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<td>Character:</td>
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<td>Kinktober, 2019, Smut, Wax Play, Non-Consensual Touching, Bondage, Non-Consensual Bondage, Gags, Temperature Play, Forniphilia, Breathplay, Stripped, Blindfolds, Captured, human trophy, NSFW, Rimming, Accidental Voyeurism, Exhibitionism, powerbottom keith, Pervert Lance, Masturbation, Overstimulation, Daddy Kink, Spanking, Body Worship, Hickeys, Creampie, Praise Kink, Tentacle Sex, distention, Oviposition, Eggpreg, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Mind Manipulation, Anal Sex, Anal Play, Bottom Lance (Voltron), Power Bottom Keith (Voltron), Threesome - F/F/M, Dom Allura (Voltron), Dom Romelle, Sub Lance (Voltron), Cock Rings, Teasing, Femdom, Vibrators, Bottom Keith (Voltron), Humiliation, dubcon, Degradation, Suspension, Predicament Bondage, dildo, Impalement, Dom Shiro (Voltron), Oral Sex, Dom Lance (Voltron), Sub Keith (Voltron), Spreader Bars, bullet, Anal Hook, Dirty Talk, Human Furniture, Butt Plugs, Fluff and Smut, Tights, Fishnets, Come Eating, Master/Pet, Pet Play, Puppy Play, hood, brat keith, Stubborn Keith (Voltron), Electrocution, Electroplay, Hate Sex, Bets &amp; Wagers, Top Keith (Voltron), Plugged, Electricity, Lingerie, Kitchen Sex, Pegging, Strap-Ons, glass dildo, Multiple Orgasms, Fucking Machines, Double Penetration, Cuckolding, Sub Shiro (Voltron), Dom Keith (Voltron), Blow Jobs, Nipple Clamps, Shibari, Rope Bondage, Bit Gag, Leather Hood, Edgeplay, Edging, hog tied, Foot Jobs, Telepathy, Squirting, Female Ejaculation, distracted sex, Spitroasting, Macro/Micro, Size Difference, Size Kink, Object Insertion, Medical Kink, Speculum, enema, Sounding</td>
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<td>Published: 2019-09-12 Completed: 2019-10-31 Chapters: 32/32 Words: 53698</td>
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Summary

A collection of short, kinky drabbles featuring my favourite boys (and girls...)
Hi guys!

This might be a bit premature, but this year I want to attempt Kinktober! I know I haven't been on in a while, but I promise have plans to update a couple of my other fics before Kinktober kicks off and I get truly distracted.

My goal is to make it the entire month (failing that, complete as many days as possible. Juggling uni is hard...)

This is the list I am planning on working to:

![Kinktober 2019 Prompt List](image)

SO, I have a question for you lovely, lovely readers. If there's any particular pairings you would like to see let me know in the comments - not everything I do will be Klance and I am open to suggestions. I will say now I don't write anything adult involving Pidge - sorry, but I see them as asexual and just can't imagine them in that kind of situation.

Or if there's any prompts in particular you would like to see just say. Pairings, prompts - even a scenario you would like to see. I am starting my planning for this to try and take the pressure off so
let me know what you would like and I can see what it inspires in me.

Some days will also be follow-ons from previous stuff I have written so if you have a favourite keep an eye out for short sequels/prequels, and again I am open to suggestions. I will also be combining prompts on some days because I think many of them just work so well together.

Anyway, I'll leave you here for now. I will probably struggle to make it every single day (especially considering my writing always gets away from me and goes super long) but what's the point of a challenge if it's not difficult??

Bye for now xx
Day 1: Wax Play feat Lancelot

Chapter Summary

Kinktober Day 1: Prince Lotor appreciates his newly caught paladin.

Chapter Notes

AND SO IT BEGINS.
Welcome to childofthemuses' Kinktober 2019.
I'm really excited to see how far I manage to take this. I am trying to stay prepared so hopefully this all goes to plan and I succeed in providing titillating content every day! I will be tagging the overall work, but will write out the specific tags to each day at the beginning of the chapter.
And - unless stated as noncon/dubcon - please assume that there are safewords instilled and at use in these works.
Anyway, without much further ado, ENJOY!

Tags:
Noncon - nothing particularly sexual, but while Lance is held captive he is naked, bound and gagged. Noncon touching.
Wax Play(Temp Play.
Forniphilia (kind of).
Breathplay (ish).

Lotor grinned.

He knew the paladin couldn’t see him. Still, seeing his enemy strung up like this before him…

It brought him immense satisfaction.

He stepped forwards, watching how the paladin’s head turned to where the sound of his clipping heels came from. The human’s flesh trembled: from cold or fear, Lotor couldn’t be sure.

He reached a hesitant hand forward, brushing the lightest fingertip over the paladin’s muscled abdomen and taking great delight as the human flinched beneath his touch, muscles straining in panic.

Beautiful.

Finally Lotor had managed to break Voltron’s formation, scattering the paladins so they couldn’t rely on each other for help. And, with the house divided, Voltron came crumbling down to the point Lotor had managed to capture one of their prized paladins.

He had been briefly confused when, upon entering the red lion, he had come across the unconscious blue paladin. He had heard rumours that there had been a shake-up within the team, but he couldn’t
imagine a meek, friendly paladin suited to the blue lion somehow stepping up and earning the respect of the red. He had heard plenty of tales of Voltron in his youth, and none of them had prepared him for that.

Not that it mattered. If anything it only crippled Voltron further: they had already had to replace the red lion’s paladin once, he doubted they were lucky enough to have another suitable candidate just lying around.

His advisers had assumed that he would keep the blue paladin to torture him for information, to draw Voltron’s secrets from his lips with sharp steel or biting leather. But he had waved their ideas off.

What other information did he need to defeat Voltron? He already knew their weakness: separation.

He had taken one of their pieces: they couldn’t be Voltron with 4 paladins. Rather, they would just be four brightly coloured robotic lions.

Not much of a threat.

So he had deemed to use the paladin is decoration, as a reminder of his cunning and intellect, of the fact that he was going to win this war in his own particular style.

The blue paladin squirmed, uncomfortable and completely naked, on display so that he couldn’t hide even an inch of himself. His ankles and wrists had been cuffed to a large metal X, forcing him into a wide, spread-eagled stance. Next, larger cuffs had been locked around his elbows and knees to reduce struggling, as well as a thick black band around his waist. Finally a cuff had been locked around his neck so that if he struggled too much he would inevitably choke himself and be forced to calm himself down.

A black blindfold had been tied over the paladin’s eyes: a real shame, Lotor had to admit the paladin had beautiful blue eyes. But he didn’t want his prisoner to see where he was just yet: Lotor would rather keep him in the dark in that respect, both figuratively and literally.

“Mmph, mmph!” The paladin grunted. And Lotor felt his grin widen at the final addition. Secured between the paladin’s teeth was a thick piece of leather, tied tight enough behind his head to cut painfully into the corners of his mouth. In his thrashing a steady stream of drool had fallen from his parted lips, dripping down to glisten on his chest in the low lighting.

Beautiful. But only one problem: there was simply too much black. This was supposed to be a masterpiece adorning the prince’s chambers: it needed to be a bit more eye catching.

Lotor lit the candle, watching with amusement as the slight noise drew the paladin’s attention. He waited a minute, letting the tension build and the wax melt, before reaching a slow hand up and letting a gentle stream of liquid wax pour against the paladin’s skin.

Instantly the paladin was struggling, crying out in surprise behind his gag as the hot wax landed on his skin, dripping down over his abdomen before the trail hardened. Lotor watched for a moment, enjoying the squirming and appreciating the stark flash of colour against the paladin’s torso.

Blue had been a good choice.

Lotor poured more wax, enjoying the paladin’s weak protests behind his thick gag, loving how the skin twitched and jumped as each stream of blue wax splashed against it and slid down, framing the paladin’s pecs and abs, moving like water with each shuddering breath. Over his shoulders, dripping down over his biceps...
Beautiful.

The paladin flinched violently as Lotor reached up to stroke the boy’s cheek, to gently brush hair away from his sweaty forehead. Lotor doubted any of the other paladin’s beauty could surpass that of the blue paladin – even that of the princess Allura. This human…there was something intoxicating, something that drew the prince in. He was a masterpiece, a work of art.

And he was all Lotor’s.

Lotor blew out the blue candle, reaching down to light the red candle he had brought. He continued his administrations, delighting in how the paladin sagged in his restraints now and let the wax drip without protest, let the hot streams race down his skin and cool before hardening. Lotor let the wax fall, pouring almost too fast for the candle to melt. He loved this, leaving his mark on this skin – taking this beautiful creature and making him even more so.

He blew out the red candle too, and stepped back.

The paladin was shivering again, breathing heavily through his nose. Red and blue painted his chest, his abdomen, his shoulders and upper arms. The colours from his past as a paladin adorned his chest, a weak shield against his nakedness.

Lotor sat down heavily on his bed, unable to tear his eyes from the paladin, how the reds and blues rippled as he forced himself to calm his breathing.

Beautiful.
Chapter Summary

All Lance wanted was his face mask back.

Chapter Notes

Day 2!
I accidentally included two prompts from today's choices (not that you'll be complaining...)
So today we have Lance accidentally watching two hot paladins having a fun afternoon.

Tags: noncon/accidental voyeurism/exhibitionism (don't know the best way to write that). Rimming. Riding. Daddy Kink (a very small amount - literally said once).

Why did Keith have to be so annoying?

Lance glanced nervously over his shoulder, making sure the hallway was clear before raising his hand to the panel and opening the door. He entered quickly, letting the door shut behind him, closing him in Keith’s room.

Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea…

Lance mentally and physically shook himself: no time for second guessing. He had come this far, no point chickening out now.

He knew – he knew – that Keith had taken his favourite deep cleaning seaweed face mask he had managed to find in the Terra earth shop in the space mall. There was no way that Keith’s complexion could be so flawless without serious help…

And judging from the skin issues of the rest of his team, Keith was his only suspect.

Still nervous he began systematically opening drawers, blushing when he uncovered Keith’s underwear drawer and slamming it shut again. He wasn’t here to snoop, just to take back what belonged to him.

He should have time: Keith had only just headed up to the training deck to work off some steam, he shouldn’t be back for a good couple of hours.

He should have had time.

Lance heard voices outside the door and his stomach dropped straight out his body and down, down to fall directly out of the Castle of Lions and into the void of space. He froze in place, ears straining to hear who was talking.

As soon as he confirmed one of the voices belonged to Keith he turned in a panic and looked for
somewhere to hide. Keith’s room layout was the same as his, meaning his wardrobe would be big enough to secretly house Lance.

Guess this would be the second time in his life that Lance would be hiding in the closet…

Without any time to think it through anymore Lance moved, slipping into the wardrobe and trying to close the door after him. But it was no good: with no purchase on this side he couldn’t close the second door all the way, leaving a sliver of space between the two through which he could see the room. But it would have to do because he could hear the door already opening and those muffled voices instantly got louder.

“-way too much time on that training deck,” the second voice – Shiro’s – said.

Lance could just imagine how Keith would roll his eyes at that. “Yeah yeah, you’ve told me before.”

“I know,” Shiro said, sounding stern. “And you’ve clearly taken what I’ve said on board.”

Lance’s breath caught in his throat as the pair stepped into view, retreating back from the door as anxiety of being caught swirled in his gut. Why did he think this would be a good idea?

“I know what my body can take,” Keith said, reaching up to release his hair from his ponytail, running fingers hastily through the dark strands. “You, more than anyone else, should too,” He said with a knowing smirk that Lance didn’t entirely understand.

Shiro raised an eyebrow, clearly unamused. “Don’t just brush me off, Keith. I’m trying to look out for you.”

Keith sighed, the smirk sliding from his face. He rubbed at the back of his neck nervously, averting his gaze. “I know, I know. I’m sorry Shiro – but I can’t just sit around. I can’t sit back and take a break when there’s so much at stake. I need to make sure I’m ready.”

Lance’s eyes widened as Shiro stepped forwards with arms outstretched, wrapping Keith in an unexpected embrace and resting his head atop Keith’s. Keith instantly melted into the touch, pressing his cheek against Shiro’s torso. “I know – believe me, I do.”

Lance shouldn’t be here – he shouldn’t be here. Whatever was happening here – and he was too stressed from his current situation to even begin working it out – he shouldn’t be privy to it. This was clearly a very private matter, he shouldn’t-

“You know…” Keith said, the tone of his voice changing the entire atmosphere of the room. It was lighter, almost…sultry? “You ruined my work out. I’ve got a lot of energy I need to work off – what am I supposed to do now?”

Shiro was smirking, clearly knowing better than Lance where this was headed. “I suppose I could throw you a bone, if you need the help?”

“You’ll throw me more than that,” Keith said before reaching up and cupping the back of Shiro’s head with his hand, bringing the taller paladin’s face down to meet his in a kiss. Lance’s eyes widened, clapping a hand over his open mouth to keep his exclamation of shock to himself.

Keith growled into Shiro’s mouth, clearly starving for each and every touch. Shiro’s arms tightened around Keith, pressing their bodies close together. Keith bit at Shiro’s lip, tugging playfully, and Shiro was suddenly lifting Keith off the ground, happy to let Keith wind his legs around his waist. Shiro held Keith securely, walking them both over to the bed and placing Keith down on it before finally breaking the kiss. Without words Keith tugged at his t-shirt, pulling it up over his head and
tossing it to the ground. He smirked up at Shiro, raised an eyebrow of a challenge as Shiro removed his top too and swooped back down to kiss at Keith’s mouth.

The two made out furiously on the bed, so focused on one another that Lance suspected he would be able to sneak out without either of them even noticing them. But he was transfixed, frozen to the spot and unable to look away from the display the two were putting on.

He had been in love with Shiro for years, a teenager’s crush on his greatest hero. And then there was Keith…

Annoying, stupid Keith. Hot-headed Keith, who rushed in without a second thought. Who had that stupid mullet that Lance fantasied about running his fingers through…

He could admit there was something complicated going on there with him. He had tried not to dwell on it. But seeing the two of them like this, all over each other: it was like a dream coming true that he never even knew he had.

Trousers were being unbuttoned and cast aside, the two increasing their skin on skin contact as they were left in just boxers. Shiro’s physique was just as he had always imagined: heavily muscled, taught in all the right places, looking like a powerhouse ready for action. Oh, the things he imagined those hips could do…

And Keith: lithe and lean, muscles rippling under pale skin with each movement against Shiro, hair splaying out on the duvet below him.

Shiro and Keith were grinding hips against one another now, erections tenting their boxers as breaths began to grow noisy, gasps against one another’s mouths happening more and more frequently.

As though he weighed nothing, Shiro sat back and flipped Keith over onto his stomach, lifting his hips to raise his ass into the air.

“S-shiro!” Keith gasped, wiggling his hips enticingly as Shiro took a minute to appreciate the view.

With a growl Shiro leaned forward, pushing the waistband of Keith’s boxers down to reveal his ass. Lance almost saw stars, physically dazed from the sheer perfection that was Keith’s supple, plump ass. He shifted uneasily, doing his best to ignore the semi that was in his pants at the sight of his teammates messing around in front of him.

Shiro’s large hands came up to rest on each of Keith’s ass cheeks, kneading the muscle and kissing and sucking bruises over the pale skin. Keith squirmed beneath him, clearly impatient but knowing better than to say anything.

Shiro used his hands to part Keith’s cheeks, leaning down without hesitation to run a hot, wet tongue over Keith’s hole.

Keith’s moan was like something out of a porn video, his whole body clenching from the light touch.

Shiro chuckled, letting his hot breath tease over Keith’s hole. “Sensitive today, are we?”

“Sh-shut up Shiro,” Keith snapped.

Keith cried out as Shiro smacked his ass, hard, with his galran hard. “Still struggling with manners, Keith? We really need to work on that.”

Shiro leaned back in before Keith could retort, turning whatever he was going to say into slutty
moans as Shiro ran his tongue over and over his hole, alternating between long slow licks and frantic prodding that stretched Keith’s hole with a delicious burn. Keith was scrabbling at the sheets, desperate for purchase as Shiro slurped and moaned against him, enjoying every second.

Lance could believe that: he was thoroughly enjoying himself, and he wasn’t even taking part.

“Sh-shiro, I’m ready,” Keith gasped, pushing back against Shiro. “Come on.”

“Shh, babe.”

But Keith, always impatient, turned and pulled himself away from Shiro. He stood off the bed and turned, forcing Shiro down onto his back and removing his boxers before doing the same with his own.

“Stay,” Keith ordered, walking around to the side of the bed while Shiro lay with a wide grin on his face.

“That desperate, huh?” He teased, earning a glare from Keith.

Keith came back around, crawling over Shiro to straddle his lap. He opened the cap to the lube, squirting it over his fingers before slicking up Shiro’s cock. “I told you, I’ve got pent up energy to burn off. So are you going to get with the program, or so I have to do everything myself?”

With a shit-eating grin Shiro stretched out, resting his hands leisurely behind his head and raising an eyebrow.

“Dick,” Keith muttered, taking a moment to line himself up before starting to sink down on Shiro’s cock. He only managed to take it halfway before pausing, slowly grinding his hips down and working himself further open. He hissed out a breath as he pushed himself, the sound quickly morphing into gasping moans as he took Shiro deeper.

Shiro was the picture of relaxation, staring up at Keith’s flushed face with a look of amusement.

Lance wasn’t entirely sure when he had done it, but he came to realise that his jeans were unbuttoned, fly down so he could fit his hand into his boxers. He was palming himself, slowly grinding up into his hand to try and relieve some of the pressure from his hard on. He was incredible turned on, and he couldn’t work out if it was from seeing Shiro, seeing Keith, watching them both together…

Or, maybe, just from the fact that he was watching them getting hot and heavy, unrestrained, without any knowledge that he was watching them from the closet. He was disgusting, he was a pervert – and he was loving every minute of it.

Keith gasped out a loud moan as his hips came to rest against Shiro, managing to take Shiro’s thick, long cock all the way to the root. He took a moment to breathe, letting himself fully adjust, before beginning to rock his hips and fuck himself on Shiro.

Hands braced against Shiro’s chest Keith began to bounce, pulling out almost the full way before slamming down and thrusting Shiro’s cock in deep. His eyes fluttered closed as he focused, moaning unabashedly as he used Shiro for his own pleasure.

Shiro was beginning to grow flustered, that teasing façade cracking as Keith drove his hips down harder and harder. Without thought his hands came to rest on Keith’s hips, gripping so he could take control and begin thrusting his hips up into the red paladin. Displeased, Keith grabbed Shiro’s wrists and forced them down onto the bed, his face handing over Shiro’s with a taunting look. “You didn’t
want to help, so you don’t get to take control.” Keith purposefully rolled his hips down, relishing the twist of emotion crossing Shiro’s face from the movement. “So now you’re going to sit there and take what I give you. Got it?”

Shiro nodded, tensing his hips to keep from jerking as Keith began moving again, setting a slower pace to rile Shiro up. Keith might be impatient, but the only thing he enjoyed more than his own satisfaction was denying Shiro his.

Lance was gripping his cock tightly, unable to stop himself anymore as he pushed his jeans and boxers down to fully reveal himself. He was so hard it was physically painful to ignore it: his cock pulsed for attention, almost making him cry out as he finally touched himself.

Keith’s pace was beginning to pick up, ass being speared open on Shiro’s huge cock. He impaled himself again and again, allowing Shiro’s hands to creep back onto his hips so long as he let Keith keep control.

“Fuck Shiro, so good!” Keith cried to the ceiling, head flung back so his neck was beautifully elongated.

Shiro sat up to mouth at Keith’s neck, hands resting at the small of the red paladin’s back while he bounced in Shiro’s lap. “Keep going, baby.” Shiro’s voice was low and hoarse, words muttered between hungry kissing. Keith’s hips were beginning to stutter, voice rising higher in pitch as he grew closer.

Lance was keeping pace with the roll of Keith’s hips, approaching his own edge. He shouldn’t…he shouldn’t.

It was bad enough he was watching them. He couldn’t let himself take such satisfaction from this. But his body had a mind of it’s own, his hand refusing to stop as precum pearled from the tip of his cock.

“Come on, baby,” Shiro muttered. “Cum for me, you can do it.”

Keith cried out at Shiro’s reassuring words, coating their fronts with cum as his back arched and his body locked up in spasm. Shiro praised him through his orgasm, sloppily kissing at his neck. As Keith came down he collapsed against Shiro, boneless.

“Good boy,” Shiro praised, stroking his hair. “You ready for my cum, baby?”

As tired as he was, Keith weakly nodded.

With his face setting into determination, Shiro gripped Keith’s hips and began moving his limp hips, fucking himself into Keith’s hole. Keith was weak to it all, lightly moaning and squirming at the overstimulation.

“Do you want it, baby?”

“Yes- yes please, daddy. Please, please-”

The image of Keith being used as a limp fuck toy was too much. Biting into his lip, hard enough to bleed, Lance came hard enough to see stars. Cum splattered against the inside of the wardrobe doors, his free hand coming out to the side to support himself as his legs turned to jelly. He was breathing heavily, trying to calm his breaths so as not to be heard. When he managed to come back to himself he saw Shiro and Keith still, embracing one another. Shiro moved Keith off of him and Lance swore
he could have cum right then and there again as he saw Keith’s puckered hole pop off of Shiro’s cock and beginning to leak sticky cum.

“Come on babe,” Shiro said softly, kissing Keith’s cheek. “Let’s get you cleaned up.”

The two threw some clothes on and grabbed their toiletries, leaving the room with a chaste kiss before putting a respectable distance between themselves before stepping out into the hallway. The door closed after them and Lance felt himself sag heavily into the back of the wardrobe, hearing it creak around me.

What had he just done?
Chapter Summary

Lance faces the consequences of failing to free the merfolk from the hold of the Baku Garden.

Chapter Notes

Welcome to Day 3!
Today I have some good ol’ tentacle fun for you guys, featuring my favourite boy!

Tags: Noncon/dubcon, Mind Manipulation, Tentacles, Distention, Oviposition, Orgasm Denial.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hunk!” Lance screamed, struggling against his bonds. “Hunk, please! Please, don’t do this!”

But Hunk was staring past him with blank eyes, floating besides the Queen and seeming as though he didn’t even realise he was there.

Lance pulled at his wrists, bound behind his back, trying to shake off the firm hands on his shoulders keeping him still. He looked to the Queen of the merfolk, the cold grip of fear twisting in his gut. “Please, your highness, don’t do this. Just let us go.”

Queen Luxia’s face remained blank and compassionless. Below them the Baku garden seemed to pulse menacingly, seemingly knowing what was coming next. “It is time to take a swim in the garden, Paladin Lance.”

“No – no don’t!” He cried, struggling anew as he realised that a mermaid was tying a heavy weight to his bound ankles. She swam away and he felt how the hands of the mers holding him began to dig in as they struggled to counteract the weight and keep him up.

They had failed: he and the rebels had failed to get to the blue lion, to free the mers from the control of the Baku garden. They had worked it out too late, they were too-

“You shall return to the given of life, Paladin Lance;” Queen Luxia announced with a flourish of her arms. The crowd that had gathered to watch cheered and clapped, clearly believing that this was a great honour. Before he could say anything else the hands holding him up were gone and he was sinking down, down, down…

“Hunk!” He cried in a panic, knowing it was useless. “Hunk, buddy, please!”

But Hunk didn’t respond: no one did. Not one person so much as batted an eye as he sunk down into the centre of the Baku garden, struggling to no avail all the way.

As he sunk lower the fronds of the garden rose around him, blocking out the crowd beginning to
disperse above. The soft purple glow of the garden tinged the swaying forest of fronds around him, surreal and hypnotic in the light. His wrists were aching from struggling, his shoulders stiff from being tightly bound. With an air of finality he felt himself hit the ground of the garden, strung up like bait and left to sway in the faint current.

He felt like he wanted to scream, tied and left to wait for whatever was going to happen: was anything even going to happen? What if there wasn’t anything malicious about the garden, and he was going to be left here to slowly starve and die, no one coming to help-

He tried to take a deep breath, feeling how the thoughts were threatening to overwhelm him.

There was a rustle of sound behind him and he squeaked in panic, attempting to look over his shoulder. Oh, there was nothing-

Something brushed against his leg, making him try and jerk away as best he could. Something was toying with him: soft touches whenever and wherever he wasn’t looking, making his head swivel in an attempt to work out where they were coming from.

“Hey!” He called. “Is there someone there?”

Of course, there was no answer.

But the touches still came, becoming firmer and running in long lengths up and down the length of Lance’s body. He looked down and squeaked in surprise as he caught sight of the garden’s curling fronds beginning to wind around his body, responsible for the lingering touches.

He was powerless to stop them as the fronds coiled around him, slipping under his paladin armour and forcing them to pop out of place, sinking away to fall to the ground. Left in his black bodysuit, he cried out as he felt something fiddling with the zip at his back.

“Hey, stop!”

But it was useless. The frond coiled around the zip and worked it down, opening the body suit and exposing his bare skin to the water.

It was…so warm. He sighed, the feeling pleasant as the frond worked the zip all the way down, squirming slightly to try and shrug off the suit, to enjoy the water.

The frond seemed to agree with his intentions, several projections slipping beneath the suit and turning wicked sharp to shred the suit from his skin. It fell away from his body in black strips of fabric, leaving him exposed in only his underwear.

He felt himself grow boneless, the warm caress of the water soothing. So warm, so safe…

The fronds were back, his skin sensitive to their touches now his suit was gone. They danced across his skin, switching between featherlight touches and firm caresses. They coiled around him like an embrace, holding him close, feeling every inch.

He gasped as one frond innocently brushed over one of his nipples. Following his response, it did it again to illicit another squirming reaction. This ushered another frond to coil up to his chest as both set about brushing over the sensitive nubs, working over them as they grew firm beneath their touches.

He was squirming in his bonds and biting his lip to keep from moaning, feeling himself growing aroused under the touches. He couldn’t help but cry out as one of the members pinched his nipple
hard, his cry quickly followed by a moan.

The fronds were freely roaming his body now, their touch like electric on his skin, only adding to the growing fire in his belly. His breath was beginning to speed up, loud in his ears. Fronds groped and massaged at his ass, winding tight around his thighs-

He bucked as one passed over his hardening cock and suddenly his boxers too were shredded as the fronds set about fondling his cock, their touches rousing it to full hardness. They wound around his shaft, teased lightly at his head, played and shifted with his balls as they explored.

Lance was completely lost under their touches, no longer capable of considering just how messed up this was. He moaned as they stroked his shaft, one member messaging the sensitive skin of his peritoneum. He had no control over his body as it jerked from the stimulation, almost squealing in joy as a frond slipped between his ass cheeks and graced over his hole.

“Please, please!” He begged, trying to shift to allow the fronds better access. “Please, please-”

The member placed more pressure against his hole, circling around and slowly increasing pressure until it managed to slip inside. Lance shouted, welcoming the intrusion, moaning as the frond rippled and massaged his walls, pushing further and filling his ass.

Other fronds came around to investigate, pressing at the taught muscle before managing to slip inside too. They were all moving independently inside him, stretching him out in all directions, the feeling unlike anything he had ever experience. It was like-

He saw pure white as one of the fronds managed to pass over his prostate and felt his entire body jerk, knowing the reaction was a mistake right before all of the fronds seemed to focus on the area, rubbing and pressing and massaging the spot as he screamed and dissolved into pure pleasure. It was too much, too much-

He thought he would cum, he was ready to cum, but just as he approached that edge one frond wound tight around the base of his cock and ruined his orgasm, keeping him held on that edge. He felt himself babbling, squirming relentlessly as those fronds still pressed at his prostate and loosened his walls ever further.

“Fuck, fuck – please!” He cried, his entire body sizzling with the potential of a mind blowing orgasm but being denied it. “Please, please!” He screamed.

As soon as the words left his lips the fronds within him suddenly disappeared, leaving him disgustingly empty. He opened his mouth, feeling like he might cry, when he suddenly felt something large pressing against his hole.

Fuck – whatever it was, it was huge.

Those fronds loosening him were clearly trying to prepare him for whatever this was, the fat blunt head of it struggling to enter even with how stretched he was.

It was agonising, how desperate he wanted this thing inside of him whilst knowing it shouldn’t be able to fit. His asshole clenched and spasmed as it pushed in further, shallowly thrusting to get the muscle used to the size.

He had kept his eyes squeezed shut, trying to breathe through the strange pleasure/pain, the frond wrapped tight around his cock pulsing from how hard he was. At one point he looked down and was shocked to find his belly protruding from the sheer size of the thing inside of him, the skin taught and rippling as it moved within him.
Slowly the member began moving, exuding some kind of fluid to slick up his insides and allow easier movement. He felt impaled by it, every inch filled and squirming around it, a deranged part of him wanting more, more-

He felt the member bulge at his asshole, a new pressure as something pressed against the muscle.

“Wait-” He cried, trying to work out what was happening. The pressure increased and he cried out, stars dancing across his vision as whatever it was pressed past his asshole and popped inside his body, travelling up the rest of the length. Lance felt goosebumps dance across his skin as he felt the bulge emerge from the tip of the member, settling in his gut with a sickening weight.

He was shifting, trying to work out what had just happened, when he felt another bulge beginning to press at his asshole.

“No,” He begged, the pressure increasing again. “Please, don’t.”

But his begging did nothing: the bulge entered him and was deposited with the other. Lance wasn’t surprised as another bulge pressed into him, and another – each one passing into him easier as his abused asshole stretched out ever further.

He was starting to feel more uncomfortable than turned on, the weight of the heavy bulged settled in his gut. Looking down his belly stretched out ever further, the curve of each bulge prominent under his skin.

He didn’t know how many were pressed into him, but by the time it was done he couldn’t see his feet past his belly anymore. He moaned, struggling to adjust, moaning and shivering as the thick member began sliding in and out of him, perversely fucking into him after so much abuse.

Despite himself he found himself growing hot again, the member so large it couldn’t help but rub over his prostate each time it thrust into him.

That frond was still tight around the base of his cock. “Please,” He cried. “Let me cum, let me-”

Suddenly the thing inside of him thrust deep, deep, up to where the bulges had been deposited. He screamed as the frond around his dick loosened, stroking up around his shaft as he came so hard he almost passed out: bliss crashed through him and his brain short-circuited, seeming to forget how to breathe as air burst out of his lungs and he grew light-headed from how high his orgasm pushed him.

The member spilled something warm and liquid inside of him, filling him even further. He was too tired to care, head slumped forward as it began to recede, making him squirm as it spurted a new liquid at his asshole, this expanding and growing firm, effectively plugging him up.

He barely noticed himself being moved through the garden, too tired and full to care.

He eventually looked up, his breath catching. He was in a clearing ringed by the fronds, surrounded by innumerous merfolk. Some were tied like him, others floated almost lifeless and with blank gazes on the weak current. But each and every one had horribly swollen bellies, weighted down by their heavy loads.

It was eerily silent in the field of incubators: fronds would come in to check on their status regularly, supplying food and massaging aching bellies. Lance was in a strange haze, his body becoming accustomed to his distended belly to the point he didn’t remember a day where he didn’t have it.

Once his brood hatched, he was filled again. And again. And again. And there wasn’t a thing about it that he would change.
Because for the first time in a long, long time, he felt safe and warm.

Chapter End Notes

I can't wait to show you guys what I've got in store for tomorrow - its rather spicy...
See you then ;) x
Day 4: Gags feat. Rollurance

Chapter Summary

Lance's mistresses are too competitive.

Chapter Notes

Welcome to Day 4, featuring gags, threesomes and femdom.
I am so excited about this chapter.
Tags: gags, threesome, femdom, orgasm denial, bondage.

She loved watching him squirm. Every strained movement, every gasp - all because of them.

Allura giggled, running the feather over the inside of Lance’s thigh again and delighting in watching him pull against his bonds at the tickling touch. They had him laid out spread eagle, arms and legs stretched taught and cuffed to the corners of the bed. Romelle had tied a black silk blindfold over his eyes, loving to surprise him with unexpected touches, never sure what she was going to do next.

His cock stood erect, straining and leaking precum which pearled at his tip before sliding down his shaft and pooling on the edge of the tight cock ring Allura had put in place. He hadn’t been pleased when he realised what she was doing, but it wasn’t as though he could do anything about it with how he was tied down. Hell, he couldn’t even protest properly.

Her favourite part was the gag…

She supposed Lance didn’t even realise just what he was wearing: all he knew was the synthetic cock slipped past his lips, keeping his tongue pressed down and nestled snuggly in his mouth. It wasn’t large enough to cause any issues breathing, but big enough to keep his mouth nice and full and stop his pathetic begging.

“Mmph!”

God, she loved that sound.

She ran a delicate hand up his face, enjoying how he pressed his cheek into her touch. While Lance was enjoying his side of the gag, she figured she was going to enjoy the other side a lot more.

Mirroring Lance’s side of the gag was another dildo protruding from his parted lips, this one longer and designed for her own riding pleasure. She crouched down and kissed his forehead, pushing aside his sweaty bangs.

“Do you want us to play with you, sweet boy?” She said with a teasing voice, grinning at Allura as the Altean princess ran the feather up and down Lance’s straining cock. His hips bucked desperately, groaning behind his gag as he furiously nodded his head.
Feeling sorry for him, Romelle reached down and rubbed a thumb in the precum at the head of his cock, pressing into his slit with enough force to get him moaning and squirming. His muscles contracted beneath his tanned skin, and Romelle couldn’t help but lean down and run a tongue over the line of his pec. Increasing the pressure of her thumb until Lance began to whimper she then pulled his nipple into her mouth, sucking heavily and biting down on the sensitive nub.

Lance squealed, shaking under her touches, chest rising heavily. Romelle let up on his cockhead, being kind and stroking the straining member, making sure not to give him too much stimulation. With her other hand she absentmindedly rolled Lance’s nipple between her fingers, laughing out loud at his squeals when she twisted it hard.

Allura had abandoned her feather, focusing on covering the inside of Lance’s thighs with kisses and hickeys. Romelle stood and straddled Lance so her ass was over his face. She leaned her face down and took the head of his cock in to her mouth, hearing the pleased moan make its way past his gag.

He squirmed under her as she lazily sucked, those moans raising in pitch as Allura came forward and, together, the two of them sucked and licked at Lance’s cock. He was whimpering, the cock ring cutting in too hard for him to cum.

Romelle sat up and pressed her ass down on Lance’s face, avoiding the dildo for now. She ground down, hearing the rumble of his groans on her pussy. She laughed as, without warning, Allura popped off of his cock and levelled a heavy slap on his inner thigh. Lance squealed and struggled under the rough smack, and Romelle enjoyed sitting on his face as he desperately squirmed.

