Summary

Siblings Keith and Allura begin their first day of school at Senn Arts. But with the weight of learning to run her family owned drug empire, new relationships, and not getting caught—the world suddenly becomes a whole lot heavier, especially for Allura, who will follow in her mother's footsteps in becoming the world's most powerful drug lord. Life's especially gotten harder since the rudest but most handsome boy she's ever met, Shiro, has an odd feeling about her. With the boy constantly watching and analyzing her every move, she finds herself in a sticky situation. Partially because she finds herself falling in love with him.

Notes

Translations: Hermanito: Brother
Buena Suerte: Good Luck
Ok so i have an idea as to where this story is goin and im hella aware the beginning is boring but prepare urself because im gonna throw so much shit at you guys but thank you so much for reading hopefully you'll like where im goin with this!! xoxo
"Take the damn belts off, Allura! You could at least try to stay on the down low."
Allura scoffed. And rolled her eyes as the metal garters around her thigh made a soft metallic clinking sound. "We don't even have to try. It's a city school, you think anyone's gonna give a fuck about us? We're nothing here. It doesn't make a difference if we're new or not."
Leaves crunched under Keith's feet at every step he took. "And at least try to look happy. If i can make an effort, you can too."
She stopped to turn to him on the uneven sidewalk and sighed. "Hermanito, you're stressed over nothing. They won't find us here. Mom said so." Allura tried to smile reassuringly at him then continued walking. "Anyway, I don't like to smile just because it ruins my makeup."
She was partially right about that. She didn't smile much because of the dark velvet lipstick that became cracked if she tried to keep a happy look on her face, and she didn't like the way her falsies looked with her cheeks squished up in a smile. On the other hand, a smile just didn't look natural.
She was dressed in black from head to toe. Black jeans, black sweater, black shoes, with a small nose ring and long, black taper ear gauges. Although her teeth were perfectly white and straight like her brother Keith's, she didn't show them much. But the oddity of it all was her hair. Her fluffy, wavy bright white hair with a tiny tint of a clear blue, but somehow managed to match with her pretty and smooth brown skin.
He sighed as they approached the old school's peeling black fence. "Senn Arts," Keith sighed. "This is it."
"Yeah." Allura frowned, then took his hand. "We'll be okay."
They saw the other people flooding into the large, old structure in a bored manner. Their differences were clearly seen by their clothing. From boys' dreadlocks and gold teeth to girls' short American Apparel skirts and long cardigans.
"It's not me I'm worried about," Keith turned to look at her. "It's you." Without letting her respond, he pulled her along with him into the large, threatening doors of Senn Arts.
---
The inside was an absolute nightmare, but Allura had seen it coming. The walls were half glossy old wood, and the other half a bold, ugly and fading color. The slippery squeaky wooden floors groaned under everyone's feet as if a monster were growling in hunger right under the floorboards. This wasn't much of a surprise to them though. City school tended to have the same physical qualities in both Keith and Allura's experiences.
She turned to look at her brother as they made their way to student services and saw that many people looked at him through the corner of their eyes, taking him in. She wasn't surprised, to be honest. He was pretty handsome, and surprisingly, his mullet suited him nicely, though she'd occasionally call him Billy Ray Cyrus. She smiled softly to herself at the thought of that. Keith a bit more talkative than her, but just as reserved and private. Although he was her adopted brother, they'd grown up with the same morals and habits and loved each other endlessly, though they show'd it by teasing and punches.
Keith was dressed in a grey-ish parka with the rest of him dressed head to toe in casual black clothing. He looked laid back and bored, which made her curious as to know if he noticed the people staring straight at him.
"Here." Allura jumped at Keith's voice as they stood in front of a heavy-looking wooden door. They entered the room which hit them with the hard smell of cheap coffee and lotion. Allura approached the desk and waited for the woman at the computer to look up. She didn't.
The woman finally turned, and you could see she clearly was not in the mood for talking. You could also see she wasn't too fond of her and Keith. Keith probably looked like another fuckboy burden, while she probably looked like a punk delinquent with both just waiting to find the right dealer to
hook them up.
"We're new here, we start today. Can you tell where to go... And stuff?"
"Names?"
"U-uh... Allura and Keith. We're the new seniors."
"Hnnmph." She turned to continue typing on her computer. She didn't speak for so long, Allura thought she completely ignored her. As she grew frustrated, her voice became firmer. "Ma'am—"
"Here you go." She handed them both several papers. "Here are your schedules, your locker numbers, and the sort. I'll have someone escort you out and show you around the school. Wait here a few minutes." The woman disappeared around a corner.
Keith sighed. "The place's feel is... Depressing."
"Good, you'll fit right in." Allura smirked as Keith smiled and playfully punched her. "Shut up." He mumbled.
Two boys emerged from the same corner the woman disappeared to.
"Hey, you two must be the new seniors." A big, tanned boy started, extending his hand. "I'm Hunk." The boy stood with confidence and easiness which brought comfort to Allura. He wore athletic shorts and a muscle tee which showed off some of the muscle in his arms.
Keith took his hand and shook it firmly. "Hey." He said, obviously attempting to hold a smile, but failing.
Allura smiled at him slightly, becoming incredibly grateful that he got the message she didn't want to shake his hand. It wasn't him at all—physical contact just made her uncomfortable. But Hunk continued to talk with a smile on his face. "This is Pidge. They're super quiet."
Allura and Keith smiled down at them, since they were all a good foot taller than them. They wore a light sweater and a pair of shorts which appeared shorter than how they probably actually were because of the heavy backpack behind them reaching almost mid-thigh.
"Let's get going, shall we? I guess I'll go with Allura and Pidge'll go on with Keith."
"Yeah," Keith shrugs. "Works for me."
"Great, let's get going." Hunk says, holding the door open for all three of the others.
Behind her, Pidge had begun to explain to Keith how to go about the school and where were the most convenient and less crowded places around the school.
"Here, can I see your schedule?" Hunk's new voice startled her as she handed him her papers. He smiled thoughtfully. "Loosen up a bit, dude. I don't bite."
Allura got a bit more comfort from this. In almost every city school in Chicago its the same thing. Talk to your group, and your group only, so this brought her a bit more reassurance. "Thanks."
"Yeah. Lets show you around your classes first. See ya, Pidge."
Allura whipped her head around to look at Keith. He was engrossed entirely into his schedule. "Keith." She said, as she took his hand. "Buena Suerte, Hermana." He smiled shyly as her. "You too." She smiled and let his hand go as him and Pidge took the left and her and Hunk took the right.
"You and him both speak Spanish?" Hunk asked as they made their way along the creaky halls. "Yeah. Mom's Mexican, but Keith doesn't know as much as me."
"Hm. You'll really like the hispanics here. Well some, at least. They're pretty cool, such as Lance. He's my friend. Oh, he's crazy." Allura smiled a bit at that. "Cute. What's his department?"
"Dance. But not just any dance—like... Holy shit can he dance! Moving around like Shakira and shit. It's freaky."
She giggled at how Hunk's eyes twinkled at the mention of his friend. "That's awesome. What about you?"
"I take theatre. What about you?"
"I'm going into art."
"Woaah. That'll be fun. All the art kids are freaky but cool. Do you move around schools very often?"
"Yeah. I've moved about four times before coming here. I've always stayed on the south side, though."
"Hey, same here." Hunk smiled. "As a senior, you'll like it here. Aaand here's your english class. Room 306. You're already pretty close to your locker, lets stop there."
Allura nodded as he led her down the labyrinth of a school.
"Jeez... It's huge. How am I supposed to learn my way around so easily..."
"Don't worry about that. We'll be sticking together for a few days until you get the gist of it. We have pretty similar schedules."
"Oh."
"Locker 13A.... Here!" They stood face to face with a huge locker.
They stood there in awkward silence for a few minutes. "Should I... Open it?"
"If you want to."
Allura took a peek at her papers that Hunk was holding for her combination.
She silently mumbled the numbers as she pulled open her locker to get struck with a horrid smell.
Hunk gagged as she coughed and began to breathe through her nose.
"Oh my God, what is that?!" He coughed.
She looked down to see a dead rat sprawled across the bottom of the locker.
"Yo what the fuck?" Allura growled.
"Huh. Welcome to Senn Arts amirite?" Hunk began to laugh as she cracked a smile. "I guess so."

The rest of the day went on smoothly as Hunk showed her to all her classes and they got to know more about each other. Before Allura knew it, she had made her first friend. Her body had lost its tension, her face became more relaxed, and she spoke with ease. Not at all what she'd expected today. His vibe was just so... Different. It took her weeks or even months to freely speak with someone. But it took him three hours to instantly buddy her.
"As for lunch...." Hunk beamed. "Alright, nice. We've got the same lunch, you can sit with my friends and I."
"But— Keith..."
"Chances are he'll be with us. Seniors are mostly always put together."
"Okay."
"Hey, even if you two dont see each other during the day it's fine. Trust me."
She nodded as they made their way to the huge cafeteria. Instantly, loud talking noises struck her as she heard loud laughter to her left and someone playing trap on their phone from the right.
"It gets pretty hectic on the way in." Hunk says as he leads her towards a table.
"Pidge will come sit with us, so if Keith's with him the—"
"Keith!" Allura's face suddenly glowed with relief.
"... Keith is with him." Hunk finished off.
As Keith took a seat in front of her, Pidge settled in next to him. She looked at Keith with her lips pulled into a line. "How'd it go?"
"Okay, I suppose. Pidge was really helpful. They're crazy smart. They're in Technology." Keith smiled.
"Fun." Allura pulled her lips into a tight smile. "I thou—"
She jumped as a loud tray slammed to her right.
"I FUCKING FAILED AGAIN!" A male voice screeched.
They all turned their attention to the sudden scare to see a tall, tan boy with short brown hair with a tray in his hands flat against the table as he panted.
"A fucking D again? It's because i brought up her divorce, isn't it? Fucking fuck..."
"Lance, chill out. It wasn't that." Pidge took a bite of an apple as they spoke. "It was probably because of that one indirectly called her a prostitute, remember?"
Hunk began to snicker as Pidge laughed and Lance became red. "It isn't FUNNY! Anyways, that was an accident..."
Lance looked around shyly and locked eyes with Allura. Before she knew it, Lance was in front of
her with a grin on his face.
"I've never seen you around before. What's your name?"
"A-Allura?" She responded, retreating away from him slowly. "Hunk told me about you."
"Oh yeah? What'd he say." He showed a devilish grin as she looked around anywhere else to avoid eye contact with him.
"He said you danced extremely well."
Allura's heart quickened when he did what she least expected. She suddenly heard him groan loudly then slap Hunk harshly on the head.
"You had to tell the cute new girl the gayest thing about me?" Lance angrily screamed.
Allura blushed furiously as Hunk began to laugh and mock Lance as he just kept yelling.
Keith laughed at her softly so that only she could hear, but then a loud group of deep voices erupted from where Lance had come from. He then saw boys spread out from every direction to go to their tables.
"Hunk, you see that play yesterday??"
"Killed it." Hunk got up to give this new mystery boy a side bro hug then came to sit down. A muscular boy came to sit next to Pidge as Lance immediately began to indulge in a conversation with him.
Keith looked at her and covered his mouth so that nobody could see his mouth movements. He had said: 'He's Hot!'
Allura raised an eyebrow and when Lance finally moved his head to talk to Hunk she saw the boy Keith was talking about.
The first thing she saw was the long scar running across his nose, and then his hair. It was odd, to say the least. It was mostly all shaven off except for the middle, and at the very top of his hair on his forehead, there was a bit of white.
And he had a football jersey on, along with expensive looking shoes and cargo shorts.
Oh no. A fuck boy.
She looked away right before his eyes settled on her.
"Oh? Who's this?"
Pidge saved her from answering. "This is Allura and her brother Keith. They're new here, they just arrived today."
"This is Shiro. But we call him dad." They grinned, reaching up to ruffle his hair.
He laughed softly as Allura continued to stare. He just looked so... Relaxed. It was almost like the same complexion Hunk had.
"Welcome to this dump." Shiro smiled lazily at her. "With a face like that, you'll make it far."
"What's that supposed to mean." Stated more than asked in a slight tone. Allura's mind was telling her to go into high defense.
"You know what I mean."
"Don't worry about him." Hunk scoffed. "He thinks he's the shit because he's hot and on the team."
Allura guessed 'the team' was the football team. He continued talking. "He likes to act like a dick. After a while you'll like him though. Just try to stick around for a while."

"I guess it was okay. Hunk and I found a dead rat in my locker." Allura giggled.
"Eww!" Keith laughed as they laid care-free sprawled across her black sheets surrounded by her black walls in her room completely filled with black except from the ceiling, which was white. The day had ended a few hours after lunch and they'd walked back home, now waiting for their mother. They'd gotten home, fought over who got the last pack of pop tarts, the gone into her room to talk about their day.
"And you? What about the guys?" She asked.
"They were pretty cool. Pidge is super smart... Intimidating, but smart."
"They look like it." Allura scoffed. "Brother, you kind of looked intimidating. People were staring."
"Me?" Keith began to laugh. "People were staring at you, too. Didn't you notice?"
She didn't.
They heard the door open from the front door.
"Allura! Keith!" Their mother called out.
"I'll go." Keith slid off the bed and walked out of the room swiftly. "Coming, mamá!"
Allura let out an exasperated sigh and jumped back against her mountain of pillows to pick up her book again.
Today Allura wore black. A black sweater, black ripped jeans, a velvet black choker, and her signature dark purple matte lips.

It had been one week since her and Keith's arrival to Senn Arts and surprisingly, they'd settled in smoothly. Though she noticed the kids here were much more aggressive than the kids at the other schools they'd attended, everyone seemed to do their own thing.

She'd also noticed that many people had gone to talk to them. Though Keith was almost just as shy as her, he was more talkative and knew how to act in social situations. She refused to trust anyone other than the people Hunk spoke to, so whenever someone smiled or tried to engage in a conversation, she pretended to ignore it or just slightly curl up the ends of her mouth.

She found Hunk's group of friends quickly opening up to her and Keith, and both him and Allura had opened up just as fast to them. Although it took quite a while for the two siblings to become actual friends with other people, Hunk's group gave off a good vibe they'd never felt before.

But Allura was still deeply uncertain about the boy with the scar across his nose. She found out they'd shared the same gym class together, but she didn't dare talk to him. It just wasn't right. He didn't feel right.

"Alluuuuura," Lance waved his hand over her eyes. "You're zoning out again. You do that a lot." He leaned into his backpack and pulled out a box full of caffeine packets. "Want one."

"Yo, out that shit away! Can you even have that here?" Allura hissed, trying to keep her voice down as Mr. Evox's eyes skimmed the room like a hawk every once in a while.

"Well, technically no, but yes."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Its not bringing in liquid coffee, but instead im putting on a patch of coffee, sooo..."

"Okay, but no one cares if you bring coffee or not. Lance thats basically considered a drug in here!"

"For someone who looks that punk you dont act very punk."

Allura rolled her eyes. "You idiot, you're gonna get caught one day."

Lance lifted up his sweatshirt sleeve and revealed about sixteen coffee patches going up his arm, starting at where the visible veins in his wrist became invisible. "They can take me bloody and beaten, but they'll never take me sleepin" He winked as she giggled and the teacher hissed "Shhhh!"

"I think I'll pass on your offer. Thanks, though..." She said slowly as he shrugged and both continued to work on their math sheets as she wondered and thought about how he hadn't died yet with that much caffeine in his system.

After the week she'd spent with Lance in the lunchroom and here in their hard as hell math class, she found that he was actually extremely intelligent which surprised her because he always seemed to act like a idiot. He also was charming not just to girls, but towards boys. She could only assume he was Bi, but she wouldn't dare ask. That was rude. Maybe soon, though, if they grew closer she could ask. But Allura didn't really think you could get gayer than playing Shakira from your phone at
spontaneous moments of the day. As from when he first saw her, he'd lost interest in her quickly. She
didn't care much for this since she was never really interested in him. A few days ago Hunk had teased
and asked: "What not gonna hit on Allura again? Take her under your wing?"
"Nah," Lance has replied with his mouth full of mashed potatoes. "I dont date edgy people".
Hunk looked at her as she frowned at Lance. "Huh. That's new."
Allura shook her head at the memory as her white, puffy long hair smacked the sides of her face
lightly. She willed herself to focus before she eventually zoned out once again, reflecting on the
events on the week.
"Hey Lance?"
"Yeah?" He said softly, not turning in his desk to look at her, but to continue solving some problems
on the paper as he aggressively pressed calculator buttons.
"How'd Shiro get that scar? You know— the one on his nose?"
Lance tensed up a bit. Uh oh, Allura bit her lip. Did i hit a weak spot?
"Ask him, i think. Just to be respectful, you know?" He smiled slightly over his shoulder at her.
"Yeah, thanks. Maybe I will." Allura smiled back softly but respectfully, hoping to hide the
disappointment she felt.
She couldn't help but feel she'd seen that scar somewhere...

"Keith, hurry! The bell's gonna ring in three minutes!" Allura said as she finished rolling up the
oregano-looking substance in white paper. She finished her handy work with her long, slim practiced
fingers that were covered with healing and recent paper cuts.
"The orders came in tons! It's like our fifth day here and we've been getting hit with demands harder
than before. We're going to get caught, Allura. Mom is—"
"Keith, please." Allura breathed. "Mom is alright, shes been alright for years, and you know it. All
we have to do it get these orders through and we'll be done for a few days. We won't get caught.
You're just getting used to the place."
"How will we know where to give them their orders? We've got over fifty deliveries..." Keith
groaned.
"Mom gave us a map of where we'll be delivering." Allura pulled out a map covered in X's which
reached from Senn Arts all the way to Cicero. "Mom's workers will bring us a car, and we'll make
deliveries here and after school. We'll be okay." Allura held his cold hand and gave him a light smile
as the bell rang and her smile turned into an O and her eyes widened.
"Pack it up carefully! We have to go!" Allura shoved the weed and paper into her backpack as he
did the same and Keith sprinted out of the bathroom a few seconds before Allura walked out, both
contorting their faces into bored frowns, though you could still sense Keith's tense state.
"What were you two doing in there?" Allura jumped up as she turned around to the low voice that
spoke.
"What?"
"You think I didn't see Keith walk out?" Shiro asked, returning Alluras frown.
"Jesus," Allura scoffed, crossing her arms annoyed in a casual manner to hide the fact that her heart
was racing a million beats per minute. She had to tilt her head up pretty far to look at his face. His
narrow eyes stared down at her and for a second it looked like he was challenging her. "Just can't
keep your head out other people's business can you?"
"Well, wouldn't you get a weird feeling if you saw a brother and sister obviously trying to leave a
small, isolated place alone in secret?" The corners of his mouth twitched.
"Dude what the fuck is you problem?" Allura took a step back as the floors began to creak in ugly
groans and the halls began to flood with bodies walking in a fast pace. "He asked me to help him
with a project, alright? Fuck. He copied mine."
"Alright. But don't mind me. Wouldn't wanna ruin what you and Keith have going." He gave her a
mocking smirk as her hands tightened around her textbooks. She raised an outstretched hand,
preparing to bring it down hard on his face. Her body became hot and her face contorted into anger
— "Hey, you guys are gonna be late."
Allura stopped and turned to look at Pidge, who looked at her with menacing eyes. "What are you guys doing anyway?"

Allura took a second to get herself under control. "Nothing." She gave Pidge a small, closed smile. "He was just asking me about how I was settling into the school. Thank you for asking, Shiro." She looked at him and smiled, with her eyes giving him all kinds of messages that she hoped he was picking up. If he was picking them up, from the way he was grinning at her, he definitely was testing her patience.

"My pleasure, Allura. Please, come to me whenever you feel like it. Know I'll greet you with open arms."

"I'll keep that in mind." Allura gave one final, threatening smile and turned on her heels. The nerve he had to speak to me like that, Allura thought as she made her way to her class quickly as her cheeks still held a bright pink. Her mind began to fill with worry and anxiety. He knows. He knows something's up. He's actually smart, and can actually figure it out if he sees the pattern in behavior. He's going to blackmail me. He—

"Did you forget we're in the same bio class together?"

By instinct, Allura screamed out loud then whipped her textbook behind her with as much force as she could muster. But she saw a strong hand grip the giant book tightly and softly let it go, letting her retrieve it. That certainly caught her by surprise. "God damn it, Shiro. Stop doing that!"

"For someone as small as you, you're extremely strong. Almost as strong as any guy on our team."

He said, keeping up with her long strides easily.

"I'm not small." She mumbled, obviously still angry about their little conversation by the bathroom.

"Yeah you are."

"Shut up."

They walked into bio and took their assigned seats which she was grateful for since he ended up sitting across the room from her.

She pulled up the map of the places where she'd be delivering and sighed. Keith was right. With every move, they'd be cluttered with more drug orders and shipments. Their mother was taking care of all the real business, while Allura offered to take some of the weight off of her shoulders and deliver the drugs around the city. After all, it was pretty familiar. But it wasn't just all three of them, though. They had people working for them all over the world.

After El Chapo had finally gotten caught, Allura's mother, La Leyenda, had finally reached her goal of owning the most powerful drug cartel in the world. Keith, Allura, and their mother had the world at their fingertips. Though there was always that fear that there would be people barging into their house and taking everything all away, their mother had been confident for the longest of time that that would never happen. La Leyenda had the most mysterious ways of working that have Allura and Keith always admired ever since they were children.

The old professor at the front of the room clapped his hands together loudly which snapped her out of her train of thought. Allura didn't understand how someone could be so old yet so annoyingly energetic.

"Hello again, class." He grinned as he reached to the far left of his sink and pulled out a little cup that held perhaps hundreds of eight-legged nightmares. "I hope you aren't afraid of spiders."

"We best get through class quickly."

"This labs taken a lot of time. I want you to go to a random station, you'll end up having at least one or two other partners, I'll give instructions then. Go."

Allura turned to her left as she saw the familiar boy look back at her and smile. Matt was the new friend she'd made a few days ago when he accidentally got his pencil stuck in her knitted black cardigan. The process of getting it out had taken about ten minutes which resulted in bonding and a tardy.

They nodded at each other then walked to the farthest lab station as possible as groups had already begun complaining and fooling around.

"I just wanna get this done, I absolutely hate spiders." Matt sighed, putting on safety glasses then
passing an extra pair to her.  "Same here. Hey, pass me the other pair there, yeah?" Shiro showed up next to Allura in a flash as she groaned and felt her insides turn into ashes. What the fuck.
"Sure dude, long time no talk." Matt grinned up at Shiro as they shoulder bumped each other. "Sick touchdown the other night."
"You know it. We're killing it this season." Shiro smiled cockily as he put on the safety glasses. How the hell does he still look attractive with them on?! Allura's mind raced as she blushed. She peered to look over to one of the reflective glass mirror cabinets and looked at her reflection. I look eight!
"You look fine. Let's get to work." Shiro rolled his eyes as he pulled out one of the microscopes hidden in the corner where Matt had found the glasses. As he began to plug it in and prepare it, the professor had started talking again.
"I want you to kill and dissect a spider. I want you to find me particular organs, which I'll give to your groups in a few seconds, see what stage of life they were going through and add details about that. Then, I want you take—"
"So we're doing Freshman bio all over again?" A girl whose name Allura couldn't remember spoke out loud.
"Don't worry, this'll lead us straight into our next unit." The professor grinned through his brown, unkept mustache.
"I call not touching that thing." Matt said immediately.
"I hate spiders. I'm not getting anywhere near that." Allura scoffed, rolling her sleeves up.
"I thought you liked spiders." Shiro says, turning the microscope light on and off.
"What makes you think that?"
"I mean, you look like one."
"Listen here you shit—"
"Woah there, kid! Only been here a week and you're already making enemies." The professor said as he suddenly placed a spider on the counter. Allura whole body became hot as she decided to keep her mouth shut. He placed a giant, thick, dark spider on the counter. "Have fun!" He moved onto the next group.
All three partners simply stared at each other as the spider stood in place, obviously tense.
"Nose-goes."
Shiro and Matt's index fingers immediately rushed to their nose, but since Allura was too busy analyzing the spider, she was a second too late.
"Fuck!"
"Hah!" Matt exclaimed.
Allura frowned and took her right shoe off.
"Yo, you could've used your hand or arm or something." Shiro rolls his eyes.
"If you think I'm gonna let God's eight legged accident touch me, then you're a dumbass." Allura growled. She brought her shoe down on the spider then slowly removed it and was glad she found it dead. She noticed the groups before them were squealing and saying things like 'not it!' or 'fuck no!'
"Nice socks." Matt grinned, pointing down at her purple and orange pumpkin socks.
"I know. Thanks." Allura smiled a bit as she let her shoe fall to the floor and put it on my wiggling her foot into it. "Shiro, you're touching that next."
"On it."
--
As the final bell rang, Allura made her way down to the first floor to where she'd meet Keith, where they'd then walk a few blocks to their escort, who'd help them from there. Allura took a few minutes to look at her phone as Keith came up behind her to press her sides, making her jump.
"Stop, you know i hate that!" She turned to Keith and saw he'd walked down with Hunk and Lance at his side.
"Oh, hey." She smiled casually at them as waves of people passed by them. "Me and Keith were just leaving."
Hunk nodded. "We were just gonna invite you to a practice game Shiro was gonna have today. Gotta prep for Friday."
Allura shivered at his name. "I don't think i can, i have a family event today..."
"Oh, come on! It's kind of like a hang out type thing." Lance smiles. "Anyway, you'll finally meet the famous Shay..."
The group began nudging Hunk's shoulder and going 'Oooohh!' as he blushed a bright red color. Shay was the girl Hunk had been falling in love with for a while, from what she'd heard. She sounded nice.
"As tempting as that sounds, we'd really better go." Keith smiled nervously. Him and Allura both hoped no one else noticed the nervousness. "Our tía is scary, we shouldn't keep her waiting."
"Oh shit," Lance gasps. "You don't fuck with your tía." He turned to Hunk. "They gotta go man." Hunk chuckled then waved them goodbye. "You'd better come with us next time!"
"Deal!" Keith smiled as he turned with Allura to leave the school.
"How was your day, hermanito?" Allura smiled up at him as they made their way to a small auto shop about three blocks away where their escort was waiting for them. Gotta stay undercover.
"It was okay. Hey, you don't talk with the guys much do you?"
"No, we barely have classes together. And anyway, lunch is really short. I don't have time to talk." Allura says, frowning at her brother. He knew she didn't socialize much. Why was he asking?
"Oh."
"Why?"
"Nothing."
Allura waved that off as an insult she wasn't going to worry about. As they continued walking and they became isolated on the streets, she took this as an opportunity to ask questions.
"Shiro," Allura started, with his name sounding sour in her mouth. "Does he treat you well?"
"Oh, totally. He's the best. We made plans tomorrow since we aren't delivering. He—"
Allura felt like she just got hit on the head with a brick. "What the fuck?"
"What?"
"He hasn't been a total dick to you?"
Keith looked at her in confusion. "No, dude. We're pretty close."
Alarms began blaring in her head. "He's manipulative. Whatever you do, don't let him get into your head, Keith. You have to be careful..."
"Are you okay? He's fine, he hasn't even asked me anything that personal."
"He's onto us, Keith! He knows something's up!"
"Shhhh!" Keith looked around but saw no one around to listen to his sister's panic. "Keep your voice down!"
"He hasn't been even a little passive aggressive with you?!!"
"No."
"Cocky?"
"No."
Allura felt like she could die on the spot.
"He probably just likes you and doesn't know how to express it." Keith shrugged.
"Yes, because when you like a girl, the only other possible way you can express it without being too obvious is harassing her," She rolled her eyes in annoyance and crossed her arms, which her heavy book bag made a little more difficult.
Keith didn't say much for a few minutes. Allura saw this as a chance to keep asking questions or perhaps try to get Keith to distance himself from Shiro.
"He saw us walk out of the bathroom today."
"Oh?"
"He asked me about it."
"And...?"
Allura's frustration got the best of her as she tiptoed to slapped the back of his head hard. "Idiot, he thinks we're fucking!"
Keith shoved her head away as he grabbed the back of his head. Allura tried to slap away his hand that tangled up her long, wavy hair which sent spiked of pain into her head. She growled as she then began to punch his head repeatedly.

"Stop it, you two!"

Both Allura and Keith froze, and looked up to see their escort in a black suit.

"Coran!" Allura pushed Keith away as she ran up to hug him. "I haven't seen you in so long. It feels like it's been ten thousand years! How are you?"

Coran smiled down at her as Keith went up to hug him as well. "One step at a time, guys. Anyway, I'm fine, thanks for asking. A bit dead without you guys around but I managed."

Allura and Keith looked up at him as if he were the center of the universe. To them though, he kind of was, in a way. They grew up with Coran by their side ever since they were kids. When their mother was too busy, Coran served as a father to them.

"Let's talk inside, yes? You guys are in a hurry, I'm guessing."

Keith nodded as he followed Coran inside of the old, beat up auto parts shop.

A buff man looked at their direction and grunted towards a heavy metal door. They found themselves going inside, locking the three of them in with a pretty decent Toyota. The whole room was filled from floor the ceiling with auto parts she was surprised could even fit in the tiny garage.

"Alright, you guys have the map, right?" Coran said against his ginger mustache.

Allura pulled the creased paper out of her pocket.

"Great. You have some of the shipments, yes?"

"Yeah, only the ones we didn't get to finish at home. We'll finish them right now in the car."

"No, finish them here instead. I'll help, pull it out."

Allura, Keith, and Coran found themselves bent over the car hood rolling blunts with the company's signature paper, which was white with a little fiery lion on the corner of it. They caught up with eachother briefly, then after about fifteen minutes, they were completely done.

"You guys have gotten faster."

Keith chuckled. "Yeah, we've gotten lots of practice over the past few weeks."

"Again, your mom could've gotten her workers to do it. You don't have to involve yourself with the business." Coran frowned.

"No," Allura says firmly. "This company is my inheritance. This company will be mine, and I have to start with the basics. I can't let my mom down. I can't let anyone down."

"That's my girl. Anyway, this is the car you'll be using." Coran passed the grey Toyota's car keys to Keith. "Remember. Fast and in cash. Got it?"

"Yep. Thanks, Coran." Allura said, getting the many plastic bags into her book bag carefully then shoving herself into the car along with Keith. Coran opened the metal garage, letting sunlight flood in.

As Keith turned the car on to drive away, he stopped by Coran and sighed. "Dude, come cook for us again."

"Yes! Make us that thing with the tomatoes..." Allura grinned from the passengers seat. "I haven't made you two that since you were ten! You still remember that?"

Keith held a hand to his heart and dramatically said: "Every night, before I sleep, know that I pray to God we randomly come home to your tomato thing one day."

"Alright, Eduardo Yáñez."

"I'll see you guys soon."

"Goodbye!" Allura waved at him as Keith pulled out of the garage and came up on the busy traffic light.

After a few minutes of silence, Keith's eyes widened and his mouth gaped open.

"Allura..." He started slowly.

"What?"

"Did Coran just say Eduardo Yáñez?"

Allura kept her normal frown on her face until a few seconds after Keith's question, her mouth was a big O and she started squealing. "He watched Destilando Amor!"

Keith started laughing then joined in as Allura began singing the Mexican Telenovela's opening
"I can't believe he actually watched it!" Keith laughed.
"I can finally die in peace." Allura sighed, settling down as she pulled out the map. "Back to business. Let's start delivering here then let's make our way farther down South."
"Sounds like a plan," Keith said, turning up the radio.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Today Allura wore black. A black t-shirt, black running shorts, and black Nikes. It was her and Keith's training day, which they weren't looking forward to after all those tiring deliveries from yesterday. But of course, with being children of the world's most powerful drug lord, they needed to know a little self defense, right? The person that trained them was Coran, but since he was off on a company business trip to Australia, they decided to keep training low-key. Low-key as in, running the perimeter of the whole city then hitting the shooting range.

Keith ran alongside Allura as they panted in unison and both their legs felt as if they'd been racing in honey. They were on Michigan Avenue, which meant the my were about halfway done with their running route.

They continued to pant and move their legs for a couple more minutes, until Allura jerked Keith's shoulder back as she stopped.

"Wait," Allura gasped for breath as Kieth drank water. "I'm so— tired!"

"Halfway there," Keith forced a smile and ruffled her hair. "vamos, hermanita."

"What if we walked the rest of the way...?"

"You think we're gonna 'walk the rest of the way' when the cops come after us?"

Allura groaned. "I'm still too tired over yesterday. Those deliveries took almost the whole day! And with school and the homework... ugh!"

"Come on. A bit more..." Keith began to run again as he pulled her arm and willed her to run along with him.

After about another hour and a half, they'd ran the outskirts of the tall skyscrapers of Chicago and had ended up in their kitchen drinking water bottles by the dozen.

"Alright, come on, we're not done yet." Keith sighed, getting up from his chair.

"Can we take a liiiittle nap?" Allura whined, leaning back in her chair. "We ran for like three hours. My legs feel like hell."

"Allura you're literally just gonna use your arms and fingers for two hours. Im pretty sure you can do that. Come on, I'll drive."

Allura groaned as she lazily got up to follow her brother outside and crawl into the car.

They sat in silence until they came upon a beat up garage in Berwyn surrounded by pubs and old convenience stores.

"Haber, vamonos." Keith said, stepping out of the car slowly.

"See, you're sore! Can I just stay here and nap...?"

"No, lets go." Keith closed his door then went around the car to open her door. "Come on."

Allura sighed and as they stepped into the shooting range and went to retrieve hers at the lockers.

"Allura, you look like hell."

"Thanks, Ricky. Because I totally need that right now." She rolled her eyes as Keith went to high-five Ricky.

He was a thirty year old with skin a bit darker than hers that always seemed to have a sarcastic remark for everything. Ever since her and Keith were nine, he'd always helped them everything there ever was to know about guns and how to use them.

As they made their way into the isolated rooms with more protection then needed, Allura loaded up her gun, cocked it, and began to shoot, leaving the world around her and living only in the small second that the bullet left the gun. She walked as she hit the ten meter target, the fifty, the one hundred...

Keith followed her as she moved up and down the targets casually. Shooting wasn't anything new or exciting, just the easiest. It took them about two years to getting into the hang of never missing a
target. Keith learned faster though. Allura had a fear of the way the gun jumped back at her when she pulled the trigger as a child. Now it was like fluffing up a pillow.
"Keith, I'm bored." Allura whined.
"The simulation always seems to get you hyped up. Do it and see how you feel." Keith shrugged, going to the 150 meter bullseye to practice on.
Allura made her way to the dark simulation room and heard Ricky's voice in the speaker above.
"Hard?"
"Hard." She moved a piece of hair from her head and tucked it behind her ear.
The rusty metal room suddenly filled with blinking lights as wooden targets shaped as people came rushing in on her on squeaking, old machines. They popped from the ground close and far from her as she shot them right in the red center, never missing.
Suddenly the targets began to spin quickly around her as a smile spread across her face, watching as each of her bullets hit the target's center or right through their head.
Everything had begun to spin, and she found herself getting dizzy and her stomach whirling. As she began to breathe heavily in anxiousness and panic, she continued to shoot each target in a frenzy until she started to just shoot in random directions.
"Allura! Allura stop you're going to hurt yourself! ALLURA!" Ricky continued to scream at her from the intercom as her hands began to shake and finally, the spinning stopped. Her first instinct was to shoot.
She saw that she'd shot Shiro right in between his eyes before she actually realized it, then stood completely still with only her ragged, short breaths filling the tight chamber.
The metal room was silent.
But he didn't fall. His eyes didn't roll to the back of his head. He had a gun wrapped comfortably in his hand, which he rose then pointed straight in between her eyes so she could look down the barrel of his gun.
Shit, Allura though. It's like looking into a blackhole. Do people really deserve that? The loud noise of the gun going off was the last thing she heard before everything went pitch black.

Allura shot up in her bed, seeing that the bed was completely damp in her sweat. She found herself breathing heavily and clutching at her heart as if she reached through her skin and held it, it'd soothe the loud, echoing hammers it made.
"Allura?"
She slowly turned to see her mother peering over her curiously.
"Mamá." Allura reached up like a child and let her mother hold her.
"Que paso? What did you dream, my darling?" Her mother stroked her hair as she sat down on the bed next to her distraught daughter. Her voice sounded like honey pouring delicately over ice.
"I... I killed someone."
Her mother kept her silence.
"But he killed me too."
"He?"
"Yes."
"Ay, Mija. Trabajas mucho. You're overworking yourself." Her mother said, with only the moonlight to slightly illuminate her mother's young face. "I told Coran he raised you with that gun too early."
"No, mamá. I need to learn that. You learned it when you were nine, too. Look how you ended up." Allura tried to give her a smile, but failed. They sat in silence for a few minutes. "Mamá, have you ever felt hatred? Like true, true hatred."
"Of course I have. As many enemies as we have, though, I don't hate them. They are merely... obstacles. I've only hated someone once in my life, y no hay otra persona mas."
Allura stayed silent, knowing what would come next.
"That's why I killed your father."
Allura didn't realize she was holding her breath until her mother had said this. As many times as she's
heard this come out of her mom's mouth, she never really got used to it. Who would? "Go to sleep. You'll need to get up in a few hours. Look ahead." Her mother pointed outside Allura's enormously tall windows and looked over the old, brick houses to see the sky becoming the slightest tint of light purple. It was fall, after all. The sun didn't rise that early.

Allura's mother kissed her forehead. "Buenas noches, muñeca." She crossed the room with the grace of a dove and shut the door carefully behind her.

Allura groaned softly then looked across her room outside her window, trying her hardest to find the courage to close her eyes and try to sleep dreamlessly. She didn't.

"Allura, you look like shit."
"Thanks, brother. Just the thing I needed to hear this early in the morning." Allura smiled sarcastically as wide as she could then in a flash of a second returned her face to its usual frown. She proceeded to smack her brother on the back of her head as hard as she could. "Pendejo." She muttered.

Keith rolled his eyes then continued to brush his teeth as Allura put on her favorite dark purple lipstick.
"Shooting yesterday messed me up." Allura said, running to the kitchen to get her and Keith a muffin.
"Yeah, mom told me. Im pretty sure I heard you hyperventilating all the way in my dream. Keep your murder sprees quieter next time."
"I'm sorry my traumatizing nightmares don't equal the importance of your gay orgies."
"Wh—what?!" Keith squeaked, turning a bright shade of red.

Allura began to make loud, exaggerated moaning noises, "Oh, harder daddy! Oh— I'm gonna come—!"
"I do not say that shit." Allura laughed harshly. "Of course you don't." She remarked sarcastically. "Shit, I've seen you stare at every guy's ass ever since we were like, five. And anyway, you move your hips better than me to any Shakira song. A Shakira song, Keith."

Keith scoffed annoyedly, but seemed a bit flattered. He spat out the toothpaste in his mouth into the sink, then followed Allura out of the bathroom.
"Speaking of dancing, there's after school practice today, wanna come? I'm in Lance's group, so the other guys will probably be there."

Allura shrugged. "We don't have delivered today, and the orders from..." she took out her phone saw her reminders. "Monsieur Claude. France. Can't take more than about ten minutes, so sure."
"But I'm gonna be so sore... Shooting fucked up my arm."

"What's the routine?" Allura asked curiously as they walked out of their house lazily.
"It's this hip-hop song or something, I think. The song sounds okay, Lance played it for like thirty seconds then ran away. Something about being late... but yeah, they're barely gonna introduce the routine to me today so you'll get an excuse to make fun of me this time." Allura giggled, pulling her black cardigan closer to herself as she pulled her hair up into a messy bun. She was too lazy to put her contacts in this morning, so she decided to stick with her big, round 70's style glasses today.
"But really..." Keith started, quietly. "I'm not gay."
"HAAH!" Allura exclaimed. The only time she really let herself loose was around her brother. "Brother, it's okay. Mom probably doesn't care, if thats what you're worried about. Most likely knows."
"I'm not gay."
"Yeah."
"No!" Keith sighed. "Fine. Friday, day of the next football game. I'll get laid."
"No, Keith. Chill, don't worry about it—"
"I'm doing it."
"Keith, you're a dumbass. I said no."
"I'm doing it."
"I'm your older sister and I said no."
"Older by half a year!"
"Why do you want to prove you're not gay so badly?"
"Allura, mom's workers know me as the gay one. If anyone here is really gay, it's you! You went out with that one girl——"
"I was twelve!"
Keith sighed. "Even if I wanted to date a guy, I can't. Allura, I can't be one of the most powerful people in the most ruthless line of work in the world and just like guys. I won't get taken seriously. It doesn't work like that."
"Keith, your sexuality isn't your worth." Allura frowned.
"What isn't your worth?" A voice came booming from behind them.
Keith and Allura both screamed and jumped to look back, immediately getting into fighting stances.
"Woah there, Shadowhunters. Calm down. Just us." Lance smiled at Allura and Keith as they settled down, annoyed with him.
"Jesus don't scare us like that!" Allura sighed, going back to being a more shy, enclosed version of herself.
"Shiro and Keith told us you got easily scared. Guess they were right." Pidge grinned, taking a bite out of an apple.
Allura glared at Keith. "He got scared too."
"Yeah, this was different. We were talking about something serious. Anyway, how'd you guys get here? You don't live around here, do you?"
"Nah. Bus stop is about a block away, so we just ran up to you guys." Lance yawned. "You?"
"Live just a few blocks from here." Keith shrugged.
"Anyway, Allura you should come to practice today."
"Keith told me. Already am."
"Sick. You'll like the routine. Even though it's not Bring Me The Horizon or Evanescence or some shit, you'll like it." Lance gave her a cheeky smirk she couldn't help but smile back at.
"Shut up. I don't even listen to them... anymore."
"Well, certainly doesn't seem like it." Teased Lance, pinching his fingernails together to pull playfully on her nose ring. Allura slapped his hand away then wiggled her nose, earning a giggle from Lance.
"Yeah, well, black is just a pretty color."
"So then what do you listen to?"
"Kanye." Both Keith and Allura grinned at each other at the same time.
Lance rolled his eyes. "Of course you like Kanye, you gotta. An unwritten South Side rule, dude! Even Pidge listens to him, and I don't even know if they actually ever listen to music." Pidge had his headphones in his ears and clearly wasn't listening to the conversation, so they made no comment.
"True." Keith laughed as they found themselves filling in through the far entrance of the school and going towards the Senior locker wing.
"Anyway, me and Keith are going upstairs," Pidge sighed tiredly. "Bye guys."
"See ya." Lance said as Keith left and Allura waved them off. "What song are you guys doing?" She asked.
"Since the theme is 90's, we're going with Beeper by I think The Count? It's super cool." Lance said as he followed her to her locker to pick up the textbooks that weighed what seemed to be a ton. "It's so fast, though. I hope Keith can keep up."
"Oh, Keith can keep up. Best dancer I've ever seen, and that's coming from someone who's gone to four different fine art schools."
"Oh really? Bet I can change that." Lance said confidently, and she believed that perhaps he really could.
"Guess I'll see later today. Anyway, what is that? What do I do there when you practice?" Allura asked as they began to walk to their first period class.
"Basically do homework and stuff while you just watch us practice. The room is pretty big, and our group is pretty small so it'll be comfy."
"Does Hunk go too?"
"Everyone comes along. Pidge, Hunk, Shiro..."
Allura froze at the thought of his name, and the blurry image of a small trickle of blood falling from the bullet wound in between her eyes flashed in her mind. She breathed in sharply then shook her head violently.
"Hey, you okay?" Lance looked at her from the corner of his eye as they went up the crowded stairs. "Yeah, just a headache." She lied, still confused from her dream.
"Don't worry, I have medicine. What do you need? I have Tylenol, Advil, Celexa, Acxion, Dicoflenaco—"
"Dude, holy shit. You're a walking pharmacy, which is illegal on school grounds, in case you forgot!" Allura hissed.
"It's not illegal if you don't get caught."
"Lance, you're an idiot."
"I agree he's an idiot."
Allura turned back to see Shiro walking behind them, and hoped the worry and stress on her face wasn't too obvious. I wasn't ready to encounter him so soon!
"Hey daddy." Lance winked up at him.
"Shut up." Shiro rolled his eyes.
"Daddy?" Allura giggled.
"Yeah, he's been calling me that ever since the eight grade. It's gotten awfully annoying. Anyway, what's up princess?"
"Princess?" Allura choked.
"Yeah—"
"Shut the fuck up you whore," Lance scoffed in an annoyed manner. "You're already pleasing Victoria orally."
"She knows what she got herself into the second she stepped through my front do—"
"AAAAALRighty then. Allura, Victoria is Shiro's girlfriend, if no one's told you. You've probably seen her before. Wavy brown hair, uneven eyebrows?"
"Always complaints about wearing pants?" Allura asked, completely ignoring Shiro's death glare forwarded towards Lance.
"Yeah! Her."
"Oh. She's pretty." Allura winked up at Shiro. "Congrats. You've got yourself a nice little toy."
Shiro seemed actually angry. "Toy? The hell do you know about my relationship?"
For a split second, Allura felt surprise, then rage, then happiness then pleasure coming out of every pore in her body. Yes, she thought. I cracked him. She didn't loose her collected manner, though. "You think I don't know boys like you? Fucking around with women?" She finally stopped to turn to look at him, with Lance staring in surprise. "Don't call me princess again."
Allura stormed off, leaving Lance and Shiro standing in the hall.
What the hell did you do? Why'd you just go off in him like that? Are you—
"Hey." Lance said, reaching up to her. "Wait up."
"If you're pissed I went off on your best friend I get it, I'm sor—"
"No, I'm glad you did that, dude." Lance scoffed. "Hopefully that snapped him back to reality. You were right. He is an asshole. Maybe hearing it from someone that wasn't a close friend sprung him back into reality. He's actually fucked every girl on the cheerleading and school dance team."
Allura wasn't shocked. "You can't be school smart and street smart at once." She sighed as he laughed. "Exactly!"
The bell rang, and as they settled into their desks as she accepted the pills she lied she needed just to
shut Lance up. She ended up giving him five dollars for two pills, which pissed her off, but she didn't say much about it.

"That's not how the story goes!" Pidge yelled at Lance. "KYLO REN AND REY ARE COUSINS and that's FINAL!" Lance screeched back. "Yo, shut up! I've got a test in fifteen minutes!" Hunk held his head in his hands dramatically as Keith scribbled across a paper as he typed furiously into a calculator as he mumbled "fuck fuck fuck" endlessly, and Shiro had brought Victoria to the table, whispering in her ear as she giggled and kissed her neck, mouth, ears...

Allura jerked her head away. He was trying to prove a point. He was obviously still petty about their argument in the morning. She could tell by the way he gave her a fiery glare when he finally managed to get his face away from hers. She rolled her eyes. Too bad she'd end up seeing him later in biology.

The entire table looked like a machine, with everyone in action. Keith finishing homework, Hunk studying furiously (can you even do that?), Lance and Pidge yelling back and forth, and Shiro snogging his girlfriend.

Allura sighed as she pulled out her phone to make the orders from France. It wouldn't take that long, anyway. And it truly was easy. Just a click of a button and that's all. It was just the shipment she had to pay attention to.

"Hey, what're you doing?" Lance asked.
"Hm?" Allura looked up, turning her phone off.
"You looked really serious." Pidge observed.
"Just got a message from someone."
"Who?"
"Nosy much?" She grinned, obviously lying.

Pidge shrugged. "Just curious."
"It was my ex."
"Ex?!" Keith squeaked, then looked up wildly at her clearly distraught. "How'd he—"
"Yeah, she did. Totally. Asked where I was." Allura kicked him under the table.
"Oooh who's your ex?" Hunk grinned down at her.
"Her name's Cindy."
"Her?!!" Shiro, Lance, and Hunk look up at her in surprise. Victoria frowned at her for stealing Shiro's attention from her. Allura tried her hardest not to smirk at this.
"Yeah." She looked over at Keith and saw him settle. He got the message she was lying just to be convincing. She also wanted this to affect Shiro. "That was a little bit ago, though. Nothing to worry about."

"Wait— a girlfriend? Are you gay?" Shiro looked more confused than ever as his girlfriend tried to grasp his attention. "So you dated a girl? You kissed a... girl?"
"Yeah. And?" Allura finished the last saltine in her packet. "Gross?"
"No, it's just that... a girl?"

Allura's phone went off as Monsieur Claude sent her a message:

Shipments are gone. On plane CVLT5-78. Should arrive later today. Tell your mother and brother I said hello.

She sighed in relief then went to contact Coran and text him about the order. He left her on read. She shut off her phone as the bell rang and everyone got up, but Keith pulled her back. "Your ex didn't really find you, did he?"

"No. But if he did, trust me. We'd know." Allura said as Keith took out a little packet with white powder from his pocket and shoved it into hers in a heartbeat. "Keith, what the fuck are you doing?" She hissed.
"After school before going to the dance hall go down to the 7-11 a block from here. In the alley.
Forgot to say that I had one delivery today. Hazlo, si? But quick. He isn't gonna wait more than five minutes after school ends. They're freaky, Allura. Stay alert." Keith whispered.
"Fine." Allura whispered, putting her hands in her sweatshirt pocket and holding the packet in her hands gently. "You now owe me that cake of mine you ate, by the way."
"Fine." He smiled lightly then rolled his eyes.
"Alright, I gotta go. Bye." Keith ruffled her hair as she ducked then left to go to her next class.

She was right. Biology really was gonna be shit. She could tell by the way Shiro and his little football friends glared at her. She rolled her eyes whenever she caught one of their glares on accident. Through the class, she didn't pay much attention. She had spent her time thinking about Keith's schedule and how he was helping the company from a larger perspective. Was he just doing basic dealing now?
"Hey, you okay?" Matt whispered at her.
"Huh? Oh, yeah. Fine. Just tired." Allura said, trying her hardest not to be heard by her fast-talking professor.
"Yeah, I feel you. You're staying after school, right?"
"Yeah. Why?"
"No, nothing. Pidge said—"
The bell rung.
She shot up and ran out the door as the teacher was mid sentence, making her way to the exit closest to the 7-11 Keith asked her to go to.
This better be the best cocaine Keith has ever ordered for all this effort, she thought, running down the halls becoming more and more filled with each passing second. She ran down the stairs three at a time, turning corners sharply and having her book bag harshly smack her back with each step. As the convenience store came to view, she saw the alley behind it. She kept the drug held tightly in her hand as she carelessly crossed the street and went into the alley. It was musty and tight and had a sickening smell that made her stomach do gross turns... and it was empty.
"Uh, hello—?"
"Shhh! What are you, an idiot?" A sharp voice came from behind a trashcan that took her by surprise.
"It's okay... no ones here." Allura sighed, meeting a cowering man behind the garbage bin. He was either on heavy drugs, or it was his first time picking ordering. "Got the money?"
"Of course I do, dumbass. What the hell did you think? Are you stupid?" He fumbled in his wallet to get what looked like a hundred dollars.
"Uh, sir. There's no need to be so rude..." she scoffed light. Rolling her eyes to the floor.
"I told Marvin he was a dumbass. All you good-for-nothing Mexicans only bring drugs into this country. And look at you. You're a walking cop target. Look at your skin! You won't live be twenty—"
The man immediately stopped talking when Allura's bullet grazed his dirty cheek. She was panting with hatred in her eyes burning furiously. She didn't really plan on killing him, though. But if he pushed her buttons once more...
"What the fuck did you just call me?" Allura's voice quivered. "What the FUCK did you just call me?!"
"KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN!" He pulled out his phone. "I'll call immigration right now! I'll have your whole business ruined! Marvin was shot because of you! He's the reason I have to pick up his shit from an illegal black hispanic prostitute—"
She shot his hand as he screamed in pain then shot his leg as he came tumbling down along with his phone.
The man whimpered on the floor as she stood over him with her black boot on his bony chest.
"Can't say shit like that here without expecting to get beat, maldito." Allura hissed. "Wanna report my company? Fine. Just know I'll come right back to finish you off you racist scumbag—"
"Allura?"
Her and the man's face whipped around to see Pidge's small figure standing in the small opening of the alley.

"Pidge." Allura's breath caught in her throat. Her whole body became numb, but she could feel the blood coursing through it. Her body got hot and her stomach felt like it was doing nonstop cartwheels. "Pidge— this isn't what it looks like—"

"I knew it." Pidge stomped up to her, and though she could easily run away, she couldn't do that. She knew she deserved what was coming.

She closed her eyes and got exactly what she expected. A Slap. A hard one, too. They were breathing heavily as the man crawled away. Allura then hastily shoved her gun back in her backpack then pulled Pidge in to the 7-11 from the back, which lead them into a dark storage house.

"Pidge. You can't tell anyone. You absolutely cannot tell anyone." Allura was close to tears. Her voice was shaking and so was her whole body. So many years worth of work for a twelve year old looking kid to ruin everything?

"I want everything explained right now! What the fuck is your problem?!" Pidge hissed to not let their voice echo on the walls.

"I'm heir to La Leyenda." Allura felt tears run over yer cheeks.

Pidge's face softened with immediate shock. "Wait... La Leyenda?!

"Pidge you have to forget what you saw. Pidge you can't tell anyone. Please, please don't tell anyone."

"Do you know how much I'd get paid if I busted you? I'd never have to work again in my life." Pidge giggled maniacally.

Allura was crying at this point, with her eyes holding the deepest worry and her heart strained and her face contorted in fear and dread. She set her backpack on the ground and rose with a gun in her hand. She pointed the gun straight at the center of their head, which gave Pidge the full view of the barrel. She though back to a familiar memory.

She remembered a Bon Jovi lyric from the song that she'd been obsessed with as a child. When the only justice a man can see

is the barrel of a gun...

"I have to kill you, Pidge. La Orden. It's The Order." She cocked her gun. "I'm so sorry—"

"Wait." Pidge couldn't fight the quiver in their voice. "I won't tell... on one condition."

"What?"

"Stay away from Shiro."

Allura stood in shock. "No full paid college tuition? No good place at a good job? Just to stay away from your friend? You're fucking with me, right?" Did they have a huge crush on him or something? Talk about overprotection...

"Don't push your luck."

She didn't like this for two reasons. One, he talked to her. As much as she tried to keep her distance, he reached her. Second, she was being held down like a dog. For once, she was powerless.

"Fine. Alright." Allura wiped her eyes as she heard ambulance sirens coming closer. She was completely certain he wouldn't expose the company.

"Now lets forget I ever saw you shoot a man down, break down and plead in front of me, and leave blood stains with your boots." Pidge sighed. "Want anything? Actually, I'll get you chocolate milk. Who doesn't love Chocolate milk...?" Pidge continued as they walked out of the storage room obviously aware that they had the biggest secret in Allura's world in their hands. Pidge was now part of La Leyenda, wether they knew it or not. Now it was up to them to keep their part.

Chapter End Notes

Yooo!! I used more spanish in this chapter so heres the translations!!
Haber, vamonos: alright, let's go
Que paso: what happened
Mija: daughter
Trabajas mucho: you work too hard
Y no hay otra persona mas: and there's no one else
Buena noches, muñeca: good night, doll
Pendejo: dumbass (SHIT DON'T SAY THIS TO SOMEONE IT HAS A
STRONGER DEFINITION THAN DUMB ASS TRUST ME)
Hazlo: do it

I hope you guys liked this chapter!! It's super long and boring BUT I'm getting there ;~)
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

lil bit of a shorter boring filler chapter, but WAIT TILL THE NEXT CHAPTER B O I im gonna hit u guys so hard with all this klance shit & the song Lance's group is practicing is called Beeper by The Count & Sinden and the song they sing in the car is No More Parties in L.A. By the man himself, Kanye West. holy shit man i love kanye

Today Allura was wearing black, which made the white cracker crumbs even more visible on her clothes.

Allura looked up to see Lance teaching Keith how to move every muscle in his body properly for their dance routine, then looked back down at her blank notebook, waiting for inspiration to strike. She took another cracker out of her book bag then sighed and frustratingly shut it.

She looked to her right to see Pidge with a laptop perched on their thighs, typing quickly into a bright screen. Next to them was Shiro, looking down at his phone.

She couldn't talk to Shiro anymore. She couldn't do anything about it, and she didn't know if that was a good or bad thing in her book.

Pidge hadn't said a word about what they'd seen in the alley to anyone, and Allura really did believe they'd keep it a secret, but how was she supposed to not talk to someone that kept trying to—

"Hey, Allura, you got the Bio homework answers?" Shiro asked.

That.

She shrugged as he rolled his eyes. "Christ, what's gotten into you?" He sounded genuinely angry, but she didn't say or do anything about this.

Pidge looked at her and they locked eyes, but she couldn't read their face.

Allura looked around the room distractedly and spotted herself from across the room in the mirror. The whole room was pretty big and the walls were completely covered with mirrors, and Lance's group was hanging around as Lance taught Keith the steps, which he picked up pretty fast.

Everyone looked over to the double doors when they heard laughs erupting. Hunk was carrying a girl in his arms who was holding crutches.

"Shaaay! You made it!" Lance grinned.

"Yeah! Hey, guys!" She waved down at Shiro and Pidge and her as they gave her warm welcomes as Hunk put her down next to Allura.

"Allura, right? Hunk's told me a lot about you. She's goth, not emo, dude." She frowned up at him as he settled in front of Shay.

"What's the difference?" He laughed.

"There's a lot of difference!" Allura giggled, grateful he was here with a friend to end the awkwardness between her, Pidge, and Shiro. "But yes, I'm Allura. Shay, I believe?"

She nodded, showing beautifully straight teeth. She had black, straight hair, and glasses almost like hers. Big with a skinny, golden frame that looked straight out of a 70's movie. She wore leggings and a cute cropped sweater. The thing that really caught her attention was the brace around her left leg. She didn't stare for too long, though. Shay pulled out a heavy folder then lay it on her thighs, taking out a calculator. "You look so much prettier in person." She smiled.

"In person? Who described me to you?"

"Lance, briefly. He was flipping over you after lunch two weeks ago when you got here. It was pretty sad, actually."

Allura laughed. "I bet."
"Anyway, how'd you end up here?" Shay began scribbling on her paper. "Oh, I just... you know..." Allura forgot what lie she'd told everyone else about why she came here. Had she even ever said anything about that? "Life dropped me here, you know?"
"Totally." Shay smiled as she bent over to pick her leg up then let it fall, allowing Allura to see the pretty grey ends of her hair and the loud thud of metal. "This thing on my leg is hell, don't even remember how or why I got it."
Hunk cringed at the noise the metal brace on her leg made as he frowned at her. "Shay, don't do that! You'll make your leg worse, dude!"
Shay rolled her eyes. "I don't know whether to think your concern is annoying or thoughtful."
Allura genuinely smiled at them bickering at each other. Lance was right; they were absolutely adorable together.

Allura jumped up when she heard music blast from speakers on the far side of the room. A deep male voice began singing along hard beats. "Hey, hey, hey..."
"If you want, you can watch the first round then jump in when you get it." Lance told Keith. He stubbornly shook his head. "Thanks for the offer, but no."
Lance raised his eyebrow. "You sure...? You just learned it, our group's been rehearsing for days...."
"Oh, don't worry about me." Keith tried to keep a calm face. Lance's eye twitched as they began to move to the music so expertly Allura wasn't even sure it was humanely possible to move from one position to another in a second. But damn they weren't kidding when they'd told her Lance can dance.

He moved his hips to the beat completely in sync to the music, and he let his body move swiftly and smoothly, almost like water. Allura was completely mesmerized, but everyone seemed to be staring at Keith and the way his shirt went up when he moved his hips and his arms. The rest of Lance's group moved completely devoted to the beat, utterly concentrated in their body movements. It was like watching an artist bring a piece together, stroking a smooth canvas then leaving a beautiful trail of color behind the brush. The thing that surprised everyone the most was that Keith had learned the whole dance in a matter of half an hour. He was picking things up as well from the people moving in the mirrors in front of him.

"It's..." Allura began.
"Mesmerizing? Amazing? Pornographic? Yeah." Pidge finished off for her, also admiring the way they all moved in sync.

Keith wasn't having it though. He knew his body was like wind through fire, moving swiftly from one direction to another. He knew his shirt rode up his waist and how his joggers hugged his hips, he was just staring at Lance and how he wanted to prove to him that he could do it.
Lance read this immediately from the way Keith was sneaking glances at him, so he decided to step it up a notch, popping his hips out more and moving even faster yet delicately. He wasn't planning on being made a fool out of today, especially by a newbie.

They didn't begin to notice it turned into a competition until Lance stopped following the routine and started dancing on his own.

"Yo the fuck dude?" Keith yelled at him over the music.
"I choreographed it— i can change it!" He yelled back, grinning.
"That's so not fucking fair!" Keith growled, doing his best to follow Lance's movements, then eventually turning them into his own, which Lance then tried to follow.
"Fuck!" Lance bit his lip as the dance song came to an end and everyone stared at the two boys who were completely still, then erupted fighting.
"What the fuck was that?! You don't do that!"
"What the hell do you mean?! I made the dance, I get to change it!"
"Are you forgetting you have a team—?"
"HEY!" Shiro yelled, coming in between them, towering over both of them making them look like children. He looked at Keith. "He's extremely competitive. Don't let him get to you, dude, he's not worth it. Still he doesn't know how to lose!"
"Shut the hell your mouth!" Lance yelled back at Shiro.
"Does this happen often?" Allura whispered at Hunk who took Keith's side.
"Basically all the time—"
"FINE! THE ARROW TONIGHT!" Lance screamed at Keith over Shiro's screams and everyone's talking.
"NO!" Everyone in the room yelled, except Keith who screamed back: "FINE!"
Everyone looked at him and began to flip. "Keith, do you even know what The Arrow is!?" Hunk screamed.
"Of course I know what it is!" Keith yelled back.
"You know how that shit gets dude!"
"And if my dancing doesn't overpower this song of a bitch maybe I can beat that ego out of his fucking—"
"I'd like to see you try, pendejo!" Lance yelled as Shiro and Pidge held him back.
"What the fuck did you just call me?!" Keith screamed back, struggling against Hunk and Allura's arms and bodies to block him from hurting Lance. "Pinche Keith..." Allura muttered.
"ALRIGHT!" A pretty short girl with blonde curls and spandex and an oversized t-shirt stepped in.
"After the game, everyone in here will go to The Arrow—"
"Except me!" Shay waved cheekily from the floor.
"—except Shay, will go to the Arrow. Lance and Keith with duel—"
Hunk's jaw dropped. "Duel?! Those get insane Jessi no—"
"STOP INTERRUPTING!" Jessi screamed which really was the equivalence of cat meowing. "A DUEL! First one to back out will settle the argument of who's the best. The minute a fight breaks out in between anyone here, we're all out of there and we'll keep competing until you stop acting like children!"
The room was quiet, then everyone moved away to give a clear path to Lance and Keith. Lance smirked. "Fine. It's on." He stretched out his long, tan hand.
Keith grit his teeth angrily as Allura felt anger radiating off of him. She wondered if the others felt it as well. "You've got yourself a deal, buddy."
Allura looked up to see Shiro's expression and caught him staring right back at her. Their eyes clicked for a minute before Allura jumped up to the noise of Jessi's loud clap that filled the room.
"Let's get rehearsing, then!"
Lance and Keith didn't speak to each other the rest of the practice hour.
--
Allura wasn't about social events, and Keith knew that damn well. So when Keith decided to drag her out of bed, smear paint on her face, then shove her in his car, you could expect her to put up a fight.
"Do i have to go to the football game?!" She screamed as he smugly smiled and turned the radio up louder. "I only signed up to go to The Arrow!"
"We're going after the game."
"But Mom is gonna be home today..."
"Called Coran. Said she was gonna be late. Anyway, she won't care. We get into an accident, we may not have the law, but we've got guns and drugs." Keith grinned.
"Can't get better than that." She winked, trying to convince herself it was gonna be alright. The last time she'd gone to a school football game she was forced, and saw things under the bleachers that would haunt a fourteen year old for years to come.
"At least you're in the right... attire." He mumbled, ignoring her expression.
"I'm dressed for The Arrow, not this cheap game dedicated to throwing a sack of air across a large area of fake grass." She growled.
"The least you could do it try to be positive. Shiro's playing, so just go and support your friend."
"Friend would be an overstatement."
"I was gonna ask about that. What'd he do this time?"
"Don't say it like that."
"Like what?"
"As if my reasons were ridiculous! I have a good reason for wanting to keep my distance." Allura frowned.
"Let me guess because he's a 'threat to the company'?

Though Allura sensed the mock in his voice, she didn't point it out and kept going. "Yes! Exactly! We don't need—" another person finding out. She didn't finish what she was saying. She didn't tell Keith about what Pidge had seen in the alley earlier that day. She didn't want him to change how he saw his friend. She knew Keith could take the information, he was anything but weak, but she just... couldn't tell him.

He parked far away from the school— they didn't want to be in the traffic after the game. As they walked to the football field, loud yells and music erupted from the bleachers which she swore she heard faintly from their house. As they made their way inside the stadium, Keith grabbed her hand and pulled her quickly through the crowd of angsty teenagers towards the front row of bleachers where Hunk, Pidge, Shay, Lance, and his dance team were cheering loudly along with the rest of the crowd. Hunk pulled her and Keith in between him and Lance, claiming they needed the 'optimal game experience'.

"So... when does this start? End?" Allura sighed, pulling her black Nike pros down.

Hunk chuckled. "Hey now! Live in the moment dude! Anyway, we have a few more hours before the dancing comps actually start."

"She's not very good with these kind of events." Keith told him.

"Once she sees how good we are this season that'll change for sure." Hunk reached across Keith to squeeze her shoulder playfully but felt as if all the bones in her arm had shattered.

The whole stadium erupted into screams as the football team came running out in a wave of white from the field house. The large, bright stadium light blinded her as everyone around her hollered and screamed. She did what she repeatedly told herself to stop doing, but she couldn't help but search for Shiro in the clutter of white uniforms.

"Best part? They're doing great this season." Hunk clapped as Keith and Allura shrugged at each other. She could tell the noise was bothering him too, so they decided to blend in. They screamed as the players got into a straight line in front of their opponents (she didn't catch the name of the school), and both teams took off their helmets. The bleachers got louder then and everyone was standing up now as Lance screamed: "YES DADDY YES!" Allura laughed, as he was obviously talking about Shiro. She screamed as her voice scratched and broke once in a while— she didn't raise her voice like this very often.

They went through the national anthem performed by their (again, surprisingly) good choir and band rather quickly and proceeded to begin playing. They were losing miserably. The score was 0-14, and we were stuck there for about fifteen more minutes before our team scored six points.

Shay asked the question Allura knew the answer to. "Wait, so is the game gonna last longer?"

"I think so, yeah." Allura answered at the question that was directed to Lance, but he was obviously too busy making everyone in the bleachers scream: "DADDY! DADDY! DADDY!"

"Huh." Shay shrugged. "I wish I could go to The Arrow with you guys. Seems so fun not having to have this." She motioned to her metal brace and crutches.

Allura smiled down at her, and sat down next to her. "The Arrow isn't all it's hyped up to be. If you're into drinking and really kinky stuff then have at it."

Shay raised an eyebrow challengingly.

It took a minute for Allura to understand. "OH. Oh. Well..."

Shay laughed. "I'm kidding! And eh, it's okay. One day, though, it'd be so great to go."

"I'll be there to walk you in and loose you the minute you put a foot in that place." Allura chuckled.

Shay smiled. "Is that sweater enough for you? Aren't you cold?"

"Oh, naah, I'm using this to... cover myself up."

"Ooh." Shay grinned then winked at her as Allura laughed. She was such a dork.

Allura jumped up with the rest of the crowd when their team scored a touchdown, she yelled and
cheered along with everyone else. She caught Shiro walking towards Lance as he pulled off his helmet. He was entirely dripping with sweat, and Allura just couldn't help but stare.

"I know." Shay giggled.

Holy shit, Allura thought. I can see why Lance calls him daddy. He went up to Lance and ruffled his hair, laughing at him. He was probably bashful and telling Lance to stop by the way he frowned then shook his head, smirking. She saw Shiro's girlfriend run up to him then kiss him, wrapping him completely in her arms. It reminded her of vines clinging into a tree.

He caught her staring at him, but this time she didn't look away. She smiled at him— but this time it was a genuine, caring smile. He looked shocked at first, then he smiled back up at her as Victoria began to kiss his sharp jaw. That's when she looked away.

"Ugh, I know. It's enough to make anyone uncomfortable." Shay startled Allura.

"Huh?"

"Baby girl don't think I didn't see you looking!" Shay laughed. "I'm looking too."

"Wait, do you... like him?"

"Me. Absolutely not! My heart belongs to the chicken quesadillas from Chipotle." Allura laughed. "But really, no. He's too much."

"Too much?"

"Think about it. He isn't even loyal to the girlfriend he's had for two years."

"Two years?!"

"Yeah! They haven't broken up and... it worries even me. What's gonna happen to him? Her?" Allura frowned. "He seemed like... a nice kid."

"He's nice and helpful and funny, sure, but he acts like such a child when it comes to relationships. He can't maintain one for smack shit." Shay looked up at her as Allura looked up to the field to see Shiro still talking to Lance.

