good for me.”

“Great! You should invite him to putt-putt!” Hunk beams.

“Yeah, it’ll be great to trounce some new blood.”

“S-Sure, I’ll throw out an invite but uh, he usually works on Fridays,” Lance tells them with a sheepish shrug. “So--”

“We can switch it up one of these days so he can come,” Pidge shrugs and checks her watch. “Better get the check. Lunch Break is almost over.”

*****

Thursday starts like every Thursday has for the past two weeks--work out with Shiro. But unlike every other workout something is off.

Shiro is his usual self, supportive and encouraging. Still gives his tips so that Lance can take full advantage of the exercises they’re doing. That said, sometimes Shiro seems a little out of it. Like there’s a two-second lag between all the staring he’s been doing. Staring at Lance as they work but coming back to himself within seconds so they can start the next set.

That’s when Lance remembers--Keith is making Shiro wait an entire week before getting off.

He’s probably more than a little sexually frustrated and Lance’s sitting there sweating and grunting with exertion probably isn’t helping. Especially considering the last time Shiro did get to release he spent half the night calling out Lance’s name and begging for him to ride him faster.

Lance can’t say he minds the attention, it instills a little pride in him to be the object of Shiro’s daydreams. He may or may not be a little more willing to drop his pants without a second thought when they hit the locker room. Hanging his towel just off his hips when he’s finished washing up to showcase that slender dip as water trickles down his neck and torso. Maybe it's a mean teasing thing to do but god if it doesn’t make Lance feel desirable as fuck when Shiro’s eyes catch on a drip that slips into his belly button.

“So I’ll see you Saturday, right?” Lance asks as he’s finishing changing.

“Yes. I’ll be a little late though so Keith will likely get started before I get there,” Shiro tells him while shouldering his gym bag. “Most of my classes and tests are online but this next one has to be done at the university with a proctor.”

“Ah,” Lance nods. He remembers those days from when he got his business degree. “Well, good luck with it. Hope you pass with flying colors.”
“Me too,” Shiro chuckles. That staring lag happens again before Shiro blinks back into the present with a weak smile. “I’ll...Let me walk you to your car?”

Lance smiles at that with an agreeing nod. Feels like he’s actually dating Shiro with how close they walk. Right as they reach the gym exit Shiro places his hand on Lance’s shoulder. Fingers squeezing gently the way any guy might with someone they treasure.

Is he doing this in case they run into Lance’s friends? To sell the image of the protective boyfriend? Or is it because Shiro wants to? Because he wants the opportunity to touch Lance? Lance flushes a little at the idea, telling himself that there’s no reason it can’t be both.

Once at the car, Shiro gives his shoulder another lingering squeeze before releasing his hold and putting those hands in his hoodie pockets with a sheepish look.

“Thanks for the workout Lance,” Shiro tells him. “And again, sorry I had to bail the other day.”

“It’s really alright, Shiro. You weren’t feeling good,” Lance says back. “And that storm was awful. I wouldn’t have blamed you if you stayed in just because you didn’t want to get wet,” he adds jokingly and Shiro half-heartedly laughs while scratching the back of his neck.

Lance leans back against his vehicle and notices Shiro’s doing that staring thing again. He wonders if it would be all to forward to--

“Could I uh, kiss you goodbye? Or is that too much for fake-dating?” Lance jokes with a nervous laugh.

Apparently, it’s not too much at all because no sooner are the words out of his mouth that Shiro is in his space, pressing a kiss to his lips. Almost like he was waiting for the Lance to give him the chance to do this. Hands perched firmly on Lance’s hips, those tempting hips that he’d been showing off in the locker room.

Shiro’s clearly trying to keep it chaste, a simple kiss that’s appropriate for public, but the moment Lance parts his mouth Shiro’s tongue slides right in and things heats up considerably. One kiss turns into two. Then three. On the fourth, Shiro seems to come back to himself and pull away with panting breaths. His face is flushed like he’s drunk.

“Wow,” Lance blinks and licks his lips. “That...how you kiss Keith goodbye? Because...damn.”

“Sorry,” Shiro apologizes. “I uh...It’s been a long week.”

“I’ll bet,” Lance snorts.

His eyes dart down to Shiro’s pants which is sporting a hard-on. A little kissing did that. Jesus.

“Want to...sit in my backseat until you’re presentable?” he asks Shiro, hinting at his crotch.

“I’d...appreciate that,” Shiro sighs, swiping a hand through his hair. “Thank you.”

It takes several minutes of Shiro taking calming breaths and laying down in his backseat before he reaches the stage of semi-hard. Lance sits in the front seat, turned backward so he can provide Shiro with mundane conversation. Something boring that will help in relaxing him. Seems to work because several minutes more and he’s finally back to normal.