“Think he deserves another, ‘Llura,” Romelle said, giggling as she felt Lance trying to shake his head under her.

“You’re right, Elle,” Allura grinned, landing a smack on the opposite thigh. “He looks so pretty in red, don’t you think?”

“So pretty,” She cooed.

Allura ran her hands up and down Lance’s legs, laughing as he flinched expecting another hit. “What a baby,” She laughed, giving him another smack. “Maybe I should go get my flogger…”

Romelle ground her hips down mockingly, “You want that, baby? For mistress to go and get her flogger?”

“Mmph!!” Was the expected reply.

“Maybe later,” Allura laughed, returning to kiss at his cock, enjoying its pathetic twitching at each light touch. “But for now, I fancy going for a ride. Elle, care to join me?”

“You know,” Romelle said with an eyebrow raise, “I might take you up on that.” Romelle raised her hips and aligned herself, sinking down on the dildo in one smooth move, enjoying the surprised noise that burst from Lance.

She let herself moan loudly, wiggling her hips and making his head shake, “Finally, a good use for his mouth. Maybe we should keep it on all the time – means we don’t have to take turns anymore.”

Allura straddled his hips and sank herself down on Lance’s weeping cock, not bothering to remove the ring before doing so. “Much fairer,” Allura agreed. “Your mistresses can make use of you at the same time. You like that idea, sweet boy?”

Lance fervently nodded his head, jostling the dildo deliciously inside Romelle. She started rocking
her hips, slowly building up speed, soon slamming down the entire dildo’s length with each thrust. The dildo was longer than Lance’s cock, reaching deep into her pussy, and she placed her hands on his chest to steady herself. “Fuck, this was a good idea, ’Llura. You know, this plastic cock is fucking me so much better than his sad little cock does. Maybe we should keep his pathetic excuse for a cock in a cage and ride this instead?”

Lance moaned and protested below her, taking his opportunity as she rose up to drive forward with his face and push the dildo in deep when she was least expecting it. She made a pleased sound, “See? Even you like playing with it!”

While Romelle fucked herself over Lance’s mouth, Allura was much more agonising. Aware that Lance was still wearing his cock ring she slowly rolled her hips, rubbing the head of his cock at her G-spot but providing him with very little stimulation. She slapped a hand down on his abdomen, relishing how his abs contracted as cried out from the smack, her hand running over the reddening skin.

Romelle reached forwards and pulled Allura close, the two of them sharing a kiss with Lance lying powerless and squirming below them. As Romelle went to pull away Allura bit teasingly at her lip and smirked. “Want to make this interesting?” Allura said with a challenging voice.

Romelle raised a curious eyebrow, “What you thinking, ‘Llura?”

“Oh…”

“What’s the prize?” Romelle asked, unable to hide her interest.

Allura sat back and tapped at her chin in thought, absentmindedly circling her hips to ensure there wasn’t one single moment where Lance wasn’t being teased. “How about…winner gets to decide when our sweet boy finally gets permission to cum.”

“You’re on,” Romelle hastily accepted the challenge. Allowing Lance to cum was her favourite part of these scenes: that power, that complete control over him, driving him mad as she refused to give permission and kept on teasing and teasing-

She refused to lose.

“Deal!”

The two fucked themselves fast and hard, angling their hips to hit just right, both setting their own pace whilst Lance moaned below them.

Romelle was close – so close. She reached down to viciously twist one of Lance’s nipples and make him cry out, the vibrations and shaking of his head only aiding her on her road to orgasm. Oh fuck, she was going to, she-

Allura’s head fell back as her mouth dropped open with a loud moan, grinding down heavily in Lance’s lap and making sure to milk her orgasm for all it was worth. Romelle tipped over the edge a moment later but it was no good: she had lost.

The two took a moment to catch their breath, Romelle glaring at Allura’s victorious smirk.

“Best two out of three?” She asked hopefully.
Allura shrugged, “Why not? It’s not like he’ll be going soft any time soon.”

The two girls swapped places, barely giving themselves time to fully come down before battling through oversensitivity and starting again.

Lance squirmed and moaned and attempted to beg under them both as they used him to fuck themselves, close to crying from how badly he needed to cum. But after a close 2-1 win to Allura, Romelle somehow convinced the princess to play more and more rounds.

The competition went on, the two girls battling for the right to have command over him. And all the while, that tight cock ring remained firmly in place.

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry - there will be a conclusion to this piece later on in the month.
I just love my powerful dominating women, don't you?

Edit: the sequel piece can be found on Day 13 (chapter 14) x
Day 5: Vibrator feat. Klance

Chapter Summary

Keith is looking forward to some alone time.
And then the castle alarm system is triggered.

Chapter Notes

How has it taken me until Day 5 to write some Klance?

He wasn’t expecting the sudden blare of the Castle alarms. If he had, he wouldn’t have spent the time getting ready. But here Keith was with a prepped ass and a large egg snuggly placed close to his prostate, and the sirens sounding. He sighed, eyeing up the remote control: there was a 1 in 4 chance that this was a drill Shiro had set up and there wasn’t going to be any kind of attack.

Liking those odds, Keith slipped the remote in to his pocket before heading to the bridge, not even bothering to change in to his armour.

*****

He wasn’t the only one wise to Shiro’s training techniques: none of the other paladin’s had changed into armour as everyone drifted onto the bridge.

Shiro crossed his arms, clearly unimpressed. “Really?”

“Come on, Shiro,” Lance whined. “We’re just back from a big fight: give us a minute to relax!”

“There isn’t time to relax in the war for freedom!”

Allura stepped up, placing a gentle hand on Shiro’s shoulder. “I understand where you are coming from, Shiro. But look at them: they’re exhausted. Let them have the evening off.”

Shiro scowled, “Fine.”

Lance whooped, clapping Hunk on the shoulder. “Back to Killbot Phantasm?”

Keith rolled his eyes, turning to leave hastily. Leave them to their games - he had an enjoyable evening set out to relieve the stress he just couldn’t seem to work out on the training deck..

“Hey, what’s this?” Lance asked.

Keith turned on instinct, freezing as he recognised the remote in his team mate’s hands. His cheeks instantly reddened, but he did his best to hide it.
Lance turned the remote over in his hands several times, fingers tracing the buttons. Keith was rooted to the spot, the vibrator feeling extra large where it rested inside of him. Lance shrugged, pocketing the remote in his back pocket before walking after Pidge and Hunk.

Shit.

Unsure what to do Keith followed, feeling his cheeks flame as he tried to work out how to deal with this situation. He just...he just needed to somehow pick pocket Lance without him realising: grab the remote and run before anyone noticed.

Keith huffed as he entered the ‘game room’, rolling his eyes as Pidge and Hunk set up the game console. He was never much of a gamer: he would much rather be in his room playing a very different game-

Lance sat down heavily on the couch, sprawling out casually and throwing his head back.

It was lucky everyone seemed preoccupied with what they were doing: they managed to ignore the surprised squeak that managed to sneak past Keith’s lips. His eyes bulged, cheeks ever reddening as the vibrator started pulsing lightly in his ass, teasing his prostate exactly as he had planned.

Keith scowled: Lance’s ass must have managed to press the on button when he flopped down. This just kept getting harder.

Speaking of harder…

Averting his eyes, Keith sat down lightly, trying not to jostle the vibrator too much as he hunched over and hid the semi in his jeans from view. God, he was so pent up and ready to burst, now was not the time to be stuck in such a mortifying situation.

Maybe he should just give up and go back to his room, remove the vibrator and wait for it to run out of charge.

He huffed at the idea – he had been waiting ages for a quiet moment to blow off some steam. He just needed the remote, then he could disappear back to his room and continue on as normal.

But how to get the remote? Lance was boneless against the couch, his limbs sprawled around him obnoxiously and taking up most of the room, leaving Keith crouched on the opposite edge. Hunk and Pidge had snatched the gaming controllers, slipping headphones on so they were effectively dead to the room.

Keith was side eyeing Lance, watching as the blue paladin appeared to be counting the ceiling tiles. That pulsing in his ass was distracting, but nothing he couldn’t handle with a focused mind. He shifted slightly, enjoying the brush of the vibration against his inner walls before getting a hold of himself. He couldn’t help as a small sigh escaped his lips, quickly averting his eyes as Lance turned to look at him.

“You alright man?” The blue paladin asked with a raised eyebrow.

Keith nodded, refusing to speak.

Lance shifted to look at him better, inadvertently pressing the remote up another level and leaving Keith biting his lip. He took a deep breath, trying to keep from getting any harder in his jeans.

“You sure?” Lance asked, “You don’t look so good.”
“F-Fine,” Keith ground out.

Lance sat up properly, crossing his legs and – oh god – hitting the remote again. Now the vibrator was stuck on a shifting rhythm, three short teasing pulses before one long vibration that made Keith want to grind his hips down.

“You’re looking a bit flushed,” Lance said, a strange light shining in the pits of his dark eyes.

“It’s a bit…warm, in here,” Keith said, proud to get so many words out as that teasing rhythm pulsed within him.

Lance nodded thoughtfully. “Yeah, you’re right.” He moved, hiking the vibrator up another level as he reached and slipped his jacket off. “You’d think Alteans would have heard of air conditioning,” he chuckled.

But Keith couldn’t let himself say anything: with that increased level he squirmed, inadvertently pushing the vibrator deeper and dangerously close to his prostate. He froze his hips, his entire body, scared to move again and move it more.

“Oh?” Lance questioned.

Keith kept his eyes averted, knowing his cheeks were flaming red but having no concentration spare to will them to calm down.

“You don’t usually join us,” Lance was saying. “How come you came through?”

Keith shrugged as slightly as he possibly could, the only movement he allowed as he fought to keep from trembling from the stimulation.

“Were you looking for something?”

Looking for something…

“This, maybe?”

Keith’s head whipped round to see Lance daintily holding the vibrator’s remote between his thumb and forefinger. His mouth dropped open, then snapped closed, at a loss of what to say.

Lance considered the remote with rapt interest, running his fingers over the black plastic casing. “This what you’re looking for?” He said with a raised eyebrow, his gaze pinning Keith in place.

Keith jerked his head shakily, unable to look away from the remote.

“What’s so special about this, hmm?”

“N-nothing,” Keith said, cringing as he heard just how weak that lie was.

“Really?”

Keith almost jumped straight off the couch as, while maintaining eye contact, Lance pressed the remote and changed the rhythm back to a constant pulse.

“There’s nothing special about this?”

Keith shook his head, almost cursing as the vibrator jumped up another level. His entire body was covered in goosebumps from the stimulation to his prostate and his core. His eyes flicked towards
where Hunk and Pidge played their game, completely unaware as to the standoff happening between Keith and Lance behind them.

“Give it back, Lance,” Keith said, hating how breathless he sounded.

Lance grinned cockily, lazing back against the couch, “Finders keepers.”

“I mean it.” Keith choked off as Lance pressed the increase button twice, the pulse taking a sudden jump in speed. Keith bit his lip hard, digging his fingers into his thighs to keep himself grounded.

“You really should be more careful with your things, Keith.”

“Lance.”

Up another level, and Keith cursed, glaring daggers at Lance.

Lance grinned, clearly enjoying himself. “You enjoying yourself, Red?”

“Give me the remote.”

“Why? You clearly like it,” Lance said with a pointed look down. His grin only grew wider as Keith’s face somehow reddened even more. “Did you want to play with this while we were around, Red? That’s kinky – shame you got caught being such a bad boy.”

Keith gasped as Lance pressed the button in quick succession, increasing the vibrator to its full speed. Stars were beginning to crowd his vision, not even having the decency to be embarrassed as he let his hips ground down to jostle the vibrator deliciously inside of him. Holy shit, holy, he was going to cum, right here, right-

He cried out quietly as the vibrations suddenly dropped to almost nothing.

Lance laughed at the distraught expression on Keith’s face, “Think I would reward you that easy Red?” He bumped the vibration up and laughed again at how desperately Keith reacted to the slight stimulation.

“Lance,” Keith growled, no longer wanting the controller back. No, he was officially distracted and he needed to cum now. “Turn it back up.”

Lance smirked, “That what you want, Red?”

Before Keith could snap at him the vibrator was increasing in delicious intensity, turning his bones to jelly and shortening his breaths-

The feeling cut off completely, just for a moment before starting up for a split second. Several more quick fire pulses, then nothing for a few agonising moments before the brief pulses again. Keith felt distraught as he squirmed against the pulses that were simply not enough, were just winding him tighter.

“Lance!” He whined.

“You’re lucky I know what one of these can do,” Lance said, inspecting the remote again. “I think they’re so much more fun when you’ve got someone else to play with. Don’t you agree?” He punctuated his question with a click of the remote, changing the pulses to a continuous vibration that started at the highest intensity before reducing and tapering off completely, the vibrator completely still before jumping back to full intensity and repeating its diminish in intensity. Each time the
vibrator started up again it felt like the breath was punched out of Keith’s chest, the vibration never lasting quite long enough for Keith to get what he wanted.

“You’re very pretty when you squirm,” Lance teased. He reached his foot across the space between them, pressing down on Keith’s hard on cruelly so the red paladin gasped and, dare he admit, whined.

“Desperate little slut,” Lance laughed. “Uncomfortable in your jeans?”

Keith nodded, eyes flickering to Pidge and Hunk again. God, what if they heard – what if they saw-

“You really concerned about them finding out?” Lance asked, leaning forward to crowd Keith’s space. “If you were, you wouldn’t be completely hard in your jeans right now, Red.” Lance leaned forward, whispering against Keith’s ear with his hot breath, “I bet you like it.”

Keith shook his head, feeling mortified and as though his entire body was on fire.

“Oh yeah?” Lance asked, leaning forward to suck Keith’s earlobe between his teeth and lightly nibble. “Prove it.”

Before Keith could ask what he meant the vibrator was back to continuous full power. Lance’s hand was over his jeans, kneading down against his trapped cock and, with that vibrator pulsing mercilessly, Keith’s head snapped back as his orgasm crashed into him. He bit into the back of his hand, trying to stifle his noises as he came in his jeans, feeling his cum splash hot and sticky in his boxers.

He breathed heavily as the vibrator shut off inside of him. He watched Lance as he returned the remote and slipped it into Keith’s jeans.

“Maybe try and keep better hold of that,” Lance said with a wink. Before Keith could even piece his thought process back together to work out what had just happened Lance was gone, tugging at Hunk’s shoulder and demanding that it was time for his turn on the game.

With a grumble Hunk relinquished the controller, getting up and sitting on the couch. He gave Keith a sideways look. “You okay Keith?”

Keith nodded, ignoring how his fringe stuck to his forehead and the fact that his cheeks were still flaming red. He crossed his legs, cringing as he felt the wetness in his boxers.

Lance sat with his back to him, headphones on and completely enraptured with the new game he was playing.
Day 6: Suspension feat. Shance

Chapter Summary

Shiro takes training very seriously.

Chapter Notes

Tags: suspension, predicament bondage, dildo impalement, daddy kink (very very small amount), dom shiro and sub lance.

Lance’s arms shook from the strain, corded muscle tense beneath skin shining with sweat.

Shiro smirked, leaning his back against the wall and crossing his arms. “Looks like you’re struggling there, Sharpshooter.”

Lance’s nostrils flared as he tried to breathe through the pain in his trembling arms, but the ball gag in his mouth wasn’t making the task easy. He moaned, eyes widening in panic as he felt his body drop before trying to lift himself back up.

Shiro grinned, mischief shining in his dark eyes.

Lance’s wrists were wrapped in thick cuffs and attached to a spreader bar above him. Shiro had rigged the bar to rise into the air, bringing Lance with it and leaving him dangling in the middle of the training room. He was completely naked, the red ball gag keeping his jaw opened wide and he was powerless to stop the stream of drool dripping from his lips onto his exposed chest. Shiro had stepped forwards with a roll of tape, bending Lance’s knees and wrapping the tape to bind each of his shins to his thighs.

Next Shiro had brought out the stand, atop which sat the largest dildo Lance had ever seen. The tip was tapered so that initially the dildo wasn’t much to handle - but the size increased towards the base, the final girth far beyond anything Lance had managed to take before.

Lance then had an idea why Shiro had told him to prep himself before they met for a training session.

The dildo was set up below Lance, and Shiro had ordered that Lance pull his body up as high as he could. Lance had done so, grunting with the effort, and watching with dread as Shiro extended the stand so that the head of the dildo – heavily doused with lube – pressed between his ass cheeks just below his hole.

“This is a test of endurance,” Shiro announced stepping back to appreciate his work. “It’s simple really: the longer you can hold yourself up, the longer you can avoid the dildo from splitting you open.”

“Mmph!” Lance protested behind the gag, his arms already tiring.

Shiro grinned. “The longer you take a break, the further down the dildo gravity will drag you.”
And so here Lance was, trying to ignore the burning in his arms as he desperately fought to keep himself held up. He had slipped a couple of times, the shock of the head of the dildo slipping into him enough to pull himself back up quickly.

His cheeks were blazing read from the strain, his chest heaving for breath to try and help his failing body. His jaw clamped down on the ball gag in concentration, more drool dripping past his clenched teeth.

He cried out as his arms gave out on him, squirming as the dildo entered him. At first it was manageable, almost a welcome relief as his muscles gained a reprieve, but as Shiro had said the longer he sat the further the dildo slipped inside of him, his own weight working against him.

“Mmph – mmph.” He moaned pitifully behind his gag as he felt his hole being stretched from the press of the dildo, feeling just how full his ass already was and knowing there was a lot further to go before he came to a stop.

It was too much – he grunted as he pulled himself back up and completely off of the dildo, concerned with how his arms trembled. He was already so tired, he wouldn’t be able to keep this up for long-

“You’re doing well, baby,” Shiro praised, looking up at him. Lance was glorious: bound and tied like a present just for Shiro to unwrap, that layer of sweat making his skin shine beneath the lights of the training room. He loved those wide eyes Lance gave him, how they silently begged him for mercy as his shoulders strained. He loved seeing the peak of white teeth biting hard into the ball gag, a beautiful contrast against the red rubber.

Lance’s nostrils flared as he faltered and the first inch of the dildo slid into his ass. Despite how hard he tried he couldn’t pull himself back up off of the dildo again. He moaned pitifully behind his gag as he felt his eyes screw shut, trying desperately not to slip any further.

Shiro couldn’t help himself as he palmed himself through his sweatpants. In his struggles Lance may not have noticed, but Shiro had seen how hard Lance’s cock had become. It curled up towards his stomach, flushed a pretty pink with the barest hint of precum beginning to collect at its tip. Shiro wanted to suck it into his mouth and taste it, let its flavour cover his tongue and slide down his throat.

Lance whimpered as he slipped another inch, and Shiro couldn’t help but push down his waistband. He grasped his cock and began slowly stroking himself, unable to look away.

When Lance opened his eyes all he could see was Shiro jerking himself to Lance’s predicament. Lance’s eyes bugged in shock, realising too late that his arms had gone slack before the dildo was driving back into him, much faster than last time. “Nnnnh!” He cried behind his gag as his head snapped back, abdomen clenching and spasming as the dildo pushed in deep.

Shiro almost saw stars at the noise Lance had made, licking his lips slowly and circling his tip with his thumb.

Lance squirmed atop the cock, inadvertently helping push it deeper as he tried, and failed, to lift himself back off of it. Each time he tried to pull himself up he made it about an inch before groaning in defeat and settling heavily back onto the dildo, always pushing it in just a little bit further. He had taken about half of the dildo now, his asshole tightly stretched around the silicone.

“That all you got baby?” Shiro asked, still stroking himself. God, the point that Lance was at on the dildo was wider than Shiro’s cock – he could just slip right in-
Lance nodded weakly, low whimpers escaping his throat as his full weight was rested on the silicone.

Shiro stepped forwards, grinning evilly. “Oh, I’m sure you can do better than that.”

Knowing Lance’s weakness he walked around his back, tracing his fingertips over Lance’s exposed feet. Extremely ticklish, Lance’s entire body bucked as he tried to escape Shiro’s fingers. He squealed as he managed to pull himself up again, pulling his feet from Shiro.

“Good boy,” Shiro praised. “But now it’s not going to be so easy…”

Shiro stepped around Lance’s front and grasped the blue paladin’s cock confidently, pressing his thumb into Lance’s slit to get him squirming in the air and moaning. Shiro pumped his fist a couple of times, enjoying how Lance’s eyes briefly rolled into the back of his head.

Shiro moved his hand down, beginning to massage at Lance’s perineum but quickly interrupted as Lance collapsed at the overwhelming touches. Shiro heard the audacious squelch of the dildo splitting Lance open and couldn’t stop himself from grasping Lance’s hips and pushing down.

Lance squirmed and bucked in his hold as he increased the pressure on the dildo, feeling it slide ever further into Lance.

“Mmmphhhhh!!”

“That feel good baby?” Shiro grinned, ecstatic to find that Lance was now low enough that Shiro could take his cock into his mouth. He swallowed Lance down, loving how those whimpers seemed to travel right through Lance’s cock to hit the back of Shiro’s throat. He bobbed his head, enjoying hearing how Lance’s moaning changed as he worked, hearing how breathless his baby was becoming. Shiro slipped a hand round Lance’s back to press at his asshole, feeling just how tight Lance was stretched around the dildo. God it was in so far, filling him up so well-

Shiro felt how close Lance was to coming and quickly stepped back, grinning as he heard Lance’s exasperated moans at the loss of stimulation.

“Do you want to cum baby?”

Lance nodded furiously.

“A new test,” Shiro said, gazing up at him with a smirk. “No touching: the only way you can get yourself off is by fucking yourself on that dildo.”

“Mmmph.” Lance shook his head weakly, pleading to Shiro with his eyes.

“You’re such a good boy,” Shiro said sweetly. “I know you can do it – do it for daddy. You’ll make me so happy.”

Lance’s cock twitched at those words and, nostrils flaring, he managed to raise himself up only to willingly let himself drop back down onto the cock. He continued: on and on, over and over, until the pain in his arms was secondary to the pleasure in his gut.

“Come on, baby boy. You can do it – cum. Cum for daddy.”

Lance’s arms gave out completely, slamming almost the entirety of the dildo into his ass as he screamed behind his gag, his cock twitching as cum squirted from its tip.
Lance hung boneless as Shiro removed the dildo gently and lowered Lance back to the ground, taking his limp form in his arm and planting a kiss to his forehead. “Good boy, Lance,” Shiro murmured, “You’re so good – my perfect boy.”
Lance gets a new table for when he's studying.

Tags: forniphilia, objectification, bondage, gags, overstimulation, teasing, dom Lance & sub Keith.

His pencils shifted, rolling as one to clatter against the edge of the tray.

He frowned.

“Stay still,” Lance ordered, leaning down and forcibly righting the tray, pressing down with enough force to know it would have shifted the plug.

His table moaned.

“Quiet,” Lance’s voice was clipped. “Tables don’t make noise.”

Lance was working on a project for college – the piece wasn’t due until the end of the semester but he loved to sit down with his coloured pencils and just let the creative juices flow. He had been at it most of this week, letting an idea form.

Keith clearly hadn’t been pleased with the lack of attention. He had cornered Lance as soon as he had entered their home this evening, kissing at his neck and pawing his shirt, desperate for any touch. Lance had chuckled at his desperate little slut – had told him to give him an hour at the table and then Lance would give him what he wanted.

Keith was honestly too bratty for his own good.

He had shaken his head, refusing to budge – instead, dropping to his knees and beginning to pull at Lance’s trousers.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Lance had asked in a stern voice, wrapping a hand into Keith’s dark hair and tugging his head up.

“I want to play with you, sir,” Keith had whined, looking pathetic on his knees at Lance’s feet.

“And I told you,” Lance said slowly, letting his dom voice speak the words, “That I was busy.”

“But.”

“You take what I give you, and you should be fucking grateful.”
“I-I-” Keith stuttered, clearly searching for an answer to placate his dom. “I’m sorry sir – I just wanted to help you destress – to be of service.”

At that Lance’s mouth curled into a grin, an idea coming to mind. “You want to be of service?”

Keith nodded as best he could with Lance’s tight grip in his hair.

“Well,” Lance leaned down, gripping Keith’s chin with his free hand and holding tight. “I have something for you to do that would be very helpful.”

Keith was on his knees with his ankles attached to a spreader bar. His wrists were cuffed to the same bar, forcing his ass high into the air and his spine to arch beautifully. A nice large o-ring between his teeth so he couldn’t help but drool on the wooden flooring. To restrict his movement even further, Lance had pushed an anal hook into his ass, tying it tightly to Keith’s hair and forcing Keith to keep his head up, exposing his neck. He couldn’t move an inch, and Lance loved it.

Then came the plug…

Lance had put it together a while ago, thinking of this exact scenario but never having the time to play it out – until now. It had been simple – just take a nice large plug and attach a flat tray to its base. Keith had howled and moaned, trying to buck his hips but halted by the tight anal hook as Lance had worked him further open absentmindedly, flicking through a college textbook and paying his slut’s reactions little mind. He had pressed the plug in alongside the hook gently, making sure to watch for Keith’s red signal. But his boyfriend was busy whining like a needy whore, drool hanging off of his chin. With a smirk, Lance kitted him out with his final toy.

A simple controllable bullet, taped to Keith’s dick.

Lance set it to an agonisingly low level, then left to go and collect his art supplies, ready to finally get on with some work.

He was in the zone, enjoying the drag of his pencil lead across the paper, leaving a vibrant streak in his wake. He pressed the vibe up another level, grinning as he heard his pencils shift slightly from Keith’s trembling.

He was getting better at controlling himself.

Keith grunted quietly every now and again, moaning here and there – especially when Lance pushed down on the tray with a little more force than necessary and ground the plug down into him. If he wasn’t so tightly bound he would have been squirming the entire time.

Instead, he couldn’t move an inch beyond shift his hips slightly to the side, feeling the drops of his precum landing on his forearms bound below him.

The vibe went up another level and he let out an unrestrained moan, the gag stopping him from keeping any of his noises to himself.

“You know,” Lance said, still working, “If you had been a good, patient boy, I would be finished and fucking you by now. But you just had to act out.”

Lance was pressing the vibe up higher and higher, and Keith could barely make out his words over his own moans.

“Disgusting,” Lance said, watching his pencils rolling haphazard on the tray as Keith’s hips shifted with the stimulation. One very nearly rolled right off the edge and, displeased, Lance turned the vibe
up again to get Keith shouting around his gag. “You’re a disgusting little whore. You don’t get my cock for three days and you forget all of your training. Why do I even bother.”

Keith was gasping for breath, each ragged exhale causing more and more drool to drip down his chin. His cock twitched from the relentless stimulation, unable to escape the vibration.

“Gahhh! Ahhh, ahhh.” Undignified noises burst from his lungs, completely uncontrollable as the pleasure built in his gut.

“Disgusting,” Lance said again, pressing the increase button down so that the vibe jumped straight to its highest setting.

Keith screamed, eyes rolling back into his head as he felt his own cum splatter against his arms, his hips shifting side to side as he tried to buck and milk his orgasm, body out of his control as white hot bliss consumed him. 3 pencils clattered off of the tray, hitting the ground loudly.

Lance turned the vibe down about halfway, enjoying how Keith’s little post-orgasm pants began to turn into overstimulated whimpers. He bent down to collect the dropped pencils, returning them to the tray.

“Ann-hhh. Annncceeee.” Keith was whining, shivering and trembling as that vibe tortured his poor cock, already growing half-hard again despite himself.

“I don’t want a crooked table,” Lance said sternly, turning back to his work. “We will keep going until you don’t drop any of my pencils when you cum. You need to learn some self-discipline.”

Keith whined, long and high, at his words, trying to beg behind the gag but only eliciting unintelligible pathetic sounds.

“Remember,” Lance said, returning to his work, “Tables don’t speak.”
Day 8: Tights + Creampie feat. Heith

Chapter Summary

Hunk is honestly so in love with his boyfriend.

Chapter Notes

Tags: tights, creampie, rimming, cum eating, general fluff.

Hunk couldn’t tear his eyes away.

He probably looked like a creep, staring at his boyfriend from across the room. But Christ, could you blame him?

Keith had stolen one of Hunk’s hoodies – an old yellow college jumper that swamped Keith, trailed almost to his knees with sleeves that fell far past his fingers. He had rolled them up so they hung loose around his slim wrists, and it was quite possibly the cutest thing Hunk had ever seen.

But the hoodie wasn’t what caught his eye.

It was the tights.

Keith had come in from a night out with his friends, stripped off his crop top and stepped out of his distressed jeans, throwing the hoodie over the fishnets he left in place.

Hunk’s mouth had gone dry at the sight.

Keith raised an eyebrow, putting his phone down. “You okay there, big guy?”

Hunk nodded robotically, eyes still staring at those pale legs encased in black mesh. He made his way to the bed, crawling towards his boyfriend and cupping his jaw, leaning down to his lips.

Keith smiled against him, dropping his phone to wrap his arms around Hunk’s neck, breaking away for a moment to look up at him.

“How’d I get so lucky?” Hunk asked, mystified.

Keith smirked, dark eyes warm, “If I ever find out, I’ll let you know.”

They kissed for a long time after that, Hunk keeping his hands firmly planted to stop himself from touching every inch of Keith’s legs. Feeling how those fishnets stretched with his thighs, smooth skin bulging slightly out from the pressure of the mesh, the enjoyable mix of soft skin and material as he ran his hands up higher-

He didn’t remember when he began touching Keith’s legs – but now that he was here, he couldn’t bring himself to stop.
Keith raised a leg to hook around the small of Hunk’s back, letting Hunk’s hand run up the back of his thigh to cup the swell of his ass. With the angle the flesh pushed hard against the fishnets, begging to be touched, promising untold treasures beneath.

Hunk sat up quickly, suddenly determined.

“Turn over,” His voice croaked, breaking halfway through. Keith grinned, knowing exactly what he was after and settling himself on his knees, ass in the air with the hoodie still swamping him.

Hunk reached down to encourage Keith to spread his legs a little wider: he wanted to make sure Keith was nice and open so there was nothing to hinder him.

With slightly shaking hands he lifted the edge of the hoodie, letting it go to sag against Keith’s waist as Hunk froze, pretty sure he had just seen god.

Keith…

Keith wasn’t wearing any underwear.

Hunk practically started drooling as he saw that perky ass criss-crossed with the black mesh. He ran his hand over the mounds lightly, teasing at the material and pinging it back against Keith to get him twitching.

His hands strayed to the centre of Keith’s ass, one finger dipping beneath the tights and between his ass cheeks, brushing lightly over his hole and causing Keith to gasp.

Hunk’s mouth was dry, his tongue hanging lifeless in his mouth as he tried to push out his words. “Can-can I-?”

Keith’s ass swayed temptingly beneath his hands, pressing back against that teasing finger. “Do it Hunk, please.”

Like a man possessed Hunk grabbed the tights and ripped, shredding the mesh and creating a large hole to frame Keith’s ass. Hunk dug his hands into Keith’s ass cheeks, slipping his thumbs between them and spreading to expose Keith’s hole.

He leaned down, breath shaky and drifting warm over Keith’s sensitive skin, making his hole twitch. He opened his mouth and ran a slow, hot stripe over the area, relishing how Keith sighed breathily, how those hips pressed back against his firm hands.

He was like a starved man, quickly building up intensity of his licks from slow and teasing to desperate, swirling his tongue round and round Keith’s hole, pressing in on the muscle gently and working it loose until his tongue managed to slip inside.

Keith moaned his name, hands fisting within the sleeves that overwhelmed his arms.

Hunk didn’t stop as his jaw began to ache, as he grew breathless, as he pressed his tongue further into Keith, obsessed with his taste, his sounds, how his body rippled beneath his mouth-

“Hunk,” Keith’s voice was barely a breath, light and sweet and beautiful. “Please…”

He couldn’t – he couldn’t wait anymore. In a moment he was up and raiding their bedside drawer for lube and a condom. As he grabbed the items Keith gripped his wrist, looking at him with wide eyes. “No condom,” Keith said.
“But-”

“Please Hunk,” Keith begged, “I want you inside me.”

And, with that, Hunk was a goner.

How could he ever win against that sweet voice?

Nodding he gently detached his wrist and came to settle back between Keith’s legs, slicking up his cock and beginning to press it inside.

Hunk was large: his cock had girth. He was thick and hard to take, and Keith loved it. Loved having that big cock pounding away inside him, stretching him wider than he ever had been before. Hunk was slow and attentive, making sure to give Keith time to adjust as he slowly pressed further and into him.

Hunk almost blew his load when he sat fully sheathed within Keith and could feel the coarse fishnets against his skin.

As he slowly rocked his hips he reached beneath Keith, running a light hand over his cock. It was straining against the fishnets, trapped against his torso by the mesh. Hunk pinged the tights and set Keith moaning all over again.

All he could focus on as he began to pound Keith’s ass was how Keith’s ass jiggled beneath his hands, perfectly encased in the black netting. Fuck, Keith would need to buy more fishnets. He couldn’t tear his eyes away as his cock disappeared over and over into Keith’s hole, the whole scene perfectly framed in black.

Keith’s ass clenched up around him as he moaned loudly, and Hunk couldn’t hold on anymore. He saw stars as he came, feeling himself spill deep in Keith’s ass, hips jerking to milk his cock for all it was worth.

Keith was boneless beneath him, ass kept in the air as he tried to catch his breath. Hunk pulled out, a thin stream of cum following his spent cock.

He reached between those cheeks again, spreading them wide to look at Keith’s puckered hole, gaping wide after having Hunk’s cock pounding into him. His hole twitched pitifully, as though dazed from taking Hunk’s cock. White cum dripped from the gape, dribbling down to catch against the mesh of the fishnets, soaking the material and coating Keith’s skin.

Unable to stop himself, Hunk lowered his mouth once more to clean up his mess as it escaped Keith’s hole, hot tongue running over skin and rough fabric. Each trail of cum was lapped up as he kept Keith’s cheeks spread wide with firm hands, enjoying watching the cum pool and spill and overflow from Keith’s abused asshole.

He had to wonder again – how did he get so lucky?
Allura’s pup was particularly excitable today.

She had inserted a nice large tail plug in so each little wiggle of that ass set the tail wagging. She had kitted him with ears and his collar too: real leather dyed the prettiest shade of pink, studded with rhinestones and a little silver tag hanging from the front reading ‘Owned By Mistress’ in flowing cursive.