"I..."

"Hey, it's okay. Every girl wants to get with him."

"G-get with him?!!" Allura squeaked. "That's not what I meant at all!"

"Oh!" Shay laughed. "Seemed like it for a while—"

Her voice got cut off by the sound of the speakers screaming "TOUCHDOOOOOOWN!" And the stadium going wild.

"Wow, we're actually doing pretty well." Shay smiled.

"Yeah." Allura laughed when Hunk began to shake Keith's shoulders in excitement which contorted his face into pain. "Hey, when does the game end?" She asked Shay. She took out her phone to look at the time. "About fifteen more minutes. We can technically leave now..."

"I think we're gonna stick around for Shiro."

"I've gotta get home. I think Hunk is taking me—"

"I can take you. Right now. I got pretty bored anyway." Allura smiled.

"Seriously? Sweet, okay."

Allura helped Shay up as they began to walk down the bleachers.

"Yo! Where are you going?" Hunk yelled at them over the loud cheers. "I'm dropping Shay off!" Allura yelled back.

He suddenly dug deep into his backpack and pulled out a few bottles covered in brown bags.

"We're just getting started." He grinned.

Allura and Shay looked at each other. Shay shrugged. "Whatcha got?"

"Take Shiro's he likes it strong." He handed her a tall bottle filled with brown liquid.

"Yo, thanks." She smiled, taking the empty spot next to Hunk, tipping over the bottle into her mouth. "C-can she do that?" Allura asked, coming in between Keith and Hunk.

"Technically, no, but she does it anyway." Hunk shrugs.

"But... health wise?"

"She takes it either way. Trust me, she can handle her liquor."
"I really don't think we should be giving her al—"

A huge buzzer cut her off as the whole stadium erupted into screams once again. She could tell the game was over by the scoreboard—28 to 14. Their school had one, and from what she's heard, that didn't happen often. She saw players throw their helmets to the ground in excitement their went to give their team mates side hugs.

She saw Shiro run up to Victoria who he took into her arms then kissed, tangling his fingers in her hair. Allura looked away.

She looked up to try to find the stars through the bright stadium lights that always seemed to let her find peace and understanding.

Partially because she didn't know what to do. Should she cheer? Scream and jump like all the others? Because she didn't want to admit to herself that her eyes were stinging with tears.

"Hey," Keith turned to look at her, concerned. She somehow flushed out the loud noise around them and heard him as clear as glass. "You okay?"

"Fine, just got allergies." Allura gave her brother a hopeful smile and hoped that that's what it was. But she probably wouldn't figure out what was wrong with her for a while, though. She was too stubborn to admit that she actually had to confront her feelings at one point or another.

After a couple minutes, people trampled each other out of the bleachers as they sat in place, waiting for Shiro to change out of his sweaty, dirty uniform to meet them outside. Hunk had left to drop off Shay, saying he'd be back in about ten minutes.

"So who's goin with who?" Lance asked, lighting the cigarette in between his teeth.

"I've got an equinox, I can—"

"Nope." Jessi crossed her arms as the rest of her and Lance's small dance group stood with their arms crossed, looking serious. "You're all figuring something out. Don't worry about us. You're all gonna hype yourselves up. Together. As friends."

"Won't be a problem." Shiro came up behind her, making her smile.

"Yo! Great game." She punched him on the shoulder playfully.

"Yeah dude! That touchdown man; sick." Pidge grinned up at him.

Allura gave Shiro a small, closed, awkward congratulatory smile.

Keith also grinned up at Shiro. "Yeah man, you guys were great. Better than our old schools."

Allura nodded, smiling at her brother to give herself someone else to focus on.

Shiro's phone went off and he grinned as he opened his phone then shut it off. "We'll go with Hunk. Bought himself a neat Equinox couple months ago. We'll fit if we make it work.

"Alright, cool. It's settled then." Keith said, taking Lance's cigarette out of his mouth, throwing it to the ground, then stomping on it.

"Hey—!

"Don't take one out if you're not gonna offer."

"It's not like anyone here actually smokes—" He was greeted with multiple responses from around their little group.

"Dude, I smoke."

"You never offer."

"You're mexican you're supposed to have good morals."

"Selfish bitch."

"Well Christ, who paid for the pack?" Lance rolled his eyes, handing Keith his pack stubbornly as they passed it around. It's not like they had to worry about getting caught, either. They were one of the three little groups of people scattered in the bleachers.

Allura, Keith, Shiro, Jessi, Pidge, and two other people from Jessi's group took the cigarettes in and out of their mouths, occasionally breathing out smoke rhythmically.

Jessi's phone rang as she threw it to the ground. "Hunk'll text you when he's out. He'll be here in a few. We'll get going—we're gonna eat for a little first. Meetcha there. Anyway, have fun. It's been a real... slice." She winked charmingly and turned away with the rest of the dance group.

Everyone sat in silence for a bit longer, and Allura took that time to think about her day, then a thought led to another, and that to another, and...
"Wait, Pidge." Allura addressed them as they stared down at them curiously.  
"Yeah?"
"Earlier. Lance was talking about something and he said unwritten South Side rule or somethin' like that. We're in the North part of Chicago, so then are you from the South?"
"Lance and Hunk grew up in the South— in Cicero. I grew up here up North and Shiro grew up here in the city. Couple blocks west of Chinatown Square. You?"
"Keith and I are from La Villita. Cicero."
Pidge nodded. "Rough."
"A little." Keith shrugged, letting his cigarette fall on the ground then lightly stepping on it.
Shiro's phone dinged. "Hunk's outside."
"We're off." Lance says, peeling himself away from the metal railing he was leaning against as they all made their way to the parking lot.
Hunk had music playing loudly from his shiny grey car so loud, the vibrations made her teeth shake. Hunk got out as he tossed the keys to Shiro. "You're the boss."
"Gotcha." He winked. "Okay, guys. Who's going where?"
"Allura and I will sit in between Lance and Keith in the back. Hunk, go on the passengers seat."
Pidge instructed.
"On it."
They all filed into their given positions in silence. It was.... awkward, to say the least. It was twelve in the morning, and Allura was starting to get drowsy.
"Hey, lets play some music." Hunk said, cutting the silence. "Allura, pick something." He handed her the aux cord.
"I—"
"Awww dude, do we really wanna listen to some fucking Impale the Veil or Sleeping with Alarms or some shit like that?" Lance whined.
"Pierce the Veil, Sleeping with Sirens, and i don't listen to that!" Allura interjected frustratedly as she took the aux from Hunk and shoved it into her iPhone.
She decided to stick with something she knew everyone knew. "La di da daa, daaa..."
"YOOOOOO!!" The whole car started rampaging as the first few notes (two, to be exact) played. "Let me tell you, I'm out here, from a very far away place all for a chance to be a star, nowhere seems to be too far—" The whole car began singing, even Pidge, who put their phone down to rap along.
"NO MORE PARTIES IN L.A.— PLEASE BABY NO MORE PARTIES IN L.A." Allura laughed at the thrill of their loud, deep voices all around her making her heart vibrate because of how loud they were screaming Kanye's legendary lyrics.
They all danced in their seats and rapped along to every word right in sync. They went on like that until the reached Michigan Avenue since surprisingly, traffic hadn't been that long.
"Yo, open the sunroof, its hot." Allura said into Hunk's ear over the music.
He did as told and Allura jumped up on top of it.
"Let me go up too!" Lance yelled after her, as they sat on the top of the car, they danced casually as the little cars went completely ignoring them as the other just kept rapping faster and faster with each word as they swing their legs lightly in the inside center of the car.
Allura saw the huge, bright skyscrapers and her breath stopped. Even though she'd lived in the city her whole life— her home never ceased to amaze her.
She felt the wind running through her hair as they approached the giant city and bridges. She put her hands up to feel the wind run through her fingers, and she smiled. A genuine, pretty smile. One she hadn't worn in months.
Lance chuckled. "You should smile more often."
She blushed but kept the dimples on her face she only got when she smiled widely. "Someone else seems to think so, too."
She looked down to see Shiro looking up at her, while Hunk scolded him and took the wheel for him
from the passengers seat. She looked down at him and for a minute their eyes just couldn't move away. She smiled then continued to her favorite part of the song, which snapped him out of his little daydream, then grabbed the wheel and continued to sing along with the rest of their friends.

"I feel like Pablo, when I'm workin on my shoes, I feel like Pablo when i see me on the news..."
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

yall im so fucking dead this was such a long ass chapter but anyway happy spoOPY MONTH ;)
Some translations for you:
'amos, cabrones: come on, motherfuckers
Ay pero: okay but
Ay guey: well damn
eres idiota: you're an idiot
Pues que no ves que van a mandar mas polis: well don't you see they're gonna send more cops
A la madre que me lleve la migra: like shit will immigration catch me

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today Allura was wearing black, and she took off her black sweater to reveal more black. Except, this black was a black t-shirt that fit snugly on her small waist and hugged her chest, with the v-neck running down to the upper part of her waist, and short black Nike pros with two breads running along the sides of her head, and black mary-jane docs. She wan't much for the 'proper' clubbing attire. No one payed no attention t9 her clothes as much as how they were paying attention to the tension growing and growing between Lance and Keith.
Lance had worn grey joggers and a white t-shirt and a hat that said "Make America Mexico Again", while Keith wore casual black sweatpants and a black t-shirt with a lazily made man-bun on his head. Lance and Hunk wore skinny jeans and Hunk wore a grey muscle shirt and Shiro wore a white-T shirt. Pidge had also worn black joggers and a grey sweater. They hadn't meant to wear the same thing, matching in monochrome colors, but they weren't up for over-the-top clubbing clothes. They'd been walking for a while now, trying to look chatty and upbeat to blend in with the busy streets and crowds of Logan Square. They parked in front of an old, sad bar on the corner of a street in between blocks of houses, then walked down Michigan street to finally reach the Trending Noodle Restaurant, where they'd turn to find The Arrow.
"Wait... what are we dancing to?" Keith suddenly asked.
"Something hard. Upbeat. Something you can't dance to." Allura chirped. She'd been chosen to pick the music for the duel. "It's always live, and never a cover band. Be grateful I actually found out they'd be coming today."
"They? Wait— is it a band?" Pidge asked her.
"Wait what?! I can't dance to rock! That's literally a law— you just can't dance to rock!" Lance exclaimed. "Shit, I'm telling you, you can't trust these edgy kids."
"Too bad." Allura shrugged. She saw that Keith wasn't too hyped either, so he decided to interrogate her to see what he could get out of her to help him figure out what artist was going to play.
"Do you like them?"
"Yes."
"Do I like them?"
"Yes."
"Are they really heavy rock?"
".... no."
"She hesitated!" Lance whined. Keith shushed him with the wave of his hand.
"Have they played concerts or released new music?"
"No."
"Alternative?"
"Yes."

Shiro was next to speak. "Here." They turned onto a graffiti filled alley. He nodded at the restaurant next to the alley, showing that they were at the right place.  
"Alright, well, I'll go first; be lookout. I'll tell you guys when to come up." Allura sighed, running up to the black, unsupported ladder that hung from the colorful brick building’s side. She jumped on it as Keith shushed her. "Watch it, dumbass!"

"Well, brother, I'd like to see how much noise you'd make running up this goddamn rusty ass... thing!" She growled at him as she climbed it and reached the top of the building. She checked around her on the buildings, and looked out for cops that might be around them. Her eyes caught sight of the tall, bright city in the distance then shook her head.  
"Alright, come on. Quick." Allura called down, watching Keith climb up, then Hunk, the Pidge... Soon they were all on the roof of the couple story tall building.  

Hunk had already walked up to the trap door and held it open for them. They all quietly went down, one by one, gritting their teeth and focusing on any noises that might signify someone watching them.  

Once their feet hit the ground, they let out a sigh of relief.  

Inside, the hollow building had every inch of space taken up by graffiti—the floor, rubble in random places of the room, the ceiling, every single wall...  
"Where's the stairs again?" Lance asked, kicking a scattering cockroach out of the way.  
"Over... here." Allura went into the next room of the abandoned warehouse and opened a huge, metal doorway covered in dust and heavy paint and stickers.  
"One of you better end this argument," Pidge growled. "Because I so do not plan on returning here ever again."

"Oh, Pidge. You always say that." Lance said ruffling their hair, smiling.  
As they walked down the narrow stairs one behind the other as Pidge and Lance bickered, it felt like an eternity.  

The Arrow was deep deep underground, and it was about a ten minute walk to find the bouncer.  
"This is the worst part." Hunk growled. "All these stairs and for what? Getting thrown up on you? Literally losing your hearing for a day?"

Allura smiled. "I know right? It's great."

"Great? Dude, no offense, but youre fucking crazy." Pidge laughed. She laughed with them.  
"I guess. You just gotta... own it, you know?" Allura said as the metal stairs under their feet clattered under the low, grime and moth covered florescent lights. That made the stone walls around them look green.  

Pidge shrugged. "You're right, I guess." Allura saw the gears in their mind turning through their face.  
"Wait... how did you contact the club?"

"I'm a... regular here." Allura lied. Would saying 'I supply drugs to them' really be an acceptable answer?  
"Shit." Lance scoffed in amusement.  
"Anyway, I honestly didn't really think you've guys have ever been here. It's not really a common... hangout place." She said as they walked down a long corridor.  
"Long story." Shiro smiled at the thought of it. "... and we've still got a little more to walk. Lance, wanna tell her?"

"Hell yeah I do." He grinned, casually putting his hands on the back of his head.  
"When i started to street dance back in...."

"8th grade." Hunk reminded him.  
"8th grade! Yeah, back then, i was pretty good for my age. But what i didn't know was that a ton of them came all back to The Arrow, so i kept winning against a ton of groups. La Calabera, The Reynolds, even The Masquerade—"
"Holy shit, that was insane." Pidge laughed.
Lance smiled at them then continued. "And there was this one team... El León."
"Yo duuude..." Hunk gasped at the memory.
Shiro shook his head. "Fuuuck."
"No but that shit was wild. We never got to finish our fight. The cops came in to the alley and they backed out so fast I couldn't catch even one the guys' faces. It was intense. It was by far the best dance battle I've ever been. It may have been three years ago, but I remember how his hips moved, and his hands, and his waist... man, I jerk off to the memory."
"LANCE!" Shiro laughed as Keith and Allura grimaced and Pidge slapped him on his arm in an annoyed manner. "Ew." Hunk cringed.
"But," Lance continued, grinning. "That shit changed my life. Those guys were amazing and beating me so I decided to step my game up. They were Legendary. I've been looking for them ever since, but... haven't heard of them anywhere. Back onto the story— after they left, I kept on competing. Eventually, I got into the top five street groups in Chicago with my dance group. Shiro and Hunk and Pidge and I have been friends since around the sixth or seventh grade and they were there for every single one of my battles. They moved to the top with me. So The Arrow eventually found us and we got to compete. Got second place. Not bad for a couple of fifteen year olds." He grinned proudly. She also traced a little cockiness on his face. "I've got free drinks there for life now, though. But I don't really like drinking—"
"He can't hold his liquor well." Shiro interrupted.
"I CAN!" Lance yelled, which echoed a bit down the hall. He mumbled: "Pendejo."
"It's ironic though. Can't handle beer but can handle like fifteen joints?" Shiro laughed.
"I'll give him credit for that." Keith said. "But what a pussy. Really? A beer?"
"Say that to me one more time and I'll beat that pretty little grin off your fa—"
"WOAAH woah woah guys." Hunk and Shiro came in between Lance and Keith as they started to get into fighting positions.
"Not here. Not now." Pidge said, slapping both Lance and Keith on the back of the head as a bright blue light flickered far off in the distance.
"We're here, anyway." Pidge said as they all shut their mouth and straightened up as the they approached the bouncer covered in glitter from head to toe.
"Welcome. Got your way in?" He spoke, though his voice was a bit high and feminine.
"Guys, turn around." Allura said.
"What?" Hunk asked.
"Turn around. Look the other way." She repeated as they gave each other an odd look and turned around.
Keith and Allura pulled their shirts up without hesitation to show both the upper part of their right shoulder blade to reveal the big tattoo of a big lion growling with its big mane made of fire.
"You couldn't have worn a bra, Allura?" He growled, obviously annoyed.
"Woulda made my top look bad, brother." She grinned as she saw the boys' backs stiffen up and even felt their faces contort.
"Oh, shit." The bouncer squeaked, looking at the tattoo on their back. "Come in, you guys. Welcome back. As always, drinks on us."
They pulled their shirts down. "Okay, you can look." Allura said as she adjusted her top. They all turned back with their faces in a small state of shock. She hid her smirk. "They're with us." Keith said.
"I'll let them go. But did they know the way to get in—?"
"We know, all the presidents of the United States by twos." Shiro said.
"Great. Come on in, guys."
He pressed a rather large button covered in stickers and it opened up a small elevator door with blue fluorescent lights inside.
"Wait," the bouncer stops them. "Lance and Keith, right?"
"Yes." Lance suddenly stopped and became much more serious as Keith's hand grew into a fist. A
defensive reflex.
"Wait for the next elevator."
"Why?" Keith came in front of everyone else protectively, before Lance frowned and came up next to him.
"You're competing. Wanna know where to go, right?"
"Oh... right." Keith's shoulders lost their tension, but he still looked alert.
"Well good luck, you two. Be good." Allura said, stepping into the elevator.
"Yeah, Lance. Don't do anything stupid." Hunk said, as Shiro laughed. "That's right. Do well."
"Thanks daddy."
"Lance I swear to fucking God—"
"OOOkay. Well, hope you guys do great. Bye!" Pidge said quickly as they shoved Shiro and Hunk into the elevator.
As the door closed, Hunk yelled: "Remember— no fighting!"
The people on the elevator hoped the boys heard, but they all doubted it.
"Jessi's group is gonna be with them, i'm pretty sure. Keep an eye on everything." Pidge checked their watch. "They should be going on at about... two."
"Two?! Is it that late?" Allura frowned then sighed. "I've got to admit, I'm pretty sleepy."
"At least you have an unlimited amount of drinks at your disposal." Hunk scoffed.
"Sure, but if anything that makes me sleepier..." She looked at the ground, disappointed. She then looked at Shiro and saw red in his cheeks as she saw his eyes had scanned over her body. She wanted to say something badly, but she had to keep her promise. She couldn't have Pidge expose her. So Allura turned around and pretended to fix the belt on her docs.
As the elevator dinged softly she turned and saw the heavy metal doors open slowly, and thats when the deafening music hit.
The nightclub was filled with people sweating and dancing in extravagant outfits and hairstyles. The stage had a DJ in the center covered in glitter, and Allura hoped that was a bodysuit. There were cages and little domes over the dancing people in the center in blue, pink, and purple lights. The room could've been pretty big, but the tight people packed in made the room appear much smaller. The bars off to the left and right side of the room were busy and constantly in a flurry of movement.
There were people dancing from the balcony, and she could see people lounging around with drinks in their hands.
"Come on, lets get drinks." Hunk said over the music as they all followed him to the right bar, pushing through sweating and dancing people.
They slammed up to the bar after harshly pulling away from the crowd.
The buff bartender was cleaning out a cup as he glared at them for a second, then his face lit up.
"Allura! Long time no see. How ya been?" His voice was so deep he didn't really have to yell for them to hear him.
"Im great, John. Just great." She hoped he could sense the sarcasm, considering she had walked through a throng of people for only two minutes and was already covered in glitter and sweat that wasn't her own.
"Where's Keith?"
She grinned. "Preparing for a duel."
"No shit! Again? Bet he's gonna win again. That kid is gold. On some Magic Mike shit."
"Isn't he? She laughed. "Anyway, did you guys change policies or somethin'? They asked for Keith up there by the elevator."
"Oh, yeah. Since the duel season isn't over yet, gotta plan ahead. Get special times and shit. They're planning when they'll go on right now probably."
"Oh, cool. Know about when we'll see them?"
He shrugged as the bright pink and blue lights behind him lit up the glass bottles of liquor behind him. "Dunno, but because of Keith you guys'll go first. The guy he dueling good?"
"Hell yeah." She smiled.
"The best. His name's Lance." Pidge spoke.
"Lance? I remember when he danced with his team. They were amazing, still remember it. We barely get good dance teams on stage, he was one of the best of the season. Shame he didn't come that often after that."
"Said he didn't wanna loose the thrill of the place." Shiro said as he moved his hair out of his face.
"Bet. Anyway," John looked at her. "These your new boy toys?"
"New?" Hunk squeaked.
"Boy toys?" Pidge asked.
Allura laughed. "Nah, just a couple of friends. Came to settle an argument. Seen Lance's team around?"
"Sure. They're out back. You'll see them later though. Jessi got scarier."
Hunk snorted. "Has she ever actually been chill?"
"Wait... you look familiar. Weren't you guys with Lance a few times?"
"Yeah, I only came once though." He said.
"Give us your hardest mix." Allura said slowly.
John stayed silent.
"Make it really sweet!"
"That's my girl."
He turned to make their drinks.
She turned to the guys who looked awkward. "Whats up?"
"Nothing, just... how do you know him?" Hunk asked.
"Boy toy? How many guys do you normally bring here?" Shiro asked.
She shrugged, but kept a devilish grin on her face.
"Here." John said behind her. As she turned and grabbed the smoking shots and passed them around to her friends. "Enjoy. Be good, Allura."
"Thanks." She smiled softly at him as they went to the center of the room, a couple yards away from the high stage, right under the giant cages holding dancing girls and men, and both.
They made a small circle between them and she sighed.
"Bottoms up." She grinned through the music as they all drank the steaming blue liquid in unison. As they threw their shot glasses down and let them shatter on the floor.
"Whoa!" Shiro yelled as he shut his eyes tightly and shook his head, grinning.
"Holy shiiit..." Pidge said as their eyes stared off to the ceiling where they looked off, looking like they were contemplating every decision that's brought them there.
Hunk shook his head grinning, as Allura simply moved her hips to the music and laughed, putting her hands in the air, dancing.
She laughs. "Well dance! We've only got a bit to ourselves before they come on."
So they did.
The became completely swallowed by the dancing crowd as glass crunched under their feet. They jumped on their feet and put their hands in the air, accidentally touching with the people besides them. They felt heat that topped the hottest day in Chicago, which made long streams of sweat spill down their faces and bodies and made their clothes damp.
But they had their eyes closed. They couldn't bear to ruin what they felt— like they were floating. It felt like this was all that existed. The music and bodies around them had taken over their minds, leaving no room for worries or school or their futures— nothing.
Then a huge airhorn went off, and then their eyes opened and slowly adjusted on each other, then they found themselves laughing. Allura's matte lipstick had done what she hated when she smiled too wide— it became an odd texture, but she didn't stop laughing. In fact, she laughed harder as she swiped her sleeve across her lips to take it off.
Hunk was laughing at her, which made Pidge laugh so hard, they were bent down a little, holding
their stomach from laughing too hard.
But Shiro wasn't laughing. He was smiling. He was smiling at Allura. He was smiling at Allura laughing completely defenseless; with no boundaries up. He looked at the way her cheeks got high and her eyes got smaller and her teeth kind of even reflected the blue and pink lights around them. He saw her shoulders moving up and down along with her chest in laughter. Black doesn't suit her, thought Shiro. She's too vibrant to be in such a drowning color. Too colorful. Too... beau—
The lights everywhere suddenly went still and red and a deafening airhorn lasted for ten seconds as the crowd quieted, facing the stage. The red lights reflected on their eyes as they stared up to the stage in curiosity and wonder.
"Welcome," Said an echoing female voice that replaced the music. "To The Arrow." There were cheers around the crowd that they couldn't help but join.
"Where your wildest fantasies are sure to come. Come, Keith. Lance. Your battle will begin in three minutes."
Then Lance walked out of the left wing of the stage as Keith walked out the right and they looked... stunning. The crowd seemed to think so as well. They whooped and yelled and cheered which made the whole room shake so much, there was a small constant fear the room might collapse. There was a small crowd of people surrounding both of their sides, watching intently.
Lance was wearing grey skinny joggers with only a black leather jacket over him and a red bandana on his head. But that didn't catch much attention as his body did.
"Holy fuck, is that a six pack?!" Allura squinted her eyes and tiptoed to see over the crowd to her friend.
"Hell yeah that is!" Hunk laughed and screamed. "That's my boy!"
Pidge stared in blank wonder. "He looks like one of those guys from those Mexican paintings..."
Allura looked down at them. "An Aztec?"
"Man... he's shredded."
Allura laughed.
But Keith was also looking as good and showing his figure off as well. He wore a black crop top with slick black leggings and a white mesh sweatshirt. His hair was down and his mullet— she was ashamed to admit— looked suitable. His pale, small body was almost childlike, yet he had the aura of someone with unimaginable power. But then again, he kind of does.
"And welcome..." the woman's oddly attractive voice continued over the noise. "Arctic Moneys."
The crowd turned oddly silent for a second. Everyone was sure they could get the feeling that they probably couldn't possibly dance to something that alternative.
"Wait, what?" Keith asked, his mic projecting his voice around the room.
"What, pretty boy? Can't handle a little challenge?" Lance smirked.
"Wow. Sad. So insecure you gotta terrorize me?" Keith scoffed.
"Insecure?" Lance laughed sharply, yet his laugh still sounded like chiming bells. "Are you kidding? I can beat your ass."
"Wanna go now? Let's go." Lance and Keith had begun to angrily walk towards each other before Jessi jerked Lance back as another girl had harshly pulled Keith back.
"Ow—!"
Jessi had yelled at Lance so hard, her voice was heard all around the room through Lance's mic. "No fighting!"
"But really though... how are we supposed to dance to some white tumblr music?" Keith asked, looking for Allura in the crowd until their eyes finally met. She grinned at him and held a thumbs up.
"Hate to agree with him... but he's right." Lance said. "Is it too late to change the ban—"
"One minute." The anonymous woman's voice boomed through the room.
Keith and Lance stood casually, showing that they were calm and relaxed and totally not worried—but Allura could tell by how Keith was standing, he was anxious. She grinned at this. He'd thank her later.
The woman's voice came back on. "Three... two... one." Two white lights slid brightly over Keith and Lance, making them the center of attention everywhere as the lights everywhere else around the
club became normal— blue and pink and purple.
"Let the duel begin."
The crowd went completely wild, and so did they.
Smoke came over Lance and Keith as a platform began to come out above both their heads, high over them. That's when the guitar and drums began playing.
"Put on your dancing shoes, there's one thing on your mind..."
Keith and Lane's eyes both widened as they stared at each other for a quick second, then as if planned, they both smirked at each other as Lance motioned for the light to go to him. The light over Keith went out, which left Lance completely in the spotlight.
And then he began to dance. He moved his hips expertly to the music, moving his arms and legs in ways so perfect Allura felt herself almost forget how to breathe. Then he pointed at Keith, challengingly.
The bright white light then went to Keith, and he didn't hesitate for a second. "Some might exchange a glance, but keep pretending to dance.." He moved his waist like a snake might slither, smoothly and definite.
"YES KEITH!" Allura yelled from the crowd as he winked at her from the stage.
"Holy shit this, like, better than porn." Hunk fawned.

I think I like them better when they're drunk, Allura thought.
As they kept dancing, Keith did something that everyone else yelped and and cheered even louder for, but boggled Allura. Keith had come up to Lance and began to dance all over him for his turn.
"Put on your dancing shoes, you sexy little swine. Hoping they’re looking for you, sure you’ll be rummaging through..." Through this part of the song, Keith had caressed Lance's jaw for a certain move, then popped his butt out, then winked back at him, which left Lance completely baffled, and seemed grateful that Keith was still moving. She could only think of two reasons. He liked the way her brother moved or he was still in shock over what her brother did. Either way, she hoped it was just the alcohol.
As the song came to an end, they both had the spotlight on them, signaling for them to dance at the same time, and they did, finishing with the loud sound of drums. The entire club roared.
"I mean yeah, if I had my ass in your face, you'd be pretty surprised as well, wouldn't you?" Lance grumbled in frustration, fanning himself to cool down... and probably to hide the blush on his cheeks.
"Oh, don't be so dramatic. You just won't admit im winning."
"Nah, dumbass. You think you're winning? Watch this. YO!" Lance called up. "Play You Probably Couldn't See." He looked back down to lock eyes with Keith. "Watch this."
The music started up again. "One look sends it coursing through the veins oh how the feeling races, back up to their veins to form expressions on their stupid faces..." As the song went on, Lance grumbled in frustration, fanning himself to cool down... and probably to try to hide the blush on his cheeks.
It's as if Lance has used a wild card, because Keith wasn't expecting that.
"Lets go, Keith!" Shiro yelled as Pidge whooped.
"VAMOS HERMANO!" Allura cheered to her brother.
Keith now had the light on him and then began dancing until Lance stopped him by grinding against him on the best part of the song Keith obviously wanted to dance to.
"And now that you're more than a part in the play, it's slightly easier to think what to say..." Lance moved his hips and waist carefully, slowly, and seductively against Keith's lower parts. And he looked... apalled. But in a good way or bad way, was the real question.
"YES LANCE!!" Pidge screamed. "Get that DICK!"
"We should get Pidge drunk more often." Allura yelled at Hunk over the music.
"You should see them on a normal night past 12 A.M." He laughed.
Lance danced on Keith through the remainder of the short song, but what shocked Allura was that Keith didn't move, his face didn't have a look of disgust on it, and she was pretty sure at one point she heard a sharp breath that was his. But he also didn't have a boner.
Wait, Allura thought. I thought he would've at least...
As Lance moved away from Keith in pleasure in knowing that he had completely shocked Keith and had probably won, for the crowd was basically rioting over what he'd done to Keith.
But... Keith began to laugh. The club went silent in shock, and Lance looked so surprised, almost scared.
"I hope you enjoyed jerking off to my hips for all those years." He laughed loudly. "Because I'm El León."
It was the calm before the storm, but instead of a storm, it was a hurricane.
The club was completely flipped.
But not as much as Allura.
"WHAT THE FUCK?!" She yelled. "WHAT THE FUCK?!"
"ALLURA, DID YOU KNOW?!" Shiro yelled over her own screams and the screams of others. She didn't respond, but only gave him a stressed look. "I..." she saw a man passing with a tray in his hand as she took four of the shots that he balanced on his silver tray. She downed them instantly then let them shatter on the floor.
"Yo, I—" Lance looked... completely wrecked.
"Mhmm. That was me. In fact, the rest of my guys are with me." Keith looked behind him and motioned with his fingers for his team to come out from the little group of people from his side.
"amor, cabrones!"
Four men and a tall girl emerged and went behind him. "Wanna finish that battle, Lance?" He winked.
Lance stayed silent for a few seconds until he took his leather jacket off, threw it to the floor, and let the white light glitter on his sweating chest. "Hell yeah I do." Jessi and the rest of his team stood behind him as well.
Lance and Keith's glare at eachother from across the stage sent huge waves of tension across the room. In unison, they looked up and shouted "Electricity!"
"Good luck, pretty boy." Lance winked.
"Right back at you." Keith smirked mischievously as the heavy guitar riffs cut through the room.
"Holy shit, I love this song!" Allura said as she begun to dance to it a bit as she looked at the duel going on the stage. She forgot the anger she felt towards her brother since she drowned it in liquor, and in anger and just feeling to ruin something, she ripped her white hair out of their two braids and let her curly hair loose.
She saw Lance and Keith take turns dancing, prowling around eachother like tigers preparing to snap their jaws at eachother. Both groups moved with such a passion, such a vibe, the crowd couldn't help but move as well.
As she was about to yell encouragements to them, a rather handsome man had come up beside her.
"Busy?" His words were slurred. He was drunk.
"Uhm... yeah." Allura tripped over her foot as she turned to look at him, but them quickly regained her balance. "That's my broder up there! Needs my support." She barely noticed that even her words were becoming unrecognizable.
"So get aguay from me... perv."
"Aight, mami, don't be like that..." He got closer as she took a step back.
"Christ, don't call me that! And anyway, youre white. Sounds weird when ya say it." She giggled stupidly.
"Hey, I don't bite..."
She held her arms in front of her to keep him away, but he was far too strong. He'd gotten a hold of her waist—
"N-no." She grunted softly.
"Hey, now..." His hand began to trail down her back, and his hand was slowly creeping into her shorts... Bright and loud alarms began to go off in her hazy mind.
"I said get OFF OF ME!" She pulled her hand back in a fist to throw in a punch, but saw a long, muscular arm cut her vision and saw a tan fist collide with the man's face.
She traced the arm up and saw it belonged to Shiro. Time slowed, and as his fist was halfway through the man's face, Allura whipped her head up to look at the stage and saw that at the exact moment Shiro had thrown the first punch, Keith had thrown his. She saw his fist collide with Lance's face, then quickly turned to look at Shiro again.

"Oh, fuck!" The man screamed out loud as he grabbed his bleeding nose. "You broke my nose!" He looked behind him and snapped his fingers, then eight other men turned around. Frat boys. Big, muscular frat boys.

"Oh, no." Shiro said as he took Allura's hand, and by instinct turned to grab Pidge's.

"RUN!" Shiro and Allura yelled behind them quickly as they sharply pushed and shoved through the thick crowd slowly, as if swimming in honey.

"What did you guys do?!" Pidge squeaked as they tried to make their way to the very front of the stage, unsure of what to do when there.

"This guy started getting all grabby, so Shiro punched him— which I could've done myself of course!" Allura said, panicked, as her senses begin to come back to her because of the chaos. They may have been weaving their way through the crowd, but the fray boys were simply pushing as if the people in their way were bowling pins, which brought them closer and closer to them within seconds.

"FUCK FUCK FUCK!" They ran faster and finally reached the far stairs on the right side of the stage. 

"LET'S GO!" Shiro yelled as they quickly ran up on stage as the band still played music and smoke still spilled over their platform.

Shiro pushed through both team members trying to break up Lance and Keith's fight, got behind them, grabbed them by the hair, and slammed their heads together so hard Shiro thought he heard a crack.

"OW!" Screamed Lance, holding his nose.

"WE HAVE TO GO, NOW!" Shiro yelled.

Allura began to defend Pidge by getting in front of them and throwing and blocking successful punches, keeping an eye out for Shiro's next direction, which he eventually gave. But then she found someone grab her arm as three boys easily lifted her up.

"HEY, GOT OFF ME!" Her voice nasally yelled as she picked and punched, but their grip wouldn't budge.

She felt a kick and a punch coming from the man who had her, and as he fell she fell along with him, but she had the advantage because she fell on top of him.

Allura quickly got up and followed everyone backstage behind the heavy curtains.

"I know a faster exit! Follow me!" Keith yelled as their big group ran on his heels as Pidge and Allura dropped things in front of the frat boys to trip and distract them. Anything they could find, such as glass, cables, boxes, clothing.

As they weaved through people backstage exclaiming "Hey!" Or "Watch it!", they reached a heavy metal door and they didn't waste time opening it.

"Hurry up!" Keith said, holding the door open for everyone as they filed in. As Allura and Pidge ran in, they tried to close the door quicker by the three trying to close it together. But one guys had managed to weave his way in and had pounced on the first person he came across, which was Hunk.

"Yo dude get OFF!" He yelled, as he punched him in the temple so hard the noise of skin hitting skin echoed in the small, closed damp chamber.

Allura grabbed him by the collar as she dragged him out of the door and threw him out, which gave Keith the opportunity if the pulling hands opposite of the door to let go in surprise as they saw their unconscious friend thrown out.

Keith slammed the door shut then found a big lever he shakily used to shit the door completely. Now it was about 15 people in a room that should only accommodate about seven. It was just their heavy breathing and panting, sweat, and the heavy smell of liquor.

"You guys alright?" Asked Allura.

"No."

"I think my eye is swollen."
"Holy shit who were they?"
"Yo shit wait you're all talking to fast." Allura put her hands to her temples then shook her head. "I just wanna say something first..." She harshly turned to her brother then slapped him across the face a bit too harshly she thought about hesitating and saying sorry for a moment. She heard someone yell "Stop fighting!" And felt several hands hold her back through the darkness. "Woah woaahah calm down!" They told her.
"YOU'RE EL LEÓN AND YOU DIDN'T TELL ME!?!" She yelled at him as the dark circular tall room echoed her voice. "WE'RE BEST FRIENDS I THOUGHT WE TOLD EACHOTHER EVERYTHING!" She didn't realize she sounded like a child.
"Ay, is okay, girl." A male voice with a heavy Mexican accent spoke a few feet to her left. "He wanted to tell you, but he says you were just... too busy i guess."
"Too busy?" Allura whispered. "Too bUSY? KEITH YOU KNOW I WOULD'VE SUPPORTED YOU! YOU KNOW I—"
"ALLURA SHUT UP AND LISTEN!" Keith yelled as silence hung in the air. "That's exactly why I didn't tell you, fucking dumbsass! I didn't want my passion to become a burden! This was when mom kept you inside and wouldn't let you leave and when you had so much shit you had to do I didn't want you coming to support me to be on your fucking to-do list."
"A burden?" Allura looked at him blankly. "Hermanito, your passion will never be a burden to me."
"Well it sure as hell seemed like it at the time. It's too late to change that anyway. My team members only got together for tonight for this last battle I guess. Flaca has a baby she's gotta take care of, and Eduardo's got college—"
"Ay pero who says I can't keep dancin'?" A feminine voice with pretty accent says.
"Your boyfriend!" Keith, and four other men yelled.
"Ay, guey..." she scoffed.
"But brother, really. I wish you would've told me." Allura touched his cheek gently and kindly, like a mother would.
Keith's voice became gentle. "You were too busy at the time. It hurt me not telling you, Allura. It really did."
They hugged tightly as Pidge shook their head. "This is some shit straight outta Modern Family or something."
Then the door began shaking violently.
"YO, GET OUTTA THERE!" "You can't hide in there forever!" The voices outside the door screamed.
"Oh, yeah," A male voice said in darkness. "In case you forgot— HOW ARE WE GETTING OUT!?"
"Here." Shiro says as metal clanks spring across the room.
"Wait is this... a ladder? Where does it go?" Allura asked as everyone began to follow Shiro up the ladder.
"Far Logan Square, the tunnels will take us to Wicker, from there we'll figure somthin' out." Said Keith under Allura as she began to climb up the ladder behind someone she couldn't distinguish in the darkness.
They climbed up the rusty ladder in silence for about fifteen minutes before there was a heavy thud.
"Ow! Fuck!" Shiro yelled.
"Aaaand that's the door. Shoulda warned you, sorry." Keith said. "Open it"
Shiro did as told and soft, green tinted lighting washed over them. And a sickening smell.
"I'm gonna throw up." A male voice said as it crawled out of the tight room, groaning. As soon as everyone was out of the little obviously long chamber, Keith closed it with a heavy metal slate. They were in a stone, cold and dark tunnel and one small look around told Allura where they were.
"Are we in an... underground tunnel thing? Like..." Pidge gasped. "Harry Potter! You know, that one movie..."
"We should make 'em drink more often." Keith scoffed.
"That's what i said!" Allura laughed. "Yes, we're underground in the sewerage system it seems."
"Smells like shit." Lance complains, covering his nose.
"Because we're literally standing around shit, genius." Keith growled.
"Okay well how about you watch that fucking attitude of yours, Kei—"
"Stop it!" Jessi yelled. "For fuck's sake! Stop for like five minutes!"
Lance rolled his eyes and Keith frowned, crossing his arms. "This way." He said as they walked along graffiti covered walls.
As they walked for about thirty minutes in silence, Keith finally spoke again. "Here. But... I'll go first. Careful."
"Brother, please don't tell me we're gonna have to come up through a main street." Allura said slowly.
"Ay, cabron!" Flaca rolled her eyes as everyone began to groan and panic.
"Eres idiota." Allura mumbled.
"You really wanna die don't you..." one of Lance's team members whispered.
"Alright, alright!" Keith growled. "I get it! I'm an idiot. But let's go because the smell is gonna make me pass out." He climbed up a short ladder leading up to a manhole and slowly tipped the cover up and immediately slammed it down as a car came whooshing past him. "Shit!"
"Oh my God, Keith! Are you okay?" Allura quickly went up to her brother.
"I don't think this is gonna work..." Jessi shook her head. "We've gotta get back down—"
"I don't think so." The nine boys they were running from stood in a group. "Think you could hit my boy Ryan like that?"
"Your boy Ryan?" Keith groaned. "Oh fuck me." In a flash he got up and sprinted out of the manhole and everyone else followed in a flash as they heard cars honking maniacally. There were several yells and shouts as the moonlight shined over them. They ran and ran on streets they were having trouble adjusting to and figuring out where they were.
"Don't stop running!" A man from Keith's dance group yelled at them as they sprinted down streets and stores in the lonely darkness.
The boys behind them had no trouble keeping up, though.
"Why the fuck are there even frat boys in a club like that? Shouldn't they be having their lame college sorority parties?!" Pidge yelled.
They ran farther and farther until at one point, there were sirens. Police sirens.
"Oh FUCK ME!" Keith screamed into the sky as he shook his head and the sirens came closer and closer.
The frat boys then stopped and began walking, looking casual. After all, they were all white. Wasn't like they were the ones that were gonna get in trouble.
"SPREAD OUT!" yelled Hunk. "We'll meet up at Addison station as soon as we all can—Wrigleyville. If you're not there, we'll call." He said breathlessly. "Stay off main streets! NOW GO!"
And everyone spread different directions, some going with a group, and others by themselves.
Allura had grabbed Keith hand, who by instinct grabbed Flaca's, then they ran onto Le Moyne street. They saw the cop car turn away from them, which sent Allura into a frenzy.
"Wait— Shiro went that way! Oh my god, and so did Lance! Shit shit shit we have to go back for them!" She panted as Flaca ran as her heels clanked on the ground.
"Allura, no! Pues que no ves que van a mandar mas polis??" She said to Allura.
"I got them into this mess—!"
"NO!" Keith and Flaca yelled as Allura looked in front of them and back repeatedly.
"No!" Allura yelled as she jerked her hand away from Keith's and began to run back.
"No, you idiot!" Keith tackled her to the ground and looked up, where there was another cop car racing towards them. "They're calling reinforcements! Allura we have to GO!" He yelled at her as she got up and ran to catch up with Flaca, giving her no time to protest.
"What if he gets caught?!
"I didn't even say thank you!"
"What?" Keith asked, in between pants.
"He punched that white guy for me!"
"Allura, be more specific they were all white!"
"You know what i mean!" She yelled back. "Oh, God. I just hope Lance and Shiro are okay— wait, that means they sent cops to everyone. We're getting chased by the cops—!"
The sirens came closer and closer. "A la madre que me lleve la migra!" Screamed Flaca as she grabbed both Allura and Keith's hands and steered them into a narrow alley through where the cop car couldn't possibly fit.
They ran and heard a door open and shut quickly, keys, and a cocking gun.
As they jumped over a barbed fence into a yard, they came across a shed house and quietly shuffled into it, trying their hardest to keep their ragged breathing quiet. They were sure the cops hadn't seen them come into the shed house. They hoped they didn't.
Then their breathing stopped completely as they heard heavy male voices speaking in between breaths. "They went this way!" One spoke from the right. "No they didn't, Carl! I swear I saw them go right!"
"To hell with them then, Matilda! Shit I just want to get home..."
Then a staticky radio spoke. "Caught two men, about nineteen or twenty, 'round Millennium Park."
Flaca, Lance, and Allura all looked at each other in absolute pain and shock and raw fear. They couldn't have possibly gotten as far as Millennium Park, could they...?
"Found em vandalizing some of the statues there. Wish I could leave em, though. Damn kids are makin' that shit 'art' better."
Allura and Keith and Flaca's shoulders lost their tension. She grinned at both Allura and Keith as she smiled back.
"Alright, well," Matilda sighed. "We lost our guys—"
"Hell are you gettin' paid for?! Find 'em!" The staticky voice yelled.
"Alright, alright! Yeesh..." Matilda spoke as she sighed. "Lets go back to the car and call Lupe to take the other side of the Alley. Couldn't have gone that far, and probably gonna meet back with the others."
"Alright." Carl said gruffly. "Or lets at least try to catch at least any two kids. Boss' gonna be pissed if he finds out this is the fifth we've let slip this month."
Matilda sighed as they heard footsteps retreat back and eventually heard two car doors and tires against gravel. Then it was completely silent.
As if on cue, all of them let out a long, loud breath.
"Oh, my God." Keith laughed, completely astonished. "This has probably been the longest night of my life."
"Ay, si. Man, you guys are just more and more stories for my kids!" Flaca laughed.
"Kids?" Keith asked.
Flaca smiled. Allura saw she kind of reminded her of Selena, in a way. "Remember when mi macho went to help out to some kids in Africa, right? That one hospital thing?"
"Oh! Like that Grey's Anatomy shit?" Allura interjected.
"Yeah! He got really attached to a small kid. His name's Ty. We're gonna adopt him." Flaca smiled. "Oh my God! Holy shit, congrats!" Keith reached over to hug his friend. "Look at you, twenty and two kids?"
Allura smiled. "Congrats, dude."
"Ay, gracias." Flaca smiled as she fixed her soft black curls. "We should call the others, make sure they're okay. I'll call Eduardo and Juanito."
"Yeah," Keith took out his phone. "I'll try to call Hunk and Geronimo. Allura yo—"
"I'll call Lance and Shiro." She quickly said as they all took out their phones and called their friends. The rings were the only sounds in the small anxiety-filled shed.
First it was Flaca who talked. "Juan! Ay, gracias a Dios..."
Then Keith. "Hunk! You and Pidge are okay?! And Gero— yes! Oh my God..."
But Shiro's phone went straight to voicemail. She called Lance. No answer. Her heart became heavy and her body became numb and her fingertips and stomach tingled. She tried calling again and again, but still, no answer.
"Oh my God. Oh my God." Allura felt her voice crack. "They're not answering. They got caught. Fuck! They got caught..."
Keith shook her violently. "Allura! I bet they're fine!"
"Then why aren't they answering—!"
Her phone began to ring, and as soon as she saw Shiro's name, her hand shook so much she had to try to answer several times. "Shiro? Shiro!"
Loud pants came from the other side of the line as Lance spoke. "Allura? Allura! Yeah! We're still in trouble— meet us at the Alley behind Stan's Donuts by the station—!" Then there was a loud grunt and the sound of a loud slap.
"Lance? LANCE! What's going on—?!"
"Hurry!" Then the call ended.
"Oh fuck me!" Keith slammed his head against the shed in frustration.
"Pues vamos." Flaca sighed as she stood up. "But lets stick to the alleys."
"Good thing is they're not even that far. Maybe a couple blocks, but we should still hurry." Keith nodded as Allura opened the shed door and walked out, letting the moonlight soak into her skin.
"Come on, no time for that." Keith said as he gently took her hand and steered her to walk behind Flaca.
As they walked with colorful, dim graffiti at their sides to admire once in a while, they finally saw the cute small café come into focus as they kept their heads down to cross the lonely street to it. As they came across the bakery, they went in between that and the train station next to it. Their footsteps echoed along the small walls of the alley.
"Hello—?"
"Shhh!" Someone said sharply from inside the huge dumpster.
"Lance...?" Allura came and tiptoed over the tall dumpster to look down and saw Shiro and Lance pressed together tightly. "They were circling around here. Wanted to stay safe, you know?" Lance said.
"Yeah, yeah," Allura shook her head as her, Flaca, and Keith helped get them out. "You two okay?"
"No, not really. We had to fight the cops for a qu—"
"Oh my God!" Allura put her hand over her mouth as she saw the long, bleeding scar running over Shiro's left eye to his cheekbone.
"It'll heal." He said, rubbing his face which smeared some blood. She saw him flinch a bit as well, possibly caused by the motion pressing on the bruises on his face.
Keith shook his head. "We don't have too much time. Cops are gonna come back. Lets go"
Everyone nodded in agreement as they made their way up to the station and waited anxiously for the next train.
Flaca tapped her foot rapidly, and stopped every time she heard a passing car, stopping to listen carefully. Allura took her hand and smiled. Flaca examined her cuts, and Keith and Allura did the same. They'd all become bruised and bloody in a span of a few hours. She wondered if the other went through as much struggle as they did.
Allura kept her silence as she looked out the dirty, scratched train to the big, tall skyscrapers as she tried to drown out the loud train tracks and small bumps that made her stomach whirl.

Chapter End Notes
btw i should mention I fuckin love Flaca honestly ??? #flacaappreciation but yes in case you guys wanted me to give the specifics on the songs, here they are in order of how the play in this chapter:
(This is for the scene before Keith and Lance had their dance battle, aka after Pidge, Allura, Shiro, and Hunk all took that hella shot !!) About You– Trey Songz [Richard Vission Remix]
(First song Lance and Keith both dance to) Dancing Shoes– Arctic Monkeys
(Second song Lance and Keith dance to) You Probably Couldn't See For The Lights But You Were Staring Straight At Me– Arctic Monkeys
(THIRD song my hoes Lance and Keith dance to) Electricity– Arctic Monkeys

anyway, thank you all so much for reading!!
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Hi guys!! it took me so long to update but i hope this chapter at least decent!! :) here are some translations for you :)
ay ese cabron loco: yo that crazy dumbass
Que onda?: whats up?
Como que que onda? Que onda contigo! No me has hablado en semanas...: what do you mean whats up? Whats up with you? You haven't spoken to me in weeks...
Apurate pinche Monte!: hurry up fucking Monte!
Also pls don't repeat the words "cabron" and "pinche" and "pendejo" if u don't wanna get your ass beat these are all mexican swear words and ALSO im sorry if I spelled some spanish words incorrectly :( also fyi this chapter is hell if you don't live in Chicago man Google Maps is your best friend.

Allura wore black now, which she almost regretted wearing tonight because of the lack of support for her chest, and she was still sweating because of how much they'd ran. And damp black never looks good or feels good.

They'd been running for so long her legs were shaky and jittery, and her sleepiness began to kick in, replacing her drunken haze. She looked across her seat on the train to Shiro, who had his gaze fixed in the floor as if it held answers to the universe.

Keith had leaned his head against her shoulder, Flaca was on her phone, and Lance was looking out the window, looking at the passing city and its buildings.

As they sat in silence, and as the train stopped and kept going and spoke in a melancholy male voice through the intercom, she found herself starting to fall asleep.

She didn't know if it was her sleepiness, or Shiro flinching when he removed blood from his scar, or even if she was a little drunk still, but she crossed the car over him, which mad Keith lift his head in surprise, and saw that Flaca and Lance also looked to see the sudden flash of movement.

She sat next to Shiro and moved him so he could look at her, and he obeyed. She stuck her finger in the hole in her long sleeved shirt, and pulled it so the fabric could rip.

"Hey, you don't have to—"

Allura held a finger up, silencing him. She made the teared fabric into a little ball and pressed it on Shiro's scar, watching the black on the fabric get darker and wetter.

She motioned her head towards his scar, and she was glad he got the message as to how he got it.

"I punched the cop that was chasing us and he hit me with a gun." He said easily.

Allura flinched and nodded, feeling sorry for the struggle she put him in.

"You haven't spoken to me the whole day, and I get you don't like me, but what's up?" Shiro looked down at her. "What's wrong?"

Allura felt like crying, and she didn't know why. Holy shit, she thought. I'm so drunk.

But she pointed at her throat.

He scoffed. "Allura, your throat does not hurt. I saw you screaming at your brother and yelling at the club loud as hell."

She smiled a little at that, but kept her silence. She just shook her head.

Shiro shook his head as well, and sighed. "I'll never get you, dude. Just... talk to me. Did someone tell you something—?"
"This is our stop." Lance said, standing up, interrupting Shiro. They all stood up in a quick motion and walked out of the train car, stepping into a cool breeze as the car door closed and the train sped away.

The station was completely empty. Were they the first ones there?
But then they heard soft whispers coming from down the stairs of the station.
"Yeah, and they all just kind of— Allura?" Pidge looked up to see their friends on top of the stairs.
"Yo!" Lance's face lit up. "Are you guys okay?"

Hunk shrugged as some of Lance's dance team partners came up behind Hunk and smiled up at them, stepping into a dim light. "A few punches here and there, but nothing we couldn't handle—"
"A few punches?! Dude, estan morados!" Flaca exclaimed.
"I don't speak spanish."
"LEARN!"

"She said you're all purple. Did you guys get into a fight as well?" Lance asked as their little group came up the stairs.
"For a bit, yeah. The frat guys found us again and that's where we got hurt the most. We heard police sirens then bolted." Hunk said.
"Where are they now?"
"Who, Keith's team or Jane's?"
"Jane?" Allura asked.
"Girl on my team." Lance explained. "Jane's the Asian one with the short black hair. Looks ready to kill."
"Ah."
"Yeah. Well anyway, we'd better find our team—"
"Quickly though." Flaca bit her lip. "They don't have their papers. Please, we have to find them."
Lance nodded. "We have to find my team, too. Angel's on thin ice with the cops."
"Angel's fucked if he got caught." Pidge scoffed.
"Hold on, Angel's with your friends?" Shiro asked Keith.
"No, I think he was with... Jessi?"
"Jessi I thought went with..."

Their conversations erupted in a flurry of names and confusion. "Stop!" Allura said loudly. "Let's start with this. I have no idea who is who in your groups." She pointed at Keith and Lance.
Lance spoke up first. "I got Angel, Afro dude. Jane, looks killer. Jessi, basically The Mom. And Oscar, he's the Mexican one with the huge ass rings on his fingers."
"And do you know who's with who?"

This time another voice spoke up. "I'm Geronimo, part of Keith's group." He said in a deep voice.
"That's Flaca," he looked up at her. "Eduardo is the one with the really cool shoes. You'll know when you see 'im. Juanito is the blonde one. They're on their way here now. Then there's Pablo, he looks eight. Then Monte, ay ese cabron loco."

"Alright, well, Monte's description wasn't very good but I'll take it." Allura shook her head. "Try to call these people separately, then figure out if they're with others. And tell them to hurry here. The last train leaves soon."
"Yeah." Everyone said, taking out their phones in tired manners. They were worn out. I mean after sweating endlessly, running from the cops, and constant paranoia and worrying, who wouldn't be?

As people talked on the phone or among themselves, they heard several sighs of relief, okays, but only one grunt of frustration. "Flaca, is Monte answering?"

Flaca looked completely distraught. "No, neither is Juanito. Oh my God. They probably got caught."

As they continued calling, a group of people came running up the stairs, rowdy and alive.
"Ayoo, that shit was crazy." A boy with a big afro said, grinning as Lance as they shoulder hugged.
"You got me worried, Angel." Lance said, smiling back.

She saw a pretty girl with long, narrow eyes and jet black hair that evenly aligned with her jawline got to Pidge and silently stand next to them as they smiled at her. She looked like she was read to pounce as any moment, so Allura assumed this was Jane. She wore a short black tennis skirt, a black
sports bra with a pink bomber jacket over it, and creepers so tall Allura was surprised she could keep her balance. As Pidge talked to her, she noticed her heavily glossed thick lips moving only a few times. She guessed she didn't talk much.

Then her eyes moved towards a boy with sagging jeans and a large flannel covering his dirty white shirt. He had a short buzzcut with a beanie pulled over his head, and long eyelashes. He walked over to Keith as they did a long handshake that has obviously been practiced more than enough times. "Que onda?" Keith smiled.

"Como que que onda? Que onda contigo! No me has hablado en semanas..." The boy she took as Pablo said, guessing by his chubby cheeks and long lashes.

Allura stood awkwardly to the side as a boy with gold teeth went to hug Flaca tightly. She smiled as she held him affectionately and tiptoed. She saw when she looked at Flaca's struggle to reach his height that the boy had Yeezys. Fucking Yeezys. Okay, that HAD to be Eduardo.

She then saw Jessi talking to Hunk obviously very energetic and drunk about what she saw sounded like... coffee cups?

He looked both slightly amused and worried with a confused smile on his face. 

Allura stood awkwardly bouncing on the balls of her feet as she looked at everyone talk to each other actively as they waited for the train.

"Hey." Shiro came up behind her. "You're awfully quiet." 

She wanted to ask him too many things. Such as why he was being so gentle to her. Had Pidge told him? Did Pidge tell him she had a secret as big as a planet?

Allura only nodded.

"Dude, talk to me. Look, I'm sorry about what I said about you and your brother with the bathroom thing but it was just weird. And you act so mysterious and shit and maybe it's just an emo kid thing but dude— talk to me. For once. Just once." Shiro said quickly.

She wanted to ask why he was so desperate to talk to her. Why did he seem like he was in such a hurry? But then she remembered what it was. He was drunk and tired. They all were, but he was obviously having a problem with self restraint.

The train saved her from any interaction when it came squeaking by and made her hair fly wildly across her gloomy face.

"WAIT!" Flaca yelled, making everyone's attention turn to her. "Oscar and Monte are like a minute away! They're running!" She peered over the train station rail as everyone spotted two tall figures running with a few things in their hands.

As the train kept speeding by, everyone lined up against the railed and yelled down loudly at them. Screaming wildly, but laughing.

"HURRY MONTE!"
"IT'S THE LAST TRAIN RUN!"
"MOVE FATASS!"

The train came to a sudden stop as they were only halfway down the street.

"APURATE PINCHE MONTE!"
"OSCAR I SWEAR TO GOD IF YOU MAKE US MISS THE TRAIN—"

The doors opened as people began to scramble towards the train that was only available to enter for perhaps less than ten seconds.

"Go, GO!" Flaca yelled as some of them briefly saw the boys going into the train station down the street as everyone now settled into the cart.

They heard the familiar double ding of the train. "Doors closing." Said the automatic voice as everyone began to yell as they boys barely got up the stairs, panting rapidly.

"COME ON!"
"Wait, is that Taco Bell?"
"OSCAR!"

Flaca and Oscar both ran into the cart at full speed as Monte threw himself in as the doors behind him closed after half a second.

"Oh my God." Allura laughed, with the adrenaline still pulsing through her body.
Lance went up and put Oscar in a headlock as he laughed, his autumn waves swaying over his face as he laughed and gold glittered from his fingers.

"Dude... is that Taco Bell?" Hunk asked, looking at the two panting boys.

"Oh, yeah. We got hungry." Monte shrugged.

"You went into Taco Bell... while getting chased by cops... just because you were hungry?" Asked Flaca slowly as everyone jerked slightly forward as the train began to move. She was a ticking time bomb, waiting to blow.

"Uh, yeah. Damn if i was gonna get deported might as well do it while eating fake Mexican food." Scoffed Monte.

"Oh my God." Angel started laughing. "You went into Taco Bell while getting chased my cops?!" "Hell yeah boy! I'd do it again." Oscar said, taking a seat lazily next to Shiro as they both did that one handshake all guys did.

"Oh!" Monte pulled out a fee large bottles covered in brown plastic bags. "I decided the night is young— we've met new people. Let's enjoy ourselves a bit more, no?"

"Pinche Monte..." Eduardo scoffed, snatching on of the bottles, popping it open, and taking a big swing of it.

"Yo, pass it." Shiro said, extending his hand towards him.

"Me after." Hunk said quickly.

"Woah, woah, guys. We've got enough for everyone..." Oscar grinned, taking out a burrito and two more bottles of liquor, passing one to Hunk and another to Allura.

"Oh, no thank you—"

"Nah dude. You look a little tense." Allura cracked a small smile. "Getting drunk isn't your answer to everything."

Lance laughed. "Hell yeah it is. Problems are temporary, but drinking is eternal."

"True." Hunk said, shaking his head, obviously trying to distract his body with his furious head movement to take away the hard and sour taste of liquor. "This Jack Daniels is always gonna be there when you need it, dude. Whenever you ask."

Allura shrugged. "Suppose you're right. But isn't that anything? Like... apply it to marshmallows or something?"

"But can marshmallows give you that kind of high? That feeling of floating on clouds, and your whole stomach feeling full of honey..."

"I mean... sure. If they're really good marshmallows."

"You're missing the point guey." Eduardo sighed. "Just take a bit."

She did as told as the train made it's next stop, opening the doors to show an empty platform.

"Wait... aren't we going farther downtown?" Asked Jessi through her drunken haze.

"Wooow." Angel says, slapping her on the back harshly which sends her light head slamming on her knees. "She actually said something worth our time."

"As I said, the night is young..." Monte said in a sing-song voice.

"Be more descriptive about that." Groaned Geronimo. "Last time you said that I woke up naked on a fucking roof of some white person's house in the fucking suburbs."

"Oh my God, I hope he's joking." Laughed Oscar.

"Nah, i still have photos." Grinned Lance, quickly taking a box of nachos out of the huge Taco Bell bag and sharing them with Shiro as they passed their bottle of liquor back and forth.

"You better have gotten some for the rest of us," Flaca says, reaching randomly into Monte's bag and pulling out the first thing she lay her hands on. "Is this... an empanada?"

"Yeah." Monte muffled as he chewed his food. "We got like, two of everything."

Flaca looked like she was trying to find the right thing to say, then sat down. But as she took a small, slow bite out of it, Allura heard her mumble: "These are white people empanadas..."

"Anyway, Monte," Keith turned to look at his friend. "Where to now?"

"I was thinkin downtown. See those city lights and hear the loud noises and... man. After living here for so long you can't get bored of it." He sighed, dreamily taking a swing of a large bottle. He then looked at Allura. "Barely noticed you, Allura. Keith's right. Casi hablas."
"I talk, but I have nothing to say—"
"Eat."
"What?"
Monte held out a wrapped gordita towards her. "You look hungry."
She was about to protest, but decided to keep her mouth shut and just take it. As she carefully
unwrapped it and took a small bit of it, she was glad she didn't refuse it.
"Here." Shiro said a few seats to her left as he held out to her a bottle covered in a brown paper bag,
extending his arm across a lively Keith.
"That—" She stopped herself before saying anything else, and quickly snatched the bottle from him. She
took large gulps down in nervousness. She looked back at him to see him smiling softly. "Well it's a
start." He says to her in a low voice which made her body go hot, and she didn't know if it was his
voice or the heavy alcohol.
"But yeah, Millenium park." Juanito talked again, "I'm down, are you guys?"
"Not that late anyway." Said Angel. "Only three thirty."
"Not that late?" Flaca scoffed.
"Oh, that's right." Pablo put his soft tacos on the empty seat next to him and scowled at Flaca. "After
having that parasite inside of her, it seemed to have sucked the fun out of her too."
Flaca rolled her eyes and crossed her arms. "Well pendejo sorry I replaced my treating you like a
baby with caring for my actual fucking baby!"
"He looks like a fucking praying mantis." Pablo mumbled.
Everyone laughed at this, especially Pidge.
As everyone's laughter had died down, Pidge continued laughing as a bottle of beer sloshed around
in their hand.
"He bought... Taco Bell... while getting chased by cops...!" They squeaked out in between laughs.
Looking at Pidge's child-like face laugh so hard like that then made made Allura laugh. "Did they
just catch onto this?" Then Pidge and Allura were both laughing loudly and uncontrollably. Then
Angel started laughing. Then Lance. Then Eduardo. Then Shiro. Allura swore she even saw Jane
Crack a small smile. Soon the whole train car was in a fit of laughs again.
"They're an idiot." Geronimo said in between laughs as he grabbed his stomach. Everyone was
obviously drunk at this point, oblivious to the fact that they were on a train and had no idea where
they were going.
"Millenium it is!" Said Monte triumphantly. "Hey, Keith." He turned to look at him. "You got
weed? 'cause yo—"
Keith and Allura both pounced on him at the same time as he yelled in surprise as they heard laughs
and chuckles around them.
But Allura and Keith weren't laughing. "Dude, they don't know." Keith hissed into Monte's ear as
Allura peeled herself off from Keith and walked back to her seat, taking another big gulp of the
strong-smelling liquor.
"Chill with that, dude. You're gonna pass out." Shiro laughed.
Allura shook her head and rolled her eyes, the only communication she's been capable of.
"Chug." Said Hunk grinning as he tried to remove a knocked out Pidge from his shoulder.
"What?" Allura responded.
"I saw that look you gave him. Shiro's never ever turned down a challenge. Chug."
"Fine." Allura smirked.
Shiro immediately protested. "Wait, but dude she's a girl—"
"So you say girls can't drink?" Flaca challenged him in a heavy spanish accent.
"That's not what I meant—"
"Sounded EXACTLY like what you meant..." Jessi hiccuped.
"Jess shut up," he frowned. "I just meant I barely know if she can handle her liquor I mean back at
The Arrow she could barely open her eyes—"
"And you were staring off into space like you could fucking see God." Hunk laughed. "Don't back
out now, Shiro. As Monte said, we've still got the night to ourselves."
"Ayyye Hermano," Monte grinned, taking out two averagely large Hennessy bottles out of a Taco Bell bag.
"Dude how much fucking liquor did you even manage to fit in there?" Angel asked what everyone else was wondering.
"Tengo suerte a la madre." Monte grinned.

As Allura and Shiro both hesitantly grabbed their bottles and began unscrewing the cap, Allura's insides turned with anxiety. She couldn't let him win. She had to show him who—
"5...4..." Everyone was chancing as Keith, Hunk, and several others pulled out their phones and started recording.

"Good luck." Shiro winked at he perched the bottle over his lips. He was confident. He'd obviously done stupid shit like this before, and Allura wasn't about to give him the satisfaction of letting him win. She mimicked his movements and perched the bottle up to her lips, grinning up at him from a seat away and giving him the finger.

"GO!"

Allura shut her eyes tightly and began downing the scorching, sour liquid cringing at the taste as some of it ran out of the side of her mouth. She'd done this before with Keith and at the quinceñeras of their big family, but she wasn't ready for this. Only because the red in her cheeks made her whole body hotter and hotter as the Hennessy ran down her burning throat. At one point when the bottle really did begin to get a lot lighter, she felt the cheers and whoops and claps around her waver, which made her giggle in nervousness as she continued chugging the bottle.

She opened her eyes just for a second and saw Lance staring down into his phone and whispering:
"Why are white people so obsessed with Chuck Norris?"

That did it.

Allura spat out her drink in absolute laughter, grabbing at her stomach. Her head was spinning and thumping so hard it deafened the loud laughter of the others around her as she opened her eyes slightly to see that she had spit all over Shiro. She laughed at the sight of him frozen still with his eyes shut tightly.

"I'm— I'm sorry!" She said breathlessly in between laughs.

His eyes widened and a soft and slow surprised smile spread across his face. "It's okay."

She kept laughing hard with the others, completely unaware of the fact that she'd broken perhaps one of the most important promises she had to keep. It's not like it really mattered, though. She was too drunk to notice and Pidge was snoring too loudly to have heard.

- The bold yellow sun poured in through Allura's blinds as she stiffly let out a loud groan and stretched. She irritably turned away from the sun as she tried to calm her throbbing headache and tried to ignore the drought in her mouth.

She tried to let sleep take her again but found it difficult when she heard loud pants and banging coming from Keith's room.

She let out a loud growl and frustratingly whipped a pillow at her door. She grabbed her phone she felt in her chest and grabbed it from the overexposing shirt she didn't realize she slept with. It was stained with what looked like hot sauce and... vomit?

Allura silently gagged for a second before pulling off her shirt then throwing on a black tanktop. She covered herself with her sheets and perched her head on her fluffy pillows then shut her eyes, waiting for the black shadows of sleep to let her slip away. But she waited for thirty minutes. Then that turned into an hour. Then that turned into an hour and a half. But the loud bangs could be heard through her volume as high as it can go, and her desert of a throat was choking her. So Allura ripped her blankets off of herself and peeled herself away from her pillows as her head turned and she saw stars because of the sudden movement. But that didn't stop her from stomping to the door and whipping it open. Her angry face softened as she saw a pretty girl with straight matted brown hair walk out of Keith's room with her heels and purse in her hands in a short beige dress.

The girl stared at her calmly as Allura stared back, frozen in place as she walked by and eventually
out the door.
Allura then walked into Keith's room, where she found him sitting up running a hand through his long black hair. He looked distraught in the soft blue light the closed blinds gave off. "Hermanito what was that about?" She asked, crossing her arms leaning against the tall doorframe.
"Said I was gonna get laid by the end of the night, right? 'Member that?" He said in an impatient tone.
"Brother you don't have to do it if you don't want to—"
"Yeah? What if i want to?"
"I mean your girl over there was looking pretty dissatisfied to me."
Fuck are women so needy for? I apologized for not being able to get fucking hard for thirty minutes. If anything I should be the one fucking pissed it took her twenty fucking minutes to co—"
"Keith!" Allura exclaimed. "Stop!" She went over to him as he only shook his head, putting the left side of his head into his left hand, looking exhausted. He peeled his hand away from his face then grabbed a glass full of water from his nightstand, took a few gulps, then offered a bit to her. She took it and finished it, placing the cup softly back on the nightstand and moved to sit next to her brother.
"Hermano please. You've been doing this for years. You're not just gonna become straight having one night stands with random girls in bars, Keith." Allura put her forehead against his. "Hermanito I know it hurts you. Please don't do this."
"Allura you don't get it." He said with gritted teeth as his hands shook. "You know what it's like to have the most powerful people in the most ruthless line of work looking down at you for liking it up the ass?"
"Hermanito please don't say that—"
"No Allura!" He was yelling now. "No Allura, you'll never get it! You'll never fucking get what it feels like to be underestimated for who you choose to love! You'll never get what it feels like to get looked down upon for who you choose to love! You'll never get it!"
Tears welled up in her eyes. "Keith..."
It seems like years worth of thinking and practice have gone into his words. "And I can't do anything about it! I can't love a boy or I'll prove them right and the only way to prove them wrong is just to be alone, Allura. I'm going to be alone."
She was silent as tears rolled down her cheeks. "Brother. Brother please don't say that."
"Allura not saying it out loud won't make a difference! Open your eyes! I'm nothing!" He was breathing heavily as tears began to spill down his face too. "I'm... nothing."
Allura reached out her hand to her brother's face as she wiped his tears away.
"Why is this all coming to you now?" She asked him thoughtfully.
"I..." She seemed to have asked him the one thing he couldn't answer. "I don't know." He said softly. She kissed his forehead and hugged him. "Sleep. It's okay now. I love you."
He grabbed onto her tightly. "I love you too." His voice was muffled by her shoulder.
She stepped out of his room and shut his door as she walked across the hall to her room and shut the door behind her, stepping over several limbs on her way to her bed. She saw everyone asleep so took off her Nike pros and slept in her black boyshort panties. She crawled into bed and out her headphones on, closing her eyes as she felt the pillow under her bead only getting damper and damper.