“Two more days of this,” Shiro mumbles, his arm resting on his face. “You and Keith are going to kill me,” he exhales dramatically and Lance laughs.
“Sorry,” Lance snickers. “If it’s that bad, beg Keith to call it off.”


“Getting rewarded with that look,” Lance adds. “You know the one. All Doms have it. Like they couldn’t be more proud of you,” he sighs and presses his cheek onto the headrest. “I swear that look is better than sex…”

“Agreed,” Shiro nods and they both laugh a little.

Shiro finally gets up out of the backseat, leans an arm on Lance’s window and thanks him for the respite in his backseat. Not a problem. Does he want to kiss him goodbye again Lance asks with waggling eyes and Shiro snorts with laughter. Don’t tempt him. Not unless Lance wants to be late to work because Shiro’s taking another rest in his car.

“See you later, Lance,” Shiro tells him and rustles the top of his head. It’s safer than kissing him but feels just as affectionate.

“Right,” Lance smiles.

“With any luck, we’ll both get rewarded with that look come Saturday,” Shiro tells him. “If we earn it, that is.”

*****

Lance pulls on his favorite green jacket. It’s an old military one that he altered a bit to throw a little color in with that olive drab. Some mustard yellow on the sleeves. A little black on the back. It’s old now, a few holes at the elbows from wear and tear but lovingly repaired himself.

He talks into the phone as he gets ready for game night. Friday’s are usually the highlight of his week but he’s falling behind today. Got out of his office a little late after getting a commendation from his boss. Excellent work on this week's numbers. Expect a bonus in his next paycheck. Yada yada yada.

Great news and all but Lance wishes he hadn’t talked his ear off for twenty minutes. Means putt-putt is gonna start a little late. And on top of it, he’s going to get hit by traffic on the way to picking up Pidge and Hunk.

“Yeah, I’m putting on my shoes now,” he says, cradling the phone on his shoulder. “I’ll be there in-”

DING!

“Damn it, hold on. I got a text,” he says as he ties the laces in his sneakers.

“Probably the bossman again. I swear he was ready to suck your dick after this week,” Pidge guesses. “You should milk it for what it’s worth. Get a raise out of him.”

It’s not from his boss. It’s a text from Keith. Lance says he’ll call her back as soon as he’s in the car. He opens the message and finds a video file. Weirdly, this one is labeled with a name unlike anything else Keith’s ever sent.

‘Just for you.mp4’
He wants to watch it now but...he’s low on time. If Lance doesn’t leave now they’ll be hella late. They’ll never complete 18 holes and Pidge is gonna ream him for ruining her winning streak. Later. He’ll have time to watch it when he gets home.

So he snatches his wallet and keys, locks up, and hops into his car to pick up his friends.

It’s not until they’re halfway through the ninth hole that Lance’s curiosity gets the better of him. It’s not his turn. He’s already done his shots. And Pidge takes eons to line up hers when she’s serious about winning. Figures he has a good three minutes to check it out.

He pulls a pair of earbuds out of his pocket and plugs it into his phone. Just in case it’s like the last video Keith sent him. Oh if he sent one like that he’s going to have to keep a really good poker face. Pretty sure he can manage that. With a quick tap of his finger he hits play.

It opens with Keith’s hand clutched around something. It’s blue. Cobalt blue. Belatedly Lance realizes what it is with a start. A knife.

Keith’s thumb holds down a button and his wrist flicks out. The blade pops out with a loud click that sends a full body shudder through Lance. From his toes to the hairs on the back of his neck. Without a word, Keith then proceeds to sharpen it for the camera.

The sound of metal scraping in his ears as the blade glides over the whetstone--it sends electric tingles down Lance’s neck and spine. He covers his mouth and watches intently as Keith moves from the coarse grit to a finer one. The grinding metal sound is softer here and Lance can almost hear Keith breathing calmly as he works.

Keith said he’d sharpen a knife--

“Just for me,” Lance barely whispers, his stomach flipping with excitement.

It’s nearing the end of the video now. Keith’s scraping the blade with the beautiful blue handle on a strip of leather attached to a block of wood now. That’ll give it an exceptionally sharp edge. It’ll cut through skin like butter he bets. Lance is practically holding his breath now.

Keith shows off the knife, the metal glistening in the light. He barely presses the tip against the pad of his finger and pulls it away. Lance nearly whimpers at the sight of a single pearling drop of blood. The camera is taken off the mount and adjusted so that Lance can see Keith’s smirking mouth. He sucks the bleeding finger into his mouth with a hum and god Lance’s mouth is dry. Keith licks his lips and chuckles as he grins.

“See you tomorrow...my slut,” he says and the video promptly ends.

God damn...he really should have waited until he got home. He can’t...he can’t make it until then.

“I uh, I need to use the bathroom real quick,” Lance calls out as he heads toward the building. “You know, before we do the last nine holes!”