He whined, shifting in excitement from where he looked up at her on the floor.

“Sit, Lance,” She ordered, relishing how quickly he followed the command. Her well trained boy.

“If you’re not going to behave then I’ll tell them not to come. You want to play, don’t you?”

He whined in panic, staring up at her with wide eyes, but not moving from where he sat. She reached a hand out, running it over his cheek and letting him press his face into her palm, his small pink tongue darting out to lick at her fingers. She smiled.

“Exactly, my good boy. Don’t want to embarrass mistress, do you?”

Lance whined in his throat, still lapping at her fingers and giving her those wide, puppy eyes. She scratched his hair, watching as his eyes closed in bliss.

There was a knock at the door. Allura called them to enter as Lance’s head whirled round in excitement, dutifully staying sat by his mistress’ side.

Romelle entered wearing a black corset and fishnets, heels clacking on the floor. “Sorry I’m late,” She said, addressing Allura. “My pup decided to play up.”

On cue she harshly tugged on the leash in her hand, eliciting a grunt from outside the door. “Come on, I haven’t got all day,” She snapped.

Keith entered on his knees, tail plug curved upwards and swaying with the movement of his ass. His head was covered with a leather puppy-hood so that only his eyes were visible. He looked unhappy to be wearing the hood – not that it mattered. His hands were locked into fist mitts, making his hands useless if he were to try and remove anything. His wrists were joined by a short length of chain that only allowed him to take small steps. Romelle had cuffed both his ankles and thighs and joined them together so that he had no choice but to remain on his knees. Romelle was using a slip lead around
his throat: loose now, but quick to tighten if she pulled on it: she just loved to choke her pup when he wasn’t co-operating.

Lance’s eyes had grown wide, almost wiggling in place from excitement. Allura hooked a finger under his collar, pulling him back in place to rest on his heels. “Having trouble training him?” Allura said with a smirk, fiercely proud of how obedient her pup was even in his excited state.

Romelle scowled, approaching the couch to join Allura and dragging Keith along behind her. “Apparently, he decided he was going to tell me how tonight was going to go.”

Allura’s smirk grew, “And I’m guessing that turned out well?”

“Well don’t you ask him?” Romelle said. “Keith, speak,” She ordered.

Silence.

A dark demeanour set over her as she leaned closed, staring Keith down. “Speak.”

Still nothing.

With a sigh Romelle wound the lead round in her hand, drawing it tight around Keith’s throat until he couldn’t breathe. He tried to pull against her, just making his predicament worse as his eyes grew wide behind the mask. After a minute Romelle released him, enjoying how he sagged as soon as he could breathe, dragging deep lungfuls of air in through his nose. “Now,” She said quietly, dangerously, “speak.”

“Mmph, mmph!”

*His bark is pitiful,* thought Lance.

Allura burst out laughing at the noise, “You had to gag him?”

Romelle shrugged, lounging back on the couch. “Was the only way to shut him up.”

Allura leaned forwards to run her hands through Lance’s hair. He leaned into her touch but never removed his eyes from Keith. “Maybe you need some tips on training, Elle. Afterall, look how obedient my pup is.” She gave a short whistle to draw Lance’s attention to her, “Lie down, Lance.”

Instantly he had manoeuvred onto his back to look up at the two women, cheeks flushing red as he realised his erection was on full display.

Allura smiled, ignoring all thoughts of doubt in his mind, “Now, roll over.”

He did as she asked, pausing on his back again when he was finished.

“Speak.”

He barked his high pitched yap at her, squirming in delight as she clapped for him. “Good boy! Come here.”

He scrambled to his knees, rushing over and accepting her praising scratches, opening his mouth and letting his tongue loll out for good measure.

Romelle rolled her eyes, “He was practically subservient when you got him, Allura. Keith is stubborn: I am having to take the time to break him down.”
Keith growled behind his mask, chain chinking as he shifted on the floor.

Allura dismissed Lance with a wave of her hand. She turned to Romelle and the two sat discussing training techniques and Lance took to his knees to plod around the room. He loved the feeling of the plug in his ass, how it shifted with the swing of his tail. He made his way over to the water bowl and slurped loudly, the tag of his collar tinkling off the edge of the bowl. He didn’t wipe his face as he turned back to the room, letting water droplets drip off his chin.

He leaned down and grabbed his tug-o-war rope between his teeth, coming over to Keith and dropping it in front of him expectantly. Lance leaned his front down to the ground and put his ass high in the air, swaying his hips to get his tail wagging. To drive the point home he yipped at Keith, wanting to play.

Allura giggled. “Poor sweet boy – he can’t play tug-o-war with you. He’s been a bad puppy and had to get muzzled.”

Lance whined in disappointment, looking around the room for something Keith could actually play with. He rolled a couple of balls his way but the other pup just stared at them with distain.

Lance wandered around the back of the couch, looking for something he could do while his mistress chatted. He sat at Romelle’s side for a minute, pawing lightly at her leg until she paid him attention and absentmindedly scratched behind his ear while continuing her conversation.

Bored, Lance made his way over to Keith. He ignored Keith’s warning growl as he circled him, trying to rub his side against him but Keith kept shying away from his touches.

“All too stubborn for his own good,” Allura remarked.

Keith shifted, setting his tail swaying and the movement was too enticing for Lance to resist. With a cheeky grin he leapt forwards and grabbed the silicone tail between his teeth, growling playfully in his throat as he finally got his game of tug-o-war.

The two women on the couch burst into laughter as Lance tugged on Keith’s tail, shaking his head to make sure and jostle Keith’s butt plug. Keith yelped behind his gag, trying to turn to chase Lance off but unable to as the butt plug pressed heavily against his rim. He wanted to kick Lance off, but with his legs bound as they were there wasn’t much he could do as Lance tugged.

Through her laughter Allura managed to splutter, “That’s enough, Lance. Leave him alone.”

Obediently Lance dropped Keith’s tail, walking up to Keith’s face to sniff at him. Keith leapt and pushed Lance over and the two began play fighting, Keith’s chains clinking as Lance practically bounded around him. Lance yapped excitedly, drawing growls from Keith’s throat as the two wrestled.

Allura stood, snapping her fingers, “Enough!”

Lance grew still where he lay beneath Keith, scrambling to his legs to come and sit before Allura with his head lowered. She eyed up Keith as he stared at her with defiance in his eyes. “Come, Keith.”

Keith rolled his eyes, ignoring her.

Uh oh.
Lance recognised the expression on Allura’s face as she crossed the room to rustle in the drawers. He whined to Keith in warning, knowing what was coming.

After all, Lance hadn’t always been this obedient…

Allura returned a moment later and leaned down in front Keith, slipping his lead over his head before clipping a collar around his throat. She tightened it so it sat snugly against his skin. She stood and backed away, watching as his mitted hands scrabbled at the collar and tried to remove it.

“Now, let’s try that again,” Allura said calmly. “Keith, come.”

Of course, Keith did not move.

With a sigh Allura raised the remote she had been holding in her hand, briefly holding down a button. Keith yelped, scrabbling at the collar with wide eyes before Allura released the button. He breathed heavily, tugging at the shock collar.

“Come,” Allura ordered, but Keith was still too busy fiddling with the collar to pay her any mind.

This time the electric shock lasted longer. As soon as she released her finger Keith was making his way to her with heaving breaths, staring at her from his knees. She pet his head, praising him with an enthusiastic, “Good boy. Now, sit.”

Keith hesitated for a moment, but moved quickly when Allura’s finger began to move towards the remote. “Good boy. Now, lay down.”

Keith lay down with difficulty in his bondage, shifting as he tried to shift his weight from the tail trapped under him that was causing the butt plug to press into his inner walls, his cock beginning to grow hard despite how humiliated he felt.

“Looks like he’s finally enjoying himself,” Allura chuckled.

Romelle was staring mesmerised at her suddenly obedient pup lying on the floor without a word of complaint. “You’ll have to let me borrow that collar,” she said.

“You can keep it,” Allura offered, scratching the top of Lance’s head. “It’s not like I need it anymore.”

Lance yapped loudly to make her point clear.

“Okay Keith – up!” Allura said. Keith squirmed where he lay on his back, huffing through his nose as he wriggled on the floor and tried to roll over. But without the use of his limbs he was stuck, and the more he struggled the more the butt plug was riling him up as his cock began to grow hard.

“Poor puppy,” Allura mocked, shaking her head. “Lance, maybe you could help him.”

Lance jumped at the chance, instead shooting forward to lick at Keith’s hood, his neck. Keith growled at him but couldn’t do anything as Lance finally greeted him how he wanted.

“Such a sweet boy.” Romelle remarked.

“Indeed,” Allura agreed. “Maybe he deserves a treat?”

At the word treat Lance’s head shot up with excitement, wiggling his ass.

“Well, it looks like Keith has a bone for him,” Romelle giggled.
“Would you like that, Lance?” Allura asked, mouth curling into a smile. Lance nodded his head furiously, eyeing up Keith hardening cock below him. It was curling up towards him, twitching like it was beckoning his mouth to come closer. He was practically drooling at the thought.

“Wait,” Allura ordered in her stern voice, teasing him and refusing to give the order. “Wait…”

He waited, trying not to shift too much as he stared at the treat.

“Okay, go!”

He moved in a flash, swallowing Keith’s cock down quickly and taking it as deep as he could, whining at the taste of precum on his tongue. Keith whined behind his gag and tried to buck his hips up higher, to get deeper into Lance’s mouth.

Lance set about enjoying his treat, loving every grunt and gasp he pulled from Keith’s stubborn mouth.

Allura and Romelle settled back on the couch and picked up their discussion again, letting the two pups play.

“It’s nice to see that they get on,” Romelle said.

Allura nodded, watching them both with a fond smile. “We’ll have to have another puppy play date again soon.”
His stomach fell as Keith completed the course. In record time. Again.

Shit – Lance had only just managed to match the time that Keith had set 4 weeks ago.

Shit.

Keith removed himself from the simulator, acting broody as he ignored the half-hearted round of applause everyone gave him. He walked right through the crowd of students, already distracted as the next person entered the simulator.

Before leaving the room Keith paused by Lance, not even turning to look at him as he said, “Looks like I blew you out of the water again, cargo pilot. You know what that means.”

Lance’s jaw tensed as he ground his teeth together, deeming it safer to say nothing than to let loose what he was really thinking.

Keith chuckled at him mockingly, pinching Lance’s ass without anyone noticing. “Prep yourself before you come round. Surely that’s something you could actually manage to do.”

Keith left without another word, leaving Lance seething: shoulders taut, fists curled.

Why the hell did they ever make that stupid bet?

*****

Lance steeled himself as he knocked on Keith’s door, scowling as the other opened it with a knowing smirk.

“You’re early – must be eager.” Keith said, stepping aside to let Lance in. With a grumble under his breath Lance entered, turning to face Keith as he locked the door and turned around.

Keith raised an eyebrow, “Well? Come on then.”

Lance’s face reddened, his pride lashing out in his chest. His scowl only deepened as he fought and struggled to push the words Keith expected past his stubborn lips.

Keith crossed his arms across his chest, muscle flexing beneath the sleeves of his black t-shirt. Lance
hated to admit it, but he would be lying if he said he didn’t find Keith attractive.

Too bad he was such a big-headed douche.

Lance found himself quickly saying the words, the syllables mixing together into something unintelligible as he just focused on getting them said.

Keith looked unimpressed. “Again – properly.”

Lance sighed, averting his eyes as he said, “You’re the best pilot in the Garrison.”

Keith grinned, teeth flashing like a predator as his eyes took on a dark glint. “Again,” He demanded, voice low and gravely.

“You,” Lance said, his tongue feeling heavy in his mouth, “Are the best pilot in the Garrison.”

“And?” Keith prompted the next portion of the speech, clearly getting excited at the idea of what was coming.

“And,” Lance started, screwing his eyes shut tight to try and ignore the mortification burning at his core, “I want you to fuck me.”

Keith stepped forwards to crowd Lance’s space, coming close enough for Lance to smell his cologne. “Is that so?”

Lance nodded, knowing Keith’s game well by now.

“Why would I do that?”

Lance sighed, keeping his eyes shut. He knew the script well by now, how Keith needed his ego stroked. “Because no one else can satisfy me like you can.”

A hand gripped Lance’s jaw, making his eyes jump open in surprise. Keith was so close his face was all that Lance could see, eyes growing dark with lust as he breathed heavily out his nose. “Desperate for my cock, slut?”

Lance scowled, neck tense as Keith’s fingers dug into his jaw. He felt mortified, his entire body just one scarlet blush by this point, but he would lose all respect for himself if he didn’t keep his word.

The bet was simple: whoever got the fastest run on the weekly simulation got to run the show when they met up. They got to top, to say whatever they wanted to the other and essentially make the other their personal slave for the evening.

A muscle in Lance’s jaw twitched in irritation as he said, “Yes.”

Keith had won 6 times.

Keith looked unimpressed, mouth twisting into a sneer. “I think you need to ask me nicer, slut.”

Lance hadn’t even won once.

“Please,” Lance said, glaring at Keith. “Please, fuck me Keith.”

“Strip and get on the bed,” Keith ordered. “On your knees, ass up.”

Growing ever more embarrassed Lance discarded his clothing, still ashamed of himself no matter
how many times he came here.

He got into position as Keith dove right in and spread his cheeks, checking he had done as he was asked.

“That’s a pretty little plug,” Keith chucked, staring at where the base sat snugly against Lance’s skin. “You look nice in blue – though I think you look better in red.”

Without warning Keith slapped Lance’s ass cheek, forcing him to hiss a breath into the duvet to keep quiet.

“You enjoy me treating you like this, slut?” Keith asked, pinching at the sensitive flesh of Lance’s ass.

“Fuck you, Keith,” Lance growled.

Keith burst into malicious laughter, “If that’s what you want to do, you really need to work on your simulation times.”

Lance had no retort to that.

“I thought you would have caught me – at least once – by now,” Keith said, running his hands over Lance’s ass, dropping random hard hits to make the flesh jiggle and redden. “I even went easy on you last week! Seems like you’re going to make a great cargo pilot.”

Lance knew that Keith was saying these things to elicit a response from him. He bit the inside of his cheek, keeping silent to avoid rising to the bait. Keith kept pulling his cheeks apart to stare down at his plugged hole, watching how the plug would shift with Lance’s tense body.

“Quiet this week, huh?” Keith asked, giving a sharp spank to pull a gasp from Lance’s lips. “Usually you’re up for a fight. Is it because I hit the nail on the head?”

Keith’s thumb traced the outline of the plug’s base, pressing in the centre a few times to shift the plug inside of Lance. “I don’t think that’s it,” Keith said, almost to himself as he watched the movement of the plug in a hypnotic manner. “No – I think you’re keeping quiet so I don’t find out the truth.”

“Truth-?” Lance began but was quickly silenced as Keith spanked him again.

“You wanted to be quiet,” Keith warned, “So be quiet.”

Lance scowled but did as he was told.

“No,” Keith said, pulling on the plug and watching Lance’s hole stretch. Lance groaned into the duvet, curling his fists into the covers to stop himself from grinding down on the plug. Despite himself, he wanted more: more touches, more teasing, more than just the plug. “See, I think that you like being on your knees for me.” Keith pulls the plug more so the wide rim pops out past Lance’s hole before he slowly starts pressing it back into him. “I think you don’t want to beat me, because you love being my little bottom bitch.”

“That’s not true,” Lance forced out, hating how breathless he sounded.

The plug slips back in to Lance, and this time Keith presses a finger along inside to open Lance up further. “Oh yeah? So how come you’re here eagerly waiting on me removing this plug?”

Keith’s finger was wiggling inside him, massaging at his walls. Lance tried to ignore just how hard
he was getting, but the constant movement inside him was undoing him more than he would care to admit. “You’re too good.”

“If I’m too good for you to beat,” Keith said, working another finger in and causing a delicious burn, “Then why keep honouring the bet? You’re never going to win – why keep coming back slut?”

Lance took a deep breath and looked back over his shoulder, making sure to make eye contact with Keith as he said, “It will be worth the wait when I finally fuck you into next week.”

“Oh yeah?” Keith said with an amused grin. “Well, guess we’ll just need to see about that, won’t we?”

Keith’s fingers retreat and suddenly the plug is being hastily pulled from Lance’s hole. He feels his body tense up at the emptiness – almost whines for more – before Keith is lining up and sinking in quickly.

Lance squirms under him, hips held in Keith’s firm grasp as Keith fully bottoms out in one move, the two pausing and taking a minute to adjust.

Keith likes to fuck hard and fast: he calls Lance his whore or his slut, desperate to be used and put to his knees. His cock pistons in and out of Lance without pause, Keith grunting as he slams his hips in again and again. He manages to brush Lance’s prostate and Lance can’t help but cry out, cock twitching wildly as he claws at the sheets.

A mistake.

With a slight adjustment Keith is hitting that spot over and over, dragging cries from Lance’s throat. “What did I say?” Keith says, barely out of breath despite the fast pace he’s setting. “Dripping all over the bed just from the feel of my cock – you going to cum? Going to cum just from my dick filling your little whore ass? Fucking bottom bitch.”

Lance’s mind drifted away a moment, to the image of what would happen when he finally manages to beat Keith’s score. Keith is going to wish he had never agreed to the bet with Lance – beg for mercy. Pretty Keith Kogane, tied down on his knees while Lance teases him relentlessly.

But don’t worry: Lance will still fuck him.

But Keith is going to have to beg for his cock.

Wrapped up in his imagination Lance reaches a hand to his cock, squeaking in surprise as fingers circle his wrist and force his arm down into the bed.

“No touching,” Keith growls.

“Fuck off, Keith,” Lance snaps, trying to wiggle out of the hold as Keith still continues pounding into him.

“You’re mine tonight, remember? No cumming unless it’s on my cock, and my cock alone.”

Lance huffed but stopped struggling, repeating over and over to himself that Keith was going to eat those words. One day.

Keith shifts his position to change the angle of his hips, allowing him to thrust into Lance even deeper. Every single push and pull of his dick drags over Lance’s prostate and, despite himself, he can feel himself approaching the edge.
“Think I’ll need to start teaching you some manners, whore,” Keith growled, the grip of his hands on Lance’s hips growing tighter as he was losing himself to the pleasure. “Maybe get you to address me properly – how does ‘sir’ sound?”

“Never- going to happen!” Lance managed around ragged breath. He was getting so close despite not being able to touch himself. It was maddening, the shifting pressure against his prostate. He didn’t know if he wanted to scream or cry, to move closer or further away – all he knew was he needed Keith to keep going.

“Master then?” Keith said, smacking Lance’s ass hard and laughing as Lance let out a startled yelp. “Would love to hear that dropping from your pretty lips.”

Lance can’t explain how or why it happens, but as Keith finishes speaking to him he is hit with a tsunami of pleasure: the pressure in his gut bursts and surges through him and he is forced to hear himself moan long and loud, his mouth thrown open wide as he splatters the duvet below him with cum.

Keith’s hips were starting to jerk erratically as Lance’s ass clenched around him, and suddenly he too was cumming deep in Lance’s ass. Keith slows as he milks his cock inside Lance, making sure to leave every single drop inside of him.

Lance scrunches his nose up at the feeling of his rival’s cum filling his belly. “I hate when you do that.”

With an evil grin Keith reaches for the discarded butt plug and snuggly slips it back into place within Lance’s thoroughly abused asshole, making sure that his cum won’t be going anywhere just yet.

Lance gets up from the bed with a scowl, reaching for his clothes and pulling them on hastily. “You’re a fucking pervert,” He accuses.

Keith shrugs with a smile, happily continuing to stand in his full naked glory. “You don’t want to be dripping in your boxers, do you?”

Lance doesn’t say another word, shoving his shoes on angrily and making his way to the door. He just wanted a shower, to wash this latest shame off his skin.

He reaches the door and places a hand to the handle when he hears Keith snarkily say, “I’ll see you next week Lance – if you can wait that long.”

Lance’s grip on the handle turns his knuckles white before he forces himself to open the door and exit into the hall without another word.

Instead of going back to his dorm he sneaks into the simulator, ready to do some late night work to try and shave time off of his runs. He keeps the plug in, the feeling of Keith’s cum gathering at his rim a constant reminder of what was at stake if he didn’t put the cocky pilot in his place. He uses it to fuel his determination, refusing to submit himself to Keith again.

Because Keith was right: he would see Lance next week. But Lance was finally going to make Keith Kogane pay for the past 6 weeks of humiliation.
Day 11: Formal Wear feat. Klance

Chapter Summary

Keith decides to set his boyfriend a challenge.

Chapter Notes

Tags: formal wear, cock cage, electroplay, teasing, public/exhibitionism.

Lance looked uncomfortable.

Keith squeezed his arm reassuringly, giving his best shit-eating smile.

“Anyway,” Lance continued, Adam’s apple bobbing as he attempted to swallow around the lump in his throat. “Welcome to the coalition, ladies,” he said, brow twitching as though he were desperate to wiggle his eyebrows at them.

The pair of aliens giggled and nudged one another, one batting her eyes at Lance while the other nibbled at her lip. They were exactly the type of people that Lance loved to charm, to flirt with and make laugh at his jokes: to press up close to and dazzle with his winning smile.

The tendon in Lance’s neck stood taut, nodding a goodbye to the pair before he and Keith turned away.

Lance blew out a deep breath and Keith raised an impressed eyebrow, “You’re taking this seriously, huh?”

Lance shot him a strained look. “Easy peasy,” he said with a tense smile.

Lance looked good enough to eat: to celebrate the recent additions to the Voltron coalition Allura had decided to host a party to welcome the newcomers, everyone under strict instructions to follow the fancy dress code.

Turns out that formal Altean wear really suited Lance.

Of course he was clad in blue: only, instead of the usual light blue of his lion, he was swathed in dark navy cloth. His torso was clothed in a wrap style jacket, the edges embellished with a silver trim, form-fitting enough to hint at the taut physique beneath. His trousers were the same shade, slim and cupping his ass so perfectly Keith kept finding his eyes wandering down to openly stare. From his ears hung earrings similar to Allura’s, only these stones were white instead of pink, and he had ran a light line of dark eyeliner on his lower lids to make his pale eyes truly pop.

Keith was dressed in something similar - only a deep crimson red – but he knew he simply melted into the background as he stood next to Lance. As Keith glanced around he could see lustful eyes following the blue paladin as he mingled in the crowd, envious looks to the red paladin on his arm.
Lance’s eyes wandered over to a beautiful woman standing talking to Allura and, instead of walking directly over like he usually would, he turned tail and determinedly walked the other way. They traced the edges of the room, coming to a stop in a secluded corner.

Keith chuckled under his breath, “Don’t trust yourself, huh?”

Because while Keith loved what Lance was wearing, what was truly exciting lay beneath the fabric.

Keith trusted his boyfriend: all the flirting and coy looks were just a part of who Lance was. He didn’t feel jealous because, frankly, he didn’t need to. He felt secure with Lance – safe.

But he had made a comment to Lance about how he was always so horny by the end of these kinds of events: how he was desperate to get Keith back to their room and rip his clothes off. Clearly the flirting was riling Lance up, one way or another.

Lance had denied such a thing, and with an evil grin Keith proposed a challenge.

Beneath his trousers, Lance was wearing a red cock cage, locked into place with the key hanging around Keith’s neck beneath his top. Keith figured that if Lance really didn’t get turned on during such events then the cage shouldn’t bother him at all.

Especially since the tip of the cage held a pressure sensor: if Lance’s cock started to harden and fill, triggering the sensor would cause an electric shock straight to Lance’s balls. Lance’s face had paled at that, but Keith had pointed out that since Lance wouldn’t get turned on then it wouldn’t be any kind of problem.

Keith could see the tension in Lance’s face, eyes darting amongst the crowd suspiciously to steer himself away from temptation.

He was being such a good boy.

Shame that Keith wasn’t so good though.

“You look amazing tonight,” Keith said, raising up on his tiptoes to place a peck to Lance’s cheek. He moved his mouth to Lance’s ear, nibbling on his earlobe the way he knew he liked, making sure it just looked like he was whispering in the blue paladin’s ear. “I can’t wait to get you back to the room and ride your cock all night. Long.”

Lance’s eyes widened, hands curling into fists as he pouted his lips. “Knock it off, Keith. That’s not fair.”

“What?” Keith said innocently. “I’m just saying, the sight of you in this outfit is getting me hot and bothered. Maybe I could strip you out of it – it would be like unwrapping a present.”

Lance bit into his lip, unable to take his eyes away from Keith’s face as the red paladin just kept talking.

“Just drop to my knees, let your big cock fill my mouth. Want me to gag on it? Struggle to take your huge cock in my throat?”

Lance’s breathing was growing laboured, hands beginning to shake under the strain of his tense fists. Keith drew him into a light embrace, quickly reaching down to run his hands over Lance’s ass. “Or I could spend the entire night with my mouth at your hole – you do look good enough to eat.”

Lance tried to speak, but the only noise from his throat was a pathetic croak.
“You trying not to get hard?” Keith grinned. “Are you being bad, having no self-control?”

Lance was completely frozen in place, not trusting himself to move a muscle.

“You know, I’m so impatient Lance.” Keith leaned forwards, winding his hands into Lance’s jacket to pull him down, closer so Keith could brush his lips to Lance’s ear as he whispered, “I’m wearing a plug right now. I’m already stretched out, ready to take your cock.”

Lance’s hands grabbed Keith’s hips as he hissed through clenched teeth, eyebrow twitching in pain.

Keith continued, knowing the harder Lance tried to get the more intense the shocks he would receive. “I want you to fuck me long and hard, Lance. Then I want you to plug me back up so none of your cum can escape. I want to feel you in me all night.”

“Keith-” Lance’s voice broke as he gasped his name, fingers digging into his hips with bruising force. He tried taking calming breaths, screwing his eyes shut to try and centre himself. But Keith was determined to fill the emptiness behind his eyelids with vulgar images of their coming evening.

“I want to ride you with my back to you, Lance. I know how much you love to watch my ass as it rises up off your cock before slamming back down. You love to watch me work, don’t you – see how it jiggles?”

Lance nodded weakly, letting out a pathetic whimper under his breath.

“Want me to take the cage off, baby?”

Lance nodded his head, burying his face in Keith’s neck.

Keith rubbed a calming hand against his back. “Use your words, baby.”

“Please, Keith.” Lance’s voice was wispy, breathless. His hands were trembling against his hips, muscles straining. “It hurts.”

“I know baby,” Keith said gently. “That’s why we’re doing this – to learn some self-control.”

“Please-”

“Guys,” Hunk called to them across the room, “It's time for Allura’s speech. Come on!”

Keith lifted Lance’s face and gently pecked his bitten lips, sweeping his bangs away from his sweaty forehead as he looked into his pleading eyes. “Guess it’ll need to wait until the speeches are done.”

“No Keith, please-”

“Don’t be such a baby,” Keith said, grabbing his hand and leading him forwards on shaky legs. “If you would just control your cock the shocks would stop.”

Lance mumbled and whined as they made their way to the stage, the 5 paladins standing in a row in front of the entire crowd as Allura began her speech. Every now and again Keith reached a hand over to pinch or cup Lance’s ass cheek, earning continuously strained glares from his boyfriend, hips jerking minutely from the shocks. He loved seeing Lance so desperate, putty in his hands to tease and play with.

Maybe he would keep the cage on him a little bit longer?
Day 12: Lingerie feat. Klance

Chapter Summary

Lance sets up a surprise for Keith returning on leave from the Blade of Marmora.

Chapter Notes

Hi guys!
For those of you interested, this is a follow-on piece for my 'Wind Me Up And Watch Me Go' fanfic. I want to add more to that series and explore Lance and Keith playing with lingerie, so this is just a snippet at Klance's future much further down the line from that original piece.

This is set after season 8 where Lance chose to stay on Earth and Keith wanted to continue working with the Blade of Marmora.

Tags: Lingerie, butt plugs, kitchen sex, fluff, top Keith and bottom Lance.
Generally, Lance looking hot to trot!

Keith was obsessed, a madman with an addiction when it came to Lance and lace.

And Lance seriously didn’t make it any easier on him.

He always hated the wait to see Lance again after weeks being with the Blade of Marmora. Back when Voltron was necessary they at least ran into each other every now and again, but now Lance was back on Earth there was no chance seeing one another until Keith was on leave.

He walked into Lance’s house, exhaustion weighing heavy in his bones as he dumped his stuff and called out his boyfriend’s name. He just wanted a hug, a gentle kiss – to nuzzle into Lance’s neck and take a deep breath in…

“In the kitchen,” Lance called back.

Almost exhausted to the point of sleep walking Keith made his way to the kitchen. “Sorry I’m late-” He started before freezing in the doorway, eyes almost popping out of his skull.

Lance looked at him over his shoulder, smiling mischievously as he asked, “Something wrong, babe?”

Keith robotically shook his head no, unable to remind his eyes to blink, scared to miss the sight for more than a moment.

Lance chuckled, turning back to the stove, “Dinner won’t be long. Take a seat.”

Keith did as he was told, eyes never straying from Lance. His boyfriend had fitted himself with a red lace corset, the boning flush with his skin so the windows of lace stretched over his torso perfectly,
melding with the tan skin that peeked through. From the base of the corset hung suspenders, clipped to hold up a pair of black stockings, laced at their rim where they hugged Lance’s thighs. On his feet he wore a pair of red heels, perfectly matched to his corset. Around his neck he had fastened a thick black collar – this too made of lace – with a black jewel set in the centre, right over his adam’s apple.

Keith’s mouth was dry as a desert, unable to look away from Lance’s bare ass. Keeping the outfit from being over the top, he wore a simple red, silk thong, the strap perfectly nestled between his ass cheeks and framing the area beautifully.

“How was work?” Lance asked casually, as though he weren’t scantily clad in lace and dancing around the kitchen.

“Fine,” Keith said, voice cracking.

“Anything interesting happen?” Lance was stirring a pot on the hob, his whole body moving with the movement and making his hips sway gently.

“Not at all,” Keith managed, forcing himself to look away and grab a glass of water Lance had set out.

“Funny,” Lance chuckled, “you would think in the entirety of space, something interesting would have happened.” Lance leaned down to open the oven and extract the chicken he had left roasting in there. Keith spluttered on his water as Lance bent over and displayed his ass, the red jewelled base of a butt plug revealing itself as his cheeks spread. Keith choked, slamming his glass down on the table and coughing in a bid to clear his airways.

Lance turned, holding the chicken with mitted hands with a look of concern, “Are you okay?”

Keith gave him a brief thumbs up, still spluttering uselessly.

Lance hastily put the chicken down, removing the mitts and coming over to his struggling boyfriend. “Jesus - I wanted to surprise you, not kill you.” He knelt down to Keith’s height and put the glass back into his hand. “Take another drink – sip it this time.”

Keith did just that, finding it even more difficult with Lance so close. He couldn’t help but notice the semi Lance was sporting within the confines of his thong, how the silk was turning dark from his cock leaking pre.

“Are you alright?” Lance asked, eyes wide with concern.

Keith couldn’t take it anymore.

He gripped the back of Lance’s head and forcefully pulled him into a kiss: he had spent too long without feeling those lips, experiencing the taste of Lance’s mouth. Lance’s eyes fluttered closed as he sighed through his nose, instantly pushing himself closer into Keith’s vicinity. Keith gripped his hips and pulled him closer, having Lance’s long legs straddle his hips in the chair so Lance could sit in his lap. Already he could feel how hard his cock had become, straining in his jeans as Lance’s weight settled on him.

“Missed you-” Lance breathed against his lips.

“Me too-” Keith replied, unable to find the words to describe just how desperate he had been to return to Lance. He loved working with the Blade of Marmora, loved helping the universe recover from the Galra empire – he just simply loved Lance more.
Lance ground down against his hips, drawing a gasp from his lips. “I really should finish dinner,” Lance said, beginning to pull away.

In a panic Keith drew him back him, desperate to keep him close. Lance giggled against his lips, the sound like music to Keith’s ears.

Keith grabbed Lance by the thighs to steady him and stood, keeping Lance flush with his body and lifting his weight easily. Lance’s legs came to cross at the small of his back, anchoring himself as Keith turned them and settled Lance’s back against the wall.

He moved one of his hands to push aside the fabric of the thong to gain access to the jewelled plug, tugging in it teasingly and making Lance gasp. He mouthed at Lance’s neck, sucking dark hickeys into skin that had been bare for far too long.

“I missed you so much,” He mumbled against Lance’s skin, “I felt like I was going crazy. That I had left a piece of myself behind here.”

Keith could feel the ridges of the lace through his shirt where he leaned against Lance, could see how Lance’s nibbles were hard and pressing against the fabric. “You’re fucking beautiful,” Keith told him, unable to quiet accept who he was dating. “I love you so much.”

“Keith-” Lance gasped, squirming in his grip as he pulled out the plug fully and pushed it back in, doing it again and again. “I need to finish dinner-”

“How can I focus on dinner when you’re here looking like this.”

“This was for dessert-” Lance said, words ending in a choking moan as Keith fully removed the plug and dropped the heavy metal to the floor, beginning to slide his fingers inside Lance’s hole. It was so warm and welcoming, slick with lube: Lance had clearly spent a long time prepping before Keith came round.

“You should know better than to test my self-control.” Keith said, mouthing at Lance’s collarbone.

He dropped Lance onto his cock slowly, enjoying every inch sliding past his rim. Lance took him in one, Keith’s entire cock quickly nestled within his heat, Lance’s hole twitching around his length.

“Dinner is going to burn-” Lance started again, moaning loudly as Keith thrust his hips to still his objections.

“Then let it. There’s only one thing I’m hungry for right now.”

Before Lance said another word Keith was moving, drawing his hips back before using Lance’s weight to drive his cock in deep with each and every thrust. Lance’s arms clung to Keith’s neck, fingers wrapping themselves into Keith’s dark hair to help him ground himself.

“Fuck, Keith-”

Keith’s hips were moving like his life depended on it: like he would die if he didn’t fuck Lance long and hard, the way he had been desperate to do for weeks now. The two melted into harmonious groans and gasps, one drawing long moans from the other. Words fell from their lips, unable to keep quiet after so long apart.

“I missed you-”

“I couldn’t stop thinking about you-”
“I love you-”
“I love you so much-”
“I don’t want you to go again-”
“I don’t want to either-”
“Stay?”

Keith slowed his hips, watching the guilt flash across Lance’s features at what he had asked. “S- sorry,” Lance stammered, averting his eyes. “I know you’re work is important – sorry. That was selfish.”

“Lance-” Keith said.