Allura woke up from her deep sleep a second time, but with her headache feeling only heavy, not like a thumping mess.
She perched herself up on her pillows to see that her door was open and the bodies on the floor were no longer there. She stretched and let out a loud groan which could've easily been mistaken as a moan, but got out of bed without bothering to take her headphones off. She stole a quick glance at Keith's closed door as music blasted into her ears as she walked into the kitchen. She danced to the music as she reached for a bowl from the cabinet, shaking her hips and moving her waist and then decided, since she didn't hear anyone, to unplug her headphones and let the music fill the kitchen.
She kept her eyes closed with a soft smile on her face as she went around her kitchen, dancing around and walking around by memory.

"Como la flor," Allura sang even the softer background parts of the song. "Como la flor, con tanto amor, con tanto amor, me diste tuuu, se marchitoooo..." She sang loudly and smoothly as she spun towards the fridge for milk and shook her hips and twisted her hands in the air and smiled and sung. "Pero aaaaayyyyy! Como me duele, aaaaayyy co—"

"God, Allura. Would it have fucking killed you to put pants on?" Keith called from the living room. Allura opened her eyes and let out a shrill scream in surprised horror as she dropped the whole gallon of milk on the ground. She spun to look at Keith and saw that he was standing up among his friends. Their friends. She probably would've photographed Hunk, Pidge, Lance, and Shiro's faces if she hadn't been in that situation. They were silent in shock and she swore she could hear the blood running to their cheeks.

She quickly ran for a chair in the dining room and sat completely still and silent, letting the sofa cover her body.

"I... you didn't tell me we would have... company." Allura said stiffly through gritted teeth.

"They'd slept over." Keith said awkwardly.

"Yeah." Allura said.

"Yeah." Keith responded.

"Yeah." Allura nodded.

"Nice underwear as well." Shiro smirked. Great, Allura thought. Back to being his fuckboy self. The only memorable part of her night was when he talked to her like a descent human being. Allura smirked right back at him. "Yeah, nice looking cumshot you got on your head, too." The whole room snickered and laughed. "Oh my God." Said Hunk as he laughed at his blushing, embarrassed friend. Pidge certainly wasn't.

Oh my God. Allura thought. Oh my God I just spoke to Shiro. Panic began to course through her body, making her body numb. Her fingertips were tingling and her legs turned into liquid.

Pidge stood next to Keith and spoke out loud. "Hey, guys. Wanna know something about Allura? You know La L—"

Allura took quick, long strides towards Pidge and swiftly put her strong hand over their mouth as they protested. Keith's eyes widened as he looked at Allura. His eyes asked many questions she hoped he didn't ask.

"They were just gonna tell you about a surgery I had as a chil— OW! Dude what the fuck?! They just BIT me!"

Pidge frowned up at her. "She's L—"

Allura took quick, long strides towards Pidge and swiftly put her strong hand over their mouth as they protested. Keith's eyes widened as he looked at Allura. His eyes asked many questions she hoped he didn't ask.

"They were just gonna tell you about a surgery I had as a chil— OW! Dude what the fuck?! They just BIT me!"

Pidge frowned up at her. "She's L—"

Allura quickly put her hand even harder on their mouth as she bent over to whisper into their ear: "I'll pay your college tuition. All of it. I'll get you into Harvard or Yale and pay for it completely. I'll buy you all of Chicago. Just please don't do this, Pidge. Please." Her voice was shaking. Pidge whispered back into her ear: "We had a deal, you broke it. I don—"

Allura hissed into their ear: "I'll tell them myself, Pidge! I swear I will. I'll talk to Shiro as little as I can. I'll let him talk to me, I won't go to him. Please, Pidge. Please" They looked at eachother for a long time as Pidge moved to sit next to Hunk. "She had a surgery in Mexico as a kid. It was called La ... Lagrima or something?" They spoke out loud. "In Monterrey, right?"

Allura almost fainted in relief. "Y-yeah. Fixed my eyesight."

"Sick, you're from Monterrey?" Lance smiled up at her.

"Yeah. Parents." She nodded. "You?"

"Cuban. Mom was cuban, Dad from Tijuana— totally hit it off in Cancun."

She smiled. "That's cool."

"What about Keith?"

"I was born in Monterrey. It was around the time when Koreans were moving to set up businesses
over there. Parents didn't want me, so I'm stuck with this dork." He ruffled Allura's hair as she laughed.

"So you're both from the same part?" Lance smiled.

"Yeah." Keith and Allura smiled and she saw from the corner of her eye that Pidge knew they were lying. They were right. They'd rehearsed this story for years.

"Anyway, what were you guys doing?" Allura asked them, everyone now ignoring the fact that she was both braless and pant less.

"Planning to chill tonight. You down?" Hunk asked.

"Depends." Allura shrugged. "I don't plan on going drinking tonight. All I remember was eating Taco Bell and chugging Hennessy and I don't remember the rest. I don't think I want to."

"You sure?" Lance grinned, pulling out his phone. "I've got everything right here." He sang. Everyone stared at Allura to see what she'd say. She couldn't resist the curiosity. She rolled her eyes and sighed, "Fine."

Lance sped over to her side in a flash and went to his camera roll where he found a video of her and Shiro chugging a bottle and then her spitting it all over him then laughing. She stifled a smile as he continued to go through his camera roll as memories of all these different people came crashing into her mind.

She found photos of her licking what looked like The Bean, then her getting carried by Angel and Juanito with drinks in her hand. Then there was another video of her dancing with Flaca, Lance, Keith, and Eduardo to Shakira. Moving her hips with Flaca, dancing with Lance as their bodies occasionally rubbed together, and laughing as Eduardo and Keith took her hands and danced with her. She walked around like a five year old pageant queen would, twerking every time Shakira's smooth voice said "Rabiosa."

"Oh my God." Allura covered her mouth with her hand in horror as she saw how she moved up and down the passageways of the train car and how she danced and sang so provocatively. But what REALLY made her inside churn was when she was on top of the boy she had a deep disliking for.

"I gave Shiro a fucking lap dance." She almost gagged.

"Yeah, dude. You two looked parents as hell." Hunk winked.

"You owe me twenty dollars." She looked at Shiro.

"What are you, a prostitute?" Shiro scoffed.

"By the way you were grabbing at my ass yeah, makes me look like one." Allura growled.

"Maybe I'll pay you when you actually give me a boner."

"For all I know you're probably just saying that because I probably couldn't feel your small ass di—"

"Jesus!" Pidge exclaimed. "You two didn't talk for, like, a whole day now look at you! Lay off of each other for at least an hour!"

Shiro and Allura both kept their mouth shut but gave each other a death glare.

"I'm going on a run, helps my hangovers." Allura sighed, getting up.

"Funny. I was about to go on one too." Shiro said, standing up.

"Hm. Then let's go together shall we?" She raised an eyebrow.

"Sounds good to me." He grinned.

"Oh my God." Hunk said. "You two are like fucking snakes. Chill for a moment."

"I am chill!" Allura and Shiro both yelled as she walked to her room. She picked up her favorite black running leggings and black sports bra and quickly put them on. She stepped out of her room then went to the shoe caddy at the front door and put on her black Nikes. She walked back into the living room as she put her pretty fluffy and wavy white hair into a lazy bun.

"Oh hell no you're not going out like that." Shiro said reluctantly.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize I was gonna be running with my fucking father." She rolled her eyes as she picked up her brother's black windrunner jacket and wore it over her sports bra. "Let's go."

"Yeah." Shiro turned back. "Catch you guys later."

"Have fun."

"Don't be too hard on yourselves."
Hunk whispered: "I bet one's gonna push the other in front of a fucking car."
"Bring my sister back well or I'll beat your ass."
"Hah!" Allura laughed. "You're tiny, Keith. He'd beat your ass."
"Wow, would you look at that. For once taking my side." Shiro grinned.
"But I could beat both your and my brother's ass." Allura smiled cheekily.
"Fine, let's go. Let's fight." Shiro said.
"Alright." Allura put a loose strand of hair behind her ear as she moved the dining table to the end of the kitchen.
"3...2...1...GO!" Lance yelled as Shiro threw a punch as Allura ducked and swiftly bounced on the balls of her feet, kicked his ankle, and sent Shiro tumbling backwards. Allura stood up, smiling and shaking her head to clear her face from stray hairs.
"There ya go." She smiled as Hunk, Pidge, and Lance all stared at her open mouthed. She laughed. "Fly's gonna go in your mouth."
"That was literally only ten seconds." Pidge gasped. "How do you...? I...?"
"Practice, dude. I've taken on guys bigger than this," She softly kicked Shiro, who lay on the ground staring at her shoes. "this asshole."
"But Keith is the one that's reaaaallly good at fighting. Brother can knock you out with a punch." Allura smiled proudly.
"Mentiras, you two can both fight just as well." A soft female voice said from the doorway. Heads turned towards Keith and Allura's mother who was at the doorway.
"Mom!" Keith's face lit up as Allura went up to hug her, as if they were little children. "Thought you'd get here earlier."
"No mi amor, I'll be here the rest of the day though." She smiled down at him, moving a strand of hair away from his eyes.
Allura's mother had pretty light brown skin and a pretty young face. She, like Allura, had a dainty small waist and a rather larger chest and hips. Her hair was wavy and short as she wore it prettily with an outfit out of a fall issue of a fashion magazine.
"Keith, not meant to sound weird or anything, but your mom looks like she could be your sister." Pidge said in wonder.
His mother laughed. "Don't worry darling, it's not the first time I've heard that. And wow, look at that, you two kids actually have friends." She looked back down at her kids. Lance laughed. "I already love your mom dude."
"Don't be weird Lance." Keith rolled his eyes.
"I'll be in my room if you guys need me." She ruffled her children's hair. "My name's Esme by the way. Esmeralda. Mucho gusto." She walked around Shiro that looked up at her in wonder from the floor as she gently smiled back.
She spoke once more before entering her room. "Well, kids, enjoy your little sausage fest."
"Sausage fest?!! They all repeat after her in horror as she shut her door.
"Your mom looks like a fucking telenovela star and I don't know if I'm okay with it." Lance said.
"I'm still not convinced that's your mom." Hunk shook his head.
"Well if you're not convinced don't worry, she's often not here." Allura shrugged holding a hand out to Shiro to help him up. He refused to take it.
"So you're abandoned?"
"Wow, look at you!" Allura smiled big and sweetly in complete sarcasm. "Aren't you just the peachiest when it comes to family?" She rolled her eyes and shook her head. "No, she's always been there. Work just gets to her sometimes. Sometimes she isn't even home, but we love each other and hang around nonetheless."
Lance started, "Oh, dude, we can go if you want—"
"It's alright. After long shifts like these all she really does is sleep." Keith smiled softly at the thought of his mother.
"Oh, okay. Cool." Hunk nodded.
"But dude... your mom?" Pidge still said in astonishment.
"Limpia la leche, Keith!" Rosa called from her room.
"Allura dropped it!"
"Did I stutter?"

Allura laughed. "On that note," she turned to Shiro as Keith glared at her and growled under his breath as he snatched paper towels from the counter. "Let's go. I like to run down in the city, so that's where we're headed through the train. I start by the Hancock then make my way to the Planetarium."
"Alright, fun." Shiro nodded as he opened the door for her. "Alright see you." He waved at his friends as Allura smiled at them as a goodbye. He shut the door behind her as they walked, heading towards the train station about four blocks away.

She was glad he started the conversation, but certainly wasn't glad about his question. "Why didn't you talk to me yesterday?"
"I..." she hadn't had time to think this through. "I went through something."
"Something that could only leave you refusing to talk to me but having the time of your life with everyone else?" Shiro questioned.

Allura got defensive. "Dude, why do you even care? You don't even like me."
"Sure I don't really like you but I'm still gonna have to hang around you wether I like it or not. Least we can do it try to get along." He said, putting his hands in the pockets of his great sweatshirt as he shivered against the cold wind.

"I guess. But you know, kinda hard to try to be nice when you're an asshole most of the time."
"Well I can't help it."
"Yes you can, you're just too stubborn to keep your mouth shut."
"Me? Too stubborn? At least I didn't refuse to talk to someone just to be petty."
"Petty? You think this is what this is about—?"
"Well isn't it?"
"I—" she was about to tell him. All of it. The promise to Pidge, the drugs— everything. She couldn't tell why, she just... wanted to. "Look, I'm sorry, okay? I'm sorry i treated you like that. I shouldn't have done it."

Shiro shook his head. "It's fine, the fact that I hurt your pride makes it better," her hand turned into a fist. "I just wanna know why. And anyway, I'm not a fucking dumbass Allura." The drastic change in his tone surprised her. "Eye surgery? Really? You really think we're that stupid?"
"I..." Allura was taken back.

"We saw you wearing glasses that one day and I know the others thought they were fake, but they were real. I saw through them." Shiro shook his head.

Allura kept her mouth shut.

"You've been acting weird as hell ever since I met you. You're just... odd!" Shiro said in frustration.
"So that's why you don't like me? I'm odd?" Allura raised an eyebrow in a more annoyed manner than worried as they came up on a busy street as cars raced past them. Shiro refused to look at her or talk to her as they scanned their Ventra cards to get to the stairs to the train platform.

She came up behind him as they went up the stairs then he turned to look down at her quickly. In a panic, she held tighter to the handrail of the stairs.

His face was so close to hers they shared the same breath, and he whispered to her. "You're hiding something. I know you are. And you're doing a shitty job of covering it, I might add."

Allura's heart beat was so strong and fast she was surprised he hadn't heard it. "Told anyone else?"
She asked breathlessly.

"No. I've decided to keep this to myself. Wouldn't wanna... worry the others."
Pidge, Allura thought. Pidge told him to look out for me. To watch out for me.

"Well," Allura smirked as she moved away and raced up the stairs and looked down at him from the top. "You're a pretty bad liar yourself. Tell Pidge they've got nothing to worry about. Anyway, it's not like you're not mysterious yourself. You scare me sometimes. So secretive and stuff. It's almost... attractive." She winked.

Shiro grit his teeth in frustration as he caught up to her at the top of the platform as they waited for their bus, looking off onto the busy streets below them. "I liked you better when you were quiet and
shy."
Her voice was gentle, yet challenging and defiant. "No, you liked me better when you could take advantage of me because I seemed weak." She swore she heard Lance cry "Kill confirmed!" in the back of her mind.
Shiro frowned down at her in a mixture of horror and anger and annoyance as she smugly smiled down at the cars passing below them. "I like to race cars when I run. Keep up." He said stiffly as their train came racing loudly only feet in front of them.
"Keep up? Is that a challenge?" She looked up at him with an eyebrow raised as she crossed her arms against her chest.
"Just saying. But with a shape like that I'm sure you'll have no problem keeping up. Bet you've done more than this."
Blood rushed to her cheeks as she quickly covered her body with Keith's sweater, trying to shield it from him as best as possible. He laughed. "That was a compliment."
"Then you don't compliment people very often, do you?" Allura rolled her eyes.
"Don't have to if I don't need to." He shrugged.
She grinned, choosing to tease him. "Awh, so you think I'm pretty?"
He laughed sarcastically. "I said you had a fat ass i didn't say i liked your pretty glittery blue eyes."
"Awh! Now you called them pretty and glittery."
"Fuck you."
Allura laughed as Shiro cracked a smile and chuckled as the train stopped and they climbed on, luckily finding two empty seats through the large crowd of people. Although they didn't have very warm feelings towards each other, they weren't fans of sitting next to strangers on public transportation.
As they settled in next to eachother, Shiro took out headphones from his black basketball shorts and began untangling them. Allura did the same as she pulled her headphones out of her jacket pocket and put them on.
"Off at Clark and Division, right?" Shiro asked her.
"Yeah." She nodded as she put her headphones in. She looked around train car which was full of different colored people speaking different languages. She looked up at the people standing, grabbing onto the closest thing to keep from tumbling on the fast, unbalanced train. It seemed weird that yesterday her and her friends had owned a whole train, while now there were strangers on every seat and covering almost every inch of the floor. It seemed as if there were a ton of people invading her house.
"You feel it too, don't you?" Shiro whispered close to her ear.
She shivered at his hot breath on her ear. "Yeah." She turned her music up as they descended into a tunnel and she stayed like that for ten more minutes until her eyes began to close. Her body began to give out, and her head began to get lighter.
Shiro stole a glance at her from the side of his eye and saw her head softly sway side to side as her chapped lips were slightly parted, showing a small bit of her pearly white teeth. Her long black eyelashes contrasted against her rich dark skin, and some loose strands of her long white hair falling over her face. His fingers twitched to remove them from her face, so resisted by folding his hand into a tight fist.
"Yo, Allura?" Shiro asked as she snapped her eyes wide.
"Yeah!" She exclaimed in surprise as her bright blue eyes took a moment to adjust to her settings.
"Don't fall asleep on me." He smiled thoughtfully as she shook her head.
"Wasn't sleeping... just resting my eyes."
"Need to be awake. Give it all you got. Can't race someone I know I'll beat." He grinned down at her as she frowned up at him.
"My sleep does not affect my ability to run."
"If you're tired we can turn back."
"I'm not tired!"
"You were just falling asleep."
"I was resting!" She rolled her eyes and looked out the window to see the city coming clearly into view, looking at the tall skyscrapers grazing the clouds. "Even though I've lived here all my life, I never get tired of looking at it."

"Yeah, me too." Shiro peered over her shoulder to look at the city before them. "So, Allura," they both settled into their seats to look at each other. "We've got ten more minutes. Tell me, how can I make you hate me less?"

"Let's see... talk to me as little as possible and don't talk about my family. What about me?" She said, crossing her legs.

"Let's start with not talking about my penis and hair," she let a soft laugh escape her lips. "and open up."

"Open up?"

"Did I stutter?"

"Sexually ooorrr—"

"No! Dude, ew." He laughed. "You're too mysterious."

"Too mysterious?" Allura laughed as she raised an eyebrow at him, implying he was just as distant and secretive as her.

"Yeah. Talked to you about it already, now I'm gonna mention it again. I'll find out about what you're hiding."

"Good luck with that."

"So you do have something to hide?"

"No. I meant good luck as in have fun finding something nonexistent..."

Shiro sighed. "Don't do it."

"... like your penis."

"Jesus." He breathed as she giggled playfully. "I wonder how Keith puts up with you sometimes."

She didn't answer as she raised her knees to her chest like a child would. She looked at him and saw him scrolling through his phone. He'd noticed that his moods changed often from anger to peace to pettiness to frustration easily. She frowned. It wasn't him as much as it was... his image. His full, intricate eyebrows and small quirky grin were what made his emotions and expressions occasionally hard to understand.

"Yo, are you falling asleep again? Or do I have something on my face...?" He did a weird thing with his nose where he wiggled it softly.

"N-no." She quickly turned her music up brighter and hid her red face by looking up out the window. Jesus, was that hot? Cute? What?! Her mind raced.

As the tall skyscrapers began to hover above them, the train descended underground.

Allura kept her attention on the monotone male voice naming off the stations until they finally hit...

"Clark and Division. Come on." She said, motioning for him to get off. As they made their way around people, they finally were out of the station and into the loud streets.

She looked around and saw the passing people around her and the big building towering around them.

"Come on," she said, motioning for him to follow her along the busy streets. "We wanna run while there's no one around, right?"

"Yeah." He nodded, following her as they walked towards Michigan Avenue. She looked around and them at her phone. 7:30 A.M. Not many people were around this early, as busy as the city may be. Especially on a Saturday.

"I like to finish at the Planetarium. If I wanna, maybe I'll run all the way to the stadium." Allura said.

"Alright." Shiro said, grinning. "Do you normally race with Keith?"

"Nah, he likes to take his time. But he just says that because he doesn't wanna admit I always win." She smiled proudly. "I always win."

"Nice change of pace for you, then. Because I always win."

"No, I always win—"

"Alright, lets have this." Shiro said as they crossed the street towards the Hancock building. "Let's just chill. No racing, no fighting, just running."
"Sounds okay." She nodded as she stretched her arms up. "Ready?"
"Yeah."
They ran along the sidewalk side by side at a constant pace. Shiro seemed to have his eye fixed on the ground in front of him as Allura looked up in wonder at the tall skyscrapers above her. Their breathing was calm and steady as they ran along the sidewalk as people stepped away to let them go through. She couldn't help but notice that people held their gaze on her chest and stomach, while people looked at Shiro's face. She wondered if he noticed.

As they ran along the crisp morning autumn air, the smell of food hit her and her stomach grumbled. She frowned and picked up her pace a bit as Shiro ran right up next to her.

She sped up a bit more. He caught up to her. Her jogging became faster, and soon, she could only see his back. She swiftly caught up to him but saw that they were both sprinting now, jumping over dogs getting walked and barely dodging people, rubbing their bodies together as they swept past a person.

Shiro smirked down at her as she did the same, looking up at him with an eyebrow raised as they panted. They weren't even ten minutes into running and there was already tension between them.

"Thought you said we wouldn't race?" Allura asked him.

He took out one headphone. "You were the one that started speeding up."

Allura took out one headphone as she quickly swerved away as a woman in front of her cursed her out.

"I mean, you're the one that decided to keep up. Shoulda let me gone off; let me keep going fast."

"But then you would've proved me wrong." Shiro laughed as he went ahead of her. "And I'm never wrong."

"Are you now?"

"Let's race." He grinned.

"Fine. I'll win." Allura shrugged.

"I'll win, but okay."

"Wanna bet?"

Shiro smirked. "If I win, you tell me what you're hiding. You win, I'll leave you alone. I'll stop trying to figure out what it is you don't wanna tell anyone."

Her head spun, and it wasn't just because of her hunger. Don't do it, Allura screamed at herself in her mind. Don't do it, you dumbass, don't do it... "Fine."

"Great." He said as he put his headphone back in his ear. They kept a steady running pace as she as well adjusted her headphones.

Shiro started: "Ready... get set..."

Allura took a deep breath.

"Go!" And they were off. Shiro and Allura both raced next to eachother as both their breaths became heavy and ragged. Allura closed her eyes for a moment before going a fee steps ahead of him, but he caught up, pushing her side a bit.

"Hey— you can't do that!" Allura growled as he laughed sharply.

"Darling you didn't specify the rules."

Allura growled as she the shouldered him away from her, but didn't really do much. All her strength was going towards her moving legs instead. But she also didn't want to admit his arm— no, his whole body— was strong. So strong even if she wasn't running it'd be like shouldering a boulder. Nonetheless, she did manage to make him stumble a bit, but that only seemed to frustrate him, not slow him down.

He shouldered her harder, which sent her flying into a child. The small child fell over as Shiro laughed, advancing. "I'm so sorry—!" She said, leaving the child on the ground and racing to catch up to her opponent.

"Fuck... you...!" Allura said through gritted teeth as she charged on Shiro's side, but only ran into air as he ran away from her and onto the oncoming cars.

"SHIRO—!" Allura gasped, not daring to stop running as he swerved away from a coming car as another car slammed on the breaks only grazing his leg as he jumped over the hood of another car,
landing safely on the other side of the road. The cars honked and stopped and loud yelling filled the whole street as all eyes went to the commotion of cars. Shiro ran behind a staring crowd of people as he saluted her, winking as he continued running with surprised horror on her face as a car alarm began blaring and a loud crash erupted, and even more honking cars filled the narrow street.

"Oh my God..." Allura mumbled as they continued running as her breath became heavy. Through the commotion of street, she pushed and elbowed past the wave of people racing to the car accident Shiro had caused.

He was unfazed, though. Running swiftly and easily as if there was no worry in the world, and with a wicked grin on his face.

Allura was fucked up, that was for sure. But to smile at the joy of winning as a car accident you caused was just behind you? That was an all new kind of fucked up.

And Allura hated to admit that it was a little hot.

She grind her teeth together as the music in her headphones blared so loudly she felt her head pounding, and her stomach so empty she swore she could feel it caving in. But that didn't matter when you were falling a step behind.

She pushed her legs harder as the buildings besides them disappeared behind them as they crossed the DuSable Bridge. She looked over at him and saw him casually running as sweat glistened on his skin. She shook her head, willed herself to focus, and continued running, ignore traffic lights and the world around her. Just running. That's all there was now. Running. Winning.

At this point it wasn't collected running with even breaths. It was a messy, panting mess. They were both just racing to reach the Adler Planetarium before the other, disobeying traffic laws, and hoping, like yesterday, that the cops wouldn't become involved again. She'd had enough with cops.

For a quick second, they both stared at each other for a long moment before she saw Shiro mumble "Look out!"

She looked in front of her as her eyes widened as a newspaper vending machine appeared only feet in front of her. But was she gonna stop? Hell no. She jumped on the newspaper vending machine and ran over the next one, but right as she was about to jump off, she found a large bus stop blocking her way.

She didn't have enough time to think about her alternative options so followed her instincts and simply jumped over the roof of the bus stop and ran along it for a few steps, then jumped down as people walking on the street gave her the oddest looks.

She smirked at Shiro from across the street as he saw him throw his head back and laugh, shaking it. They ran for about twenty more minutes, passing The Bean, Crown Fountain, and other tourist locations before they large, round roofed museum came to view.

To get to the museum campus, they had to get to a bridge, so they were right next to each other once again, racing breathlessly to get to the Planetarium.

As they crossed the street without bothering to look at coming cars, Allura was surprised neither one of them had passed out or gotten run over. As they came upon the Field museum, thinking they'd take each other's sides, separated and went around the large museum.

"Shiro!" She called at him as he ran opposite from her.

"DON'T CHEAT!" He yelled towards her. She grinned. No promises, she thought.

As Shiro turned the corner of the museum and so did she, she ran faster than she ever thought she could, ignoring sidewalks and main roads and cutting through bushes, but saw that Shiro was doing the exact same.

"You FUCKER!" Allura screamed at him as he jumped over bushes and swerved away from light posts, leaving families staring at them, giving them weird looks.

As they got closer and closer to the museum, they found themselves pushing each other softly but dodging the others touch, obviously trying to slow each other down.

Now for huge ass stairs. The museum doors were already in sight. They could even see the people behind the glass doors. As they ran they muttered insults at each other, occasionally screaming "Watch it!" or "STOP!". They even pushed and shoved each other once in a while. Allura took three stairs at a time as she glanced over at Shiro who was obviously ahead of her taking... seven?! Allura
panicked and remembered she wasn’t just going through all of this for a victory. Her company was on the line. She grit her teeth together in pain as she reached caught up to stand directly next to him, and charged at him, jumping up and wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him straight to the ground.

"ALLURA—!" He yelled as they tumbled down the final set of stairs closest to the doors as they landed on the walking platform beginning the stairs. Gasps began to erupt around them as a man who didn’t look much older than 25 ran up to them.

"Yo, are you guys okay?!" He asked urgently. "Are you okay?! Are you injured?!" But they weren’t listening. Allura had landed on to of Shiro with her knee propped up inbetween his legs and her other knee lay awkwardly propped up to his side as he panted heavily getting a full view of her bright blue eyes and cleavage. As they panted rhythmically, the sun shined in Shiro's eyes, peering over Allura's shock-stricken face. He didn't know what was brighter. Her lively eyes or the scorching sun.

She looked into his eyes as some of the white hair on his head lay splattered and stuck with sweat over his forehead as his hand was cradling her waist as a defensive pose trying to keep her waist from touching his stomach, but only his pinkie was touching her tender warm skin, slick with sweat. The small touch of his skin on hers sent currents running up their bodies, tingling with a feeling they couldn't explain.

They gazed into each other's eyes in shock and something else they couldn't explain before Allura was jerked up off of him by her arm.

"What the hell do you two think you're doing?! You're in public! There are families all over the place!" An angry red faced cop grabbed her arm so tightly Allura cried out in pain.

"Hey, careful!" Shiro snapped back into reality and sprang back up, pulling Allura behind him by her windbreaker, shielding her behind him.

"We're sorry, it wasn't what it looked like." Shiro started. "We were running up and we fell—"

"I don't wanna hear it, just get going— NOW!" The cop yelled in their faces as they did as told without another word.

Allura rubbed the place on her fragile arm where the cop had hurt her.

"You okay?" Shiro asked her.

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure. But anyway, I won."

Shiro shook his head furiously. "No, I won! You totally cheated— you tackled me!"

"What happened to no rules?"

"I'm pretty sure it's common sense to know that you're not supposed to tackle someone when you're racing!" He shook his head. "The only thing bigger than your ass is your pride."

"I... thank... you?" Allura laughed softly. "But anyway, technically I won because before I tackled you I was one step before you, so pay up. Tell me some stuff about yourself."

"Nope. I won. I was gonna get to the doors before you, and you and I BOTH know it, so you tell me your secret."

They argued back and forth as they walked down to the grassy part of the museum campus and sat down under a tree, looking at the city skyline.

"But at the rate I sped up at, I could've easily passed you and won, so technically—"

"Fine, lets have this," Shiro said as he turned to look at her, crossing his legs. "I tell you three things about myself, and you tell me three things about your secret."

Allura knew she shouldn't agree. She knew she would get punished if she agreed but... did anyone have to know? "Fine. But promise this is just between us."

"I promise." He nodded.

"I don't trust you."

"Well fuck, what's the point?"

She grinned. "Pinkie promise." She held out her pinkie in front of him.

"What are we, ten?"

"I won't tell you then."

He rolled his eyes as his pinkie intertwined with hers. "Fine."

"Go first." She nodded towards him as he nodded.
"My dad left when I was a kid. I'm not in love with my girlfriend—"
"Well, obviously." Allura hid her smirk.
"Asshole."
"Pendejo."
He shook his head. "And I can't take anything seriously. The sex, the drinking," he tapped his index finger against his head. "It got to me. I don't know what it is. I... just can't focus."
She shook her head. "You can get help for that, you know."
"I can't do that."
"Why not? Because it'll look bad?"
"No, because getting help for it and admitting it proves there's something wrong with me. I'm normal. I'm okay." He looked at the dying grass.
She didn't know if she should comfort him or tease him. "I felt like that too. It's okay, go for help."
He looked up at her. "You got help?"
"No, but the opportunity is open to you, it wasn't for me. I wish I had the option to see someone."
"What did you have?"
"Post-traumatic stress disorder. I was suicidal and depressed."
He kept his silence for a solid minute. "I'm sorry." He said quietly.
"It's okay. It's all done. That was years ago." Allura smiled thoughtfully as she cleared her throat that still burned from all that running.
"I heard that if you keep going with it never really leaves. It always comes back."
"I say it depends on the person." Allura shrugged. "If you're strong enough or not."
"Perhaps." He shrugged. "Your turn. Tell me about your secret."
She shook her head, trying to word out everything carefully. "It involves lions."
"Lions?"
"Yeah, lions." She nodded slowly.
"Specify?"
"Nope."
Shiro rolled his eyes. "The fuck dude. At least let me guess. Confirm with yes or no?"
".... fine."
"Is it a symbol for something?"
"Yes."
"Is it—"
"Next!" She said as he mumbled something under his breath. "Pidge knows my secret."
"Our Pidge?"
"Yeah."
"Think they'd tell me if I asked?"
"No."
"Course they would. We're like siblings.
Allura grinned. "Trust me. They wouldn't tell you shit."
Shiro sounded annoyed. "They don't even know you all that well. Anyway, continue."
She decided to keep him wondering, keep him on edge. She just felt like... playing around with him a bit. She leaned closer to his ear as she whispered, "I transferred to Senn because I'm hiding from someone."
He looked at her in shock as she bit her lip playfully.
"You're joking." Shiro shook his head.
"Nope. They're looking for me everywhere." She smiled diabolically at the mix of confusion and disbelief on his face.
"You're fucking with me."
"Swear I'm not. You kept your end of the bet, I kept mine." She smiled. She stood up and stretched and yawned as Shiro sat planted on the ground, trying to process what she'd just told him.
Her voice was sweet and gentle and held an obvious tone of pleasure and triumph at his confused and surprised and almost horrified expression. She spoke with a grin on her face as they looked out
into Lake Michigan. "Anyway, mind buying me something to eat? I'm starving. And I'm absolutely parched..."

Chapter End Notes

thank you all so much for reading !! luv u all sm and if you guys wanted to know the song Allura danced and sang too on the train when she was drunk was Rabiosa by Shakira by the way ;-) and the song Allura was singing and dancing too in the kichen was Como la Flor by Selena. damn I love scandy Allura and Selena. Anyway tysm for readin' !!
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

i didn't use much spanish in this chapter and literally this chapter was just a filler so like ??? BOI only one part about this is slightly relevant this is a huge shipost I'm sorry but pls enjoy this !! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today Allura wore black. A simple black t-shirt with black jeans and black creepers with sharp eyeliner, her bright white hair down and flowing around her shoulders, and her signature purple lips. Allura sat with a binder open in front of her as she tried to drown out Keith and Pidge's heated argument.

"Okay, but listen here— It's always been the BerenSTEIN bears—" Keith growled.
"I say it was a change in the company or something—" Pidge crossed their arms.
"Listen you white Pidgeon bitch, I don—"
"I'm telling you it was probably a CHANGE IN THE COMPANY!"
"EXPLAIN 'NO, I AM YOUR FATHER'??"
"Keith—"
"MAGIC MIRROR ON THE WALL?!!"
"Dude—"
"Or explain FEBR—"
"DUDE!!"

Keith and Pidge were standing and leaning over the lunch table as Lance and Shiro both looked up at down, obviously entertained.
"I say it's the aliens." Lance's eyes lit up. Hunk rolled his eyes as he took a big gulp of water. "Don't start Lance."
"No, I'm not even kidding, aliens are the reason for everything." Lance said as Keith rolled his eyes.
"What do aliens have to do with this?"
"Everything! Think about it, who could be powerful enough to take us into another dimension?" Keith was silent. "As much as I hate you, you have a point."
"HAH! See?! Aliens are the answer to everything. They're everywhere, dude. There can even be some in this cafeteria right now..." Lance grinned.

Allura scoffed with a grin on her face as she took one of Hunk's grapes. "What's up with Lance and aliens?"
"Been obsessed with them ever since i met him. He comes up with weird shit sometimes." Hunk laughed as he watched his friend make dramatic hand movements and talk quickly as Keith listened attentively and Pidge tried to interrupt, telling him he was completely wrong.
"In freshman year he was obsessed with tracking UFOs. He would sleep at like two in the morning and would non-stop talk about it the rest of the day. Poor boy failed three of his classes."

Allura laughed. "That's cute."
"Not cute if you were there. It was a bad obsession." Hunk laughed. "He was the biggest dork. He had braces and would show up to school only in pajama pants and his uncle's sweatshirt."
"I can almost picture that."
"It was a bad time for all of us."
She laughed as she stole a quick glance at Shiro and his girlfriend. She happily talked to him as his eyes held a deep sleepiness Allura couldn't help but notice. She wondered if Victoria saw it, too.
"Looks like shit, doesn't he?" Hunk said as Pidge started slapping Lance on his arm with their celery.  "Hm? Oh, yeah. Wonder how he has the energy to keep up with her." Allura shook her head, going back to writing.  "He doesn't. Shit, he hasn't for months. Almost feel bad for him."  "So he.... doesn't wanna break up with her...?"  "They're only in it for one thing. I'm sure you can figure it out."  "That's... sad." She kept her eyes fixed on her paper as she spoke, choosing every word she said carefully.  "Can I tell you something I've never told anyone else?" Allura looked up at him in confusion. "You barely know me." "You seem pretty trustworthy." "I look like 2006 Brendon Urie."  "Did I stutter?"  "Go on."  "He wants to stay with her just to stay with her. Almost like a fear of being alone, you know?" Allura thought about their conversation by the Planetarium on Saturday after their long run that left her completely sore. "I... maybe." She shook her head. "You haven't told the others about this?"  "I mean, perhaps they've suspected it. I know Pidge does, they're like siblings. Shiro tells them everything, and Pidge to him. Only one they've ever really been comfortable with. The other's just think it all goes back to the sex, you know? If I was in their shoes i'd probably think the same thing."
Allura shrugged. "He's pretty mysterious." Hunk laughed. "Well so are you." She scoffed. "All you guys gotta say about me?" "I mean, you and Keith haven't really said much about your personal life." Allura shrugged. "I'm pretty... closed off." "Yeah, i get it." She shook her head. "I don't think I'll ever understand Pidge." Hunk laughed. "Not half as secretive as Shiro. Once you've seen them high, it's like you've seen all of them." Allura giggled. "Tell me something about them." She didn't talk to Pidge because they were fully engaged in a heated debate about dinosaurs with Lance and Keith. Both were listening attentively like children looking up at a teacher reading out loud.  "They can rap." "Yeah, heard them in the car on Friday. They're pretty good." "No, like... they can RAP." Allura raised an eyebrow. "Soundcloud?" "All of us have been trying to convince them for years." Hunk shrugged. "They say they don't have the motivation to, which is weird, because they'd basically own Soundcloud." Allura smiled. "Never would've expected it—" the bell cut her off. As everyone gathered their things for their next class, Allura looked down to sort her papers and ran into a girl, making her flinch a bit.  "Watch it, bitch." A fierce female voice said before her. Allura looked up to see Victoria's eyes glaring down at her, and as she looked up at her flawless face she could see her tan freckles and uneven eyeliner. Allura only stood taller.  "Well then how about you move fucking faster and get off your boy toy for once." Allura said, shoving her way around her as Hunk grinned at her. "Damn, look at you. Standing up for your boy —"  "Don't say it." Allura rolled her eyes with a small smile on her face. She looked ahead and saw Pidge getting squished in between Lance and Keith who seemed to be almost yelling about how aliens were already under the government's possession.  "See ya." Hunk waved at her.  "Yeah, bye." She nodded as he went the opposite direction. She smiled after him. He was perhaps the most welcoming person she'd probably ever met, and that put a smile on her face. He was fun to
"Yo, fuck was that back there?" Shiro came up behind her, frowning.
"Tell your girlfriend to watch her mouth." Allura rolled her eyes. Although they'd left on good terms the day they'd gone running, they went right back to their usual state of dislike towards each other. "Or maybe she was right. Pay attention to where you were going. You have eyes, use them."
Allura grit her teeth in anger. "What the fuck are you even defending her for? You don't even love her."
"You don't know anything."
"I don't? Because it seems to me you're just scared of being alone."
He stopped and turned to her as the wave of people leaving the cafeteria flowed around them. She turned to look at him and almost gasped when she saw the anger sprawled across his face. She didn't really mean to get him that angry... did she?
"You don't know anything. Don't pretend that what happened Saturday was me opening up to you, because you're nothing to me. You know nothing." He spat at her.
Her face didn't change as she stabbed his chest with her finger. She scoffed. "Don't flatter yourself. You think I think you're my friend? You're an obstacle in my way. You're nothing more."
"Well, I guess this says enough, doesn't it?" He said, straightening up.
"Guess so," Allura muttered. "Pendejo."
She heard him mutter something under his breath. "Asshole."
It made it especially awkward that they couldn't really get away from each other because they were both going to the same science classroom and the halls were moving too slow for them to get ahead of the other. She she tried to focus on anything but him as she was pressed against him in the packed hallway. He did the same.
They walked for a few more minutes before walking into their biology classroom and immediately taking their separate ways.
She settled next to Matt and ran a hand through her white thick hair, keeping her teeth grit together in anger.
"Hey you alright?" He asked her, sounding generally concerned.
The warmth in his eyes made her control her breathing a bit and let her jaw loose its tension.
"Sorry... I'm fine."
"I hope so, heard we're getting bad news today. The Four Year project."
"Four Year project?" Allura looked up at him curiously.
"Yeah. Basically, it's a huge project we'll be doing for the rest of the year until, like, mid second semester."
"Oh fuck no." Allura groaned.
"Yeah, and the worst part is everyone is warned about it every year. It's always something different. Whether it's dealing with genetic or some shit or literally giving a frog surgery, it's hell." Matt shook his head.
"Damn." Allura said. "My old school all we did was take notes."
"Welcome to Senn."
The bell rang and their teacher ran into the room with papers flying all over the place. He spoke rapidly. "I realized we're a bit behind today so let's get started, yes?"
The class went on and Allura easily lost all concentration every two minutes. From focusing on the writing on the board, to looking at the cheesy educational posters around the room, to thinking about better comebacks she could've said to Shiro, she sat in silence gazing up at the fluorescent light. The only thing her brain seemed to register from her mind was: "And as some of you have already heard — your Four Year project begins today!"
"Told you." Matt said as she let out a loud sigh, followed by groans around the classroom.
"Oh, come on, I made this one easier! Partially because, you'll have partners."
Allura and Matt fist bumped.
"That I'll choose."
Allura felt her body melt and dissolve into the hard tile floor. With her luck, she just knew who she'd
"I want you to go with the partners you had our last time for your micro project. Go." He dismissed them as her and Matt went to the last lab station they were at as Shiro came up to them. He walked with a confidence that angered her, and as he came up to sit in front of her and Matt, he didn't look at Allura.

"There's still a chance he can put us together. From what it looks like, seems he's gonna do groups of two." Matt said looking at the way their teacher went from table to table. Allura hoped she was put with Matt. Hoped more than anything. She hoped that for once, for once the world would grant her a favor and let her keep her distance from Shiro. She wasn't ready to deal with him, not today—

Their teacher popped up next to them. "Well, look! I forgot to tell you, a person dropped out of the class, so that girl over there, uhhhhhh..."

"Bethany." Matt added.

"Yes! Bethany, yes. Her partner dropped out of the class. So, Matt. Go over to her and get comfortable with your partner."

Nope, Nope, Nope— Allura thought, Just kill me. Putting a bullet through my head—

"I've seen some tension between you two, so I'd like you two to work together."

Shiro's face dropped and Allura's anger just grew. Shiro was the first to speak. "No. i cant work with her."

"Neither can I." Allura protested. "What if he slows me down? I can't get a bad grade because of him."

"I think the study of life is also the study of interacting with it. It'll be good for you both." The old man smiled kindly at them, which made Allura feel bad for getting so angry.

"No offense or anything but you're not a counselor. You're my teacher, and I want a new partner."

"Nope. Sorry." He turned away to his desk, smiling. Allura and Shiro stared after him in disbelief.

"Dude what the fuck?" Shiro whispered as Allura tried counting in her head. She couldn't snap, she—

"Your project," Their teacher began at the front of the classroom as he looked among his students. Some which were satisfied with their partners and others that were completely uncomfortable, sitting by strangers. "Will be to write. Write about a researcher. Take any biologist and write about about thing them, AND write all about their discovery in the deepest of depth. Pretty easy isn't it? WRONG! You have to put it in a book format and all, hard cover and all. Oh! And it has to be over 500 pages."

A boy a few stations to her right said: "What? What if there just isn't enough material?"

"You'll figure something out." He winked. "This will require a lot of socializing. Ask your friends for help, and as for your partners, they WILL BE your best friend for this project. You'll have to meet up and work together. To do this, you guys will have to create a bond and grow to know each other. That's why today, we're clearing our schedule and going back to the third grade. Let's do team building activities!" The class stayed silent.

Allura hoped this was just a dream and her alarm would go off at any second now.

"I want you to talk to your partner about your favorite hobbies. Go." The teacher dismissed them to talk. Conversations around them began to spring up.

Allura turned to Shiro as they awkwardly looked at the cabinets above them or studied the floor under them carefully, looking at every scratch and hair.

"Look, I'll do all of it, don't even bother doing anything." Allura rolled her eyes. "It's settled."

"As much as I hate you, no. That's too stressful."

"You don't get to care about my wellbeing."

"Well, shit. You get caught up in this, your depression kicks in mid-November, and then what? You can't do smack shit anymore. This is an inconvenience for me, you, and all of our other friends. They don't need someone as depressed as you fucking everything up."

Allura slapped him across the face harshly, creating a loud noise of skin on skin. He made no noise and had his eyes closed as his nostrils flared and some people behind them giggled. "Say that shit to
Shiro scoffed. "You think I'm fucking scared of you?"
"You should be. Oh, and before you bring up anything about Saturday, I know you let me win, so
don't even start."
"Damn, you catch on quick, don't you?" He said sarcastically as she straightened up, obviously
trying to reach his height but failing miserably.
"You're gonna catch these hands quicker."
"Okay look here you little bitch—"
"Bitch? Best thing you could come up with it? Please, degrade me with a larger vocabulary."
"Fine, floozy. I—"

Allura cut him off with her burst of laughter. She laughed but she didn't know if it was out of
nervousness or because of what he was calling her, all she knew is that she couldn't stop laughing.
"F-floozy?" She continued laughing. "What makes you think you know how many guys i've slept
with?" She kept a challenging smile on her face.
"I know what girls like you like you do."
"Girl's like me?" Allura kept a threatening smile on her face as his face showed only anger and
frustration. "Tell me, what do girls like me do?"
"You act all innocent then you turn into a fucking control freak and you just try to get guys in
fucking bed with you—"
Allura laughed. "So i'm doing the same thing you do to girls?"
His voice got lower. "I'm not a control freak."
"But you try to get girls into bed with you."
He was silent before he let out a long sigh. "We're the same, that's all there is to it."
"The same? You think we're the same?" She let out a giggle. "You don't know a single thing about
me. Don't compare yourself to me."
"We're more alike than you think."
"You're a dumbass."
"We just are. We both keep to ourselves. We both don't like to admit we sleep around—"
"You know what? Fuck you and your fuck boy hair."
"Great, now making comments about my hair?"
"How the hell do you know how many people I've slept with? Why do you care?"
"I don't."
"Obviously you do if you're bringing it up!" She said through gritted teeth. Then it struck her—
Keith. He's the only one who knew about everything about her.
Allura rolled her eyes too tired to talk back as she drew on the black counter with her pencil, wishing
the end of class would come quicker. She thought of ways she could later torture her brother.

Allura sat in between Keith and Shay as they all copied eachother's answers in the old auditorium
seats. Lance peered over to Pidge's computer next to Shiro who was talking on the phone to what
sounded like his coach.
Hunk went over his lines with a small girl on a busy stage with people carrying things back and forth
with yelling and loud talking coming from backstage.
Shay twisted her grey ends with her finger she blew a bubble with her gum. "Hunk's dedication to
his plays are kind of cute." She looked up at him as he talked with the girl next to him. "But he can
also get real scary. Like that one time Lance had offered him a cookie and he crumbled it and threw
it at Lance and said—"
"Something about me wearing confederate colors, then proceeded to shoot nerf bullets at me with his
fake gun." Lance laughed along with Shay. "He was so into character, the bastard. That was my last
cookie, too."
Allura giggled. "He seems pretty dedicated."
"Oh, he is." Shay smiled up at him, and Allura decided to ask something she probably shouldn't
"Wait, so do you guys, like... like each other?"
"I don't know if he likes me, but he's pretty great." Shay smiled at her.
"Shay he's literally told you he's in love with you." Shiro said.
"Okay but does he LIKE me or does he LIKE LIKE me?" Shay shook her head as Allura pulled out a container from her backpack.
"Oh! I thought the strawberries went bad." Keith smiled as he reached in and pulled out a strawberry sandwich.
"Ew what kind of vegan shit is this?" Lance's face contorted into disgust as Allura rolled her eyes with a small smile on her face. "Strawberry sandwiches. It's strawberry and like, heavy cream. Kind of like Strawberries and yogurt or something like that."
Lance clicked his tongue and reached over her shoulder to pull a sandwich out. "These look old."
"They were my lunch."
"They look old."
"Eat the damn sandwich, Lance."
He bit into it and didn't say anything. "Fuck you and your sandwiches."
Allura let out a soft smile as she continued eating it and Shiro rolled his eyes a few seats away from her. "The smell grosses me out. I used to be obsessed with those when I was like, five, so they gross me out now."
"Then move away."
"No."
"Alright then stop complaining." She scoffed.
"Yo, sis, everything okay?"
She sighed. "Everything is not okay. I've got to work with this asshole for months."
"Science?"
"Yeah."
"You're just rude as fuck. I'm not an asshole." Shiro frowned.
"As much as I love you, Shiro, you kinda are." Pidge said keeping their eyes on their bright laptop screen.
"Lance? Back me up."
"Gotta agree with Pidge." He shrugged taking out a comic from his backpack. "You're dad nonetheless though."
"Well... thanks?"
"Yeah papi."
Keith cringed. "Lance I swear to fucking God—"
"YOO!" Jessi barged into the big auditorium with huge Culvers bags in her hands with Angel and Jane at her side, carrying cups and more bags.
"Finally!" Lance groaned as Hunk came as soon as they entered the room.
"If you forgot to order mine without pickles I'll pound your ass, Angel." Hunk said from the seat in front of Allura.
"Fuck, Hunk. I didn't know you felt that way about me. At least let me take you to dinner first."
Angel smirked as a chorus of giggles went around. "When does rehearsal start?"
"In like, ten minutes."
"I'm glad they covered your bruises. And remember, this isn't over fuckers." Jessi shook her head. "I said we'd stop until one of you won a battle, and some of us," she looked at Lance and Keith, then to Shiro. "couldn't help but start a fight. So we're going again. Saturday. I'll pick the DJ."
"A DJ? Oh my God, thank you. I don't think I could ever dance to Allura's edgy shit music again."
"You loved it." She scoffed as Angel and Jane distributed the food as their friends talked among themselves. "By the way you were all over my brother, I could easily—"
"UHM? No, my darling Allura. My sweet, sweet Allura," Lance put his hand around her shoulder, "that's called the element of surprise, and it worked."
"Okay but I—"
"Hush, I'm the one with the strategy."
She rolled her eyes. "And then Keith started gaying out—"
"I said no homo!" He snapped as she rolled her eyes.
"Alright well Jess, do the rest of us have to go?" Shiro asked, stealing Pidge's fries. "Because the thought of going clubbing again just tires me out."
"Yes, support your friends." Jessi nodded. "Then wouldn't support be telling them they're both amazing and encouraging them to stop fighting?" Shay asked.
"Do I look like a weak bitch to you, Shay?" Keith hissed at her as Lance slammed his comic book to the theater seat next to him. "Shay don't ever insult me like that." He frowned.
"Alright, alright. Jesus..." Shay grinned as Allura giggled softly.
"Shay's right, though. You both can dance just as well, I don't get why it's such a big deal—"
"A big deal?" Lance squeaked. "I found out the man I've been imagining of battling again for YEARS is this dumbfuck right here—"
"Damn, just admit I'm better than we can finish this." Keith smirked, refusing to look back at Lance.
"No, we've gotta compare now. We both can do just as well now, we've just gotta see who's better—"

"Well then how about we just get a bunch of students or just perform in front of the school? It'll be easier than going down to The Arrow all the time." Pidge shrugged.
"Let's base it off only their dancing, not personal liking." Shiro shrugged.
"You know that's not gonna happen, as helpful as that may be. And anyway, the kids here are uncultured swines when it comes to the art of baile." Lance shrugged. "What's so difficult about judging someone's dancing? You look and choose." Allura shrugged.
"This deadass..." Keith rolled his eyes as his sister lightly slapped him on the arm.
"You taught me how to dance to one song and that was it. I don't know anything about dancing."
"Certainly looked like you could dance on that train car, though." Shiro smirked as he high fived Angel who chuckled.

Allura rolled her eyes, then smirked. "Liked it then?"
"I never said that."
"You implied that—" Shiro threw a bundle of fries at her, which cut her off.
Allura simply took out her water bottle and began drinking from it. "The bottle smells funny, Keith. Smell it?" She asked her brother, taking the top off.
He sniffed it real fast. "Nah, I don't smell an—" But Allura has rapidly thrown all the remaining water in her bottle at Shiro, who just shut his eyes in annoyance as giggles and a few snide comments went around their group.
"Bitch." Shiro started, before she interrupted him.
"Pendejo." Allura crossed her arms. "Know who you're fucking with. But thanks for the fries, though." She said, picking one from her lap then eating it.
Shiro shook his head. "You're gross."
"Your morals are gross."
"That's enough!" Jessi shook her head. "First Lance and Keith, now you two?!" She looked from a drenched Shiro to a frowning Allura. "I shouldn't be a chaperone."
"No need for a chaperone." Lance shrugged as Jessi slapped him on the back of the head. "That's exactly what someone who needs a chaperone would say." She said, crossing her arms.
Shay groaned. "What part are you guys rehearsing?"
"Act three." Hunk sighed. "It's complicated. I swear this is gonna last hours."
"Great, I get to see you dork around in weird costumes now." Shay giggled as he laughed.
"Fucking date already." Pidge groaned as Jessi reached down to Allura's lap to give her a little box.
"What's this?" Allura looked up at her.
"Food. Eat."
"Thanks. Hey, Keith. Where's Oscar?"
"Out with his girlfriend." Keith shrugged as Lance muttered something that sounded like "Fake bitch."
"Hunk!" A plump dark teacher emerged from the stage with her booking voice. "Leave your friends alone and come over here! This costume isn't gonna iron itself!"
"I'm eating!" Hunk called back.
"That burger ain't gonna move!" The teacher put her hands on her hips as Hunk groaned. "See ya."
He got up and left and there were a choruses of goodbyes.
"I swear, dude's gonna be famous." Angel sighed as they watched Hunk climb up on stage.
"Shut up." Ang said as they all ate while looking at the commotion going on before them on the huge stage.
"When's the play again?" Allura asked.
"I think the second week of February. I dunno though, they said it depends." Pidge answered.
"Depends?"
"A Midsummer Night's Dream is lowkey long as fuck."
"No even!" Lance shook his head. "Shakespeare is daddy as fuck, like, he was super poetic and shit, so it's cool."
"Oh my God." Keith scoffed. "He just called Shakespeare daddy."
"You never cease to amaze me, Lance." Shiro laughed as he took out a binder and jumped to the seat in front of her to look up at her. "The project. What're we doing?"
"Something easy. HeLa." She sighed.
"The the fuck's HeLa?"
"You uncultured swine." Keith added as Allura grinned.
"Well I'm sorry, I don't know all the advanced shit you do." Shiro said defensively.
"It's basic information. You know, the immortal cell stuff..." Keith continued.
"He knows a shit ton about science. Let's just leave it at that." Allura looked back at Shiro. "It'll be pretty easy. Got a flash drive?"
He went through his book bag and pulled one out, putting it in her hand.
"I'll start writing the intro."
"We need an intro?"
"He said professional. I know where we can get it printed, too."
"Alright. I'll start the second chapter tomorrow then—"
"Not so fast. We need an outline."
"An outline? You're so extra." Shiro rolled his eyes.
"Well I'm sorry I wanna get a good fucking grade!" Allura hissed.
"I'm just saying, the teacher loves me. As long as I'm good this season, we're good." He grinned. Allura rolled her eyes. "Sometimes I find it hard to believe you've made it all the way to senior year."
"I think we've all found it hard to believe." Jessi snorts as giggles and snickers went around.
"Damn, this whole day I've been targeted. You guys are great friends. Thanks."
"Fight back." Keith shrugged.
"I'm too nice."
Everyone began laughing dramatically as Shiro only grinned. "Fight back verbally? No, I'd ruin her. But physically..."
"Oh, physically? You wanna beat me up?" Allura raised an eyebrow.
"Lowkey."
"Lowkey?"
"Fine. Right now. A real fight, no holding back." Allura said, standing up.
"I can't fight you. You have the disadvantage."
"Because I'm a girl."
"Yeah, because you're tiny as hell." Shiro said, standing up as well. He wasn't wrong though. In fact, she had to tilt her head up to look him in the eyes.
"That doesn't mean anything. In fact, it can even be an advantage." She crossed her arms.
He lightly squeezed her arms, which surprised her, because by his sharp tone, she expected him to jerk her around like a toy. He easily could. "It's like... wet pasta."
"Wet pasta." Keith repeated as Lance laughed behind him. "Hm."
"Well, how about we fight another day, because people seem to be taking their places." Shay pointed up at the stage and saw Allura sat down, as did Shiro.
They all ate as they stared at the bright stage and saw much movement backstage and up front. Then Hunk walked out on stage as a few guys and girls placed pins all over his costume as he frowned down at them.
"Janet you fucking idiot you're pinning the wrong pieces... Ow! Watch it!"
"I like this Hunk." Keith laughed.
"Wait till you see him when someone messes up a line. Hunk becomes the Hulk."
"Oh my God. We haven't called him the Hulk in years. Don't bring it back." Pidge snickered.
"Places, places!" The dark woman called as she walked on stage to people beginning to frantically walk on the stage with people pinning things onto them or fixing their hair or adding a little more makeup. "Clean run down, if you didn't practice your lines, you signed up for hell. Act 3, Scene 1. Begin!"
Hunk's voice fills the auditorium. "Are we all met?"
Another boy steps up. "Pat, pat. And here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal..."
As they continued and the group of friends in the middle of the auditorium finished up eating, they began to grow a bit bored. With the commotion going on behind the actors, and the actors' voice getting a bit softer and monotone, some of them began to drift off to sleep.
"This is more boring than I thought." Keith yawned as Lance pulled his sweater closer around him and Pidge kept rapidly typing on their computer.
"Because they haven't done musical numbers yet." Shay says.
"Wait, Hunk sings?"
"Hell yeah. He's gonna take over broadway someday." Shiro said.
"Huh. When are they practicing those?" Allura asked.
"Couple weeks. I don't know how Hunk does it. Keeps up with school and manages to keep up his grades. I'm not trying to be depressing or anything but the pressure would've made me commit suicide." She shrugs as everyone turned to look at her.
"That's generally concerning." Jessi muttered.
"I wasn't trying to worry anyone." Shay rolled her eyes as Lance began fidgeting more than before. It started with loud finger tapping, then changing his sitting position once in a while, now it was loud, rapid foot taps.
Keith seemed to notice it and furiously turned on him so growl, "Cut it out, dumbass!"
Lance shot up out of his seat. "Hunk's gonna hate me—"
"He can't hate you more than he already does." Pidge remarked.
"— but I can't take it." He raced towards the stage and took the stairs to interrupt the rehearsal.
"STOP!" Lance yelled as the plump teacher began yelling.
"Lance I won't have this AGAIN! SIT DOWN!"
"MISS TREY LISTEN!" Lance said, a slight grin beginning to form on his face. "You're all so monotone, you're practicing for a play, not a eulogy!"
"Lance I swear to fucking God—" Hunk began before Lance put a hand up to stop him. "Listen, my best friend, my brother... you all suck."
A loud groan and sighs went around.
"Lance fuck you."
"Weren't you banned from the auditorium?"
"LISTEN!" He yelled again, grasping everyone's attention, even from the people backstage. "Put some effort into this! You guys sound so bored!"
"It's only a rehearsal." Said a pretty girl with long brown hair, crossing her arms.
"So? Give it all you've got! Talk with passion! Be Shakespeare!"
"Oh my God." Keith shook his head as Angel, Shiro, and Jessi cringed.
"I'm just waiting for Hunk to snap." Shay giggled.
"Dude, get off the stage!" Shiro called out to Lance as he stuck his tongue out and said, "How 'bout thy alloweth I to pipe thee in the arse?"
Everyone in the theater seats burst out in laughter.
"LANCE!" Ms. Trey snapped.
"Pardon me, ma'am, but thy group is dead as hell. Maketh the excitement for everyone." Lance winked.
"I'll maketh the excitement for thee in detention idiot boy!"
Lance jumped off the stage and ran back to his seat as everyone laughed and Jessi threw cold fries from the bottom of the Culver's bags at him. "You dumbass." She laughed.
"Thee done fucked up." Pidge smirked as everyone snickered.
"Lance what was that?" Allura giggled.
"That, mi amor, was a spark." Lance smiled. "Got everyone a little more alive, see?"
"Hm." Allura crossed her legs. "I guess. But what the fuck did they mean when they told you you got banned from the auditorium."
Angel shuddered. "By far the worst thing about high school was Shiro and Lance's little performance."
"And Shiro?" Allura raised an eyebrow.
"Please don't repeat this story." Shiro mumbled. "Please."
"Whaaat? Those were fun times, man." Lance laughed. "I don't think the crew people ever forgave me, though."
"What'd they do?" Allura asked with a small hint of impatience.
"Okay so you see that huge net up there?" Angel reached across her face to point at the ceiling where a huge net was hidden by other ropes and lights.
"Shiro and Lance bought hundreds of fake rats and put them up there in that net. They were doing The Decameron so it seemed acceptable. You know the black plague, death, rats, blah blah blah. Well on the very last rehearsal, a day before the play—"
Shay finished off the story. "— instead of a million flowers, over a hundred rubber rats that fell on them."
"I don't believe you." Keith laughed.
"Got it aaaaallll recorded." Pidge said, pulling up a video on their documents. Allura and Keith watched as a grainy camera recorded the stage and suddenly two indecipherable yells went up in the air and suddenly a load of grey and little spots of pink came crashing down to the floor as screams went up in the air. The camera cut off at someone's choking laugh.
"That can't be real." Allura laughed and shook her head. "How are you not expelled?"
"They love me. I'm the only reason the dance program hasn't gone to shit." Lance grinned proudly. Jessi and Angel scoffed as Keith rolled his eyes. "Alright, sure." He mumbled as Allura asked another question. "And how the fuck did you guys afford all those rubber rats?"
"Shiro knew this one guy who hooked us up in China." Lance kept a huge grin on his face. "Man, everything's so cheap there."
"Who even thinks of this? In fact, what's the point of this story?" Keith laughed.
Lance puffs his chest out. "This just proves how awesome and hilarious I am—"
"Lance your sense of humor is suicide jokes." Shay adds.
"Okay, well—"
"Lance it's mildly concerning." Angel said.
"I—"
"Every time i say it's a nice day he always responds with: 'for death'." Pidge added. Snickers and laughs went around as Lance just leaned back in his chair in an annoyed manner. No one said much after that. They just looked up at the rehearsal as minutes turned into hours, and in no time, it was six in the afternoon and the only thought they all had in mind was collapsing on a bed and sleeping. As they all walked out of the auditorium quietly, they noticed a lot more extracurriculars ending as well. The volleyball team, football team, chess club, crew, and more Allura couldn't remember the
name of. As they walked out exchanging low conversations with Hunk, she pulled Keith aside. "What?" Keith said softly with his voice covered in a thick blanket of exhaustion.
"Why the fuck would you tell Shiro how many people I've slept with?" She hissed. "Have you been telling other people too?! That's not just a topic of conversation!"
That certainly woke Keith up. His eyes widened but he wasn't angry— just annoyed. "Well he asked!"
"He... what?" That threw her off.
"Yeah. He asked and what would he do with the information? I mean, he's probably slept around just as much as you, so he can't really... I mean..."
"Yeah, yeah. Shut up." Allura shook her head, looking down. "How'd he react?" She mumbled.
"He just shrugged. Then he was quiet for a long time, and he's normally pretty talkative, you know? But he looked...
"Mad? Sad? Furious?" Allura kept pressuring him.
"I guess just... irritated."
"Irritated?" She was confused.
"Or like... annoyed or something." Keith shrugged. "After a while he got back to normal, though. Kep talking like he never asked that question. Come on, they're leaving without us."
Keith moved past her swiftly as she stood in place. Irritated? Allura thought. Does he think I'm a whores? He didn't call me that earlier... But technically he kinda did... Does it anger him that I sleep around just as much as he does? Am i taking his place? Is he—
Her thoughts cut off completely as Keth took her hand and pulled her forward to lightly run back to their friends. They all talked amongst each other except Allura, which kept her head down in thought. Does it bother him...? Then she grinned. It bothered him, that's what it was. But if he did it as well—
The football team walked out of the gym causing the main entrance of the school to become loud and lively. Allura didn't know what she was doing or thinking when she took the best looking senior from one of her classes by the arm and dragged him to the side of the hall to the mens bathroom, going completely unnoticed.
He dropped his helmet on the ground and started, "Hey, what—?"
She got on her knees and unzipped his pants. "You owe me."
They didn't talk much more. Her mouth was occupied.

"No! You heat it up from the other side, it'll make it easier..." Keith helped the newbie out by helping him adjust the temperatures. "Better get it done by tomorrow. We're not paying you to bullshit around." Keith kept walking down the rows of green plants all around.
"If you knew you had to come to the lab why'd we stay so long at school?" Allura groaned. "I'm tired!"
"All I have to do is look over production then go over the charts!" Keith rolled his eyes looking at workers tinkering with all kinds of chemicals and tending to the cannabis. "We'll leave in a few minutes. Won't even take that long."
She knew he was right. Her job in the company was distributing and keeping healthy relationships with other cartel owners, and knowing how to keep the company hidden. Which nowadays generally made her wonder how she could cover a multimillion dollar company but couldn't cover or lie for herself. Keith's job was looking over drug production and trying to modify and better the drugs. Since Coran was head of production, Keith would take his place after Allura took their mother's after high school.
But Keith's role was just as hard as hers. Perhaps even harder. Well, maybe to her it was, since science wasn't her best thing. But for Keith, it was like a game, and he had the biggest advantage. Anything involving science, he was always the one to go to wether it was biology or chemistry or physiology.
She kept quiet behind her brother as people in lab coats politely smiled at her as she tried smiling but only managed one side of her lips to twitch slightly.

"Get yourself a boyfriend. Or girlfriend. Whatever." He shrugged, checking and writing things off of a checklist.

"I look like a fucking spider."

"Well then that's your problem."

"The person whom I love will everything about me. Even my spider complexion."

Keith scoffed. "Whom? You sound like Lance."

"Oh! Yeah, about Lance. I would've thought you two would be angrier—"

"Dance is hell." He shook his head. "But other than that I don't really care much for him. His alien obsession is weird but I like it."

"I think it's cute." Allura grinned. "The only others I've seen with an alien obsession that big are little kids."

"It's annoying."

"It's cute."

Keith shook his head. "What's up with you and Shiro."

"He's all suspicious." Allura crossed her arms.

"So that means you hate him...?"

"... yeah." She shrugged.

"That's only gonna make it worse! Why aren't you mad at the others?"

"Because the others aren't keeping tabs on me! They aren't watching my every move!" Allura hissed.

"And he's so rude!"

"Rude? That's your problem?"

"Yes! He gets mad at me for slutting around yet he does it! He thinks he knows everything about me! He think's hes the shit but really he's just hot and on the football team and just gets a mad lot of pu—"

"You called him hot." Keith interrupted.

"Huh?" Allura stopped.

"You called Shiro hot."

"Okay well yeah are we fucking blind he looks like a god." Allura said. "But that attitude... ugh!"

"You sound like a mom." Keith laughed.

"Whatever. Hurry up." Allura yawned, thinking about her plans for tomorrow. Wake up, go to school, piss off Shiro by sleeping with his teammates. If it would piss him off and get on his nerves, she'd do it. She wouldn't even think twice.