“Really Lance?” Pidge gripes.

“Too many spicy tacos, sorry!” he shouts over his shoulder as he books it to the restroom.

Lance runs directly to the last stall and closes himself inside. Puts the headphones in and turns up the sound a little before hitting play again. The video is only a few minutes long, edited into being shorter than it actually takes to sharpen a knife. Which means there’s time enough to watch it a couple times before Hunk decides to show up to offer him some Tums for his nonexistent stomach
issues.

Each viewing has him harder and harder. Now he’s hitting play a third time and palming over the hard-on in his pants. When the metal starts scraping on the fine whetstone Lance unbuttons his jeans and strokes his cock biting back a sigh. He’s never done anything out in a public place before. Thought he had more self control than that but god--he feels so desperate when it comes to Keith.

He hears Keith breathing plus the scrapes of stone and his cock drips in his hold. When blood beads up on Keith’s finger then swirls onto his tongue Lance is barely able to hold back a moan. Thank god the bathroom is empty. He grabs a handful of toilet paper just as Keith’s line comes up.

“ See you tomorrow...my slut ,” the video repeats.

“Oh hah...god... Keith...” he whimpers. “Yours...yes, your slut...”

Even if he gets off here he’s damn certain he’ll be watching this video again before he shows up for his session. So he can shiver to the sound of that knife clicking and blade edge grinding. As he lies in his bed, he’ll imagine that sharp edge going into his shoulder and dripping red with his own blood. God damn, he’s so excited at the prospect of that metallic flavor as Keith forces his tongue into his mouth for primal biting kisses.

But best of all, he can’t wait to hear Keith’s voice in his ear again. Like he’s hearing it now.

Lance hits rewind as his strokes speed up. He wants to hear it more. He’s so close.

“ See you tomorrow...my slut. ”

God, Keith’s voice is like...candy and poison at the same time. So sweet and delicious in his ear but with the power to weaken him. To destroy him from the inside out. Keith is so good at breaking his walls and bringing him to his knees. Fuck he’s not even here and Lance is falling apart.

“P-Please...hah... Keith... ” he pants.

Lance hits rewind to Keith’s line again and when he hears it this time he finally releases, shaking against the stall wall. He comes into that handful of tissue paper, moaning into the crook of his elbow so he doesn’t make any noise.

After calming down he cleans up, flushes the evidence of his ‘activity’, and quickly washes his hands before returning to the others. He must have been fast enough about it because neither of them comments on his time. They just get right back into the next nine holes like Lance never left.

Lance comes in last place again but Hunk ends Pidge’s winning streak by three. Lance is far too distracted to care at all. Barely drinks anything when they hit a bar afterward. Only manages to sip half a beer even though Hunk offered to be the DD for the night.

When he gets home he can barely sleep but not for the reasons he normally can’t sleep. No tears or regretful thoughts tonight. Lance is so damn excited that he’s picking out his clothes for tomorrow. Didn’t Keith say the other day not to wear anything he loves? Lance knows what that means--Keith is going to cut the clothes from his body with that pretty knife of his.

And then he’s going to cut into Lance.

“Fuck yeah,” Lance grins as he shifts his shirts around in his closet.

He rifles through them with abandon, bright smile on his face. Too boring. This one has the cuffs he
likes. No tee-shirts. They won’t be any fun to rip up. Nothing too expensive or things he likes too much. Something nice but not something he’ll lament being rid of.

He settles on an outfit eventually, tossing it over the back of a chair. It’ll all get a good ironing tomorrow before he heads over there. He’ll make sure to do his entire skin routine and style his hair nice too. Nothing like making himself look handsome and put together before being broken down to a needy mewling slut begging to be dirtied up for his Dom.

Speaking of Keith...Lance scoops up his phone and sends a quick text to him.

L.M.-- Thanks for the video.
K.K.-- No problem.
L.M.-- Looking forward to tomorrow.
K.K.-- Same. 7pm. Sharp.

Lance grins at that. Sharp. Ha. Keith is actually pretty funny.

K.K.-- Get plenty of rest. You’re going to need it.
L.M.-- Yes sir.

With that Lance hops into his bed and under the covers. Sets his alarm and settles in.

Sleep takes him quickly because for the first time in weeks he doesn’t think of Nyma. Doesn’t even dream about her. He dreams only of Shiro’s lips passionately kissing his and Keith’s commanding voice in his ears. Those rough fingers working him open as Shiro watches on baited breath. His panting breaths and begging noises echoing through their loft as he debases himself for Keith’s approval.

But then the landscape morphs into something else. Their warmth encompassing him on both sides. His name on their lips, spoken softly with fondness. Their arms holding tight and making him feel safe. Wanted. Loved.

Lance knows it’s only a dream but that doesn’t deter the content smile on his face as he sleeps.

Chapter End Notes

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