“It’s okay,” Lance continued sounding genuine. “I just…I miss you so much.”

“Lance,” Keith insisted, nipping at his collarbone to grab his attention again. Lance finally looked at him again, those pale blue eyes burning through the darkness in Keith’s. “I’m not going anywhere. Not again”

 Surprise passed over Lance’s features, his mouth forming a ‘o’ as he asked, “What?”

“I’m staying,” Keith said, smiling shyly as though embarrassed. “I’m not going back to the Blade: not with you here. I can’t do it anymore – it’s killing me.”

Lance’s eyes were growing glassy, voice sounding choked as he interrupted, “Keith-”

“I’m the selfish one here,” Keith said, determined to finish. “I can’t think about helping the universe when I’ve left you back here. I can’t…I can’t live like this anymore Lance. I am miserable, every moment I’m not here. I just get worse the further I get from you, like each mile between us is another stab in the chest.”

Lance smiled weakly, “That an awful lot of stabbing.”

“You’re telling me,” Keith said, chuckling lightly.

“So….you’re serious?” Lance asked, as though afraid that Keith had been lying.

“I’m serious,” Keith promised. “The time away from you I’m just existing: it’s only when I’m here that I’m actually alive. I love you, with every fibre of my being I love-”

Keith never got to finish saying those words. With tears streaming down his face Lance lunged and captured Keith’s lips in his own, kissing with a new found desperation as the grip in Keith’s hair tightened. He didn’t want any space between them, not even an inch, as Keith began to slowly thrust his hips again.

Keith moved them both to the table, laying Lance flat on his back before fucking into him like a man possessed. His eyes caught every look, every emotion that passed across Lance’s face: he was obsessed, drawing more and more from Lance. He needed to see every smile, hear every moan, feel every twitch of Lance’s hole around his cock-

By the time they had finished and calmed themselves down the chicken was cold, and the vegetables had boiled dry and began burning to the base of the pan. The pair eyed the ruined meal before collapsing on their bed together and ordering takeout on their phone, Lance grumbling about how he
had slaved away over the oven all day for nothing and Keith counteracted with the fact that Lance had clearly spend a larger portion of the day getting himself ready. The pair dissolved into bickering half-heartedly, making fun of the other for how much they had missed them. Lance teased that Keith had missed him so much more, and there was nothing Keith could say to thwart Lance’s words.

Because he was right: there was no way that Lance could have missed Keith as much as Keith had missed Lance.

He was just glad to be home.
Day 13: Pegging feat. Allurance

Chapter Summary

Lance's mistress decides he deserves a treat (sequel to Day 4).

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!
This piece doubles as a sequel to my Day 4: Gags prompt!!
We get to see who wins the competition and how they use their prize.
Enjoy

Tags: bondage, gags, orgasm denial/delay, pegging, glass dildo, blindfold, femdom, Dom Allura and Sub Lance.

Romelle pouted, “Come on ‘Llura, one more round!”
Allura shook her head, smirking to herself, “You lost Elle, just accept it.”
Romelle crossed her arms over her chest, scowling at Allura, “It’s not fair!”

“You’re the one that proposed the bet Elle,” Allura rolled her eyes, the two arguing over the bound form of Lance between them. He was still stretched out spread eagle, breathing heavily behind his gag. His poor little cock was almost purple, straining and twitching against the tight cock ring at the base. Drool was escaping from the corners of his mouth, overflowing past his lips and down the sides of his face because the dildo gag kept his mouth held open.

Allura refused to give in to Romelle’s tantrum, leaning back easily against the wall and raising an unimpressed eyebrow at her. Meeting her steady gaze Romelle loudly huffed, turning tail and storming out of the room, slamming the door after her for good measure.

Allura chuckled, tracing light fingertips across Lance’s exposed chest and enjoying how he twitched beneath the touch. “She’s such a brat, isn’t she?”

Knowing better, Lance kept quiet: it was best not to pick sides between his mistresses. Somehow, he always ended up bearing the brunt of their disagreements – always safer to stay on the fence and not draw one of their focus.

Allura reached behind his head, undoing the clasp for the gag and pulling it from his mouth. A thick trail of drool followed the dildo that had been nestled on his tongue, Lance opening his mouth wide and taking in a deep breath.

“That better, sweet boy?”
Lance nodded, working the stiffness out of his jaw as he croaked, “Yes, mistress.”
Not entirely pleased with his answer Allura pinched one of his nipples without mercy, drawing a cry from his lips. “Yes mistress, what?”

“Thank you!” Lance gasped, his back arched up off the table as he tried to escape her cruel grip. “Thank you, mistress. Thank you, thank you!”

She released his sensitive nub, watching as his entire body relaxed. “That’s better. You do want to cum, don’t you?”

Lance licked at his lips, mouth parched after such a long session. “Yes please mistress.”

“Then I would watch my mouth if I were you,” Allura said threateningly as she began to loosen the ropes at his wrists. She worked around his bound limbs diligently, releasing each of them from the grip of rope. Lance stayed still, not even moving a muscle - as though he were still fully bound even as he was freed.

Good boy.

“Take a minute,” Allura ordered, setting a glass of water at his side, “Get the feeling back into your limbs, then onto your hands and knees sweet boy.”

Lance did as he was asked, gently stretching out his stiff limbs and rotating his joints, rubbing at where the ropes had held him down and sipping from the water. When he was ready he moved into position, setting his ass high into the air for his mistress.

Thinking he deserved a treat Allura leaned forwards and watched his face for a moment before brushing her lips against his, rewarding him with a long, sweet kiss. She could feel how he positively melted at her simple touches - how much he appreciated her mouth on his.

He had had a rough evening: Allura loved making sure her sweet boy knew he had done a good job before they finished.

She broke off the kiss, ignoring the disappointed whimper from Lance’s throat as she stood. She brushed a hand through his sweaty bangs before walking away from the table, happy to see he didn’t try to move: just waiting quietly and patiently for his mistress to return.

“I’ve got a nice present for you, sweet boy,” Allura said, fitting herself with said present. “You’re not to remove the blindfold, am I understood?”

“Yes, mistress.”

God she loved how unravelled he sounded.

“If you remove the blindfold, I will not remove the cock ring. Am I clear?”

“Crystal, mistress.”

“Good boy,” She said, walking around the table. She loved how he clearly listened for her footsteps, trying to place where she was. She came to a stop at the end of the table, Lance’s ass held up in front of her. She ran her hands over the muscle of his ass, the skin smooth and clear beneath her fingers.

“What a shame that I didn’t mark up this ass tonight,” She said, disappointed to have missed out on the jiggle and reddening of the cheeks, of not seeing the beginning blemishes of dark bruises of handprints to mark him as his own.
“Y-you can now, mistress,” Lance said with a stuttering, shaky voice.

Allura smiled to herself at the offer: she wished she could, but she could see how her toy was struggling to just remain on his knees without trembling. He was exhausted: this was his last bit of rope before he ran out.

“Not tonight, sweet boy,” Allura said, “I have other plans for you.”

Lance knew the sound of the cap of lube opening very well, not surprised as he felt Allura’s fingers tracing the rim of his hole with the cold jelly.

His cock was dripping a steady stream of precum onto the table: he could feel each beat of his heart against where the tight metal dug into the straining flesh. It only got worse as Allura slowly pressed a finger into his ass, rubbing her fingertip into his inner walls. He fought the whine building in his throat, the desperate need to beg for her to remove the cock ring, disappointing himself as he heard the whimper drop from his lips.

“Soon,” Allura promised, wiggling another finger in alongside the first. She began to scissor her fingers, enjoying how Lance’s hole clenched down on her in a desperate bid for stimulation, his rim fluttering and spasming around her knuckles.

She added another finger, feeling the resistance in the muscle and rubbing it out, feeling him open up around her. Satisfied with her work she removed her fingers, wiping the excess lube on his ass cheek to dirty him up some more.

“Mistress has a present for you sweet boy,” She said, squirting fresh lube onto her new strap on and climbing onto the table on her knees and lining herself up at his ass. Size wise it wasn’t anything special: 7 inches, not so thick that she was concerned about how Lance’s ass would take it. The shaft of it was littered with ridges, prominent enough to push against Lance’s rim and drive him crazy as it pounded in and out of him.

But what she loved most? The dildo was entirely made of glass: the core clear glass with the winding ridges on the outside a swirl of vibrant pink. She began pressing into him, hearing his gasp of surprise as the firm smoothness pressing into him. It was cold and unyielding, each of those ridges solid and refusing to let up under his tight ass. She wiggled her hips, working the dildo in a little deeper before pulling out, eventually working completely to the base of the dildo so the solid length sat snugly within Lance’s ass.

“How does that feel, baby?” She asked, rolling her hips gently to pop some of the pink ridges in and out of Lance’s hole.

“Good, mistress,” He said, sounding like the breath had been punched from his chest. “Really good.”

“Are you a fan of mistress’ new toy?”

He nodded his head, his shoulder’s trembling under the weight of holding him up.

“Words, sweet boy,” She demanded.

“Yes, mistress,” He said, voice sounding wrecked.

“Good boy,” She said, rewarding him with a sharp thrust forwards. She pulled the dildo out a few inches, coating the length in more lube to be sure to accommodate the pounding pace she planned on setting. “Now, I am going to pound your ass my sweet boy. I will permit you to cum tonight, however you must of course have permission before doing so. I’m not going to allow you to cum for
some time,” She warned him, wanting desperately to try out her new toy in full – it would be no fun if Lance came straight away and they stopped. “So, I’ll give you a choice. Do you want me to pound your ass with or without the cock ring?”

Lance was silent as she finished speaking, clearly weighing up his options. “Come on baby,” She said, her voice holding a warning tone. “I don’t have all night.”

“W-without, mistress,” Lance said quickly, trying not to summon her wrath.

She raised an eyebrow at that, surprised with his choice, “Are you sure? Remember, if you can’t control yourself you’ll disappoint mistress.”

“I’m sure, mistress.”

“There will be trouble if you disobey,” She said, reaching around to finger lightly at where the ring sat. His cock was so swollen around the ring, the flesh hot beneath her fingertips.

“I won’t disobey, mistress. Please,” He pleaded, “Please please take it off. I’ll be good.”

Who was Allura to say no to his sweet pleadings?

She worked the cock ring up over his dick, dropping it to the table with a loud metallic ring as Lance sighed deeply. She stroked her hand over his swollen cock, feeling it twitch responsibly in her grasp. “Are you sure you can control yourself?”

He nodded, the black satin of his blindfold tracing over the top of his back. “Yes, mistress.”

Taking his word for it Allura began thrusting, spending little time building up to a driving pace to shove the entire length of the glass dildo in and out of his ass with each movement of her hips. Lance’s arms gave out beneath his weight, chest collapsing against the table as he moaned loudly, ass high in the air of Allura to continue her onslaught.

Her fingers dug deeply into the flesh at his hips, helping her add power to her thrusts as she brought his body back against her to work with her momentum.

Lance was completely boneless as the dildo pounded in and out of him. The image of the pink swirl disappearing in and out of him was almost hypnotising, his freed cock now dripping a continuous stream of precum onto the table.

“M-may I c-cum, mistress?” His voice was strained, focused on getting the words out without another moan interrupting his sentence. “Please.”

“Not yet, sweet boy,” She said, her pace not changing.

He groaned into the table but didn’t argue, his hands curling into fists on either side of his head as his teeth bit at his lower lip. His body muscles tightened up as he fought to contain his orgasm, wanting to be a good boy for his mistress as she continued her fun.

“You’re so good, Lance,” Allura said, closing her eyes to focus on the push and the pull of the dildo strapped to her. “Such a good boy, aren’t you?”

“Yes mistress!” Lance all but yelled, gripping the edge of the table with white knuckles.

“Do you want to cum, Lance?”

“Yes! Yes, mistress. Please!”
“Are you sure?” She teased, smirking.

“Please mistress!” Lance sobbed.

“Cum for me, Lance. Cum for your mistress.”

Lance’s mouth dropped open as he screamed, his cum hitting the table with an audible sound as his cock released all of the cum that had been building up from hours of teasing. Allura slowed her pace, making slow dragging movements with the dildo to completely milk him of his orgasm.

Lance’s scream broke off into a strangled noise and he would have collapsed completely without Allura’s hands on his hips. She pulled out gently, wincing as he whimpered from the overstimulating drag of the dildo. Keeping a hand on him at all times she stepped off the table and pulled him into her arms, setting him down safely on the floor and removing his blindfold. He blinked up at her, squinting against the brightness of the room with damp eyelashes rimming his eyes.

She placed a kiss to his forehead, running a gentle hand over his cheek to wipe at a tear that had escaped. “You’re such a good boy, Lance.”

He leaned into the warmth of her chest, sighing happily as her arms came up to keep him held in a secure embrace.
Day 14: Fucking Machine feat. Lance

Chapter Summary

Lance just wants to relax!

Chapter Notes

Tags: dubcon, multiple orgasms, overstimulation, public, double penetration.

His first thought when he entered the room?

‘This is heaven.’

Steam billowed towards him as the door slid open, rising in a fog around him and making his hair stand on end where it brushed against his skin. Lance stepped forwards as though in a trance, the warm air of the steam room beckoning him in further.

Team Voltron were burnt out: off the back of a major battle with the Galra the team were stressed to high heaven and quickly split off to perform their own calming rituals as soon as they had landed back in the castle. Keith staked his claim on the training room, Pidge set about taking apart their computer and putting it back together in a more efficient manner, moving their set up into the kitchen so that Hunk could weigh in with his ideas while getting his ingredients together for his next feat of baking. Allura would head for a nap – drained after her quintessence use powering the castle. Coran would spend his time working out why a very specific system of the castle was malfunctioning, and Shiro would…well, Lance wasn’t sure the black paladin ever relaxed.

Lance had holed up in his room, ready to commit to performing his entire skin care routine, when disaster struck. His first step was to exfoliate and, grabbing his favourite peach scrub, it was to his horror that he discovered the tube lay empty, barely enough product left to cover his nose let alone his entire face.

He collapsed down on his bed, glaring down at the traitorous tube in his hands. How could it do this to him? After all this time, it throws this curveball at him?

Tired and stressed doesn’t sit well with Lance: growing irrefutably irritated he stormed out of his room, discarding the empty tube on the floor. He just wanted some ‘me’ time, how was he supposed to do that now?

Searching out Coran he began questioning the Altean on skincare regimes, if there was any kind of suitable replacement for his scrub? Yes, it was important. No, he couldn’t simply skip the step and carry on as normal. Hell yes, he would be interested in hearing more about the castle’s very own relaxation room, Christ why hadn’t he been told sooner?

The door shut behind him, trapping the heat and letting the steam fill the room again. The room was dimly lit, the edges emitting a soft Altean-blue glow: enough so you could see immediately in front
of you but left the rest of the room in a vague blurriness.

Steam was released from the centre, rolling outwards over the rest of the room. The benches were arranged like stairs so that Lance had a choice of how high he wanted to lounge.

Missing the hot humidity of Cuba he headed straight for the top level of seating, discarding his towel to be left completely in the nude. He stretched out across the top, lying on his back and already feeling the heavy drag of water setting on him. He took a deep breath, feeling how the humidity seemed to fill his lungs as a weight, heating his core.

In the swirling heat he felt the stress practically melting out of his muscles. He looked around the room, noting how the steam was so dense he could barely even see his own hand in front of his face. It was so calming, being contained in this pocket of heat, letting his mind float away and feeling his body relax.

Something brushed his leg causing him to jump violently before his mind caught up with his body’s reaction: looking down Lance noted a robotic arm, fluid-like in its movements as it traced the skin of his calf, locating the tense muscle and beginning to knead at it. Coran had told him that this was a room for complete relaxation: along with the steam, the castle’s systems could detect where the body was carrying stress and set about working it out.

He sighed as a second arm came to his other calf and picked up the same massage technique, working the muscle in circular motions with firm touches to ease the tension out. Two more arms came up below Lance’s armpits and lifted him into a sitting position to gain access to his back, instantly getting to work on several knots that were buried firm in the muscle. He practically moaned at the touches, the heavenly feeling of stress being forcibly expelled from his body.

He didn’t know how long he sat there or when he had allowed his eyes to flutter shut, but Lance was completely boneless under the arms as they worked across his body. They found each and every pocket of stress, kneading the flesh through the initial pain of the tight muscle right on through to the tension disappearing. He felt himself turning to goo beneath its administrations, groaning quietly.

One arm came around to his front and brushed against his cock. He jerked in surprise, gasping as the arms wound around his limbs tight: they didn’t want him moving, they wanted him to remain sitting there nice and relaxed.

“Hey,” he said, pulling against the massaging arms that had turned restraints, “let go.”

The harder he pulled against them, the tighter they held him. Noting the source of stress the arm came back to investigate his cock, wrapping itself around the shaft and squeezing with that same pressure. Lance’s breath hissed out between his teeth, the faint touch enough to knock the air from his chest. “Stop that!”

The castle paid no mind, clearly focused on achieving total relaxation for their paladin. Lance’s arms strained as his cock continued to be stroked, flushing red in the cheeks as he realised he was growing hard despite himself. He was being held taut with his back pressed to the wall of the steam room, arms held down by his sides and his legs kept comfortably spread. Robotic arms snaked out across his chest, one tracing his sensitive nipple and drawing a guttural moan from Lance’s throat. The arm returned and brushed the nub again, causing goose bumps to cover Lance’s exposed skin at the touch.

Quickly, both of his nipples were being circled by the arms, gently sucking and pulling on them and kneading the surrounding flesh. The touches to his chest paired with the continuous stroking of his cock was leaving him breathless, each gasp filling his lungs with hot, heavy air that didn’t seem to
help him catch his breath.

“S-stop,” Lance said weakly, throwing his head back with a moan as another arm came and began sucking on the tip of his cock, something within it pressing into his slit with a maddening pressure.

He was lost: every touch felt so good, the stress in his mind overshadowed and expelled by the feeling of pleasure steadily building in his gut. He barely even noticed as the arms manoeuvred him onto his knees, sliding up over his thighs and kneading at the flesh of his ass.

Face pressed in to the bench, his mouth opened in a groan as he felt an arm prodding at the rim of his hole. He squirmed and wiggled his hips as the arm set about intermittently pressing against his hole, trying to relax the muscle there. Another arm came up to the base of his cock and began fondling his balls, seeming to suck on either of them and draw them into a moist, hot heat.

The arm at his ass finally slipped past the muscled rim and Lance’s eyes rolled back into his head: more, he needed more, needed filled-

The arm massaged the walls of his ass, freeing the muscle of its tension and working it open wide. As he grew wider the arm accommodated, increasing in size to keep him stretched and full, slowly working into him deeper.

He had to force himself to bite his lip to keep silent as the arm began to move in thrusting motions, dragging in and out as he felt his hole twitching from the stimulation. He pressed his hips back against the arm, wanting it deeper each time it began to pull out, whining in his throat each time it thrust in deeper, each time its circumference increased.

The arm was fucking him steadily now, and Lance was gasping. Noting the response the arms picked up their touches, that pressure on his dick squeezing harder and stroking faster, the arms seeing how his muscles were growing tense as he approached orgasm and his body locked up under him. The arms worked faster – fucked him faster, stroked him faster – trying to chase that tension back out of him. With a weakly contained groan Lance came, coating the bench below him in his cum as stars danced behind his eyes. He breathed heavy, trying to catch his breath in the hot room. Sweat on his brow mixed with steam from the room, leaving his body coated with a sheen.

As the tension eased from Lance’s body the arms didn’t slow: to them, they had reached a suitable level to achieve relaxation in their client and so needed to maintain the speed to keep this result. Lance squirmed, pulling against the bonds again as whimpers began forming in his throat from the overstimulation. Growing concerned at the stress building once more the arms picked up speed again, forcing a cry from Lance’s lips as they continued their abuse on his sensitive ass.

Every touch was now torture: shivers ran across his skin as his body attempted to deal with the heightened sensitivity. The arm in his ass changed direction slightly and Lance was unable to stop his scream as it hit his prostate dead on. The arms stayed with this angle, pounding into his prostate with terrifying accuracy.

His entire body was crumbling around him, his mind floating high above it all as the feeling from his prostate radiated throughout his body, causing his toes to curl and his back to arch. Every breath was a noisy gasp now, his entire body trembling as he was forced into another brutal orgasm, his vision whitening out as the orgasm shook through him.

Still the arms didn’t slow. Lance felt tears begin to slide down his cheeks, sobs wracking his chest as the touches were a mixture of pleasure and pain now. Still the arms stroked his cock, suckling on its tip to rouse it back to hardness without his conscious thought. He had screwed his eyes tight, still feeling tears escaping as the arm grew ever larger in his ass, filling him more than he ever had been
before.

He hiccupped in surprise as he heard the door opening. With wide eyes he watched as someone entered the room quickly to avoid the steam escaping, and sat down. Through the dimness of the room and the thickness of the steam Lance couldn’t see who it was, and it seemed they hadn’t seen him either.

But he was certain they would hear him if he let loose any more sounds.

The arms still relentless, Lance bit into his lip to contain any more of his sounds. Sobs, moans, groans – all he could focus on now was the fear of someone finding him like this. His fingernails dug into his palms as he tensed up to stop any more noises forming.

Mistake: at the build in tension the machine clearly grew concerned, and a newfound fear arose as Lance felt another arm prodding at his rim. Clearly one wasn’t enough…

He desperately wanted to cry out as the other arm worked its way inside of him, the two now moving in tandem and stretching him beyond anything he had ever experienced before. The pressure at his slit increased and suddenly something thin was pressing inside, setting all of his nerves off like fireworks at the intrusion. His eyes rolled back at the feeling: it was all too much, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

As he kept himself silent, he began to hear sounds from his guest across the room. Small gasps and groans, building up to a moan. Knowing full well what the room was capable of, Lance assumed whoever had joined him was making similar use of the castle systems.

“Oh, fuck yes,” The voice groaned, and Lance’s eyes almost popped out of his head in surprise.

Shiro?

Despite himself Lance instantly grew hard at the idea of Shiro being so close, so oblivious, as Lance was strung out in this situation. Shiro’s moans were delicious, breathy and deep as he received his destressing treatment. Lance desperately wanted to be the one drawing those groans from his lips…

Sensing his need, suddenly one of the arms was pressing between Lance’s lips, fucking lazily into his mouth. He had to physically stop himself from groaning at the physical enactment of his fantasy, of the ‘cock’ sitting heavy on his tongue and thrusting between his lips.

His breathing was picking up once again, the ‘cock’ helping to stifle any small noises that he couldn’t keep from escaping his throat. The machine continued to double penetrate his ass, drawing another and another orgasm out of him.

Shiro had eventually groaned long and hard, clearly sating the machine’s need for relaxation as that was the last noise Lance heard from him. But Shiro didn’t leave: he must be enjoying the warm steam of the room for all it was.

And that’s how Lance was kept: his personal hero and long-time crush just a few meters from him as he was brutally fucked into dry orgasms, losing count of how many the machine wrenched out of him.

Unsure of how long it had been, Lance came back to himself as the door opened and Shiro left. With one final painful orgasm the arms released Lance, leaving him to collapse bonelessly into the large puddle of cum he had splattered onto the benches.
Chapter Summary

Turns out Lance's little adventure into voyeurism wasn't as sneaky as he first thought.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!
For those of you who have been interested, here we have the follow-on to Day 2’s voyeurism prompt!
And yes, don't worry, I will be adding even more to this.

Tags: cuckolding, blow jobs, Sub Shiro, cum eating.

FYI, I don't know how it happened but somehow the next few days all feature Sub Shiro so...enjoy?

I know you were watching us.

My room, 9pm

*****

Lance felt like he was going to be sick.

The note had been taped to his door, waiting on him returning from training. He froze in his tracks, eyes wide as he read it over and over again.

Shit.

Shit!

He had torn it off the door, slipping into his room and locking it after him. He read and reread the note, trying to work out any other situation that Keith could have been talking about.

But the image of Keith riding Shiro’s cock, how his ass and thighs moved with each drop down into Shiro’s lap…

There was no way he could convince himself that Keith wasn’t talking about his little peeping-tom incident.

Shit.

*****
Lance gulped, trying to dislodge the lump in his throat as he stood in front of Keith’s door, wondering how he would ever summon the courage to knock on the door.

A sickening pit formed in his stomach as the door opened of its own volition, revealing a displeased looking Keith glaring at him. “Were you going to stand here all night?”

“I-” Lance croaked, tongue feeling useless and numb in his mouth.

Keith rolled his eyes, beckoning him in, “Come on.”

Lance followed Keith into his room, dread pooling in his stomach at the sound of the door closing behind him. What was he even supposed to say – how could he ever explain himself…?

“Mmph!”

“Ignore him,” Keith said, walking over to his wardrobe – the wardrobe Lance had hidden inside last time – and shrugged off his jacket, slipping it onto a hanger.

Ignore who…?

Lance looked up and froze, eyes growing wide. At the foot of the bed sat Shiro, wrists bound behind his back and attached to the chair he was settled on, ankles strapped to the chair legs to keep his thighs parted. Between his lips was a large red ball gag, keeping his jaw held wide open and fastened brutally tight behind his head. From the leather straps of the ball gag hung two lengths of chain, both ending in clamps that currently had a vice-like grip on Shiro’s nipples. Shiro was completely naked, Lance’s cheeks reddening as he registered Shiro’s huge hard on curving up towards his belly, thick pearls of precum dripping down its shaft. Every time he struggled in his hold his head tugged on the chains, pulling on his nipples and making him squirm from the pain.

“Keith…?” Lance asked, confusion filling his voice. He forced himself to look away from Shiro’s display, shuffling in place from awkwardness.

Keith turned to him, slowly undoing the buttons of his shirt as he said, “Shiro was being naughty: sometimes I need to teach him a lesson.”

Lance’s mouth grew dry as Keith shrugged the shirt from his shoulders, turning to hang it up too. “He’s not the only one who’s been naughty,” He said, turning his dark gaze back to Lance.

Lance was at a complete loss, feeling like the ground had been pulled from under him.

Shiro watched with an attentive gaze as Keith stalked up to Lance, standing directly in his face and pressing an accusing finger into his sternum. “You didn’t think we would find out that you were spying on us?”

“I-” Lance stuttered, somehow growing even more flustered. “I didn’t mean to, I’m sorry-”

“What did you think?” Keith asked, cutting Lance’s apology short.

“What?” Lance asked pathetically, mind a storm of confusion, barely keeping up with what Keith was saying to him.

“What did you think – of me and Shiro?” Keith asked, looking deadly serious. “Did you enjoy yourself?”

“I.”
“Because I think you did,” Keith stepped closer, those dark eyes keeping Lance firmly pinned in place. “After all, you didn’t even clean up after yourself.”

The image of cum hitting the inside of the wardrobe door surfaced in Lance’s mind, bringing with it a wave of mortification – he had been so wrapped up in what happened he hadn’t even taken the time to cover his tracks.

“As soon as I found that, I had a little look at the castle CCTV to check who had been spying on us. Imagine my surprise finding you running out of here like a bat out of hell?”

“I’m sorry, I—”

“I don’t want to hear your excuses,” Keith snapped. “I want to know how you’re going to apologise.”

“I-I’m trying to!”

“Actions speak louder than words,” Keith said sternly. He stepped back, eyeing Lance up from head to toe. With the distance between them Lance at least felt like he could draw breath, but he felt a full body flush building from Keith’s scrutiny.

“On the bed,” Keith ordered, “Now.”

Lance did as he was told, afraid to argue at this point, settling on the edge and staring awkwardly at the wall.

“The end of the bed,” Keith said with frustration, “I want you facing him.”

Lance moved without a word of complaint, keeping his eyes trained carefully on the floor at Shiro’s feet.

“Mmph-ph,” Shiro tried to speak behind his gag, chair shifting as he pulled at his bonds.

“Quiet,” Keith ordered. Shiro shut up instantly, the only sound the rattle of the handcuff chains against the chair.

Keith approached Lance, looming over him and standing at his side. “Look at him, Lance.”

He couldn’t – there was no way he could look in the eye of the leader of Voltron in this scenario. Hell, Lance hadn’t even managed to meet Shiro’s eye since his adventure with voyeurism.

Fingers wound viciously tight into his hair and forcibly dragged his head up, making him meet Shiro’s desperate gaze. Lance’s breath rattled loud in his ears, not noticing how Shiro’s cock twitched in excitement as he met Lance’s eye.

“He loved it, you know.” Keith’s breath was hot as he whispered in Lance’s ear. “Finding out someone had been watching him – watching me. He’s quite the little pervert.”

Shiro was straining against his bonds, trying to catch what Keith was saying.

“He got very excited,” Keith continued, grinning slyly. “A little too excited, if you ask me. Figured I would teach him a lesson, show him that he should be careful what he wishes for.”

“What-do you mean?” Lance said, now finding he couldn’t look away from Shiro’s face as Keith released the grip in his hair. Keith crawled into his lap, making sure not to block Lance’s view of Shiro as he began pulling at Lance’s shirt, bringing it up over his head and discarding it with a
careless throw.

“He likes someone watching? Well, we’ll see just how he likes being stuck watching while I have my fun elsewhere.”

Lance’s mouth dropped open in a surprised ‘o’ as Keith’s hot lips met the skin of his neck, his hot tongue tracing trails across the area as he sucked deep purple bruises along the way. Lance watched as Shiro shifted with discomfort in his chair, cock bobbing and spilling more precum down itself.

Keith ground his hips down, delighted to find Lance already hard in his jeans.

“You want us, don’t you Lance?” Keith said between kisses, his hands tracing Lance’s back, making him gasp as he racked his nails down his shoulder blades.

“Yes,” Lance said, Keith’s tone sending him into a compliant head space.

“Do you want to play with me while he watches Lance?” Keith’s hips were continuously moving now, making sure to rub circling pressure down on Lance’s clothed cock. Lance just wanted to shove up into the friction, to get more than this pitiful amount of stimulation.

“Yes.”

“Good.”

Lance almost whined in disappointment as Keith slipped from his lap and onto his knees on the floor. He undid Lance’s jean button and fly, easing his jeans and boxers down to his ankles to leave him fully exposed on the edge of the bed. With firm hands Keith gripped Lance’s knees and spread them wide enough that Keith could sit himself between them.

Lance’s cock was straining up towards Keith’s mouth, desperate to be touched. Keith reached out and gave the length a couple confident strokes, drawing precum from its tip. He looked over his shoulder at Shiro, making sure the black paladin could see the smirk on his lips. “He has a nice cock, doesn’t he Shiro?”

Shiro nodded, nipple chains tinkling.

“A nicer cock than yours, maybe,” Keith teased, pumping Lance’s cock again to set him gasping. “Think it can fuck me nicer than you? I bet it can.”

“Mmph,” Shiro groaned, shoulders straining.

“Maybe I should keep you chained up pretty like that, and just play with Lance from now on.”

“Nmph, mmh!!”

Keith turned his back on Shiro, dropping his lips to Lance’s tip and sucking the head into his mouth. Lance braced himself back on his hands, sighing and throwing his head back to stare at the ceiling, doing his best not to thrust into that welcoming mouth.

Keith started slow, suckling on the tip and swirling his tongue. He lapped at Lance’s slit, hand steadily pumping to cause more precum to leak. He worked himself further down the shaft, fitting more and more of Lance’s cock into that wet heat. Soon Keith’s head was bobbing steadily in Lance’s lap, gagging periodically on Lance’s length hitting the back of his throat.

Keith took a break, making sure to keep pumping Lance’s spit-slicked dick with his hands. “You like
when I gag on your cock?” He asked Lance, drawing him into his dark eyes.

Lance nodded robotically.

“You like that you’re so big you make me choke for air?”

“Y-yes,” Lance croaked.

Keith grinned, a blinding animalistic sight of sharp, white teeth. “Me too. Tell me, Lance,” Keith said, slowing the rhythm of his pumping hand, “Do you want to cum down my throat, or all over my face.”

“Face,” Lance said automatically, the choice clear.

With another quick grin Keith was swallowing him down again, pushing harder and faster to get Lance moaning. He wasn’t sure when it happened but Lance became aware that he was gripping Keith’s long hair with one of his hands, now taking control of Keith’s bobbing rhythm. Keith hollowed his cheeks and sucked, drawing Lance’s cock deep into his throat.

Lance jerked Keith off of his cock, holding him above his cock as his orgasm hit him. As cum hit Keith’s cheek he automatically opened his mouth wide, his tongue hanging out to try and catch a taste. Lance stroked himself with his other hand, making sure to unload everything he could onto Keith’s face.

With a deep breath, he looked down. Keith was still staring at him with those wide eyes, cum dripping down his cheeks and pooling around his lips. Lance swore he could have cum again right then and there just from the image of Keith so sullied with his cum.

“So, what now?” Keith asked, handing Lance the reins for the first time that night. Lance’s eyes flicked quickly to Shiro, an image forming in his mind.

“I want him to lick you clean.”

Grinning, Keith stood and walked over to Shiro, settling heavily in his lap and expertly avoiding touching his straining cock. Shiro groaned in relief as Keith unbuckled the gag, pulling the ball from Shiro’s mouth.

Keith dropped to pull Shiro into a kiss, knowing full well that he would still be able to taste Lance’s cock on his tongue. After a moment Keith broke the kiss, Shiro taking the cue and beginning to lick the cum from Keith’s cheeks, neck straining so he could reach every drop.

“So desperate for the punishment to be over,” Keith noted, pulling on one of the nipple clamps and making Shiro hiss through his teeth. “Want me to release you, let you fuck me and claim me as yours?”

“Yes – god, yes Keith.” Shiro’s voice was absolutely wrecked – all from just watching Keith messing around with someone else.

Keith smiled almost sweetly, running his fingers lightly through Shiro’s hair. Suddenly that gentle touch turned cruel as Keith gripped Shiro’s hair and pulled his hair back. “Too bad,” Keith said with a cruel smirk.

Before Shiro could react, the ball gag was back between his teeth and buckled back into place. He struggled with a newfound energy, trying to free himself as Keith removed himself from his lap. Thinking a moment, Keith shortened the nipple chains so that they were taut – each slight movement
of Shiro’s head would pull against them now.

“Now,” Keith said, clearly satisfied and turning back to Lance, “Time for round 2.”

Chapter End Notes

Turns out I'm really into writing cuckolding...who knew??
Day 16: Shibari feat. Shallura

Chapter Summary

Allura needs to test her slave and make sure he's up to standard.

Chapter Notes

Tags: femdom, rope bondage/shibari, orgasm denial, Sub Shiro & Dom Allura

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The paladin of the black lion looked pretty in purple.