Chapter End Notes

tag urself Hunk is my life and Janet is me but anyway thanks so much for reading luvs!!
Hello again!! Happy Halloween, and Feliz Dia De Los Muertos!! I seriously can't wait to go see these altars yo!!
Not too much spanish but here are some translations!
Ay ni empieses con migo: Hey, don't even start with me
Hermana: sister

Two days after that, Allura wore black. She wore a black sweatshirt and black ripped jeans with a thick velvet choker and her signature dark purple lips.
Her and Keith walked down the hall as the school day ended once again. Because he'd already gone to dance yesterday (which involved a couple punches and screaming between Keith and Lance and Jessi), and there was no drama, they'd go meet their friends at Shiro's football practice. She was dreading going because for one, Shiro in tights. But she was also a little eager to go because... Shiro in tights. She also, she had a little 'meeting' with a boy from his team.
"I don't think I can keep up with everyone's meetings all the time—" Allura started before Lance jumped on her back, making her scream out in surprise, but she kept him held there.
"Oh my GOD PUT ME DOWN!" Lance screamed in her ear, and in a panic she did, making him fall on the floor harshly as snickers went around behind them. "How the fuck did you lift me up?!"
He squeaked.
"I'm strong?" Allura's heart pounded. She wasn't expecting all this surprise all at once, and her backpack was now in a really weird position that made her uncomfortable. "Anyways, you're super light."
"I've never met another girl that could lift me up."
"Jessi looks like she could."
"Jessi's strength is the equivalence of raw spaghetti." Lance shook his head. "That was slightly uncomfortable."
"I'm sorry."
"But I love you still." Lance kissed her shoulder.
Allura didn't know how to react, should she kiss him back on the shoulder? Hit him? "I... I don't ..."
"He's been doing that since yesterday." Keith rolled his eyes. "Constantly."
"To you?!" Allura turned to face her brother as he slightly cringed.
"No, dumbass. To everyone. He said something about birds and started doing that, but I don't really know what it means."
"It doesn't really have a particular meaning, just a sign of friendly affection." Lance said sweetly.
"That sounds fake but okay." Keith shook his head.
Allura didn't mean to burst out saying this. "Lance, do you ever wear flower crowns or something?"
"Hm? No, why?" He then gasped. "Because I'm gay, right?!"
"You're bi." Keith said, but Lance completely ignored him.
"Are you stereotyping me?! Allura, you think gay men only wear flower crowns and pink?" Lance put a hand over his heart and put on an over-exaggerated hurt look. "Why a flower crown? Why not a crown made of bullets and—"
"LANCE!" Allura interrupted him. "I just said that because it seems like... your head has a nice shape for flower crowns."
Keith laughed next to her as Lance just stared at her as they all walked out of the school and headed towards the stadium.

"That's kind of weird." Lance finally said.

"I guess. I meant it as like— I don't know. Like they're tacky and gross and unfashionable or whatever, but if someone made you one with real flowers or something you'd look cute."

"I hate the art kids." Lance rolled his eyes as Keith mumbled, "Same". Allura rolled her eyes.

"Wasn't meant to be a bad thing. I'd like to use you for a photography project soon." She shrugged at Lance's eyes lit up. "Sure. Hit me up." He winked as she giggled.

They settled into seats as players began walking towards the field house where they'd go to change. Pidge and Hunk would come later after dropping Shay off at the hospital, and then they'd give them all a ride home. She missed Hunk a little. He always made everything much more fun.

They took a spot away from other groups of girls or guys meeting up to socialize or do homework as players began to walk into the field putting on their helmets. A few began to walk to her and she cutely put on a fake smile, just waiting for them to step away.

"Hey." One of them said. He had light blonde hair and a strong, muscular body, kind of like Shiro's.

"Remember me?"

She giggled as Keith stared at her in shock and Lance looked at her with an eyebrow raised.

"No, i don't... Ricky?" She crossed her legs, hoping he'd get the message that she wasn't looking to try anything right now.

"Richie." He laughed. He was pretty good-looking. And smart. Possible boyfriend, she thought to herself.

"Richie. Cute name." She giggled. "I didn't catch it yesterday, I'm sorry." She looked at the boy next to him. "I also don't know your name!"

"After all that happened yesterday, I'm a little offended you don't remember." He winked as she giggled stupidly again.

"Sorry. I couldn't really ask. My mouth was a little busy."

"Talking like that in front of your friends?" He motioned towards Keith and Lance.

"Oh they don't mind—"

"They. Do. Mind." Keith said through gritted teeth as Allura punched him in the knee, making him flinch.

"Anyway, I think you boys should get going. Your coach is calling you."

"Yeah. Bye, Allura."

She waved cutely at them as another boy stayed behind. "See you later." He winked.

"Can't wait." She said in a sultry voice as he walked down the bleachers. She rolled her eyes, let out a scoff, then proceeded to take out her book.

"Allura... are you..." Lance started,

"Yeah, she is!" Keith growled. "What the fuck is you problem Allura?! You petty pendeja—"

"Oh my God. Is this because of Shiro—"

"Yes it's because of Shiro!" Allura hissed.

"So you're sleeping with the hot part of the football team... to make Shiro jealous?" Lance asked slowly.

"Not jealous, no..." She frowned.

"Then why?" Keith was angry. "Allura you can't go off doing childish shit like this. You're an adult!" At this moment she knew he wasn't really just talking about her— he was talking about her position after high school ended. "Don't taint your pride like that—"

"Taint my pride?" Allura slammed her binder on the bleachers. "You have absolutely no right to talk about my pride you ignorant shit—"

"I DO HAVE EVERY RIGHT!" Keith yelled as they both stood up, fists clenched at their sides. "I HAVE EVERY SINGLE RIGHT—"

"DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT PRIDE WHEN YOU CAN'T EVEN ACCEPT THE FACT THAT YOU'RE GA—"

Keith then slapped her across the face with so much force her knees buckled and she collapsed.
Lance ran to hold Keith's arms behind him as eyes went to the commotion going on, and she felt heavy footsteps coming up the bleachers and loud yells. A pair of large arms lifted her up from the bleachers and she only glared at her brother in a tired manner as a man with a whistle on his neck yelled at Keith, who only glared right back at her.

"Yo, you okay?" Richie asked softly as she only grit her teeth, turned to her brother, and went to punch him in the ribs harshly which only made him grunt in pain. After that punch, yelled flourished again as a heavy pair of arms came to hold her hands behind her back.

"What's both your guys' problem?!" Lance yelled, struggling to sit Keith down, who fought against him.

"My brother's a little bitch!" Allura screamed as people began to crowd around them.

"Learn to keep your damn mouth shut, Allura! And while your at it, your legs, too."

Gasps and loud whoops went around as Allura elbowed the football player holding her back in the stomach, which made him double over in pain as he groaned loudly.

"You don't get to talk to me about being an innocent little girl when you go out every weekend to a fucking brothel trying to convince yourself you're straight." She hissed as the people crowding around them began taking out their phones. They wanted a show? Fine, Allura thought. They're getting one. Allura and Keith stared at each other for a solid thirty seconds before he broke free of Lance's hard grasp and they pounced at each other like wild lions. But it wasn't street fighting. It was professional — like they'd been taught to do for years. Their moves weren't hair-pulling or choppy punches and kicks. They were delicate dodges and blows to the relevant places.

At everyone who tried to come in between the fight, they kicked them out of the way then went right back to kicking and punching at each other.

There were hoots and yells and screams and cheers and just plain surprised stares at their precise and practiced fighting as she high kicked towards his face, then as he dodged it, quickly spinning and slightly grazing his face.

He went towards her neck with his hand straight and rigid as she quickly moved to the side, wrapping her hand around his wrist and pulled him towards the ground as the young coach started talking on his phone, calling for backup. But he held his ground and instead of her succeeding to bring him down, he used that hand to twist her arm, press down on her lower back, and punch her hard in the stomach which made her scream in pain as he brought her down to the bleacher seat. He got on top of her as he fought against people that tried to pull him off, then took that as an advantage to kick him in the groin as he screamed angrily and used that distraction to kick him up on the stomach and completely flip him over so that the top of their heads touched. She quickly got up and raced over to him to shove her knee into his ribs and began punching his face as hard as she could.

"ALLURA!" She turned to the male voice that caught her attention. She then immediately regretted it because the ONE thing you must never do in a fight is get distracted—and that hit her more than ever as her fist collided with the metal bleacher. They both screamed in pain as Keith slammed his head against hers, completely disorienting her. She drew her fist back and was already halfway to Keith's face before getting completely lifted off the ground.

"LET GO OF ME!" Allura screamed. "LET GO! I SAID LET GO!" She kicked Shiro in the stomach and punched the side of his face, making him let go of her and dropping her.

"FUCK!" He yelled as he pinned her to the ground, wrestling her down. "STOP, ALLURA!" She kept struggling against him, punching at his face, trying to get him to let go of her, but he had the advantage. His body was much heavier and bigger than hers, so her body numbed under his and she panted as she began to settle down. She stared up at the cloudy grey sky above Shiro's head. He pinned her hands down over her head, his huge hands wrapping around her tiny wrists.

"Allura. Calm down." He said softly as people began to disperse by orders of the screaming coach, as he stood in place yelling at Keith who only looked down at the grassy field where the boys in jerseys talked amongst each other excitedly and looked at their phones.

Then Allura focused her vision from the sky to Shiro's eyes. His odd but captivating combination of black and brown pulling her into a trance, managing to even out her breathing and let her mind clear.
Then everything came into focus as her eyes widened and she quickly wiggled her way out from under him, furiously blushing.
She saw Shiro's face contort in surprise in front of her as his coach grabbed him by the collar and pulled him up then pushed him away harshly.
"And you—" He pointed down at her. "What the hell's your problem?!
She stayed silent as she saw Lance contemplated wether or not to ask Keith if he was okay.
The coach sighed in frustration. "My team's practice time is getting wasted because of you. For the sake of time, I'll let you and your brother go. But the next time I see this happen— I swear I'll have both of you expelled."
Keith and Allura both stared up at him in shock as he left. She then looked up at Lance who kept his silence. He looked awkward and... uncomfortable.
"Lance, are you okay?" She asked him.
"I should be asking you." He chuckled lightly. "You and Keith are bleeding. Let's go to the bathroom."
Keith immediately shot up, took his bookbag, and began walking back towards the school. Lance and Allura did the same less aggressively and slower.
"No, Lance. You really look... like... uncomfortable or something."
"It's nothing."
Allura wanted to scream and cry because of his expression and his tone and everything. She wasn't used to seeing him so sad or so out of place. "Yes, it is. Lance, you can tell me anything, dude."
"We met three weeks ago."
"Yeah, but what does that have to do with anything? If you ever wanna tell me, know you can hit me up, yeah?"
He gave her a sad little smile. "Yeah."
As they entered the building and went to the empty boys bathroom, setting all their stuff down at one corner of the gloomy bathroom with sad yellowing tiles and a scratched, dirty mirror.
Lance took paper towels and wet them, hesitantly wiping at Keith's bleeding end of his eye. After all, he was the one that got punched the most. Lance gently pat at his eye and Keith looked up at him sadly. "Sorry." He said. Allura was confused.
"It's okay." Lance shook his head and moved into Keith's bleeding nose. "It's a pussy thing. I should know how to handle it."
Keith looked at the ground. "It's not."
Allura didn't want to make any assumptions, but perhaps her and Keith's little fight upset Lance, but why? He'd obviously been in fights before. Why'd it bother him so much?
"Go to the nurse." Lance told Keith, who only shook his head. "I'm fine. I'm just tired, I'm gonna go home."
"Yeah. Go home." Lance kneeled next to Allura where she sat, with a hand on her stomach starting to breathe a little heavily.
As soon as Lance heard his bored eyes widened and he put a hand over hers. "Allura?"
"It's nothing— he just hit my stomach a bit too hard." She said in a pained voice as she looked up at her brother and he looked down to meet her eyes in regret. Immediately coming to his senses, he got to his knees next to her and removed her hands from her stomach. "I'm so sorry— I completely forgot I'm sorry—"
"Hermanito, it's okay. You forgot." Allura said, quickly putting a hand back to her stomach.
"What happened? Should I call a nurse?"
"No. I'll be okay." Allura grimaced as she slowly stood up, staggering against her brother. Lance stood up as well, dabbing at the bleeding corner of her mouth with a paper towel. She put a hand up.
"That's not necessary—"
"Let me help you." Lance said strictly. She put her hand down and let him continue to clean her wounds. "That was like something out of a movie. Where'd you guys learn to fight like that?"
Allura shrugged and lied. "We practice once in a while."
"I'm guessing this wasn't practice." Lance laughed lightly.
Allura smiled exhaustedly. "Not really."
They walked out of the bathroom after a while as Keith held a huge wad of paper to his bleeding nose, and Allura kept patting at a cut on the corner of her mouth. They walked back onto the bleachers and sat there rigidly in silence, waiting for Shiro's practice to end. She saw him move expertly and confidently with years of practice. After about an hour of silence and sitting in the same position, Hunk and Pidge both ran to the bleachers, excitedly thumping up to where they were. Pidge immediately began talking frantically "Fuck! Okay so we were at the parking lot right? And then this... Woah. What happened?"

Allura, Keith, and Lance all depressingly looked up at them.
"Allura and Keith had a fight. I thought you'd see it by now." Lance said sourly.
"Haven't checked twitter..." Pidge lowered their voice. "Is everything okay?"
"Fine." Allura and Keith both said at the same time in monotone voices.
"Here, want me to give you guys a ride home?" Hunk offered but Allura shook her head.
"Gotta wait for Shiro. We've got the science thing to work on." Allura said. "We were just gonna walk back to my place."

"Allura, can I talk to you real fast?" Pidge said softly. That certainly took her by surprise and snapped her out of her little mood. "S-sure." She stuttered in surprise as Pidge led her down behind the bleachers.

"Look—I just wanted to say I'm sorry." They awkwardly avoided her eyes.
"It's... okay." Allura shook her head, understanding everything they were sorry for. She was surprised. Pidge just didn't seem like the kind of person to apologize. They were too tough and prideful—kind of like her. "It's okay," Allura smiled gently. "I suppose it's okay to tell you know that you should cut your hair. Getting a little longer and hard to keep in place."
"Hey, don't push it." Pidge said. "But that's also kind of what I wanted to talk to you about as well..." They were fidgeting and their hands were... shaking?
"Hm?" Allura said softly.
"This is gonna sound super cheesy—but you're one of my closest girl friends. Like now, anyway. I just forgave you, you know? And i don't know you seem like best friend material but im pretty sure i can consider you a close girl friend. Like Shay and Jessi and Jane, sure, but you're a literal drug lord —" They rambled until Allura interrupted.
"SHHH!" She hissed, frantically looking around.
"Sorry." Pidge whispered. "But you seem to be able to keep a secret, obviously. And you're... a girl...?"
"Go on...?"
"I... I think I'm not trans."
Allura blinked at them in confusion. "What?"
"I always felt like I was different. All the time—I felt like I was just... out of place."
"You were confused about your gender?" Allura half asked, half stated.
"Y-yeah." Pidge awkwardly crossed their arms. "But I've thought about it for years and I have to make up my mind soon—"
"Take as much time as you need to think." Allura shook her head. "Take all the time in the world, dude."
Pidge smiled softly. "I know but... I just want to see how I'll feel identified as a girl for a bit. You know... see if I feel comfortable. See if this is who I really am. This feels right—I've been looking at makeup and dresses and... it just feels right."
"Yeah dude, of course." Allura smiled widely. "I'm glad you can tell me. I thought you hated me."
"I did." Pidge grinned.
"I mean... like..."
"I know what you mean. But I mean I can't really stop you from talking to Shiro. Lowkey he feels the need to keep an eye out everyone, even sometimes the people he doesn't like. Almost a little clingy."
"Kind of like a—"
"Dad, yeah." They both said and laughed at the same time. "But really," Pidge said. "I'm sorry. But with the business and all... how are you here? Shouldn't you be in like... maximum hiding or something?"

"There's about a thousand different Alluras around the world right now." Allura grinned. "And a thousand different Keiths."

Pidge grinned. "Smart."

"Yeah. But now since we're doing all of this now— can you answer one more question for me?"

"Go for it."

Allura hesitated. "Out of everything I offered you— why did you not want me to talk to Shiro?"

"You're my friend and I appreciate you, but you're toxic. It was a gut feeling. I think you still are, but I can't really control the future, can I? Shiro's like a brother to me. We basically grew up together. I'd take a bullet for him. I'd do anything to keep him from getting hurt. The feeling's mutual. And anyway, it's a small world, you'll see." Pidge winked.

Allura was completely shocked. She certainly wasn't expecting that answer.

"Anyway, when it's just us refer to me as a girl, yeah? I don't want the others to know."

"Alright," Allura said. "But they'd be accepting, wouldn't they?"

"Course they would." Pidge smiled. "But still— I don't feel ready to tell them. They're pretty loud," she laughed. "I don't think I'm ready to deal with that racket yet."

Allura smiled as her in admiration. She forgot her throbbing lip and her nauseating cramps and her light headedness.

"Oh!" Pidge stopped her once more. "One more thing. Do you like Shiro?"

Then everything Allura had forgotten about came back, and she swore she almost gagged. "N-no!?"

She squeaked as Pidge grinned.

"Alright. Only guessing because you two always seem to be fighting. It's a little childish, actually. For a drug lord, I would've thought you'd be more like a dictator type person." She laughed.

"Pidge I get scared opening the oven because I'm scared of the heat wave thing."

She laughed, and Allura admired the way her big glasses framed her big eyes and the way her hair got in her face when the light breeze picked up and how her chapped lips reminded her of a forest with big and falling colorful leaves. Her pink cheeks suddenly became a pretty rosy red, like a porcelain doll's bright pink dots. She walked with a glow she hadn't seen before, and she immediately knew that Pidge had been holding that secret in for a bit, just waiting for the right person to say it to. Allura felt happy and proud of her.

As they walked back to the bleachers, both girls had big stupid half smiles on their faces. Allura let out a sigh of relief when she saw Lance and Keith talking with Hunk calmly (for once. She hadn't seen Lance and Keith have a descent conversation since they first met.)

"Why Halloween though? Why not Good Friday or whatever? Wouldn't that be more reasonable?"

Keith asked Hunk.

"Well... I mean..." Hunk was stumped. "I guess it would but wouldn't that take the vibe out of Halloween?"

"I mean sure but it'd also be easier—"

"What are you guys talking about?" Pidge asked.

"Okay so you know how everyone's always talkin' about how when it's Halloween you raise spirits and there's this opening between the spirit world and the devil and stuff?"

Allura and Pidge were silent.

"Okay so wouldn't it have been easier to go that during the Jesus thing with the cross to like... you know... cause he's gone?" Lance asked.

"As someone who's pretty close with their religion, you've kinda got a point." Allura said after a long minute.

"Damn, I'm exposing the world. Catch me on mythbusters, pendejos." Keith grinned softly as Lance and Hunk laughed.

"When's his practice over again?" Pidge asked.

"In like..." Hunk checked his watch. "About forty-five minutes. Why?"
"Nothin'. I'm starving." She said. "Wait... then why are we here? Allura and Shiro and Keith are walking home—"

"Nah, we're driving Keith and Lance to a studio. They're gonna practice for Friday." Hunk explained. "Shiro's gonna be with Allura. Alone."

It took her a minute to figure out what he was implying. "NO! Why does everyone think that?"

"I mean, you're both hot and always fighting..." Lance said as she rolled her eyes.

"And? What does that mean?"

"Is it tension... or sexual tension?" He raised an eyebrow.

"Wh...what?" Allura was taken aback. "I... no! I don't like him."

"Seems like it."

"In fact— he's the one who starts fighting with me! And no, it's not because 'he likes me'" Allura said with air quotes. "Stop fitting that into peoples' heads!"

"I mean he really hasn't learned to express his emotions properly because the weight of his childhood trauma refuses to allow him to—"

"LANCE!" Hunk, Keith, Allura, and Pidge all scream as he only laughed.

"Only kidding." He grinned. "Not really" He mumbled, "But yeah. He can't really express his emotions well. Like when he asked Victoria out! I remember he'd gotten a good grade in English and thought he could be a poet and said: Victoria, pretty like Peoria, my rain and shine, i'll make you a shrine—"

"— And girl let me in between those thighs!" Pidge and Hunk repeated at the same time, laughing.

"That was a huge turn off." Hunk grinned. "But who would refuse to go out with Shiro?"

"I thought you were straight." Keith said.

"I made out with him once." Lance smirked.

"You're kidding." Keith rolled his eyes in an annoyed manner, but even Allura could sense the little shock in him.

"Lance it doesn't count if he was high." Pidge laughed at the memory. "So basically Shiro was as high as a kite and he was flirting with Lance thinking it was Victoria—"

"How the fuck does Lance look like Victoria?"

"He wore makeup—"

"I WAS EXPERIMENTING!" Shrieked Lance.

Pidge kicked his ankle. "ANYWAY, Shiro came in for a kiss and was like 'wait a minute' but Lance—"

"NOO OH MY GODDD...!" Hunk was already laughing, which made Allura and Keith both grin.

"Lance tried to imitate Victoria and Shiro literally fell for it so they started making out and it was gross."

"It was hot." Lance smirked. "Admit it."

"It was like... kiddie porn. Ew." Hunk laughed as the evening continued and they kept close together to try to block out some of the cold autumn air. It wasn't until the boys on the field went in to change that Allura stood and a boy with shaggy brown hair covering some of his eyes winked at her and walked to the back of the bleachers. She went to climb down then a hand caught her wrist. She looked down to see Keith looking up at her. "Stop. I know how you're gonna end up."

"Brother this is different." Allura shook her head.

"Make this your last one. If you wanted to make Shiro mad you probably already did. You're locker room talk, isn't that what you wanted?" He looked into her eyes trying to figure out what was going on in her head, but even she didn't know.

"I'm getting something in return. I'll be done by the end of the week."

"With the team?" Keith sounded a little surprised.

"Ish. Only with the cute ones. You know I'm picky." She tried to reassure him with a little teasing, but he certainly wasn't laughing.

"We'll talk later. I'm serious. We need to have a talk later." He said strictly.

"Loosen up, brother." She ruffled his hair. "I know what I'm doing. I'm your older sister."
"Yeah, by a few months!" He frowned but let her hand go.
She raced down the steps and met the boy looking down at his phone. "Hey."
"Hi." She awkwardly said as they went deeper inside the bleachers, managing to completely hide themselves. She got on her knees and started unbuttoning his pants.
"Hey, have you—"
"I'm not here to make small talk. Anyway, after this, you're gonna owe me."

Allura awkwardly walked next to Shiro as they stood side by side in complete silence. It was unsettling, to say the least. The minutes stretched and the whole world seemed to get dimmer. She shouldn't really be complaining though. After all, she kind of already did blow or sleep with half of his friends.
It was rare that she spoke up first, "Thank's for pulling me off Keith." She started, making herself completely monotone. "Really. I didn't know what I was thinking."
"Mmm." Is all he said. He took out a cigarette and put it in his mouth, lighting the end of it and putting his lighter away.
Allura frowned and didn't continue talking until he gave her his cigarette. There was still sweat dripping down his forehead despite the chilly breeze, and his white hair over his eyes clung to his forehead.
"Here. Have the rest."
"I..." She was speechlessly confused as she took the cigarette and put it to her lips, not thinking more of the fact that they literally just shared a cigarette. "Why'd you give this to me? You're mad at me."
He shrugged. "Didn't want the rest."
They continued walking in silence as they came up her front steps and she pulled out her keys and opened the door.
He walked in awkwardly stood around as Allura bent down to her pantry to get two water bottles and pass one too him quickly, a little surprised at his quick reflexes when he caught it.
"Alright, come on." She said leading him into her dark blue, almost black walled room where there was a few sweaters thrown over a bookshelf and a couple other art supplies and canvases and a small desk with only a sketchbook and a laptop.
Her bed took up most of her entire room, so she didn't really have any other chairs.
She awkwardly motioned to the bed. "I don't have chairs."
He sighed as they both climbed onto the bed sitting directly across from eachother with their backpacks right in front of eachother, creating a wall. They just sat there for a whole minute, looking at anything but eachother in silence.
"Okay," She sighed, breaking the silence as she opened up her bookbag. "Lets just get this over with."
"Yeah."
She reached over to her desk from her bed to get her laptop and open up a windows document. She started talking strictly business. "I've already got an outline for everything done for the first portion of it. I hope you did what I told you and look up the books about her but most importantly we're just looking at the science portion of it, and I—"
"Why'd you sleep with my teammates?"
Allura sighed. "You couldn't have brought this up earlier when we weren't on a bed and busy?"
"For all I know it might get me far. After all we're both on a bed and your legs are open—"
She immediately uncrossed her legs and bent them under her. "You're a dick."
"You're a bitch."
She sighed, then a smirk came across her face. "We're not the same, are we? I'm over here having the time of my life, and you're just angry about it. See, we're not the same."
"What the hell do you expect? You're sleeping with MY teammates! How would you feel if I slept with all your gay art friends?"
"They aren't that shallow."
Shiro didn't say much else. "Don't fuck up my team for me. This is my last season with them. I don't
need anyone coming in and ruining what we have."
Allura laughed lightly. "From what I've heard, there wasn't really much to ruin."
Shiro thought about his words for a long moment. "You're extremely aggravating."
"And you're a huge fuck boy." Allura said her laptop screen lit up her face. "Here," she slid her
laptop onto his lap. "Write about what you got down in really good detail. Please. I'll do research."
As she went on her phone and wrote in her notebook as much as she could, his rapid typing filled up the room.
"How much are they paying you?" Shiro asks, continuing to type.
"They're not. They're gonna owe me favors." She replied.
"Hm."
They continued.
Allura spoke. "Do you feel anything other than anger?"
"Sure."
"What do you feel?"
"Jealousy."
That certainly caught her completely off guard. She thought she heard him wrong as her body stiffened, but she kept her voice monotone. "And why's that?"
"I can't really get back at you."
"How does that make you jealous?"
"You have the advantage. What do I have to use against you? Either way, you're just playing a game for yourself. Think about it, it's not interesting for you because you're always gonna be one step ahead of me."
She looked up at him and their eyes locked, unmoving. "I used to be addicted to drugs."
"That doesn't surprise me."
Her hands clenched into fists. "And what the hell is that supposed to mean?"
"You have an entire bag of joints inside a cookie jar."
Her eyes widened as she stumbled off the bed and ran into the kitchen as she called Keith.
After the third ring, he picked up with loud music and off-key singing in the background. He sounded like he was smiling. "Hello?"
"KEITH YOU PUT THEM IN THE COOKIE JAR?!!" She yelled through the phone.
"ALLURA! What do you mean... oh. OH!" His voice rose. "I SWEAR I WAS GONNA MOVE THEM THIS MORNING—"
"Keith I swear to God I'm gonna fucking kill you." Allura whimpered.
"And also stop screaming! Shiro's with you isn't he?! He's gonna see them—"
"HE'S THE ONE THAT POINTED THEM OUT!" She put a hand on her forehead, pacing up and down her kitchen. "Alright. Bye. We're even." She hung up.
Allura opened the jar, letting out a long sigh.
"Lotta pressure around here." Shiro said leaning against the arch separating the rooms and the kitchen.
She tapped her fingers on the counter, opening the bag and taking out a joint, holding it out to Shiro.
"I owe you for the cigarette."
"Since when does a cigarette compare to weed?" He sounded slightly shocked.
"Just take it." She said. He didn't refuse.
She closed the bag back up and went to the long window (which was pretty useless. It was only a brick wall) where she got up on the sturdy windowsill and placed the bag in the little pocket of ruffles on top of the curtains.
"Don't want your mom to find it?" He asked.
"Something like that."
"As we were saying," Shiro started again. "Let me get this straight. Blackmailing you will make us even?"
"You need something to use against me, right?"
"How about... your brother?"
"My brot— no!" Allura exclaimed.
"That's exactly what I feel like."
"Okay but they're not your biological siblings." She rolled her eyes. "So clearly it's different and you
don't know what it feels like."
"He's not your biological brother either, though."
"Christ." Allura scoffed. "Fine. Let's fight. Right now." She took her sweater off and tossed it on the
sofa, revealing a tank-top that showed off her fit figure and then noticed a little blush rushing to
Shiro's cheeks. "My eyes are up here, buddy."
"I'm not fighting you." He said as they met eyes. "I can't fight you, I'm obviously gonna win. You
can fight, obviously, but I'm stronger."
"Yeah, but we're not wrestling." Allura said. "We're fighting. Skill, endurance, shit like that. I can
dodge you away if you try to pick me up. Try me."
"I'm not trying to get punched—"
"Try me!"
He sighed. "You're like a kid. Look, I'm gonna hurt you and as much as I don't like you I just can't
hurt you."
"You hurt my feelings constantly."
"You think you don't make me feel like shit?"
They both looked at each other then sighed. Her eyes moved to the ground. "I'm not gonna
apologize." She said.
"Well I didn't do anything wrong, so obviously, I shouldn't have to apologize." He crossed his arms.
"You're the one that's always acting like an asshole! Obviously it's you!" She exclaimed. "The first
time I met you, you implied that I'll sleep around!"
"Well I wasn't wrong, was I?" He sarcastically smiled at her.
"You basically asked for me to sleep with all your friends. We're alike? I'm a whore, aren't I? Aren't
you? That's what we both are." She crossed her arms.
"Allura, I didn't mean it that way—"
"That's exactly what you meant. You told me that's what you meant—"
"I meant we did!" Shiro said in a louder voice, but she didn't even flinch. "I'm not anymore."
"Bullshit."
"How the fuck would you know?" He snarled.
"I know because when I say that shit I don't mean it either."
"So you admit we're alike."
"We're nothing alike! I've struggled endlessly ever since I can remember. I'm the person I am today
because of all the shit I went through—" Her voice rose.
"You think you're the only one who had to go through shit?!" His voice got louder as well.
She didn't say anything. "Look at us. Always going back to the same thing because we don't know
each other." She laughed lightly. "Just assumptions, isn't it?"
"Why?" He asked frustratedly.
"Why what?" She replied sharply. "Why do we both just try to piss each other off endlessly? You
tell me."
"We're stubborn."
As much as she wanted to disagree with him, she couldn't. He was right. They were both stubborn
and problematic and just... angry. All the time.
"Okay." She crossed her arms. "I'm stubborn? You're the one that obviously just doesn't wanna deal
with the fact that I'm intruding your little friend group. You think I'm nothing but trouble."
"You are nothing but trouble." He grit his teeth. "I saw you and in that minute I knew you were
gonna fuck everything up."
"Funny how you're the second person that's told me that today."
He raised an eyebrow. "Pidge." She responded to his obvious question.
"Huh. They're right." He said.
She shook her head. "It's only the first day working together and we're already fighting. Fuck, I don't
think I can do this. Just let me do the project."
"I told you I'm not letting you do it alone."
"Fine. Just... okay." She took a deep breath. "Look, let's... just forget about what happened alright?"
"Damn, even a sorry is gonna fuck up your pride, isn't it?"
She grit her teeth. "I'm not saying sorry until you do. We were both jerks, just say sorry."
"No."
"Well then fuck!" Allura laughed, completely exasperated. "Then we're not getting anywhere, are we? Let's just go work."
They walked back to her room and they began to work as their still hung in the air. "There'd you learn to fight like that?" He asked calmly.
Allura shrugged. "Me and Keith took fighting as kids."
"Hm. You're just as strong as me."
"Probably stronger." She grinned. "But I'll only fight someone for self defense, or is it's mutual and the other person knows how to fight. Look at me being nice." She bat her long eyelashes.
"So you won't fight with me unless I agree to fight with you?" He asked.
"Yeah, basically." She shrugged. "Why?"
"Why'd you slap me the other day?"
"Because you deserve it, bringing up my mental disorders like that. That's nasty, dude. You totally fucking deserved it."
"Alright, fair." He was silent. "I'm actually sorry about that, though. I shouldn't have done that."
She looked up at him and saw that he was typing. "I accept your apology."
The end of his mouth quirked up a little which left her staring at him.
"What?" He asked her.
"Nothing." She quickly responded, looking back at her phone. "Oh! I'm so rude. I forgot to ask of you wanted something to eat."
"I ate already. But thanks." He smiled politely.
"Okay. Thanks."
"For?"
"I can't cook." She confessed as he started laughing.
"You can't cook?" Shiro kept laughing. "Who can't?"
She frowned. "I can't cook. Keith and my mom do."
"What's so hard about it? Just a few ingredients and voila."
"Are you kidding me? Absolutely not! It's so difficult. Every little thing matters and damn... all the waiting..."
He laughed and they continued to work in silence for about thirty more minutes.
Shiro spoke again. "I'm pretty sure you've calmed down, so I wanna ask what happened to your shoulder."
She'd completely forgotten about the huge, healing, gross gash on her shoulder. "Oh, I..." She'd practiced her story in case of this. She had every detail planned out. Why was she stumbling on her words? "I... I ran into someone in a restaurant on accident when they were coming out. I mean, not coming coming out as in 'I'm gay' like coming out of the kitchen?yeahthekitchenandi—"
"Allura you fucking idiot, she yelled at herself.
"Cut the shit." How he managed to say that generously, she didn't know.
She was silent, choosing her words wisely. "Can you keep a secret?"
"Of course."
She held out her pinky finger.
"Again?" He chuckled.
"Hey, this is serious stuff dude." She grinned up at him as she put her phone and pencil down as he put the laptop on his lap aside. "We have to stop doing this." She frowned.
"What?" He responded.
"Stop being all up and personal then going back to fighting all the time. It gets confusing... and annoying."
"I can try." He grinned as she laughed. "You'll try. Okay." She took a deep breath. "I was attacked."
"By who?" Was his voice always so firm? "I..." Allura looked at her black covers and pulled them closer to her.
"It was your ex." He guessed. She didn't say anything. "It was your ex, wasn't it?" His voice went from firm to cold. Almost... sharp. Like knives. "You were abused."
"Something like that."
"That's who you're running from. That's why you came here."
"Something like that."
He looked at her with a little shock. "You're an idiot."
"Huh," She nodded. "Not what I was expecting, but alright."
"I mean... you can report that to the cops."
"The cops can't help me." She said sadly and angrily. "Allura haven't you heard that most abusers find their way back to the person they were abusing in a matter of time?"
"I'm keeping myself well hidden, don't worry." She smiled softly up at him, but only saw him looking distressed. "It's okay, really—"
"Keith knows?"
"Yes."
"I'm worried now, dude."
She laughed. "That's all over now, though."
"What did he do it with?" He asked softly. "A kitchen knife."
"That's fucked up."
"Yeah. He didn't let me leave the house. I went months without seeing my brother." Allura looked down sadly. "But I had a really cute dog. His name was rolfie."
Shiro couldn't really wrap his brain around any of it. They'd been fighting minutes ago, but now they were talking about something so personal he felt uncomfortable with the information. He looked at her pretty dark face and her expression was so sad and gentle and it made him feel... depressed. He looked back at the healing wound on her shoulder then tried to make her eyes meet with his, but failed. It just made him even angrier and sadder at the fact that she went through all that hell and the only thing that really kept her happy was a dog. Just a dog? He tried his best to analyze her face. She wasn't showing many signs of wanting to cry, only... sadness. Yet she kept a soft, miserable smile on her face. "You don't deserve that."
Her eyes suddenly flickered up to him and he swore he felt the dark room light up. "What?"
"I said you don't deserve that, Allura."
"I..." She was speechless. He raised an eyebrow, questioning her. "No one's ever told me that." She answered. "That you don't deserve it?"
"Yeah."
"Well of course you don't. That's obvious, isn't it? The fact that you consider this not that big a deal tells me that you're too sincere about this." He said as she only stared at him in shook. "I really expected someone to say that to you sooner."
"All they said was that it wasn't my fault. I wasn't to blame. That I'm still strong." She put a hand on her fragile yet muscular arm, as if to protect it. "And it took its toll on me. I'm being abusive. It try not to be but then I say something and if it sounds like something he said then I feel like I'm becoming more like him. I... I don't like that."
"You're not." Shiro looked at her curiously. "If this is about you slapping me I really was asking for it—"
"I mean, like, always have the need to prove myself now, you know? I was isolated and alone and
powerless for so long, I just need to regain all that I lost. It's been a while, yet I'm still drained..."
He didn't speak, waiting for her to continue.
She shook her head and her hands trembled slightly. "And I feel all that when I just... I know I can
do something. Like fighting. I've been provoking fights and just trying to get into them. I want to
know I can regain all that strength I lost during all that happened. I want to prove myself to myself. I
want to let myself know I'm strong and powerful... And I'm sorry because I think I'm using you for
that."
"If it makes you feel better you can punch me in the face." Shiro said lightly.
Her laugh twinkled around the room. "Thank you, but I'll pass." Her face went back it's usual gentle
state. "But please. I know you don't like me, but please don't throw this around like you did my
mental illness a few days ago."
"Only between us." He held his hand out at her comfortingly as she took it, smiling.
"Only between us." She repeated softly.
Then they heard the front door opening and quickly let go of eachother, shuffling back as loud noise
suddenly flooded the house and... music?
"Did Keith bring them all over...?" Allura asked out loud as Shiro shrugged. They both hopped of
the bed and looked into the kitchen and saw that they carried four huge pizza boxes and all of Keith's
team and Lance's team were talking amongst each other, including Pidge and Hunk.
They stepped out as she crossed her arms over her chest, trying to hide her cleavage. Then she
grinned when she spotted Flaca standing next to Angel as they spoke with Monte. "Flaca!"
Flaca looked up and smiled excidedly. "Allura!" They ran up to hug eachother.
"So," Shiro started. "How was practice?"
Everyone erupted into words.
"So bitch tits Keith here..."
"Oh my God it was so fun!"
"Eduardo here was being an idiot, right? So he..."
"Ay, pendejo ni empieses conmigo!"
"Woah, woah!" Hunk's voice managed to rise amongst the others. "You're all too much." He
laughed. "To sum it up they were all being cunts and—"
"NOT TRUE!" Lance screamed. "It was Keith!!"
"It was NOT me you ignorant fucker!"
"Me, the ignorant fucker?" Lance scoffed, "Oh, never!"
"We weren't in the same room and you only came in to tell me I sucked!"
"Because you do!"
Keith started to advance on Lance with his fist raised as Lance cracked his knuckles, obviously
preparing for a fight. Every started yelling at them to stop at Hunk went to hold Keith back as Oscar
and Juanito held Lance back.
"Damn, all we do is fight." Pidge sighed.
Allura nodded. "It's actually pretty annoying."
Flaca shook her head, biting into a piece of pizza. "What pendejos."
"Okay, but..." Pablo caught everyone's attention. "We not gonna talk about the fact that Allura... and
Shiro... in a post-sex shirt..."
All eyes turned to them.
"It's an undershirt!" Allura yelled.
Aay, guey!" Juanito started laughing. "Get it, Allura!"
"Wh— no! We were just studying!" Allura exclaimed.
"Ah, I remember when I 'just studied." Flaca winked at her as Shiro shook his head violently.
"She only took her sweater off because she wanted to—"
"OoOooOoOOh Shiro...!" Oscar and Lance grabbed Allura's black sweatshirt that was still draped
over the sofa. "You did it in a kitchen? Damn. Should've recorded that, would've gotten big money."
Lance winked as Oscar laughed at Allura and Shiro's red faces, but even they were laughing.
"You're all impossible." She muttered. "Like kids."
"To clarify," Shiro started. "She wanted to fight. That's why she took her sweater off. But me, being the responsible ADULT I am, stopped her from—"

"Did she want to fight... in bed?" Eduardo smirked as Lance and Oscar pretended to make out and made loud moaning noises.

"I hate all of you." Shiro said under his breath as Allura laughed and awkwardly caught eyes with Jane. She didn't talk or do much.

"Anyway, make yourselves at home." Keith said. "Look in the fridge for like.... water or something."

"We ran out." Allura told him.

"Well fuck!" He rolled his eyes. "Then we have a sink."

"What the fuck I'm not drinking Lake Michigan, bitch." Angel frowned.

"Well then improvise." Keith rolled his eyes.

"Dude, it's all just bowls of strawberries in here... and CoolWhip." Hunk looked back at Keith as Allura awkwardly smiled.

"Sorry." She smiled. "Those are mine."

"Is this the only thing you eat?"

"... alright if you have something against my strawberries and I, the door."

Hunk laughed as she shook her head. "Shiro, said you were almost done, right?"

"Oh," He stopped his conversation with Pidge and Keith to look at her. "Yeah."

"Let's finish. Just get it over with."

As Allura turned to walk out, she took an entire box of pizza and began eating. "Keep it down!" She said as she entered her room, only to hear them now blast their music from their bluetooth speakers. Shiro closed the door behind her as she placed the box on her desk and her continued working as she began scribbling more information on her notebook down.

"Shiro I don't know what over half of these words mean." She said after a while.

He laughed. "Don't worry. I don't know what i've been writing about for the past hour."

"I'm considering plagiarism." She frowned as he chuckled.

"Hey, I have one more question." He said softly.

"What happened?" They didn't look at each other as they talked.

"What happened to the dog you had."

Allura stiffened up for a moment before responding softly. He struggled to hear her against the loud music coming from the living room. "He shot him in front of me."

Shiro looked up at her, but she kept her eyes low. They were cold and hard, completely lacking sadness or anger or happiness. Just... apathetic. Then she suddenly looked up at him with a grin on her face. "At least we got a whole pizza to ourselves."

After they finished writing and researching for the day, they decided to stay in her room and eat and talk until the music quieted down. So far, it'd only gotten louder.

"So Keith is your only brother." He asked.

"Yeah." She responded.

"Did he have any siblings?"

Allura shrugged. "I don't think so. I mean, if he did we probably would've taken them in as well."

They laid down on her bed in her pitch-black room, with their shoulders only inches from each other.

"What about you?" She asked. "Brothers or sisters?"

"Two."

"Two? You never talk about them."

"They're annoying. Need as much time away from them as possible." He laughed. "Ika, she's a freshman. And Toshi's a Junior."

"Oh wow." Allura nodded, her hair tickling the sides of her face. "Pretty big family."

"I guess. You never talk about your dad, either, though. Divorce?"

"... something like that."

Shiro definitely noticed something off, so he propped himself up on his elbow to look at her. "You have to stop answering questions with 'something like that'."
Allura rolled her eyes, but he couldn't notice because the room was too dark. "I mean, it really was kind of something like that."
Shiro shook his head. "Alright, well, it's over, isn't it?"
"Yeah. For good." She smiled stiffly. "Wait, don't you live far from here?"
"I'll just walk to school and pick up my motorcycle from there." He shrugged.
"A motorcycle?" Allura said, in disbelief with a smile on his face.
"Yeah." She heard the smile in his voice as he laid back down.
"Do you vape too?" She asked.
"Goddamn." He muttered as she started laughing softly. "Lance said the same shit."
They stayed silent for a bit longer. "Hey, Allura?" Shiro said gently.
"Yes?" She responded.
"Is it obvious I don't love Victoria?"
She chose her words carefully, which took her a couple minutes. "You look tired, Shiro."
He was silent for a bit, too. "I used to love her, I really did. But she's just so..."
Allura turned her head to look at him, and only saw him looking at her ceiling with his eyebrows drawn together in thought.
"Boring." He said. "I loved her. I remembered she used to be everything to me. I was complete, but..."
"You threw her away." Allura said softly.
"I didn't mean to." He turned his head to look at her. "I thought I could keep up with her."
"You don't have to balance the world on your shoulders, Shiro. You're not obligated to keep everything in place. You can't keep the world good." She told him as he closed his eyes, which made the bags under his eyes even more prominent than before.
"I'm just... so tired."
"Sleep."
He chuckled. "That's not what I mean."
"No," she perched herself up to look down at him as her hair flowed around them like water. "Sleep. It'll clear your mind."
"I struggle to sleep."
"Well, dude," She turned to open her drawer and drop a huge bottle of pills on his chest. "That's what Ambien is for."
He laughed. "Damn, I wish I'd thought of this before." He remarked sarcastically before she laid her head back down next to his. "I want to break up with her, but I can't."
"Why's that?" She asked as they heard loud screaming from the living room.
"Because she's convenient."
She looked down at him and stared into his eyes, trying to express the rage yet pity she felt for him.
"You're scared of being alone, aren't you?"
"I was silent for a couple minutes. "I really thought I was set."
"You are. You have amazing friends, open your eyes a little bigger and you'll see that."
"No but," He sighed. "It's just different. There's all kinds of love, you know? There's like friend love and material love but a love love? That's worth more than anything, dude. And not having that is the loneliest thing in the world, even if you have all kinds of love."
Allura sadly sighed. "And you feel empty?"
"I guess so."
"And you have Victoria?"
"I guess so.
"Love is supposed to make you feel on top of the world, not lonely or sad. You shouldn't feel like shit trying to be everything for someone else, because chances are, they don't deserve it."
"You can't have love without sacrifice."
"If 'sacrifice' means your mental stability and happiness, trust me, it isn't worth it." Allura turned to look at him. "If you can count more bad times than the good, you can do better."
Shiro stayed silent. "I'm pretty sure she doesn't even know what depression is."
Allura chuckled softly. "Oh, I bet."
They looked straight at each other.
"Hey?" She whispered.
"Yeah?" He whispered back.
"Have you noticed we're talking about love in the dark on my bed?" She giggled as he grinned.
"Damn, what did I do to get this lucky?" He teased as they sat up.
"Funny." She grinned.
"Wait, one more thing," He said as they both sat up, looking straight at each other. "What did you and Keith fight about?"
Allura rolled her eyes tiredly. "She mad I'm sleeping with your team."
"Him too?"
"Not the sleeping part, just because of how I start acting."
"How do you start acting?"
Allura laughed sharply. "Like an idiot. I get depressed."
"You get depressed over everything."
She made finger guns at him. "There it is."
He laughed. "Then what did Keith get so pissed about?"
"I brought up the fact he's gay."
"Is he gay?"
"He's definitely not straight, but 100% gay? I don't really think so."
"Can he be... bi?" Shiro asked.
"I mean... he's liked people without a gender before."
"Pan?"
"I mean..."
"Lance talked to me about... uhh... demisexual!"
"D... he doesn't like Demi Lovato." Allura frowned.
"No, deadass! That means he only likes people who he forms bonds with," Shiro explained as Allura's eyes lit up.
"Oh my God... that could explain the endless one night stands... only falling in love with people he's known for a while... the need to be so sure.... Shiro, you're a genius!"
"The one time GSA is actually relevant and useful."
Allura burst out laughing. "You went to Senn's gay club?"
"It was for Lance!"
"But we can't know for sure, because aren't demi people usually normal people?"
"No exactly..." Shiro shrugged. "Let's put it to the test."
"How?" Allura frowned.
"Let's play matchmaker." He grinned as Allura gasped, realizing what he meant.
"Keith and Lance!" She exclaimed. "But how? They can't even stand each other!"
"We'll use that to our advantage."
"A project together, now matchmaking together? Damn, this day just keeps getting unbelievable."
Allura said. "Give me days and times."
"One week at my place, another here, yeah? Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays? I just want to finish this damn project." Shiro said as Allura nodded. "Works for me. If something springs up, we'll try to fix it, yeah?"
"Alright."
She crawled off the bed and stretched. "I'll drop you off at school."
"I'll walk," He shook his head. "It's only a few blocks."
"Shiro, it's freezing out."
"Look at you, being nice." He laughed as she rolled her eyes. "Seriously, I'll be alright." He said, putting his backpack on.
"Okay, I'll walk you out." She nodded as they walked out of her room and into the living room, where everyone started yelling at their appearance.
"The lovebirds are back." Pablo winked.
"F*ck you." Allura rolled her eyes. "Anyway, he was just leaving."
She shut the door behind her and Shiro before hearing any kind of response.
She shivered against the cold air as it hit her arms, her chest, and her face.
"F*ck, I hate fall." Allura mumbled as Shiro walked down the stairs.
"Thanks for everything." He waved up at her.
"No problem." She crossed her arms, smiling down at him as streetlights gave a dim, eerie glow and
the trees swayed in the wind. "Goodbye."
"Yeah, bye." He said as he kept his head low against his light sweater. When she saw him halfway
up the street, she turned back to go into the house and saw that there were a couple eyes at the
window.
"Didn't kiss him goodnight?" Jessi teased as Juanito laughed. "You two would make the hottest
couple... like... ever."
"Okay, well..." Allura didn't have a response. She decided to change the subject. "What songs are
you guys dancing to?"
"I was thinking Nelly Furtado—"
"WE'RE NOT DANCING TO NELLY FURTADO!"
"Oh, definitely Fitz and The Tantrums..."  
"I'm not dancing to your hipster bullshit you dumb fu—"
"SHUT UP!" Jessi yelled, storming on top of the dining room table.
"...And you're on our table." Allura mumbled. 
"To clarify, Allura, we're practicing in case another team comes up, which they most likely will.
Chicagoans are thirsty for getting into fights. And we've been trying to choose a song we could use
to merge up Keith and Lance's teams. So far, they can't even CHOOSE A DAMN SONG!"
"KEITH HAS SHITTY MUSIC TASTE!" Lance screamed as Eduardo yelled back, "Lance you
disgusting fucking hipster HE WANTS TO DANCE TO FOSTER THE PEOPLE!"
"I ONLY SAID THEY WERE A GOOD OPTION!"
"STOP!" Allura screamed. "Jessi, the theme was old music, right?"
"Yeah." She said.
"Okay, then do something like Lil Jon or Flo Rida or something." She shrugged, putting her hair into
a messy bun.
"That's what I was saying, but these assholes are TO STUBBORN!" Jessi yelled.
"No! You should do that song where she's like 'No matter what I do—'" Then everyone joined in on
Allura's singing.
"Aah! All I think about is you. Aah even when I'm with my boo, you know—"
"That one!" She laughed.
"As classic as that song is, not good for dancing." Angel said.
"Wait! I have a song!" Juanito spoke up. "Ludacris..."
Everyone yelled out a single song. "WHATS YOUR FANTASY?!"
"YES!" Juanito yelled as Jessi's face brightened up.
"Oh my God. Yes." She mumbled. She looked up at everyone.
"Everyone for Ludacris, say aye!" A chorus of agreements rang around the room.
"Aye!"
"Aye, bitch."
Jessi then looked at Jane. "You down?"
Jane shrugged. "Sure."
"It's settled!" She smiled. "We'll start practice for the song tomorrow!"
After that, the next couple hours were filled with dancing, Lance and Keith throwing food, and
singing. It was around ten that everyone started to leave, and as Lance, Hunk and Pidge were the last
ones that left, Keith flicked Lance off and he grinned, doing just the same.
"That's not nice." Allura muttered, closing the door behind Lance. "Damn, Keith. Dance kids are all
rowdy. Don't complain about the art kids when your friends are all up like that."
"They gave you the time of your life." Keith grinned, rolling his eyes.
"Sure, but they deafened me." She sighed, crashing on the couch as he poked her sides, making her jump up then slip to the floor. "Hell was that for?"
"We need to talk." Keith said as he sat on the couch with his legs crossed. Allura sighed. "Alright," she said. "So talk?"
"You know how fucked up you get after a sausage spree, why are you doing it AGAIN?" He frowned.
"I was trying to piss Shiro off. I told you." She blew hair out of her face.
"Okay, and?" Keith rolled his eyes. "Do you like him or something?"
"NO! God, no."
Keith raised an eyebrow. "I'm your brother, you can tell me anything."
"You're a nuisance, so I gotta watch out." She growled as he whipped a pillow at her head. "But really, no. I don't like him."
"Then why were you trying to piss him off?"
"Because he said we're the same, but we're not. Absolutely not. He doesn't know half they shit we've gone through."
Allura's eyes widened in anger. "Absolutely NOT! How. How are we alike, Keith? Because I'd really like to know."
"Let's see, you both refuse to take the time to get to know each other. You're both supernaturally attractive, both stubborn as fuck, both—"
"Alright, alright!" Allura sighed. "I just... i don't want to relate myself with a fuckboy! Socially speaking, we're completely different! We both grew up in totally different worlds."
"Uh, hello? Season one? Mandy Milkovich? Have you SEEN Shameless?" Keith scoffed.
"Okay, but I don't constantly fuck around!"
"Is this all about not wanting to be associated with a 'fuckboy'?" Keith scoffed.
"...yes. So if he want's a fuckboy, I'll give him a fuckboy."
"You're a girl."
"Fuck you, I can be whatever I want."
Keith sighed. "Just stop it, okay? I don't want you to end up depressed and literally unable to walk."
"Jokes on you, I'm always depressed." Allura winked.
"Wow, edge lord." Keith rolled his eyes as he stood up.
"Wait, Keith."
"What?"
"Lance— when we fought, you said 'I'm sorry.' You hate him. Why'd you say that?"
Keith sat back down on the couch. "I shouldn't be the one to tell you, but when we went to The Arrow, when everyone was bat shit drunk, me and Lance were a but more sane. Says he doesn't like drinking too much. Can you believe that? What kind of Mexican..."
"He's cuban, too."
"Hybrid Mexican..."
Allura laughed. "Alright, continue."
"Or maybe we were both so drunk we got along, but we actually had a conversation. A decent conversation. Well, maybe not decent, we hit on the most personal topic out of nowhere."
Allura's eyes widened. "You didn't tell him about...?"
"No. No, of course not." Keith shook his head. "But I felt bad. I still do. He told me things, personal things. All I did was tell him my favorite shit to do in my free time."
"More than what most people can get out of us." Allura smiled hopefully as he chuckled.
"His parents used to fight a lot when he was a child. Guess the neighbors got the cops, they found both of them illegal. They both were deported, so Lance was left with his Tia and Tio. When his parents tried to cross back, they were killed."
Allura had a hand over her mouth, trying to hide the little amused smile she couldn't help but have whenever someone told her something important. It was actually a really bad quirk which had gotten
her in trouble MANY times. "Oh my God, that's absolutely terrible."
"That's why he hates looking at fights. They just remind him of all that, and..."
Allura put her hand on his shoulder. "Hey, you didn't know. You were in the moment."
"Yeah." Keith looked sadly at their creaky wooden living room floor. Allura got up to put the extra
pizza slices (which weren't that many) into a small container with a sticky note that sloppily read 'For
Mom :)' and carefully put it in the fridge.
"My only question is," Allura started, throwing away the garbage around the kitchen. "If fights
bother Lance so much, why is constantly trying to start fights?"
Keith chuckled, laying down on the couch. "I don't know," he yawned. "City kids are fucked up."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for reading!! :)
Hello everyone I'm seriously so sorry I haven't updated since the Celtics invaded Ireland so many things have gone on and it's been so hectic and honestly this chapter is lowkey so extra in length but I really hope you enjoy it! I'll put the songs used at the bottom part of the notes :) 

Some translations for you:
Hermanita- sister
Pendejo- dumbass
Pinche- fucking asshole
Amor- love (I'm pretty sure you all know that but)
Esta bien- it's okay
Adios mama, te veo mas tarde- bye mom, I'll see you later
Cuidate- take care

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today Keith wore black. Black Adidas joggers, and a black Metallica tee that he wore under his favorite Nike sweater. He frowned at his phone as he turned his alarms off, finishing putting on his Vans.

He got out of his room and shut the lights off as he hesitated before Allura's closed door. He sighed. She was normally the one to kick his door open in the mornings and rip his sheets off, but today seemed to be different. He pushed the door open harshly.

"Allura." Keith said, putting his hair carefully into a ponytail. "Get up, we're gonna be late."

She groaned under the sheets.

"Get up." He frowned as he went to crouch down to meet her eyes and slightly gasped when he saw her sweating and flinching. "Al, you want me to take you to the doctor?"

"N...no." She said in between gasps. "It's just the..."

"Yeah, I know." Keith pushed the curly, knotted hair that stuck to her face with sweat away gently.

"Stay home today, yeah?"

"... bring me my assignments."

"Yeah, hermanita." He kissed her slightly damp cheek. "Text me if you get worse," He got up and went to the door. "You sure you can't make it through the day? It's only Friday."

Allura's voice was strained and cracking. "Keith, please." She whispered. "Give me a break."

"Alright. Love you."

"I love you too."

He turned and went to the kitchen, got a handful of strawberries from one of Allura's containers, then walked out of the house.

He walked with his head low and his headphones in his ears, curling his lips trying to keep them warm against the chilly wind. As the school came into view and Keith started to warm up to the cold, his shoulders lost their tension until his eyes widened when someone pulled his ponytail, yelling "YAGA!"

"Ack! What the fuck?!" Keith turned as with his hand outstretched ready to slap his attacker until his face dropped into annoyance and distaste as Lance's grinning face came into focus. "That hurts, dumbass!"

"Why do you think I did it, pendejo?" Lance rolled his eyes as if to say 'duh!' "Hey," he started.
"Where's Allura?"
"She's not feeling well."
Lance scoffed. "Weak."
Keith frowned and slapped the back of his head. "Shut up. Where's Pidge?"
"Fucking late AGAIN!" Lance threw his head back dramatically. "I swear to God, if this bitch doesn't stop watching their weird anime porn bullshit till four in the fucking morning—"
"Do they really?"
"No, but I bet they do."
Keith laughed lightly as Lance frowned at him. "What?" He asked.
"Nothing," Said Lance. "Your man ponytail thing is bothering me."
"You're just jealous you can't look as stylish as me." He grinned as Lance gave him the finger.
"No, you look like a ridiculous hipster that can't complete the look because you're incapable of growing facial hair," Lance frowned. "And you call yourself Mexican."
"The fuck?! I can speak and write in Spanish just as well as you and Allura! My lack of facial hair means nothing!"
"Sure you can speak Spanish but not without that ittle wittle accent." Lance teased him as Keith shoved his fingers into Lance's stomach, making him groan.
"Leave me alone, im half Korean, bitch." Keith mumbled as they walked into the building. "Don't Hunk and Shiro both have practice? What's the plan for today?" He asked.
"What a coincidence because a kid from the school we're playing just died, so Shiro's game is cancelled." Lance grinned.
"Is that... a good thing....?"
Lance shrugs. "Makes our plans easier."
"Huh."
"Yeah, but do you think Allura can make it to The Arrow? Is she really that sick?" Lance frowned.
Keith shook his head. "She's... just very sick."
"A fever?"
"Most likely."
"Did you even take the time to check her out? Where's your mom?"
"I tried to help but she didn't really want it. It even hurt her to talk." Keith sighed. "Mom's not home. She's never here in the mornings. She comes a little past ten or eleven at night."
"Well what about your dad?"
Keith was silent for a moment. "... he's not here."
"Oh... sorry." Lance stood awkwardly next to him, contemplating whether or not he should give him words of comfort or simply just put his hand on his shoulder. He decided not to do anything. Shiro came in between them with his breath slightly uneven from running and squeezing down the hall. ",Sup, dorks?"
"Hey fuckboy." Lance waved.
"Sup." Smiled Keith.
"Fuck, I'm so tired, and I think all the teams in the area have to go to the assembly thing over there. Shit..." Shiro yawned.
"We're ruthless. We all see this kid's death as a hassle." Keith blew some hair out of his face. "I mean he was asking for it, he was in a gang."
"Ah." Keith shook his head. "I bet he was Mexican."
"Guatemalan."
"Eh. Close."
Shiro laughed, then frowned. "Wait, where's Allura?"
"She's sick." Lance and Keith said at the same time.
"What? Is she okay?"
"Gee buddy, What part of 'she's sick' don't you understand?" Lance said, flicking him on the forehead.
"Watch yourself because I can beat you and your enlarged penis to a fucking prune, bitch." Shiro
rolled his eyes as Keith snickered and Lance blushed with embarrassment. "Anyway, how was she this morning?"
"Not good. I don't know if she can come to The Arrow tonight, she looked absolutely terrible."
Keith shook his head.
"That's crazy. Yesterday she looked great. Didn't seem like she was catching a fever or a cold or somethin'. Even when we were at your place, she was completely fine." Shiro frowned.
"It's... weird, yeah." Keith looked down. "Let's go check on her after school then. Maybe she'll be down for going out. But I'll be honest though, I'm pretty tired."
"Me too, but after all, it's the morning. Maybe we'll feel a little more energetic after Hunk's practice."
Shiro shrugged as Lance only grinned and pulled his sleeve up to reveal a couple coffee patches.
"Jokes on you bitches."
"Lance you're gonna die if you keep using those." Keith scoffed.
"Finally." Lance moaned as Shiro rolled his eyes, mumbling "Edgy."
"Wait, you guys have classes with my sister, right?" Keith asked.
"Bio." Shiro said.
"Math and Culture." Lance added.
"Can you get her homework from those classes?"
"Sure, dude." Lance shrugged. "If you're gonna go get her homework from all her classes, you should get going, you're gonna be late."
"Don't tell me what to do." Keith snapped as Lance growled under his breath. "Fuck you, Keith."
Shiro pushed both their faces away from each other. "Shut up and go." So they did, but Lance didn't go without giving Shiro one of his gentle shoulder kisses.
As Keith made his way to Allura's first class to get her homework, he texted Flaca: Allura's sick. Mind takin care of her for a bit?
She responded after a few minutes: Pinche I'm lactating.
Keith grinned softly at his phone as he responded: Only for a bit? I'm so worried.
Flaca left him on read for a couple minutes then responded: Alright. Can I bring baby Al with me?
Keith responded: Al as in Baby Alberto?
Flaca immediately responded: What other Al?? Yeah my baby. And Geronimo? He makes really good sick food.
Keith texted back: Sure. Tell him to buy groceries on the way to my place, though. All we have is expired orange juice and strawberries. You know where the keys are, pls don't make her get up.
Flaca responded: I'm aware. Thanks. See you later ;)
Keith smiled down at his phone: Yeah. :) He shut his phone off and continued to go around the school collecting his sister's assignments.
He texted Allura now: Hey, Flaca and her baby are going to the house to take care of you. Geronimo's gonna make you something. Feel better. Te amo.

Allura lay in bed, feeling gross and sticky and greasy under the sheets covered in sweat as she occasionally bit into her pillow to keep her from crying out. Her garbage can was right beside her, which held what she threw up from what little she'd eaten yesterday.
She tried falling asleep after Keith had left, but failed as she continued to claw at her stomach and cry.
It'd been about thirty minutes since Keith had texted her that Flaca and Geronimo were coming, and to be honest, she wasn't looking forward to it much.
She sighed looking at her laptop that was on her desk, obviously falling asleep. She forgot the pain for a minute as she began to let her eyes close, and she smiled as she slowly finally began dozing off... Then the door opened and a flood of noises came up and she felt her stomach doing flips harder than before. She groaned in frustration and pain as she heard lively talking and rustling bags from the kitchen.
"I hope they've got actual cooking utensils." Said a male voice—Geronimo's.
"Their mom cooks. So does Keith, a little." Said Flaca's familiar voice. "But it's always bland."
"Keith doesn't count because his cooking is all kinds of fucked up." Geronimo and Flaca laughed as Allura heard footsteps going towards her room, and she immediately pulled her sheets over her head as the door gently opened and soft light streamed into her room.
"Allura?" Flaca whispered, obviously holding her hand to her nose. "Dude, did you throw up?"
Allura grunted, feeling terrible for making Flaca deal with her.
"Ay, mija..." Flaca whispered, going to pull Allura's sheets off of her face, and she was grateful she did because the cold air made her damp forehead a lot cooler.
Allura felt like crying. She looked and felt gross. Her stomach burned and ached and hurt—but she didn't. She wasn't much of a crier. She never was, and showing weakness was something she couldn't afford to do now that she would take over an infamous drug cartel in less than a year.
Flaca put her hand to Allura's forehead. "While Geronimo makes food, you go shower, yeah?" Flaca said, helping Allura stand. "It'll make you feel a lot better."
The minute Allura stood up without Flaca supporting her, she let out a cry and almost fell to the floor.
"Allura, you're freezing!" Flaca gasped. "We need to take you to a doctor..."
"I'm fine." Allura said through cracked lips.
"Sweating while being cold isn't normal, amor."
"No, it's happened before. Trust me, Flaca. I'm okay." Allura tried smiling up at her, but failed. She sat on her bed, feeling even more nauseous than before.
Flaca looked nervous for a moment, then went to her drawers. She took out a t-shirt and a pair of running shorts. "Where do you keep your underwear?"
"Bottom drawer..." Allura mumbled as Flaca helped her to the bathroom.
She collapsed on the toilet seat as Flaca turned the water on for her. She didn't look annoyed or bothered or anything, only... concerned. A motherly kind of concerned.
Flaca pulled her straight hair into a high ponytail and blew some of the bangs covering her eyes away. Allura quickly looked away as Flaca softly smiled up at her. "Shower while Geronimo and I cook somethin' up, si? Scream if you need anything."
"Mhmm." Allura nodded, groaning as she got up and Flaca left, closing the door behind her lightly. Allura sighed and got undressed and got under the warm running water, finally feeling like her body was able to breathe again.
As she changed and brushed her white hair, she smiled at the fact that her hair wasn't going back to it's usual brown color and the white was lasting longer than usual. She pulled her wet hair into a ponytail and let her odd-ish bangs shape her face like they normally did.
As she stepped out carefully with a hand over her stomach, she looked down the hall into the kitchen and saw Geronimo over a stove, who was talking to Flaca who smiled over her son as he stared at the television.
Allura smiled lightly as her stomach pain slowly began to fade into a ache that made her want to collapse on the floor. Flaca peeked over to her and smiled. "We're almost done with the food! Come sit down."
Allura awkwardly stepped out with her hand against the wall for support.
"What's up?" Geronimo smiled up at her as she softly smiled back. "Hello." She said.
Flaca turned back to her room. "Here, I'll wash your sheets for you. They're drenched in sweat."
Allura blushed in embarrassment, "...sorry." She mumbled as Flaca only chuckled.
"I've had to clean worse things, mija, don't worry about it." She disappeared into her room.
Allura awkwardly sat next to Alberto, who completely ignored her and ate (and dropped) Cheerios from a ziplock bag as he stared at the television in awe.
The little boy looked at her and offered her one, and she immediately became rigid.
"Here!" He said, offering her the whole bag now. She awkwardly took the sticky bag.
"Uh... thank you." She mumbled, awkwardly holding it in between her thumb and index finger.
About fifteen more minutes went by of a little boy yelling every time Spongebob appeared on screen, Flaca yelling about how for drug dealers, their washing and drying machines were too outdated, and
Flaca pouted and sat Alberto down next to her seat. He could barely look over the table. Allura took a seat next to Geronimo as Flaca hummed and the television kept talking in high-pitched annoying tones that Al obviously seemed to enjoy, for he was trying to reach over the table to look at it.

Flaca put bowls filled with soup in front of Allura and Geronimo, and bread on the side. "Thanks." They both said as Flaca smiled lightly at them, taking a bowl to her son and feeding him while she ran to the stove and heated up tortillas, all while changing the sheets in the washer. Allura saw the way Flaca carried herself, putting others before herself while doing it alone, completely oblivious to the fact that she was doing it alone. She had no intention of asking for help, and she didn't look like she minded.

"Flaca, aren't you going to eat?" Allura asked.
"Nah, mija." She responded, going to give another spoonful of the warm soup to her son. "I wanna make sure there's enough for everyone else."

"Everyone else?"
"Yeah, Keith told me a bit ago that him and his friends would stop by to check up on you—" Allura groaned as Flaca laughed lightly. "I feel you, girl."

Geronimo shook his head. "You want the rest of mine Flaca?"
"Eat, Gero. We'll need our strength and energy for later." She said, refusing as she turned off the stove and put the remaining hot tortillas on the center of the table.
"Geronimo, this is really good. Thank you." Allura said as she felt the warm broth cover her in a thick blanket of comfort as her stomach's scorching ache eased a little more. Flaca fed her son as Geronimo smiled. For a big guy, he really had the most innocent grin. "Thanks, man."

Allura continued eating as she looked at Flaca feeding Baby Al and she didn't realize she asked out loud: "Flaca, what's it like raising Alberto?"

Geronimo and Allura both looked at a smiling Flaca.
"It's the happiest feeling in the world." Flaca smiled. "It's gonna sound basic and cliche and stupid, but it's almost as if I were made for this. The gross diaper changes, the constant lack of sleep, always moving around—it's stressful, sure, but it's so... guaranteed. And it reminds me of who I am. It reminds me of why I'm useful on Earth. It gives me the sense of... connection. The feeling that I can contribute to the world around me. A feeling that keeps me sane. Kind of like Lance and Keith with their dancing, or you with your art, or Hunk with drama or whatever. You need something to keep you planted here so you don't drift off."

Allura and Geronimo stared at Flaca in wonder.
"It's a beautiful thing to see someone finally find something to grasp onto. Like when we found Keith. He was young and i remember, he had a huge dirt smear on his face and he was all sweaty despite it being cold as balls," Flaca giggled. "He didn't even ask to be on the team. He just... became a part of it. The little fuck surpassed us and somehow, we became El Leon. We made fun of him because he was the youngest, but look at everything now. I'm a mom and the rest of us are all just... trying to make our way through. But your brother, Allura... he's something else. He found the thing he loved the most and made it his thing to grasp on to. It can take a lifetime for someone to find that one thing, but... That's what raising Alberto is to me. He is my thing that keeps me here, that keeps me sane."

Allura and Geronimo were silent. Allura felt proud of her, just like how she felt proud of Pidge when she'd come out to her. Allura almost grinned at the thought of people stereotyping young mothers, calling them 'immature'. Flaca was everything Allura wanted to be, she'd admit to that.
"You done?" Flaca smiled at Allura as she stood up, serving Geronimo another bowl of soup.
"U-uh... yeah." Allura stuttered, snapping back into reality. "My brother," She started. "... did he talk about me?"

"Oh, all the time, but there's no need to dwell on that. There's not point." Flaca said, taking Allura's
plate. "All I can tell you is that he looks up to you. Don't let him down."

Allura sighed. "At the time I could barely acknowledge I had a little brother, I was so busy..."

"I know. But hey, that's all over with now, right?"

"A little. I'm taking over the company soon. I'm so nervous about it, though..."

Flaca washed what little was in the kitchen sink at chuckled. "Allura, there's no need to worry. You'll do amazing. There's no better drug dealer on the block."