Allura had a penchant for rope: she loved to work knots into her slave’s flesh, drawing longs strands across skin with enough tension to make it bulge beneath its touch. She loved trussing them up until they couldn’t move an inch, couldn’t even squirm away from her touches, leaving them helpless as she did whatever she wanted to them.

She had tied his ankles together with a thick cuff, a similar tie used to bind his arms together just above the elbow to force his elbows together behind his back and push his chest out. To remain upright his hands were braced against the table below his abdomen, knuckles white from the pressure of keeping him up. She had tied a simple harness around his chest, running around the base of his rib cage and then up between his pecks, butterflying around his neck and over his shoulders to tie off at the back. Allura had tied the rope of the harness at his shoulders together with one length of rope—turning them into a racerback – as well as another tying to the base of the harness above his spine. With rough hands, she had pulled his feet up towards his head, bending them at the knee. She tied his feet to the rope from his harness, pulling the rope cruelly tight to force his body to curve. His back arched beautifully with the pull of the ropes, toes pointed daintily towards the ceiling under the pressure.

She loved to use rope to turn her slaves into a work of art.

“Comfortable?” She asked, tracing a hand down over the cheek of his ass.

“Mmph!”

“Good.”

To dehumanise him even further Allura had covered his head in a thick leather hood: the only sight of the man beneath being from the mouth hole and two holes so he could breathe through his nostrils. Knowing how her slave liked to complain she had slipped a metal bit gag between his teeth, the straps of which attached behind his head as well as one that came up over the top of his head before clipping into place at the back to ensure that no amount of shaking could displace it.

She spanked a hand against his ass hard, snapping. “Keep your head up!”
Shiro’s neck tensed, bringing his head up from where he had lazily been letting it loll forwards towards his chest. He brought his head back in line with his arching back, maintaining the difficult pose for his mistress.

“Good boy.”

Allura wanted to play a game with her slave: coating her fingers with lube she slipped them between his clenched ass cheeks. He made a noise of surprise as she began gently fucking them into him, the movements loosening the muscles of his hole. He groaned behind his gag, body trembling in an attempt to squirm in his position and take the weight off of his hardening cock that lay trapped beneath him.

Satisfied that he was suitably stretched out Allura retracted her fingers, swatting his ass when he gave a displeased grumble at the loss. “Don’t test me, Shiro. If you’re not good I will leave you here and let anyone who comes along have a go with you.”

Shiro grew silent very quickly.

Allura left him on the table, walking across the room and letting her heels ring dauntingly against the floor with each step. She opened her toybox and rustled, noisily looking for the toy she had in mind for her slave.

“I have a little test for you tonight, Shiro,” She said with an unseen smile, slipping the small egg vibrator between his cheeks and into his hole, keeping it turned off for the moment. With a long finger she pressed it in deep, settling it close to his prostate.

“You see, I really fancy a good fucking, but I don’t have the time for disappointment,” Allura said, removing her finger and wiping her dirty fingers on his ass. “Afterall, it’s been how long since I last let you cum?”

“Mm-mmh-mmph,” Shiro pathetically tried to say behind his gag.

She laughed cruelly, “Yeah, I don’t remember either. And so that leaves me in a bit of a dilemma: I don’t want to let you fuck me only to have you blow your load in 30 ticks. Maybe I should play it safe and go find Lance or Keith?”

“Nmph!!”

“Don’t like that idea, huh?” Allura said with a smirk. “Okay then, a test. If you can show me you can hold off cumming long enough, then I suppose I’ll sate my desires on your cock. Sound good?”

“Mm-hmph.” Shiro nodded his head as best he could, doing his best to keep it suitably high for Allura.

“Okay then.” Without preamble Allura pressed the ‘on’ button on the remote control, bringing the egg settled in Shiro’s ass to life.

She audibly heard how his teeth clamped down on the metal bit in his mouth, watching his ass muscles clench from the stimulation. Allura knew this wasn’t going to be easy for him: along with denying her slave orgasms, she had only been giving him sexual attention anally, spending their sessions together teasing his hole so the area became highly sensitized. Right now his cock would be hard, crushed beneath the weight of his pelvis, still desperate to cum despite the discomfort.

Shiro was already breathing heavy through his nose, squirming in vain beneath the tight ropes criss-crossing his body. Allura walked around him slowly: dragging her hands over his bound form,
tweaking his nipples, pressing on the corners of the bit to drive it deeper into his mouth and set his tongue squirming under its weight.

“You want to cum baby?” She teased.

Shiro adamantly shook his head no, refusing to give in so soon.

“Good boy,” Allura said, putting up the vibrator another level.

Allura took a seat, content to watch her slave start to tremble, breathing heavily through his nose to help stave off the waves of pleasure. Watching her slave like this, so helpless to the pleasure and pain she wished to instil on him, had her slipping her hand into her panties, swirling her finger in the slickness there and lightly circling her clit.

For the fun of it, she put the vibrator up another two levels.

Shiro groaned, a weak warbling noise, muscle of his ass clenching desperately to try and move the vibrator to a less sensitive area.

Allura stood, laughing loudly as she wiped her wet fingers into the nose holes of Shiro’s hood, momentarily cutting off his air supply. She removed her fingers, leaving enough of her slick behind for Shiro to be left smelling her arousal with each strained breath.

“Mistress is horny, Shiro. Think you could sate her?”

“Mmph mmphss.”

“Are you sure?” She turned the vibrator up to its full level, relishing his distressed cry.

“Mmph!”

She stepped up to the table, raising her hip up and gripping the back of his head. She pulled his head down so she could rub her clit against the rough leather covering his face. He moaned at her touches, so close to what he wanted but still denied.

“You’ll need to hold on longer than that,” Allura warned, bursting into laughter at the distressed noises bursting from his parted lips. She coated her fingers in her slick again, reaching into his mouth and slaving it over his tongue.

“Let’s say…another two hours of this, and then we’ll see if you’re worth my time?”

Shiro groaned, the deep vibrato delicious against her folds.

“Two hours, then we’ll up the difficulty and see how you get on. I just hope your self-restraint is strong enough.”

Shiro groaned against her again, Allura sure he was pleading her for mercy.

Shame she wasn’t that nice.

Chapter End Notes

Honestly? I have fallen in love with Dom Allura.
Day 17: Lap Dances feat. Sheith

Chapter Summary

Keith makes sure to have his boyfriend wound tight before Lance arrives.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!
This piece is a prequel to Day 15's cuckolding prompt, showing us exactly why Shiro was so wound up by the time Keith let Lance into the room.

Tags: teasing, lap dances, bondage/gags. Dom Keith & Sub Shiro

Shiro looked delicious, tied tightly to the chair at the base of Keith’s bed.

“You excited for Lance to come round babe?” Keith asked tauntingly, just wearing a black thong at the moment.

Shiro glared at him with narrowed eyes, grumbling behind his gag.

“I thought you wanted to watch? Did I somehow get that wrong?” Keith mockingly asked, tapping his chin as though in thought. “You know, I can’t quite remember if you said it would be hot with someone watching, or hot if you were watching. Oh well,” Keith said with a shrug, “Guess it’s too late now.”

Keith had music playing quietly in the background while he got ready for Lance. 9pm he had said – he had about half an hour before the blue paladin should come by. Plenty of time to work his boyfriend into a frustrated frenzy.

Keith circled him slowly, letting his eyes drag over Shiro’s naked form. Keith stopped behind him, sitting his hands on Shiro’s shoulders and running them down over his chest to trace over the ridges of his hipbones. He ran his hands over Shiro’s chest a couple of times, tracing teasing lines with his fingertips, pinching one of his nipples to pull a hiss from Shiro’s gagged mouth. Tugging his hair to pull his head back, Keith dropped a couple of light kisses to Shiro’s neck before standing back up and sauntering around to Shiro’s front.

Keith gave a little twirl in his scant clothing, wiggling his ass at his boyfriend. “What do you think?” He asked, peering at him over his shoulder, shaking his ass once more for good measure. “Think Lance will like it?”

Shiro tugged against his restraints, grumbling some more at Keith’s taunting display. Keith smirked, leaning forward slowly to stretch his hands down to the ground, making sure that his ass was in full display to Shiro, supple cheeks raised high. Bent double he reached back and spread his cheeks, showing the thong’s black fabric and a black butt plug settled deep in his ass. “Think he’ll appreciate me taking the time to get prepped for his big cock?” Bent over, Keith swayed his hips in time to the
Making sure to limber up for his upcoming visitor, Keith spread his legs and slowly squatted to the ground, making sure to tense his ass cheeks for Shiro’s viewing pleasure. He rose fluidly, arching his back and pushing his plush ass out while doing so.

He grabbed his bottle of moisturiser from the bed and came to Shiro’s side, throwing his leg across Shiro’s front and resting his foot on Shiro’s muscular thigh, taking his time to rub moisturiser into the skin of his legs, flaunting his curvy legs right in front of his bound boyfriend. Once done, he removed his leg and threw the moisturiser back across the room, grinning at Shiro and rolling his body, starting with his chest and moving right down to gyrate his hips, making sure each and every muscle was displayed to Shiro.

Keith turned and stood with his back to Shiro, right between his bound knees. Here Keith bent over again, squatting down to the ground and reaching back to grip Shiro’s knees. Keith parted his knees where he squatted on the ground, feeling the burn in the muscle of his ass and rolling his head on his neck to swing his hair around himself.

Placing his hands on the ground in front of him, he pushed up from his squat to raise his ass up to Shiro’s face, rolling his hips as he brought himself back up to standing slowly, making sure to swing his ass the entire way. He took a moment to stretch out his muscles here, reaching over his head to stretch out his sides and bending back down to the ground, making sure Shiro caught a look at his ass from every angle.

This time when he rose back up he leaned back, setting his ass in Shiro’s lap amongst his hardening cock. Wiggling his hips to make sure he was comfortable, Keith spread his legs to either side of Shiro’s, shifting to allow Shiro’s cock between his cheeks and rubbing it teasingly against the silicone of the plug. Keith whipped his hair again, leaning back against Shiro’s chest and resting the back of his head on Shiro’s shoulder.

The music had changed to something more upbeat, pushing Keith to circle his hips in Shiro’s lap in time to the beat and feeling how Shiro’s cock grew to full hardness beneath him.

Standing with a smirk, Keith looked back over his shoulder at Shiro as he ran his hands over himself: down his sides and over his hips, round and cupping the swell of his ass, gripping tight so the flesh bulged around his fingers, leaving pink handprints behind on the pale skin. He squatted down slightly, ensuring Shiro could see his ass in all its glory.

He turned and placed his hands on Shiro’s shoulders, looking deep into Shiro’s eyes as he moved his body slowly. He stepped forwards and crawled into Shiro’s lap, grinding their cocks together with his hips and pulling a muffled moan from Shiro’s throat.

“You like my little dance?” Keith asked with a raised eyebrow, his hips still moving lazing.

Shiro nodded his head enthusiastically, spit running from the corner of his large gag and down his chin. Keith wiped it away with a soft hand, tutting. “You’re always such a messy boy, baby.”

Keith took his breath away with a firm hip roll, moving to trace the strong muscles of his ass across Shiro’s thighs. He settles one of his hands behind Shiro’s neck, the other tracing a line over his clothed cock, trapped within the lace of his thong. “Want me to let you out, baby? Let you take what is yours?”

“Mmph!” Came the expected cry, accompanied with vigorous head nodding.
“Are you sure?” Keith pressed, slipping his hand into his underwear and lightly stroking his cock.

“Mm-mmph!!”

“Guess you’ll just need to wait for Lance to mess me up,” Keith said with a smirk, loving the desperate gleam in Shiro’s eyes, “Then maybe I’ll let you can have his sloppy seconds.”

Shiro struggled below where Keith sat, straining against his bonds to no avail. With a roll of his eyes Keith stood, pulling on his jeans and buttoning up his shirt, giving Shiro another cheeky twirl.

“Think he’ll like the thong? Or be too impatient and just rip it off?”

Shiro’s moan was almost pitiful.

“You’re right,” Keith nodded thoughtfully, “Lance strikes me as someone who will take his time and savour every moment. Nothing like us, huh?” He said with a wink, grinning wide.

“Mm-ff.”

“Oh you’re right,” Keith said, checking the time. “He should be here soon.”

Stepping forwards, Keith bent down and gave Shiro a chaste peck to the cheek, reaching down and giving his cock two teasing pumps. “You’re in for quite the show, baby. I hope you enjoy seeing me getting wrecked by another man.”

Shiro huffed though his nose, pouting as Keith left his side and went to the door to let Lance in.
Day 18: Sthenolagnia feat. Shlunk

Chapter Summary

Lance only seems to go to the gym when his boyfriends are there.

Chapter Notes

Sthenolagnia: muscle worship.

So this kind of got away from me a little...

Tags: sthenolagnia, exhibitionism, threesome.

Hunk lay on his back, arm muscles bulging with strain as he pushed the weights above his chest again. Shiro was standing above him, cheering him on, a sheen of sweat on his forehead from his own work out.

Lance had chosen the rowing machine just so he could watch the pair of them spot each other. It was mesmerising, how their muscles moved beneath their skin. The weights they were using were about the same weight as Lance – could they lift him…?

He found himself growing hot under the collar, forcing himself to look away as his face grew red. At least if either of them looked over and saw him beaming scarlet he could blame his workout.

But, despite himself, he found his eyes wandering again. Hunk had discarded the weights and sat up, Shiro clapping him on the back and congratulating him on his hard work. From here the two split up to work alone.

Hunk set up the leg press, thigh muscles so thick they were straining against the confines of his gym leggings, a deep grunt bursting from his throat with each difficult push. Shiro meanwhile decided to do some cardio, starting up the treadmill and launching into a jog. Each thump of his feet hitting the platform might as well have been calling Lance’s name with how it drew his attention. Shiro was beautiful, legs elongating into reaching strides, looking like a cheetah chasing down its prey. His leggings fit him like a glove, cupping his firm ass perfectly through each step, arms pumping in time at his side as sweat dripped down the side of his face.

He caught Lance staring out the corner of his eye and gave him a small wave, never once stopping what he was doing. Lance flinched away from the look, embarrassed with himself as he desperately tried to focus on what he was supposed to be doing.

Hunk took a break from the leg press, stretching out his legs and walking over to Shiro. Shiro slowed his pace slightly so the pair could talk with lowered voices, Lance definitely not straining his ears to catch a hint of what they were discussing: what exercise were they planning next that would drive him crazy with desire?
He should know better by now than to go to the gym with his boyfriends.

Shiro was smirking at whatever Hunk was saying, giving a subtle nod. Smiling to himself Hunk approached Lance, raising an eyebrow at his half-assed workout. “Looking for some tips?” Hunk asked.

“I-I’m fine,” Lance stammered, uncertain as to why he was so flustered.

“How about we do some quad work?”

Lance nodded, shakily getting to his feet: Hunk was right, he really should be using his time productively while he was here.

He sat down at the machine, his shins touching a padded bar. Hunk adjusted the weight, calling encouragement as Lance raised his shins up, shaking slightly from the strain of the weight Hunk chose. He repeated this a few times, core burning and knuckles white from gripping the stand to keep in place in the chair.

“You can do better than that.” Shiro’s voice appeared in Lance’s ear, making him jump and his legs to drop, the clang of the weight loud.

Hunk tutted at him in disapproval. “That’s not an acceptable way to use gym equipment.”

“I guess we’ll need to teach him how to use it properly.” Shiro’s voice was full of mischief in his ear, breath drifting hot over Lance’s sensitive skin. He squawked in surprise as weight settled behind him, large hands slipping around his shoulders and under his arm pits, forcing his upper arms back and his chest to puff out. Shiro held him firm in this position, arms behind his back.

“Now, how about we try this again?” Hunk said, increasing the weight on the machine.

Lance trembled as he attempted to raise the press, arms shaking against where Shiro held him. Without his grip on the chair the strain on his core doubled, practically punching the air out of his lungs as his muscles strained.

His breath was noisy in his ears, cheeks rosy under Hunk’s scrutiny. As a further distraction Shiro placed light kisses to Lance’s neck, trying to get him to mess up again.

“That’s enough,” Hunk said as Lance’s legs dropped: he would have collapsed in relief if it weren’t for Shiro holding him up.

“Cool, so, we’re done?” Lance said, breathing heavily, ready for a very different kind of workout.

Shiro chuckled at his ear, “We’re just getting started, babe.”

They led Lance to the lateral pull down, Shiro pushing him firmly into the chair and instructing him to grab the bar above his head. Taking it easy on him, Shiro didn’t put the required weight up too high, content to lean back and watch how Lance’s lithe muscles bunched as he pulled the bar down to his chest.

“You’re not too bad at that,” Shiro remarked. “Shall we make it more difficult?”

Without waiting on an answer, Hunk’s hands grabbed at Lance’s knees and set them wide, forcing him to adjust his core in order to continue what he was doing. Eyeing the apparent bulge in Lance’s leggings Hunk placed light kisses to the inside of Lance’s thigh, starting at his knee and working his way up. He stopped just shy of the crotch, turning and paying the same level of attention to the other
“Keep it up Lance – no slacking,” Shiro snapped, drawing Lance’s attention back to the exercise machine.

Lance bit his lip as Hunk’s touches became more heavy handed, focusing closer and closer on his crotch without actually touching it. The leggings did him no favours in hiding his boner, Shiro grinning at the frustration building on his face. Hunk’s large hands were settled atop his thighs, firmly kneading the muscle there while he continued his work.

Shiro called it to an end, Lance letting his arms go slack, body awash with the pain in his muscles and the teasing pleasure of Hunk’s lips.

“One last exercise,” Shiro called, Lance too physically exhausted and wrapped up in his own thoughts to argue. “Don’t worry,” Shiro grinned, “It’s not too strenuous.”

Across the room Shiro pressed a pair of dumbbells into his hands. Lance raised a brow: they weren’t too heavy, if they expected him to do some bicep curls it wouldn’t have much pay off.

“Legs together,” Shiro told him, standing in front of him with his arms crossed over his chest, “Arms out.”

“Like the letter T,” Hunk weighed in.

Lance did as he was told, holding the dumbbells wide and waiting for his next instructions.

“Now,” Shiro ordered with a firm voice, “No moving. Keep those weights up.”

“Why?” Lance whined, already feeling the strain in his shoulders.

“Because we told you to,” Hunk grinned.

With a roll of his eyes Lance did as he was told, not enjoying the burning feeling building around his shoulders.

“Shall we increase intensity?” Hunk asked with a devilish smirk. Shiro nodded without a word, gesturing him to go first.

Hunk circled Lance, coming to a stop behind him where Lance couldn’t see. Large hands settled on his thin waist, Hunk stepping up close enough to Lance’s back that he could feel the heat radiating off of him. Lips dropped to his neck, alternating between soft kisses and flashes of biting teeth, sucking deep bruises into Lance’s sweaty flesh. Those hands slowly raised up his sides, sliding beneath his loose top and coming to rub at his nipples. Lance gasped, arms shaking perilously as he lost focus.

“Pay attention to what you’re doing,” Shiro said with a smirk.

Taking a deep breath, Lance was powerless as Hunk rolled his nipples between his rough fingers, pulling teasingly at the nubs and tracing circles over them. He continued his kissing at Lance’s neck, setting his body alight with his touches.

Shiro stepped forwards too, dropping to his knees in front of Lance and slipping his fingers beneath the waistband of Lance’s leggings. Slowly, he pulled the leggings down to reveal Lance’s cock straining within the confines of his underwear. Shiro mouthed at his cock over the cotton, wetting the material with licks of his tongue, pulling back and making Lance shiver from the chill of his cooling leg.
saliva.


Shiro pulled the waistband of his underwear down without much more preamble, instantly taking Lance’s cock into his mouth. Lance felt his knees grow weak, a whimper sticking in his throat as he felt his legs turning to jelly.

Hunk was pulling harder on his nipples, each firm touch sending electricity down to his belly, the feeling of pleasure mixing with the majesty of Shiro’s mouth on his cock. His arms were visually shaking from the strain of keeping them held up now, sweat beading his forehead.

Shiro popped off of his cock, a trail of drool still connecting it to his red lips. “Now,” Shiro ordered, giving his cock a pump with his fist, “Squat, and stay down.”

Lance did as he was told, bending his knees and sticking his ass out as he settled into the squat. He felt ridiculous, completely exposed in the middle of the gym. With light kisses Hunk worked a trail from his neck down between his shoulder blades. One of Hunk’s large fingers came to rest between his ass cheeks, Lance shuddering at his rough pad circling over his hole. Shiro continued to stroke his dick, still slick with his own saliva.

The finger at his hole retracted, coming to press in between Lance’s lips. He welcomed them with a moan, sucking on them instinctively.

“That’s good, baby,” Hunk said, “Get them nice and wet.”

Lance did just that, slaving his tongue hot and heavy over Hunk’s fingers. Satisfied, Hunk removed his fingers to return them to pressing against Lance’s rim, the saliva cooling quickly and making Lance gasp at the cold feeling.

His gasp was swallowed by Shiro’s lips meeting his, Hunk’s finger working its way slowly into him. His thighs were on fire where he held the squat, shoulders encompassed by pain. Yet somehow all he could focus on was Shiro’s lips on his, Shiro’s hand stroking his cock, Hunk working a second finger inside of him.

Shiro swallowed each and every noisy gasp, every whimper as Hunk slowly pumped his fingers in and out of him. Crooking his fingers just right Hunk hit his prostate dead on, making Lance weakly jerk, crying out into Shiro’s mouth. The two working as though they were a machine, Shiro’s pressure on Lance’s dick increased, those strokes speeding up as Hunk aimed for that spot again and again.

Lance’s body was a turbulent mixture of pleasure and pain, every muscle set alight with fire as his body collapsed of its own accord, his orgasm sweeping through him. His arms came to rest at his sides, dumbbells slipping from his slack grasp and leaning heavily against Hunk’s chest as he came in Shiro’s hand, crying out weakly and jerking as Hunk’s firm finger massaged him through the waves of pleasure.

When he came back to himself both men were kissing at his neck, arms wrapped around his torso and holding him tight.

“So,” Shiro said, sitting up to take in Lance’s red face, sweeping back his bangs from his sweaty forehead, “Up for giving us a workout?”

Lance found himself nodding, moving to his knees automatically and opening his mouth wide for his boyfriends to use.
Day 19: Double Penetration feat. Shklance

Chapter Summary

Round 2.

Chapter Notes

SO!
This is a follow-on to Day 15's Cuckolding prompt (which, in itself, is a follow on from Day 2). Honestly I don't know how I keep adding onto this story line, but its just so delicious I can't stop myself!

Tags: double penetration, praise kink, multiple orgasms, Keith large-and-in-charge.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Keith’s hips rolled hypnotically, moving with a smooth rhythm that had Shiro mesmerised.

Below Keith’s hips lay Lance, face the picture of bliss as Keith rode his cock. Shiro’s cock was so hard it was painful, curving up towards his belly and twitching desperately for stimulation.

Keith’s head fell back as he struck his prostate, a sweet moan dropping from his lips, hips stuttering for a moment as the feeling crashed through him.

“Do you think we should let Shiro play, Lance?” Keith asked, grinding his hips to rub Lance’s cock head against his prostate, drawing desperate gasps from his throat.

“Please, Keith.” Lance sounded wrecked, completely undone under Keith’s rolling hips. His hips bucked up, dislodging Keith slightly.

Keith’s hands came down to brace himself on Lance’s chest, cheeks red and eyes clouded with lust.

“You want to feel Shiro’s hands on you?”

“Yes, please,” Lance mewed sweetly.

“Bored of me, now you want to try out my boyfriend?”

Lance’s cheeks reddened as he frantically shook his head, stuttering in fear that he had done something wrong. “Keith-”

“He wants to play with you too, Lance,” Keith smiled, silencing the blue paladin. “He told me so. So, should we let him?”

Lance nodded, biting his lip to keep from saying the wrong thing. Desperation shone in his eyes, cheeks blushing with a dusting flush across his chest, hair mussed up from Keith’s roaming fingers combing through it.
How could he deny them?

Keith stood up off of Lance’s cock, ignoring his desperate plea for him to come back. He grinned as he approached Shiro, undoing the cuffs at his ankles and pulling on the nipple chains one last time before unbuckling the gag and pulling it from his mouth. Shiro worked his stiff jaw, hissing through his teeth as Keith pulled the clamps from his nipples.

“Have you been a patient boy, Shiro?”

“Yes – god, yes Keith.”

Keith raised an eyebrow, the slightest trace of a smile on his lips. “Are you sure?”

“Please…”

Keith crawled into Shiro’s lap and kissed him deeply, holding his cheeks with his hands and taking Shiro’s mouth as his own. Without breaking the contact of their lips Keith traced his hands down the muscles of Shiro’s back, reaching his wrists and undoing the tight buckles of the handcuffs. Once freed Shiro’s hands instantly came to rest on Keith’s hips, holding him still as he rolled his hips up to rub their cocks together. Keith laughed, swatting at his chest half-heartedly, “You that desperate?”

Shiro pulled Keith back into a kiss, ‘mm-hmm’ing into his mouth, his large hands coming to rest on the flesh of Keith’s ass.

Keith pulled away, whispering, “I thought you wanted to play with Lance?”

Shiro’s focus shifted, seeming to come back to the situation they were in. He stood, keeping Keith in his arms and walking the pair of them towards the bed.

Lance lay below them, eyes closed and lightly stroking his cock, stifling his gasps against the back of his hand.

“I think he’s busy, Shiro,” Keith said loudly, Lance’s eyes snapping open as he had the good sense to look bashful. “Maybe another time.”

“No, no please,” Lance said, beginning to sit up but freezing at Keith levelled him with one look.

“Keith doesn’t like desperate sluts,” Shiro told him, the pair of them looking down on Lance where he lay sprawled on their bed.

“I’m sorry,” Lance breathed weakly.

“Hmm,” Keith pretended to consider for a moment, eyes fluttering shut as Shiro’s lips mouthed at the soft skin of his neck. “Looks like we’ll need to teach him some manners, won’t we Shiro?”

Shiro nodded, sucking dark marks into Keith’s neck, wanting to leave his marks on the pale skin.

“How about I let you do the honours?” Keith asked, head falling back to let Shiro get better access.

“I would love to.” Shiro’s breath was hot where it tickled against Keith’s skin.

“But first,” Keith said deviously, eyes opening to side-eye the concerned Lance below him, “His next orgasm belongs to me.”

Shiro set Keith back down on the bed, happily watching as Keith crawled back over to straddle Lance’s hips and let his cock slip inside again. Lance’s head fell back, mouth slack around his
warbled moan.

Keith began moving his hips again, slow this time around. Shiro crawled up behind him, melding his body with Keith’s back so he could keep kissing Keith’s neck. His hand traced down Keith’s back, pushing at the rim of his hole where another man was fucking his boyfriend.

Fuck, he was so hard.

Keith gasped in surprise as Shiro worked a finger in alongside Lance’s cock, the addition tight but welcomed. Keith kept his slow rhythm, relishing the feeling of Shiro’s finger and Lance’s cock inside of him. Another finger slipped inside, drawing simultaneous moans from both Lance and Keith.

“Do you want to share, Shiro?” Keith asked breathlessly, feeling a third finger prodding at his hole.

“Yes, Keith.” Shiro’s voice was ragged, desperate, determined to get what he wanted now he was free. He wanted so badly to finally lay his hands on Lance: but first, he needed his cock buried deep inside his boyfriend.

“Think you can fit?” Keith said with a smirk on his lips.

In lieu of an answer Shiro pressed at Keith’s back, pushing him forwards and manoeuvring his ass into a better angle. Shiro squirted more lube onto his fingers, making sure Keith’s entrance was nice and slick. Keith’s face dangled above Lance’s, his black hair falling forward to shield the pair of them. Lance leaned forwards, tentatively kissing Keith’s lips as Keith gasped into his mouth from Shiro’s third finger squirming its way inside of him.

The three spent some time like this, Lance taking charge and gently fucking up into Keith while Shiro massaged at his hole to get him to open wide. Keith felt like he was in heaven, sandwiched between these two beautiful men, both so desperate to be inside of him that they simply couldn’t wait for the other to have their turn.

Shiro’s fingers retreated suddenly, Keith’s hole feeling upsettingly loose and empty – that is, until he felt the fat head of Shiro’s cock pressing into his rim. Shiro was patient, slowly rolling his hips and increasing the pressure on Keith’s hole, letting the muscle slacken. With a moan Keith threw back his head as the head of Shiro’s cock managed to slip inside, Keith’s hole contracting hard around both cocks.

“Oh fuck!” Lance cried out, hands fisting in the sheets.

With a smug grin Shiro continued to slowly press inside of Keith, feeling the tight wall of muscle giving way with each gently thrust. Keith was trembling from the stimulation, gripping Lance’s shoulders hard as he concentrated on remaining relaxed.

“Almost there baby,” Shiro murmured at Keith’s back, rubbing soothing circles with his hand on Keith’s back. “You’re doing so good for me – so perfect. Almost there.”

Shiro wasn’t lying: within the next minute Shiro somehow sat fully sheathed within Keith alongside Lance, the twitching of both impatient cocks against his tight hole making Keith’s eyes roll into the back of his head.

Shiro and Lance started out slow, letting Keith get used to the stretch. The red paladin was a mess: completely crumpling in on himself, all he could do as those cocks began to speed up was moan, his jaw hanging slack and stars exploding behind closed eyes.
Shiro and Lance began pounding into Keith: one pulling out as the other thrust in deep, making sure that Keith’s greedy little hole was always sated.

“Look at you, baby,” Shiro called, unable to tear his eyes away from where Keith’s hole stretched taut around him and Lance, the sight of two cocks splitting Keith in two. “So perfect – he’s taking us well, isn’t he Lance?”

“Y-you’re so good, Keith,” Lance gasped, barely able to keep up with the harsh pace Shiro was setting. “So good to us.”

With two cocks brutally pounding into him, it wasn’t long before Keith screamed out his orgasm, shooting cum across Lance’s chest as the pair of them fucked him through the rolling waves of pleasure.

“You want us to stop, baby?” Shiro asked, slowing his pace slightly.

Keith adamantly shook his head, staring down at Lance. “Not yet,” Keith said through noisy gasps. “His orgasm belongs to me, remember? I want it.”

Grinning, Shiro gripped Keith’s hips and really upped the pace, practically grinding his cock against Lance’s. Lance groaned, completely boneless on the bed as he struggled to keep pace with Shiro, defenceless against the sensations of Keith’s sensitive walls clenching around him and the maddening rub of Shiro’s cock. He dug his nails into the sheets, feeling the pleasure swell in his gut, his muscles locking up in response to the climax he was approaching.

His back arched as he drove his cock deep into Keith’s ass, Lance’s mouth opening in a silent scream as his orgasm hit like a tidal wave. Every muscle locked up as pleasure hit: his chest contracted, leaving him breathless and unable to voice his bliss as his vision completely whitened out.

Keith moaned as he felt hot cum filling his hole, Lance’s cock twitching weakly within him. Shiro kept on thrusting, undeterred, spreading Lance’s cum and causing it to drip out of Keith’s hole and down his thighs. Shiro couldn’t look away, the white of Lance’s cum painting his dick so prettily, how it looked drizzling down over Keith’s pale skin. He slowed his pace, loving how Keith and Lance twitched below him.

Gently he pulled out, more cum escaping as his dick left Keith’s hole. He took Keith in his arms, turning the red paladin around and pushing his head down to his cum-coated cock.

“Suck,” Shiro said.

Although Keith was completely drained a twinkle still remained in his eye as he took Shiro’s cock into his mouth, swallowing him down and coating his tongue in Lance’s cum. With hollowed cheeks and pursed lips, cum gathered in the corners of Keith’s mouth and dripped down his chin, diligently cleaning Shiro’s cock for him.

“Filthy,” Shiro grinned, removing Keith from his cock and bringing their mouths together for a brief kiss.

“So,” Shiro asked, breaking their kiss and looking deep into the darkness of Keith’s eyes, “Are you sated? Can I play with Lance now?”

Keith smiled coyly, looking down at the blue paladin below them, dead to the world as he recovered from his second orgasm of the night.

“Okay – I feel like cleaning up and going for a shower,” Keith said lightly, smirking to himself.
“Will you guys be okay while I’m gone?”

“I’m sure we’ll be fine,” Shiro said, mouth going dry in anticipation.

Keith stood and crossed the room, gathering his shower supplies and shrugging on a pair of sweatpants. As he reached the door he paused, looking back on where Shiro was tracing his confident lips over Lance’s neck at his pulse point, his tongue snaking out to taste the salt of Lance’s skin.

“Remember, Shiro,” Keith grinned deviously, “You’re supposed to be teaching him some manners.”

With one final smirk, Keith turned and left, looking forward to a nice hot shower as he felt the remnants of Lance’s cum leaking out to soak into the sweatpants.

Chapter End Notes

You guessed it, I want to add more to this...

I don’t know yet if it will happen during Kinktober - but this thing is so long its becoming a story in its own right, so once kinktober is over I’m going to separate these prompts out into their own fic on AO3 so that there’s more cohesion and anyone who just wants to skim back through this story can do so easily.

Plus that means if I can’t seem to stop myself adding to this (which seems to be the case) I can keep doing so easily...

AKA, I have no control when it comes to writing delicious scenes with these three boys.
Day 20: Masturbation feat. Shiro

Chapter Summary

Shiro likes to make use of the Castle's steam room in his spare time.

Chapter Notes

For those of you who got so excited about Lance getting fucked into the ground by a machine - here's Shiro's side of the story...
(Follow on/paired piece from Day 14's Fucking Machine prompt).

Tags: masturbation, voyeurism, dubcon, multiple orgasms.

Shiro breathed in deep through his nose, feeling his muscles melting with bliss after his orgasm. For the first time in days he felt like his mind was clear, like he could actually lie down and relax without worrying about battles and strategies and whether his team were likely to rip each other’s throats out today or not…

He watched the steam coiling around him, the robotic arms leaving him be now that he was completely relaxed.

He dozed lightly in the comforting heat, listening to the whirr of the Castle’s systems, the hum of more steam being pumped into the room through the vents. And below it all, the rhythmic pulsing of a machine that Shiro vaguely recognised but couldn’t quite place.

Despite trying to ignore it, his brain kept being drawn to the noise that wasn’t usually in the room: was it from somewhere nearby in the Castle? What was it Coran had said he was going to work on again…?

The sound of a small muffled gasp set his hair on end, ears pricking up at the very human noise he had just heard.