Allura laughed. "Thanks." Honestly, she thought, Flaca would make a much better drug dealer than me. Allura tucked her hands under her thighs and felt herself letting her body free and letting sleep overtake her.

"Hey, now!" Flaca said. "Let's get you to bed." She quickly left to take and put her sheets on Allura's bed, and led her to her room.

"Flaca, thank you. I owe you." Allura said, sitting on the edge of her bed.

"No, it's alright. Oh! And we bought a little to last you and your brother and your mom at least a week."

"Thank you. At least let me pay you back for the groceries you bought—"

"Nah, I don't wanna bother—"

"Flaca I own I multibillion dollar company."

"... alright well I'm too lazy to open up my wallet and put the money in it."

Allura laughed. "If you'd like to stay longer please do, though. It's the least I could do."

"It's alright," Flaca smiled. "I've gotta leave Al at my mom's house, then me and my team are gonna practice. It'll be as if we never even stopped by."

Allura nodded. "Have fun, you guys. I'll see you later."

"Mhmm!" Flaca hugged Allura goodbye as she began to walk out. "And take the medicine I put by your bed!"

"There's a fifty in the flower pot!" Allura called out as Flaca laughed and called from the living room, "That I'm not taking!"

Allura grinned, quickly took her medicine, and closed her eyes, waiting for sleep to come. It came about twenty minutes after Flaca, Al, and Geronimo left. She fell asleep wondering if she'd found the thing to keep her planted here, the thing that kept her sane. And if she hadn't, what could it possibly be?

Keith walked into the dance room, stretching as he pulled his phone out, stretching his legs and cracking his neck.

For gym, the dance kids all were allowed to practice, for it counted as physical activity, but most of the time they just fucked around.

He groaned as he fixed the strings on his sweatpants so they wouldn't fall, and he looked at himself in one of the four mirrors around the room.

He saw the dark bags under his eyes and how they stood off his pale skin, and sighed. Then he took his shirt off and looked at the lion about the size of apple on the bottom left of his shoulder blade, identical to the one Allura, Coran, and his mother had on their backs. Along with every other higher-up in the company.

Then he heard the door handle rattle, and quickly pulled his shirt over his head as Lance walked in, looking down at his phone.

"The others haven't gotten here?" He asked, putting his phone in his pocket.

"I don't know, do you see them around?" Keith mumbled.

"Well fuck me in the ass, Keith. That attitude isn't necessary." Lance rolled his eyes as they angrily stared at the ground.

"Let's just warm up." Keith shook his head, walking to the audio system at the corner of the room.

"I'll go first—"

"Nah, let's fight this out." Lance grinned. "We're gonna later today. Let's see what we're up against."

Keith felt a smirk cone across his face. "Alright. I pick the song.

"Rock paper scissors!" Lance immediately protested. Keith rolled his eyes as he went up to Lance.
"Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!" Lance spoke as he beat Keith with his scissors.
"Hah! Suck it, punk."
Keith blew hair out of his face and tightened his ponytail. "Just put the damn song on, Lance."
An electronic steady beat filled the room as Lance shut his phone off and rushed to the center of the room.
Keith's eyes lit up. "Is this...?"
"You're Shakira, I'm Maluma. For the chorus, let's do this..." He moved his legs and hands and arms in indescribable, skilled ways. "...this... and end it like this, yeah?"
"Sounds like a plan."
A male, sluggish voice filled the room "Cuando estás bien te alejas de mí, te sientes sola y siempre estoy aquí..." Lance began steadily moving his hands in intricate ways to match the music perfectly. Lance avoided looking up at Keith as he practiced, passionately holding moving with a confidence of a natural. Keith kept his face unmoving and completely clear of emotion with his arms crossed lazily over his chest and stood carelessly, trying to look at Lance's eyes. Then a female voice filled the room and now it was Keith's turn to move. "Pregúntale, a quien tu quieras, vida, te juro que eso no es así..." He started with running his hands down his body, from his chest to his upper thighs, moving his hips and waist carefully and delicately as the beat obeyed him, instead of him obeying the beat. He moved swiftly and femininely as his stray hairs occasionally shrouded his eyes. Lance observed him narrowly with his hand on his hip and the other tapping his thigh to the beat. Keith kept his breathing steady and kept his eyes closed, then the chorus began. "Yo soy masoquista, con mi cuerpo un egoísta, Tú eres puro, puro chantaje..." They both moved just like how Lance had told him to, but they were unnecessarily close. But neither had the intention of moving, for this was what you'd call 'being in someone's face'. Literally. Then it was Lance's turn again. He moved like water with his movement so calculated and beautiful it was a surprise this was called a warm-up. Then it was Keith's turn. Then it was the chorus again. But for this chorus they were now panting and a little breathless, either because of all their skilled movements, or maybe it was the fact that they were dancing so close the inside of their thighs touched and their faces were only inches apart. When they whipped their heads away from each other their hair touched and when Lance looked up with narrow eyes and unintentionally met Keith's eyes, they could see eachother's reflection. When this happened, Lance was nearly sitting on Keith's leg, he was grinding against it. They'd been dancing so close to eachother— basically ON eachother— the second the song ended, Keith let out a shuttering breath that he didn't know he'd been holding for so long. His face was red as he quickly tried hiding it as Lance high-fived him, completely unnerved by the intimate dancing. "Good job." He grinned, jogging to his phone to change the song and put it a bit lower. "That was gross." Angel laughed from the corner of the room, along with Jane and Oscar, who all snickered and smirked. Keith blushed even harder and immediately turned away from his group as Lance spoke up. "Don't be weird. Anyway, school comps are next month, only three weeks. Obviously we're gonna win, so we're gonna make nationals again, got it?"
"Yessir." Angel saluted lazily as Jane only nodded and Oscar gave him a thumbs up. Keith only locked eyes with Lance, and that seemed to give the message across. "Good. Let's start planning our next song, because obviously, we're gonna win. Theme this year!"
"Jackson 5?" Oscar spoke up. "Possibly." Lance shrugged. "Let's do something more original and a bit more... unique. I bet you someone at comps is gonna go with Jackson 5 as well."
"Does it have to be old?" Keith asked. "Not necessarily." Lance shrugged. "Just looking for an old kind of 90's sounding beat..."
"Got it. Ever heard of I Want Cha Back?" Keith asked as Lance shook his head. "Nah, let me check it out." Lance sat down, as did the others in a tight circle. When Lance found the song, his mouth pulled into a smile. "I lowkey don't like you, but this is perfect!"
"Where did you even find this song, dude?" Oscar grinned, high fiving a shrugging Keith.
"Alright, this is of course an option, anything else...?" Jessi continued as they all just spent their entire time gathered in a circle, choosing songs to possibly dance to during competitions. It wasn't until they went into the packed locker room to change that Keith realized his and Lance's warm up was completely unnecessary, and Lance knew. So why he didn't stop Keith from warming up with him, he didn't want to guess.

As he stepped out of the locker room, the last bell went off and he rushed to their usual meeting place, the door west door, where him and Allura always entered.
He waited for about five minutes until Lance, Hunk, Pidge, and Shiro all arrived.
"Yo, any news on Allura?" Pidge asked as they began to walk towards Keith and Allura's house. "I kept asking if she was okay but she just left me on read." He mumbled. "But after around one she stopped reading my messages altogether."
"So what's the plan for tonight? Angel and Jane and the others are gonna need a ride, I lowkey promised them i'd take them." Hunk sighed.
"Goddamn, knowing you, your small ass Equinox can probably fit half the fucking school." Shiro laughed. "But I guess I'll just go on my motorcycle."
"Edgy!" Lance said in a weird voice, obviously mocking his friend, but he ignore him. 
"I'm pissed. Mine was stolen." Keith growled under his breath. "It was nice, too."
"Shit, that sucks." Shiro shook his head. "But I can go on my bike."
"Where is it?"
"In the lot."
"Fun, it's settled, but I don't think it's necessary. I'm pretty sure we can make you fit in somewhere." Keith nodded.
"Let's just hurry, Miss Trey gets pissed when we're late." Hunk shuddered. "I think today we're doing the singing."
"Fuck, yes dad." Lance moaned as Pidge elbowed his stomach and Shiro ruffled his head harshly and Keith gagged.
"Don't be fucking weird Lance." Hunk growled. "But the songs are... weird. They just added songs to a play and that's just... weird." He shook his head. "Damn, Miss Trey is falling apart."
"I bet." Shiro shook his head. "Dealing with you after four years must've worn her out too much."
Pidge giggled and Keith and Lance laughed as Hunk rolled his eyes. "I'm her favorite student so try again you cumshot haired fuck."
"Fuck! Are we never gonna forget that?" Shiro defensively raised a hand to pat his hair over his eyes.
"But we really need a new lead girl. Our normal girl might be moving later this year and she's starring in the play. You guys know anyone who can sing?" Hunk said.
"I can sing." Pidge grinned.
"Shakespeare doesn't want you or your fuckboy rap onstage."
"... touché."
"I mean... Allura can sing, but I doubt she'll sing in front of a crowd." Keith shrugged.
"Yo, she sings? I thought she was only an artist." Lance looked at Keith as he nodded.
"Yeah. Didn't you hear her last time when we went to The Arrow?"
"No one could hear anyone else's voice, bro. We were loud." Shiro said.
"Let's see tonight. On our way there, let's hear her sing." Hunk grinned.
"Good idea, but aren't Jessi and Angel and the others coming with us?" Pidge asked.
"We'll figure something out." Hunk said as they climbed the stairs and Keith took his keys out of his book bag.
When the door opened, they didn't know what exactly they expected, but they didn't really expect it to be so dead and silent.
"She's probably sleeping." Keith said as they walked in, set their bags down next to the coat hanger, and Pidge, Hunk, and Lance went to go turn on the Xbox as Shiro took a little sticky note off of the counter.
"Flaca said she left us food. And we should give Allura her medicine at about eleven..." Shiro said, putting the note down and looking at Keith, who stared intently down at his phone. "Keith...?"
Coran had texted him: Be alert. The company might be getting a new investor in the next week or so, and we don't know if they're trustworthy or not. They're anon for now. Watch out.
Keith jumped as he felt a hand lightly press his shoulder. He looked up to see Keith staring down at him. "Bro, you okay?"
He shook his head and gave him a soft smile. "Yeah. Anyway, Allura must be asleep. Go wake her up while I serve everyone, yeah?"
"I'll serve everyone, you wake her up." Shiro said quickly as Keith raised an eyebrow.
"It's fine, you know where her room is, I know where the bowls are, so go..." Keith said a little annoyed.
"It's a little weird—"
"Christ, Shiro. He's asking you to wake her up not be her Prince Charming and kiss her to consciousness." Lance said as he furiously pressed buttons on his game control.
"Fuck." Said Shiro under his breath as he turned to the dark hall and knocked on her door. "Allura?"
He whispered as he heard glass clanking and drawers open from the kitchen, followed with a few yells and "Woahs!" from the living room and kitchen. After no response from the inside of her room, he opened her door quietly and shut it behind him to keep her from waking up. The room was dark, but had a slight purple tint from the sun pouring in but being held back with her black curtains.
As he slowly walked to her bed, stepping over black sweaters and a couple bras, he crouched down to try to see her face in between her thick covers.
Her eyes were closed and her breathing was even and Shiro didn't think he'd ever seen her look so calm or innocent. He could tell she'd pulled her hair out of a ponytail during her sleep due to the rubber band that was intertwined lightly through her fingers. Her white hair was damp and fluffy and resembled a soft cloud.
"Allura." He whispered. She didn't stir. She continued to breathe evenly, and he moved the sheets out of her face to see if that would make her move even a bit. It didn't. He spent another few seconds looking at her gentle face, and didn't notice when he gently touched her smooth face with his fingertips. He smiled at the contrast of his light skin and her dark skin. She was warm and her long eyelashes grazed her skin and he didn't think he'd ever seen anything so angelic before.
"Allura." Shiro said a bit louder. She didn't move; she was a statue. Fuck, he thought. She's art.
"Allura." He said once more, and that got a reaction out of her. He immediately moved his head away from hers so that he couldn't see the veins under her eyelids as she shut her eyes tightly, took in air harshly, and let out her heavy breath in what sounded like a mixture of a moan and groan. She finally opened her eyes to show a bright blue that almost made him pull his usual frown into a smile.
"Good... afternoon." Allura groaned as she pulled her sheets up to her face again. Fuck, he thought again, she's cute.
"Feeling better?" Shiro asked as they kept their eyes locked.
"A little." He saw her cheeks rise and make her eyes smaller as he lightly smiled back at her.
"That's good." He said in a low voice. "Come on, we're gonna be busy today." Shiro said as she groaned and rolled her eyes.
"My stomach aches."
"Aches?"
"It stopped hurting."
"... can you stand?"
"... I can try." Allura didn't pull her sheets off of her as Shiro stepped away from the bed to let her stand. Her small, delicate feet peeked out of her black sheets and touched her floor, which reminded him of how a Disney princess might move. As she moved towards the end of the bed and tried to stand as her sheets slipped off of he, she lost her balance and fell forward, but not before Shiro caught her.
"Woah there, princess." He smiled down at her softly as she looked at him with her half-opened eyes.
She let out what sounded like a scoff and chuckle. "Thought I told you not to call me princess."
"Looking like one now, with your hair all over your shoulders and you leaning on me." He chuckled
as she grinned. He then frowned. "Dude, do you ever wear a bra?"
"What, it's not like no one's seen boobs before." She rolled her eyes smiling as he laughed lightly.
Her hands tightened a little around his neck as his hands softened around her waist as she tried to
stand up straight. "Thanks." She winced as he kept his arms a distance from her waist in case she lost
her balance again. After a couple of seconds of her looking okay, he put his hands down.
"Come on, all the others are here." Shiro said as he began to turn to the door until she spoke.
"Oh! What time is it?!"
"We just got outta school, we were going to drama with Hunk." He explained as she groaned again.
He rolled his eyes. "You can sleep there."
"Why can't I sleep here?"
"Makes plans easier."
"Ugh." She said as she pulled her shorts down a bit. It really didn't make a difference. She pulled her
tank top up to cover more of her chest, but failed. "I'll change."
"Yeah..." He said awkwardly, stepping out of her room and closing the door behind him as she
quickly looked around the room for a bra. After finding one she quickly put it on and walked out of
her room, trying to keep her eyes open against the burning bright light.
"Allura!" Keith said as he looked up from a bowl he'd just put down on the dining room table. He
went to hug her then feel her forehead. "Are you okay? You feeling better? I was really worried..."
She chuckled. "I'm fine brother." She then looked at the Lance, Pidge, and Hunk completely
unaware of her presence, their attention was completely focused on Call Of Duty.
Shiro had taken a seat next to Lance and was looking down at his phone, obviously bored.
She helped Keith by taking out waters and spoons and putting them on the table. "How was
school?"
Keith shrugged. "Boring. I've got your assignments."
"Hell, don't even start with me on that." She shook her head as she looked into the living room. "Yo,
come eat."
They sat unfazed as Allura turned around to warm up tortillas on the stove. "Did you guys ever find
the song to dance to?"
"Yeah," Keith grinned. "The one you gave us."
"Ludacris? Fuck yeah." Allura grinned as everyone began to sit down and start eating. "I don't even
know you guys perfect a whole dance in like... a day."
"Kinda like how you can draw a literal masterpiece in like twenty minutes." Lance shrugged.
"Hm." Allura nodded as turned the stove off and slammed the hot tortillas on the table. They all ate
and talked about assignment and music and ride arrangements until Hunk looked at his watch. "Shit!
Okay, Keith, can we use your car?"
"Sure but it's small as hell." Keith said.
"How small?"
"2008"
"Fuck, okay...." Hunk looked back down at his phone.
"Just let them borrow it and we can take your car." Keith shrugged.
"Sure?"
"Totally."
"Alright, then it's settled." Hunk said, shutting his phone off. "We'd better get going, practice is
gonna start soon."
"Yeah, we should get going." Lance said, standing up as well as Pidge and Shiro.
"Alright, let me change." Allura stretched as she stared back and forth at Lance and Keith. "Well?
Don't you have to change too?"
"They take us backstage over at The Arrow. They give us clothes." Keith shrugged.
"Wait... so did you ever give the other clothes back?"
"Nah, and I don't plan on it either. That jacket's sick as fuck." Lance whistled as she grinned.
"Alright, give me a minute." Allura got up and walked to her bedroom, keeping a hand lightly pressed on her stomach as if it would ease her pain (It didn't). She locked herself in as she put on her big, 80's style glasses (she was too lazy to put her contacts in) and went to her closet and stared at the back wall as she looked for inspiration. Then it hit her. She pulled out her thigh-high socks, put on her black docs, and stuck her head out of her door.

"Keith! Can you bring me your black shirt?" She called into the kitchen where she could see him and Shiro and Hunk cleaning up.

"Uhhh, yeah. Hold on. Lance! Can you get it for her? I'm washing dishes." She heard Keith call to Lance.

He groaned in response. "Make Pidge do it. Why can't you go get it? Literally, you're five feet away from his room."

"I'm shirtless." She shrugged.

"Score." She heard him get up and walk towards Keith's room as she grinned and shut her door as he passed by.

"Yo! Which drawer?" Lance yelled out to Keith.

"Uhhh check the third one!" Keith called from the kitchen.

"Dude what the fuck be more organized!" Lance yelled as Allura giggled.

"Fuck you, Lance!"

"Fuck you, too!" A long short silence went by before she heard a knock on her door. "Here, I gotcha shirt."

She got behind the door to completely cover herself and stuck her hand out. "Thanks." She said, quickly putting it on and pulling on black spandex and walking out of her room.

She looked down at her outfit and smiled. "This look okay?"

Keith shrugged and went back to the dishes as Lance, Pidge, and Shiro stared at her in disbelief. Hunk completely ignored her and continued playing and said under his breath something like, "Fuckerrrrssss..."

"Think it'll get cold later?" Allura frowned as she pulled Keith's long black shirt down that landed just above her mid-thigh.

"Probably, but we'll be inside so it doesn't matter." Said Keith as Allura sighed, looking at the fifty dollars in the empty flower pot. So Flaca hadn't took the money...

Lance was already out the door with his beanie over his head and Pidge had their Cubs baseball cap on as Hunk turned off the console and Shiro and Keith all walked towards the door. "You comin'?"

Shiro said as Allura stood in the center of the hall, deep in thought.

"I feel like I'm forgetting something..." She frowned then looked up at him. "Got any idea?"

"I'm not a mind reader."

"... eh." She shrugged going after him as Keith took his keys out of his pocket and opened the car.

Hunk got on with him on the passengers seat next to him as Allura, Pidge, and Shiro squished in the small back seat with Lance deciding to sit on Shiro's lap. After a five minute car ride with Lance making moaning noises and him saying things like, "Ugh, Shiro! It's so long..." Followed by long groans and hits and several "ew's", they were already running towards the auditorium.

They separated from Hunk as he went down the hall to the storage room as they filed into the auditorium that Jessi, Angel, Oscar, and Jane all sat in.

"Yooo!" Grinned Lance as they waved them over. Pidge immediately engaged in a conversation with Jessi and Jane as Lance ruffled Angel's hair as a greeting and Shiro did that bro fist-bump thing all guys seemed to automatically know.

Then she sat down and felt hands wrap around her. She jumped up and turned to see Jessi keeping her in a warm hug. "Keith told me you were sick today. Feeling a bit better?"

Allura smiled at her concern. "Much. I'm just a little achey."

"That's good. We'll get you shaken up later for sure." Jessi winked at her charmingly as Allura chuckled.

They looked up on stage as crew walked around the back of stage taking measurements and sketching out designs as the actors walked among the stage in normal clothing, simply practicing
their lines and places as they waited for Miss Trey.
After about five minutes, Hunk came on stage and announced, "Miss Trey's gonna be here about twenty minutes late. Traffic." Loud groans and whines echoed across the entire stage and from their little friend group in the seats.
"Christ, I'm so boored..." Oscar whined as he put his legs up on Lance's seat as they all sunk in their seats. Allura closed her eyes and felt her breathing even out as she began to fall asleep.
"Yo, don't fall asleep on us now!" Angel ruffled her hair as she frowned and fixed it.
"I'm super tired." Allura said.
"You literally slept the whole day." Pidge added.
"And?? I could literally stay in bed for a whole month." Allura stretched her arms in the air. Lance laughed. "Honey, that's called depression."
Snickers and laughs went around as she reached around Pidge to playfully slap his arm as she chuckled.
"My body is all achey..." Allura sighed as Shiro looked down at her and smirked, already opening his mouth before she stopped him. "No. Please don't give me your fuckboy comments like, 'Who you been fucking?'"
"Alright, alright." Shiro grinned. "But run around the auditorium then. Or up and down the crew hall."
"Naaah... I want something more interesting..." Allura looked at him and had a playful grin on her face. It took him a couple seconds to get the gist of it.
"No!" Shiro said immediately. "No, no, and no. I'm not fighting with you."
"Oh come ooonnn, you know how much it means to me..." Allura bat her eyes up at him cutely as he frowned down at her.
"No, Allura. You're supposed to be sick!"
"But I feel better, I'm just still in the process of waking up. All sore and achey... after all, I am trying to regain my strength." Allura sang as Shiro shut his eyes and covered his eyes with his hand.
"No, Allura. You sound like a kid."
"Oh come on! The stage is spacious and empty, we both know how to fight we—"
"I'd win." Shiro said as she pouted, impossible to take her seriously because of her big glasses that made her face softer and child-like.
"Let's put that to the test. After all, Hunk's said that you never turn down a challenge. How sad you are now, you really seemed to prove—"
"Fine." Shiro said, standing up and taking his grey sweatshirt off, letting it fall on his seat as she stood up as well, grinning childishly.
"Threaten a man's pride, you've got him in your hands." She grinned as their friends stared after them curiously as Oscar called out, "Yo, whatcha guys doin'?"
Allura winked back at him as they took the stairs up to the stage. "I'm about to beat his ass."
They both settled to stand in front of each other under the yellowish stage lights. The actors had moved to practice their lines more towards backstage than stand on the stage, and people only gave them quick, uninterested glances.
"We both know how to fight, but in case something happens we need a safe word, or like, a word that officially ends the fight." Shiro said as Allura bounced on the balls of her feet, but as childish as her movements were, her face was serious and her eyes narrowed and her mouth was a straight line and her body was like a cage, trapping a dangerous and swift and mesmerizing animal. "Black."
"Alright. Black it is."
Then they both didn't take their eyes off eachother, but they were both obviously in fighting positions. After a couple seconds, they could sense several eyes on them, but they were unmoving.
"Go." Shiro said.
"I never throw the first punch." Allura said.
So then after half a second, Shiro advanced aiming for her face as she dodged it and kicked him in the waist, but found it was rigid and basically resembled a rock. Her face slightly showed surprise and frustration as he grinned down at her. This wasn't the Shiro from two minutes ago. This was the
Shiro that, to win a race, started a car accident on a major street. "WOAH! WOAH!" Yelled Pidge as all their friends had gotten up from their chairs as they had their mouths open in surpriss, except for Jessi, who just had a hand on her forehead, looking like she was either praying or silently scowling them as she moved her mouth rapidly. The people on the stage had come to watch them and made half a circle backstage, letting the people in the seats be able to see.

Allura tried to read her brother's expression, but he seemed to be baring his eyes at the seat in front of him as if it held all the answers to the world. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" Lance yelled as Hunk came up to the front of the crowd. "Guys, what the hell are you doing?!" He asked almost angrily. "Calm down, we both agreed to it." Shiro said, looking at Allura as she nodded in agreement. Hunk remained silent and they took this as a sign to keep going.

Allura then aimed several punches around his waist, chest, neck, and face, but he blocked them off perfectly with his arms as phones got pulled out and whoops went around. She looked up at him in surprise and almost in worry as he smirked down at her.

"Sorry," He started. "I'm a little rusty."

She grinned as they lunged at eachother again and she kicked him in the thigh then waist. He stumbled back a bit as she kicked the side of. His waist again and she was about to land a punch right on his temple until she ended up weakly landing it on his stomach because he's yanked her leg forward, which sent her falling towards him. She let out a yelp as she heard Keith yell, "Allura, keep going!" She stole a quick glance at her brother and grinned as she felt a bomb drop on her stomach. He'd gotten on top of her and wrestled her down, and his fist drew back and collided with where her face would've been less than half a second ago.

She threw a laughing fit as Shiro tried to pin her hands down next to her, but what he didn't know is that she fought best in this position. She kicked his stomach, and landed a swift fist to his neck, then to the side of his face as he fell back and she got on top of him, putting pressure on his stomach with her knee as she put her hands on the ground next to his head. They both panted softly as their eyes locked. Allura grinned. "You give up?"

Shiro grinned up at her just as wide, "Fuck no."

He punched her neck as she got back up, which let him jump up and go right back to attacking. She kicked his stomach, which he blocked, then when he threw punches she dodged them just as fast. It'd started to grow a bit boring, in fact.

They were both panting as they stared at eachother as the spectators looked at them eagerly. "I'm starting to see your pattern." Shiro told Allura. "I'm starting to see what limited number of muscles you use." She responded, stretching. "Come on, now. Don't hold back," She took her glasses off and handed them to the nearest person. "Hit me hard."

Shiro laughed. "A safe word? Asking for me to hit you? This is getting kinky."

Allura giggled challengingly, "Isn't it?"

Then they walked up to each other, stared at each other in the eye, and he punched her in the face. It was a blow that sent the whole crowd screaming and gasping and yelling, but Allura didn't cover her bleeding nose and she didn't cry or let out a sound of pain. She grinned. "That's more like it." Shiro didn't think he'd ever seen anything as hot or intimidating or powerful as Allura with the bottom of her face covered with blood with a huge grin on her face.

She she spun and kicked him, sending him sprawling to the floor. Woo, she thought, I should practice high kicks more often! She quickly went to pin him down with her knee on his groin as she put her legs around his waist and fought against her as she punched him repeatedly in the face a few times before he finally reacted and dodged instead of fighting, and moved his head, which sent Allura's fist colliding with the floor.

"Fuck! I hate it when that happens!" She yelled as he kicked her stomach which made her fall on top of him, so he used that as an advantage to turn her over like a rag doll as she looked up at him in more surprise than pain. Her hair was fanned out on the wooden stage floor and her eyes were filled
more with wonder and desire and power than with anger or pain or threat. Their hot panting breaths
mixed as he looked down at her a little surprised, then his eyes were completely wide and alert and
filled with shock as his body was frozen and rigid, except for his hand, which Allura led his fingers
to slip slightly under the back of her left thigh, up her spandex. He let out a shuddery, choppy breath
as she smirked then slammed her head to his chin and he fell back, taken down. She jumped up
playfully and cheerily as he quickly got back up. They were both completely alert and breathless and
as for Allura, she was most definitely awake. There was blood streaming from the side of Shiro's eye
from a cut (probably from her nails) and some of his mouth was filled with blood. They lunged at
each other once more, but just as Allura delivered a punch to his face, he kicked her to the side with
so much force (that was almost the same as hers) it sent her stumbling down.
She was unmoving.
"A-Allura...?" Shiro's eyes widened as he approached her, where Hunk had already gone to her side.
"Holy fuck, did I kill her?"
Allura looked up and winked at him. "Ouch." She extended a hand at him as he took it and lifted her
up, completely baffled. She looked down at Hunk and smiled. "I'm okay."
They stood in the center once more.
"Well, you did good. Thanks for helping me wake up like that. Needed it." Allura said, stretching.
She quickly ran up to the person that had her glasses and put them on quickly.
"Y...yeah." Shiro said, confused as she walked down the stairs of the stage.
But then suddenly, she turned around and ran to him and then he remembered, they hadn't used the
safe-end word. Shiro was taken by surprise so quickly he didn't even know what he was dodging,
but all he knew was that Allura was even faster and stronger than before. Then suddenly she shoved
her hand under his arm, grabbed his collar, lifted him up, then flipped him over on her back. She
looked down at him with a smile as he looked up at her with one just as big. "Holy shit," He said
breathlessly smiling. "Black."
The whole entire crowd exploded. Keith got up and was screaming, "THAT'S MY GIRL!"
Lance was screeching, "SHE! DID! THAT!"
The others were just hollering and screaming and cheering. Allura helped Shiro up as they just
looked up at each other. "Thanks." Allura said.
"Anytime," Shiro ruffled her hair as she frowned then giggled. "Come on, let's go get cleaned up..." A
screaming Jessi met them at the bottom of the stage stairs. "WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR
PROBLEM?! YOU TWO WERE ACTING NORMALLY? YOU TWO ARE SO LUCKY YOU
BOTH KNOW HOW TO FIGHT—!"
"Jessi, it's okay." Allura smiled softly. "We were both consenting of it."
Her and Shiro continued down to the arts hall to where they came across Miss Trey. Allura and
Shiro waved at her as she only stared after them in utter surprise. As she continued walking they
heard her mumble, "I'm not gonna ask..."
Allura stepped into the girls bathroom with Shiro going in after her and locking the door behind
them.
Allura whipped around. "You locked... the door?"
Shiro nodded. "The janitors come out around this time, it'll look weird of he sees us both bloody and
alone in the bathroom."
Allura nodded and let herself calm down and took rough paper towels from the dispensers as Shiro
spit blood into the sink.
"Where'd you learn to fight like that?" Allurea grinned as she wet them and started to clean away the
blood on Shiro's face.
"I took wrestling and Karate a few years ago." He responded.
"Fun. You're really good at it. Your movements; swift." Allura nodded, then gasped softly as Shiro
grabbed her wrist.
"You asked me to hit you, and when I did, you smiled. I gave you a bloody nose. You enjoyed it.
Why?" He asked her softly.
"I..." She didn't know if she was pulling her hand back or not. She didn't even know if she was breathing or not. "I... it's been a while since I enjoyed pain like that."

"I don't understand."

"I knew it was you who was hitting me. It wasn't... him. I know you'd stop if I told you. Shiro, I'm powerful. In more ways than you can imagine, and he made me feel so weak. He made me feel like I was made of sand, and he knew that. That was his goal. And you hit me because you knew I could take it. You hit me because I'm strong, and that's exactly what I need right now. I need someone to believe I'm strong. Keith does, but come on," She chuckled softly. "He's family, it doesn't count. But you hurt me and I smiled because I knew what to expect. It's been hard, dude. It feels good to finally know what's coming, how hard it's coming. You don't pity me after what I told you on Wednesday, and I wanna thank you for that."

Shiro let go of her wrist then looked down at her, thinking of what to say, but she simply ignored him and continued to wipe at his face. Then he suddenly moved his face away.

"Allura, I wouldn't have stopped."

She looked up at him curiously and silently. Shiro held his pinky in between both their faces. "Please don't talk about what I'm about to tell you."

She looked down at his finger, smiled a little, then wrapped her pinky around his, squeezing softly.

"Do the others know?"

He nodded. "Everyone but Keith. We don't talk about it."

She let go of his pinky and he put it down.

"I wouldn't have stopped, but I'm working on that." He looked down at the sink, avoiding her eyes.

"I was in a gang."

Although she was shocked, her face showed absolutely no change or reaction.

"I was in a gang. They made me fight and wouldn't let me stop. Sometimes I just... can't think about anything else when I fight. All I can think about is knowing I'm done when someones dead under me. And the drugs made it worse, the drugs made it seem fun. I couldn't think about anything but... killing. It was like I was another person. Yellow eyes, sharp teeth... a demon." Then his eyes locked with hers, and his voice began to shake. "I've killed people, Allura." He looked down, avoiding her eyes. "I've killed people..."

Allura lifted his chin so that their eyes met once again. His eyes were red and tears threatened to spill out as he looked into her blue orbs. "Shiro."

He willed himself not to cry by focusing on how his name sounded on her tongue. On how her lips moved when she said his name...

"Shiro, I know you would've stopped." Allura said softly. "I know you would've stopped, because it's me."

Shiro shook his head. "Allura, you don't understand. You're faceless. I can't see you, all I see is a target. When I'm fighting my past resurfaces. It's there and it comes back when I... I have the ability to just... end someone. Do whatever it takes. Pull a knife or pull a gun..."

Allura shook her head. "Your past isn't here. That's why it's the past."

He began to unbutton his black flannel then Allura's breath caught in her throat when his flannel hit the floor softly and her eyes settled along his torso and chest, inked with flowers and stars and deep healed wounds. It willed her not to just sit there and admire his prominent muscles and six pack. She blinked and then focused on a shaded, slim woman with the text 'MXRCY' on a banner where her chest would've been on his right breast. Then the rest of his torso was covered in healed knife and gunshot wounds and roses that twisted around his back to roses that faded into stars and planets. "I'll always have my past to carry. It's there when I change in the morning. It's there when I wait for the locker room to empty to finally change. It's there when I can't even go to the lake with my friends. It's on my face Allura. This scar?" He touched the long scar that sat on his delicate nose, "I got it in a fight. It's the first thing someone notices when they look at me. It's always going to haunt me. I wouldn't have stopped. As much as I want to, I just can't."

"No, Shiro." She held his face in her hands so that their lips were only inches apart and their noses almost touched. "You would've stopped for me. I know you would have. Because you're a good"
man now. This," She looked down at his chest and stomach. "was was back then. I've killed before, Shiro. I'm not a serial killer because I don't like killing. I know you don't either. I'm not a monster because I still think about what I have to carry. I know you do too. I know you feel regret and I know you wish you were smarter back then, because I do too. You did what you had to. I did what I had to. Shiro, you're better now. You're not a murderer. You're not a gangbanger. You're Takashi Shirogane, and you're better than your past."

Shiro's face was apathetic, a mask to what thoughts were racing through him. Then suddenly she found herself completely enveloped tightly in his arms. Her face showed only sadness as she lightly pressed her left hand against his warm bare back as her finger rested on a wound and her other hand wrapped around the back of his neck softly as she stroked his skin slowly with her index finger. Her body arched towards him because she was on her tiptoes, for his figure was bigger and taller than hers. "Shiro?"

"Hm?"

"What's Victoria said about it?"

"I told her I robbed a store. She doesn't know."

Allura pulled away and looked at him, but they didn't take their hands off of each other. "Why are you telling me?"

"Because I know you can take it."

Allura's mouth turned into a small smile, and so did his.

"Also could you please step off my feet? It hurts." Shiro chuckled as Allura gasped and hid her little blush and moved back.

"I'm sorry! I didn't realize..."

"It's okay." Shiro smiled at her then grabbed paper towels and wet them and started to wipe away the drying blood on her face.

"Thank you for opening up to me a little more." Allura said as a side of Shiro's mouth quirked up.

"This is unhealthy. I don't even know your favorite food yet I know you were terribly abused." Allura let out a little laugh and he went back to wiping blood away from her face for a couple more minutes in a comfortable silence. Then she spoke again. "Enchiladas, but only the ones my mom makes. That's my favorite food. Yours?"

"Hunk makes really good poiyha, I think that's my favorite. It's been passed down in his family for... I forgot a hundred something years, but it's like... sex in your mouth."

Allura laughed. "Wait... I thought he was like... Middle Eastern or something."

"Nah, dude. Looks like it, but he's Native American. His parents make the best food."

"Speaking of which, I'm hungry..."

"You just ate."

"Shut up."

They both laughed lightly then she threw out the bloody paper towels, Shiro put his shirt back on (sadly), then they stepped out of the bathroom and walked back to the auditorium.

She certainly didn't expect to get greeted with screams and Angel picking her up. She yelped in surprise as he put her on his back and looked down at Keith who held his fist out. She grinned and bumped it with her fist as Oscar went to taunt Shiro as Lance looked up at her with wonder and Jane stood off to the corner, looking bored and apathetic as usual. Pidge was saying something along the lines like, "YES MOM." And Jessi was asking questions.

"How the fuck did you flip him over? He's like a thousand pounds! You look twelve!"

"Hey!" Allura and Shiro both called out defensively as Miss Trey hissed "SHHH!" From the front row. They lowered their voices.

"I do not look twelve!" Allura protested.

"Sorry to break it to you, but you kinda do." Lance shrugged.

"Well at least I don't look eight like Pidge." Allura looked towards Pidge as they yelled, "HEY!"

"It's taking me every ounce of my being to not kick you all the hell out!” Miss Trey shouted as the actors continued practicing. The others snickered and giggled as Shiro called out, "Sorry!"
"What time is it?" Allura whispered to no one in particular.
"It's 5:30." Oscar told her as they all went back to sir where they were before.
"Fuck. When does this end?" Allura asked.
"Like, seven." Pidge said, throwing their head back.
Allura groaned and cuddled next Keith as he said something like, "Ew.". She punched his stomach and frowned, putting her feet up on the seat. They spent the rest of their time in the auditorium looking through their phones, talking amongst themselves, Lance just stretched the whole time, and Allura took a couple naps on her brother's shoulder.
When practice was finally over, Pidge woke her up and they all went to the backstage doors where they'd see Hunk to finally leave. He bust through the door panting and buttoning up his shirt. He started talking fast. "Shiro what the hell was that? You can't just punch a girl like that—"
"I asked for it." Allura shrugged as they all began to walk towards the cars, laughing and talking loudly.
"I'm just— I'm not over the fact I just saw Allura flip Shiro. I'm... that shit looked fake."
As they stepped out, They all gathered around Keith, who gave Angel the keys to his car. "We'll see you guys in a few."
Everyone agreed as Jane and Oscar began to file into the car and all the others began walking towards Hunk's car before Jessi yelled, "Wait!"
Everyone turned to look at her.
"Same rules apply. No fighting." Jessi nodded. "Just a clean dance battle."
"No promises." Grinned Keith as Lance smirked.
"You're so on, fucker." "What did I literally just say?!" Jessi yelled.
"Hey, come on now. This is verbal, not physical." Lance said as the waved her off and they all got into the car.
Shiro caught the keys Hunk threw at him and they all got in, squished and tight as they were last time. Since it was late October, the sky was a dark blue streaked with only a little yellow and the streetlights were already on.
"Who's playing music?" Lance asked as Pidge came to sit in between Allura and Lance.
"I'm driving, I pick." Shiro grinned.
"It's my car!" Hunk protested.
"How 'bout me cause I'm so cute." Pidge grinned as everyone yelled "Shut up!"
"Hey, it's a rule. Driver picks the music." Shiro said, starting up the car.
"Wait, wait," Keith said, opening the car door. "I think something fell from my door. Open the car."
Shiro did as told as Keith stepped out.
"Allura, help me look for it." She made a face at him but his expression told her it was important.
She shut the door behind her as she crouched down along with Keith so that they wouldn't be seen.
"Allura," Keith whispered "I got a text from Coran. Be careful, whatever happens tonight. Someone new might be coming into the company, and they're not easy."
Allura nodded with her eyebrows drawn together as they both got up and scooted back into their seats. Everyone else was too chatty and lively to be suspicious of them.
"We should get going, the others left already." Hunk said as Lance spoke next.
"We didn't choose someone to play music!"
"Let me do this, guys." Allura said, taking the aux cord. She didn't have it for long because Shiro had snatched it out of her hand as he began to pull out of the parking lot.
"Nu-uh. Driver picks the music." He said.
"Well then," Allura stood up and sat on his lap, completely oblivious to the fact that he was blushing and the others were hollering. Hunk screamed, "WATCH IT YOU'RE DRIVING!"
"Allura get that DICK!" Lance yelled as Keith and Pidge laughed and Hunk pulled Snapchat up.
"I'll drive." Allura smiled sultrily as he stared at her in surprise. When he snapped back into reality he scooted back and crawled to the back seat in defeat as she ignored the car honks behind them and
took the steering wheel. The boys in the back and Pidge were too squished together, so in annoyance, Pidge sat on Shiro's lap casually.

"Wait do you have a license?" Hunk asked.

"I never passed my test." Allura smirked as she plugged the aux into her phone.

"Wait, are you even legal?!" Lance leaned forward to put his face next to hers.

"Nope." Her eyes glinted with life and excitement.

"Oh my God." Pidge and Hunk groaned as Keith only grinned. "We're gonna fucking die." Pidge said as Keith and Lance said, "Finally." At the same time.

"Shut the fuck up you emo fucks." Shiro rolled his eyes as everyone laughed.

Allura looked down at her phone and pressed her favorite station.

The opening melody of Super Freak started playing as they all groaned and Allura perked up, already singing.

"She's a very kinky girl, the kind you don't take home to mother..." She danced in her seat, moving her waist and hips provocatively with her curly bouncing cutely. They all stared at her as she sang completely oblivious to the fact they were all intensely staring at her sing. Her voice went high and low smoothly and was thick and sweet like honey. They all stared at her in surprise. They expected her to sing good, but certainly not THAT good.

"She likes the boys in the band, she says that I'm her all time favorite..." She danced freely as traffic lights and streetlights and car lights showed on her glasses and lit up her eyes. Everyone leaned in on her dancing and singing, but she didn't even notice. Her eyes weren't even on the road for over half of the entire song but they all forgot to tell her too look in front of her, for she had captured their attention with the way her mouth moved and her smooth hand movements and the way her hips moved while sitting. She made little finger guns at Hunk and at one point pinched Pidge's cheek (but they were too distracted by her singing to slap her hand away.)

"She will never let your spirits down, once you get her off the street!" Allura proceeded to finish the last verse of the song and finished off with the instruments singing, "Nanana..." Her voice was thick and rich and full of life until the very end of the song.

She finally noticed their silence and stunned stares. "What?"

"Can you join the musical?" Hunk got straight to the point.

Allura passed a stop sign which earned her several car horns. "Dude, watch it with the driving we don't have papers!" Lance yelled. Allura ignored him and responded to Hunk, "What?! No!"

"Oh come on!" Pidge grinned. "Your voice is godly, dude! Don't let it go to waste!"

"I..." Allura was baffled. "Keith, help me out!"

"Hey, it's our last year of high school and your singing is pretty nice. I say you should try it." Keith shrugged.

"That's not helping!" Allura groaned. "Thanks for the offer, but I can't sing in a crowd. No, I'm sorry."

Hunk clearly was not giving up. "Oh come on! The open role was literally destined for you! Just one rehearsal. Be here for just one rehearsal and that's it. We'll teach you the songs and everything. One rehearsal then you never have to step on that stage again."

"I say you should do it." Shrugged Shiro. "You could have fun."

"Stop you sound like a dad." Allura rolled her eyes as Lance and Keith giggled and Shiro scoffed.

"Fine, I'll try it."

"Yes—!" Hunk started before she interrupted him.

"ON! One condition." Allura turned her head for a minute to look at him. "Make my costume black."

"That doesn't go!" Hunk protested as Lance started screaming.

"Are you so fucking emo you just HAVE to wear black?!"

Keith groaned and threw his head back as Pidge slapped a hand to their forehead and Shiro only rolled his eyes and said, "Ugh."

"Deal's off then." Allura shrugged smugly as Hunk looked like he was ready to punch a wall.

"Fine. We'll make your whole costume black." He sighed in defeat.
"Great." Allura grinned.
"On the other hand, if we're gonna be playing stupid shit like Super Freak..." Keith started, reaching for her phone and turning the previous music off as he looked for a song.
"Hey! Rick James is pretty fucking cool!" Allura frowned as Keith grinned stupidly as he waited for the music to start.

When the music finally started, a series of ew's and protests went around the car. Lance seemed to have completely lost it. "Keith what the fuck," He yelled. "This song is a fucking meme!"
Keith ignored him and started screaming the lyrics, "Do you remember, the 21st night of September?" But although everyone despised the song, they all sang along to it. Hunk, Allura, Pidge, Shiro, and Lance sang along with Keith as they screamed out the chorus and danced with each other in place. This went on with more song from the 80's, including songs only Keith and Lance seemed to know, so they were the only ones screeching out the lyrics, completely off-key. It was a loud, deafening, and horrible experience for the others in the car. But somehow, enjoyable. When they were under a graffiti covered bridge and colorful walls surrounded them, they stepped out of the car and headed towards the restaurant right over The Arrow.

They talked amongst each other to blend in with the vibe around weekend busy Logan Square. Then about twenty minutes later when they turned the corner of the restaurant, their faces turned dark and stern as they approached the abandoned building and Allura looked around to see if there was anyone around. When they saw it was clear Lance and Pidge both put their hands together to help her up. As she went up the shaky, unsteady ladder she muttered a silent prayer, hoping nothing too crazy happened tonight. She went to the trap door and waited for everyone to climb up. First it was Pidge, then Shiro, then Keith and Lance who raced each other up which earned them hisses from the others, and finally, Hunk.

They all stood around the trap door, simply enjoying the view from the top of the building and enjoying the autumn chill. They weren't gonna feel it for a bit, after all.

"Alright, ready?" Hunk asked, crouching down to open the trapdoor.
Allura sighed. "Yep."
They all jumped in one by one as their footsteps echoed around the dusty, torn room. There were chunks of jagged stone on the floor covered in graffiti and stickers and tags.
Lance led the way to the familiar heavy door and they all filed in smoothly and casually unlike last time when they were all tense and alert. They talked softly amongst each other as they walked down under the fluorescent pink and purple and blue lights. Allura had her arm wrapped around Keith's as they walked down. After about ten minutes, the lights began to get lighter and then finally the door had become visible and the white light almost blinded them. It looked like something out of 2001: A Space Odyssey.

The bouncer's black skin and black apocalyptic looking clothing reflected off their angelic white surroundings beautifully.
"Welcome." He said in a deep voice that made Pidge almost flinch. "Password?"
"Turn around." Allura said as Shiro, Hunk, Pidge, and Lance turned around.
Allura and Keith pulled their shirts up, revealing the usual Lion tattoo on the lower left of their right shoulder blade.
"Alright." Said the bouncer. "The others?"
"They're with us." Allura said, putting her shirt down and turning around. "Okay, you can look."
The others turned around as the bouncer pressed a button that opened the big doors.
"Bye, hermanito." She kissed tip-toed and kissed Keith's forehead. "Good luck, bud." She playfully punched Lance's shoulder as they all said something along those same lines to their friends. Lance went around and kissed Shiro's, Allura's, Pidge's, and Hunk's left shoulder.
"Don't be stupid out there." Hunk said, fist-bumping both the boys.
"No promises." Keith grinned as Lance smirked.
"We'll be up in about fifteen minutes," started Lance, stretching his long, lanky arms behind him.
"Be good down there."
The bouncer motioned to a corridor to the right that faded into complete darkness.
They walked down talking with their heads low, not looking back. They all sighed in unison then stepped into the loud club. The first thing they saw was the empty stage illuminated by white-ish blue-ish light that was kind of like Allura's hair, and there were men and women dancing and moving weirdly in cages hanging by the ceiling. The two bars on the left and right sides of the room were full of purple and blue and white lights. They walked towards the bar on the right, and smiled when she saw a familiar face once again.

"John!"
The usual bald man opened his arms as she ran up with her hands outstretched as she hopped on a stool and leaned over the bar table to hug him. They pulled apart and John nodded at her friends awkwardly standing behind her.

"Keith back again?" He asked, a little difficult to hear through the music.

"Yeah!" Allura smiled. "Yeah, him and our friend, Lance. We got into a little trouble last weekend..."

"Don't think I didn't see. I should've told your mother." John grinned as Allura laughed. "Anyway, what can I get for you guys?"

"Get me something stro—"

"She's sick, don't give her anything too strong." Shiro interrupted as she looked at him and frowned. "Sick?" John frowned at her. "You should've stayed home, dummkopf."

"I don't know what you called me but I know it wasn't nice." Allura pouted. "But DAD," She elbowed Shiro in the ribs, "over here doesn't want me to drink, so I guess give me cough syrup with, like, Heineken or something." She shrugged.

"How about a mimosa?" Grinned John. "After all, you are getting Vitamin C."

Allura laughed, "Not THAT kinda sick, but okay. For my friends, get them something heavy but not TOO heavy. Like, if they had a gun to their head they'd know where to run."

"Gotcha. And don't worry, I'll add something in that'll let you have a good time..."

Hunk and Pidge took a seat next to Shiro and they talked a bit as she played around with the napkins and the spilled liquids on the bar.

"Are you feeling okay?" Shiro suddenly asked. She frowned.

"Of course. Why?"

"He's right. You should've stayed home if you're getting over being sick."

Allura rolled her eyes. "I'm fine. If I feel like collapsing in the middle of the dance floor I'll tell you so you can come sweep me up like Prince Charming."

He rolled his eyes and she giggled as John came back with drinks, placing them in front of each of them.

They all leaned forward to stare at her. She shrugged, stared down at the glass in her hand, then chugged her drink down in a swift motion. Her stomach churned a little, but Allura braced the table tightly which seemed to help.

"Hey, we're gonna go and try to stay up front." Hunk called out to her as Pidge followed him.

"Okay, I'll catch up in a few." Allura nodded as she saw them disappear into the packed throng of people. She noticed them were stumbling a bit, and Pidge had gotten especially giggly. She turned to look at Shiro, who stared down at his glass, obviously lost in thought. The song changed into a little slower, sultry beat.

"Hey." She got close to his ear and her lips grazed his ear for a split second. "Let's dance, yeah?"

She whispered.

He stared at her face, looking at how the lights reflected on her white hair and how the shadows of her eyelashes danced under the bright white lights above her, and how her glasses and eyes played with the light.

"Okay."

A smile spread across her face as she jumped off the school. "Let me just warn you," She grinned up at him. "The thing that John put in my thing is kicking in."

Shiro chuckled, letting her pull his arm towards the dance floor. "You're insufferable, Allura."

She turned around and winked back at him. "Oh, I excite you."
Shiro grinned at her as he started to see stars, and he felt the world under him move a little. Damn, he thought, just the smell of the club is enough to get you drunk.
The crowd of people were close together and sweat and alcohol and smoke hung in the air as they tried to head towards the front. But as they kept trying to go more up, they found it harder and harder to slip though people.
Allura looked up at him and he simply shrugged. "We'll find 'em later."
The music was so loud and sent vibrations through their bodies and Allura closed her eyes, letting the music go through her and let it move her body.
She danced against the people all over her, for they were all packed and close. She felt bodies and sweat and breath and clothing and refused to open her eyes, she didn't want to see, just feel. But her biggest temptation was to open her eyes; she wanted to see if Shiro was looking at her. She wanted to see if it was really his body that was so close to hers. She wanted to see if that was the chest grazing her head and she wanted to see if that was the arm softly rubbing against hers.
Don't do it, she told herself, don't open your eyes.
She wanted it to be his breath that left an odd sensation on her sweating cheekbones and she wanted it be his fingertips that occasionally ran down her arm.
Don't look.
She wanted it to be his breath that danced on her neck.
Don't open your eyes....
She wanted it to be his fingers that slowly went down her thigh-highs.
Whatever you do, don't open your eyes....
She wanted it to be his breath that made her lips hot.
She couldn't help it any more.
Her eyes flew open and she found his dark eyes searching her face. Her arms instinctively around his neck and he grinned down at her and chuckled.
"Holy shit," he laughed, "I'm buzzed as fuck."
Allura threw her head back and laughed. "Shiro, are you trying to get in my pants?"
"Sorry, can't hear you." He smirked as the whole room filled with bright red lights and smoke came from every angle and sirens began going off above their heads.
"Welcome," said the familiar futuristic female voice, "To The Arrow. Where your wildest fantasies are sure to come."
Shiro and Allura grinned at eachother as they looked up on the stage as they smoke began to clear.
"Come, The Tailors, El Leon. Your battle will begin in three minutes."
The crows was ecstatic as Lance and his group stepped out from the Left side of the stage and Keith stepped out from the right with his friends right behind him.
Lance stood putting his weight on his felt leg as he crossed his arms with Jessi, Oscar, Jane, and Angel standing behind him just as relaxed. Keith examined his nails casually as Flaca, Pablo, Juanito, Eduardo, and Monte all looked around just as calm as anyone else. Pablo eventually winked at Allura when he spotted her, and she giggled.
Lance was wearing a baggy black t-shirt with the word 'YEEZY' across the front with black joggers and a red flannel tied around his waist while Jane, Jessi, Angel, and Oscar all wore fishnet t-shirts, exposing their stomachs and waist but of course, Jane and Jessi kept a sports bra on to cover their chests. The four wore the baggy fishnet shirts with black Adidas joggers like Lance's. Keith wore a red shirt that was cropped and exposed his pale torso with black leggings that hugged his legs and if you looked closely, you could see about four chokers wrapped around his waist. His group behind him wore baggy jeans and white and black muscle tees except for Flaca, who only wore a sports bra that was half black and half white, with black Nike spandex like Allura's.
"The Tailors?" Scoffed Keith through a mouthpiece that projected his voice around the room.
"How'd you pick such a dumbass name?"
"Because of how we thread the needle." Lance winked.
"Oh my God." Keith rolled his eyes as his group behind him snickered and Lance's group face
palmed, but had guilty smiles on their face. "Wait... Are those my gloves?"
Lance looked down at the fingerless black gloves on his hands. "I guess. I found 'em lying around
backstage."
"Give those back later..." Keith mumbled as he crossed his arms and looked down, a little flushed.
"I bet you they came up with that shit name last minute." Shiro shook his head and laughed as Allura
chuckled. "What does that even mean? Like, threading the needle..."
"It's some dance move I'm pretty sure." Shiro said, keeping his eyes fixed on the stage.
"One minute." Said the female voice.
"Good luck, then. Don't cry when I beat you, though." Keith grinned.
Lance scoffed and rolled his eyes. "As if that'll happen."
Then a little slit over them went towards the center of the room slowly, like a metallic pull. Smoke
spilled out before Keith and Lance's faces as a DJ with headphones over his ears and a giant disk
jockey emerged.
"Good luck, pretty boy." Lance smirked at Keith.
"Right back atcha, cabrón"
"Three... two... one," Said the robotic female voice, "Let the duel begin."
Keith took a flash drive out of his pocket and threw it up to the DJ who caught it and immediately
plugged it into the computer.
They the music started, and all of Keith's group moved in sync the minute the music started.
"Badada, Badada..."
The whole crowd cheered loudly at just the very first few seconds of the song, anyone could
recognize this song anywhere.
"Oh my God, they didn't..." Allura started as the first few words started.
"Take a look at my girlfriend, she's the only one I've got. Not much of a girlfriend, I never seem to
get a lot..." Keith led the group towards a patient and collected Lance, who stood with his arms
folded over his chest as Keith danced in front of him and his group moved just as skilled and
professionally as he did.
Keith danced in front Lance challengingly and provocatively, occasionally flicking hair out of his
eyes and dancing round him, grinning when Lance grit his teeth together. The group did the same at
one point, going in front of the others. Geronimo danced in front of Angel, Juanito in front of Jane,
Monte in front of Jessi, and Eduardo in front of Oscar while Keith and Flaca danced around and
occasionally, on Lance.
He likes both, Keith thought, we'll give him both.
Then Lance smirked then drew a flash drive from his pocket and threw it up to the DJ and he
immediately plugged it in, swiftly transitioning Keith's song about halfway through the second
chorus to Lance's song.
Lance grinned as his group began moving and Keith's group stood in place as the others began to
dance in front of their opponents.
"Yeah, Uh huh, so seductive," Lance crouched down in front of Keith so that he looked straight at
his crotch as he moved his waist and his hips to the beat and his arm movements complimenting his
moves, "I'll take you to the candy shop, I'll let you lick the lollipop..."
Allura and Shiro and the rest of the crowd screamed and literally rioted at Lance's provocative
dancing as he danced and touched his way up Keith's body to wink at his utterly shocked and frozen
face. His group danced just as expertly and skilled as Keith's. Lance's group danced around their
opponents in unison and through their quick spins and movements, if you looked closely, you could
see grins of pleasure on their faces. Probably because of the reactions they got from their opponents
which was shock, a frown, gritting teeth, and a hint of disgust. Keith's group stood in place, letting
Lance's group dance, keeping everything fair and even and giving them their turn, as much as they
didn't want to.
Then Lance's song slowly transitioned to the beginning of Keith's song, and since the beginning was
a little slow, it gave them a little time to stretch their arms and talk for only a few seconds.
Thankfully, with the microphones attached to their clothing, the room could hear everything they
were saying.
"Feelin' a little touchy tonight, aren't you?" Keith smirked at a smirking Lance.
"I could say the same about you, buddy." He nodded towards him. "Your team also seems a little serious. What's wrong, mad I'm beating you?"
"Over my dead body, punk." Keith smirked.
The crowd was loud and rowdy and people were now getting on people's shoulders to get a better view of the stage and their dancers.
Then Keith and his team froze, turned around, and right when the song started, they were moving and the crowd was moving and screaming and pulling out their phones.
"Shake shake, just shake shake..."
"OH MY GOD!" Allura yelled at their choice of song. She jumped on Shiro's back and sang and moved her hips to the beat, "Mentirosa! Mentirosa! Dale Buebo, Dale Buebo!"
Then she screamed louder when she saw the Keith was literally twerking on Lance.
"What's happening up there?!" Shiro yelled up at her as she looked down at him with a giant grin on her face. "HE'S TWERKING ON HIM!"
"WHAT?!" Shiro screamed as the first part of the rap started and Keith moved to the beat smoothly with his team, all of them moving in unison and keeping everyone mesmerized by their movements to really, a song that should only be used ironically.
"Up in the club, fuck V.I.P., P to da I, I to da T..." Keith's group continued dancing to the song and Keith went up to a shocked Lance occasionally to dance on him as the rest of the group too positions in front of Lance's dancers and danced in front of them, too. Since the song was pretty short, and honestly, everyone was enjoying the nostalgia of the song, they got to dance to the very end of the song, and at the very end Keith made the tips of his index fingers touch, winking and sticking his tongue out at Lance, making him blush with a look of anger on his face.
"GO, KEITH!" Allura yelled as her screams and cheers and yells all merged with the crowds'. Then Lance and his team suddenly began dancing, moving completely in sync and just as good as Keith. For a minute Allura rolled her eyes and even felt tired thinking, they're just as good; this is never gonna end.
"Everybody look at me me, I walk in the door you start screaming..." Nelly Furtado's voice hit everyone as the huge crowd jumped and sang and screamed and moved and looked up at the dancing that was enough to put anyone in a trance.
When the slower part of the song repeated, "You wish you'd never ever met her at all, you wish you'd never ever met her at all..." Lance had crouched down once again, and he'd danced up and down Keith's body, moving his hands up Keith's sides, occasionally squeezing, earning a little gasp from him. But when Lance bit one of the chokers on Keith's waist, the whole room, even their teams, completely lost it. (Even Lance's team stopped their dancing to scream and pull their phones out to record the boys)
"STOP BEING KINKY!" You could hear Monte's screeches through Keith's microphone as he looked down at Lance in shock, yet he was unmoving...
Then the song came to an end with the back of Lance's body arched over Keith's chest and pelvis, and the whole room cheered and hollered and Allura could even see money thrown up on stage. Then as Keith stepped back from Lance and started stretching for his next song, he frowned. "Yo, why isn't it starting?"
"I think it's because of them, dude..." Juanito nodded up behind Lance's team, where they saw a group of five emerge, a tall man and a tall girl appeared leading two guys and another girl other behind them.
Lance's team turned around to look at the people taking over their side of the stage. They moved back to mix in with Keith's team as another group came up behind them, which consisted of all girls. The crowd continued cheering as they went on, but Allura silently studied them in wonder.
"Uhmm, who are you?" Lance asked, stepping next to Keith who had his hand curled to a fist.
"Your opponents, dumbass," Said one of the girls from the all-girls team. "We're The Holograms. The name's Jem."
"Oh! Like Jem and Th-" Oscar had started, but not before she interrupted him.
"Yes," Jem's accent held a heavy Russian accent, "Like Jem and The Holograms. These here?" She motioned to the group next to her, "These are Roseus. We're rivals, but I suppose teaming up against you."

Keith looked back at the mixed teams behind him, then grinned. "Well alright, I'm Keith, I'm with El Leon. This is Lance, he's with The Tailors, and I guess we're beating you tonight. DJ, let's go!"

The music started once again, and the crowd began to yell and cheer as Ludacris's Fantasy began to play, and Keith and Lance's teams moved together as one, keeping their movements new and never boring. It was impossible to take your eyes off of them. To be honest, they moved much more beautifully and less jerkily as a group working together than a group divided, Allura thought as she stepped off Shiro's back.

"Hey, everything okay?" He asked through the shoving, screaming crowd.
"Yeah, just a little tired." She responded.

They looked back to the stag and suddenly, they heard a voice that certainly wasn't a song, it was someone rapping.
"Is that..." Allura began.
"Dude," Shiro tiptoed to look at the stage. "One of the girls from Roseus are rapping!"
"WHAT?!" Allura screamed as Lance, Keith, and their teams all began to yell in protest.
"Yo, that's not fair, we don't have a rapper!" Yelled Eduardo.
"You either play fair or you don't play at all!" Joined Jessi.
"Wait!" Lance grinned. "We've got someone...."

Then several screams of protests went up in the air and then the crowd's yells got louder once again. Shiro looked down at her in utter shock as he yelled, "THEY TOOK PIDGE UP ON STAGE!"
"WHAT?!" Allura screamed as she saw a little glimpse of Pidge's messy, short, terribly dyed orange hair.
"You guys fucking owe me," Pidge had said as the beat to Eve's Let Me Blow Ya Mind started. Pidge sang everything word smoothly without stuttering and no stopping, keeping the crowd hyped up as the Keith and Lance's groups all danced. "Drop your glasses, shake your asses, face screwed up like you having hot flashes..."
"NO SHIT, PIDGE CAN RAP!" Allura yelled over the music to a nodding Shiro.
"AREN'T THEY GREAT?!"

Allura laughed as they continued to cheer and applaud and danced beside Shiro. Pidge and the other woman rapped and the teams danced, occasionally conversing, but Allura couldn't see much of it, she was a bit too short to see over the crowd. She danced until her head suddenly started throbbing and then she leaned against Shiro as she groaned, it felt like a knife was being twisted in her stomach.

"Allura, are you okay?" He looked down at her as she weakly grinned up at him. "I'm fine, trust me- aah!" She gasped as her stomach began to hurt again.
"Fuck, now I remember what I forgot back home!" Allura spoke frantically, "My medicine!"
Shiro looked down at her, thinking about what to do. Suddenly he said, "Get on my back."
"What?" Allura said as her sweat came easier and faster than before.
"Come on." Shiro said as he crouched down and she climbed on his back.
"But our friends..." She started.
"They can take the train, and we have a good excuse. Let's just get you home." Shiro said as they shoved and pushed their way through the huge, thick, loud crowd to the entrance.
"Quick stop." Allura said as she stepped off Shiro's back to vomit right next to the entrance doors. Shiro awkwardly looked away as he held her hair back. She staggered back up, mumbled "Sorry", then she climbed back on his back and wrapped her legs around his torso once again. The door opened automatically and they stepped out of the dark, loud club. When the heavy doors closed, they stepped out into the blinding white room as the bouncer looked down at them. "Come again." She flinched at the white lights and groaned softly.

Allura wrapped her arms softly around his neck and buried her face in it as she sighed heavily,
hearing the same weird ringing he probably did. They walked back up, and even carrying her weight, he didn't break a sweat.
"You sure you don't want me to walk?" Allura whispered as he shook his head.
"That'll probably slow us down even more." Shiro chuckled.
"I'm sorry, it looked like you were having fun down there. I could see that Pidge was really having fun, too. If you want, just leave me with the car-"
"Allura, really, It's fine. Anyways, if you died in there, which it looked like you probably would have if it weren't for me-"
She laughed, "Alright, my knight in shining armor, thank you for saving me and making my death less messy."
Shiro grinned as Allura groaned. "I'm about to throw up everything I've ever eaten since I was, like, twelve."
"Please, please don't tell me that while I'm giving you a piggy back ride." He cringed as Allura giggled.
"Sorry."
They were silent for a few more minutes as he kept going up. "Shiro, did it ever occur to you that they're doing more sexual things than actual dancing?" She asked.
"Their definition of dancing is doing sexual things." Shiro moved some hair out of his eyes. "You know what Lance says? He says whenever you're dancing and you're confused and clueless don't know what to do next, just do really sexual shit."
"Then they must be really fucking confused." Allura laughed as Shiro giggled.
She placed her head on his shoulder so that her ear was next to his. He looked at her for a quick second.
"You're not wearing makeup." He said.
"Huh?" She looked at him and he turned to look at her so their noses almost touched.
"You're not wearing makeup."
"Oh... I was too lazy to put it on. Why, am I too unflattering to look at?" She teased him.
"No. You look nicer without it." He shrugged and looked forward as she frowned.
"So you think I'm ugly with makeup."
"I never said that!"
"You basically did!"
"Fine, let me clarify," Shiro shook his head and chuckled. "You look nice with and without it, and I shouldn't have an opinion, but your face looks more gentle without it."
"What if I don't wanna look gentle? What if I wanna look metal?" Allura raised an eyebrow and grinned.
"Well then look as metal as you can. Charm the boys with your satanic rituals and spider complexion. Be a Black Widow that eats her mates after she sleeps with them."
Allura laughed. "Bottom line?"
"Bottom line, you look good with and without makeup. It's not like I can really see a difference. If it makes you feel good wear it."
"You're confusing me, fuckboy."
"Jesus," He put his hand on his face, "You're pretty; there."
Time seemed to slow and Allura looked ahead, shocked and silent, then she decided to tease him a bit. "I'm pretty? Wow, Shiro, are you professing your love for me?"
"NO!" Shiro shrieked as Allura laughed.
"I won't wear makeup for you, how's that sound?" She said in his ear.
"Hey, now. I'm not asking for that, just feel good about yourself."
"Awh, look! Am I slowly converting you from a fuckboy player to a respectable young man?"
"I can drop you right here right now." Shiro grinned as Allura giggled playful as they approached the huge metal door. He opened it and they walked to the lonely, hollow, and destroyed building inside. Shiro walked around a huge pillar covered in graffiti as he carefully stepped over jagged stone and uneven concrete. They went to a door that had a bright neon white outline of a woman over it. It
reminded her of the Arctic Monkeys AM album cover. Shiro carefully opened the door and he stepped through as Allura tightened her hold sound his neck. They seemed to be in a kitchen. There was a dirty peach tile and white still walls and the kitchen was completely spotless with closed cabinets and spoons hung on the walls. "Is this..." Allura began as Shiro nodded.

"This is the kitchen from that one restaurant. The one right in front of the club." Shiro said. "I normally get out of the club from the private rooms, I've never gotten out this way." "Private rooms?" Shiro raised an eyebrow as Allura made a sour expression. "Y'know, rooms for..." She made a hole with her right hand and repeatedly thrust her left index finger in it until Shiro slapped her hands away softly. "I see... Well, lucky for us, I know how to leave." He led the way to a huge metal cart and pushed it aside, revealing a small door on the wall. "Here?" Allura asked. "It leads out to the alley, and it's pretty big, I'm pretty sure we can fit through it." Shiro shrugged as she sighed and they both got to their knees as she clicked the latch open. "Go first." Allura told Shiro.

"What? Why me?" "I don't want you looking at my butt." Shiro's cheeks took on a light shade of pink. "I don't wanna look at your butt." "I know you do because honestly, if I were in your shoes, I'd look at my butt." "That's weird." Shiro laughed as Allura grinned. "I can't help it, I have a cute butt." She winked cutely as he rolled his eyes and crawled through the door (she only glanced at his butt briefly) and she followed after him, feeling her knees get wet in a puddle she turned around and shut the small door, careful not to slam the tiny door on her fingers. Allura stood up and looked around the dark, eerie alley that dripped with a little rain that had fallen while they were inside the club. Allura looked to the right to see the shaky ladder they had used to get on the room of the abandoned building to get to the club, and to the left, the empty streets. Another blow went to her stomach and she let out a grunt and a little cry as she leaned against the concrete wall for support. She curled her hand to a fist and pit it to keep her from crying out as Shiro rushed to her. "Yo, are you okay? Come on, let's hurry." Her face was contorted in pain and she looked at the ground as he crouched down with his back to her so she could hop on him. After her legs were secure around his waist and Shiro wrapped his arms alum her legs, he walked her through the busy streets. It was a Friday in the city, it was expected to see a lot of people.

They made their way to the car through the loud streets, "So you really think I'm pretty?" Allura whispered against his ear. Shiro let out a small laugh. "Yeah. Just like how I think Lance is cute. Just like how I think Keith is pretty hot." "Wow, Shiro. So who's it gonna be, me or my brother?" Shiro tickled Allura under her knees as she let out a small, cute shriek and instinctively kicked out, almost kicking a stranger if it weren't for Shiro who was laughing as he held her leg down. "But Allura, you know you're pretty, why are you so surprised I'm telling you you are?" Allura chose her words carefully, "Because I thought you didn't like me." "If I Didn't like you I don't think I'd be carrying you on my back." He chuckled as Allura let out a little giggle. "I mean, like, we couldn't stand eachother a week ago, but now we get along? That's not normal, I'm pretty sure." "We're starting to see what kind of people we are." Allura was silent as he continued. "And anyway we know too much deep shit about eachother now, wronging eachother is automatically blackmail." Shiro chuckled and Allura laughed. "What I'm trying to say now is that we're... friends. You're still obviously hiding something from me and in all honesty, you're stubborn
"Friends..." Allura rested her chin on his shoulder. "Alright. Friends. I like that."