His sharp eyes scanned the room, grateful for the steam slightly thinning as the vents cut off for now. He caught sight of a dark silhouette up to his left: the steam room’s mechanical arms writhing around a prone form on the benches.

He froze, feeling unease grow in his stomach: someone was in here with him. Someone was using the room like he so often did. Someone might have heard him doing so. Someone might even have seen him…

Dread was heavy in his gut, nerves swirling from the fear of the situation’s outcome. He would be so embarrassed, the disgraced leader of Voltron, his own team unable to look him in the eye.

He was about to stand and run from the room, try and save face-

But then the steam cleared.
The swirls of warm fog thinned, enough that Shiro could catch the face that was slack with bliss, face down against the bench below him. Lance looked completely wrecked, with a thick arm pumping steadily in and out of his open mouth. His blue eyes were shut, brow pinched in concentration as his lips worked around the synthetic length in his mouth. The sight gave Shiro enough pause to stay seated until the sight of the rest of Lance’s body became clear.

Arms held firmly behind his back with his ass on display high in the air, an arm – no, two arms – fucking into his ass with lewd squelching sounds, drawing pathetic muffled whimpers from the blue paladin’s throat. Shiro wasn’t sure how he hadn’t caught the stifled gasps and moans before, but now that he was attuned to him it was like they were blaring at him through a speaker, his ears unable to focus on anything else.

From the edge of the bench below Lance’s knees ran a trail of white cum, overflowing and dripping down the side.

Shiro’s legs were practically numb, every thought of leaving and hanging his head in shame dismissed from his mind. He couldn’t look away from the gorgeous sight of Lance being fucked mindless, forced to his knees to endure the touches of the machine, of how his eyes were closed just to focus on the pleasure building in his gut.

Even from here Shiro could see how hard Lance’s cock was, despite clearly already having cum at least once. Did Lance know that was Shiro was here – that Shiro could see him?

Had Lance heard Shiro?

Had he liked it?

 Unsure when it had happened, Shiro leaned back heavily as his hand traced over his already hard cock. He was powerless, useless to his body’s desires as he stroked up his length, biting into his lip from the feeling of his rough hand rubbing the still sensitive flesh.

Shiro traced his thumb pad over the head of his cock, pushing teasingly at his slit and feeling his cock twitch beneath his hand. He fisted his hand and pumped over just the head of his cock, starting light. Slowly he fucked deeper into his hand, stroking more and more of his length and building the coiling, clenching feeling of pleasure in his gut as he stared at his teammate above him.

Lance groaned, louder this time, and Shiro squeezed his cock hard with a hiss between his teeth, cock leaking precum from its tip with excitement. He wanted to be the one up there, not the machine, fucking him into the bench. He would draw those noises out of Lance’s throat: he would be unhindered without the machine fucking into his mouth so that Shiro could hear each and every gasp and moan he pulled from him.

Shiro’s hips were moving smoothly, fucking into and out of his hand steadily as his eyes stayed fixed firm on Lance’s quivering form. The arms fucking him picked up their speed and Shiro matched their rhythm, lost in the fantasy that he was the one putting Lance in this position.

He wanted to run his hands over that ass, over Lance’s calves and thighs. To split his legs wide and drop his head between them, take Lance’s cock into his mouth and throat, or lick his tongue around his rim until Lance cried and begged him to finally fuck him.

He wanted to plant a firm hand between Lance’s shoulder blades and keep him pinned as he fucked into Lance’s tight ass, feeling the clench and spasm of Lance’s hole around his cock, welcoming him deeper. He wanted to run his fingers through that short hair, grip tight and force Lance’s head back so his neck arched up and his moans would burst noisy and unregulated from his throat, mumbling
unintelligible sounds as though possessed as he lost control of his voice from the feeling of Shiro’s cock pounding in and out of him.

Shiro was biting into his lip hard now, already on the cusp of another orgasm. What he would give to be up there: Lance’s ass would be so nicely stretched out from the two arms working on him, he would slip into that welcoming heat so perfectly…

“Mmph!” This moan was louder, spit running from the corners of Lance’s mouth as his throat was continuously fucked. God, Lance was so gone he was losing his grasp on his volume control, the loud moan the first of many as he was built up towards another orgasm. His hands fistd and unfistd at his back, powerless to do anything else as his prostate was battered into, making his body jump and jerk from the rough, relentless treatment. His groans were nonstop now, sounding like muffled syllables of a word that Shiro couldn’t quite catch.

It almost sounded like…

Like Lance was saying his name.

‘Shiro’: over and over as the arm fucked into his mouth, his ass. ‘Shiro’, as he lay there with his eyes closed, completely overwhelmed by the touches to his body and imagining someone else touching him.

Lance jerked violently, cum splattering the bench below him as he tried to contain his scream of Shiro’s name, clamping his lips around the arm in his mouth in an attempt to muffle the noise.

It didn’t matter if Lance had actually said Shiro’s name or not – Shiro was throwing his head back as he came again from the mere fantasy of Lance crying his name, spilling over his hand and onto the floor in spurting drops. He rolled his wrist and milked his cock for all it was worth, stars dancing behind his firmly closed eyes as he listened to the breathless gasps of Lance coming down from his own orgasm.

Shiro sat for a while after that, feeling like a pervert but simply unable to look away as Lance was pushed to another orgasm. And another. And another – cumming dry and weak, Lance’s mewling behind the ‘cock’ desperate for mercy. Shiro was mesmerised, his imagination running far away from him, locking each gasp and moan away, watching what movements of the arms brought out what reaction from Lance. He made sure to commit it all to memory for future use.

Eventually he gathered enough sense to realise just how stupid this whole thing was. With scarlet cheeks, flaming bright with embarrassment, he stood and hastily slipped from the room, not daring to let himself glance back for one last look.

He feared that if he did, he would be able to look away again.
Day 21: Edging + Swallowing feat. Klance

Chapter Summary

Lance gets his own back.

Chapter Notes

Okay, HOW has it almost been 10 days since I wrote some Klance? How is that even possible?
And so, I give you the exciting follow on to Day 10's Hate Fucking prompt!!
Yes that's right - Lance finally gets to take control of his and Keith's bedroom sessions.
And trust me when I say he's not going to take it easy on him...

Tags: edging, cum eating/swallowing, bondage, humiliation, praise kink, Dom Lance.
Also, foot stuff (but as humiliation as opposed to foot fetish stuff...does that make sense?).

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Keith’s face was red. A beautiful scarlet, shining under the lights of his room from the sheen of sweat on his skin, lips parted slightly as little gasps of desperation escaped his chest.

Lance quickly pulled his hand back and Keith groaned loudly in frustration, trying to squirm in place against his bonds.

“Ah ah,” Lance scolded, enjoying himself immensely. “Not yet.”

“L-lance, come on,” Keith practically whimpered, mustering up a weak glare to stare at the boy seated above him.

“That’s not how this game is going to work, remember?” Lance said with a raised brow, his face breaking out into a smirk.

Keith huffed in frustration, reminding himself of the rules Lance had set.

He had done it: the look on Keith’s face as Lance had exited the simulator had been delicious. He had worked tirelessly for so long, pushing himself to the point of tears, determined and pleased as he slowly but steadily shaved time off of his record. He had only beat Keith by a fraction of a second, but it didn’t matter: he had beaten Keith’s time. And that only meant one thing.

Keith had stared at him with wide, shocked eyes, knowing full well what tonight would bring.

Lance didn’t even say a word to him, too smug and pleased with himself to rub it into his rival.

Lance leaned down again to meet Keith’s eyes, lust and anger swirling in their inky depths. “Let's try that again,” He said with a grin.
Keith sat on his knees, hands tied behind his back and firmly secured to his ankles so he wouldn’t be able to get up or get away. The red rope looked beautiful wrapping around his wrists, Lance tying off the rope tight to keep Keith’s wrists close to his ankles and force him to sit with his chest puffed out and his back slightly arched. He looked like the perfect trophy to congratulate Lance on his new simulator record.

Lance squirted a little more lube onto his hand, making sure his palm was slick before leaning down and taking Keith’s cock in his hand again. Keith squirmed on his knees, trying not to let sounds escape as Lance teasingly stroked his desperately twitching cock. His cock was flushed a bright red, straining at every touch, desperate to cum as precum constantly dripped from its tip to mix with the lube in Lance’s hand.

His keen eye watched how the muscles between Keith’s eyebrows pinched, how he nibbled at his lip and his head fell back, and promptly removed his hand before Keith could tip over the edge.

Keith huffed out a needy groan at the loss of stimulation, his jaw clenching to keep from complaining. Lance smiled smugly down at him.

No talking, he had instructed. The only noises Lance would allow were either his pathetic, whorish whimpers, or begging.

And it didn’t matter how long Lance had to edge Keith, he was going to hear Kogane beg for his cock.

Once the muscles in Keith’s shoulders relaxed again Lance set back to torturing his cock, rubbing his fingers into the sensitive flesh of his head. Weak whimpers could be heard from where Keith desperately tried to keep them held in his throat, unwilling to let them loose without putting up a fight.

“Do you want to cum, whore?” Lance asked, increasing the pressure of his grip just slightly.

Keith ground his lips together, breathing out through his nose angrily and glaring up at Lance. He wouldn’t break, not this easy.

“How many has it been now?” Lance asked, feeling how Keith’s cock twitched excitedly in his grip despite Keith’s sour attitude.

Keith refused to answer.

Displeased with him ignoring the direct question Lance pressed the pad of his thumb firmly into the Keith’s slit, causing a confusing mixture of pleasure and pain to sweep through his body and make his hips jerk. “How. Many?” Lance asked, not letting up the pressure.

“Six!” Keith gasped, squirming and unable to do anything about Lance’s rough treatment with his body bound as it was. “Six times!”

“Shall we make it seven?” Lance asked, not giving Keith the choice as he returned to stroking his cock, bringing Keith to the edge and hastily letting go.

“Fuck, Lance!” Keith growled furiously, cheeks still a flaming red. His long fringe was plastered to his sweaty forehead, his large eyes glaring up at him from behind the dark, dishevelled strands. “This isn’t a game! You won – just stop being a sore winner and get this over with already.”

“Hmm,” Lance tapped his chin in mock thought, pondering Keith’s words. “You know, that doesn’t sound like very good begging to me.”
“Fuck you Lance-”

Keith’s voice cut out as Lance wound his fingers into his hair, forcing his head back as Lance leaned down and made sure Keith couldn’t look away from his face. “No,” Lance said slowly, making sure Keith caught every syllable. “You’ve had your turn – these past 6 weeks I put up with whatever you wanted of me, because that was the deal. You say this isn’t a game, but that’s exactly what it is. Because I want to play a game, and I won; so, are you going to honour our bet and get as good as you gave, or are you going to be the sore loser and back out? It’s your choice.”

Lance released Keith’s hair, leaning back leisurely in his chair and watching Keith with a calculating gaze. Keith breathed heavily, unsure why he was so breathless or why his cock was straining for attention more than ever after Lance’s no-nonsense warning.

“Fine,” Keith relinquished, refusing to acknowledge how Lance’s dominating tone was affecting him at his core.

Lance grinned, the smile sparking irritation in Keith. “Good boy. But, you’ve lost the right to my hand.”

Keith’s face flushed a deep red with humiliation as Lance extended his foot to rub over Keith’s cock, ashamed with the reaction his body gave to the touch. He was so sensitive, so desperate for stimulation that his hips jerked in excitement at the touch of the ball of Lance’s foot, Lance grounding down into Keith’s cock almost painfully.

“Pathetic whore,” Lance remarked, his foot moving in circular motions, the steady rhythm drawing Keith closer. “Grateful for whatever I give, aren’t you?”

“Fuck, Lance…” Keith gasped, closing his eyes in shame.

“I don’t like that filthy mouth of yours,” Lance said, drawing his foot back. “Seems to me like we’re going to need to wash it out.”

Before Keith could ask what he means Lance’s zip was being undone, shuffling in his chair and pulling his cock from the confines of his boxers. His hand returned to Keith’s hair, yanking his head forwards with an authoritative order of, “Suck.”

Keith found himself doing just as he was told, lips parting to slip Lance’s head into his mouth, sucking and licking at the tip before bobbing his head and taking more of him into his throat. Lance let out a gravelled groan, grip slackening in Keith’s hair but keeping his hand resting on his head.

“Good boy,” Lance breathed.

Keith tried to ignore how much he enjoyed the words of praise, focusing instead on the cock in his mouth.

Lance’s foot returned to his cock: despite the distraction of Keith on his cock Lance still remained vigilant, making sure to remove his touches before Keith could tip over the edge. He grew close another three times as he fucked his mouth on Lance’s cock, moaning in frustration around Lance’s length each time Lance’s touch was removed.

Keith’s jaw was beginning to ache, but he refused to pause in his actions, determined to rile Lance up to the point where he would give in and get on with it. And through it all Keith shamelessly rutted against Lance’s rough foot, wanting more than anything to finally cum.

It was becoming a point of focus in his mind: the quivering of his thighs as he desperately ground his
cock into Lance’s foot, not caring about his dignity anymore so long as he got what he wanted. He was so close – closer than Lance had let him get all evening. Was this it – was he doing such a good job sucking Lance’s cock that Lance was going to let him cum?

Oh my – oh my god, he was. Keith pumped his mouth harder, wanting to keep Lance preoccupied so that he wouldn’t remove his touch in time again. He didn’t need to keep up the pace for long – Keith was already so close, only a couple more seconds-

He screamed in frustration with Lance’s dick in his throat as, once again, Lance pulled his leg back as Keith was on the cusp of orgasm. Lance groaned at the delicious vibration on his cock from Keith’s rumbling throat, stroking the top of his head as Keith suddenly popped off of his cock.

Lance looked down at him with an unimpressed brow raised, “I didn’t tell you to stop-”

“How – how dare you,” The word burst dirty and desperate from Keith’s mouth, trails of spit running from the corners of his mouth down to the point of his chin. “Please – god, please Lance! Fuck me, please. Please - just let me cum, let me cum, let me-”

Keith’s words cut out as Lance grabbed each side of his head and forced his begging mouth back down onto his cock, Lance cumming in great spurts and unabashedly moaning overhead, slowly bucking his hips to drag his cock over Keith’s tongue and milk it for all it was worth. Keith’s eyes widened in surprise, his desperation to cum briefly overshadowed by the pleasant warmth of Lance’s cum coating his tongue.

Lance breathed deeply, looking down at where Keith’s mouth was buried on his cock. “If you want me to let you cum tonight, I highly suggest you swallow every drop.” His voice was rasped and light, still caught in the waves of bliss from his orgasm.

Keith did as he was told, diligently swallowing the cum in his mouth, earning extra brownie points by lightly licking Lance’s cock clean, determined to catch every drop on his tongue.

“Good boy,” Lance said, stroking his hair again.

Keith stared up at him with large pleading eyes, practically vibrating in place as he waited for the touches that would finally let him cum.

Lance smiled down lazily at him, stroking his now-soft cock in front of Keith’s face. “Tell you what,” He said with a mischievous tone of voice, “How about we keep edging you until I get hard again, then see about letting you cum?”

“Lance-” Keith whined his name, unable to mask his desperation anymore.

“Ah ah ah,” Lance shushed him, reaching down to take Keith’s cock in hand once more. “Remember, no talking.”

Chapter End Notes

Not going to lie, this was so much fun to write...
Day 22: Telepathy feat. Shklance

Chapter Summary

Shiro is exposed and vulnerable, at the mercy of his devious boyfriends.

Chapter Notes

Welcome to day 22, where things are really getting spicy!!
For those of you interested, yes this is a follow on from my 'On My Mind' fic!! I will add this into the end of that fic at the end of Kinktober to keep it all in one place.
And to remind you all, that particular AU was based as a follow on to RangoAteMyBaby's Telepathy prompt from last year's kinktober (funny how this has come full circle for me...). You can find the original piece here.
Basically, Lance and Keith can read Shiro's mind and set about unravelling the leader of Voltron.

Tags: telepathy, lots of oral, leather face hood, Sub(ish) Shiro.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shiro couldn’t see a thing.
The pair of them had laced his head into a form fitting black leather hood, the only hole keeping his mouth free. His wrists were fastened behind his back with a few rounds of tape: it must have been Keith, too impatient for rope. Apart from that Shiro was completely bare, effectively bound in place from the loss of his sight.

They had sat him down on the edge of the bed and retreated, Shiro barely able to make out muffled murmurs beyond the leather covering his ears.

“Guys?” Shiro asked, not expecting an answer and not getting one.

He shifted in place, slightly embarrassed from how hard he was from just sitting here naked.

I just wish they would do something...

Hands appeared at his shoulders from behind, pulling him down onto his back. Upside down lips met his, a tactile tongue pressing possessively into his mouth just how he liked it, tasting his mouth, swallowing his gasps.

Lance: it must be Lance with that tongue.

So where’s Keith…?

Weight settling between his legs, bed shifting beneath them as someone crawled over Shiro up to his neck, lips meeting his skin briefly before teeth sinks into the flesh, sucking deep bruises into the skin. Keith’s hands are roaming Shiro’s chest, feeling up every inch of every well defined muscle, Lance’s
hands on either side of his face to keep him still as Lance took his time kissing him deeply.

Shiro clamped down on his reaction as Keith’s thumb accidentally brushed his nipple, making sure he appeared calm and didn’t let on just how sensitive he was. It was a point of embarrassment for him, how the merest brush against his nipples could set his heart pounding. He liked to keep his weaknesses to himself, especially when spread in such a vulnerable position beneath his lovers.

_Fuck, even that tiny touch is enough to send me crazy. At least he doesn’t know what it does to me._

Keith accidentally brushes Shiro’s nipple again, noting how Shiro’s core clenched from the touch. He does it again, and again, making Shiro squirm and pant into Lance’s mouth, nipples standing erect as though daring Keith to keep touching them.

And touch then he does: alternating between slow rolls between his finger tips and harsh pulls, Keith works Shiro into a squirming mess beneath him, each brutal twist or teasing touch drawing whimpers from his throat. Fuck he thought he had kept his reactions to himself, yet Keith had found his weakness so quickly.

_I’ll die if he puts his mouth on them-_  

The idea fills Shiro with concern, but real dread creeps in as Keith’s mouth detaches from his neck.

_No, there’s no way-_  

He cries out into Lance’s mouth as wet heat falls onto his nipple, arching his back as Keith sucks on the flesh and rolls the tip of his tongue over the bud. Lance breaks their kiss and gives Shiro the opportunity to gasp a, “No, wait, stop-” before his words choke off as Lance sucks his other nipple into his mouth.

Shiro writhes beneath them both, throwing his head back and moaning loudly from the stimulation on his nipple. Somehow the two coordinate the movement of their tongues, moving in sync and making Shiro’s hips buck desperately. He wants to shake them off. He wants them to go lower, take his cock into that same delicious heat, work their tongues over that straining flesh too. His hands curl into fists at his back, refusing to accept just how close he was to cumming already. It wasn’t fair, how these touches to his chest could unravel him so.

_They’ll stop soon – they won’t know how weak this makes you._

The pressure of sucking increases on his chest, Keith grinning devilishly as he snags Shiro’s nipple between his teeth and tugs, enjoying Shiro’s squeal of pleasure immensely.

Adjacent to Keith’s rough treatment, Lance’s mouth is like a calming ocean: he sweeps his wide tongue over Shiro’s nipples in firm licks, intermittently pointing his tongue and circling the firm bud with its tip. The mixture of the two of them has Shiro turning to jelly beneath them, weak to their touches.

_If they don’t stop, I’m going to-_  

The pair of them both clamp their teeth down around his nipples in sync and suddenly Shiro is screaming with his head thrown back, cumming all over himself completely untouched. His dark vision behind the hood whites out as the pair of them give kitten licks to his nipples, letting him ride out the sensations.

Cum rapidly pools against his belly, a trail dripping down the side of his cock and making him shiver from the chill.
I must be filthy.

Those tongues leave his chest, both licking at the pools of cum left after his orgasm. Hot strokes coat his skin, leaving behind a chill from saliva. His hips jerk from overstimulation as a tongue licks up the shaft of his cock, cleaning up every drop of cum.

Fuck – their mouths, so good…

Keith moves off of Shiro and shimmies down off of the bed, letting Lance crawl forwards so he’s on his hands and knees directly above Shiro: face hanging over Shiro’s cock, his hips over Shiro’s hooded face.

What are they-?

Lance leans down and takes Shiro’s soft cock into the warmth of his mouth, still too sensitive for such touches. He writhes beneath Lance’s mouth, unable to dislodge the boy above him.

Keith paws at Shiro’s legs, forcing them from the back of the knee up towards his chest so that he was left in an exposed frog pose. Lance seamlessly takes the back of Shiro’s thighs from Keith, keeping them held in position while Keith moves back.

In this position Shiro suspects just how exposed and vulnerable he is. With his legs held up his cheeks have parted, feeling the cool air of the room against his hole, making the rim twitch.

Is he just going to look at it-?

The air turns from cool to a hot gasp of breath before Keith’s mouth descends, licking broad strokes from Shiro’s hole up over his perineum to the base of his balls. He does it again, and again, warming the area with his confident licks.

Despite himself, he feels his cock twitch with interest inside Lance’s mouth, already half hard.

He jumps in mild surprise as something wet lands on his lips: he licks them clean, recognising the taste of precum straight away.

Is Lance’s cock right above my face? I wonder if I could reach it if I lean up.

He opens his mouth, prepared to do just that but instead lets out a muffled sound of surprise as Lance lowers his hips to slip his cock into Shiro’s mouth. Shiro sucks on instinct, lapping at Lance’s tip to draw more precum from it.

Keith changes his tactic, moving from broad strokes to probing circles with the tip of his tongue at Shiro’s hole. The muscle clenches and spasms under the touches, growing steadily looser, allowing Keith to worm his tongue further into Shiro’s ass.

The tip of Keith’s tongue slides in past the muscle and Shiro groans, low and throaty, around the cock in his mouth. Lance grasps the base of his hard cock and begins pumping his head, cheeks hollowing and lips pursed, taking the head of Shiro’s cock deep into his throat.

With a cock in his mouth, Shiro can’t release all the sounds of ecstasy that he wants to, instead stuck to moan and groan against Lance’s cock. His cock is deeply buried in Lance’s throat, the blue paladin taking him all the way to the root so that Lance’s nose rubs against Shiro’s balls. Keith pushes more and more of his tongue inside, worming a finger alongside to massage at Shiro’s walls.

He can’t control the erratic jerk of his hips as Keith’s finger accidentally brushes the edges of his
prostate. Keith investigates the area, slipping another finger inside and narrowly missing Shiro’s prostate with each probing fingertip.

*That was far too close, Shiro thought. Can’t imagine how undone I would become if he moved his fingers just a little bit deeper.*

Sparks fly across Shiro’s entire body as both of Keith’s fingertips hit the centre of his prostate head on. Shiro’s jaw drops and goes slack, Lance’s length sinking deep into his mouth as he chokes and splutters on the cock and the feeling of Keith incessantly massaging his prostate.

“Fuck, fuck!” He can’t keep from crying out, blabbering out gibberish under Lance and Keith’s touches. He thinks to lower his legs and close off Keith’s angle but Lance’s hands hold strong, making sure he keeps well spread for the red paladin.

*I can’t – I can’t cum again.*

Keith and Lance pick up their paces, Lance bobbing his head faster in Shiro’s lap as Keith slips a third finger into Shiro’s hole.

*There’s no way.*

The pair of them keep up their brutal pace, not allowing Shiro a moment to catch his breath and try and evaluate what was going on. They abused his body for their own pleasure, toying with him and pushing him higher and higher.

*I can’t-*

Lance’s tongue presses into the slit of Shiro’s cock as Shiro falls over the edge again, back arching high off the bed and bucking Lance’s face off accidentally as Keith’s fingers don’t let up on his prostate. Shiro unwittingly shoots his load over Lance’s face, rewarded in turn with Lance’s cock cumming across his tongue, overflowing out the corners of his mouth and leaving him struggling to swallow it all.

Shiro practically vacates his body as he tries to cum down from the high, completely exhausted. He hears the pair of them moving as Keith pulls Lance forwards into a kiss, tastes of Shiro mixing in their mouths before Keith sets about licking Lance’s face clean of Shiro’s cum.

When the two of them get along, they make a frightening team.

Chapter End Notes

This was also a lot of fun to write.
Goddamn, and I thought I was going to struggle with coming up with ideas for this one...
Day 23: Corset + Collaring feat. Allurance

Chapter Summary

Allura shows us how she trained such an obedient pup.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!

As requested, here's a prequel piece to Day 9's Pet Play prompt where Allura shows us some of her training tools in action in order to get the perfect pup.

Tags: collaring, pet play, squirting/female ejaculation, cock cage, electroplay, anal hook, breathplay.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The pink collar dangled from her fingers, metal dog tag tinkling lightly. She raised her eyebrow, looking down at her pup. “You want this, don’t you?”

Lance nodded his head enthusiastically, ass wiggling in excitement. If he had been wearing a tail plug, the movement would have sent it into a wagging frenzy.

Instead, she had decided to work on his posture: too many times she had snapped at him to keep his ass high and back arched – enough was enough. So, instead of a tail plug she had slipped an anal hook into his ass, binding it with rope to the collar around his neck. She had tied the rope tight, forcing his back to arch perfectly: if he didn’t hold his posture correctly, the anal hook would dig deep into his ass and the collar would choke him and leave him breathless.

His mistress stood before him in heels and fishnet stockings, clipped to the garter hangs from her pink corset. The boning fit her form perfectly, feeling deliciously constraining as she felt the laces pulled taut at the back. Her long white hair was up in a high ponytail atop her head, out of the way while she trained her pup.

“Well,” She said, waving the collar tauntingly, “You’re going to have to be an awfully good boy if you want me to finally swap it with your current collar.”

He whimpered pathetically, making her grin as he gave her the puppy dog eyes. She pressed the button on the remote, watching how his body jerked in reaction, gagging slightly from the collar pushing against his windpipe from trying to move.

“Good dogs don’t beg,” She told him sternly.

When she had begun his training, he had acted like he couldn’t wait to be the best pup he could be. But he could be slow on the uptake, sometimes too distracted with his own pleasure to pay attention to his mistress’ commands, and that was a problem.
Until the collar: now, if he didn’t perform as he should Allura gave him a shock to remind him of her standards. It had taken a fraction of the time it had been to get him learning new tricks, the threat of the shock enough to make him focus.

But she didn’t want to chance it: the naughty pup was always trying to rub his erection when he thought she wasn’t looking. She couldn’t have that – next thing she knew, he’d be humping his filthy cock on her furniture. So, to make sure there were no more distractions she had fitted him with a rigid metal cock cage, keeping him well contained and very uncomfortable if he couldn’t control himself.

“Sit,” She demanded, snapping her fingers at him. With a grimace he settled down on his haunches, trying not to jostle the hook too much. She scowled, pressing the shock button with a snapped, “Hands!”

Lance hastily brought his hands up to his chest, bending them at the wrists and looking as though he were begging at the foot of his mistress. Allura softened her voice, giving him a pleased, “Better. Now, stay.”

He did as he was asked, his eyes silently following her as she stepped forwards and crouched down in front of him. With a smirk she reached down, cupping his caged cock in her hands. “Do you like that mistress had to cage you?”

Lance shook his head, not saying a word: dogs don’t speak.

“Either do I,” She said, tugging lightly on the cage to pull a whine from his throat. “But this is what you make mistress do when you misbehave. You want to be a good pup, don’t you?”

Lance nodded his head, his eyes tracing back to the pink collar in her hand. She followed his gaze and smiled. She reached a hand up to brush her hand down his cheekbone, settling her fingertips on his lips and letting him lick them lightly. “You know you only get the collar when you prove you can be a good boy.” She brought the collar up to his face, letting the dangling tag taunt him: ‘Owned by Mistress’. “I will not be the mistress to a disobedient pup. If you want to show the world that you’re mine, then you cannot disappoint me. Do you understand?”

Lance nodded, looking up at her with wide eyes, filled with a desperation to do anything he could to please her.

“Good boy,” She said as she stood, replacing the collar in her hand for a lead. The clipped it to his collar, giving it a harsh tug that set him gasping. “Now we’ll see how you walk.”

They did a few laps of the room, Allura taking great enjoyment in watching him awkwardly crawling after her, trying to keep up with her pace while keeping his ass high enough so as not to pull on the rope. A few times when he was too slow she tugged on the lead to lightly choke him to encourage him to pick up the pace. He scrambled after her, knees and hands steadily turning a bright red.

Before long she stopped, satisfied that that was enough walking training for the day.

She sat down on her plush armchair, keeping a tight hold of the lead as she spread her legs over the arms. Below the threads of her fishnets she wore crotchless underwear, her slick folds peeking through.

“Please your mistress,” She told him, tugging the leash a little to bring him closer. “Then we’ll see about that new collar. And remember, no hands.”
He shuffled forwards, eyeing the barrier of the tights. Not wanting to be denied her any longer he opened his mouth and gripped the threads between his teeth, turning his head sharply and tugging at the tights so they ripped. He pulled at the tights, ripping the hole until it was big enough to grant him access to her pussy.

Wasting no more time he descended with an open mouth, lapping at her slick enthusiastically and slipping his tongue between her folds, sucking at her clit until a shock from the collar zapped him and made him pull back with a gasp.

Allura was frowning down at him, “How many times do I have to tell you to build up to the clit?” She shook her head at him with disappointment, “So impatient.”

With a whine he dove back in, taking it slower this time: broad strokes along the length of her lips with different levels of pressure, slipping the tip of his tongue lightly between her folds to taste every inch as he slowly would her up. He circled his tongue around her hole a few times, inserting his tongue as far as he could to lick at her inner walls and press into the muscle there.

She sighed loudly overhead, a sure sign that he was doing a good job. Feeling brave he inched back up to the clit. Taking it slower this time he gently prodded the surrounding area before moving into the sensitive nub in the centre. He gave it light licks, noting that Allura was responding positively before sealing his lips around the nub and gently sucking.

A moan from above and he increased the pressure, sweeping his tongue over the engorging clit between his lips. Her hand wound into his hair, holding his head still as she ground her crotch into his face.

“Good, good…” Her voice was breathless, losing herself in the sensations of his tongue.

His jaw ached and slick was dripping down his chin, but he didn’t care. He could be a broken mess as long as he got her to cum.

He was relentless now, alternating between hard sucking and lapping licks, changing it up every time Allura seemed to catch herself and start calming down. He pushed in as close as he could, loving the feeling of her fingers gripping his hair.

She said something he didn’t catch, too focused on the task at hand. Although in the throws of pleasure she still remembered his training, pressing the shock button and causing him to groan loudly, his low voice a gorgeous vibration against her clit.

“That’s better,” She breathed, head snapping back to stare at the ceiling. “Again.”

Lance wasn’t sure what she meant, having missed her original order. Displeased she pressed the buzzer again, moaning loudly as Lance cried out into her crotch again. Realising what she had originally asked him to do, Lance began humming as loud as he could to avoid another shock from his mistress.

Allura’s hips were grinding into his face with a continuous rhythm, breath beginning to hitch in her chest.

“Keep going, baby boy,” She ordered, grip tightening in his hair. “Keep going-”

With once last heavy suck on her clit Allura tipped over the edge, her hand in his hair pushing his face deep into her pussy, her orgasm so strong that she squirted over his lips. Without missing a beat he was lapping at the mess, cleaning up his mistress as she shuddered from aftershocks.
She breathed deeply, petting his head. “That’s enough,” she ordered, relaxing back into the chair as Lance sat back on his heels. With a soft smile she leaned forwards, removing the shock collar and discarding it on the floor before slipping the pink collar around his throat snugly. She flicked the dog tag with her finger, setting it tinkling, the sight of ‘Owned by Mistress’ around his throat filling her with a deep satisfaction.

She smiled down at him sweetly, stroking his cheek. “Good boy.”

Chapter End Notes

So, as a general consensus, would anyone like me to continue the Fucking Machine/Edging prompts tomorrow with ‘Begging’?
Keith really does have such a sweet, mewling voice when he’s begging...
Day 24: Begging feat. Klance

Chapter Summary

Keith better work out what Lance wants to hear if he's ever to get any relief.

Chapter Notes

Follow on from Day 21's Edging/Swallowing prompt!

Tags: begging, humiliation, fingering, handjob. Sub Keith + Dom Lance.

“Please!” Keith gasped, the side of his face pressed down into the carpet. “Please, please, god Lance!”

Lance grinned, noting how he was already starting to get hard again. “Please what Keith?”

Keith squirmed, unable to stand with his ankles still bound tight to his wrists. He lay out on his front, aching cock trapped beneath him as he tried to wriggle away from Lance’s hands.

Lance was tracing the outline of his hole with his fingertip, the area slick with lube. Keith tried to push his hips back against Lance’s finger but Lance just laughed at him, quickly pulling away. “You have no manners, Keith.”

Now that the dam had broken with that first begging sound, Keith had lost all restraint and dignity. He breathed out heavy, gasping repeated pleas to Lance as he continued to tease him.

“You’re making an awful lot of noise,” Lance noticed, finger returning to Keith’s hole. “You weren’t this loud when I edged you. I’m barely even doing anything now.”

Keith huffed into the carpet, trying to stifle his frustration – but that was exactly the point, Lance was barely doing anything! At least with the edging he could enjoy Lance’s firm touches before having the mercilessly ripped away. But now? Now he was so highly sensitized that each light tracing touch was sheer torture, his body attuned to everything Lance did, screaming to be touched, to earn some relief.

“For fuck’s sake Lance, please!” Keith cried, his impatience shining through.

Keith yelped as a hard spank landed on his rump, the flesh quickly turning red from the force of the smack. “Watch your language,” Lance warned, fingertip trailing over the red handprint he had left behind.

“Please, Lance…” Keith whined, trying to keep his impatience and frustration under control. He had to admit that if he was going to get what he wanted then he was going to have to play Lance’s game. “Please.”

Lance’s finger returned to his hole. “What do you want from me Keith? Tell me exactly.”
Keith squirmed on the ground, his voice mewling sweetly as he said, “Please Lance, fuck me.”

“What, with you like this?” Lance asked, pressing on the tightness of his hole. “I told you to tell me exactly what you wanted from me. Embellish.”

Keith tried to swallow the lump in his throat, mouth parched as he tried to come to terms with asking his rival to do obscenities to him. When Keith had control of these evenings he took control, throwing Lance around like a ragdoll and giving him whatever he felt like giving. At least that way Lance could try and pretend he wasn’t enjoying it.

But here? Here he had to vocalise what he wanted to happen, what he wanted Lance to do. He couldn’t just lie here and take it: he was still sort of in control of the scene, the only issue being he had to admit that – at least to some degree – he wanted Lance!

It was a thought that he was struggling to come to grips with.

The pressure on his hole increased, making him gasp and pulling him from the thought process. “Keith.” Lance sounded insistent, the one word holding a warning

“I-I-” Keith stammered, closing his eyes tight so he could focus on forcing the words out. “I want you to…I want you to finger me Lance. Please.”

That finger pressed past his rim, pulling an unexpected moan from his lips. “Why do you want me to finger you Keith?” Lance asked deviously, slowly moving that digit in and out.

Keith thought for a moment for an answer that would appease Lance.

“I want you to finger me open, Lance. So I can take your cock in my ass.”

Lance’s fingers froze for a moment at that, seemingly caught off guard before resuming the movement of his wrist. “Good,” he breathed. “Keep going.”

“I want you to make me nice and loose so you can fuck me good and hard.” The words were spilling fast from Keith’s lips, too fast to catch as his face grew red from what he was saying. “I want you deep in my ass Lance.”

“What else?” Lance’s voice had changed: deepened, dropped to a growl.

Keith shifted, thinking how unsatisfying one finger was for him before he said, “I want you to add another finger.”

Like magic he asked and his wish was granted, Lance adding a second finger alongside the first and moving the pair in tandem with one another.

“Scissor your fingers - please Lance,” Keith begged, sighing loudly as Lance’s fingers spread and began massaging themselves into the wall of his ass.

“Don’t stop talking now,” Lance told him firmly, “Let me hear your pretty voice begging for my cock.”

Keith was coming undone on Lance’s fingers, already riding the edge of pleasure from the edgings that evening. His cock twitched below the weight of his hip, struggling for sensation, desperate to be touched.

Well, Lance did say to ask for what he wanted.
“I want you to stroke my cock Lance,” Keith said, adding a hasty “please” for good measure.

Lance’s free hand slip beneath his hip bone and brought his hips up, allowing Keith to get his knees under him and sit with his ass high in the air. Lance began lightly stroking Keith’s cock as he had asked, moving the fingers inside Keith in time.

“A third finger,” Keith gasped, wiggling his ass from the stimulation. “Please Lance, give me another third finger.”

Lance chuckled to himself, doing just that as he remarked, “You’re a desperate one, aren’t you?”

Keith didn’t realise it was a question for him to answer until the hand briefly left his cock to give his ass cheek another hard smack. “Aren’t you?” Lance repeated firmly.

“Yes!” Keith gasped, grateful for Lance’s hand returning to his cock. “Yes, yes I’m desperate Lance.”

“You a desperate whore Keith?”

The way that Lance spoke to him – it was intoxicating. It made Keith’s belly clench, churning waves of pleasure making his dick twitch in Lance’s sure grasp. “Yes, Lance!”

“Who are you a whore for?”

“You!” Keith cried, not even taking a moment to consider his words before they burst from his lips. “You, Lance, I’m a whore for you – for your cock!”

“Is that so?” Lance asked with a smirk, slipping a 4th finger into Keith’s ass despite him not asking.

“Yes Lance!” Keith was pretty sure he was shouting his words now but there was nothing he could do to control himself. His entire existence had narrowed down to Lance’s hands on his body, on saying the right things to please Lance. “Please,” He cried, feeling tears building in his eyes from the drawn out, torturous stimulation. “Please, please, please just fuck me already! I can’t take this anymore!”

Lance removed his finger’s from Keith’s ass, wiping the excess lube onto his cock as it strained towards Keith. “You want my cock Keith?”

“Please, please Lance,” Keith hiccupped, spit running from the corner of his mouth to pool on the floor and cool against his cheek.

Keith very nearly started crying at the feeling of Lance’s fat cock head resting against the rim of his loose hole. Lance didn’t move and Keith tried to grind back against it, halted by Lance’s firm hands gripping his hips. “This cock?” Lance asked, moving his hips to rub the head of his cock teasingly over Keith’s hole. “Is this what you want, whore?”

“Yes!”

“Admit it,” Lance said, grinding his cock into Keith’s hole, driving him crazy with the pressure. “Admit you’re a whore for my cock.”

“I’m a whore, Lance,” Keith readily admitted – he’d say anything to finally get what he wanted. “I’m a whore for your cock Lance – I’m a whore for you!”

Lance presses forward at that, letting just the head of his cock slip past Keith’s rim, hissing at how
Keith’s body clenched around him. “My whore?”

“Your whore!” Keith shouted, ecstatic at the small taste of Lance’s cock in his ass. But it wasn’t enough – he needed more than the tip. “Your whore, Lance – yours to use. Please, please fuck me!”

Unable to spare the time to wind Keith up anymore Lance slid the length of his cock into Keith’s ass, groaning into Keith’s back as Keith’s hole fluttered around him. He sat fully sheathed in Keith’s ass – a feat that had seemed impossible just a mere few weeks ago.

With Lance’s cock sitting fully inside of him, the breath was punched from Keith’s lungs. He couldn’t believe it – after an evening of teasing he had finally gotten Lance’s cock. It was too much, the firm pulsing warmth in his ass. He couldn’t take it, he couldn’t take it-

Keith screamed, throat dry and hoarse, as stars danced across his vision and his body clenched like a vice. His cum hit the ground with an audible sound, the pressure within him from so much teasing snapping like a rubber band. He grew lightheaded as he cried out, his orgasm so powerful it refused to let him draw breath until black spots began crowding the edges of his vision.

“Fuck!” Lance was stunned, feeling every clench of muscle around his dick from Keith’s spasming body, riding the waves of his orgasm. “You came just from my dick? You really do like cock, don’t you whore?”

Keith nodded weakly, too breathless to speak just yet.

“Good.” Lance grinned, enjoying Keith’s startled cry as he jerked his hips and dragged his cock over his oversensitive insides. “Because I’m going to fuck you until I cum deep in your ass. Just hope it’s not too much for you.”

Keith hoped that too as Lance began pounding into his spasming ass, Keith broken down to a mewling mess on the floor, squirming and moaning as Lance’s cock thrust into him again and again.

New week he had to beat Lance’s time – no way he would subject himself to this level of humiliation again.

Although, he couldn't ignore the traitorous part of him grew excited at the idea of Lance beating him and taking control of the situation again…
Lance was back where it all started: steam curling around his body, Keith on his knees, squirming against the tile.

Only this time, Lance stood beneath the stream of hot water, and Keith was sucking enthusiastically on his dick.

“Good, kitten,” Lance purred, stroking the omega’s hair. Keith moaned around Lance’s cock, pressing his head into Lance’s touch. “So eager to please: you know, I was only joking when I said blow me.” He smirked, jerking his hips slightly to catch Keith off guard and having his throat tightening around the head of his cock. “Though I suppose the blame is on me – after all, we both know what a voyeuristic bitch you are. What did I expect?”

Keith merely moaned again, quieter this time, letting his eyes flutter closed to he could focus on the weight of Lance against his tongue. His tongue danced lightly over the Alpha’s cock, swirling teasingly at the tip so that Lance hissed in sheer bliss.

“So good – so good, kitten,” Lance breathed out, stabilising himself against the shower wall. “You’re so good with your mouth.”

Keith squirmed at the praise, his pace picking up as he bobbed faster on Lance’s cock. Lance fought to keep his breathing under control under the Omega’s administrations, glancing off handily towards the door. “You really don’t care if you get caught, do you?”

Keith carried on as though Lance hadn’t even said anything, pushing to take the head of Lance’s cock even further down his throat.

“Don’t care if someone walks in and sees you, hmm? It already happened once – guess you didn’t learn your lesson.”
Still no response.

*What an ill-mannered Omega.*

Lance wound his fingers tightly into Keith’s hair, forcefully tugging the Omega off of his cock and staring down at him, unimpressed. “Are you ignoring me, slut?”

“N-No, alpha,” Keith stuttered, voice deliciously hoarse. He licked at his dry lips, staring up at Lance with pupils blown wide. “I’m sorry, I was-”

“You were what, hmm? Too busy enjoying what a filthy slut you are to even pay attention to me?”

“I’m sorry, alpha,” Keith apologised. Mercy, Lance almost gave in right there. The Omega knew exactly how to push his buttons with those swollen lips, wide eyes and breathless voice…

Good thing that Lance knew how to push his buttons too.

He knelt down to eye level with his insolent Omega, taking in those dark eyes. “It’s awfully rude of you to be ignoring me, slut.”

“I didn’t mean-” But Keith’s words were cut off with a sharp yelp as Lance tugged on his hair again.

“Now you’re going to talk over me?” Lance asked with a raised eyebrow, almost daring Keith to speak again.

The Omega stayed silent and Lance grinned.

“Good boy.”

Lance stood, taking a moment to stretch out his muscles, enjoying how Keith obediently stayed on his knees until he was given another instruction. Lance paced, circling the Omega slowly so he could peruse him from all sides.

“You’re disgusting, you know that slut?” Lance asked, not expecting an answer. “Not caring who sees you acting like a little whore, so long as you get what you want. It absolutely *stinks* of horny Omega in here – I bet the whole ship can smell you. But you don’t care, do you?”

Silence.

*Good boy.*

Lance crouched down behind Keith suddenly, winding a possessive hand around Keith’s throat to force his eyes up to stare at the door ahead. “What if Hunk came walking in here,” Lance hissed in his ear, running a hand across Keith’s damp chest, sliding further down…

“What if Shiro came in and saw you like this, desperate and kneeling on the floor, ready to serve?”

Keith gasped quietly as Lance grasped his aching cock in a sure hand.

“What would they say to see you blushing and squirming, so embarrassed yet pleased to have been caught out. You want them to see you - to know what a little whore you are.”

Keith’s back arched as Lance stroked his cock, leaning his back against his Alpha.

“Do you want them to see how I own you? Want them to see you choking on my thick cock – to see you stuck on my knot so that you couldn’t get away even if you wanted to? Maybe you would
beckon them closer, let them have their turn when you are tired of me.”

Keith shook his head at that, trying to nose into Lance for comfort.

“No? Well, that is a surprise.”

“No, alpha.” Keith groaned. “It wouldn’t matter, I would never…”

Keith’s voice trailed off and Lance stayed quiet, letting the Omega catch his breath while Lance kept up the steady rhythm on Keith’s cock. Keith squirmed and leaned heavily against Lance, completely boneless.

“Never, alpha,” Keith gasped. “No one – I’m yours. You’re mine. There is nothing else.”

Lance found himself smiling softly, glad Keith couldn’t see his face so his harsh alpha role wasn’t broken just yet. “Is that so, slut? Well, I must say, that is a very good answer. Answers like that – they deserve a reward.”

Suddenly the world was spinning around Keith as Lance lifted him easily, hoisting him up and pressing his back against the wall. Keith instinctively wound his legs around Lance’s waist, his hands coming up to loop around Lance’s neck. Lance’s hands were firm and steady under Keith’s thighs, rotating his hips slowly so the head of his cock teased at Keith’s wet hole.

“You’re such a good boy,” Lance breathed into Keith’s neck, kissing each and every inch of skin there and enjoying how Keith sighed against him. “Do you want my cock?”

“Yes…”

He smirked. “Yes what, kitten? Remember your manners.”

“Yes please, alpha.”

“Good boy,” Lance breathed before promptly dropping Keith down on his cock. The Omega shrieked in ecstasy as he sunk down in Lance’s length, wet and hot and tight around Lance’s cock. Lance began to move his hips, pressing Keith against the wall so he could piston his hips with relative ease.

Keith’s jaw was hanging open, an endless stream of filthy moans pouring from his throat. His cries echoed off the tile, melded with the sound of running water, all encompassing and ever growing, resonating louder and louder.

If Lance was in his right mind he would worry about others hearing.

But he wasn’t in his right mind: he hadn’t been since he had fallen for Keith. Keith, who drove him crazy with just a look, who loved to hide behind his tough exterior. Who only let Lance see behind the mask. Only let Lance experience his vulnerability.

He kissed at where he would one day sink his teeth in and leave his Mark, a message to the world that Keith Kogane was completely, utterly and irrefutably his.

“F-Fuck! Lance! L-Lance!” Keith screamed his name, grinding his hips down desperately.

Lance sucked against his pulse point, making sure to leave dark purple hickies in his wake. “Are you going to cum, kitten? Cum on my cock, right here where anyone could see you? Do you want me to fill you up until my cum is dripping out of you, leaving you filthy inside and out.”
With an almighty scream Keith tensed up beneath him and screamed, shooting cum over Lance’s chest. The walls of Keith’s hole spasmed and clenched around Lance deliciously and, suddenly, his low groan was harmonizing with Keith’s scream. Light flashed behind his eyes, obliterating everything except one unshakable thought.

Keith…

Keith…

Keith…

The pair of them collapsed against one another bonelessly, gently kissing each other and holding one another in a soft embrace. Lance rested his cheek against the top of Keith’s head, feeling the Omega nose in at his chest. They stood like that for a long time, enjoying the heat of the water hitting their skin and washing away the evidence of their tryst in the shower.

“What do you think Hunk would do if he knew what we just did?” Lance pondered quietly. “I bet he would never shower again.”

“Remember that we work in close proximity to him,” Keith said with a humorous voice. “If he suffers, we suffer.”

Lance chuckled, unaware of how his bassy laughter rumbled against Keith’s ear where it rested against his chest. “Best keep it our secret then, huh?”

“Deal.”

It was a long time before they finally moved, giving one another a quick kiss before Lance set about massaging shampoo into Keith’s dark hair and trying to count his blessings for having this boy in his life.

Chapter End Notes

RANDOM FEELINGS HITTING YOU IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SMUT!
Day 26: Breath Play feat. Klance

Chapter Summary

Klance go to the movies.

Chapter Notes

Tags: breath play/choking, exhibitionism, Dom Lance + Sub Keith, degradation.

There was a loud explosion on screen, the deep rumble of the bass reverberating the floor under Lance’s feet. The hero had barely escaped, losing the villain in the process. So far, it was a pretty good movie.

Not that Lance had been watching.

Instead he was distracted by a squirming Keith in his lap, rocking his hips onto Lance’s hard cock in the back row of the movie theatre.

The trailers had barely begun rolling before Keith was out of his seat and between Lance’s legs, one thing on his mind as he pulled Lance’s cock out from his jeans. As he sucked Lance’s cock he slipped a hand into the back of his own jeans, fingering the slick asshole he had prepped before they came to the theatre.

What a little slut.

Once Keith grew bored of sucking Lance’s cock he crawled up into his lap, knees spread either side of Lance’s thighs with his back to Lance. With a quiet gasp Keith lined up and sunk down onto Lance’s cock, inching down slowly to feel the full weight filling him up.

“Fuck,” Keith breathed, head dropping back.

“Shh,” Lance whispered. The theatre was pretty empty – as you would expect on a Tuesday afternoon – but there were still a few clusters of people further down the front and while Lance loved messing around like this in public, he would rather keep the sight of his little slut to himself.

Keith began rocking on Lance’s cock, the squelch of his clenching hole masked by the movie. It was exhilarating, sitting here in the dark fucking while people were in the same room without the faintest clue. It’s why Lance loved going to the cinema: once the lights go down, he just knew that Keith couldn’t control himself.

Keith’s hands were gripping tightly to Lance’s knees, pushing himself into a faster rhythm. He was impatient today, driving his ass down into Lance’s lap over and over, making sure to slam himself down on Lance’s hard cock.

Keith groaned and Lance reached up and tugged his hair, pulling his head back so he could whisper angrily in his ear, “I said keep quiet, slut. You better do as you’re told.”
Keith nodded quickly, already moving his hips again before Lance had even released him. His head tipped back, elongating his neck as he bit into the flesh of his lip to keep from letting out anymore noises.

Lance enjoyed the show, watching the shadows of Keith’s ass bouncing in his lap, seeing just how desperate his boyfriend was to fuck him. He didn’t care where they were, what they were doing – if Keith felt like fucking Lance then he was going to fuck Lance.

With a loud moan Keith’s body jerked on Lance’s cock, having managed to thrust Lance’s cockhead into his prostate. Keith’s movements stilled for a moment as he processed the feeling, noting too late that he had let the noise escape his lips.

Lance was not impressed. With a firm grasp he wound his hand around the front of Keith’s throat, pulling back so that Keith’s back sat flush against his chest. Keith had completely stilled in Lance’s grasp, sitting deep on Lance’s cock and breathing shallowly from the light pressure on his throat. “I thought I told you to keep quiet?” Lance growled in his ear.

He felt how Keith’s adams apple bobbed nervously under his hand. “I-I’m sorry sir, I just got carried away.”

Lance considered his words for a moment, before hissing, “Not a good enough excuse.” Lance’s hand tightened like a vice, quickly cutting off Keith’s air and causing his boyfriend to squirm in his grasp. Keith’s hands came to settle over Lance’s hands, ready to tap out when he reached his limit.

Lance kept that grip firm for a moment, loving how Keith’s body reached to the hand at his throat, a confusing mix of wanting to squirm and free himself, and to let Lance keep control of the mere air he breathed. His cock was twitching as his mouth gaped wide, desperately trying to draw in air as his cheeks grew red and his eyes rolled back.

Lance released his hand, loving the feeling of Keith sagging against him in relief, noisily sucking in lungfuls of air. Keith was boneless, head hanging forward and breath bursting out of his mouth as he dragged air in, his cock weeping precum that overflowed the head and dripped down its shaft.

“Have you learned your lesson?” Lance asked, tugging Keith’s hair viciously and speaking into his ear. He began sucking at Keith’s neck, tracing his teeth over the delicate skin before sucking a deep purple bruise into the hollow at its base.

Keith nodded his head, answering a breathless, “Yes sir.”

“Are you sure?” To test him Lance jerked his hips up suddenly, aiming straight for Keith’s prostate. As he suspected Keith’s mouth dropped open to release a guttural moan, eyes widening in panic as he realised exactly what he had done.

“Lying slut.”

Lance’s hand returned to Keith’s throat, effectively cutting off his airway before Keith had managed to drag in a lungful of air. Keith pulled weakly at Lance’s hands – still not tapping out – as Lance began pistoning his hips. He thrust his cock up into Keith, making Keith bounce in his lap as he fucked his hole, living up to his nickname of ‘Sharpshooter’ as he his Keith’s prostate over and over again.

Beneath his palm he could feel how Keith strained to scream and moan at the electrifying pleasure of Lance fucking his prostate, but all that could escape beyond Lance’s firm grasp was a weak rasp from the back of his throat.
Lance sucked another bruise into Keith’s neck, wrapping his free hand around Keith’s waist to have more control of his movements. Keith was growing weaker in his hands, approaching his limit as Lance brutally fucked into him and didn’t let him have another breath.

“You going to cum, slut?” Lance hissed in Keith’s ear, unsure if he would be heard over the pounding rush of blood in Keith’s ear. “In the middle of the movie theatre – you want everyone to see what a filthy slut you are?”

Keith barely nodded his head, listening to every word.

“Too bad I won’t let them hear your pathetic screams.” With a powerful thrust up Lance drove Keith down onto his cock using the arm around his waist, driving in deep and barrelling directly into Keith’s prostate. With a garbled groan Keith’s back arched up off of Lance’s chest, ropes of cum shooting out onto the seats ahead as orgasm crashed through him.

Lance didn’t loosen his grip until Keith had come down, knowing how oxygen deprivation enhanced the feeling. He placed a light kiss to Keith’s cheek, whispering, “You okay?”

Keith nodded enthusiastically, not ready to speak yet as he breathed deeply and fought the urge to cough.

“Good boy,” Lance said, running his hand over Keith’s softening cock and gently tucking it back into his underwear. “Once you’re ready, I want you back on your knees between my thighs and fucking your whore face on my cock. I want to cum before the end of the movie – is that clear?”

Keith nodded, and Lance frowned. He tugged Keith’s hair, leaning up to Keith’s ear so that his lips brushed the skin as he hissed, “Is that clear?”

The sound of Keith’s hoarse voice as he answered, ‘Yes, sir,’ was like music to Lance’s ears.
Day 27: Distracted Sex feat. Klance

Chapter Summary

Lance is an avid reader.

Chapter Notes

Woops, guess this turned into a Klance weekend...
I love Brat Keith more than anything in this life - someone tell me why I don't write him more?
That desperately needs to change.

Tags: fingering, Brat Keith, daddy kink (v small amount, towards the end), degradation, Bottom Keith + Top Lance.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Laaaance,” Keith whined pathetically, wiggling his hips, “Come on.”

“I told you already,” Lance said, not even bothering to look up, “When I’m finished this chapter.”

Keith huffed, crossing his arms over his chest and scowling. Lance had been reading all day – it was unprecedented, him taking one of his days off curled up with a book. It was almost sweet, how engrossed in the text he was.

Only one problem: it was Keith’s day off too. And he only wanted to be spending his time doing one thing.

He had sauntered into their room in a pair of red tight-fitting boxers, moving around the room to ‘tidy up’, picking up clothes strewn on the floor and presenting his plump ass into the air for Lance’s viewing pleasure. He had peeked over his shoulder, smug, certain to see Lance staring at him with an open mouth.

Instead, to his displeasure, Lance hadn’t even looked up at him, completely focused on the pages. Keith cleared his throat with a loud ‘ah-hem’, popping his hands on his hips and looking at Lance with a raised brow.

At the noise Lance’s eyes flickered up briefly, surveying Keith quickly before returning to the page with a mumbled, “Those look good on you babe.”

Of course they looked good on him – Keith wasn’t prancing around the room looking for compliments from Lance, he was after something else.

He tried to up the ante, doing some yoga in their room, letting his muscles stretch and show off just how flexible he was. Still nothing from Lance.

Next was lying on the bed next to Lance with his own book, pretending to skim the words as he
inched closer to Lance, expecting the other to copy the movements until they met in the middle with an electrifying touch. Then the rest would be history.

Nothing.

Keith got up and left the bed in a strop, two seconds away from throwing a tantrum. How dare Lance ignore him like this? Instead, with a sly smile, he decided to really send a strong message to Lance.

He would make Lance break and notice him properly, then he would make him apologise and beg before he got to lay a hand on him.

Keith pushed himself up to sit on the counter of their dresser, noisily scattering the various bottles of product strewn about. With a loud groan his head tipped back against the mirror as he palmed his dick through the fabric of his boxers, stroking the straining length. He rolled his hips up into his hand, letting each and every noise drop from his lips and running his other hand through his hair messily. A patch of wetness was spreading from the tip of his cock on his boxers, turning them an obvious dark red. He fingered at his tip, running his fingers over the sensitive flesh and drawing out a gasp.

Lance looked up with questioning eyes, book momentarily forgotten. “What are you doing?” He asked, seemingly confused at the display.

“What does it look like?” Keith said, making sure his voice sounded extra breathy. He bit into the flesh of his lip, leaving them plump and red when he released them.

Lance swallowed with difficulty, seemingly caught in Keith’s trap. Keith grinned wide, ready for the begging to begin-

“Soon babe,” Lance said, eyes already returning to the page. “At the end of this chapter.”

Keith’s smile melted as he lost Lance’s attention, hand dropping limply from his crotch.

What the hell? He was Keith fucking Kogane – this never happened. He was irresistible, he was the one that boys spend weeks trying to lure into their beds – what the hell was happening?!

Enough was enough. With an indignant huff Keith swept his hands across the entire counter to clear a space, crawling up to settle on his hands and knees. He slid the waistband of his boxers down slowly, making sure Lance had a good view before settling it under the curve of his ass. He grabbed the lube from the dresser drawer and poured it onto his fingers, barely warming the gel before reaching back and tracing a fingertip around his asshole.

He was tight: he had done very little previous prep, expecting Lance to jump at the chance to slowly work him open like he usually would. He slowly inched a finger inside, ensuring each moan and gasp was wildly exaggerated, showing Lance what a great time he was having without him.

As he worked himself open Keith stole glances at Lance, frustration growing each time he realised Lance wasn’t watching him. He worked himself up to a fourth finger, making sure his ass made lewd squelching sounds as he sloppily fucked himself on his fingers.

Lance moved, rolling from his front to his back and holding the book above his face to continue.

Keith saw red, so annoyed and turned on at this point that he could barely think straight. He hopped off the counter, sliding the boxers down the rest of the way to rest on the floor before making his way over to the bed.
He crawled up to straddle Lance’s hips, glaring down at his rude boyfriend. Lance looked down at him, not bothering to move the book from his face. “You okay, babe?”

“I want your cock,” Keith stated, not willing to bat around the bush anymore.

“Then take it,” Lance said with a shrug.

His eyes returned to the page as Keith roughly tugged at the button to his jeans, hastily tugging them down to give him access to Lance’s cock,

*What the hell?*

Lance was only half hard. After the display Keith had put on he assumed Lance would be straining and uncomfortable by now – how the hell was he only half hard?

With a frown Keith swallowed Lance’s cock down in one, easily fitting into his mouth with it not being fully hard. He bobbed his head, moaning with each suck to let the flesh reverberate in his mouth, knowing how enjoyable the rumbling sensation could be.

Lance’s adams apple bobbed slightly, giving no other reaction.

Keith worked tirelessly until he had coaxed Lance’s cock to full hardness. Unable to wait a moment longer he straddled Lance’s hips again, lining up before sinking down and letting the head of Lance’s cock slip into his hole.

Keith’s head fell back as he worked Lance in further, mouth hanging open in unabashed moans at the feeling of Lance within his tight hole. He rocked his hips, growing accustomed to Lance’s length settled deep within him as his ass cheeks hit Lance’s pelvis.

Keith sat fully sheathed, enjoying the feeling of his body clenching around Lance.

He wiggled his hips, letting his fingernails dig in hard to Lance’s chest as he pretended not to be able to control himself on Lance’s cock. “Come on Lance!” He whined.

“Soon,” Lance said, hardly acting like his boyfriend was sitting snuggly on his dick.

“Not good enough,” Keith scowled.

Keith began bouncing in Lance’s lap, refusing to be denied any longer. If Lance didn’t want to play with him then that’s fine, he would take what he wanted and leave. Either way, he was getting the cock he wanted and he was getting it now.

He lifted his hips far enough for the head of Lance’s cock to catch on his rim before slamming back down, the length of Lance’s cock disappearing into him in one movement. He fucked himself brutally, hands resting on Lance’s chest as he felt fevered with desperation for Lance.

Keith noticed Lance smirking beneath his book and, with a loud huff, finally smacked the book out of his hands. Beneath Lance’s face was red, teeth poking out from between his smirk to bite into his lips and keep his noises in check.

“You fucking asshole!” Keith shrieked, not stopping in his movements for a second.

“What a fucking slut you are!” Lance laughed, jerking his hips up suddenly and throwing off Keith’s rhythm. “So desperate for cock you lose all patience. Surely I’ve taught you better than that?”

“S-shut up,” Keith said, face growing red as he fucked himself brutally on Lance’s cock.
“Filthy,” Lance said in that husky voice that Keith loved, “Filthy slut, parading your body around like that. Attention whore.”

These words were undoing the anger in Keith’s gut, replacing it with new waves of pleasure, his ass clenching tight around Lance’s cock.

“You like my cock that much, you whore?”

Keith’s eyes were closed, completely focused on Lance’s voice and the feeling of the cock pounding in his ass. Suddenly the world flipped as Lance sat up and grabbed Keith, throwing him down on his back without pulling out. With the high ground Lance held Keith still, leaving Keith empty and squirming with just the tip of his cock left in his hole.

“I said,” Lance repeated sternly, blue eyes intense over Keith’s, “Do you like my cock that much, whore?”

“Y-yes!” Keith gasped, ass clenching around the bitter emptiness, trying desperately to wiggle his hips down on Lance’s cock but being denied even that.

“Do you want me to let you have it?”

Keith nodded furiously, completely undone beneath Lance’s hands. “Please, yes – please!”

“Mnhh,” Lance groaned, running his lips over the skin of Keith’s neck, “You sound so good when you beg, baby.”

“Please!” Keith cried, “Please daddy – god daddy, please!”

“Good boy.” With a chaste kiss to the side of Keith’s neck Lance thrust his hips forward, brutally burying his cock into Keith’s ass as Keith’s mouth dropped open with a scream. Lance was relentless, thrusting as though possessed, ready to give Keith everything he had been looking for when he walked into the room wearing his tight little red boxers.

You know what they say – be careful what you wish for.

Chapter End Notes

Damn I love distracted sex!
Day 28: Spit-Roasting + Overstimulation feat. Klancelot

Chapter Summary

Lotor wants to reward his new top general for a job well done.

Chapter Notes

Tag: noncon/dubcon!! Spit-roasting/threesome, bondage.

Hey guys!
As always, please pay attention to the tags.
There is an awful lot of plot here, so sorry if you're just here for the smut! x

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The hand clapped on his shoulder, a little too hard to sell the ‘friendly’ gesture it masqueraded as. Keith clamped down on his grimace, keeping his back held straight and making sure to keep up with the prince’s fast step. “I’ve been very impressed with you, Kogane,” Lotor said, not bothering to turn and look at him when speaking. “Of all my generals, you have truly been an asset to me. Who would have thought, a former paladin of Voltron as my right hand man.”

Keith kept a tight-lipped smile as he said, “It has been an honour serving you and the Galra people, my prince.”

“Soldiers like you,” Lotor continued, “You’re the reason why I am so drawn to filling my team with Galra halfbreeds, to show just how powerful our genes are when we mix – all of this ‘bloodline purity’ really is old fashioned. It’s time to move forward into the modern age, see all of these ‘experiments’ for what we truly are.”

“Yes, my prince,” Keith agreed, the skin on his forearm bristling. He had been tasked by the Blade to infiltrate Lotor’s generals – as a former paladin of Voltron, he was a trophy that Lotor desperately wanted to add to his display case.

It had been a long six months: Lotor had put him through gruelling challenges, testing his loyalty, and with so much at stake there was absolutely no chance of risking contacting his old team. Just to check in – to hear a friendly voice.

He’d love to hear a terrible joke from a certain blue paladin right about now…

“So, I’ve arranged a little reward for you.” Lotor’s smile spread across his lips, the expression heavily laced with a smug air. “The other generals have surely told you that I like to make sure my top performers are well rewarded for their endeavours.”

Keith nodded: after these ‘rewards’ the other generals were always so smug, lording it over all the others. Keith, not knowing what he was missing out on, was teased the most, made fun of for not being good enough to be graced with Lotor’s favour.
Keith wasn’t sure if it was a reward he wanted to earn: he was here to help Voltron, he would rather keep himself as distanced from Lotor as he could.

“You will love my new pet,” Lotor was continuing on, “The others haven’t had a chance with him yet. Just me – I hope you feel privileged that you’re the first I am willing to share him with.”

“Y-yes, my prince,” Keith said, thoroughly confused by Lotor’s words. He wasn’t sure what he meant by ‘pet’ or what exactly this reward would entail. Dread curled in his stomach at the thought of the unknown, knowing the prince well enough by now to know it was likely to be an unsavoury experience.

They came to pause outside the door to Lotor’s chambers. Lotor stretched out his hand, letting it hover over the palm scanner as he said, “He truly is delectable: remember to remain grateful for letting you play with such a prize.”

Lotor’s hand descended, the scanner lighting up below his palm as the door slid open with a quiet ‘shh’.

Lotor stepped confidently into the room, grinning at the sight, but Keith was frozen with horror in the doorway.

In the centre of the room was a low table with someone settled atop it. They were bound tightly in black rope to keep their knees pressed tight to their chest, arms pulled to their sides to attach the wrists to their ankles. They were completely nude, save for a black silk blindfold tied over their eyes and a spider gag keeping their mouth held wide. Drool ran messily down over their lips, dropping off of their chin onto the table below.

Keith felt like he was either about to vomit or blackout, his vision tunnelling to the bound figure. He couldn’t see much of their face, but it didn’t matter: he could be completely covered and Keith would know him anywhere.

It was Lance. Lance, bound and naked in the chambers of the Prince of the Galra.

“Are you coming?” Lotor snapped, displeased to see Keith’s hesitance.

Keith stepped quickly into the room, letting the door close after him as he tried to hide his shocked expression: it would do him no good to let Lotor see how vulnerable he felt right now.

“He’s pretty, isn’t he?” Lotor said, smiling down at the bound figure. “He’s quickly become my favourite pet – he makes the prettiest noises.”

Keith nodded, understanding Lotor better than he knew. He had missed those noises, those warm thighs and grinning lips-

Lance tensed in his bonds as Lotor’s hand came to rest on his ass, spreading the cheeks and inspecting the space beneath. “He’s been thoroughly cleaned out ahead of this evening,” Lotor said matter-of-factly. “Heads, or tails?”

“Sir?” Keith asked, voice cracking. He caught how Lance’s head turned at the sound of his meek voice, ears straining to see if it was truly him.

Lotor chuckled, “You heard me, didn’t you soldier? This is your reward, so I’ll let you choose: his head, or his tail? I’ve already had both and can tell you they’re both quite good.”

Keith’s mouth was dry at the prospect of what Lotor was offering. Truly a case of being careful what
you wish for: after all his hoping and wishing Lance was here, close enough to touch, yet the cost of doing so was so high.”

“I thought you might enjoy having some fun with a former teammate of yours,” Lotor smirked. “Not to mention the feel of using a human – I figure after this long away from home you’ve been missing the touch of your own kind.”

“H-how did he get here, sir?” Keith asked, still rooted to the spot.

Lotor laughed loudly, running his hands possessively over Lance so that Keith’s skin bristled, running his hands into the blue paladin’s hair and pulling sharply to make Lance cry out through his open mouth. “It was from that ambush you warned us about, Keith. Excellent work, I must say – not to mention it led to me running into the blue paladin on the battlefield. You can guess how that ended.”

Keith felt sick to his stomach: that was one of the planned events set up for Keith to tell Lotor about to help gain his trust, false information to impress the prince.

That had been weeks ago.

_Had Lance been here that long??_

“I would recommend tails though,” Lotor said, not noticing the change in Keith. “Those are his best squeals, when I’m pressing my way inside of him. I do love how he wriggles.”

Keith’s heart bled for Lance, for what he had been through in this room. Lotor would know nothing of human anatomy, of how much pain he must have been causing Lance-

“Tails,” Keith announced without another moment’s hesitation.

Lotor smiled, gesturing towards Lance, “On you go.”