As they approached the car, Shiro took the car keys out of his pocket as he opened the door for Allura, "Thanks." She'd mumbled as she shut her door and he started the engine.

Allura plugged the aux in her phone as she scrolled through her music and Shiro started driving. "Now that we're friends, Shiro, tell me what you like to listen to." She grinned up at him as he shrugged, but kept a small smile on his face.

"I like rap, uhh-"

"What kinda rap?"

"I don't know, hmm, I like Wiz Khalifa, Lil Wayne, 2 Chainz is pretty cool..."

"So... Fuckboy music?"

"I thought you liked rap."

"I like the good rap, like Kanye of course, Chance, Childish Gambino, Big Sean, you know, that kinda stuff."

"I mean, they're all good but I mean, I like it... Uhh."

"Pussy, money, weed?"

"... Yeah." Shiro chuckled nervously as Allura crossed her legs.

"Alright, let's look at some real music."

"Real music?"

"Music with sentimental meaning." Allura rolled her eyes. "Like... What kinda music did you grow up with? Please don't tell me rap, because that's a little depressing."

Shiro laughed and shook his head, "It's actually kinda weird. Like, my mom never really got out of the 80's."

"What?" Allura burst out laughing as Shiro couldn't help but laugh as well.

"No, like, she literally still wears those 80's windbreakers and shit!"

"Awh!" Allura laughed.

"So I kind of grew up on Michael Jackson and Queen and The Bee Gees and stuff like that."

"How'd you go from good music like that to someone who raps about fucking a girl sideways in a bathtub?" Allura raised an eyebrow as Shiro chuckled.

"Probably around 2000's hip hop."

"Ugh, the best time for music." Allura grinned. "The songs the guys used for their battle were pretty amazing. I miss Missy Elliot."

"Don't we all?"

Allura grinned. "But wow, even I didn't expect you grow up on 80's music."

"Yeah, those were the guys' reactions when I told them. They made fun of me for weeks."

"Why? I mean it's only 80's music."

"I accidentally told them I could literally sing along to all of Blondie's albums."

"Well in that case I'd join them in making fun of you." Allura laughed as Shiro ruffled her hair, messing it up. "No lie, though," Started Allura, fixing her hair, "I like Blondie too. A lot."

"What about you? What'd you grow up on?" Shiro asked her as she put her long, black fingernails on her temple.

"Keith and I grew up on Shakira and Vicente Fernandez, and of course Juan Gabriel."

"They sound familiar, I think Lance talks about them."

"Of course he does. Oh, how I adore Juan Gabriel. I'm still so sad he's dead." Allura shook her head.

"What an icon."

"Lance also grew up on Spanish music, he likes dancing to it with Hunk."

"Why Hunk specifically?" Allura chuckled.

"Because he's the only one willing to dance with Lance." Shiro laughed.

"Oh! Speaking of Lance's music. I know Lance likes cute alternative stuff. What stuff do you like that he's showed you?"

"He likes hipster shit."

"Hey, I like it." Allura pouted as Shiro continued thinking.
"Hmmm I mean I like a few Walk The Moon songs." Shiro smiled as Allura's face lit up.
"I love them! Well, that's an overstatement. I like, like, two of their songs. In fact, I think I have one
hold up..."
Then the first few lines of Lisa Baby started playing and Allura played an air guitar aggressively as
Shiro turned it up louder. Allura was extremely shocked when she heard him sing louder and more
off-key than her, "When my baby is a mess, my baby is a dancing queen!" Then Allura sang (more
like screamed) the next two lines, "When my baby wears a dress it's like she's not even a human
being!"
They continued singing and dancing and laughing in their seats and at one point, Shiro couldn't help
but just stare at Allura and how she aggressively shook her white curls and how her glasses reflected
the streetlights making them all blurred and fast and how her eyes were shut as she sang passionately
and how her pretty plump lips moved and how her hips moved in her seat and how she stomped at
the car floor when the drums became more and more prominent. She looked up at him with wide
eyes and snapped him out of it, "Sing with me!" He couldn't help but obey.
They kept singing, but mostly screaming the rest of the lyrics as they danced in their seats. Then as
the song ended she opened her eyes and sang the words more softly and smoothly as she turned her
head to look out the window. "Been singing a ohhh..." Then the song changed to another one he
didn't know.
What just happened, he asked himself. Its like she had me in a trance...
Shiro was lucky to find a parking space right in front of her building. After parking the car extremely
shitty, he got out to open the door for Allura. She hopped out and rushed up the stairs as Shiro shut
the door and followed her up as she took her house key from under the concrete windowsill and
jiggled it in the lock.
"Dude, you really need to find a new place for your keys." Shiro scoffed.
"Don't tell me how to live my life." Allura grinned as she opened the door and shut it behind him.
"Anyway, it's convenient to have it there."
"Allura?" Said a soft female voice from down the hall. Allura stiffened up in surprise then after a
second ran down the hall and giggled.
"Mama!"
Shiro walked into the kitchen and awkwardly waved at Esme. She gently smiled back as she held
her daughter tightly in her arms.
"When did you get here?" Allura said, pulling back.
"Just a few hours ago. Where's Keith?"
"Oh, they're at The Arrow." Allura shrugged.
"They're?"
"Our other friends."
Esme nodded, "Oh... OH. Then I hope I'm not interrupting whatever you two were doing..."
Shiro was the first one to protest. "No, no! That's not what was happening at all-!"
Then Allura joined in, "NO! He just brought me so I could take my medicine!"
Esme laughed as she stirred the liquid in her mug. "Alright, alright! Esta bien, I'll be in my room if
you need me, mija." Esme kissed Allura's forehead and she put a firm, protective hand on Shiro's
shoulder for a quick second before turning around and walking into her room with the door shutting
behind her. Now it was just them in the hollow apartment with only the dim, yellowish light of the
kitchen over them as the rest of the house wallowed in darkness.
Then Allura let out another strained cry of pain as she leaned over and clutched at her stomach.
"Oh, your medicine! Shit, okay, where is it?" Shiro asked frantically as he led her to sit on one of the
couches.
"On my nightstand, there should be a water bottle next to it, too."
Shiro came back a second later with a glass bottle and a water bottle. "Yo, this shit's all in Spanish."
"Yeah, Flaca brought it. If it's her, I trust her."
"How much do you take?"
"I think she told me to take two small gulps..." Allura frowned.
"No no no no no, I'm not trusting you with this without a proper measurement, and you were drinking. Shit, can you even read the label?!
"What does reading the label have to do with it?!" Allura hissed as Shiro kept a cold stare on her. She sighed, "Deza... Dezape... Look what does reading the label have to do with it?! If it's Flaca I trust her!"
Shiro sighed and gave her the bottle as she drank some and quickly, cringed intensely at the taste, set it on the ground and took the water bottle from Shiro's hand and chugged it down.
"Don't you have some... Like... Pepto Bismol or some normal shit like that...?"
"This helps more. Anyway, Pepto Bismol makes me throw up." She said, laying down on the sofas as Shiro sat on the ground next to her. "You can sit on the couch if you want. Or head back to the club, you don't have to stay with me."
"I wanna make sure you're okay."
"Why?"
"Because friends are supposed to care about each other. And anyway if you die while I'm gone your mom or Keith but most likely your mom will come and hunt me down because I was the last person taking care of you so..." He shrugged as Allura laughed and waved her legs in the air.
Shiro rested his head on a little spot on the sofa next to where Allura's face rest, looking up at the ceiling.
"Shiro." She said softly.
"Yeah?"
"I'm hungry."
"What do you want?"
"I want flan."
"Flan? Like... Sweet jello flan?"
Allura laughed, "You call it sweet jello?"
"I mean that's literally what it is." Shiro chuckled. "But sure, let's go. Anywhere in particular?"
"... Cicero."
"Shit, that's pretty far, but we don't have much else to do tonight, so why not?"
"Shit, you're serious? Let me pay for gas at least."
"It's okay, my motorcycle's full."
"M-motorcycle...?" Allura stood up to look at a grinning Shiro.
"Not scared of them, are you?"
"No, it's just that... Hunk's car?"
"Low gas, we can't possibly make it there without putting some in, and honestly, I'm too lazy to."
Shiro put Hunk's keys on the kitchen table as Allura got her house keys and put them in the little butt zipper pocket over her spandex. "Adios mama! Te veo mas tarde!" Allura called out.
A second later Esme's muffled response came, "Cuidate!"
"Aren't you gonna get cold?" He said as he opened the front door.
"I like the cold." She grinned as she shut the door behind them and they walked to the school.
"Let me call my friend, his mom owns the restaurant so he'll have the keys...." They walked as Allura waited for her friend to pick up.
"Hello?" Said a deep voice through the phone.
"Rafa! How are you?"
"I was playing video games, what's up with you, Al?"
"I was just wondering if you could open up the restaurant for me and my friend. I'm sick and really hungry."
"Anything for you, lovely."
Allura giggled, "Stop, I don't like younger guys."
"I'm only a Junior!"
"Bye Rafaaaaa." Allura hung up and and smiled as Shiro raised an eyebrow at her.
"That your fetus boy toy?"
Allura rolled her eyes, "An old classmate."
As they walked into the school parking lot where the only thing in the middle of the whole parking lot was his tall, big, black and shiny dangerous looking Harley Davidson bike. Shiro started up his motorcycle and got on as he spoke over the loud engine, "Come on, you can trust me."

"But should I?" Allura mirrored his devilish grin as she got on behind him, trying to cover up more of her thigh with her thigh-high socks. "The quickest way is through the city. Lake Shore."

"Hold onto me." Shiro grinned as he pulled forward and Allura let out a small half squeal half shriek of surprise as he suddenly jerked forward, causing her to ball his shirt up in her fist as she squeezed her eyes shut and pressed the left side of her face against Shiro's back instinctively. She swore she heard him chuckle under his breath. She didn't know how he managed to breath because of how tight she had her arms wrapped around him.

Then as his speed became constant and she felt he was more steady (she was imagining all the wobbling), she opened her eyes and saw the city getting closer and closer as her hair danced in the wind and she heard city noises speeding away at her ears and she didn't dare loosen her hold on Shiro's shirt. She couldn't help but frown at the fact that they were only getting green lights as well. She couldn't see Shiro's face, but she swore she could feel the energy of excitement and liveliness coming from him. She kept the left side of her face pressed against his back and smiled at his warmth that beat the cold, chilly wind that hit her arms and thighs and face like daggers. She also smiled at the fact that she knew he was enjoying this. Whether it was because he had her wrapped around him, or because after a long day he was finally on his bike, she didn't know, but she smiled at the vibrancy his aura gave.

Then skyscrapers slowly started creeping over them one by one, until finally, they stopped right at traffic light in front of the Hancock Building, and it gave her memories of the time they went running around here. The place where Allura saw a side of Shiro she certainly didn't ever expect to see. A side that triumphed at the thought of winning after causing a car accident. The side that Allura couldn't help but beg to see again soon-

"Stand."

"What?!” Allura said as Shiro looked up at her. He wasn't too freaked out about that though, city red lights literally lasted two years.

"Stand up and grab on tightly, trust me." Shiro grinned up at her as she did as told as the motorcycle speed up again.

"SHIRO!" Allura yelled as she swore she almost fell off, but not until Shiro had protectively gripped her right thigh and held her in place. Her thigh was so small that his hand wrapped around the entire back of her thigh, and she couldn't help but notice that his finger accidentally slipped a little under her spandex and grazed the crease where her thigh began, right under the fold of her butt. Her mind was occupied by other things though, like the racing thought of: Holy shit, I'm gonna fucking die. Allura trembled softly as she held onto Shiro and he gave her a small reassuring squeeze on her thing that left her exasperated.

"I've got you, princess." He said.

A few seconds after that, Allura's heartbeat finally began to slowly go from a racing mess to a normal, slightly faster beat of excitement as the city lights danced over her head and the sound of the motorcycle engine, street jazz, honking cars, and wind rushed past her ears.

She closed her eyes and took in the city, the dashing lights, the lively sounds, the sharp wind, the diverse smells, the prickling cold, the way her hair became like water in the wind, Shiro's warm hand on her thigh (almost touching her butt); she soaked up every single second of it.

When they were out of the city and now on the highway, Allura sat down again against him, but Shiro's hand only slipped a bit farther down, holding the bottom of her thigh protectively. She smiled as she kept her arms more cozily and softly wrapped around him, resting the side of her face on his back, closing her eyes.

After around twenty minutes, Allura woke up to find herself in her own town, La Villita, a small urban area in the city. Lance was the one that lived around here, and she used to go to some of the schools here, but not before she had to run again.

She told him the directions in his ear and Shiro parked his bike right under a tree around the corner.
from the restaurant. He got off and instinctively pressed his white hair over his eyes, grinning as she stumbled off the bike. "Woah-!" He caught her as she quickly tried to regain her balance, her legs shaky and a bit numb. "You alright?"

"I..." She was speechless as he only laughed.

"I know, doesn't it feel amazing?" The glint in his eye was like a star, and she couldn't help but smile.

They walked to the restaurant with Allura keeping her arm wrapped around Shiro's for support. Allura walked up to a tall glass door and pushed it, leading him inside. She opened another glass door and smiled when she saw a tall, lanky boy.

"Allura!" She unwrapped her arm from Shiro's and embraced Rafa. Rafa had pretty skinny legs, a delicate torso, and a high-pitched voice.

"I haven't seen you in forever!"

"Ugh, I missed you! I see your style is still freakishly dull... And ooooh... Who is he?" Rafa smiled mischievously as he checked Shiro out.

"Uh..."

"THIS," Allura helped Shiro out by stepping in front of him, "Is my friend Shiro. Real charmer, right? Too bad he's straight."

"Chincheros." Rafa grinned through his nude, glossy lips and blinked his long eyelashes towards the tables. "Take a seat, I'll whip something up for you two."

Allura skipped down the clean tile floor and took a booth seat in front of Shiro.

"Wow, Rafa is...." Shiro awkwardly chuckled as Allura giggled.

"I know, something else, isn't he?"

"Kinda reminds me of Lance."

Allura burst out laughing, "I never thought of that!"

Shiro smiled at the way her hair cascaded over her shoulders and the way her eyes closed when she laughed and the way her laugh twinkled around the room. Shiro, he screamed in his head, what the hell is getting into you!? "What did he mean when he said your style was freakishly dull?"

"I haven't worn a color other than black for..." Allura smiled at him, "Guess."

"Uhh... Two years?"

She shook her head.

"Five?"

She chewed her bottom lip with a smile as she shook her head.

"Eight?"

She kept shaking her head.

"Ten?"

She giggled as his face took on a bewildered expression.

"Ten years you've been wearing black and nothing else? Holy shit, this is the longest running goth phase I've ever seen."

Allura laughed as she sprinkled a little salt from a salt shaker on the back of her hand and licked it off. "It's not a goth phase idiot, it's just... Natural for me."

"Confession?" Shiro said as he held his pinkie out in front of them both.

Allura grinned and intertwined her pinkie with his.

"I went through an emo phase."

Allura jumped back with her mouth open as a little shriek escaped her lips, "SHIRO NO!"

Shiro laughed at her reaction as she laughed along with him.

"Please tell me you're kidding!"

"I wish I was." They continued laughing as he took a bit of a second to further examine the restaurant. It was pretty small, and on the light teal walls there were several paintings hung, all involving Mexican culture in some way.

"The paintings?" Allura saw him looking at them and followed his gaze.

"Yeah, they're all beautiful." Shiro smiled.

"Wanna see which one I painted?"
"Woah, you painted one?!
"Yeah!" Allura happily jumped out of the boot seat and went around a cluster of seats positioned around a small jumble of plants to stand in front of a painting about the size of a stovetop.

Allura pointed up at it and smiled and said, "I named it Dream Woman. It was meant to be ironic." The painting was of a group of women in big, fluffy white skirts dancing in what looked like a plaza in the center of an old town in Mexico on a mountain. The tall arches of the entryways to the farther streets of the town were lined with papel picado, and the sky was blue and beautiful. The detail in it was divine and Shiro just couldn't take his eyes off of it. It was like a Diego Rivera painting combined with a Renaissance painting. It took Shiro a moment to snap back to reality and realize that Allura was talking. ".... I used a little inspo from some telenovela I saw on TV, and Jesus Helguera has always been my favorite artist, so I always find myself using some of his-"

"Allura." Shiro interrupted her. She stopped talking and spun swiftly on her heel to look at him through the plants that slightly shrouded him.

"Yes?" She asked softly.

"Your painting is absolutely beautiful."

A soft blush crept on her cheeks as she looked down at her boots. "Thank you, Shiro... Thank you." He gave her a smile that could literally end wars. She spun back around flustered and took her phone out, "I should put this on my story, some of my friends said they've been wanting to see some more of my finished work." She pulled snapchat up and tiptoed to take a photo of it. That didn't help make her much taller. "Ugh, the lighting..."

Shiro took his phone out and opened Snapchat and took a photo of her tiptoing to take a photo to put on his story of her painting with the empty restaurant seats around her and the little bundle of plants slowly peeking out from the side of the picture with the monochrome, light color scheme of the restaurant beautifully contrasting with her outfit and skin.

"A dime, isn't she?"

Shiro jumped up in surprise and almost dropped his phone in surprise. "Holy shit, Rafa, you scared me."

"I scare a lot of guys, don't worry," Rafa scoffed and laughed as Allura rushed back to the table as soon as she saw her friend with a tray full of food.

"Awh, honey, how'd you know I was gonna ask for flan?" Allura cheekily bat her long eyelashes. "I knew that if you were gonna call me up at twelve in the morning your fatass was gonna want our flan." Rafa said, putting a plate down and two styrofoam cups down. He nervously smiled down at Shiro, "Sorry, we don't get a lot of Asians down here, I don't know what to give you." Shiro laughed and waved it aside. "It's alright, I get it. Anyway, I'm not that hungry."

Allura looked up him and raised an eyebrow. "You sure?"

"Positive."

"Alright, thanks Rafa." Allura smiled up at him as ruffled her hair then left back into the kitchen.

Allura took a knife that was wrapped in a napkin as Shiro awkwardly looked at her dessert.

"That doesn't look like normal flan." He observed.

"You're right, this is chocoflan. It's a hybrid of normal flan, chocolate cake, and it's topped with caramel." She grinned as she described it. "This is basically my sexuality, you need to try it." She offered her his spoon.

"No thanks, I don't really like flan." He shook his head.

"How?!"

"Shit's weird! Like, I don't even have to bite it! Give it a good suck and I'd slurp the whole thing!" Allura threw her head back and laughed as he softly laughed as well.

"This is different, It's more chocolate cake than it is flan. Trust me." Allura said as she held her fork out to him.

After a slight hesitation, Shiro took the fork and took a small bite out of the hybrid cake and froze.

"Holy shit."

"Mhmm."

"Holy shit."
"I told you."
"Oh my God." Shiro looked at her and she smiled at the surprise on his face.
"I told you!" She said as he took another bite and she took a spoon and began eating with that, for
Shiro refused to let go of his fork. They drank agua de horchata and after loosing count of how many
times they'd called over Rafa to bring them more flan (they always shared a piece, they never got
separate plates), they simply sat in the booth talking and laughing casually.
"Dude, what time is it?" Allura asked as she stretched in her seat.
"It's... Three, we got here at around one-ish." Shiro said as he yawned.
"Shit, maybe they're back home already?" Allura asked as Rafa came out of the kitchen.
"You guys done?" Rafa said.
"Yeah, I'll pay." Shiro said taking his wallet out, but not before Allura stopped him.
"No, let me."
"Allura, don't worry abou-"
"How about I pay." Rafa smiled. "Least I could do for you two for keeping me outta the house."
"You sure?" Asked Allura.
"Let's divide it in three ways." Shiro suggested.
"Hey now, it's alright, it's only fifteen bucks, no biggie." Rafa smiled at them both.
"Thanks, dude." Shiro smiled up at his as Allura nodded, but continued to take a twenty dollar bill
out of her phone case.
"From both of us, for your surgery." Allura smiled gently as Rafa took the twenty and hugged her.
"Thank you so much, Al."
"Anything for you, lovely." Allura laughed as Rafa giggled.
"Hey, that's my line."
"Anyway, here's a little something for Keith. Pretty boy needs to fatten up." Rafa said, handing her a
neat little brown paper bag.
"You're one to talk." Allura teased as she walked behind Shiro to the entrance. "But wait, we came
on a motorcycle-
"No worries, there's a hidden compartment thing under the seat." Shiro smiled as he waved Rafa
goodbye. "Thanks for everything."
"Yeah, you two. Stay well!" Rafa happily saw them off as they disappeared around the corner to the
motorcycle.
Shiro put in a number code in a lock and opened the seat, motioning for Allura to put the little bag
into the hidden compartment.
"Thanks." She smiled as he nodded and she got on the motorcycle behind him.
"Is Rafa okay? What's his surgery for?" Shiro asked, genuinely concerned.
Allura wrapped her arms around him as he started the loud engine. "He wants his boobs off."
Shiro nodded. "You should've told me to give him another twenty."
Allura smiled against him as the loud motorcycle took them back to her house letting her hair fight
against the wind. She closed her eyes, letting the harsh cold air prick her skin with only Shiro's body
warmth to help make it bearable.

Chapter End Notes

That was long holy shit but I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter this was super fun to
write tbh :) and omg over 300 reads you guys are amazing I'm!!! I luv you guys!!!! !
The songs used from the very start to end of this fic are right here:
Song Keith and Lance use to warm up: Chantaje- Shakira ft. Maluma
Song Keith shows the rest of his group: I Want Cha Back- YUNG BAE
Song Allura sang to in the car: Super Freak- Rick James
Song Keith put on in the car: September- Earth, Wind & Fire
Song Allura and Shiro get super scandy and dance to in the club: Trust Issues- Drake, The Weeknd, and Justin Bieber (Damned & Jakoban Trap Remix)
Song Keith's group dances to first: Cupid's Chokehold- Gym Class Heroes
Song Lance's group dances to first: Candy Shop- 50 Cent
Song Keith's group dances to second: Shake (Ft. Pitbull)- Ying Yang Twins
Song Lance's group dances to third and goes down on Keith on: Maneater- Nelly Furtado
Song Keith and Lance's groups dance versus the other two teams: Fantasy- Ludacris
Song my main Pidge raps to: Let Me Blow Ya Mind- Eve
Song Allura and Shiro sing to in the car: Lisa Baby- Walk The Moon
AnD YES I HAD TO MAKE LANCE SAY THE TAILOR JOKE GO BIG OR GO HOME
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

oh my god i am actually SO sorry i havent updated in forever theres no excuse honestly
ive had the worst writers block but i think im okay now anyways :)
Some translations for you:
Oye! Cierra la puerta!: hey! Close the door!
Perdon: sorry
Pues? Para que andan parados ahi? Ya vayanse antes que venga la poli: so? Why are
you just standing there? Leave before the cops come.
Gracias señora: thanks ma'am (i think everyone knows this tbh)
Ya ya llevate lo que quieras namas: just take whatever you want

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today Allura wore black when she woke up in Keith's oversized t-shirt, her black spandex, and her
black thigh high socks.
She sat up on her soft leather couch and struggled to keep her eyes open as she tried to take in her
surroundings.
She saw that Lance was peacefully asleep on the couch across from hers, and Hunk was asleep on
the other smaller couch, snoring softly. She turned to get off the couch but gasped softly when her
foot came in contact with Shiro’s leg.
He'd fallen asleep on the ground next to her, letting her have the couch. She smiled softly at how
peaceful he looked, and at how his back lightly rose every time he breathed. She softly stepped
around his arm and came to the kitchen where Keith sat with a hand around a bottle of Jim Beam and
his other hand over his eyes. He was wearing his fingerless gloves, that she recalled Lance had a
hold of at The Arrow. Wonder how he got them back, she thought. He was dressed in normal
clothing, which meant they'd changed back at The Arrow. She's hoped Keith and Lance finally
settled their little argument, for she was getting a bit tired of going out drinking in the weekends.
When her socked feet touched the cold wooden floor in the kitchen, she said, "Good morning,
hermanito." She kissed his temple as he reached up to ruffle her matted hair.
"Hey." He said in a crackly, slurred voice.
"Shiro and I got here around three thirty, almost four, and you guys still weren't here. When did you
guys get home?" Allura asked, walking to the fridge.
"We got here a few hours ago. Two, I think." Keith said exhaustedly.
Allura took her phone out of her back pocket and squinted at the brightness. "It's nine in the
morning."
"Well there you go."
"What's up with you?" Allura said, taking out a carton of strawberries from the fridge. She took one
and walked back to the table to sit in front of Keith.
"Lance ruined me, that's what."
Allura gasped, "Wait, he beat you?"
"No! Hell no." Keith shook his head. "No, I can beat him any day, this is different."
"Then what happened?"
Keith looked up at her with tired eyes and heavy bags under his eyes, and his face so sickly pale the
little blushes on his cheeks were more visible and his grey eyes stood out more. "He called me... shit
I can't even bring myself to say it." Keith scoffed as he blinked and tears streamed down his face.
Allura frowned at him with an eyebrow raised.
"He called me Trace Cyrus."
"Oh my God."
Keith sniffled as he took a ragged breath and more tears raced down his cheeks. "I know."
"He... he's not wrong."
"I know!" Keith lashed out and started crying harder now.
"Shhh!" Allura shushed him, half carrying and half dragging a sobbing Keith to his room to let the others in the living room sleep.
"You're so drunk, get it together!" Allura hissed as she threw him on the bed as his cries and sobs became muffled by his pillow. She closed his door as she walked out and went into the closet next to his room and pulled out a bucket.
Keith's thing when he was drunk was crying for an hour, taking a twenty minute nap, then crying for another thirty minutes then throwing up uncontrollably. It was always in that order, and one would think having it calculated would be easy and not that big of a hassle, but it was actually quite troublesome.

Allura walked back into his room and placed the bucket next to his bed, and sat next to him as she stroked his back comfortingly as he cried. Although he was drunk and stupid and wasn't thinking straight, she couldn't help but talk to him about something. In fact, maybe she was even telling him because he couldn't process what he was hearing and wouldn't remember later.

"Keith." Allura started softly.
"Y-yeah?" Keith stammered as a long line of saliva connected his mouth and pillow as he lifted his head up to look at her. She didn't pay attention to that, though. She was looking at his window at the dark blue curtains preventing any sunlight from coming in. Since it was cloudy today, it was almost pitch black in his room.
"I had a weird feeling tonight."
"So did I. That's called being drunk." Keith let out a sob then a hiccup.
Allura slapped his leg and shook her head, "I mean, when I was with Shiro."
"Oh."
"Yeah, i was on his motorcycle and he almost touched my butt."
"Almost?"
"Like... right under my butt? Like... the crease under my butt and the beginning of my thigh." Allura thought as she reached out to slam the door shut, content with the fact that it shut with a little click, giving them a more secure privacy.
"Isn't that called a thut or something?" Keith asked.
"A thut?"
"Yeah."
"There's a name for it? I thought it was just a crease. Like... isn't that what people would consider a... nook and cranny?" Allura and Keith both laughed stupidly at this, and then she sighed. "But really it was... weird. Like time slowed down."
"Yeah buddy, you were probably drunk."
"We weren't even that drunk, in fact, we weren't even that tipsy. We were only a little drunk in The Arrow and that was it. Even then, I don't remember very well what happened..."
Keith shrugged and buried his face in his pillow again, so his voice came out muffled, "Then don't worry about it."
"It's just that... on his motorcycle. He was so warm and everything was cold and when he touched me it was like touching fire— I don't know of this is gonna sound weird but it's almost like... I wanted him to keep touching me. Like I just wanted his hands... allovermeisthisgettingweird?"
Keith grunted, "It sounds to me like you need to get laid."
"Do I?" Allura wondered, generally curious.
"In how long haven't you had sex?"
"... I don't know, a few days?"
"Well shit, maybe you have your dirty lady instincts locked and loaded on Shiro's dick."
"Keith!"
He giggled, "Well it sounds like it."
Allura shook her head, "No, I'm not horny. I just... it's just not that with him. It's weird. We're friends one minute and the next we're going at each other's throats—"
"That sounds familiar." Keith grumbled.
"Huh?"
"Lance! Every Friday when everyone else is batshit drunk and we're the only sane ones! We talk! Like people! We genuinely bond!"
"Do you?"
Keith ignored her as he went on, "And then the day after, he refuses to acknowledge our bonding moments! Like, what the fuck man!?"
"You sound distressed."
"I AM DISTRESSED!"
Allura didn't shush him, she only shrugged and nodded. "Seems fair." She said as she continued.
"Well today Shiro said we're friends. He was pretty nice about it too. And he looked at me a lot, but I notice he does that when he's tired. And tonight! We went to El Faro—"
"Did you bring me something?"
She frowned at his interruption but responded to him nonetheless, "Chocoflan."
"I would sit up and hug you if it weren't for my indescribable urge to vomit."
"... thanks?"
"Anyways, continue."
"We were at El Faro, right? And I showed him my painting and his eyes were wide and his voice was so sweet and he called my painting beautiful. Beautiful! Do you know what that means to me Keith? He called my piece beautiful. Me! And artist! That's like calling a part of me beautiful."
Allura looked up dreamily at the ceiling as if she could see the cosmos in it, "He called my painting beautiful..."
"So, like, he basically called, like, your liver or somethin' beautiful...? Pleas— " Then Keith threw up loudly into the bucket.
Allura gagged silently for a minute before she brought the bucket up to his bed and let him throw up in peace as she walked out of his room. She walked down the hall and into the kitchen and continued eating strawberries, looking into the living room where Hunk, Shiro, and Lance were peacefully asleep. Well, she thought to herself, what now? Her teeth almost chattered as she tried to warm up her thigh by rubbing her hand against it, hoping it could help. Blankets, she thought. I should get them blankets.
She got up and walked back to the supply closet and opened it once again to jump a bit to reach the two throw blankets on the top shelf. Instead of getting them, though, they just fell on her face. She brought them to the living room and sprawled one over Hunk and Shiro gently, careful not to wake them up. Then she looked down at Lance, then proceeded to walk into her room. She hummed a little before she heard stirring on her bed.
She let out a tiny squeak and fell back against her bookcase in surprise. "Shit!" She muttered as a figure turned over in her bed, still asleep. Allura went to peek down and saw that Pidge's classes were still on their face in a funny angle because of how their face was positioned; They looked close to cracking from the center. She frowned as she slowly and carefully slid Pidge's glasses off their face and placed them on her nightstand. Then she turned around and went to her closet to get the extra black blanket she kept just in case.
She walked back to the living room and draped her soft blanket over Lance, and really took a look at him. It was impossible to believe he was biting the chokers on her brother's stomach a few hours ago by the way his face was so innocent. He had cute dark freckles on his tan skin, with soft and short hair, she noticed, was growing pretty quickly. Would he be good for my brother?
She shook her head as she went back and closed then put away the bottle that Keith had previously drinking out of, she put away the strawberries in the fridge and ate a cold tortilla she took out of a pack. She scrolled through her phone and headed back to her room before she heard a door open
behind her. It was groggy, but soft and sweet voice that said, "Allura?"
She turned around and saw her mother rubbing her eyes and looking down at her from down the hall.
"Buenos dias, mama." Allura smiled up at her mom as she ruffled her matted hair.
"Hey muñeca, when'd you get here?"
"A few hours ago, Shiro and I got here a bit before Keith and the others. They're sleeping in the living room." Allura motioned to the boys as Esme turned around and said, "Guess we'd better better be quiet then."
Allura and her mom walked back to the kitchen and she sat down as Esme went to boil water. "How was it?" Esme asked.
"How was what?"
"The Arrow."
"Oh, it was... you know how it gets." Allura chuckled nervously as Esme laughed softly.
"Course I know. Did you see John?"
"Yeah, he was pretty nice. He worried about me being sick."
"He was right to, you shouldn't have gone if you were sick."
"Honestly, it was fine. Shiro was the one that took care of me most of tonight."
"... sweet of him."
"Yeah," Allura rested her face in her hand. "He was really nice tonight."
"Tonight? Well mija i hope he's nice to you all the time. Keith told me your relationship with him was weird."
"It kind of is! I mean, it was i guess. Ever since something that happened Wednesday, we've been getting along pretty well. He's opening up to me, and me to him."
"That's good, very good." Esme nodded, "Be but careful, Allura. You can't tell him too much."
"... that's also the thing." Allura looked down, a little ashamed, "He doesn't even know my favorite movie and he already knows about Jasper."
Esme's eyes widened and she snapped. "You told him about Jasper?!"
"Shhh!" Allura quickly shushed her mother as she turned when she heard Hunk stir a bit. "Keep your voice down!"
Esme looked to the living room then at her daughter. "You told him about Jasper?! Allura, this can get nasty—"
"Mom, you think I don't know that?! Look at him, he's a... he..." Allura didn't know what to say. "I shouldn't trust him but I do. I can't help it. It's like a voice is telling me to—"
"He's manipulative?"
"No, Shiro isn't like that. But sometimes he can be a douche—"
"Language!"
"Sorry!" Allura whispered quickly. "But he's been good to me lately. I don't know why, i've only known him a few weeks but it feels like i've known him longer. He just seems so... familiar. I learn something new about him every day, and it's like I can see him with more color."
"Allura, it sounds to me like you like him."
"No, no. It's just that... has it ever happened to when you meet someone and you just... are addicted to them. You want to spend so much time with them because they're just so interesting... they're like a book you can't get enough of. It's not a crush, it's just... you know you're gonna wanna remember that person, so you just want to get as much as you can from them."
"Of course I know what you mean, I'm thirty two, I'm old." Esme laughed. "But I get it. That was me with Coran, I've told you, haven't I? He's my best friend in the world, he'll never leave me and I'll never leave him."
"He's pretty fun." Allura said as the kettle began to whistle. Esme turned off the stove before the whistling too loudly, and spoke as she prepared her coffee.
"He is. I'm glad we did what we did."
"What, run away and run the most powerful drug empire in the world?" Allura grinned as Esme
laughed.
"Exactly that. I'm glad Coran somehow got Keith into science as a kid, or i don't know what we'd do. Shit, I don't even half the Periodic Table of Elements." Esme scoffed.
Allura giggled, "Same. He's surpassing everyone in class. There he goes, that overachiever. I'm proud."
"Me too, mija."
Allura sighed and rest her head on the table, "I'm a little nervous to take over the company, I'll be honest. It'll be in my hands in less than a year."
"You'll be okay, you have your family with you. And by the looks of it, you have pretty good friends."
"I suppose."
"Be confident. You know everything you need to. You'll receive all the help you can possibly need. We'll get to the hard part soon, mija. I want you happy and well for now. You have a long journey ahead of you, and I want you to be well." Esme went to kiss her daughter's forehead, and Allura was only still.
"When's Coran coming?" Allura asked.
"He might be coming today." Esme nodded as she looked to her room, "Well, I've got to go down to the city for a bit, I have to meet with a few people. Wanna come?"
"I should stay here, wait for the boys to wake up." Allura sighed, motioning to the living room. 
"We're all so tired, and probably drunk, so who's gonna pick up their vomit, right?"
"Again, overworking yourself." Esme sang as she took her coffee and walked to her room. "Don't tire yourself out, mija."
"Bye, mama."
The door shut and Allura got up, shook her head, then went to the cabinet and to the fridge and poured herself cereal. She hummed softly as she got the remote from the center of the kitchen table and stepped over Shiro before she settled on the couch and turned on the television. She looked around to see if any of them had woken up at the low noise, but they hadn't even moved. She looked through the channels and didn't find anything but The Grand Budapest Hotel. She hadn't even noticed when her half eaten cereal just sat on her lap and her eyes were shut in a deep sleep.
-
Shiro groggily groaned as he flinched then began to open his eyes.
His eyes settled on the bottom of the couch and thick blanket around him. He sat up slowly and looked up to see Allura on the couch above him breathing evenly with a bowl in her lap. Then he turned to the television that was softly humming with noise as he observed that it was a movie he'd never heard of before. He shook his head and combed through the white part of his hair over his eyes with his fingers, keeping his eyes fixed on Allura and the way her chest rose up and down, and how peaceful she looked with her eyes closed.
"Good morning, Shiro."
His heart began racing in surprise as he whipped his head around to see Esme preparing herself what looked like coffee.
Don't be rude, Shiro shook his head. "Good morning, Esmeralda." He said, quickly shuffling to get up.
Esme smiled, "I hope you slept well on the floor. Must've been uncomfortable for you."
"Oh, it's fine." Shiro chuckled nervously, trying to make himself small. Don't make the conversation dry, he yelled at himself. "I- I hope we aren't a bother. We stayed last week as well, I can't help but think we're an annoyance."
"Oh, don't worry about it. This house is almost always empty, it's actually pretty depressing. Nice little change of pace to have people around."
"Mm." Shiro nodded as Esme smiled softly at him.
"Would you like coffee?" She asked him.
"Please." Shiro said as Esme turned back around to grab another mug. He shook his head and made a sour face as he thought: great, now she thinks I'm needy and disrespectful and demanding—
"My kids, you're close with them?" Esme asked him.
"Oh... I guess we're pretty close." Shiro nodded mostly thinking about Allura. Sure, him and Keith had a good time, but what did he know about him that really gave insight on who he was? He walked to sit on a chair in the dining room. Esme was dressed in skinny jeans, a fancy orange blouse, and expensive looking brown boots. Her brown hair was down and wavy around her shoulders. Obviously, she was about to go out. "If you need to go out I can make myself—"
"Don't worry, I have time to spare." Esme nodded. "How do you like your coffee?"
"Black."
"Black? Look at you." Esme teased as she brought two steaming mugs to the table.
"Thanks." He said as she slid a mug to him.
"How is Lance?"
"Lance?"
"Yeah, is that his name? Keith's dance partner."
"Rash?" Esme chuckled.
"Yeah, he's passionate. Like Keith, sort of."
"Yes, Keith is... a very proud person. Much like Allura."
"That seems to be it in the city." Shiro said, staring down at his coffee. "Pride. This city thrives off of it." He looked up when he realized Esme was staring at him, "Oh, Jesus, I'm sorry that was so weird and out of the blue—"
"No, don't apologize for being correct, mijo." Esme said quietly, as the television in the background danced in her eyes. "I always thought pride to be a person's undoing." She looked at Shiro dead in the eye. "Do you think so?"
Shiro knew she wasn't being threatening or anything, but he couldn't help but feel intimidated, but his voice came strong and firm, like hers. "I think it depends on a person's ability to control themselves."
Esme scoffed, "This city is desperate."
"I don't disagree."
She looked down at him as her hands tightened around her mug, as she moved her gaze and fixed it on her daughter. "Allura," Shiro followed her gaze and looked at her laying on the couch. "She's growing, isn't she?"
Shiro chose his words carefully. "Yes."
Esme stood up, "She's beautiful, isn't she?"
Shiro waited for Esme to continue in silence.
"What does she remind you of?" Esme looked at him, but his eyes laid rested on Allura.
"She reminds of... clouds. Of stars. Of the moon, and city lights. She reminds me of... i don't know how to say it. The feeling of something new? A... A chance...?" Shiro's eyebrows drew together subtly, deep in thought.
Esme stood up from her chair, "She reminds me of Fantasia."
Shiro turned to look up at Esme under the dim yellow kitchen light. "Fantasia? The movie Fantasia?" Esme nodded, "The blushing minotaurs. The pearly columns. The sparkling water. Although she's always drenched in black, I can see so many colors. I can see all of it when I look at her." Esme smiled softly. Shiro wanted more than anything to read her face and thoughts, but it was like reading a book in a foreign language. "Shiro," they looked at each other in the eye once again, the importance and tension that her eyes held made Shiro stand up. "My children are full of pride. They're independent. They're strong. Stronger than you could even begin to imagine." Her voice was strong. "But Allura— I don't know your relationship with her, but please," she walked to the kitchen counter, grabbing a beautiful purse and keys that softly jingled, and stood at the doorway of the entrance hall. "Don't hurt her." She turned and walked out of the front door, letting it click shut behind her, leaving him standing alone in the kitchen. He was still, frozen in shock. He thought about how someone like Esme could be like that. So firm yet... gentle. A calm that brought everyone
to their knees. She was like silk, elegant and smooth and soft, yet hard to tear. Esme was completely the opposite of Chicago. She wasn't a city with filth and rough edges and sharp skyscrapers. She was a palace and gold and roses. Allura wasn't like that. Instead of the elegance of a castle, she was the city. She was the filth and rough edges of a city, but she was the beauty and excitement of it. She was the misty morning fog. She was the twinkling lights on Michigan Avenue. She was the smell of gas and coffee. She was the desire and curiosity in intimidation. She was the longing for something more, and Esme was a calm and slow collection of nostalgia. But Allura... Shiro knew she was probably dangerous, in one way or another. And for that, he wanted to get to the bottom of her thoughts. He wanted to know what went on under her cloudy white hair. He wanted to know what those endless trains of thought behind her eyes carried.

Speaking of dangerous, he thought, getting up and walking towards the curtain where Allura had his a stash of weed a few days ago. He patted around the curtain but there was nothing. There's no way, he kept thinking, absolutely no way Allura and Keith could've finished this in less than five days.

"Allura... hey, Allura." Pidge stood over Allura as she slowly opened her eyes groggily. She made small groaning sounds as she tried to open her eyes against the light, finally becoming aware of her surroundings when she heard chatter and laughter behind her. She jerked up straight quickly and would've almost had her cereal fall to the floor if Pidge hadn't held the bowl on her lap and her shoulder. "Woah, there," They'd said, smiling down at her softly, "Just me."

Allura shook her head and wiped her eyes, "Hey, Pidge."
"Oh, look! Guys, she's awake." Hunk said from the kitchen. She turned around to see the boys all cleaning and picking up around the kitchen.
"Yo, how long have you guys been awake?" Allura called as she got up from the couch and Pidge headed back to the kitchen.
"About... two hours." Shrugged Hunk.
"Two hours?! Why didn't you guys wake me up? Did you guys eat? I can go pick us someth—"
"Hey, now. It's okay," Shiro said, putting stuff away into the fridge. "Hunk and I cooked, and we thought we'd have enough, but your dumb ass brother and Lance decided to start fighting. Then our latino wonder boy decided to feed the birds."

Then Lance and Keith started arguing and screaming over eachother, "Oh, it's not my fault this dumbass starts fighting over everyt—"
"It's not my fault you have to make a competition out of everything you fucking de—"
"Alright, ALRIGHT!" Shiro said, shutting them both up.
Allura giggled, "It's alright, as long as you guys ate."
"Don't be such a mom, Allura." Smiled Pidge. "Be selfish once in a while."
Allura laughed, "I enjoy the exhaustion. Anyway, what time is it?"
"It's 2:30—"
"That late? Keith, did you see mom leave?"
"No, she left a little before." Keith said.
"In fact, I'm the one that saw her off." Shiro said.
"That was a right after I fell asleep," Allura frowned. "So what'd you do for all the time you were awake? And by yourself, I might add."
"I fooled around with Lance. He sleep talks." Shiro laughed at him as Lance turned scarlet.
"Don't fuck with me like that, man." Lance mumbled.
"And I'm disappointed in you, to say the least," Shiro then frowned, "All you did was talk about Nyma."
"Nyma?" Allura asked.
"Traumatizing ex girlfriend." Hunk said.
"Is it hard to not bring her fucking name up?" Lance shook his head.
"Aw, Lance. It's okay." Allura said.
"No, it's not. Shit, I still love her, I think. She's just.. Always on my mind..." Lance put his head in
his hands.
Pidge smacked him on the head harshly. "Stop saying you're in love with her or else you're gonna
stay hung up! Get over her! Stop thinking about her!"
"I can't!" Lance responded back aggressively. "She was so many things to me, I... I can't believe she
would just... throw me away like that. In a second everything changed and I..."
"Fuck, Lance. Don't start crying." Keith said surprisingly gently.
"You're right bro, shit." Lance shook his head. "You're right. Anyway...." There was a long silence
until Allura decided to fill it up.
"Oh." She smiled nervously hoping this would keep them talking, "Well then anyway, tell me how
to battle went after Shiro and I left."
Then everyone in the room erupted into shouts.
"Dumbass couldn't keep his hands to himself!"
"I wanted my fucking gloves, you bitch!"
"There he was taking them off in front of you!"
"Why can't you all stop screaming!?"
"That's ENOUGH!" Shiro shut everyone up.
Pidge spoke up after Shiro, "Long story short, about a half hour after you two left Keith got cold and
asked for his gloves. You know, the fingerless ones. So Lance refused to give them to him until he
finally said okay but when he did that Keith went to punch him but he stepped away so he hit some
Swedish guy on the team they were versing so Keith punched him. I'd say it was a good time." Pidge
grinned.
"Would've been a good time if Angel didn't pull out fireworks in the middle of everything." Hunk
rolled his eyes.
"Oh, come on. It added more of a dangerous vibe to everything." Lance smirked.
"The only dangerous thing there was your dancing." Keith rolled his eyes as he lifted his shirt up to
show little red patterns of tight chokers that were once there, brown birthmarks here and there, a
pretty faint six pack, and a couple red marks a few inches over his belly button. "Look at what Lance
did."
"Oh that's right. When gaylord over here started getting hot on you." Shiro motioned to a Lance that
simply shrugged with a smug grin on his face.
"Yeah. I don't know if you could tell but he missed the chokers, like, twice and bit into my fucking
stomach. In fact, it started bleeding a little. Fucking leech ass bitch, he accidentally licked the blood
off too. How the fuck do you miss one of the four chokers on my stomach?" Keith rolled his eyes
and put his shirt back down.
Hunk, Pidge, Shiro, and Allura all sat in silent shock as Lance giggled softly, continuing his search
on the television.
"You loved it. It was hot." He said casually.
"It was hot. It was utterly disturbing, too. And gay."
"Well no shit it was gay. Lance went full on Magic Mike on you." Hunk laughed.
"Don't say gay like it's a bad thing. Claire gave me the time of my life." Allura giggled and winked at
a frowning Keith.
"Claire?" Shiro raised an eyebrow.
"French girl I dated. Oh, she was beautiful." Allura dreamily propped her head on her hand.
"Women are so beautiful, aren't they?"
Shiro looked at her how her long white hair tumbled over her shoulders and some even rested on the
kitchen table. It reminded him of a waterfall. "Yeah." He said with his voice sounding millions of
galaxies away.
Keith seemed to notice and slapped him on the back of the head. "Hey..." Shiro muttered as Keith
rolled his eyes and went back to finish washing the dishes.
"But anyway, fireworks? Fighting? Anything else we missed?" Allura smiled up at Hunk who only
shook his head.
"Nah. But Pidge was literally so metal. They went from Eve to 2 Chainz. They even freestyled for a
"bit." Hunk went to ruffle Pidge's hair as the others started wooing.
Lance spoke now, "Hell yeah, Pidge rocked it. No stuttering and no hesitation— just rap. In fact..."
"Oh, yeah," Keith grinned turning around, "they invited Pidge to a rap battle. First it was about
Lance and I. Now Pidge? Unbelievable, right?"
"And look, it's the person that hates going out more than I do," Allura laughed.
Pidge rolled their eyes, "It's not like I'm gonna go."
Everyone erupted into shouts once again.
"Pidge you've gotta go!"
"Come on, it'll be fun."
"You'll do great!"
Allura nodded at Pidge, and Lance just leaned over and rested his chin on their shoulder. "Oh come
ooooonn..." he groaned into their ear.
Pidge, smiling, lowered their shoulder and harshly thrust it up, making Lance slam his teeth together
painfully. Ignoring his cries and yells, they continued talking. "No, no, and no. I don't wanna. What
do I gain from it?" Pidge shrugged.
"It'll just be cool! Live for the experience!" Hunk said excitedly.
"Yeah, dude. Do it. We've been friends since we were kids. I know how good you are, and trust me,
you can beat anyone in a battle." Shiro said, shutting the fridge and going to help Keith dry dishes.
"I'm white. Doubt I can make it far in a battle compared to others." Pidge rolled their eyes, leaning
back and crossing their legs.
"That's just the thing!" Allura started. "Rap about something powerful, something influent—"
"Here we go, with this art kid deep shit," Lance started, rolling his eyes. "When people listen to rap
you know what they wanna hear about? They wanna hear about danger and feel... like... intimidated,
i guess?"
"Oh, with Pidge, I'm sure as hell they'll feel intimidated." Hunk joked as everyone joined in,
laughing.
Pidge punched him in the arm, frowning.
"I mean, Pidge can rhyme words like fucking Shakespeare, so I mean, come on—" Hunk started
before Lance interrupted.
"No one can EVER live up to Shakespeare. Ever!" Lance slammed his hand down on the table.
"What the fuck is up with Lance and Shakespeare. Did reading Romeo and Juliet in freshman year
really stick with you that much?" Keith laughed.
"He just happens to write with a passion and such intricate thoughts, it's like... impossible to believe
that people thought about things like that so long ago. And ifyouthinkaboutthereallydidha—"
"OKAY! We get it! You're hard for Shakespeare," Shiro said, stopping Lance from going on.
"I mean, he literally called Shakespeare daddy so..." Pidge shrugged.
Lance shook his head, "None of you can appreciate art..." Allura glared at Lance until he noticed.
"Oh," He winked at her, "except you of course."
"Anyway," Pidge said, resting their head on their knee that was propped up on the kitchen chair.
"Claire. A few boys, I'm sure. What are you?"
"I'm bi." Allura shrugged with a small smile as Lance cried, "Ayyyye! Bi buddies?" He leaned over
to her with his fist outstretched, and she bumped it with her fist. "Bi buddies." She winked back.
"Oh my God," Said Keith. "Never say bi buddies again."
Allura stuck her tongue out at her brother's back as her stomach grumbled.
"You're hungry, let me run to the store and make you something." Hunk smiled at her.
"Oh! It's okay." Allura chuckled. "I'm not that hungry."
"You sound like a fucking whale, come on, let him make you something." Lance laughed. "His
cooking is good. Like, reaaaally good."
"Come on, least we can do for letting us stay overnight." Hunk continued.
"You don't have to go to the store and everything, I'm okay, I swear."
"Or," Shiro looked down at his phone then up, "Come to my job."
"Your job? You've got a job?" Keith asked.
"Yeah, they just called me in. I'm a chef at The Peninsula. On Superior." Shiro said.
"No shit. You're making bank." Allura nodded.
"Yeah. I work with Richie."
"Yeah." Said Lance. "Hot one with brown hair."
"Yeah, I gave him a blowj—"
"We know." Pidge, Keith, Shiro, Hunk, and Lance all said in unison with a tone of annoyance.
Allura hid a smile, "Well jeez. But that's a gourmet restaurant, and I'm no—"
"It's alright, swear." Shiro said.
"No way. Dishes there are like a hundred bucks."
"Are you forgetting I'm the one that cooks?" He laughed as Allura shook her head.
"It doesn't work like that..." She sighed, trailing off, knowing he wasn't going to take no for an answer. "Alright, I'll go." She said, standing up. "And thank you for the offer of cooking for me, Hunk. I wouldn't want to bother you with making me food." She ruffled his black hair. He shrugged, grinning. "'s alright. Anyway, I gotta go see Shay in the hospital—"
"Is she okay?!" Pidge was suddenly shaken.
"Did something happen?" Keith asked.
Everyone was on edge, but Hunk only chuckled and settled them down.
"She's good. In fact, great. She might be getting a new prosthetic for her leg. The latest model, and it sounds really promising." Hunk smiled talking about it. "They're just running some tests and stuff." "Shit, that's so cool." Keith said, "I'll text her later."
"Yeah, bro. Hopefully she gets it." Shiro said as Pidge nodded in agreement.
"That's amazing. I'm glad to hear it," Allura said, walking to her room. "Let me get changed."
"Yeah." Shiro nodded as she walked back to her room and groaned softly because of his cluelessness as to what to wear. She sighed and threw her closet open, deciding on black high-waisted skinny jeans, black ankle boots, and a plain black cropped knit sweater that showed a small bit of her muscular stomach. She quickly fixed her hair with a few more bobby pins than usual, sprayed perfume, then casually walked out of her room and into her bathroom where she took off her glasses, put her contacts in, and walked out.
Her friends were casually talking around the kitchen table about what sounded like Keith and Lance's song choices from yesterday.
"Some songs were just meant to... be left alone..." Hunk looked legitimately distressed as Keith scoffed.
"Oh come on, everyone flipped their shit at our songs because deep inside, they knew we were balls deep in 2005. Their flipping shit was the equivalence cheers for a soldier returning from war." Keith grinned as Lance groaned and Shiro laughed.
"Just face it, some songs were meant to stay dead." Pidge said.
Lance coughed loudly and in an exaggerating manner, making out the words, "Pitbull." In between his coughs.
Keith slammed a fist down on the table, "Pitbull saved the 2000's don't start with me Lance—"
"Hey." Allura said as they finally turned to notice her presence. "Oh, hey." Keith said. "We need your opinion—"
"Both of your songs were meant to be left to die," Allura nodded as Pidge yelled, "HA!"
Lance rolled his eyes, "Nothing wrong with appreciating the good music of our times."
Allura laughed and shook her head, "Only Keith really listened to that kinda stuff. He forced me to listen to 50 Cent in the car. Me and our mom. It was hell."
Hunk laughed, "So then what did you listen to?"
Allura chuckled nervously, "Uhm... Evanescence..."
Lance slammed his hands down on the kitchen table and stood up. "This is unacceptable. She even looks like she still listens to Evanescence."
"Alright, well, at least I don't look like a fucking cholo." Allura said as she walked to the coat hanger and Keith started laughing loudly as Lance got red and began disagreeing.
"Well," she yawned, completely ignoring Keith's loud laughter and Lance's screaming. "How are we getting there?" Allura asked Shiro.

"I'm letting Pidge take my bike home, so we'll go on the train."

"Wait, Pidge can ride a motorcycle... like... by themselves?" Allura asked, looking down at a grinning Pidge. "Yep. To be exact, I used to ride a motorbike, so a motorcycle isn't that different." They said.

"Damn. That's cool." Allura nodded, "I get scared on motorcycles."

"No shit. She grabbed onto me so tight once I actually almost passed out." Keith said.

"You deserved it, too! It was my first time on the bike with you! Ugh... I swear I almost threw up, you were all wobbly..." Allura said, crossing her arms and looking at Shiro. "Don't you need your uniform?"

"I change over there." He said, getting up. "I'll see you guys later, thanks for everything." He smiled.

"No problem, bro." Keith said, outstretching his hand to Shiro and doing that handshake thing all guys seemed to know.

"Be good." Allura told them as she got her black purse, Shiro got his black sweater, and they both walked out of the house, shutting the door behind them.

They walked next to each other in silence as Allura tried her hardest not to let him see how cold she actually was. It was awkward, to say the least.

"You okay?" Allura said, tip-toeing a little to make him look down at her. "You're awfully quiet." Shiro didn't want to admit that he was still feeling pretty threatened by what Esme had told him. It felt like she'd planted something in him that urged him to be more like a bodyguard than friend. "Just a bit tired." He lied.

"Oh, no. And you're going to work. Do you wanna take Keith's ca—?"

"It's alright." Shiro smiled down at her.

"Are you sure? We all slept a lot, you shouldn't be so tired." Allura frowned.

"I'll be fine, princess."

Allura's face took on a light blush as she looked at the ground and Shiro tried to hide a light smile.

"Where'd you get that pet name from?" Said Allura.

"Gimmie your hand."

"What?"

Shiro reached down and took her cold hand from the side of her leg. He didn't wrap his fingers around hers, nor did he put any sort of pressure on her hand, he kind of just lightly played with her fingers.

"You kinda have the hands of a princess..." Skinny. Long. I don't know. You never have rings on, maybe that's what makes them look so elegant...?" Allura blushed but continued to let him play with her hands. But he never held them.

"... you're also scary as fuck."

Allura laughed. "Am I really?"

"Hell yeah, dude. Like... you talk like one of the rich middle aged white ladies from my work."

"Explain."

"They know they have authority, so they just... they don't really have to ask. They just tell."

"... am I really like that?" Allura asked. "That's pretty bitchy of me. Awesome, but... lowkey bitchy." Shiro chuckled, "No, it's pretty cool. And really hot."

Allura laughed, they both continued to walking to the train station in silence until Allura spoke again.

"What was up with the thing with Lance and that one chick?"

"Oh, Nyma. Shit ex." Shiro shook his head.

"Mind tellin' me the story?" Allura cutely asked.

He felt it wasn't his business to tell, but he knew Lance wouldn't care. And also, he just couldn't refuse her smile. "Nyma and Lance went out two years ago. It was for about a year, and they were in love. Like reaaaally in love it was actually kinda gross," Shiro chuckled at the memory. "But yeah, they really loved each other. We all thought they were seriously gonna get married. But then one day they just... suddenly broke things off. I remember they weren't talking for about two weeks, but
they'd do all their usual shit together. Like walk each other to their bus stops and go meet up in the same place in the hall. One of those days, Lance had gone up to me and asked, 'What does it mean you and your girlfriend aren't talking?'. He looked so clueless and vulnerable... it was really painful to see. Shit, you just can't get used to seeing Lance like that, you know? It's so unsettling to see him distressed.

Allura looked ahead and nodded, "I get it."

"Yeah, and then... that's the end of it. But the thing was is he never really got closure. From what I know, they were both planning to break up at the same time, but Nyma seemed to have gotten to him first. So... he never really got closure. He hates bringing their relationship up, but I remember this one time he was in the fucking sky he started talking about it and supposedly, she just said it didn't feel the same anymore."

Allura sadly looked at the ground, "Poor Lance..."

"Now he turned into the biggest piece of emo shit ever, but he doesn't wanna admit it. Still, though, we love him. Even if he's hung up on his manipulative ex."

"Manipulative?"

"Oh, I guess I left something out. He was also really depressed when they were dating. Maybe a commitment just isn't his thing, or he's just insecure? We don't know. But... we asked him if the good times outweighed the bad ones, and he didn't respond. They'd sometimes try to make each other jealous on purpose and stuff, which was shitty. But most of the time, though, they seemed happy. I dunno, though. That's only what we saw."

"... oh."

"Depressing, isn't it? Pidge is trynna help him through it most."

"Why Pidge? Did they go through something like that?"

"Not really, their dog died. His name was Rover."

Allura frowned. "Does that really have to do with a romantic relationship...?"

Shiro laughed, "In reality, no, but Pidge is pretty helpful when it comes to reminding him that he's better off without that relationship."

"That's good."

"It is. He's been doing a bit better, but he falls in love too easily."

"Huh?"

"It's a problem. Like... he meets someone new and he gets feelings for the person and all the time, it's: 'I like this person more than I liked Nyma.' But that's a lie. He's trying to convince himself he doesn't like her, but that's the thing. Comparing Nyma to others means he kinda really isn't over her. She's always on his mind."

Allura looked at the ground as they turned onto a busy street and cars became louder. "At least you guys are trying to help him out."

Shiro glumly smiled, "Yeah, i guess so."

Allura opened her purse that was strung across her body and took out a black pack of cigarettes and a lighter. "Want one?"

"Djarum? Are you so edgy even your cigs have to be black?" Shiro laughed softly as Allura smilingly and playfully punched him in the arm. But he nonetheless took the pack from her and saw that there was a mix of Marlboro whites and Djarum blacks.

"Why are they mixed?" Shiro asked as Allura raised an eyebrow. "No! I mean like the cigarettes—"

Allura started laughing. "I know what you mean. I don't know. Do I want my cigarettes do keep me on my toes? Do i wanna be a surprise? Do my cigarettes reflect my mood? Does black mean naughty and does white mean angelic? Does black mean depressed and does white mean happy—"

Shiro shut her up by putting a white cigarette in front of her. "Or maybe," He said as she frowned and took the cigarette from him, "you don't wanna give in to Marlboro because even though it's the best you want Djarums to keep your image."

Allura kept her eyes fixed on him as he put the lighter near the cigarette in his mouth and cupped his hand over it as the end of his cigarette came to life. He's gotten the Djarum blacks. "I'm guessing you smoke the Marlboros when you're alone?" Shiro asked.
Allura took the lighter that he held out to her and struggled to light hers. "I do, yes. I like to keep my image. It's important to me."
"Hm." Shiro said as he looked down and saw Allura struggling to light her cigarette. The lighter didn't seem to work. "Here, give it." He said as she handed him the lighter and saw that the flame wouldn't hold. After a couple more tries, he threw it to the side. "It's broken."
"Well fuck—"
"Hold still." Shiro said as they both stopped walking in the middle of the (surprisingly) empty sidewalk. Shiro bent down a little and leaned towards her face, and held her shoulders in place so she wouldn't move and burn herself as he touched the end of his cigarette to hers. Allura was frozen in shock as she saw his eyes through his grey hair narrowed down to look at the touching ends of their cigarettes and saw just how beautifully long his eyelashes were.
Shiro hoped Allura couldn't hear just how fast his heart was beating. He knew he was playing it off pretty cool though, but he was having a bit of a hard time. He couldn't help but have the edge of his mouth quirked up in a suppressed smile at her expression, where her eyes were cute and wide and her face was filled with shock and confusion. And he swore he could even feel the head radiating off of her flustered face.
When her cigarette finally lit up, Shiro let go of her and drew back swiftly as she let out a soft gasp, completely forgetting she had a cigarette in her mouth, and began coughing uncontrollably.
Shiro laughed as she let out little laughs in between her coughs.
"Wow, Allura. Am I that charming?" He teased as she lightly punched him in the arm.
"Whatever, loser." She smiled as they pulled out their Ventra cards, and touched them to the pad that allowed them to jog up the train station steps and stop on the open platform. While they waited for the train to come, to keep warm Shiro lightly bounced from foot to foot as Allura lightly jumped up and down. At one point, they were just laughing at each other because of how stupid they probably must've looked.
As the train came to a screeching halt before them, they were glad it was relatively empty. As the train doors opened they took a seat next to eachother in front of a man that was rapidly texting on his phone.
Allura looked out the window at the rushing sides of tall brick apartment buildings and little local shops. She carefully leaned her head against the dirty and vandalized windows, watching out of bumps that might hurt her head. She was completely distracted as Shiro looked at her, trying to see how Allura could remind anyone of Fantasia. She's just too... metal, he thought. She always wears black. Her nose ring always blinks, her long eyelashes are so dramatic... she was anything but subtle and cute. She was eye-catching and daring.
"What happened?" Allura frowned at him as he frowned back. "Do I have something on my face?"
She asked.
"No, I'm just wondering what you see yourself as." Shiro said.
"What do you mean?" Allura turned her body to his now, so they were both looking at each other.
"I mean, like, what do you want to remind people of? You obviously want to. You wear nothing else but black, you obviously want to give some kind of impression. What is it?" Shiro looked down at her as she clicked her tongue.
"I'll be honest, It's been so long since I thought about the reason why, I kinda forgot." Allura nervously chuckled but continued, "I was taught to not draw too much attention to myself, and i always thought of black as a color to just... dissolve in, you know? So I began wearing black all those years ago, and to this day, I still do."
"Don't you realize you draw more attention to yourself when you look like Dracula?" Shiro grinned as Allura giggled.
"I decided to have a little fun with it," Allura shrugged, "I want to be intimidating, but I also wanna be super cute."
"You got to the intimidating part." Shiro laughed as Allura chimed in.
"Whatever," She rolled her eyes, "I am pretty cute."
"I guess."
Allura looked up at him with her cute wide eyes and asked in wonder, "You think I'm cute?"
Shiro looked down at her eyes that reminded him of a cat's wide eyes, "You're certainly not ugly." She took this as an opportunity to tease him, "Are you subtly professing your love for me?"
Shiro tried to stare her down but started laughing when he saw Allura trying to suppress a smile, which resulted in her laughing as well.
"Anyway, tell me what it's like at your job. How is it? How much do you get paid?" Allura leaned back and kept her eyes on his face.
"How much do I get paid?"
"Potential sugar daddy?"
Shiro gagged silently as Allura giggled, "I don't even look that old."
"Uh, yeah you do. You look like... twenty five."
"Twenty five?"
"Yeah. You look really old."
"At least I don't act old."
"Ugh!" Allura said annoyedly while smiling.
Shiro rolled his eyes and looked away as Allura hummed softly as she took her earbuds out of her purse. She put the left earbud in his right ear and her into her left as she went on her music.
"Please don't tell me we're listening to one of Motionless in White's more subtle songs, which is probably screaming only an octave lower." Shiro teased.
"Whatever. I told you I don't listen to them... anymore." Allura said as she put Sales on.
They both sat up straight as the cute, low guitar strings and gentle female voice sang into their ears. Allura tapped her thumb on her lap as she looked out the window from the corner of her eye, looking at the brown and orange and red leaved trees passing in a smudged blur. But Shiro was looking down at Allura and her white hair and how she kept her hands under her thighs and kicked her legs softly like a child. As much as he tried, he couldn't see any softness. He could hear it, sure. And when he touched her he could feel it, and sometimes when she talked about the deepest things about her, she didn't just turn soft, she turned into water. Shiro shook his head. Where the hell was Esme getting this Fantasia stuff?
"Why are all these songs lowkey depressing?" Shiro asked her as she frowned.
"They aren't meant to be depressing. They're just pretty slow, but they have kind of a happy beat. It's just he way they sing..."
"That's so depressing, don't you think? Happy but trynna get you all in your feelings?"
Allura laughed softly, "Well, when you say it like that, I guess. But really, it's pretty cute music. Like... it's calming."
"It makes me sleepy."
"Sleep till we get to our stop."
"Nah," said Shiro, putting his phone in his pocket, "How 'bout we do something that'll keep me awake."
Allura nodded. "Alright, uhhh lets talk."
"What about?"
"Hmm..." Allura thought out loud. "Tell me about... hmmm... your favorite things."
"I really like winter."
"Winter?"
"Yeah, it's beautiful. When the snow falls and everything just... pops out more, you know?" Shiro looked in front of him when he answered as Allura looked up at him. "In general, I think colder seasons are prettier. Summer's just not my thing cause of," He lifted his sweater up a little from the side, which revealed the tattoos that ran all over his torso, "this," Allura hadn't realized her breathing had gotten heavier. "Y-yeah. Same, I don't really like summer. I hate getting all sweaty."
"Sweat? That's your problem? How do you have sex?" Shiro laughed as Allura grinned.
"I'm quick. Smash and dash."
Shiro grinned back at her, "Cum and run."
Allura laughed as she lightly slapped Shiro on the arm, "You're a pig."
"You started this!"
"Whatever." Allura grinned.
"Now," Shiro started, "Question. At your place you said you were bi. What're you into more, guys or girls?"
"Hmm... I'm into someone who'll respect and love me... and binge watch The Office with me."
Shiro laughed softly, "Quirky answer."
"Is that good?"
"Cute I guess."
Allura cutely giggled, "Well, tell me a bit about... uh—"
"Tell me about your art." Shiro asked her with genuine curiosity in his voice.
"Oh!" That took a turn Allura hadn't expected. "Well, I really like using colorful things."
"That's a little ironic."
"It is, now that I think about it..." Allura sighed. "I suppose I prefer to make the colors instead of wearing them."
"What's your natural hair color?"
"Huh?" Her eyes twinkled.
Shiro played with a strand of her hair on his finger, "Your natural hair color. What is it?"
Allura hesitated before answering, "Brown."
"That'd look pretty, but I can't imagine you with it."
"Yeah, kinda hard to. I've had my hair this color since I was eleven."
"Damn. Where'd you get the idea of white-ish... blue-ish hair?"
"The clouds." Allura gently turned to smile down at him (he was slumped low on the seat). "Also because as a kid Keith used to call old people and their white hair lame. I thought it was really cool, so this happened." She playfully shook her head so her pretty thick curls lightly hit her face.
Shiro smiled up at her when she did this, admiring the way her curls bounced and her weird hair parting was oddly cute.
"And Allura. Such a weird name. I like it, it's really unique."
"So is yours. I've never really met a Shiro before."
They looked ahead in silence for about five minutes before Shiro spoke.
"Hey princess?"
"Yes, Shiro?"
She looked down at him and he looked up at her, both looking at each other straight in the eyes.
"Tell me your secret."
Allura laughed lightly, "Over my dead body."
Shiro groaned, but kept a small smile on his face. "Oh come on, at least give me a little hint as to what it is. Go on, princess. Keep me on the edge of my seat."
"You're suddenly less aggressive about my whole secret. What happened?" Allura asked.
Shiro looked behind him and saw that the seats behind them were empty. "This city's fucked us up."
Allura sighed, "You're not wrong about that. But I... I'll tell you when I'm ready." She lied.
After a long moment of silence, Shiro nodded. "Alright. Sounds like a deal."
"You look like you're falling asleep." Allura frowned.
"Yeah," sighed Shiro, "Let's keep talking then."
"Alright. Uhh..." A mischievous smirk came across Allura's face, "Tell me about your worst experience with a girl."
"Oh my God." Shiro chuckled as Allura laughed, "Please don't make me talk about this."
"Now I HAVE to know!" Allura grinned as Shiro sighed, resigned.
"Okay, fine. So me and this one girl were in my room... right? You get the idea?" Shiro asked as Allura tilted her head to the side and made a hole with her left hand and thrust her index finger into it aggressively. "Yeah, that." Shiro quickly stopped her hands by lightly slapping them to her lap.
"Okay, so we were doing that, right? And then..." He hesitated then smiled nervously, "Oh my God, I can't say it."
"Say it!" Allura encouraged him, pretty excitedly.  
"Okay, so... she said, word for word: 'Call me your filthy cumslut whore—"  
Allura burst out laughing as Shiro tried to settle her, trying to finish, but he was laughing too.  
"And said I'm sorry I can't disrespect you like that."  
"And you were inside her?" Allura said in-between laughs.  
"Sadly."  
"Oh my God. I have to say as much as I wanna kinkshame her, I feel so bad that must've been so embarrassing." Allura shook her head with a grin.  
"I seriously felt like dying right there, it was so, SO bad." Shiro put his hand across his eyes as he laughed. Then he put his hands down and looked up at her, "What about you? Worst experience with a guy?"  
"I met this nice dude at a bar, right?" Allura cringed a little as she spoke, "And we went to his place and it was gettin' there, you know? Then he says, 'This is my roommate's room, let's go to mine.' So I was like, 'okay.' And Oh my God..."  
Shiro gasped and started laughing. "It was a playroom!?"  
"Shhh!" Allura was laughing almost just as loud as him, and they looked like idiots as they tried to laugh quieter, gaining annoyed stares from the people in front of them. "It WAS a playroom. Oh my God, it was terrible."  
"Did you stay?" Shiro tried to stop smiling.  
"I kinkshamed him and shut him down real quick, I couldn't do it." Allura laughed as they both settled down and looked ahead.  
Then a few more minutes of silence went by and she asked, "Shiro, what's our stop agai—?"  
But when she turned to look at him, she found him with his eyes closed and him nuzzled into his North Face sweater.  
Allura smiled down at him gently and looked forward again, letting him rest the rest of the train ride.  
"Bro fuck you, you're supposed to back me up!" Lance yelled at Keith as he responded to him by making weird noises with his mouth and tongue as they furiously pressed the buttons on their controls.  
"Well sorry you fucking suck and I gotta take care of everything for you!" Keith growled as Lance rammed his shoulder to Keith's, but he only swayed lightly, unaffected.  
"At least I'm better than Pidge." Lance mumbled.  
"Not even, both you and Pidge suck! Hunk is where it's at."  
"Damn, you're right. What did the world do to deserve Hunk?" Lance sighed, pausing the game and laying back against the couch as Keith sighed and ran his hand through his hair.  
"Do you have anything to drink?" Lance asked him.  
"Water?"  
"I want something sweet."  
"Put sugar in it." Lance looked at Keith straight in the eyes and frowned at him as the black-haired boy tried to suppress his laughter, but failed. "You bastard." Lance whispered as Keith continued laughing.  
"Yeah, I'm craving something sweet too. For once." Keith said.  
"For once?"  
"I like salty stuff."  
"Not as half as salty as your attitude I bet." Lance grinned.  
"Stop. I knew you were gonna say that." Keith groaned as he got up and tossed his controller on he couch and stretched. "We can go to the little mart thing about two blocks away."  
"Sounds good." Lance said, standing up and yawning.  
Keith walked towards the coat hanger and shrugged his sweater on as Lance tied his shoelaces. Keith grabbed the keys from the counter and opened the door and let Lance follow him as he shut the door.  
"So what's up with you?" Lance spoke first.
"Dancing. Depression. Nothin' outta the norm." Lance mimicked Keith's shrug.
Keith laughed softly, "You better be fucking with me, dude."
Lance grinned, "I know what I'm about."
Keith raised an eyebrow, but nodded nonetheless.
"Yo, but what's up with Shiro and your sister?" Lance asked.
"To be honest? I don't fucking know." Keith shook his head, "All I get out of it is that they're both just clashing heads with each other constantly."
" opposites attract?"
"Guess so." Keith sighed.
"Yo," Lance started, "but I bet you they're gonna start goin' out before Halloween."
"That's like, in two weeks. No way. At least mid-November." Keith scoffed.
"Let's bet on it. Twenty bucks."
"You're on."
"Then shit, don't we have to fuck around with their relationship?" Lance asked.
"Fuck, you're right."
"Yeah..." Lance started. "Well, I've got my tactics, you've got your own." He winked.
"Watch me win."
"Fuck outta here." Lance and Keith laughed as the brown haired boy continued the conversation.
"How've you been settling down in Senn?"
Keith shrugged, "It's better than most of our other schools. Since we made friends pretty quick, that's made things a lot easier."
Lance nodded, "You guys don't make friends easily?"
"Not really. Especially Allura, though. She prefers not to put herself out there, so it's hard for her to adjust." Keith shrugged. "It's one of her only flaws."
"Huh. Is she adjusting well?"
Keith was silence for a couple seconds then said, "I think she is, yes. I've never really seen her so relaxed around a group of people."
Lance smiled. "That's good. Hunk and Pidge and Shiro... they're all amazing."
Keith looked at Lance from the corner of his eyes and saw little red blushes on his freckled cheeks, not knowing if the little red spots were from the cold autumn breeze or of the mention of his friends. Keith quickly averted his eyes when he saw Lance starting to turn to face him, and Keith cleared his throat, "So, you live in Cicero?"
"Hell yeah, south side, baby." Lance grinned as Keith laughed softly.
"Yeah, I used to live in Cicero as well. By where?" Keith asked.
"Pilsen, by Cristo Rey."
"Oh, not too bad." Keith shrugged, "We used to live by Eli Whitney."
"Yikes." Lance shook his head, "Harsh."
"Kinda. But no one could get to my sister and I. Shit, we were hard-headed as fuck even as kids." Keith laughed.
Lance chuckled, "I bet; you two are stone cold."
Keith shrugged but smiled softly, a bit flattered at Lance's statement, "I suppose."
As they came up to the store, they opened the door that made a little 'ding!,' and from the corner of his eyes, Keith saw two men in black suits getting out of an expensive-looking black.
"Everything okay?" Lance asked a Keith who was intensely staring down the street as he held the door wide open.
"Oye! Cierra la puerta!" A thick middle aged woman yelled from behind a counter.
"Perdon." Keith mumbled, closing the door and stepping inside the little store. He looked back up at Lance, "Stay close to me, yeah?"
Lance looked a little surprised at this, "Why?"
"There's these two guys in suits back there, seems weird." Keith's eyes narrowed, but he knew what he was really watching out for. The anon investors Coran had told him about not that long ago.
"Sure, but I mean, a lotta sketchy guys are all over the city." Lance shrugged as Keith tried to relax himself, trying to loosen the tension in his shoulders, but failing.

Lance and Keith went to the tall refrigerators and took several bottles of Arizona into their hands.

"Christ, Keith, how many do you need?" Lance said as he struggled to cradle all the tall cans in his arms.

Keith smiled a bit tightly, "I drink Arizonas like they're water."

"I can tell." Lance grinned as another ding ran through the little store and Lance and Keith's backs stiffened and they looked at each other in a bit of a panic.

"Are those the guys?" Lance whispered as the two bulk men in suits casually and slowly walked around the small aisles.

"Yeah..." Keith shut the door to the refrigerator and they both slowly backed up to the farther end of the store as the men were across from them. They had their eyes fixed on the ground, but casually talked to try to seem a bit more calm. Both were pretty shitty at acting, though.

"You're right, dude. I'm getting pretty weird vibes." Lance whispered as Keith tried to mirror where the men were moving. It didn't help that the little corner store was so cramped and small.

They walked casually towards the cash register and Keith turned around to tell Lance, "Okay, let's just pay and—"

But when he looked straight ahead of him, he stopped walking and found himself staring down the barrel of a gun.

A tall man in a black suit and dark glasses with short dark hair stood in front of him. Keith kept his mouth shut, and his body completely stiff, but his face was so pale it looked almost green, and his eyes even looked a little more sunk in.

Lance just looked shocked and even a bit stressed.

Keith cleared his throat and was surprised when his voice didn't waver one bit, "Come on, boys. We gotta do this now?"

The tall man only scoffed with a smile on his face, "Just come with us and this'll be over in a second."

"Alright." Keith's face now showed a more tired expression, "Can I at least text my sis i'll be home a bit more later than usual? She was supposed to cook today."

"I don't think that'll be necessary, kid." The man smirked.

"Oh, please," Keith started, reaching for his back pocket, "I'll only be a second..." Then in a quick, flashing motion, he whipped his phone out of his pocket and aimed right at the man's eye. And right as he let out a loud groan, Keith pulled Lance down to the ground as a bullet flew over their heads that would've hit them half a second ago.

Then Lance grabbed the gun and averted the barrel to the right so that when the man shot, he'd be shooting towards the refrigerators that exploded with glass right as a bullet flew over their heads that would've hit them half a second ago.

"Keith, what's going on?!" Lance yelled at his friend as he kicked the bulky man in the stomach as Keith ducked under him to take care of the man coming up behind him.

Keith said that first thing that popped into his head as he punched the second man in the dark suit, "My ex's brother was in the FBI i guess they finally caught me...?!"

"I'm pretty sure your ex's brother wouldn't hold a gun TO YOUR FACE?!" Lance yelled back as the woman behind the counter looked like she was heading into another part of the store.

The man Lance was fighting had caught him off guard and had taken him from his green jacket and threw him over an aisle, making a loud crashing sound as Lance gasped in pain.

"Lance!" Keith yelled as he took both them men on at once, not struggling much as Lance quickly got on top of the aisle shelf, but having to watch his head because if he stood up all the way, his head would've hit the ceiling. He took an Arizona can that he'd thrown on the counter, smashed it on the ground so that it broke in half and the sticky tea spilled out everywhere, and the can was sharp and jagged aluminum. Lance brought it down on a man's head, making him scream loudly in pain as blood began to spill from his head and the jagged can.

Keith stared in amazement for a moment until he saw that the gun the Lance's guy had was scattered on the floor. Without a second to waste, he sprinted towards it and pulled the trigger towards the man...
in front of him, but gasped when he noticed that there were no bullets. Skeptically, he looked up at a grinning man and decided to result to fist fighting. Why though, Keith thought as he dodged punches and grabs and threw hits, why was there only one bullet? Then the four men screamed in surprise when bullets started hitting all over the store, from the refrigerators to the poster-covered glass windows to the scattered foods all over the ground. They all crouched down and got low, though the men were really at risk of getting hit.

Keith pulled Lance down as they snuck behind the aisle, but when one of the men, now covered in blood caught Keith's ankle, he said in a raspy voice, "Watch your back, Kei—"

But Lance cut him off when he brought the jagged and bloody Arizona can down on his arm. The man let out a bloodcurdling scream as Lance dragged Keith up as he stumbled to regain his balance. The two men were still on the floor, completely unmoving as their suits began to soak in blood.

When they were clear in sight of the round woman behind the counter who was now holding a long, black gun, they stopped dead where they were. It was like a staring contest.

The woman shook her head in an annoyed manner as she pointed towards a gloomy-looking door at the back of the shop, "Pues? Para que andan parados ahí? Ya vayanse antes que venga la poli. Go."

Keith let out a sigh he didn't know he was holding in as a trail of blood ran down the left side of his face, with his hand itching to wipe it away. "Gracias, señora."

"Y ya llevate lo que quieras namas."

Lance nodded nervously because all he had to do was simply crouch down to pick up two cans of Arizona since the whole store was such a huge mess. The floor was covered in glass and food and liquids and little droplets of blood. "Uh... gracias..." Lance said quietly.

The woman nodded as they both turned around to the back door she had pointed to, opened it, and found themselves in an alley.

They both breathed heavily as they stood in place, just looking at each other.

After about two minutes when their breathing calmed down, Lance decided to speak, "Your ex is bat shit crazy."

Keith gave him a blank look and after a minute sighed, dreading what he'd have to tell his mother, Coran, and Allura. The Anons were onto them. "Tell me about it."

"Shit... they're gonna think we got into a fight or somethin'..." Lance examined the old bruises on his knuckles, sighing as the new ones that were to come.

Keith used this as an advantage so the others wouldn't know they were attacked. "I've got an idea. A little concealer doesn't hurt the problem, right? We don't have to tell." He made a small smile, trying to be as convincing as possible through the worry and stress already racing through his head. He just wanted to get them the hell out of the alley and as far from those men as quick as possible. If he could though, he could go and check inside the car they'd come in—

"Alright. Fine. We wont tell. But shit dude, talk to your fucking ex." Lance scoffed and laughed lightly as Keith let out a chuckle.

They both walked to the end of the alley and into the open back alleys.

"At least we got what we came here for, right?" Keith shrugged as he took a can from Lance and opened it.

"Never thought I'd cut my lip for an Arizona." Lance scoffed opening his can too.

Keith chuckled, "Nice fighting in there, though. Aggressive. Cicero shaped you up well."

Lance dismissed this and went straight to his point, "Keith, is there something you're not telling me?"

Keith looked at the ground, "No, my ex is insane and that's all there is to it."

Lance's face showed no sign of emotion, then Keith suddenly remembered.

"Sorry we got into a fight back there, we weren't expecting it and—"

"It's fine. I'm not remembering my parents." Lance sighed, "Just trynna think of what fucked up thing you did to make your ex hate you so much."

"Yeah..." Keith sighed as he heard police sirens in the distance, "I wish I knew too."

"Holy shit, it's so hot in here." Allura said as she panted as Shiro pressed a combination of buttons in the elevator.
"Yeah, this back elevator is a piss off. It's always boiling in here." He said as he unzipped his sweater.

She leaned against a dull steel wall. "I thought you said you had time to spare. We just ran here from the station!"

"I misread the time, Jesus!" Shiro panted as well.

"Well, whatever. At least you're on time." Allura said as she stood up when a bell rung around the tight elevator and the doors opened. She stepped out behind Shiro and saw they'd walked straight into an empty locker room that was brightly lit from the huge, wall-like windows on the right side of the big room. There were lockers that casted shadows along another row of lockers on the far right side of the wall and brown benches separating the two locker walls. There were showers and sinks in the front of the room, and long mirrors covering the whole wall on the side of the elevators.

"This way." Shiro said as he led her through the big empty room to his tall locker. She took a seat on the bench behind him, a little to his left as he opened his locker.

"It seems really tiny to change in." Allura said.

"It is, it's so uncomfortable. Everyone's touching you and it's all warm and shit... ugh." Shiro shook his head as he took his sweater and shirt off.

Allura couldn't help but stare at his lean, strong figure as she saw the muscles in his arms move with every single movement he made. She didn't help but stare at the cuts and scars and bruises all over his chest and stomach. She looked at his tattoos and how the coiled all over his torso and and she didn't know why, but she suddenly felt the sudden urge to run her hands all over the black ink on his skin. She wanted to trace all the rose vines around him and wanted to touch every rose and every star —

"Hey? You listenin'?"

"O-oh!" She was snapped out of her thoughts by Shiro's soft voice, "Uh, sorry."

"It's fine. They really are the elephants in the room. They're so tacky." Shiro chuckled a little as he looked down at his stomach.

She gave a little laugh but shook her head slightly in disagreement. He threw on a white shirt and buttoned it up. "As I was saying," He continued, "Sorry if my boss goes up to you, he likes keeping tabs on me and stuff."

"Awh, is he like a father figure?" Allura smiled softly up at him. He froze and let a small smile form on his face.

"In a way, yeah." He seemed happy at the comment. "Turn around. I'm changing my pants."

"Awh, but you have a cute butt." She obeyed, though, and turned to the other lockers.

"How do you know that?" He laughed.

"When we were climbing outta that one restaurant place through the little box i peeked at your butt a little."

"Well," Shiro grinned, "I didn't start playing football for nothing."

Allura giggled as she turned around and saw him trying to adjust a tie around the white collar of his button-up shirt.

"F-fuck..." He mumbled under his breath as his long fingers stumbled over each other as he tried to do his tie.

"Do you seriously not know how to do your tie?" Allura laughed.

"Richie usually does it for me."

"Irresponsible."

"What can I do? I always usually end up having someone do it for me"

Allura sighed, stood up, grabbed the two ends of the tie from his hands, and began to neatly tie it, "You should know how to do this, you're an adult." She said softly as he looked down at her, almost instinctively stepping back because of how close together they were. Her fingers moved around his silk tie in delicate movements as a little shade of darker red began to form on Shiro's cheeks.

"There... you go." Allura patted his tie down and went back to sit on the bench.

"Thanks..."

"Yeah."
Shiro took a tube out of his locker and walked towards the sinks, where Allura followed. "Whatcha doin' now?" Her voice was casual and sweet.

He stood in front of a mirror and gelled his hair back, while somehow having it look natural. She had to admit that he looked even more attractive than he usually did. But a white strand of hair that was grazing his forehead was bothering her.

She frowned and said, "Turn."

"What?" He looked at her oddly but obeyed.

"Come closer."

"Don't be weird."

"Dumbass," she sighed, "I'm fixing your hair."

He didn't refuse her touch when she pushed that single strand of hair back, frowning when it wouldn't stay. She repeatedly did the same thing until he gripped her wrist softly and chuckled.

"Chill, dude. It's always been like that."

"It pisses me off a little."

He smiled at her and she didn't realize a little blush had shown up on her cheeks.

"Come on." He said, going to his locker, tossing his hair product in, and shutting it lightly. They walked to the elevator and he pressed the button to go down.

"You're so serious." Allura observed.

"When I work I always have to get this serious vibe. It pisses me off, to be honest."

"Why?" She asked.

"I can't really defend myself. I mean, I work in The Lobby, so when something's just a tad overcooked I get blown off on. Some people bring race into it and... I don't know. I can't help but get mad. But I can't show it."

The bell for the elevator made a loud 'Ding' and the door opened, only to be greeted by two unfamiliar faces.

There was a dark skinned man in a suit beside a dark skinned woman in a skirt and a white dress skirt with curly hair. They ceased their lively talking when they saw Shiro.

"Buddy!" The tall dark man went to hug Shiro tightly, and he hugged back, patting his back as they separated. "Haven't seen you since the big guy changed our schedules! Almost thought you were avoiding me."

Shiro chuckled nervously, "Yeah, sorry. Need the extra money with the holidays comin' up and stuff."

"Could've told us that before we shit all over you!" The dark woman walked out of the elevator and the door shut behind them. "Oh! Who's this?" Suddenly everyone looked over to Allura.

She blushed a little at the attention as Shiro introduced her. "This is Allura, smartest woman I know."

She blushed even more furiously at this. Was that last part really necessary, she thought.

"Oh, she's lovely! Name's Kathleen."

Kathleen shook her heavy curls. "Shit—"

"Language!" Snapped Ed.

"Sorry," Shiro grinned, "anyways, we'll be off."

"You sending her home alone just like that? Where are your manners?" Kathleen frowned.

"Chill, Kat. I'm making her something in the kitchens."

"How sweet. Sneaking food around to make food for a girl," She winked. "Well, have fun you two..." She sang as Ed did a lazy soldier salute towards them and they walked behind them to the lockers.

Shiro scoffed and rolled his eyes, "Bye." He said as Allura waved back at them with a soft smile as
Shiro pressed the elevator button, and they walked inside.
"Cute coworkers." Allura grinned.
Shiro seemed a bit flustered, "Yeah, they're probably one of my only work friends. All the others are lowkey snotty."
"At The Peninsula? I can imagine." Allura chuckled lightly.
Shiro smiled lightly as he adjusted his collar and turned to a little box that clicked and made weird beeps when he typed his name in.
"Wait," Allura says, "if you're a chef why're you dressed all fancy like that?"
"This is how we dress, all we get is a weak ass apron and we're set off to work. Like... my boss is cool and shit, but he's really strict about food prep and stuff. On some days if we even dirty the apron we get some of our salary cut off. But that's only when he's in a pissy mood though."
"Yikes."
"Yeah."
"But..." Allura had a mischievous grin on her face, "Smartest woman you know, huh?"
"I mean, I had to make you sound special."
"Ugh!" She punched his arm as Shiro laughed.
"But really, though. You're freaky smart."
"Awh, well..." Allura made a cheeky smile and swayed from side to side like a child, "Thank you."
"Of course." He said as the doors opened and they walked into a fancy lobby with classic music playing from a piano and diamond chandeliers hanging from the ceiling.
Allura didn't expect to feel so intimidated.
"This way. My favorite seat."
Shiro grabbed her hand and led her to a small round table with two chairs calling their names. Too bad only Allura would be sitting there. The seat was by a huge window that showed her the city's huge skyscrapers and active cars and street performers and busy people walking quickly on the sidewalk.
Shiro pulled a chair out for her.
"Oh!" She gasped lightly as she sat down, "Thank you."
He nodded and gave her a little smile, "I'll come back out in a bit. Sorry I'll keep you waiting for a while. Anything in particular you want?"
"Hmm... surprise me." She smiled cutely up at him, and he couldn't help but return that smile. He looked almost nervous.
"Sure, I'll bring you coffee."
"Thank you... Wait!"
"Yeah?" Shiro stopped as he turned back to look at her.
She hesitated, "Are you sure you don't want me to go? Shiro, you're working and i'll just be a bother —"
Shiro only laughed softly, "I could never do that because I'm just that much of a gentleman. As Kathleen said, where would my manners be, princess?"
Allura giggled, "Well, alright. Thank you."
He nodded and stopped by a tall boy to whisper something in his ear, look towards her, and disappear into a door at the corner of the room.
Shiro took a white apron and tied it around his waist as he walked and avoided crashing into people rushing about in the kitchen. He made his way to the both where all their orders were taken, where he saw Richie also examining his nails.
"Hey." He greeted Shiro.
"Yo. Done a lot?" He asked.
"Not really, rush hour just started."
"Well shit."
"Yeah." Richie nodded then grinned, the handsome boy looking like some kind of angel gone bad.
"I saw your snapchat story yesterday."
"Yeah. So did a lot of other people." Shiro couldn't help the little bit of sarcasm.
"Dumbass," his friend sighed, "But... I saw you were with Allura yesterday."
Shiro raised an eyebrow, beginning to dread where the conversation was going. "Yeah..."
"You two were out pretty late."
"We'd gone somewhere with our other friends."
"Where?"
Shiro laughed, "Nosy much?"
"What? Just wanna know what my friends are up to so late. I have a right to worry." Richie said in a low voice as they both suddenly got orders shoved in their face. They took the papers and went straight to work, but not before Richie peeked out of the closing kitchen door and caught a glance of Allura looking out of the window in thought.
"Is that—?" Richie started before Shiro cut him off.
"Yes. That's her." Shiro tried to prepare himself for all the stupid comments he'd hear from Richie. "You brought her?" He said as he tried to hide a smile.
"I owe her lunch."
"Owe her?"
"She let me stay at her place."
"ME?!" Richie said a bit too loudly as they both slammed a huge slab of meat on a silver kitchen counter, making a loud rattling noise.
"And our friends!" Shiro snapped back. "Not just me."
"Oh? Sooo... did you stay in her room?"
"No."
"You didn't sleep with her?"
"No."
"Bro, come onnn." Richie hit Shiro in the arm playfully since he was a football player, but since Shiro was just as strong (perhaps stronger) he barely moved.
"What do you mean 'bro come on'? I don't wanna sleep with her." Shiro said, trying to calm the fire behind his eyes.
"Yet? Because we can pull a Vicky." Richie winked. The story goes: Shiro was dating Vicky and was madly in love with her, then football friend Richie came along and slept with her. Ever since then, Shiro knew he had to forgive his friend because it wasn't just his fault, it was hers. So he said, 'Have her.' But Richie wasn't in to committed relationships. So that's what they called a 'Vicky'. Sharing, per say, for pleasure.
"No," Shiro said a bit too quickly, "She's not... she's not that shallow."
"Dude what the fuck?" Richie stared at Shiro in surprise, "I know her—"
"You had sex with her once that doesn't mean you know her." Shiro hadn't expected to get so angry.
"You don't know her that well either, don't make it look like you do."
"I know... I know." Shiro said softly.
"Do you like her or something?" There was still a bit of anger in Richie's voice.
"Of course I don't." He responded.
"You don't? Why haven't you slept with her yet?"
Shiro stopped what he was doing and slammed the knife in his hand on the counter and turned to look at his friend, his voice frustrated, "Because I don't want to sleep with her!"
"Boys!" An older woman yelled from the grill to their right.
"Sorry." Shiro shook his head and turned to look back at a smirking Richie, "She's a friend. I don't sleep with my friends."
"You must not have a lot of friends."
"What?"
"You've slept with almost every girl you talk to."
Shiro didn't know how to respond, so he responded with the truest thing that could end this conversation. "She's just a friend."
"So you wouldn't get mad if I slept with her?"
Shiro didn't say anything for a while, in fact, they were both nearly done with their orders when he finally responded to Richie's question. "She's not my girl. Go for it."
"Wow dude. Thanks." Richie said, finishing up what he was doing and placed his finished dish on the table, fixing his collar to go out and ask where to drop the dish off.

Richie stepped out and left his dishes to a wealthy family sitting in the dazzling Lobby and spotted Allura still staring out the window, deep in her thoughts. She held a delicate glass filled with coffee in her hands as she admired the view outside.

Richie took a seat in front of her.
"Pretty, isn't it?"

Allura whipped her head around to look in front of her and after a couple seconds of remembering who he was, gave him a welcoming little smile.
"Hello," She said.
"Hey. What're you doing here?" He asked, resting his face on his hand.
"What everyone else is here to do. Eat."
"I mean, like..." Richie looked at her speechlessly as she raised an eyebrow at him. He didn't remember her being so intimidating. "You're cute."
"This is sudden." Allura said.
"Great observation." Richie nodded.
"Tell me, what do you mean to get out of this conversation?"
"You sound annoyed."
"I haven't eaten and I don't know what you want from me."
"Oh come on, we shared good times."
"I sucked your dick."
"Alright, well—"
"Look, Richie," Allura said, "You're nice and all I guess but I don't want to sleep with you. Sorry."
"Don't apologize. As a feminist, I wholeheartedly support you decision. You're not at all obligated to sleep with me." He said in a casual tone.

Allura's eyes narrowed, "I don't know if you're being sarcastic or not."
"I'm not, swear on my life." He smiled at her, making her frown a little.

Allura turned back to look outside window. "Shiro was right. The view is beautiful."
"Of course it is. He's always had the best taste."
"Think so?" Allura smiled.
"Totally," Richie nodded, "Also in women."

Allura looked at his stupid smile for a moment and started laughing, "I'm guessing you're talking about me."
"You guessed right."
"Thank you, but I'm pretty sure I'm not his type." She chuckled.

Richie turned to look at the tables and spotted Shiro smiling as he spoke to a woman and her family as he served them. "Look at him." He said. Least I could do for Shiro is make him look good, he thought. "He's hot."

"I like the fact that everyone is gay for Shiro."
"Hell yeah, I'd let him tie me up any day."

Allura laughed and suddenly Richie understood why he was so protective of her, but she didn't need his protection. He could tell by the way she held herself together that she was strong.

They both turned to look and admire him.
"Jeez," Allura shook her head, "I really hope he's not into that."
"What? Bondage?"
"Yeah."

"He's not, don't worry," Richie said.
"Why would I worry? I don't wanna have sex with him." Allura snapped.
"Then why'd you bring it up?"
"Because people who are kinky like that are weird."
"You think he's weird?"
"So he is into kinky stuff?!"
"I never—"
But Allura giggled and stopped their childish bickering as she took a sip out of her mug, "Shouldn't you be working?"
"You looked a little lonely."
"That was to be expected."
"Hope you're not telling her freaky shit." Said a familiar voice above them.
They both looked up to see Shiro looking down at them.
"Hello." Allura warmly smiled up at him.
"Sup?" Richie waved.
"Boss is here." Shiro motioned towards the entrance.
"Shit!" His friend bit his lip as he rushed back to the kitchen.
He turned his attention back to Allura, "I'm sorry I'm taking so long. Orders are insane and Richie distracting me."
"Take your time." She said warmly.
"Look at you, ever so generous, Princess."
"I'm basically an angel." Allura smiled up at him as he rolled his eyes playfully and walked back to the kitchen.
- 
Hunk walked into the blinding white hospital room with several flowers he'd bought from an old woman on the way there from a marketplace that had been put up in Logan Square.
He smiled when Shay noticed him and extended her arms out towards him like a child, inviting him for a hug he so gladly accepted.
"Love! Hello!" Shay said with excitement in her voice as she pulled away from him and put her violin down.
"Hey, buddy." Hunk said as he pulled a chair up to her bed. "How you been holdin' up?"
"Okay. They're running a couple more tests and hopefully I'll be outta here by tomorrow afternoon. But it's lonely."
"Good thing I'm here." Hunk said as she giggled cutely. "Oh, yeah. I got you flowers."
Shay smiled when she gently took them from his hands, "They're beautiful."
"Not as beautiful as you.
Shay giggled, "Stop, you're making me blush. Anyway, tell me about how yesterday went! Who won?!"
"No one, again, because Lance and Keith started fighting." Hunk said sounding pretty annoyed.
"That sucks. How about Allura? How is she?"
"She's better. Shiro took her home early last night and took care of her."
"That's so sweet of him."
"That's kinda how he is, you know? Gentlemanly."
"Hadn't seen that side of him in a long time, though."
"Oh, for sure." Hunk said as she laughed, causing him to break out into a smile.
Shay put the flowers aside and picked up her violin again, "I was tuning this little dude for about thirty minutes, but i think I'm utterly lost."
"Just tighten up the stringy thingies all the way, right...?" Hunk's voice trailed off as Shay laughed.
"I wish it was that easy." She said and then sighed, "I can't wait to be done with this."
Hunk looked up at her tired eyes as she tried to comb down the ends of her knotted hair. "Me too."
Shay smiled sadly, "Hopefully I'll get my new prosthetic soon before the Chicago Symphony starts looking for new violinists. I'm qualified and everything, but they might find someone better than me. Someone with and actual, you know, LEG."
"Don't let it get the best of you. Anyways, representation matters. Show that you're doing what you love even when missing a CALF, not a leg." Hunk chuckled.
She shook her head and smiled, "Hand me my bow, let me see if I tuned it okay."
He did as told as she mumbled, "Thanks." As Hunk went to close the door to the room.
She plucked the strings lightly with her fingers then drew the bow across the strings, making a
beautiful, long noise that held Hunk captivated. Captivated by the beautiful pictures she made with her violin. Captivated by how her weak arms strongly held the instrument. Captivated by how her head tilted and her eyes narrowed down to look at the strings. She was beautiful; a cascade of messy, matted hair and tired eyes and emotion and beautiful noises coming from her skilled playing. When she was finished, a chorus of applauses came from the window at the side of the room, with nurses and people in jackets applauded and smiled.

Shay gave a sheepish smile as they went their separate ways. "Jeez," she said, "That was sloppy." "Sloppy? That was so good I'm speechless." Hunk frowned at how she didn't give herself enough credit for her playing. She refused to be selfish and admit that she literally had the whole school musical department in her hands.

Shay shook her head, "I'm all gross right now. My playing is terrible and I haven't showered and I've been in this bed for days and uuugggHHH!" She gently placed her violin and her bow by her feet and flopped back down onto her pillows. "I'm sorry." Hunk sighed.

"Well don't be sorry, you didn't do anything wrong, silly." Shay smiled, "Instead do something about it. Bring me one of those shitty twenty year old board games from the waiting room downstairs or sneak in some donuts. Come on, Hunk. I wanna see a smile on your face too."

He wondered what he ever did to meet such a wonderful person like her for a few seconds before he broke out into a smile.

"Alright, well, wait here. I'll bring you something better." Hunk grinned.

"What can be better than a fruit loop covered donut?" Shay rolled her eyes.

"A fish."

"A fish?!" Hunk smiled even bigger when she began laughing.

"Try! Five bucks says you can't." Shay stuck her tongue out.

"Aw, but Shay! Those five dollars should go to the medical bill, not me...!"

But when Shay grinned and whipped one of her pillows to the door, he was already on the other side of it.

The sun began to set as Allura sat back down in her chair, sipping cold water from a glass cup as she waited for Shiro to come back out of the kitchens so she could say goodbye to him.

She looked out the window at the ever so active city with her legs crossed, thinking about her brother.

Is Lance still with him? How will Shiro and I get them together when they hate each other so much? We can make them do duets—

"Allura."

She turned around and smiled as the tall boy before her shyly clasped a hand behind his neck. She stood up so that she could be a little more leveled with his eyes.

"Well thank you for ever—" Her phone interrupted her. She frowned and held up a finger and pulled up her phone, quickly skimmed the message, and groaned. "Shit," Allura sighed, "A pop-up assignment."

"What's that?" Shiro asked.

"It's a random photography assignment for art kids. Teacher picks a theme and you have to do a shoot about that theme before midnight. This one seems to be... pastels."

"Your cup of tea." Shiro teased as she rolled her eyes.

"Guess we can continue with that little Keith and Lance plan..." She sang as he chuckled.

"What's your plan?"

"Pastel punk." She winked.

"Oh my God no. Half the girls at my school were into that shit during the eighth grade."

"Hey! This'll be different, you'll see..."

"Alright, well, keep me posted on that." Shiro smiled as she nodded and picked up her purse.

"Anyway, Shiro, thank you for everything. I had fun."
"Yeah, me too." He looked down at her as his ears became a little pinker than usual.
She pulled out a twenty and put it in the pocket of his slacks.
"Oh, no, take it bac—"

Them she handed him a five and winked when she said, "And this for Richie."
Shiro had already taken the bill out of his pocket and was offering it back, "Have the twenty, I—"
"Goodbye, Shiro." She smiled up at him charmingly and proceeded to exit the fancy restaurant.
Shiro looked back at her as she left with her head up high and proud with her white curls bouncing
with every step. He turned back to look out the window and see the tall Chicago skyscrapers and
said under his breath, "Goodbye, Princess."

"You what?!!" Keith yelled into the phone.
"Yeah, so can I please use you two?" Allura begged.
"You could've at least run this by us earlier!" Lance yelled back, "I promised my cousins I'd be home
to make dinner!"
"Oh please please please!" Allura’s staticky voice came through the phone and filled the whole living
room. "And it's a little too late because I'm outside."
"Please tell me you're kidding—"
But Keith was interrupted by a fumbling doorknob and a loud, creaky door opening and heavy
footsteps.
"KEITH!!" Allura screamed as she hung up those phone and dropped the heavy plastic bags on the
floor.
She jumped on top of Keith as they wrestled eachother on the floor as Lance just sat there recording.
Allura and Keith fell off the couch and rolled on the floor as Allura brought up safety scissors to
Keith's head, "SAY YOU'LL DO IT!"
"Get OFF of me you prick!"
"SAY YOU'LL DO IT!"
"FINE!" Keith screamed back, shoving her off with his foot, making her painfully collide with the
couch.
"Yay!" She beamed ignoring the huge red mark on her temple. "Let's get started."
"Wait wait wait," Lance started quickly, "I never agreed to this—"
"Well then," Allura held up the colorful safety scissors threateningly as she smiled angelically,
"Guess that's a problem that's gotta be fixed, right?"
Lance rolled him eyes, "Alright. Whatever. Fine, just be quick."
"Alright alright! Keith, can you help me take the bags to the shed?"
"Shed?" Lance asked, "Isn't this an apartment? Like, the yard is too small for a shed, wouldn't that be
a bother?"
"Oh, we own the building, there's no one living upstairs or downstairs right now," Allura shrugged,
"So we constructed a shed. Anyways, the yard is really big and isn't really used it's not like it looks
bad or anything. I use it for my work."
"Your work?" He raised an eyebrow as he held the newly discovered back door open for her
"Painting and photography." She reminded him as they stood under the cloudy fall skies for a few
seconds as she went through her keys to find the right one to the shed. When she finally did, she
opened the door and turned the lights on which instantly blinded Lance.
The fluorescent white light was about as equal as the lighting outside on a sunny summer day.
The rooms walls and ceiling and floor was completely white and there were about five stickers
placed on the very top corner where two white walls met. There was more color from a couple other
paintings she had stacked up against eachother on the wall far across from the door. There was a
white tall bookshelf next to them that contained paintbrushes and pallets and paint of all different
sizes. On the wall to the left, there was a white screen and a fancy and expensive-looking
photography equipment. And a couple feet away from it, a mattress with a black blanket lazily
thrown over it.
"Woah." Lance grinned as Keith pushed past him to place the bags Allura asked him to bring on the
"My cool little hideout. Neat, isn't it?" Alluea grinned as she closed the door behind her so that the three of them stood in a small circle. It didn't even look like a shed from the inside. It looked like something straight out of a sci-fi movie.

"Okay, so," Allura went to the bags and took out huge bouquets of flowers of all different colors. "The theme my art teacher gave me were pastels. So... I got some cute lil' flowers. Now, both of you, strip."

"Excuse me?" Keith choked out.

"Damn, I'm glad you're asking nicely or whatever but this is not the south—"

"You idiots, then just take off your SHIRTS!" Allura snapped as she began to pluck petals from flowers. "Now, what I had planned was to put the flower petals on you. You know? Something gentle. We need a little life before starting winter, you know?" She smiled, "Problem is you're both gonna have to look depressed from for the first portion of it, so think about dead puppies or something white i get everything ready."

Keith and Lance had taken a seat on the floor, sitting like children silently as Allura fixed up the lights and began to tinker with her professional camera.

"What'd you guys do all day?" Allura asked.

"We just played video games..." Keith mumbled.

"All day?" Allura stopped working to frown at him, "Did you even empty out your puke bucket?"

Keith was silent as he stared at the ground intensely.

"Oh, you're a pig." Allura rolled her eyes as Lance gave a suppressed giggle at Keith's embarrassed blush, earning him a loud slap on the arm from the black haired boy.

She then went to sit in front of them and proceeded to get close in front of Lance.

"Alright this is getting freaky—"

"Shut the hell your mouth, this is," She put on a stupid grin, "Art in the making."

"I'm pretty sure this has been done before." Keith corrected, looking at his phone.

"I bet so too, but," She shrugged, "It's whatever. Kind of impossible to be original when it comes to photography these days."

Lance stood still as Allura began placing light blue pedals on his skin, covering every inch of skin from his left collarbone, spiraling up. "Art can be anything. I think what I do is art." He said softly.

"I've always considered it a sport." Keith shrugged.

"I feel it's both. If it makes you feel things, it's art, don't you think?" Allura said.

"Sure. I'm the paintbrush and the stage is my canvas." Lance winked as Allura let out something that sounded like a half laugh-half scoff.

"I think photography isn't really art anymore. We've run out of things to really take pictures of." Keith said, fiddling with his fingerless gloves.

"Explain."

"You can't really take a picture of anything in it's natural state anymore. You've gotta alter it now, and... I dunno, I guess I always thought art was supposed to come naturally, now it's being... tampered with, in a way. But I don't know. I'm not an artist."

"Don't have to be an artist to have an opinion," Allura said matter-of-factly, "The only thing I have to say is that art is going through evolution. It always is. With every finished poem, with every new dance move, with every finished painting, there's always gonna be something new. Art is meant to be a toy. You're meant to play with it and tamper with it until you create something new. You destroy it? Make something with the broken pieces."

"This is on some Doctor Phil shit and I don't know if I'm with it." Lance joked, which made Allura and Keith laugh softly.

"Then let's talk about something else." Allura shrugged.

"Well, for starters, are you feelings better? You were sick yesterday." Lance said.

"I am, thank you. Now that I've eaten I have a little bit of a headache though." She answered honestly and politely.

Then all three of their phones buzzed.
They all stared at each other in confusion for a minutes before Keith pulled his phone out and Allura looked down at Lance's as they opened a message that was in a groupchat. It was a selfie of Shay in a hospital bed laughing with a little fishbowl in her hands with Hunk showing half his face holding a peace sign. Under it he said:

Snuck in a fish, let's see what you can do;) bring food. i'm hinting at you to bring food.

The three of them let out a small giggle as Pidge responded instantly with several tongue emojis and added next to them, 'It's on.'

Allura continued working as Lance responded and Keith seemed to be busy on his phone as well. After about fifteen more minutes, Allura yelled, "Done!" More to herself than to the others, and then moved to Keith. "Now with you, I'm gonna use roses..."

"Alright. Hey, give us new ideas for songs for Friday."

"Ugh, again? Aren't you guys getting tired of this?" Allura rolled her eyes.

"We're not getting drunk, we're having a good time because we're dancing." Lance said as Keith nodded.

"As fruity as that sounds, yeah, it's pretty fun." Her brother smiled, "But I think right now we're doing a song that's come out this year. We're low on ideas, man."

"Yeah, I mean, we can do pop but I don't know... that's basic?" Lance said.

"I have an idea if you guys are gonna do this in groups." Allura shrugged, "Do False Alarm."

"By The Weeknd?" Lance asked.

"Yeah. It's one of his most basic songs but," Allura shrugged as she put more glue on the petals and carefully placed them on him, "I don't know, seems easy to dance to."

"She's right." Keith looked at Lance, "That could work. I was thinking Drake or something, but we can do that."

Lance nodded and sighed, "So can I move around oorr...?"

"Oh, super careful, I'm almost done with Keith here—"

"Ow!" Keith yelled suddenly, "My eye!"

"Sorry!" Allura said quickly, "Wait..." She noticed the concealer under his eyes, and her eyebrows immediately drew together, obviously asking him what was up.

"He didn't get any so close to his eyes, what's up with that? Aren't we doing the same thing?" Keith's eyes begged for her to ignore this, and motioned to his watch.

"Nah. Yours is a little more extra. I'm gonna need you two to work together, by the way. No fighting, I can't concentrate." Allura said as she moved away from Keith and began making a flower crown from a new pack of wire she's just bought, and began making a crown for Lance, wondering what it was that happened.

"I'm gonna need you two to relax a bit, too." She said as she quickly tied stems and delicate petals. "I am relaxed." Both boys said at the same time.

"Both of you are tense. Your shoulders are stiff. Your lips are in a line. Your eyes are hard. I need you to both relax. Almost like you're sleepy." Allura said as she stood up and walked to the big white bookshelf and took out clear box, filled with professional and expensive eyeshadow palettes, followed by paintbrushes.

She went to Lance and turned his head slightly; he didn't fight against her. She put a pigmented lipgloss on Lance, making his lips a shimmering gold. Then she went to a highlighter and with a little more oils and creams, was able to gently put shimmering dots on his nose and under his eyes, where his natural freckles were. Then the grabbed another brush and carefully made his pigmented, shimmering gold winged eyeliner a decently nice length. Finally, she made the division between the petals and his pretty tan skin deeper by outlining it in gold. Keith watched them silently and at one point caught him recording them, and when Lance noticed, gave a little scoff and gave him the finger.

"Why do you have eyeshadow in here? Do you use it for painting?" Lance asked when she indicated she was finished by tossing her things in the box.
"Yep. It helps me with the colors when I'm doing one of my more complicated pieces." She explained.

"Neat." Lance said as she turned to her makeup box and grabbed the things she's use for Keith.

"Nasty cut you've got on your lip." Allura said stiffly, putting pieces together. They'd obviously been fighting. But normally they'd be bickering and arguing and probably looking for a chance to strike, but right now they seemed quiet. And anyway, Keith wouldn't have given her that look...

She moved to Keith with an eyeshadow palette and a skinny brush, "Close your eyes." She said, and he obeyed. "God damn," she sighed as he began to feel her dabbing away under his eyes with a brush gently, 'The fact that I don't need makeup to make the bottom of your eyes darker... Keith, you need to sleep more."

"I'm fine."

"You're not." She frowned down at him as he opened his eyes and gave her a worried look. She shook her head softly and went back to working on his eyes. At one point she began thinking that his eyes were a little TOO dark. She skeptically looked down at her pinkie and saw a pale pigment of concealer. He had a black eye that he wasn't doing too well of a job covering. She ignored it and decided to scold both him and Lance later.

"Why does it start to burn after a while?" Keith whined.

"Because your skin is delicate. Stay still, I'm holding a tiny brush." She said as she made the veins on his eyelids more prominent against his pale skin. "Christ, Keith, you're like paper." She laughed, followed by a chuckle from Lance and a light poke to the stomach from Keith. "Hey, Lance, can you grab that speaker on the shelf and play something? It's awfully quiet." She asked him as he carefully got up to grab it and sat back down. "Play something good."

"Why couldn't I play something?" Keith growled.

"Because the words 'Mills cause I'm hot, trigger finger keep that pussy wet' being repeated while I work isn't exactly my cup of tea." Allura rolled her eyes as he gave a nervous laugh. "Anyway... I'm... done!" She dropped her brush and smiled, helping him stand since she didn't want him to mess up the petals stuck to his skin. Then Lance started playing a pretty melancholy song that began with the pretty strum of guitar strings.

"Alright, now, I'm gonna use Lance first," Allura said as she led him in front of the white screen in front of two bright lights pointing down at him from his left and right. Then she jumped back to grab the flower crown she'd quickly made to put on Lance's soft brown hair. She ruffled his hair a little bit to give him a more distressed and restless look, and stared at his upper body for a quick second.

"I know I'm shredded but Christ, Allura. Your brother's here." Lance teased as she pinched his arm lightly, making him laugh as Keith made a gagging noise.

She brought one more full blue flower that looked close to falling apart if held incorrectly, and placed it on his hollow collarbone.

"Yo what—" He started before Allura interrupted him.

"Shh," she looked down and went back to the bags to bring more glue and blue pedals. When Keith saw she was struggling to hold her things, he quickly came up to help her. She gave him a little smile as she glued more pedals trailing down his collarbone, almost as if it were a waterfall.

"Okay! Now I want you to look depressed." Allura said as she carefully picked up her camera and looked through it, grateful for the white lighting that favored Lance's skin.

"So normal?" Keith joked as Lance gave him the finger once again.

Allura rolled her eyes but got a photo of him doing that, catching his stupid grin and his long middle finger in a shot. "Cute." She smiled to herself as the boys bickered for a bit longer. Then he looked back at her, relaxed his shoulders, and suddenly became more vulnerable. He looked almost like a child like this.

"Close your eyes," She ordered him to do, and he did as told with his hands limp at his sides and a normal, resting sad look on his face that made him look almost sad. She caught Keith staring at him from corner of her eye, smiled gently, and took her phone out to text him:
He's beautiful, isn't he?

She put her phone down and continued taking pictures of Lance, moving to get different angles as he stood as still as a statue.

Keith's phone dinged, and he looked down to see his expression go from curious one to a blank one. He pretended he didn't see it and simply put his phone away, making Allura frown.

She now got several pretty light blue flowers of different sizes that he could hold in his long, slender hands that looked a bit awkward at times, but nonetheless cute.

The music continued as she took pictures of him, occasionally telling him to open his eyes or close them, or give a sad little smile or not.

"Keith, you might wanna pay attention too, you gotta be lookin' sad." Allura said as she frowned, "Oh wait, that's not a problem." She gave a stupid little laugh as Keith rolled his eyes.

"For the last single shot, I want you to smile." Allura told Lance as she moved his face to a certain angle that showed the mostly only the left side of his face plainly and some of the right side that pedals mostly covered. As she held the camera to her face, she shook her head, "No, a cocky smile."

"How do you expect me to do that? I just smile normally all the time?" Lance said a little frustrated.

"No! You do this thing with your mouth, like," Allura thought for a minute as she made a little clicking sound and Lance only gave her a complete confused look, "Okay! Look, you, uhh... Oh! One side of your mouth is more up than the other."

"Oh. Really?" Lance looked at Keith, "Is that true?"

They noticed Keith was avoiding looking at Lance, "I mean, I guess. Why do you expect me to know?"

"You're the one I mostly always direct it to nowadays, so I mean..." Lance shrugged but went back to posing and took a deep breath. "So like..." Then he flashed a smile and said with his mouth strained, "This?"

Allura's eyes lit up as he gave an uneven, yet confident smile, "Yes! Yes yes yes!" She took a picture and grinned. "Like that..." She took a couple more and straightened up and patted his shoulder softly, "You're done— FOR NOW!" She nearly yelled when he went to peel off a petal. "Keep them up for a little more, I'm gonna do another thing. Keith, come up." He did as told pretty stiffly and stood cluelessly in the middle of the bright white light as Allura took a couple fully bloomed roses from the flower bouquets. Then she went up to him and stood in front of him and said, "Open your mouth."

"What--?"

"Just open your mouth." She rolled her eyes as he hesitantly did as told, and shoved a long rose stem into the back of his mouth.

"OW!" Keith yelled as Lance laughed and Allura frowned. "What the fuck?!"

"That's for being stubborn."

"I hope your aware I can rip these flowers off at any second."

"You wouldn't do that because you love me too much and you know my projects mean the world to me." She cutely grinned and flicked his nose as she ripped off part of the stem to make it shorter and proceeded to put it in his mouth gently so that the center of the beautifully bloomed rose looked right at her.

"That's just to shut you up." She winked at Keith raised his middle finger up to her face as she smiled and flipped her hair, taking the camera into her hands. "Kidding!" She sang as she stood far away from him and held the camera up to her face. "Now, I want you to close your eyes. No, don't— yeah, like that. Don't squeeze them. Soften up your face."

Then Lance looked up from his phone when Allura's camera made a little click when she took a picture.

"Wow, your sister's right, dude. You should sleep." Lance shook his head as Keith rolled his eyes and gave him a cold look. She took a picture of that, too.

"Now, i want you to be all dramatic and bite the flower and rip it outta your mouth, it's alright if you don't get it the first time though. Ready, and... go." He did as told and even added a little devilish grin when he ripped the rose out of his mouth, leaving her nearly crying when she clicked back on
the photo and saw that the shot even had some rose pedals falling. God, she thought, the world is in my favor today.

Then a familiar song started playing. "Phoenix?" Allura asked Lance.
"Yeah." He smiled softly, "Love 'em."
"Me too." She smiled lightly as she walked back to the bag full of flowers to take glue and purple petals and walk back to them. She gave the glue to Keith and gave him a handful of petals as she began to remove petals from Lance's neck. "Now... I'm gonna need you two to work together for this part..." Allura said slowly as she quickly glued purple petals onto Lance's right side of his neck, making all the colors blend. She then took off Lance's crown gently and carried it to the bag and took a single full rose and went to Keith and put a rose in his hair in the little nook over his ear. Then she moved Lance to stand in front of Keith and finally, they caught on to the vibe.
"Oh no no NO. This is NOT turning gay." Keith said.
"Yeah, dude! A little warning could've been nice!" Lance exclaimed as Allura rolled her eyes.
"I'm not gonna make you guys snog," Allura said, hoping they couldn't see she was making them be a little bit more intimate to be petty at the fact that they'd been fighting. "Just gonna have you guys make a little contact, that's it."
"I don't know what your definition of 'intimate' is because on the norm this is gay." Keith sighed, standing stiffly.
"Oh come, we're in the city," She smiled and paused as moved Keith's hand to rest gently on Lance's shoulders, both of them flinching as if she'd just clapped in front of their faces, "aren't we all a little gay?"

Keith rolled his eyes as Allura walked back.
"For this part I want it to look as if Keith's red starts mixing in with your blue. Okay, so put your head a little over his shoulder—"
"He's taller than me." Keith interrupted.
"Well then," She said a little annoyed at his interruption, "tiptoe."
He rolled his eyes and did as told as Lance giggled, making Keith slap the back of his head, which caused Lance to stomp down on Keith's foot.
"Damn you Lanc—"
"STOP! For at least a second, you two!" Allura cried, frustrated. She lifted the camera up and tiptoed to reach their height. "Okay. Now, Lance sadly look down... yeah, like that. Keith, look tired yeah."
She took several shots of them like that and made them change their faces several times from frustrated, to afraid, to an devilish smile.
"Okay, now..." She sighed, "Now rip off their pedals."
"We're done?" Both boys asked at the same time, sounding hopeful.
"Nope." She grinned at their groans, "Gonna put purple on you now."
"God, please don't make this gayer than it already is." Keith pleaded, which only made Allura smile wider.
"Just come here." She said to both of them, grateful to have gotten the hang of how to space the pedals out just how she liked, and how to do it quickly. The three chatted as she worked until Lance said something that caught her attention.
"You have a tattoo." He pointed out, his voice soft as he looked at Keith, which made even Allura look to from Lance's chest to see her brother's reaction.
"Yeah..." He responded, a little shy that all eyes were on him. It was actually quite cute.
"I really like it." Lance nodded, giving his rival a smile.
Keith's body felt hot as he turned away and blindly went to his phone that was resting on the bookshelf at the corner of the room. At least Allura had finished the pedals on him, so he didn't have to face the them again.
But Lance and Allura kept talking, laughing occasionally. Finally she called them both on front of the pearly white screen.
"Okay, I want you two to hold eachother—"
"No!" They both yelled at the same time, eyebrows drawn together in anger and confusion.
"Let me finish!" Allura yelled back, rolling her eyes and muttering, "estupidos." She looked back at them and continued, her voice calmer. "As if in a waltz."

Lance and Keith looked at each other for a long minute.

"Faster we get this done, the faster we can go see the others down at the hospital." Allura sang and whispered, "Do it for Shay."

Lance tried to keep his face in a frown, but sighed loudly and shook his head, "For Shay."

"Yeah, for sure." Keith nodded as Allura smiled and reminded herself to give Shay a huge hug and kiss when they got to the hospital.

The boys got in front of the white screen and surprisingly held each other gently when they clasped their hands together and Lance held Keith's waist. He had originally placed his hand on Lance's shoulder, but Allura moved it to his neck to make the gesture more affectionate.

"Perfect, okay." She said as she placed a fee more purple pedals around Keith's hand where he was touching Lance's neck and put a few more pedals on their clasped hands, with a few trailing up their wrists.

"Right now look serious, both of you. But relax your bodies." Allura said as she began taking pictures, again occasionally making them change their expressions. "Now, I want you to laugh." She said, but Keith clicked his tongue in annoyance.

"How? Its gonna be super weird give us something to laugh about." He said.

"Tell us your dumbest joke." Lance shrugged as the two boys had gotten the hang of talking and conversing without moving an inch.

"Alright uhhhh..." Then Allura herself started laughing like an idiot, "Okay, so, what do you call a kid with no arms, no legs, and an eyepatch?"

The boys stared at her.

"Names." She said, laughing.

The boys looked at her in confusion, and then at each other.

"Names?" Lance kept whispering, the gears in his brain working to the max to understand the joke,

"Names. Names. Names...? OH! Names!" He started laughing loudly as Keith stared at him in confusion. Allura took a picture of that.

"What? I don't get it!" Keith said.

"Names! Like, you're making fun of the kid!" Lance was still laughing.

"What...? Oh!" Keith himself then started laughing, laughing even harder at Lance's laughter, which just fueled his.

Allura took pictures of this as she herself started laughing silently at their obnoxious laughter at her stupid joke, and even caught a picture of Lance leaning onto a laughing Keith for support as he continued laughing like a child.

She was actually pretty sad to tell them the next thing, because she knew for sure they'd be completely annoyed with her. She walked back to the bag of flowers and got a final purple beautifully bloomed dahlia flower and sighed. "Okay, you two, for the last one, I'm gonna need you to get close."

"Shit..." Lance muttered as he stepped up to Keith, and he did the same.

"As..." Allura tried hard not to laugh, "As if you were about to kiss."

Lance saw Keith in front of him close his eyes and mutter, "Oh my God."

"Don't worry, though. I'm gonna put this flower in between you two, so you're not gonna kiss. Keep everything the same, the positions and everything— just for a second."

She quickly went to place the flower stem in front of Lance's mouth so he could bite onto it, and they got closer so that both their mouths were covered by the flower.

"Okay now... look into your eyes..." She said softly as she took a picture. "Now close them..." She took a picture of this, then pulled out her phone and opened Snapchat. She figured if they were gonna run after her to beat her ass, at least they'd be done with the project. "Whatever you do, don't open your eyes, you look perfect, I'm just having camera problems..." She stifled a laugh as she picked her purse up from the floor and quickly took the picture as the phone made the familiar camera click noise.
Both boys' eyes opened at the speed of light as they angrily looked down at her, Keith already having his hands in a fist.

"DID YOU JUST TAKE A PICTURE ON SNAPCHAT?!" He yelled as Lance already began running towards her with his shirt in his hands as Allura was already laughing and running out of the door. Keith, being the last one to leave the shed, slammed the door and sprinted after Lance as he yelled threats to Allura. She sent the picture to Shiro, Hunk, Pidge, and Shay as she ran to the bus stop, leading the boys as they ripped pedals off of their body as she grinned.

"Oh my God, I hate you." Lance hissed as he tried to stand as still as possible to keep the bags of chips stuffed in his shirt and pants to keep from crinkling.

"I know." Allura said as she grinned cutely with a huge bruise now forming at her temple, all thanks to Keith for accidentally pushing her too hard on the train station stairs. Although he was mad, he'd apologized about a thousand times.

He too was trying to make it discreet that he had about seven bottles of Arizona shoved down his pants and ramen cups in his jacket.

"Are you sure you don't feel a little dizzy? Like— is everything wokring—?"

"Hermanito!" Allura interrupted him, "I'm fine, just a little bump." She gave him a sheepish smile as the elevator doors dinged open and Lance stiffly led them down a hall (Shiro had texted them the floor and room) as they awkwardly walked past nurses and visitors that gave them weird looks. As they waddled to Shay's room, Keith knocked and opened the door, not waiting for a response. Their friends greeted them with warm smiles and hello's.

Shiro was on a stool next to the bathroom door and Hunk was still seated next to Shay's bed and Pidge was on another stool on the other side of her bed.

"You made it!" Shay exclaimed in a happy, raspy voice, "So... were you up for the challenge?"

"Hell yeah we were." Keith grinned as he did a weird dance and three Arizona bottles fell out of his pants.

"Woah, wait, what's up with your face?" Shiro asked, standing up.

"Rude, that's just my face." Allura rolled her eyes.

"I meant the huge bump there—"

"Ow! Well don't touch it!" She said as she slapped his hand away lightly with a playful little smile on her face. "Keith pushed me a little too hard after..." she took her phone out and went to the photo of Keith and Lance together, nearly kissing, "This!"

Everyone in the room except Lance and Keith pulled out the screenshotted photo and began wooing and making stupid kissing noises.

Lance and Keith furiously began yelling.

"NOTHING HAPPENED!"

"I'm not gay for HIM!"

"Chill, we know what it was for." Hunk laughed, "But shit, THIS... this photo is gold. Bless Allura." She gave her best cheeky smile swayed on her tiptoes cutely. "Oh! That's right." She smiled as she opened her bag and let bags of candy and chips fall out. "I won."

"False, you didn't." Lance grinned as he stepped up, and unbuttoned his pants, making other groan.

"Lance STOP." Pidge whined as Shay sighed exhaustedly.

He proceeded to pull out two huge bags of Takis with a huge smirk on his face. "Hah, losers, dinners on me."

"Actually, on Pidge's." Started Shay, "They brought me my actual favorite."

"What is it?" Allura asked.

"Rock candy." Shay smiled as Keith went to stand behind Hunk and reach into his bag of chips as Shiro gave up his stool to let Allura sit. After several tries of convincing him it was fine, she stubbornly sat down as he leaned against the wall behind them next to her. Lance laid down across Shay's feet and lazily scrolled through his phone. Everyone found themselves genuinely casual and relaxed as they ate out of loud bags of chips and shared drinks with eachother, occasionally passing around what they were eating.
"Wait." Hunk suddenly said as everyone stopped talking and turned to look at him, "Wait... dude, the fish died."

"What?!" Shay nearly yelled as she gently picked up the bag, bringing it to her face so that she could see through the plastic bag. Her face fell when she saw the fish still and upside down. "I swear Rocky was alive ten minutes ago." She frowned.

"You named the fish rocky?" Shiro snickered.

"Yeah, you insolent swine I named my fish Rocky." Shay snapped, causing him to laugh even harder.

"It's probably cause Lance is here." Pidge started laughing, which made Allura and Keith laugh. Lance whipped a piece of candy at Pidge's glasses, which bounced loudly off their glasses which made them let out a loud screech for about half a second.

"Well, I guess we all know what to do." Hunk sighed, taking the bag from Shay's delicate hands.

"NO!" Shay and Hunk yelled at the same time as Keith laughed.

"Kidding, kidding." He said as Allura rolled her eyes and Lance tried not to laugh at his stupid joke.

"Carry me please, Hunk?" Shay said elegantly. He gave her the bag with the single dead fish in it and nodded.

Hunk easily scooped her up into his arms with a little grin on his face as she giggled lightly, making the rest of the room smile. "To the bathroom!"

Shiro turned and raised an eyebrow at her as she only shrugged and went behind Hunk and walked into the small bathroom like the others.

"Yo what the fuck it's crammed as hell in here." Lance complained as he and Pidge climbed up onto the sink to look down at the toilet bowl as Shiro and Allura bickered as they stood next to each other in the shower tub as Hunk stood in front of the toilet, gently putting her down but keeping a hand wrapped around her waist for support.

Keith peered over Hunk's shoulders as they all tried hard not to laugh as Lance and Pidge pulled their phones out to record the whole thing. Shay poured the bag into the bowl that splashed and showed the tiny orange goldfish floating around slowly.

"We're all gathered here today," Began Shay, taking a shuddery breath, obviously suppressing laughter, "For Rocky's funeral. Thanks for being alive for like, four hours." Shay sighed dramatically then looked around, "Last words starting with Shiro."

Shiro didn't respond because he wasn't paying attention, for he was staring down at the fish, slowly falling asleep. It took a sharp jab in the ribs from Allura to make him look up. "Uh... uhhm..." He stuttered for a minute before collecting his thoughts, "Rocky really was a... a good fish. We're all just DROWNING in sorrow." Everyone giggled softly and stupidly around the room, especially Shiro. But that soon ended when Hunk gave him the dirtiest look and jokingly hissed, "Shiro do you think this is a motherfucking game?"

That made him finally stop giggling and break out in laughter, causing the others to do the same. "Wait, wait, I want to... say a few words." Keith said with his voice full of laughter, going red trying to get it under control. "Rocky, we really will miss you, sorry we're being so SHALLOW." Keith burst out laughing as well as the others.

"You're all idiots." Pidge choked out in between laughs.

"I've got one," Allura spoke up, recovering from laughter, "Rocky, we SHORE will remember you." They continued laughing and giggling as Pidge now spoke up, "Oh, Rocky. We miss you so much, our heart are just STREAMING."

Then Lance spoke up with a stupid grin on his face, "Rocky I hope you SEA we'll miss you!" They were all laughing as they now looked at Hunk and Shay for their stupid puns. Shay elbowed him in the ribs, stalling to give her more time to think.

"Oh!" Hunk grinned, "We'll miss you Rocky, it's just so FISHY that you're gone so soon."

"Aye!!" They all woo'd at his and shut up for Shay's. Then all waited for what seemed like hours, then she spoke up...

"Oh, Rocky..." She closed her eyes and put her hands to her heart and sighed dramatically, "You
really did..." Then she changed her face to a stupid grin as she snapped and made cute little finger guns, "Rock!"

Everyone in the bathroom completely lost it, laughing and banging against the closest thing, which was the wall, the sink counter, or the bathtub.

"Now!" Shay caught everyone's attention with her angel-like voice all over again, "Goodbye, Rocky." She wiped a fake tear and flushed the toilet. The whole bathroom was filled with suppressed snickers and giggles as the fish slowly went down.

"Lets play some mourning music." Lance said as they all agreed and walked out, talking amongst themselves and talking about how stupid their puns were. The room suddenly filled with music, and after a second of figuring out the song, the entire room groaned.

"Lance, this is Toxic." Pidge said.

"Great observation." He said sarcastically slowly swaying to the beat as Hunk carried Shay back to her bed and gently placed her head over the pillows as the silently talked amongst themselves.

"Cute, aren't they?" Keith said, joining Allura and Shiro that were leaning against the wall.

"Yeah. Pissed they won't talk about dating." Shiro said, passing Keith his bottle of Arizona which he gladly took.

"They are cute. Funny, i've never heard you comment about other peoples' relationships." Allura pointed out.

"I mean I never really had anything to say, i've never been close enough with someone to say something good about their love life." Her brother shrugged.

"Hint hint, get in a relationship." Shiro nudged his arm and smirked. "I know a fee guys, couple of girls—"

"Oh, not you too." Keith rolled his eyes, "I'm not gay."

"Okay. That's fine. A girl then."

"I'm not good at relationships."

"Oh, sure you are," Allura tried making her voice cheery, "Remember that girl in New York?"

"New York?" Shiro asked.

"Yeah, there was a girl we'd met there and she was super sweet. Keith was really... what's the word... affectionate." She winked at him as Shiro sang and teased, "Oooohh..."

"Whatever. I don't need a relationship. I'm fine alone." Keith crossed his arms stubbornly.

Allura frowned sadly, "Brother, don't say that."

Keith's phone buzzed and he took it out to check it, saying, "Oh, Coran's at home."

"Really?!" Allura's whole face lit up.

"Yeah," Keith couldn't help but smile at the little sparkles in her eyes, "We should go, i think he has something to do later."

"Oh, you guys are leaving so soon?" Pidge asked.

"Yeah, we've gotta go see someone back home." Allura said, taking her purse from the little table next to Shay's desk. She went to hug her friend as Shay planted a kiss on her temple.

"Bye, Allura." She smiled lightly at her as she then went to go say goodbye to Lance and Hunk.

"Watch out, Hunk," Shiro chuckled,"She might just take Shay from you."

He rolled his eyes, but nonetheless took Shay's hand. "Whatever, you wouldn't now, would you love?" He said sarcastically.

But Shay only laughed, "I don't know, would I?"

Allura turned to look at her and winked as Lance and Pidge started screaming and teasing as Shiro only laughed.

Keith, already having said his goodbyes, waited by the door talking to Pidge as Allura wrapped up a conversation with Hunk and Lance and Shay.

She backed away towards the door and smiled, "Bye, see you Monday." Then she turned to Shiro, "Thank you for everything today. Rest easy."

"Yeah, you too." He smiled at her as she gave Pidge a friendly little wave and stepped out of the room with her brother at her heels.
Coran was making tea for Esme when Keith and Allura stumbled into the house, laughing at the conversation they were having.

"Oh, hello." Coran smiled from the kitchen as Allura and Keith quickly walked over to give him a hug, them turned to give their mother a hug.

"We missed you, you disappeared on us." Keith said as he threw himself down onto the chair next to Esme.

"Shipment problem down in Brazil. It got dirty down there, but the Order gave me backup. Then from there to Germany, Wolfe was putting up a fight."

"Hope you didn't get us caught up in another problem." Allura said as she sat down next to Keith.

"Well he's alive, isn't he?" Esme laughed as Coran went back to the tea kettle. "Anyway, good thing we're here. We have things to discuss." She continued.

"Yeah," Keith sighed, "So do we."

"Wait, we?" Allura turned to him, "Is there something I'm missing?"

"Keith is that... makeup?" Esme suddenly asked. The boy turned a deep red and nodded.

"I did it for one of Allura's stupid projects."

Allura giggled, "Cute, isn't it."

"Mija he looks even more tired."

"Mom that's the point—"

"ANYWAY," Keith interrupted, "Half of the makeup was the Anon's fault."

"What?!" Coran turned to look at them. "From what I calculated they would've made their way up from the lowest to the highest, that's the pattern they've had for a few months. To get you directly?"

"Wait, the Anons got you? When?!" Esme asked frantically.

"Wait, was it when I was out with Shiro?" Allura asked, "Was that the bruise?"

"You were out with who?" Coran suddenly asked.

"Not the point!" She snapped, "but was it when you were with Lance?!"

"Yeah. They attacked me in the store. Two guys in suits in a black car." Keith said in a worried tone, "Lance and I got away, they didn't see us come here. They were passed out in the store. He seemed pretty chill about the whole thing, but he's suspicious of me now, I think."

"I don't blame him." Esme sighed, "They're moving too quickly. At first I was thinking it could've been Jasper..." Esme looked up to see Allura stiffen up at the name, "...but now I'm not so sure. There's no way he could come back that fast after how we left him off."

"You don't think he's teamed up with someone, do you? Getting allies?" Allura asked.

"No, he wasn't like that. He's that type of person that can't work with people. He's impossible." Keith growled.

"But he's grown. For sure he's grown—he has to. That's how all drug empires rise to the top. They figure it out, the trick to success is working with allies." Allura said, "And we've lost a few investors, haven't we, Coran?"

When she turned to look at him, the ginger was scrolling furiously through his phone, "Only the lowest ones. The higher ups are with us. Guatemala, Cuba, France, Russia—they're still our allies."

"You guys aren't focusing on the most important part," interrupted Esme, "How did they find Keith?"

Everyone looked at each other for a couple minutes, them everyone stared at Allura. Her lip quivered as she snapped up quickly, causing the chair behind her fall with a loud thud.

"NO!" Allura nearly yelled, "He's not coming back!"