Keith stepped up, tracing Lance’s skin with shaky hands. It was soft as always, somehow still well cared for despite what he had been through. Keith grabbed lube and squirted it onto his fingers, making sure to warm it before dropping his finger to trace the edge of Lance’s rim, drawing a gasp from the gentle touch.

Lotor was watching intensely. “What are you doing? The lube is for your cock.”

“Humans need a little prep, my prince,” Keith said, trying not to look at anything other than Lance at this moment in time.

Lotor’s eyebrows lifted in surprise, clearly learning new information and watching Keith carefully.

Keith tried to pour every apology and guilty sentiment into his touches, hoping Lance could sense them somehow. He couldn’t pass up the ‘reward’ his prince had granted, not to mention he couldn’t walk away and leave Lotor to Lance. If being here kept Lotor off of Lance a little longer, he would to it.

Slowly he pressed his finger into Lance’s ass, welcomed like an old friend as Lance couldn’t help but gasp at the entry. Keith moved his finger, taking his time to massage into the muscle of Lance’s walls to work him nice and loose before slipping in a second finger.

“Does it always take this long?” Lotor asked, growing impatient.
“It is necessary, my prince. It feels much better when everything is relaxed and loose around you.”

Lotor harrumphed and crossed his arms – but he didn’t argue, simply letting Keith work.

It was as he slipped the fourth finger in that Keith knew he couldn’t stall anymore. With a silent apology he slowly pressed into Lance with his cock, having grown hard despite himself as he had played with Lance’s ass. As he slowly pressed inside Lance found himself moaning, ecstatic to have Keith inside of him again.

Lotor watched with wide eyes at the difference in the noises of his toy, how they sounded as though they were truly enjoying the experience as opposed to being forced to pleasure by his rough hands. He had to admit he was impressed with his general.

Keith began rocking his hips, losing himself slightly in the rhythm of being inside Lance again. It was like he was transported back to a simpler time on the Castle of Lions, where he and Lance were sneaking away together every chance they took.

His mental image was shattered as Lotor stepped up to Lance’s head, mouth held wide open before Lotor’s crotch as he removed his trousers.

“I didn’t tell you to stop,” Lotor snapped.

Keith resumed his rhythm, feeling Lance’s surprise as Lotor’s large cock came to rest on his tongue. Lotor shushed his pet, stroking his hair, “Calm, little one. We’ve been through this many times by now.”

Lance was clenching up around Keith’s cock in panic, inadvertently increasing the level of stimulation for both of them. Lance moaned around Lotor’s cock, making the prince’s head snap back at the pleasurable rumbling.

“My stars, who knew those noises could feel so good?” Lotor began thrusting into Lance’s mouth, forcing drool to overflow his lips and make him even more filthy. Lance gagged and choked as Lotor’s cock head brushed against the back of his throat, hands fisting where they were bound. Without catching Lotor’s attention Keith reached down, cupping one of Lance’s hands with his own in an attempt of comfort.

As always, Lance came undone under Keith’s hands, moans growing more frequent as Keith thrust in deeper. Those moans were muffled my Lotor’s cock but at this point Keith didn’t care – the moans were a sign that Lance was at least enjoying something about this experience and he was sure not to stop.

Lance’s hand squeezed his tightly as Keith thrust in deep, screaming around Lotor’s cock in his mouth. Keith grinned, clearly remembering how to find Lance’s prostate easily enough.

A couple more thrusts to that spot and Keith was experiencing the delicious sensation of Lance clenching around him, cum hitting the table loudly. Keith grinned to himself, pulling out gently, knowing just how sensitive Lance could be after an orgasm.

“What was that?” Lotor asked, jerking Keith back to the present.

Keith tried to play dumb, “My prince-”

“I thought I had explored every inch of my pet,” Lotor said, pulling out of Lance’s mouth and walking to stand facing Keith, saliva still dripping from his cock head. He levelled Keith’s gaze, looking deep to ensure Keith didn’t lie to him. “What was that?”
Knowing Keith couldn’t risk lying to the prince, he said, “The prostate, my prince. It is a great source of stimulation in human males.”

“Interesting.” Lotor pondered for a moment before stepping forwards and eagerly sliding his cock into Lance’s hole. Lance’s head tipped back as he shrieked, Lotor’s cock stretching him out wider and setting off fireworks from overstimulation. He tried in vain to squirm away from the cock, completely trapped and unable to escape the feeling. Lotor began thrusting readily, remarking, “You’re right – it feels completely different when loose.”

Keith stepped back, unable to watch the sight of Lotor brutally fucking into Lance. Instead he came round to Lance’s face, watching how Lance’s teeth clenched down on the metal of the spider gag as groans were punched out his throat from Lotor’s powerful thrusts. Dampness darkened the fabric of the silk tie covering his eyes, and he whimpered pathetically.

Overcome and not caring what Lotor thought of him for the moment Keith knelt down in front of Lance, light fingers gripping the silk tie and pulling it off of Lance’s head.

Lance’s gorgeous blue eyes stared back at him, glassy with gathering tears from the overstimulation. They stared deep into Keith, making him feel all the more guilty. He followed the leather of the spider gag to the clasp at the back of Lance’s neck and fiddled with it until it came free so he could gently pull the metal from Lance’s mouth.

Lance tried to leap into words, excited to speak with Keith despite the situation. But Keith cover his lips with his finger, dark eyes sending a look of warning: not here, not with Lotor so close.

Instead Lance pressed into Keith’s touch and let his tears overflow again, whimpering as he cried and whimpering as Lotor desperately searched for his prostate.

Keith leaned forwards, close enough that Lotor couldn’t hear him as he whispered, “I love you. And I am so, so sorry.”

Unable to contain himself with Lance so close, Keith leaned forwards and captured Lance’s lips in his own, desperate to kiss the blue paladin after so long apart.

Lance pressed forwards as far as he could, desperate for each and every electrifying touch with Keith, wanting to commit the taste of his mouth to memory. In this moment, the two could momentarily forget what a horrible situation they were both in.

Then Lotor’s angle slightly changed and Lance cried out into Keith’s mouth, Keith trying to swallow the sound but knowing it was too late.

Lotor grinned, grasped Lance’s hips tightly with his sharp nails, and drove his hips forward without mercy.

Chapter End Notes

This has ended up as one of the longer chapters of my Kinktober. I found myself getting really inspired writing this, and I would really like to flush out the rest of this AU in the future: predominantly Keith leaving to ‘join’ Lotor, the challenges he faced, this bombshell of finding Lance captured - then, of course, the inevitable escape and comfort and healing.
As with everything I do, put my boys through pain as long as they get their happy ending.

Sound like something of interest?
Day 29: Micro/Macro feat. Klance

Chapter Summary

Honey, I shrunk the Paladins!

Chapter Notes

Hello!

So the final week of my Kinktober is inadvertently going to be Klance, sorry not sorry. Wasn't planned, but oh well!

I regularly forget just how much I love mega size differences in fanfic. So...yeah, this was fun.

FYI, they do not use the sharp end of the pencil! (Context will reveal itself...)

Tags: micro/macro, size difference, weird object insertion...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Keith really, really wasn’t appreciating the grinning stares. He scowled and crossed his arms, snapping, “Cut it out guys.”

The team stood frozen, unsure what to do before Hunk shouted, “We can’t help it, you’re just so...so cute!”

His face flamed red, and through ground teeth he forced out, “I am not cute!”

“Yes you are babe!” The world dropped away from below him as a large hand came and grasped him about the middle, lifting him into the air and being settled in Lance’s palm. “So cute!” Lance drawled, dropping a giant kiss aimed at Keith’s cheek that ended up taking over the better part of his face.

“Knock it off,” He said, glaring into Lance’s ginormous, stupid face.

On the table sat a tiny Red Lion, in scale to the tiny Red Paladin. They had no idea what had hit him – all Voltron knew was that the pair of them had been shrunk to a fraction of their original size.

Keith now stood tall at a grand total of 15cm from head to toe, fitting snugly in the palm of Lance’s hand. “Can we please fix this somehow!” He shouted, waving his arms in anger and only earning giggling.

“Sorry Keith,” Allura said, trying to control her laughter. “As it stands, I haven’t the first idea what to do in this situation. This could take some time.”

Keith’s face fell, “How much time?”
Resounding silence hit hard. He leaned back, settling against Lance’s thumb. “Oh…”

“Come on babe,” Lance said, starting to walk with Keith still in his hand. “Let’s go do something else besides standing around with no answers.”

The team let them leave, knowing that if anyone could raise Keith’s spirits it was Lance.

*****

“What?!” Keith shouted from his spot on the table, craning his neck up to meet Lance’s face.

“It’s a legitimate sexual fantasy,” Lance pressed, trying not to sound defensive. “And here we are, stuck in such a situation…”

Keith rubbed the space between his eyes, trying to remind himself why he dated such an idiot. “You’re telling me that, despite being shrunk, you are horny right now?”

“I’m saying that I’m horny because you’ve been shrunk,” Lance said exasperatedly. “Try and tell me the size difference isn’t hot.”

“It’s honestly not something I’ve thought about!” Keith wasn’t sure why he was shouting, but he wasn’t going to stop now.

“Come on babe.” Lance’s voice grew low, gravelly, the tone drawing Keith in. “Tell me right now that you don’t want to stand next to my cock. Christ, it’ll be bigger than you!”

Keith had to admit the image made him grow hard in his jeans. Lance saw the change in his face and pulled a chair over to the table with a devilish grin. “If you want my cock,” He said, “You’ll need to let me play with you first. You make such a pretty doll.”

Christ – okay, if Lance was going to keep talking like that then yes Keith was going to be into it.

Lance pulled lube from the drawer, undoing the cap and settling it at Keith’s sides. “On your knees – clothes off,” Lance demanded. “I want to see you working yourself open.”

Keith did as he was told, the feeling of Lance’s presence looming so gigantic over him intoxicating. He dipped his fingers into the drop of lube hanging from the tube, setting about stretching himself open as Lance stared on.

Was this all Lance wanted to see – him playing with himself?

“Wider,” Lance ordered, “Work yourself wider, Keith. I want you to get your fist in there – I’ve seen you do it before.”

Keith gasped weakly as he fucked himself on four of his fingers, trying desperately to work up to the fifth. Lance leaned forwards for a good view of Keith’s fingers disappearing within.

“Struggling babe?” Lance asked, excitement clear in his voice. “Want some help?”

“How are you supposed to help – you’re too big.”

That was clearly the right answer.

Satisfied that Keith was stretched, Lance grabbed the sections of tape he had left hanging off of the table for this precise moment. Before Keith knew what was happening Lance was tapping both of his arms behind his back to keep them secure. He pressed gently on Keith’s raised ass to bring his
hips closer to the table and force his legs to splay wider, securing him in place with a length of tape over the small of his back.

“What are you doing,” Keith gasped against the wood of the table in his face.

“Shh babe,” Lance said, tinkering with something out of sight, “You don’t want me to gag you – with you being so small, I just might tape your nose shut too.”

Keith gulped, refusing to admit how much he liked the sound of the idea.

Lance’s large finger came to prod around between his cheeks, running through the slickness of the lube. He pressed with his fingertip on Keith’s hole, feeling it struggle to stretch wide enough to let him enter.

Keith gasped loudly, “Lance!”

Lance’s finger abandoned Keith’s hole, moving down to rub at Keith’s twitching erection. “Seems you’re enjoying yourself,” Lance teased, lightly stroking the length a few times. “Guess we had better find something that can plug that ass.”

Lance removed his finger only for something else to be pressing at his hole a moment later. “Relax babe,” Lance said, tracing the object around his rim and increasing pressure until it slipped past the ring of muscle.

Keith moaned as he felt his ass filled by something cold and unyielding. Lance moved it slowly in and out of him, letting him adjust to its girth. Keith looked back over his shoulder and balked as he saw that Lance was fucking him with a pencil.

Lance raised an eyebrow, driving the pencil deeper. “You like being fucked by something so menial? Looks amazing slipping in and out of your ass babe.”

Keith’s head dropped to the table again as Lance picked up the speed. Once Keith was thoroughly stretched around the object Lance removed the tape holding him to the table. “Let’s see how deep you can take it,” He said with a smirk.

Before Keith could ask what he meant the world was lifting, Lance standing the pencil vertically with Keith nestled at the top. His mouth opened in a cry as the pencil pushed in deep, his own weight working against him and slowly dragging him down further. He squirmed where he sat, his legs swinging wildly in a bid to find purchase to take the pressure off his hole.

“You make a nice pencil topper, babe,” Lance said, laughing as he wiggled the pencil slightly and set Keith crying out from the pencil shifting within him.

Keith breathed heavily around the length splitting him open, so deep he was certain he could feel it in his throat. “L-lance,” He stammered, “Let me down.”

“I’ll make you a deal,” Lance promised, bringing the pencil and Keith up to his face. “I’ll let you down when you cum.”

“Wha-?”

Keith’s head dropped back with a moan as Lance opened his mouth and ran his huge tongue over Keith’s dick. His tongue was massive, hot and wet, making a mess as Lance lapped at Keith’s crotch. Lance groaned deep in his throat, making Keith’s entire body vibrate with his bass-y tone.
The pencil slid in deeper as his focus centred on Lance’s tongue sweeping over and over his cock. The pleasure swirled in his belly, wrapping around the deeply set pencil. His legs twitched and grew limp, leaving him to slide further down the pencil with a moan.

Lance kept up the speed, his finger coming round to press at where the pencil penetrated Keith’s ass, how the muscle was no match for the onslaught of the object slipping inside.

With a weak cry Keith came onto Lance’s tongue, dick weakly jerking to milk itself against the wet warmth of Lance’s tongue. As he gasped Lance delicately lowered him to the table and gently removed the pencil, leaving Keith empty and giving him a minute to recover.

“Was that okay?” He asked softly, eyeing Keith’s collapsed form.

Keith nodded, still too breathless to give a better answer.

Lance’s smile grew wider, “Want to keep going?”

Keith nodded again, holding up one finger to signal that he needed a little longer to recover.

“Good boy,” Lance praised, grabbing a glove from the side to slip under Keith’s body to keep him from the cold desk. “Take your time to recuperate: you’re going to need it.”

Chapter End Notes

So I had so much planned for this prompt, and then I made a horrifying discovery: this thing is going to end up being several thousand words. And, unfortunately, I simply do not have the time to complete such a au for 1 day’s prompt and manage to do give it the justice it deserves. So be warned, this is only the beginning! I will definitely flesh this out more and write out the full scene of exactly how Lance wants to play with Keith in detail. So, you know, if you liked this...there will be more.
Day 30: Degradation feat. Klance

Chapter Summary

What's the best way to keep a filthy whore in check?

Chapter Notes

This is a fun one!!

Tags: Dom Keith & Sub Lance, pear of anguish, spitting, humiliation/degradation, dirty talk.

FYI this is a scene that Lance and Keith wanted to play out. Aka, Keith is not super jealous (Lance just loves having him play possessive) and Lance obviously has access to his safe words for the scene xx

The gala was starting off as a rousing success. Everyone was arriving in high spirits and lavish clothing, staring in amazement as they entered the Castle of Lions.

“This is a gala to thank our coalition members for finding the courage to stand up to the Galra,” Allura had explained. “Everyone had better be on their best behaviour.” She had pointedly looked at Lance and Keith as she said that, not bothering with subtleties as long as the point was driven home.

Lance shifted uncomfortably, moving from one foot to another to try and ease the pressure inside of him.

“Struggling, sharpshooter?” Keith asked from behind him, placing a light kiss to his neck.

“Is this really necessary, Keith?” Lance asked, distress quiet in his tone. He felt his hole clenching around the object Keith had inserted, simultaneously trying to expel it while wanting more stimulation than it was giving him.

Keith grinned as he wound his arms around Lance’s waist, taunting Lance by passing the small gold key between his fingers in plain view, “I just want to make sure you don’t go sleeping with anyone else.”

“I would never,” Lance whined, trying to grind his hips back against Keith and groaning when Keith moved away.

“And now I can be certain,” Keith said with a wide grin.

Lance shifted his hips again, feeling the pear move within him. Before the gala had began Keith had bent him over the bed when he was only half dressed and shoved his fingers into Lance’s hole. Lance had drooled into the bed covers, certain he was being treated to a quickie before a long evening of diplomacy. Instead, he had felt something cold and metal being slipped into his hole. He gasped loudly as he felt the thing inside of him expanding, Keith’s fingers at his rim and turning a
dial. He squirmed and whined until Keith stopped, his blood chilling as he heard the definitive sound of a lock clicking shut.

“It’s a pear of anguish,” Keith had explained, swinging the key around his finger. “I’ve made sure its big enough to fill you nicely – and don’t worry, it’s so big you won’t be able to push it out.”

“Keith!” Lance had whined, hands dropping to inspect the toy within him. “It’s too big.” He his fingers located the dial Keith had used to increase the toys size, grunting in frustration as he found he couldn’t move it.

“I just need to make sure I keep you filled,” Keith grinned. “And I have locked it in place, just to be sure it doesn’t decrease in size or fall out of you. Accidentally, of course.”

“Keith,” Lance whimpered, trying to look and make sure no one was watching them on the edges of the dance floor, “Come on, stop torturing me like this. Take it out.”

Keith stepped up close, crowing Lance’s space. “I can’t trust a filthy slut like you to control yourself, can I? Always flirting, touching others and fluttering your eyelashes. Disgusting, how desperate you are.”

Lance grew weak in the knees at the words, the toy seeming to grow even larger inside him. “Please,” He whispered with wide eyes.

“You want to attempt to prove to me that you’re trustworthy?” Keith asked with a raised brow.

Lance nodded.

With a glance over his shoulder Keith grabbed Lance’s hand and started walking quickly, the pace making the pear shift within him. Keith led Lance into the seclusion of the coat room, telling him to kneel in the floor.

“You’re going to need to prove how badly you want me,” Keith said, undoing the buckle of his belt. “Give me a blow job like a good little whore.”

Lance leapt on his cock as soon as he could, swallowing it down with a moan as his eyes fluttered shut. He quickly set to bobbing his head, Keith laughing maliciously above, “Are you really that desperate for the taste of cock again? You fucking disgust me, you know that don’t you?”

Lance nodded his head, not popping off for one second.

“Filthy whore,” Keith said, thrusting in deep to Lance’s throat to make him gag around his cock. “Look at me.”

Lance’s wide blue eyes stared up at him with a mouth stuffed full with cock. Keith spat on him, hitting his cheek square on. Without any reaction, Lance resumed bobbing his head, keeping eye contact with Keith.

“Disgusting – I bet you don’t even care that we’re in the middle of a coat room at a gala. You don’t care where we are, as long as you get your cock.”

Lance whimpered around him, his pace increasing. He was quickly bringing Keith to the edge, his expert mouth working him up into a frenzy.

“Off,” Keith ordered with a snap of his fingers. “Face down, ass up.”
Lance scrambled to do as he was told, his excitement at the prospect of the pear being removed clear. Arousal coiled in his gut as he felt Keith roughly yank the waistband of his trousers down to his knees, prying his cheeks apart to view the pear in place. Keith gave a low whistle, “Looks awfully snug in there – you sure you want me to remove it?”

Lance nodded, excited for the toy to be gone so Keith could bury his cock in his ass.

Keith spat again, hitting the plugged rim of Lance’s ass. Lance’s hips wiggled in excitement as he heard the sound of a key in a lock.

“You are fucking disgusting, unable to make it through one evening without crumbling like a pathetic bitch. This is why I can’t trust you. Do you understand?” Keith asked, giving Lance’s ass a smack.

“Yes sir!” He yelped, hearing the key turn and the lock pop open.

“Too bad for you that I won’t give in so easy to your begging.” The words drew up dread in Lance’s gut, right before he felt the pear increasing inside of him again. He squirmed in panic, trying to crawl away but Keith held him strong as he turned the dial.

“You need to learn a lesson – this isn’t coming out until you do just that. Do you understand?!”

“Yes sir!” Lance cried, almost sobbing in relief as he felt Keith stop turning the dial and locking it back in place. He started to get up, only to have Keith’s firm hand plant between his shoulder blades and keep him held down.

“I didn’t tell you to move, did I?” Keith asked with a disappointed tone.

“No sir,” Lance said, pressing his red face into the floor.

He heard a sound behind him, but didn’t dare turn to look. Keith kept a hand on Lance’s ass, gripping the plump flesh as he thrust into his own hand and worked himself back up to orgasm.

“Disgusting whore,” Keith said with a strained voice, growing close once more. “You are utter trash – why do I even waste my time trying to teach you better? Pathetic.”

“I’m sorry sir!” Lance cried, feeling how the pear was pressing into him and spreading him so wide.

“Pitiful!” Keith hissed as he reached his climax. Making sure to aim, he shot his cum into the insides of Lance’s boxers, moving his hips up and down to make sure and cover as much of the fabric in splatters of cum as he could.

When he finished he heard Lance whimper as he put the boxers back in place with a loud squelch. He returned Lance’s trousers too before standing and doing his belt back up.

Lance squirmed as he stood, the wetness of Keith’s cum coating his cock and hole, smearing across his skin. He shifted, making it worse as he spread the cum even further, fearful that it would leak through his trousers.

“There,” Keith said, clearly satisfied. “Now everyone will know just how filthy you are. If you decide to be a whore for anyone but me tonight, they will find you completely soaked in my cum – they’ll know just how repulsive you are.”

Lance whimpered as Keith dragged him back to the gala, integrating back into the crowd. His cheeks flamed red, never having felt so humiliated in his life. He couldn’t avoid the feeling of the pear with
every step, or the sticky drag of his soaked boxers across his uncomfortably hard cock.

“Maybe you should find someone as pathetic as you to lick you clean,” Keith whispered in his ear, subtly rubbing a hand over Lance’s crotch and listening for the squelch of his cum.

Lance’s cheeks somehow grew even redder, shaking his head with firm determination. “I’ll last the night sir, I swear.”

Keith grinned devilishly, turning away from the blue paladin. “I guess we’ll see.”
Chapter Summary

Lance is in need of a trip to the doctors.

Chapter Notes

The final day of Kinktober has arrived - happy Halloween!!
Today is a free day, so I picked one of my favourite kinks for it - MED PLAY!
Obviously with my best boys, Lance and Keith.
FYI, I am going to mark this as dubcon, just to be on the safe side. I originally planned on writing it as a planned scene between Lance and Keith, but apparently it didn't come out that way so dubcon it is!
I tried to use official names for some of the equipment used so that if my descriptions don't make sense you guys can google and work out what the hell I mean.
Enjoy!!

Tags: dubcon, medical play, enema, anal stretching, sounding.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The plastic was cold, the thick coating squeaking under his weight as he sat down, turning to recline in the chair.

“Legs in the stirrups please, Mr McClain,” His doctor told him, not looking up from his chart.

Lance swallowed around the lump in his throat, doing as he was asked to leave his legs spread wide and high in the stirrups. He knew he shouldn’t be surprised, but in his thin hospital gown he felt very exposed, the stirrups forcing his pelvis to tilt and expose his ass and hole to the cold air of the room.

“So, Mr McClain,” The doctor said, standing by his head. “I am Doctor Kogane – I understand you are here for a health check?”

Lance nodded, “Yes, Doctor.”

The doctor lowered the chart, striking Lance with his violet eyes, the sheer intensity with which he surveyed him making Lance’s skin crawl. “Have you gotten one of these before, Mr McClain?”

He nervously shook his head, licking his lips as he said, “No, Doctor.”

“Well,” The doctor said, giving him a professional smile and putting gloves on with a loud snap of latex that made Lance jump, “Just relax, and it will be over before you know it.”

Lance jerked as the doctor approached and tightly took hold of his forearm, “What are you doing?”

Doctor Kogane manoeuvred his arm as though he weren’t even resisting against him towards a leather, padded cuff at the edge of the bed, “I told you to relax Mr McClain. Right now, I am just
restraining you.”

“Why?” Lance asked, watching with wide eyes as the doctor slipped the cuff around his wrist and tightened it, securing it down by Lance’s waist before making his way to the other side of the table. Lance couldn’t help but test the restraint, pulling against it without it moving an inch.

“It is to ensure your reactions do not impede my examination, Mr McClain. It’s just as a precaution.” The doctor did the same to his other wrist, making sure they were secure in their bindings. Then, he secured straps over his shins to ensure his legs stayed put in the stirrups.

“Today’s examination will include a rectal portion, Mr McClain – for me to thoroughly examine the area, it has to be cleaned beforehand.” The way the doctor spoke was so sure, rattling off his words and moving on before Lance could get a word in edgeways and process what he had just said. “Just to warn you, this will be cold.”

He gasped as gel hit the parting of his ass cheeks, strikingly cold on the sensitive flesh. Doctor Kogane took a moment to redirect the gel closer to Lance’s hole, circling his fingertip to thoroughly coat Lance’s hole. Dr. Kogane picked up a tube with a rubber bulb at the end, confidently pressing it to Lance’s tight hole and slipping it into Lance’s ass in one fluid motion.

Lance pulled at the restraints, crying out in surprise as he felt the bulb shift inside of him, his ass clenching around it.

“Please, control yourself Mr McClain,” The doctor said sternly. He held a pump in his hand that he pressed a few times, inflating the bulb in Lance’s ass until it filled him nicely.

“What is this?” Lance whimpered, squirming in his restraints.

“I told you – we need to clean the area.” Dr. Kogane pressed a button and suddenly warm water was flooding into Lance’s hole. He threw his head back and whimpered at the rushing feeling, how his hole was being steadily filled.

“It is just an enema, Mr McClain - the machine will continue until you are full, then we shall empty you out and the rectal examination can begin.”

Lance thrashed in his bindings as the machine did indeed continue, filling him with an alien feeling sloshing warmth. Dr Kogane came to stand by his head his mouth, holding a daunting piece of metal in his hands. “Open,” He ordered, bringing his hands closer to Lance’s mouth.

Lance was hesitant, already uncomfortable from the enema being administered. Before he could work out whether he wanted to allow the doctor access to his mouth or not sharp fingers pressed into the joints of his jaw, making his mouth drop open from the pain. The doctor used a Jennings gag – two rows of metal set between the patient’s teeth – before Lance could close his mouth again, squeezing the ratcheted handle to force Lance’s jaw open wide and locking it in place, Lance’s mouth too wide to try and dislodge the gag.

“Gggfff! Hhhnnn!” Lance tried crying out against the gag, but of course it was no use. Without preamble the doctor stuck his fingers into Lance’s open mouth, pressing deep to the back of Lance’s throat to set him gagging. He did it again, watching how the muscles convulsed before retracting his fingers and writing something on Lance’s chart.

He was uncomfortably full from the enema, feeling as though his torso was completely full of water now. He shifted, trying to get comfortable, straining against the bulb in his ass to dislodge it but ultimately failing.
“Don’t worry, you’ll be full soon,” The doctor said without even looking at him. He put the chart down, picking up an instrument from the tray at his side and turning around. “Alright, time for the tongue examination.”

Lance shook his head ‘no’ before Kogane gripped his jaw to steady him. The metal instrument – a clamp – disappeared into Lance’s mouth and latched onto his squirming tongue without mercy, clamping down viciously on the soft flesh. Lance’s eyes watered from the pain as the doctor forcibly pulled the tongue as far out of Lance’s mouth as he could get it, pulling a torch from his pocket to first illuminate the tongue surface and then the back of Lance’s throat. “Good colour,” He said, releasing the clamps and setting Lance’s tongue free.

He was momentarily blinded as that torch shone into one eye, the doctors fingers on his eyelids to keep the open, then another, checking his pupil response. “Very good,” Kogane muttered, returning to update his chart.

A loud beep sounded from the end of the table, and the rushing of the water within Lance stopped. “We are almost done with the enema process, Mr McClain,” Dr Kogane said, looking him in the eye. “I must say, I am impressed by how much of the enema you could take – you are currently holding well above the average for men your age.” The doctor placed a hand to Lance’s very full belly, applying slight pressure to the sensitive, stretched area and making Lance whine. He looked down at himself and baulked at his protruding rounded stomach: the enema had filled him so completely that it was distended well past where it usually sat. He whimpered in panic, not enjoying how the doctor continued to stroke the stretched flesh.

“Relax – you will return to normal once the enema is removed. We have to make you hold it first though, ensure your guts are in working order.” The doctor turned back to his tray, picking up a cuff with a dial that Lance recognised. “We will be testing your blood pressure next.”

Lance relaxed slightly, thinking he at least knew what this next step entailed, until the cuff came to be secured around his neck. His eyes grew wide as it began to expand, pressing on his windpipe and cutting off his air until it inflated enough to read his blood pressure, his pulse thrumming quickly beneath.

“Do stop thrashing like that, Mr McClain,” The doctor tutted, trying to take his reading as Lance’s face grew red and his eyes bulged, “Otherwise I’ll have no choice other than to restrain your head.”

Lance didn’t hear him over the blood rushing in his ears: the pressure of the cuff was absolute and constant, allowing not even the barest hint of air past into his lungs. His vision was blackening at the edges, his lungs screaming for breath-

The cuff mercilessly deflated and he noisily gasped in air, drawing deep lungfuls in.

“Hmm,” Dr Kogane said as he addressed his chart, “Your blood pressure is a little high. Nothing to worry about just now, but certainly something we need to keep an eye on.”

The doctor walked to the other end of the examination table, poking around Lance’s hole and the enema tube. “You’ll be happy to know we’ll be removing the enema soon.” Lance was, the weight of his filled belly pressing on the rest of his torso and making breathing difficult. “But first,” Kogane said, causing dread to stir, “A penal examination.”

“Ggaaa!” Lance cried as the clinical hand grasped his cock, touching every inch to turn it this way and that, Kogane inspecting every inch.

The doctor turned and picked up a thin rod of metal, coating its tip with more lube. “You’ll want to
remain relaxed for this, Mr McClain.”

He placed the sounding rod to the tip of Lance’s cock, drawing unrestrained screams as he began to insert the rod. Despite Lance’s thrashing the rod travelled smoothly down the length of his cock until it was fully inserted. Lance was horrified to realise his cock had begin to grow hard around the cold metal penetrating it, his erection growing tall and glaringly obvious.

“Don’t worry, Mr McClain,” The doctor said, leaving the sounding rod in place, “It is a perfectly normal reaction.”

The doctor pressed a button and wrote on his chart, leaving Lance to enjoy the feeling of the enema emptying out of him. He felt amazing as the water was removed, taking deep breaths and enjoying the feeling of lightness within him.

The doctor wheeled a chair over to sit between Lance’s legs, deflating the enema bulb and removing it from Lance’s hole. “Now is time for the rectal examination, Mr McClain.”

Cold metal shocked Lance as it slid into his hole, suddenly increasing in size as the arms of the speculum were parted. Dr Kogane fully dilated the speculum, stretching Lance’s ass to the utmost limit and setting him groaning at the feeling. Dr Kogane shone his torch and inspected the opened space, watching how the muscles of Lance’s hole desperately twitched against the stretch of the speculum.

Satisfied, the doctor loosened the speculum and removed it, blessedly releasing Lance from the brutal stretch.

“Okay Mr McClain, now I am going to insert various dilators to gauge what you can take.”

The dilators were phallic shaped in the barest sense, a tube of plastic with a tapered end whose trait that was closest to that of an actual cock was the nude colouring. Kogane started small, inserting lengths that hardly challenged Lance and jotting down notes in his book.

The dilators steadily increased, testing Lance’s capability to stretch to accommodate them. He cried out loudly at the head of a large dilator pressed in, his hole clamping tight around it’s tip as though denying it entry. Dr Kogane pressed on undeterred, not stopping until the large dilator sat fully sheathed in Lance’s ass. He squirmed, trying to push the dilator out but thwarted by the doctor continuing to hold it in place with his hand as he wrote his notes with his other hand.

“I am impressed, Mr McClain,” The doctor said, finishing his notes and tauntingly playing with the dilator to watch it slide in and out of Lance’s ass, watching how the muscle of the rim stretched around it. “This is our largest dilator – you should consider it an accomplishment that you managed to take it.”

Lance groaned weakly as the doctor removed the dilator, howling as hands took hold of the sounding rod and pulled it from his cock, sparks firing up his entire length as it was pulled from him. One the sound was gone and his ass was empty he collapsed against the table, shattered. He was ready for this to be over, to go home with a full bill of health-

“Finally,” The doctor announced, squirting lube onto the fingers of his gloves, “The prostate exam.”

The doctors fingers slipped easily past his abused hole, thoroughly stretched out at this point and easily accommodating the doctor. He found Lance’s prostate quickly, drawing a startled cry from Lance’s lips as he rubbed over the sensitive flesh.

Drool spilled from the sides of Lance’s open mouth as he thrashed his head from side to side, trying
to escape those fingers that ground into his prostate over and over. Precum dripped from the tip of his cock and ran down his shaft, shaking under the stimulation of the doctor’s fingers.

“Relax,” The doctor futilely reminded him, continuing with his examination. “This is a test of sensitivity, Mr McClain. Just take a deep breath and relax.”

Lance couldn’t relax: under the doctor’s fingers he felt like he were going rabid, coming undone under the touches. The feeling was relentless on his prostate, drawing more shouts and moans and gasps from his lips. He didn’t care how noisy he was being, sounds slipping easily past his open mouth - the feeling was overtaking his entire body at this point and obliterating all other thought. He was clenching down on the doctor’s fingers, hips grinding and rolling of their own accord to seek divine stimulation. With a shout loud enough to reach the doctor’s waiting room, Lance threw his head back and came across his own stomach, seeing stars and losing breath as the doctor continued the prostate massage.

His body jerked weakly as the doctor didn’t stop, completely spend after the powerful rush of the orgasm. He squirmed and whined through his gag, wiggling his hips to try and pull them away from the doctor’s relentless fingers. “Good work, Mr McClain,” The doctor said to him as he noted something down with his free hand. “Now, lets see how many more we can get out of you, and then that’s you done for another 6 months.”

Chapter End Notes

And....that's it???
I cannot believe I actually managed to do the whole of Kinktober - especially while juggling Uni. The amount that I have ended up writing is staggering to me - I basically just did a kinky NaNoWriMo in the wrong month...
If anyone actually stuck with me through this, thank you so much for your time reading and supporting me through this with your lovely comments!!! It was really challenging at points to make myself keep on top of the work load and there were a few close calls but I am so pleased to have managed to upload a piece on time every day. I've had so much fun, and have inadvertently began a few AUs that I really want to continue.
But first I am going to take a break for a couple weeks - I've got a tonne on at Uni and I need to get back on top of that. Not to mention, but my creative brain just needs a chance to relax.
See you guys soon, and thanks again for reading!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!