Keith's eyes held worry as he attempted to calm her down, "Hermanita it's not certain—"

"But how could you say that?!" She pleaded, "After everything we did to get rid of him you can't just say that!"

Esme's expression was full of pity and sadness for her daughter as she turned to Coran for help. He closed his eyes and sighed, looking up at a panicked Allura.

"We can investigate—"

"Coran that can only deepen the problem. All we can do it is sit and wait for their next move and prepare for the worst. We have to see how they advance. We have to focus on their patterns, focus
on who they're recruiting. We can't dive in yet." She said with her voice steady, yet uncertain.
"Do not forget leaving the problem alone can be just as bad as letting them ruin the order of things. It
can mess up all our alliances, all the drug empires." Coran said.
"Look, how about this," Keith said as everyone turned to look at him, "How about we investigate
but ONLY on the outside. We don't get too close, we keep our distance. Coran and I can do that.
Right now, you and Mom focus on keeping the company normal."
Esme made a face, "I agree with your brother. As much as I don't like it, he's right. We need forces
to see what the Anons are up to. We need to expect their next move, and especially how they found
us. We need to see WHO is leading them, most of all. If worst comes to worst, we go into hiding.
But another thing is your friends. If they found Keith, we have to guess they know who your little
friends are. We have to keep the protected as well. I'll send company workers to help them
undercover. Enroll in the school, follow them. I know," Esme said at the horrified expressions on her
children's face. "I know you don't like it, but it's what's necessary. And if anything else happens or
looks suspicious, contact either me or Coran immediately. And Allura—" She smiled warmly at her
daughter, "Jasper did not find you. He can't have found you. If he did, we wouldn't be here right
now. But that's the plan, understood?"
Everyone looked at eachother once more with worry and doubtfulness, but nodded in agreement as
she sighed.
Esme took a slow sip of her mug and said, "I have a feeling that soon we won't be the only ones on
the most wanted list."

Chapter End Notes

copyright 2023 E.C. Coverdill. All rights reserved.

thank you for reading i know this chapter was pretty irrelevant except for that last part
but next chapter will b more interesting !! promise !! i hope you liked this chapter btw i
hope i can update sometime in the next week ;)) wish me luck
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

short chapter b/c i got bigger things comin along in the next couple of chapters ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday:
Today Allura wore black. She wore a black skirt, black tights, a black v-neck tshirt she lazily tucked in her skirt, and black matte lipstick. She wore her favorite black oxford Docs and her black nails shined against the bathroom light as Keith put his hair in a lazy bun as she put in her contacts, humming to the music playing through her phone.
"Aren't you going to Shiro's today?" Keith asked as she pulled her hair into a bun as well.
"Oh, that's right. For our project." She'd gotten used to having Shiro come over so often she forgot they had more options for where to work. "Doesn't he have a little sister?"
"And a younger brother." Keith added, "But don't worry, they're in high school."
"I hope they're not edgy."
Keith raised an eyebrow in confusion. She rolled her eyes and explained, "I mean, like, i hope they're cool."
"They're real overprotective."
"What?"
"You'll see. Anyways, let's get going. We're gonna be late."
Allura sighed, "I'm so tiiiiired."
"What's new." Keith said in a monotone voice.
"Look like someone's a little tired too." She giggled and lightly ran up behind him and slapped his cheek, getting an irritated grunt out of him. "I thought we went to bed at the same time, what'd you do?"
"I couldn't sleep so I talked to Lance."
Allura raised an eyebrow and let a stupid smirk form on her face, "Oh?"
He looked at her and then at the ground and then quickly back at her, eyes widening, already yelling, "NO! No no no! That's not what I mean, pendeja. I just—"
"Ooohh... are you two best friends? Closer? Maybe... boyfriends? Secret lovers?" Allura sang as they stepped out into the chilly air.
"Shut UP." Keith groaned, getting angry. "We texted for, like, an hour. He took like ten minutes to respond so it's not like it was significant."
As they continued bickering for a few more minutes, they became awfully quiet the second a boy walked about three feet behind them. They knew immediately who it was.
"Your name?" Allura asked stiffly as Keith stared at the ground.
"That's not important." He responded.
"Ooohh... are you two best friends? Closer? Maybe... boyfriends? Secret lovers?" Allura sang as they stepped out into the chilly air.
"Shut UP." Keith groaned, getting angry. "We texted for, like, an hour. He took like ten minutes to respond so it's not like it was significant."
"Also, you're watching from a distance. Don't get near our friends." Allura demanded.
"Oh, don't worry. We've already got someone on them." The guy had a weird smile to his voice.
"I don't want you guys to have any contact with our friends." Keith growled, "At all."
"Guessing they don't know?" The dude asked.
"Yeah, you guessed right. So careful."
"Alright, alright, I know the rules." The guy rolled his eyes as they walked into the crowded
"We're meeting at the dance room for a little before class starts, wanna come?" Keith asked as they squished in closer to eachother in the tight hallway.

"Sure, BUT," Allura looked over at the guy, who was now next to her, "You're not coming with us. You're going straight to wherever you're going."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. You sound like a mom." He rolled his eyes and continued walking as Allura and Keith squeezed out of the hallway as the huge throng of loud people spit them out to the outer walls of the sports hall. This was where all the sports related places where, such as the gym, the wrestling rooms, the dance rooms, and stuff like that.

Keith pushed the heavy door for the dance room open and the first thing they saw was Lance was in the standing in the center with Pidge, Jessi, Oscar, and Shay all standing around him, saying stupid remarks and laughing at the story he was telling ever so passionately.

As they went to sit next to Shay, they gave a silent wave as Lance winked at them as a greeting as he continued talking.

"And crew? No I joined solely for Hunk and you know what I got? Discrimination." Lance scoffed as Pidge faintly said, "Fuck off."

"No! No! No! You know what? Hunk was the only one that has respect for his fellow crew members? We made the STAGE he walked on and we..." He continued talking, but Allura's attention was turned to Shay when they'd initiated a conversation while Keith was engaged in laughing at Lance along with the others.

"I thought you'd be in class or something, you never hang around here." Shay said with her crutches next to her as her leg was completely extended out.

"Eh, Keith and I came in a different way, so he just brought me with." Allura shrugged, "So it's just you guys?"

"Nah, normally the rest of Lance's group is here. We," Shay said as she stood up (with a little of Allura's help) "We go and get Hunk and Shiro."

"We do?" Allura said as Lance frowned at them.

"And in the middle of my story, you two are going...?" He raised an eyebrow.

"Gonna get our domesticated skunk and my boy, where else?" Shay scoffed as she made her way to the door with Allura at her heels.

"Have fun!" Lance winked as the girls rolled their eyes as everyone went back to his story. Thy walked down the hall (with people throughly avoiding touching Shay and her crutches). "So... where are they again?" Allura asked.

"Oh, the weight room." Her friends said casually.

"The weight room?"

"Yeah, haven't you gone in there yet?" Her friend raised an eyebrow.

"No? We mainly just stay in the main gym."

"Oh, well," Shay had a tiny smile that she was failing to hide, "You'll see what it is."

Suddenly, to Allura, this was starting to get pretty sketchy. Then whey came across this huge set of double doors and Allura obviously went to push them for Shay, for use of her arms was pretty limited because of her crutches.

But the minute she opened the door, they were hit with a warm breeze and a sour stench and dim lighting and little whirring noises. There were five or four of each type of gym equipment, from bicycles to treadmills to just general gym equipment. Deep male laughter and chatter came from the far left side of the door, where a tall and muscular group of boys stood, Hunk holding a large weight with heavy looking dumbbells close to falling near laughing guys and by another male who was on a bench press, his skin glinting with sweat, as he lifted a long and heavy weight, having both hands far apart and a little shaky with ink dotted along his torso, covered by a t-shirt that was strewn across his waist.

Hunk looked up and grinned at both of them, noticing their presence for the first time. Allura knew he mustve been muscular, but not THAT muscular. She smiled as she heard Shay's breath hasten a little. Allura giggled at this and flinched a little as Hunk put his heavy weight back on a stand with a
large metal 'clank'. He head over to them with a big grin on his face as the boys in the back called, "Yo, Hunk! Bring your girl here!"

Hunk rolled his eyes but grinned nonetheless as lightly squeezed Allura's hand in a warm greeting and moved to Shay and planted a kiss on her cheek, with her doing the same with bright red on her cheeks.

"Don't wanna touch you guys, I'm all sweaty." He grinned nervously, "But hey! Come in, it's all fine, you're not a bother." He led them back to the pack of guys as he whispered, "They like it when girls come in."

Allura giggled gently as Shay casually started a conversation, obviously, she was friends with Hunk's jock friends.

"Hey, who's this?" One of them asked.

"That," A familiar voice said with his back facing her, "Is a cute girl. Something we don't see very often at this school." The boy turned around; it was Richie.

"Oh, you again." Shay rolled, "My girl here has had enough of your bullshit, buddy."

"Whatever," said one of the boys, "Never seen you around here, what's your name?"

"Allura." She gave a little smile.

Suddenly, a heavy metal clank rang around as the weight on the bench press came down harshly, making the boy on it snap up, which only made him slam his neck onto the thick, long metal pole holding the black dumbbells. The boy groaned, ducked, sorely made his way up, the tshirt on his torso falling off so that all his tattoos were visible.

"Shiro?" Allura asked as he panted softly, looking up at her. It was the first time she'd ever really seen him so flustered and uncollected... and incredibly muscular. It was almost unreal. Something out of a movie. Something that could put Zac Efron and Chris Evans to shame. His body glistened with sweat, making his tattoos also stand out a little more. His pants were light and had an almost melodic rhythm to them.

"Princess, you're getting awfully red." He said with a cocky smile.

There were a few snickers and 'Ooh's from the other guys and a little nudge from Shay before Allura looked away, trying to hide the embarrassed smile on her face.

"Whatever. I could do better than you on that bench press. You're too shaky." Allura said, turning around to face him although she was still blushing, trying to stop by looking everywhere around the room except at him.

"Is that a challenge?" He smirked up at her as she crossed her arms, frowning and looking away from him.

"Yes. It is." Allura said, finding something to finally distract her from his glorious body and turned back to look at him. "Move."

"You're in a skirt, you don't need help?" Shiro asked with a cocky smirk.

"Nope." Allura returned his stupid smirk, "I think I'm fine. Thank you, though."

All eyes were on her as one of the boys spoke up, "You sure you can do it? I mean... it's heavy. Shiro's the only one who's allowed to touch those dumbbells."

"I know what I'm doing." Allura said quickly as she laid down and gripped both of the ends of the huge weight. Even holding it told her how unbelievably heavy it was. But was she gonna let anyone underestimate her? Absolutely the fuck not.

"How many?" She asked with her voice soft and twinkling.

"Hmmm..." Shiro thought out loud, "well when you came in, I'd done five. By your judging, you know how I did. Now let's see you do five."

Allura took a deep breath and lifted, cocking her head to the side a but, swiftly letting the heavy pole lower as she put it back up, not shaking, but trembling softly from the smallness of her hands. She only let out irritation and the need to let the huge weight fall by grunting lightly.

"Yo what the fuuuuck...." Richie whispered as a fee other guys started whispering.

"Yes, babe! Yes!" Shay smiled down at her as Hunk only stood there in disbelief, right next to Shiro. When she was done, she carefully slid off and patted her skirt down and landed cute and simply on her tiptoes. She turned to grin at Shiro, who was completely shocked and who was looking a little
frustrated. "So? How was that?"
"Dude," Richie answered for him, "Your girlfriend's on some super saiyan shit."
"I'm not his girlfriend!"
"Noooo she is NOT my girlfriend—"
Richie only laughed, "I'm teasing, but shit, she'd be better on the football team than you, bud."
Shiro rolled his eyes and crossed his arms as Allura gave a cheeky smile, "Hell yeeah."
"Whatever. I'm gonna change." Shiro sighed and walked towards the door.
"What, did I hurt your pride?" Allura smirked and called after him as he only gave her the finger as he walked out of the weight room.
"Damn, though, how'd you do THAT?" One of the boys asked.
"Practice." Allura said as she fixed her hair, "It was pretty heavy though."
"Yeah, Shiro had just gotten on those dumbbells like last week." Richie said as Shay cleared her throat.
"Allura, can you..." She motioned to her crutches as her friend took a minute to get the hint.
"Oh! Oh, sure." Allura smiled nervously as Shay handed Hunk her crutches (he looked pretty confused as well). Shay jumped into her arms with the help of her good leg. Allura caught her steadily as she gave a little laugh and Shay cuddled closer to her.
Hunk turned to talk to his other friends as Shay and Allura talked to each other in soft voices as she held her in her arms in a bridal style.
Shiro then walked in with sweatpants and a mahogany colored t-shirt as he panted lightly with his forehead still shiny with a little swear, but his white hair helped with covering it. "Hunk, seriously," He laughed, walking over to them, "She's gonna end up taking your girlfriend."
"Shut up, dude." He rolled his eyes as Allura and Shay giggled.
"I should probably put her down though, she's starting to look a little flustered." Allura winked as Shay covered her face quickly as she snatched her crutches back.
"Oh my God, you're such a lesbian." Laughed Shiro.
"Aren't I? Well, Lance and his group are waiting for us. You guys comin'?" Shay said as her and Allura walked towards the exit doors.
"Hm? Oh, yeah. Just let me get changed." Hunk said as Shiro followed him. But they all abruptly stopped as the boys called their goodbyes to their friends and signed their names on a paper taped to the wall.
Hunk talked to Shay behind Shiro and Allura, who were bickering about their abilities.
"See that? THAT is how you shut a fuckboy down REAL quick." Allura poked his cheek to annoy him, which obviously worked because he failed as slapping her hand away.
"Uhm? I'm not a fuckboy." Shiro scoffed.
"Wanna bet?"
"Bet."
Shiro turned to their other friends. "You guys, am I a fuckboy?"
"Most definitely." Shay said quickly.
"Yeah." Hunk responded casually.
"Wow, thank's guys." Shiro gave them a sarcastic smile and turned around and mumbled, "Assholes." Under his breath, but not before Shay stopped and raised one of her crutches and smacked him with it on the side of his head.
They all laughed as Hunk said, "Catch you guys in the dance room in a few, imma go change."
"Yeah, go ahead." Shiro said as Allura nodded and Shay gave him a little affectionate smile.
"Fuck, date already." Allura winked back at her friend as she blushed furiously.
They walked into the dance room and were greeted with laughs and Jessi and Lance singing with exaggerated deep voices.
"Heyyy!" Lance turned and greeted them as they all sat down around him.
"I got a snap," Oscar said with a huge smile on his face, "Allura's on that The Rock shit. Sorry, Shiro, but your competition's here, and it's not even a football asshole."
Shiro groaned and rolled his eyes dramatically as Allura laughed, "I know. I already apologized for
lowering his self esteem."
"You did not." Shiro raised an eyebrow.
Allura slapped her arm right next to his and kept it there, comparing his strong and big muscular arm with her smaller, much more fragile one.
"This," Allura winked, "Tiny. THIS," She grabbed his bicep, "Hard, big, and shaking. Poor kid couldn't do more than five."
Shiro jerked his arm back as Allura laughed, "I'm playing. But I can train you." She leaned towards him and smiled.
"Train me? Alright, I don't need it, though." He grinned as he stood up, looking away just as Allura was about to say something.
"I mean I say you kinda need it. What if you're in a situation where something really heavy is just—" She screamed as he lifted her up effortlessly and strew her across his shoulder.
"SHIRO—!" She yelled in surprise as Keith raised an eyebrow with a smile.
"What was that? Using strength at random?" Shiro mocked her but she didn't even fight, she just lazily rested an arm over her hand.
She groaned, "This feels nice. I have a suggestion, take me to class."
"Over my dead body."
"How about we take this as an advantage," Jessi added, "to bond."
She looked over at Keith and Lance. "You're going to room 414 right?" She asked Lance.
"Yeah, why?"
"Allura and I have room 420—"
"Hah, 420." Snickered Hunk.
"Wow, you should've told me we were in the sixth grade again so I could also pull out my swag snapback." Allura said sarcastically as she rolled her eyes. She felt Shiro laugh as he was carrying her. She liked the way the laughter rung all over his body to hers.
Oh my God shut UP, she yelled at herself in her mind.
"Alright, you're on." Keith said as he jumped on Lance's back, both of them bickering for a few seconds as they got situated.
"But don't be loud. My head hurts," said Jessi as she ran out, "I'll see you guys up there!"
"Wait, so should we start?" Allura called as they were screaming, already halfway down the empty hall (the halls tended to be empty in the mornings) when Allura jumped off Shiro's back.
"Anyway, class is starting soon. I'll see you later?" Allura said.
"Oh, yeah." Shiro nodded, meet me at the front entrance by the left bench, yeah?"
"Sure."
"Bye, princess." He smiled softly at her suppressed and flustered smile. It kind of annoyed her when she called him that, but she couldn't help but smile at it. She also didn't want to admit she loved it.
"Bye."
As Allura walked to her first class, she opened a snapchat of Keith with his arm wrapped around Lance's neck as he stuck out his middle finger and instead of writing an actual caption, put several snake emojis.
She rolled her eyes. At least they were bonding, kind of.
Lance panted as Keith grinned, "Dude," He said, "For a twig like you you're super heavy."
"Whatever. You're actually pretty strong. Show it off, take off those stupid baggy clothes."
"Do it for me." Lance winked at him, making Keith gag. He smirked at the reaction he got. Keith listened to Lance talk for a couple more minutes before getting distracted at a conversation going on with two pretty girls behind him.

"Guapo? Tu crees? El nuevo?" One giggled.
"Si! Tienes ojos, Vero? He's so hot..." The other one laughed.

They were talking about Keith.

He smirked and held up a finger, shutting Lance up. "Give me a moment." He turned and sat across from the two girls, grinning. He spoke to them in Spanish, "Did you know Spanish is my first language?"

The two girls blushed furiously, but they didn't lose their cool, "Who would've known. I've never met an Asian who's first language is Spanish."
"Life's full of surprises."
"Oh, I bet."
"So what're you doing later?"

Lance suddenly felt angry and he didn't know why. Was it Keith's cocky smile? Was it simply the fact he was going to be late to class? He swooped into the conversation anyway, "Hey, Keith, look at me real fast?"
"I'm a little busy right now." He responded with a little annoyance in his voice.

The girls giggled.

He frowned and took out his phone, texting his friend across the classroom. The boy looked up at Lance and winked as he grinned.

Lance sighed with mischief in his voice, "Okay. Just thought I'd let you know someone has your backpack."

Keith's head snapped up and as Lance's friend ran out of the room holding a heavy black backpack.

Keith shot up out of his seat and sprinted towards the boy out of the classroom, "Yo, shit! Get back!"

Lance took his seat and sat in front of the two girls, putting on a devilish grin, "So. Still busy later?"

The two girls looked at each other and giggled again. "No, not at all." One of them said.

"Oh my God! It doesn't even cost that much!" Pidge screamed with tears welling in their eyes.

"What're they talking about again? I couldn't understand anything else but 'the new computer software system for 2016,'" Allura said.

"A software thing for a computer which at LAST may help Shiro and I to finish our project." Pidge beamed.

"Huh," Lance said, "The star thing?"
"Yeah, the star thing!" Pidge nearly yelled. It didn't matter if they did or not, though, since the school day was already over.

"The star thing?" Allura asked.

"As you may know, Shiro is gonna be an astronomer—" Hunk started before she interrupted.
"I actually didn't." Her eyes glinted. Astronomy? He's going into astronomy?
"I know right? Us too. But trust me, Shiro's crazy smart." Lance said, "He's already got colleges begging for him and Pidge."

"Yep," Pidge gave a confident smile, "Space partners."
"Space partners?" Allura laughed lightly, "Cute. I gotta go here, I'll catch you guys later."

"Yeah, have fun at Shiro's house." Lance winked as Pidge elbowed him the ribs and Hunk rolled his eyes.

"Don't make this weird, we don't need them hating each other again." He said.
"Tough love." Said Lance as Allura walked away, sticking her middle finger up at him.

"We love you too, babe!" He called after her and heard laughing.

She rolled her eyes and walked out of the school, texting Keith:

Hey, bud. You gonna be home all day?
He responded within seconds:

Nah, I'm going out to practice for Friday. Why, need smthn??

She rolled her eyes at his spelling of the word 'something':

Something* pendejo. And I'm fine, just wonderin. Wouldn't want my lil brother home alone all day without me ;);

Keith sent her the middle finger emoji in response and shut her phone off with a dumb little smile on her face.
She walked further down and caught Shiro talking to a boy and a girl, who were both laughing with him. She went and silently stood next to him as they talked.
"Oh, hey," He finally noticed her and looked down to smile, "These are nerds."
"Whatever." The girl rolled her eyes and laughed, "At least I don't spend my paychecks on comic books."
"Awh, how cute." Allura raised an eyebrow and smirked up at him as he groaned, but didn't disagree.
"Anyway, who's this?" The boy spoke up.
"This is my friend, Allura." Shiro patted her back which would've made any other person stagger forward, but she just stood in place, "Smart, can kick my ass, I'm sure you've heard of her."
"Allura," The girl hid a little smirk, "The one who slept with your whole team."
Allura put her head in her hands and let out a long groan as the boy looked down, whistling awkwardly as Shiro laughed nervously, scratching the back of his neck, "Yeah, not one of her proudest moments... but yup!"
The girl laughed softly, "Nice to meet you."
"Yeah..." Allura smiled back awkwardly.
"Anyway, we gotta go. Stupid bio project." Shiro sighed.
"I feel you. Shit, I should probably start that." The boy laughed.
"Probably." Said the girl, "Anyway, we should go, lotta stuff to do today."
"Yeah, same." Shiro said as he began to walk away, "Bye."
Allura nodded softly and gave a small wave, they returned it and turned away as well.
Shiro and Allura walked next to each other, and it seemed like a nice time to start teasing him. "So," She started, "Comic books, huh?"
Shiro rolled his eyes, "Whatever. They're fun to read."
"That's cute, look at you. Who knew a fuckboy like you likes Batman and stuff." She teased him and pinched his cheeks.
He slapped her hand away and laughed softly, "You're weird."
She smiled as they walked to the train stop and saw from the corner of her eyes the boy from this morning and another man next to him. She hated the idea of someone watching her and her friends. It was like stalking, but at least, she reminded herself, for a good cause (She was trying to look on the bright side).
"Didn't bring your motorcycle today?" She asked.
"Nah, I had to carry all my textbooks on Friday, it was too heavy. Anyway, my sister was running late too, and she hates my bike so." He shrugged.
"I'm actually quite offended. You never told me you had siblings." She said.
"If there goes a time I don't have to think about them, I'll take it." Shiro laughed.
She smiled, "I know the feeling. Oh, aren't you gonna wait for them or something?"
"Hell no. They're in charge of food today, so today's one of my only free days and I'm not taking it for granted."
She laughed, "You're so selfish."
The train came and they got on quickly, trying to distance themselves from some of the other students on the bus by going all the way to the back.
"Question." He said.
"Ask." She said.
"Are you and Keith ever home?" He asked.
"We try not to be." She said with a little grin as she looked down at her shoes.
"Yeah, I've noticed your mom's barely home and so is Keith and you're always, I don't know, just wandering, I guess."
"Oh, wow, are you expressing general concern for me? How sweet." She teased.
"If you wanna put it that way, sure."
She blushed and suddenly felt like screaming, 'I WAS KIDDING!' But gladly she didn't.
"My family's fine, we're just pretty busy people." She said casually.
"Hm." He nodded, still pretty unsatisfied with her answer, though. What answers did he want, she thought.
"Pidge told me you're going into astronomy. That true?" She asked.
He cracked a smile, obviously, he liked talking about this. "Yeah, that's true."
"That's cute."
"Cute?" He gasped, appalled, "Oh honey NO. Do you have ANY idea how hard these courses are? This is not 'cute', this is stressful material; I'd like to see you pull an all-nighter for three days simply trying to try to develop rocket engine—"
He was cut off by her laughter, "What," he growled, "Is so funny?"
"You get dorkier every day." She said as she laughed, "Now I see you as someone who spends their paychecks on comic books. I wonder what all your football friends think about this."
"Nothing, since they don't know."
"Oh, potential blackmail material?"
"Jokes on you, you'd need proof." He crossed his arms.
"Jokes on you, I'm literally about to step into your room."
He rolled his eyes but couldn't help but smile at her stupid teasing.
After a while, their stop came up, and they scrambled to get up and run out of the train car since they were kind of falling asleep.
"I never really come by Red Line." Allura said as she walked next to Shiro.
"Huh. You kinda seem like the kind of person who would." They walked in what was Chicago's northwest part of Chinatown.
"What's that supposed to mean?" She asked, genuinely curious.
"I don't know, you seem like the kinda person who always keeps every part of the city with them, you know?"
"I guess, but really, I just don't really have a lot of business down here. All the stuff I do is mostly in Pilsen and Cicero, you know? My towns."
"Yeah, I get it. I'm down there most of the time, too."
She raised an eyebrow, "Really?"
"Yeah, Lance lives in Cicero."
"Ohhh."
"But good thing I don't have to worry about gas," Shiro grinned, "Hunk's the one with the car, and he lives up by Loyola, so he's the busy one."
"Yikes. I pity him."
"But he's such a snake, we always end up giving him way more than we owe."
"He deserves it."
"He does."
They stopped on front of a little flower shop. It was a regular storefront with a big window to the left of the door that showed the inside of the cute greenhouse-like interior. After a few seconds of just standing there, she broke out into a smile. "You live here?"
"Second floor, yes." He smiled when he saw her face. He simply knew all the comments that were to come.
"You, Senn Art's football prodigy, lives above a cute little flower shop?" She couldn't hide the
laughter in her voice, but he was unembarrassed.
"Yup," He said with a smile, "Family owned and everything."
She hoped he knew she wasn't laughing at him, but she was just simply amused.
"All these things about you you know I'd be intrigued by yet you don't tell me? This is a slap to the
face, Takashi."
"A surprise seems like a more appropriate course of action for these types of things."
"All you had to say is, 'My family owns a flower shop'?' She crossed her arms as they completely
ignored all the people passing behind them.
"Surprises with you are always fun."
"And what's THAT supposed to mean?"
"Let's just go inside." He rolled his eyes as he opened the door open for her. She walked inside and
waited for him to lead her off to wherever they'd go to next, but not before taking in the room a bit.
It was a bright little shop with a window on the the left side of the room (if you were facing north, to
the cashier).
Speaking of cashier, there was a boy handling it. He fumbled with pennies at the cash register as an
80's song beat softly sounded around the room.
"Need help there, bud?" Shiro broke the silence.
"Please?" The boy looked up. He had slanted eyes like Shiro's, and his hair was pitch black and
short and some fell into his eyes. He had a slender face and his face was clear, but the thing that
stood out the most was the long scar running from his forehead down to the middle of his cheek. She
made sure not to stare for too long, so she simply looked over at Shiro who was now next to the
black-haired boy, helping him do something to the cashier, but he was obviously not very helpful
since they were both now hitting the cash register as hard as they could and opening and closing it.
"Fuck fuck fuck!" The boy growled, "Mom got this stupid one a week ago and it's supposedly new.
That's the biggest bullshit? I? Have? Ever? Heard?"
"Yeah..." Then Shiro's face lit up, "Well, good thing I don't work here, right Toshi?"
Toshi...?
"This is my friend, Allura. Allura, my little brother, Toshi."
"Hey." He warmly greeted her as she responded with a shy little wave, "Heard a lot about you."
"Oh?" She looked over at Shiro as a dark red began to creep into his cheeks.
His brother grinned mischievously, "Yep. All good things though, don't worry."
Yikes, she thought, he either doesn't wanna mention the fact I kind of screwed his brother's whole
team, or doesn't know. Either way she was grateful no one brought it up.
"So, uh, yeah... we'll be upstairs. Mom home?" Shiro asked as he turned to a door and opened it,
waiting for her as she rushed over to him.
"Nah. Left about half an hour ago."
"Oh, alright. Well, see ya. Remember to water the cacti today."
"Yeah, yeah."
"Nice meeting you!" She called out to Toshi as she walked to Shiro.
"Yeah, you too!" He responded as her friend shut the door behind her. They went up a narrow and
creaky wooden staircase and Shiro opened the door, revealing a dim and flat apartment.
It was small, but really comfy. The couches in the octagonal living room were rather old, but the
natural lighting coming from the cloudy outdoors gave it a nicer look. To the right was a little kitchen
with a wooden island in the center. There was a laptop that was playing The Office as a girl with
long, black hair pulled back into a ponytail stood, going from one cabinet to the next, and going from
the fridge to the island to drop off ingredients.
"Hey." Shiro greeted her, and she whipped around to look at him.
She was very pretty. There was no other way to put it. Her eyebrows were light and her face was
pretty and slim like her brothers'. But she was awfully skinny, so much it was kind of concerning,
but Allura didn't plan on making a comment about that anytime soon.
"Hey, ugly." She smiled up at him, then her face quickly fell. "What did i say about bringing girls
home when we were here! It's gross!"
Allura's face fell, "Oh, no, I'm just working on a project with him—"
"Ika, shut the fuck up." Shiro went up and flicked her forehead. "And she's right. We came here to do a project, so mind your business okay, stupid?"
She wrestled his hand away as he ruffled her hair.
"We'll be in my room." He announced carelessly as he led her down a hall. He turned on a light switch that lit everything up in yellow light. "My room's the second door on the right, wait for me there, yeah?"
"Oh, sure." Allura said, a little overwhelmed (she didn't really know why she felt like that).
She did as told as Shiro entered a door on the left. She slowly opened the creaky wooden door and felt for the light switch before stepping inside. After finding it, she opened the door all the way and looked around his room curiously.
His room was a dark blueish-green color and he had two bookshelves nailed to his wall filled with so many books the shelves looked ready to collapse at any given moment. His bed had thick grey sheets and several blue pillows. Next to his bed was an old and small wooden desk that had so much writing all over it, the wood that was supposed to be a light brown was black. He had his closet on the other side of the room, which was closed by two huge wooden sliding doors. She went a bit closer to his bookshelf and looked a bit closer. She saw a picture of a short little boy holding another woman tightly as she kneeled next to him. His face was pure happiness, a huge smile showing a missing front tooth.
She smiled at Shiro's happy face. She wondered if she'd actually ever seen him that happy. Her eyes moved away from the picture and to the books. She was surprised to see none of these were really modern books, they were all classics. From Alice in Wonderland to A Tale of Two Cities. From Charles Dickens to Jane Eyre.
She frowned. Why is he so secretive about such simple things?
She moved on and walked, touching the spines of his books as she took slow steps. She stopped in front of an old baseball and a few other photographs and scattered condoms and looked at the books that were the biggest ones on the bottom shelf. They were books about art and architecture. She carefully slid one out and opened it, seeing that it was about cathedrals. She couldn't help but read all of the little side comments he wrote in the white margins. Or if the page was black, he'd write in silver pen. They had numbers and little sketches of dimensions and as she kept skimming the book, there were lazy sketches all over. It wasn't professional like hers, with every little detail drawn out and colored with detail. They were drawings that weren't the best, but you can tell what they were. They were cathedrals and they were designs all thought out, it included ground levels and the height of columns and—
"Enjoying yourself?"
She let out a loud yelp and the book fell on his desk harshly. She turned around and was surprised when she saw Shiro with glasses on. Glasses! Could this boy stop with the surprises?!
"You have—"
"Glasses? Yeah, I usually keep my contacts on, but they've been feeling weird, so I took them off. Sorry you've gotta see me like this. I look like a gremlin." He chuckled as he leaned on his doorframe and crossed his arms.
"I- no..." He was awfully handsome with the glasses. It made his nose a bit more narrower than it already was, and his face became sharper. The glasses weren't big and old-fashioned like hers, his were modern and rectangular. It was a good look for him. "I had no idea you wore glasses. But then... when you sleep over? What do you do with your contacts?"
"Keith lets me use one of your case things. I don't know if you noticed or not."
"I didn't."
"Ah."
It was awkward, to say the least. She noticed she was almost seated on his desk until she got up after his long stare at the book she was holding. "Oh, I'm so sorry. I hope I wasn't overstepping my boundaries—"
"It's fine. You were just curious." He said as closed the door and walked to her. He picked the book
"Were you... planning to become an architect?" She asked. Her mouth had become dry.
"I wanted to, yes. Football isn't my favorite thing, if I'm honest. Baseball is. Astronomy wasn't something I'd planned to take, that's why I went to an art school. I went to Senn because I wanted to become an architect. But I... I don't know." He looked down at the pages he was softly turning. His face was soft and sad and she didn't know what to do but continue looking at him. She was afraid to open her mouth, she didn't know if her voice would come as a shout or whisper.
"You can still do it," She nearly whispered, running her finger down a picture of a dome made of gold, "You can still be an architect."
"Oh but I can't, Allura." He said this painfully, as if it was the first time he's ever said it out loud, "I can't do it anymore. I'm not capable of making white columns. I can't hold angelic tapestries. I can't do that anymore. Look at me."
He held his hands out, and she really took them in. His hands were bruised and swollen in some places, and there were several cuts on them too.
"It's art." She took his hands and squeezed them, "It's not about what your hands look like, it's what you can create with them."
"No, I—" He sighed, "Look at me. And look at you." He removed his hands from hers, and he hated it. "You're gentle and I'm..." He lifted his shirt up a little bit to show off his tattoos. "I'm not. I've done bad things. So have you, but you don't have them all over your skin."
He was so insecure. He was so depressed. She wanted to hug him and tell him she wanted him to keep making all these beautiful things. If not for himself, then for her. But she didn't. She stood rigidly in place. Suddenly that smiling boy in the picture tightly holding his mother was a million light years away.
"Shiro, then why astronomy?" It sounded more like a plea than a question.
"Because I don't exist in space. I'm one thing. One simple thing surrounded by billions of other more complicated ones. I'm nothing. That's all I want to be. I'm not all my past mistakes. I'm not my worries. I'm just... nothing."
She could see why the thought was appealing to him... she'd like to be nothing as well.
He looked at her as she looked back down at his designs.
"But do you..." She started softly, "still like architecture?"
"Deep down, I think I do."
Her eyes snapped up, and she took his hands and wrapped hers around his and held them in front of their faces, "Then work with me."
"What?"
"Look at my hands." Allura said, and he did as told. Her knuckles, like his, were bruised and scratched. "We're the same. Isn't that what you told me?"
"And you disagreed?"
"Not before you showed me you wore contacts and liked Jane Austen."
He cracked a smile, "Alright, Princess. Work with you how?"
"When I start a project, you start one."
"A project?"
"When I do a painting, I want you to do your architecture stuff. Make a model. A professional one. Let's see whatcha got, hot shot." She winked and he let out a little laugh.
"Fine. It's a deal."
"Good."
"Question. Why does being alone in a room with you always get depressing somehow?"
"It's your room color."
"Shut up your room's black."
"Okay," She laughed, "But mine's fun."
"The only 'fun' part is the maze around your room. Fuck, you can't walk without stepping on a bra or something." He chuckled when she let out a little laugh.
"We should get started." She nodded as she took a seat on his messy bed and pulled out her
notebook and laptop. "So, I've started on the outline of most of the diagrams and stuff," She handed them to him and he flipped through her notebook, biting his pencil, trying to look like he knew what was going on. "I hope this works."

"This looks great. It'll be great." He gave a nervous smile. "Thanks." She smiled back, kind of suspicious of what he was doing. They worked for about two hours straight, occasionally engaged in a conversation as they roamed the internet for more information useful for the project.

"Shiro!" They heard a high-pitched yell coming from the kitchen, "I made food!"

"Coming!" He called back to his sister. "Are you hungry?"

"Oh, I'm fine. Thanks." She gave him a friendly smile and went back to working, but not before Shiro got up and went to the kitchen. "I said it's fine!" He ignored her, though. She looked through the doorway into the kitchen and saw him talking with his sister. She couldn't hear what they were saying, so she turned and went back to her laptop. But an 'Ew!' And a laugh and a heavy bang indicated they were fooling around.

He went back inside with a grin on his face. "Yeah," he said, "We're not eating anything my sister makes because she can't cook for shit and therefore it's poisoned."

"Bummer." She rolled her eyes, "You're so mean to them."

"Not like you and Keith were ever mean to each other." He sat back down on the chair by his desk. "I mean, we were, but ever since we got here I've heard you being a little rough."

"They need it, this is the real world."

Allura laughed, "Shiro, your sister's not that much younger."

"Gotta teach her to be strong."

"Considerate, but I don't think she needs it. Pretty sure she's already strong-willed by the looks of it."

"Guess so. But there's always room for improvement." He shrugged.

"Yeah, you're right. We've been working for like... three hours, almost four. We've gotten a lot done, I say we leave this for today. Anyway, it's dark out." She said as she closed her laptop and leaned back on his wall. She slowly groaned and sunk down on his bed and lay there croaking for a couple more seconds. "Dude, I'm so tired." Her voice was muffled by his sheets.

"I know." He sighed, "I am too."

"Oh, yeah," She propped herself up to look at him, "How's things with your girlfriend?"

"Eh," He shrugged, "Nothing new."

She frowned, "That's the thing about a relationship, you gotta. Spice it up."

He laughed at the way she said it, moving her arms weird and her voice cracking, "Spice it up? What's there to spice up, it's just sex."

"Spice——"

"NO."

She laughed, "Alright, alright! Just a little advice, that's all."

He scoffed, "I'm pretty sure people that we generally talk to, I think, aren't into that weird kinky shit —"

"No. Nu uh, don't jinx your friends. This one time in my middle school, I was friends with this one girl and she was tiny and super cute, right? No pues she was busted by the dean because some kid reported her for sexting."

"What? You guys were in middle school how bad could it be?" He laughed.

"It's not that it was BAD, it was just WEIRD. Like she called him daddy and stuff... ugh." She shivered.

"That's..."

"Yeah. And you know how Chicago schools are, so they made fun of her to no end. She ended up leaving."

"So... she was kinkshamed out of her school?" He asked jokingly, which made her laugh.

"Yeah, basically."

"Fun story. I'm glad nothing like that's never happened to me. Actually, no, it has."
"Tell, tell." She smiled as he began telling his story.
"Okay, so I have this football friend, and we'd just won a game and we were all pretty excited and
whatever, and his girlfriend ran up and called him daddy and the team didn't really care. I probably
wouldn't have cared either, but stupid Lance with the shit he tells us..."
Allura laughed, "He really is something."
Shiro let out a chuckle, "Yeah..."
She sighed, "High school's embarrassingly depressing. Think about it. We got up everyday for the
past four years at six in the morning to do the same shit for seven hours and come back to sleep.
That's it. Doesn't that disappoint you?"
"Weren't you the one talking about spicing things up a few minutes ago?" He chuckled, "Lots of
things you can do to make things more interesting."
"I know that, but," She shook her head and closed her eyes and tried not to let sleep slap her in the
face, "It's like being trapped in a cage."
"I know your life isn't average."
She scoffed, "What's that supposed to mean?" She knew exactly what he meant.
"I just have a feeling."
"Some instincts you've got... fuck you."
"Why now?" It was like he was talking to his little sister.
"Your bed's so comfy and I'm about to fall asleep."
"Then do it, I don't really care."
"No!" She snapped up, "I'm gonna mess up my sleeping schedule, so no. I'm not gonna fall asleep.
It's so hard not to, though..."
"Drink coffee."
"That keeps me awake."
"Eat a lot of chocolate."
"I should try that..." But she undid her bun and let her white curls bounce around on her shoulders
before she fell back on her side onto his sheets. She let a fold in the soft, dark blue material cover up
her face, and her hair give her more coverage as she looked at him and he looked at her in complete
silence. After sitting up and laying back down so many times, her black skirt had ridden up and a
little too high, exposing her entire thigh through sheer tights. She was intently watching his reaction
through her hair, eager to see what he'd do. She was teasing him.
Of course he'd noticed. How couldn't he? But he paid no mind to it, he just bashfully turned his head
with a slight frown on his face, awkwardly putting his hand on the back of his neck.
She found that he'd averted his attention to his closet doors that suddenly looked more interesting and
disappointedly rolled her eyes, groaned, and shoved her whole face into his sheets.
"What?" He asked her.
"Nothing, just..." She quickly thought of something to say, "Your stupid football friends know about
all the stuff you told me?"
"No."
"Why?"
"You know why."
She rolled over to her back (and quickly lowered her skirt) as she let out a loud sigh, "Because you
know just as well as anyone else that they're shallow. I mean, you told me yourself, you don't even
like football, you like baseball."
"That's true, but after the whole gang thing, I got some sense knocked into me and I needed a good
rep. Well, I easily got that. They don't deserve to see the bigger side of me."
"And I do?"
"Let me ask you something. Do you ever wonder how someone like me has friends like Hunk and
Lance and Pidge? Because they're not like them. They have something to them that has them...
HERE, in a sense. They have good qualities. Human qualities. The one's that remind you that the
world isn't so bad after all."
It took her a bit to respond, "So my self-destructive brother and I are that to you...?"
He let out a little laugh that sounded more like a huff, "Yeah, guess so."
She gave him a blank look but said, "Thank you."
"Why're you saying 'thank you'?"
"Because I've always thought of my brother and I as hateful people. That means a lot, So thank you." She wasn't very good with emotional situations, and that was showing to be kind of obvious. "You... Yeah." He looked tired, "Yeah."
"Have you been sleeping well?" She suddenly asked him.
He turned unusually red, but tried to play it off, "What kinda question is that?"
"A good one. Dude, every time I see you your under eyes get darker." Her phone interrupted Shiro's response when it started ringing, resulting in her rolling her eyes, but answering nonetheless. It was Keith.
"Oh brother of mine, to what do I owe you the pleasure." She examined her nails.
"Hope you're done in five minutes." His voice sounded weirder and lower through the phone. "Lucky you."
"We're going down to the lab today."
"What? Why? I'm tired." "I'm pretty sure this new experiment is something you're gonna wanna see."
"Oh...? Oh! Oooohhhh! Alright, see you in a few."
"Bye."
She hung up and sighed and told Shiro, "I'm getting picked up in five minutes."
"Cool. Might as well hang out downstairs, figure I can help my brother out with watering the plants."
She nodded and they talked as she got her things and in no time they'd said goodbye to Shiro's sister and found themselves leaning over an old wooden shelf that looked ready to collapse as they made small talk with Toshi.
She helped them water the plants in the empty shop. It was cute and modern, but they didn't seem to get many customers. She'd pointed this out and explained that it was because since it was mid-October, it was getting colder. No one really needed to buy seeds or plants if the days were too get cloudier and gloomier and shorter.
The peace of the little shop and their light conversation was interrupted by nonstop car honking right outside.
"I'm guessing that's for you?" Toshi grinned as Allura groaned and lazily got her backpack from the bottom of the cashier island.
"Bye." She waved at Shiro's brother as he waved back, having her friend hold the door open for her.
Keith had the music loud as he waited for her, keeping his hand on the honk longer when he saw her. She stuck her tongue out as she turned to look at Shiro.
"Alright, I'll see you tomorrow." She gave him a soft smile.
"Yeah. Bye, princess." He adjusted his glasses then he crossed his arms. She climbed into the car and slammed the door shut and immediately threw her heavy book bag at her brother. "Hey, shitface." He greeted her, throwing her backpack to the backseat.
"Whatever pendejo. Anyway, what's happening again? I thought you guys developed the drug and everything."
"We're waiting for the other's to finish them. France is done, so is Cuba and New Zealand. Right now we're waiting for Mexico and South America to finish making it. You know, the competition has to start fair."
She sighed, "So then why are we going?"
"Testing. And we gotta plan this whole meeting because like any other drug, we need a launch. Come on, this is basic stuff."
"I know, it's just that... I don't know. I'm lazy and you hadn't made a new drug in a long time."
"I know." He sighed, "Plus the thing with the anons and everything, it's all so risky..."
"I know. We'll be fine though, I hope. I just really want to believe it's not... him."
"Trust me, we'll be alright. Anyway, if it is him, I'll be on his ass before I'd let him lay a hand on you. I promise."
She laughed nervously as they got on the highway, "Not if I beat you to it."

There was chatter in the huge office as everyone began to settle into their seats. They were seated around a big, wooden oval table as they all stared at the center of the table at the Polycom. Allura sat to her mother's left and Keith to his mother's right as Esme sat at the front and center of the table. Next to Keith was Coran, and across him a man in a suit, and the rest of the people seated were in white lab coats.

Keith had one on too since he'd been testing he drugs and been in a hurry the first hour they'd been here. Allura had gone with her mother to make calls and make sure all the orders they had to make were on time and things like that.

Now that all the commotion had died down and everything was a bit more peaceful, they'd settled into the conference room in the huge building. Well it wasn't really a building, it was more of an underground warehouse. It was deep in the forest around an hour in a half away from the city. It was one of the more uninhabited areas of Illinois that they knew they could do their business in.

"Alright then, let's get started, shall we?" Esme said, catching everyone's attention and ending everyone's conversation. "Alright, well, after a long time of experimenting and trails, I think we've finally got this done, thanks to my son and Coran."

Allura smiled and looked at Keith and made little finger guns as he grinned proudly.

"I think the best course of action is to begin planning out distributions, so we've set up a meeting with France, Cuba, South America, and the UK."

Everyone nodded in agreement but kept their silence.

Suddenly, five squares appeared on a screen at the front of the room. Everyone turned to look at it. Meetings like these were comfortable, sure, but always awfully quiet. Allura always thought it was because they knew they were doing something illegal and wrong and always anticipating an attack or something.

"Buenas tardes." Said a man on the right, holding a cigar.

"Buenas tardes, Señor Manuel." Said Esme.

"Make this quick, love. I have a meeting with my son that I don't want to miss." Said Monsieur Claude with his heavy french accent.

"Claude, please," A woman with a heavy British accent said, "a little respect. We all went out of our way for this meeting."

"Easy for you to say when you dropped him off at—"

"Isabelle, Claude, please," Esme cleared her throat, "Not right now."

Long story short, Isabelle and Monsieur Claude had been in a romantic relationship for a while but when things had gone downhill, they were surprised with a pregnancy.

"Excuse me." Isabelle looked down, embarrassed.

"Pardon." Mumbled Claude.

"Good to see nothing's changed." Sighed a man with a light accent. This got a small chuckle out of all of them.

"Well, let's begin, since we have places to be." Esme looked at her son, "Keith, if you please?"

He stood up, and when he did he had his fingers frantically tapping on the huge mahogany table. Keith had that habit. He was always on his calm size, never looked nervous or scared, but instead you heard his nervousness. He tended to tap his foot or fingers on the nearest surface.

"The drug works perfectly," Keith said smoothly, "It's all we wanted it to be. It's definitely addictive. In our tests, it was two hours in which the effects of withdrawal kicked in. The longest high is about an hour in a half, the shortest is twenty minutes. It's the strongest we've developed yet. The results have been successful. No immediate death after three weeks of taking the drug, and can be used for suicide if taken in large amounts."

"Sounds promising." Nodded Manuel, "And how long will it take for me to get my hands on this drug?"

Keith looked over at Allura, and she stood up. It was her turn to talk, "Since we've barely finished tests, we have only a small amount on us. Coran had shipped some to the others in the Order, since
they've asked for the drug two years in advance. Of course, we kept our end of the deal immediately. As for the others in the order, we'll send out the formula to their labs, and they can begin production there. But for now, we plan on sending small amounts to all of you to see if it benefits you financially. If not, we'll figure your shipments out later on to satisfy your investors and buyers."
"Hm," Said Claude, "Esme, your kids have done well."
Esmeralda couldn't help but have a huge, proud grin on her face. "Haven't they?"
Allura and Keith gave a nervous smile, "Thank you."
"But," Said a man with a long beard with a Jamaican accent, obviously he was from the base in South America, "I have a question for all of you."
Everyone's stomach dropped, "Yes?" Asked Esme.
"I've been losing investors. The thing is, they're all from the bottom. The same thing's been happening to the ones in India and Australia."
"Us as well," Said Isabelle, "We know it's most likely the Anons Coran had told us about, but still, they're getting more allies."
"We believe," Everyone was shocked to see Allura speak up, "we believe it may be... Jasper."
Claude laughed as everyone got freakishly silent, "Oh honey, that's not possible."
"Unless he's got his brother and father on board this time." Manuel's realizing eyes looked up at the camera, "I've heard about movement in Rome."
Allura's face fell. It was him. It had to be, who else could it be?
"I don't want think so," Claude said, "He's broke. His company is completely gone. It's nonexistent, he has no money, no allies, we'd hear about a rise of another drug empire for sure, and they'd attempt to speak to us."
"He can find ways to get to us, his father is intelligent, if it's them their father is for sure behind this and—"
"No, Isabelle!" Claude yelled and slammed his hand on the table, making the camera shake a little, "It's not them!" They all jumped a little at the sudden outburst. Why he was so nervous by this is because when Jasper and his family's empire had been in power, they nearly overthrew Claude's drug empire. Whether it was bombing places in France (it would fuck up the economy big time, changing the company's income), messing up shipments, or nearly killing off all his men, Claude was at a huge disadvantage with Jasper's family around.
"We'll take care of everything," Esme said, "Coran and our best men are investigating this whole thing, including Keith. So far, we have no updates or reports, but I assure you something will come up soon."
"We'll expect it from you." Said the man from South America.
"Ask us for help, you know the norm." Isabelle gave a little wink that made Esme giggle.
"Thank you." She responded. "Well, we should go so Keith can prepare the drug and Allura can distribute. Que viva la orden."
Everyone, both in the room and on the huge screen said in unison, "Que viva." Then all the screens went black, and everyone let out a loud, relieved sigh.

---

Tuesday:
Today Allura wore black sweatpants, a black hoodie, black Vans, and her gentle white hair in a lazy bun. She yawned as Keith tried to find a parking spot near the school, also looking like, to put it in the best way, shit.
"Oh my God, Keith, brother," She stretched herself onto his shoulder, "please crash this car."
"Headass." He mumbled, grumpily biting into a protein bar, "I can't train today. I'm dead."
"Not to Coran." She rolled her eyes as he parked and they both got out of the car, getting their backpacks from the back seat.
"I just..." Allura yawned, making tired tears stream down her cheeks, but they were the kind that wouldn't stop for a few minutes. She took advantage of this and made crying noises, "I want a nap."
"Stop crying we're in public."
"Asshole." She mumbled as they walked into the building.
They normally met with their friends by the doors to the left of the school library, and not to their surprise, they were there.

They both gave a lazy wave as Keith yawned. They'd been up all night, she'd asked Keith for help on her math homework, but ended up watching Sailor Moon reruns until about two in the morning while ignoring the fact that they had training with Coran the next day. (They hated even thinking about training)

Shiro was leaning against the wall as he talked to Shiro and Pidge, while Hunk stood a bit more off to the corner trying to focus on the book he was reading.

"Shit, you guys okay?" Pidge asked as they approached, "You both look like—"

"— shit," Keith finished off for her, "We're painfully aware." They giggled at Keith's tone.

"Lance, I think I'm dying." Everyone turned to look at Hunk when he spoke.

"Don't be overdramatic, it's just practice." Shiro rolled his eyes.

"Practice?" Allura asked.

"Yeah, he has to stay till eight tonight." Lance answered.

"No shit. That'll be fun." She answered, amused and sarcastic.

"Guessing I can't use your car today?" Pidge sighed.

"Not tonight, bud." Hunk ruffled their hair, "Sorry."

"It's okay. I'll just take the train—"

"Hey, we can give you a ride. We're going somewhere right after school." Keith said.

"You sure? I'm just going to Loyola, I have a meeting there."

"Yeah, sure, of course we can take you." Allura smiled cutely, but in reality, she was partially only agreeing because dropping Pidge off would cut time off their training.

"Alright, cool." They smiled.

"How many minutes till class starts?" Lance asked.

"Like five, why?" Shiro checked his phone, "Like five, why?"

"Great, thanks." Lance dropped his backpack and ran out the nearest exit (all the school exits were open before classes started).

"Where's he going?" Keith asked.

"Probably gonna catch a smoke." Hunk said with his eyes glued to his book.

"Shit, let me go too." Allura dropped her heavy backpack and light ran out the same exit.

She caught Lance outside with his shoulders hunched against the cold as he kept one hand in his pocket and the other on his cigarette.

"Hey." She greeted him.

"Oh, hey." Lance said with smoke smoothly escaping his mouth.

"Can I get one?"

He shrugged as he pulled his pack out and handed her a cigarette, letting her borrow his lighter as well.

"Thank you." Allura said as she stuck her hands in her pocket and puffed the smoke that warmed her.

The silence was awkward, to say the least.

"Hey," Lance started, "Do you think the musical is good?"

"You mean Hunk's?"

"Yeah, I guess, but... it just doesn't go, you know? A musical Shakespeare? I dunno, it's just... weird..."

"Yeah, so I was proposing an idea, but everyone says it's bullshit, but hear me out," Lance started, "Lolita."

She almost choked, "L... Lolita?"

"Yeah. That weird, pedo instant classic? Imagine what we could do with that." Lance smiled a little at the grey sky.

"I mean... it's a good idea, but would the school allow it?"

"Who gives a shit about the school if it's a cool idea."

"It's unsuccessful, there's a reason as to why no one ever does it, Lance."
"That's just the thing!" He grinned and held his cigarette in between his middle and index finger as he squeezed her arms. "We change it. We make it better. Going Going Gone with more passion! Same Old Song with more tears! Allura, this could be huge for all of us."

His eyes glinted with so much hope, how could she say no?
"Just a yes. That's all I need." He pleads.
"Okay, okay, I'll do it, but why do you want to do this so badly?" She asked sincerely as he lifted his cigarette to his mouth.

"Because shit, we could really make it. Every year these big broadway people come to our amateur shows, but these shows suck. Like... SUCK. The Addams Family? Beauty and The Beast? The headassery, Allura. We wanna make it? We wanna have out names heard in this shitty school? We have to do it adult ways. We have to go big or go home. I just... I want something more."

She still couldn't quite grasp what he was saying. "When are we gonna bring this up to others?"

"Soon. I told Shiro but he said that that'd be weird. That that kind of pedo shit is gross and that'd be like him dating Pidge—"

Allura's laughter cut him off, and he joined in, "I know, right?" He said as she settled.

"But I don't disagree, It's disgusting, but we'd have everyone shook. There's no way they can't turn their heads on this." Lance grinned.

"Have you told Hunk?"
"God, no. Poor guy would faint."

"Who the hell would even willingly play Humbert?"

Lance shrugged, "Hope we can find out."

They had one more cigarette until they went back inside.

"Pick your feet up!"

Keith did as told.
"Your arms are too low!"

Allura lifted them higher.

"You two are slowing down by the second, faster!" Coran had his arms crossed as he stood by the tall, arched window of the warehouse.

When Allura's staff collided with Keith's 'sword' (he liked to call it that, but in reality it was just a pretty long dagger) it made an unpleasant grinding sound that was enough to make her grind her teeth so hard it made het head hurt. They were both drenched in sweat as they fought on the top of the little platform in front of the huge arched windows that brought autumn light into what was once a massive and active warehouse. They'd established that as their training place when they found it completely abandoned in the southwest side of Chicago. It was wooden and creaky and in there they had a shooting range and an assortment of silver weapons.

Pink Floyd blasted from the speakers as Coran looked down at his files and then up at them fighting, keeping his attention on each this shortly.

"Coran," Keith panted, "Can we please take a break? I really have to start on my homework—"

"Will the Anons let you take a little homework break in the middle of a fight, Keith?" A vein in Coran's forehead stuck out.

"Maybe. Come on, they probably know we're high schoolers and maybe they care about our education. Let him off the hook once for an A." Allura said with shaky breath as she tried to even out her breathing. Her and her brother both giggled until their elder hopped down from the huge windowsill.

"Stop fighting." Coran told Keith as he grabbed a staff like Allura's. He did as told gladly and gasped for air wildly as he went down the three steps that surrounded and elevated the little stage. "Let's see you fight."

She nodded and they both began. They both moved like water, swiftly and delicate and clear and forceful. Coran didn't bat an eye while Allura at first collected his steps and movements, but everything gradually got harder when he began to speed up. Soon she was only wildly moving her staff to keep herself from getting hit by her teacher. He swiped through her calfs but she gladly
dodged, but failed to land back on time due to exhaustion, and collapsed on the ground.

Although it didn't hurt (she was used to it), she still groaned and winced over dramatically and kept her left cheek flat on the ground.

"We've been training for like, three hours straight. Come on, we're both exhausted and we've both got a ton of homework and by the looks of it, so do you." Keith said.

"You're right." Coran sighed, offering Allura a hand. She continued groaning with her face on the floor. "I'm sorry if I was too harsh today. Something went wrong with a shipment in Ireland, and the pattern with the Anon's is all outta wack."

"What do you mean?" Allura's older brother crossed his arms.

"I had noticed that they were following a certain pattern in the past couple of week. This week, though, they seem to have changed a lot. There's been a couple of reports in India that there's new camps set up that weren't there before."

"So?" Keith said, "That can be anything."

"We found copies of our shipments and two of my failed substances from over ten years ago."

"What?"

"I know. Now we have to be extra careful with our men. We may have spies."

"Holy shit." Keith held his eyes on the floor, "Oh no."

"I think we could all use some rest." Sighed Coran.

"Yeah... We'll get to the bottom of this, I'm sure of it." Keith said.

"I hope so." The ginger sighed.

"Allura, let's go." Her played with his fingerless gloves. "Allura?"

But she was already fast asleep on the ground.

- Clinks of spoons on plates cut the silence in the kitchen as Esme, Keith, and Allura all ate in silence, all clearly exhausted.

"Mamá." Allura broke through the quietness of the room.

"Yes?" She responded politely.

"I think I'm going to try out for the school musical."

Keith immediately choked in his food as Esme's spoon clattered into her bowl.

"Oh, wow, that's... a really big decision." Esme cleared her throat as Keith began to laugh.

"What're you gonna play in Shakespeare? The grass? Allura they've already got everything figured out—"

"It might change." She said.

"What?"

"We might do Lolita."

"No, no, and no. Lolita? Do you wanna be known as the girl with the daddy kink for the rest of the school year?" Esme asked.

"MAMA!" Both Keith and Allura yelled, making their mother laugh.

"I'm kidding, go for it. But Keith is right though, can you really change the musical at this point?"

Asked Esme.

"I don't know because Hunk's mentioned that he hates this musical and he wishes we were doing another— but shit, Lolita? Isn't that musical, like, in the gutter?" Keith said.

"Don't mention anything to anyone, but yeah. Lance came up with the idea."

"Oh wow, idiot's actually got an okay idea."

"Okay," Allura's silverware clattered, "Why do you hate him so much? You two literally have to work together— you're in the same dance group, you gotta get along."

"He's a lil' bitch."

Esme rolls her eyes, "Consider being in his shoes, mijo."

"He's cocky."

"Okay?" Allura made an over exaggerated confused face, "But so are you?"

"They're probably too alike." Esme said to her daughter, which caused her to shrug.

"I'll beat his ass. I'll beat everyone's ass," Keith's golden rosary that hung around his neck glinted,
"I'll beat my own ass."
"I've had enough." Allura said with a stupid smile on her face as Keith laughed at his own stupid remark. "I'm going to bed. Thank you mamá."
"Of course, goodnight." Said Esme as Allura put her plate in the sink. "Are we staying with Hunk tomorrow afterschool?"
"Sure." Keith shrugged.
"If you are, don't forget the deliveries tomorrow." Esme said as Allura held her thumb up as she walked into her room.

- 

Wednesday:
The heavy chatter of the crew members leaving through the auditorium hall interrupted Allura's train of thought, making her bury her head in her hands.
"I know," Shiro sighed, slamming his papers down on the little table attached to the auditorium seat, "If you want we can go all the way to the back. It's quieter there."
"It's okay. I'm just a little distracted." She looked up to glance at her computer, then up at the stage where Lance and the rest of his team were practicing, including Keith. Half of the time they always did fun little projects instead of their competition performance (they always claimed they had it completely memorized and perfected).
Hunk was at the control booth with Pidge. Since Crew ended early, they were in charge of all the technical stuff, after all, they were the best at it as well.
"Alright, all we gotta do is test the sound right now, you ready for this?" Hunk's voice rang through the auditorium.
"Hell yeah." Lance said through cupped hands to make his voice louder. Everyone on the stage moved to their places while having conversations that Allura and Shiro couldn't hear from the middle of the auditorium.
Her and Shiro decided to work on their project here at school since all their other friends were staying anyway. But they realized what a big mistake this was when they couldn't concentrate because of the noise. They shrugged it off as J. Balvin began playing loudly.
"A ella le gusta, a mí me gusta, así le gusta..." The sensual beat played through the huge room as Lance began moving his hips, then the person next to him, then the next person. They all moved their hips intricately and moved completely in sync and every inch of the dancers were sure of what they were doing.
"They're amazing." Shiro breathed.
"I know." Allura said as they sat completely captivated, watching their friends onstage. They managed to pry their eyes away from the stage to continue working and worked up light chatter while doing so.
Pidge surprised them both when she hopped into the seat behind them, casually leaning over to talk to them as the song ended.
"Sup?"
"Hey, Pidgester." Shiro said without looking up from his laptop.
"Pidgester?" Allura gave a giggle, "That's cute."
Pidge gave a satisfied grin, "Yup. Anyway, whatcha guys up to?"
"Nothing, just the AP Bio project." She responded.
"Sucks." They frowned.
"Pretty much."
The dancers all noisily made their way to the seats surrounding Allura and Shiro and Pidge except Keith and Jane, who imitated each other's hands movements without the music as he spoke to her as if explaining something. As she continued staring at them, she didn't even notice when Keith desperately motioned for her to join he on the stage.
"Allura!" His calls were faint, "Dude, c'mere!"
She rolled her eyes and got up, ignoring all the conversations around her.
"Where you goin'?" Angel asked.
"My annoying lil brother's calling me." She said as she motioned to the stage. When she met Keith and Jane under the bright stage lights, he greeted her with a glance and Jane greeted her with her arms crossed.

Now that Allura thought about it, she'd never really seen Jane laugh or smile. "Okay, so," Keith started, "Jane wanted help on moving her hips and waist and stuff." Allura looked up at Jane; she looked embarrassed. "Oh, yeah, of course." She tried to reassure Keith's dance partner that she didn't bite.

Allura was wearing black. She wore black tights under her black waist-high shorts with Doc martens. Her long, curly hair fell over her shoulders, which were cute covered with a baggy black shirt that had strings criss-crossing in the back. She was pretty glad she could comfortably and clearly teach her how to do this because of her clothing today, which outlined her slim figure perfectly. She took a rubber band from her wrist and lifted her shirt, tying the bagginess of it with the rubber band.

"Woah, Allura!" Lance called teasingly from the back as she heard other suggestive comments and noises. "Fuck you guys." She grinned and gave her friends sitting in the auditorium the finger.

"Okay, so, pop your hip out like this." She instructed, and Jane did as so. "My sister's the best at this, but, you know, I'm better." Keith cockily grinned. "Estupido, you're starting to sound like Lance." His sister frowned. "Whatever." He mumbled.

"Okay, and now instead of popping your other hip, you're gonna move on your knees and heels of your feet, like this—" Allura did as she told and suddenly her other hipbone was up and Jane did exactly as instructed, "See, you got it." Jane's face remained unchanged.

"And to move your waist," Allura said a little more nervously, "You just kind of..." She moved her waist and then her hips in a little dance. "That's not very descriptive." Jane said softly. "I know. I'm sorry. I'm a terrible teacher." She gave a nervous laugh.

"It's okay." Allura took a deep breath, "Okay, so keep your left leg bent a little, yeah, like that. Okay, and they move your hips, but keep your leg bent. Don't move it, only move your right." Jane did as told, but it looked right for the most part, just missed something small...

"Oh! Move your chest a little. Like go up, move your waist and hips, but keep your chest in place. It helps to pop it out a little." Jane did as told, and smiled when she looked down and saw she was doing it. It was the first time Allura had ever seen her smile, and she looked beautiful. It was a strange, but nice, sight. "You got it." Allura smiled as soft music played through the speakers in the auditorium. She recognized this song in an instant...

"HUNK!" She screamed, "Is that Two Door Cinema Club?"

Shiro looked up from his laptop when he heard her screaming. "Uhhh..." Hunk's voice cut through the room, "Yeah. Why?"

"Holy shit I love this band, turn it up."

"Hell yeah." He grinned as he turned the music up.

"You know this song?" Allura asked Jane. She nodded.

"Great. We're gonna dance to this."

"I--"

"It's okay." Keith said behind them, "She knows what she's doing."

The music filled their ears, and Allura began moving her hips to the music.

"I wanted some, I wanted something,"
Allura's hips swayed to the right and left swiftly, and Jane mimicked her movements. Shiro's eyes stayed glued to Allura. Her face was young and pulled into a smile every time Jane succeeded in a dance move.

"But there ain't no trying now,
I've got the pain, somebody stop me..."

"Okay," Allura started, "now when you wanna jerk your hip, don't just stop, let it go down a little, like you've got no control over it."

"Show." Jane said.

Allura obeyed and demonstrated. She let her hips move from side to side, sharply yet smoothly as her butt became more defined and her stomach became flatter and even a little more muscular as she moved her hips carefully, imagining she wore a hip scarf usually helped her to remember to never stop movements in her back side.

She moved her hips to the soft "Help Me."s in the background to the slowest part of the song. The whole room couldn't look away. It was mesmerizing, seeing her gentle body move in such provocative ways.

Shiro couldn't stop repeating the same thing in his head; She's beautiful, She's beautiful, She's beautiful...

"Don't feel like getting home,"

Allura closed her eyes, letting her body become completely submerged in the music.

Shiro couldn't breathe. She couldn't be real. This couldn't be real. Her plump lips couldn't be real—they were rose petals. Her hair couldn't be real—it was a bundle of clouds. Her delicate hands couldn't be real—they were carefully sculpted porcelain. Her body just couldn't be real—her body was music, it was careful and it was sure and it could do things to you that completely controlled you. Her body was cotton candy, stiff and controlled until the delicacy was tampered with. Her body was a treasure, a thing your craved yet knew was difficult to have in your grasp.

"Help Me, Help me;
We got that fever catchin' on,
Feel religion and I get down on,
Feeling good enough,
Enough for me, enough for me."

Everyone in the auditorium looked up at her, captivated by the movement of her hips, the peacefulness on her face, and her delicate hands that she held above her head, clasped together softly to move her hips easier.

The song got quicker and she opened her eyes and looked back at Jane.

"Got that?" She asked

"I think." She sounded almost nervous.

"Good." Allura smiled.

"She's pretty good. Learned from the best," Keith came up to talk to them, "Straight from In—"

"Institutes. I taught belly dancing for a while." Allura interrupted Keith. He was about to say India. How were they gonna explain that they travelled all of Asia for a summer because they were bored? Normal people didn't do that.

"Yeah. That." Keith agreed in a flash.

"THINGS! SHE! DID!" Lance screamed.

"THAT!" His whole group responded as Allura blushed, embarrassed. She rolled her eyes but thanked them anyway. Then when she looked at Shiro, time stopped completely and it was just them two. Every other conversation drowned out, and it was just the two of them.

And under the stage lights; he saw her for the first time.
The pearly columns, the dreamy soft clouds, the strong pegasus, she was all of it. There she was, in all her glory: Fantasia. The softness Esme had described— it was all there.

Allura broke off their long stare with a giggle as she turned to someone else to continue a conversation. But Shiro just couldn't pull his eyes away from here. He didn't see black anymore, all he saw were pastels.

"Dude, you okay?" Lance asked next to him as Pidge poked her friend's face.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm fine." Shiro looked away to slap Pidge's hand away and look back at Lance. "She's so pretty? She's so pretty. Are we really even friends with her? She's so—"

Lance laughed, "Exactly, dude. She a dime."

Shiro looked away and sighed as Allura continued on the stage, dancing and laughing on-stage, now joined my Oscar and Angel.

He tried doing his work, but he found that his eyes kept straying up to her. When she danced, when she laughed, when she did a little dance with her hips, he became breathless.

And Allura was definitely aware of his staring. That was probably why Keith kept smirking at her and Oscar kept asking, "Why are you all red?". She loved feeling the weight of his eyes on her. She loved it when he stared at the bareness of her stomach. She loved it when he looked at her.

"No reason. It's the stage lights I guess." She smiled innocently.

Okay, Shiro thought to himself, get back to work.

"Hey, Allura!" He called out.

"Yeah?" She stepped away from her friends.

"Where's your flashdrive? The one with the project?"

"In my book bag somewhere, look in the biggest pocket." Then she got pulled away.

Lance and Jessi talked next to him as he pulled up her backpack and unzipped it.

Shiro thought Allura seemed like a person who would have her stuff organized, but really, she had most of her stuff just shoved into her backpack. Food wrappers and papers for different subjects didn't surprise him, but the shining black gun at the bottom of her backpack certainly did.

Chapter End Notes

hey, thanks once again for reading!
i know you probably have seen the whole Shallura discourse, but i'm seriously so distraught ??? it's kind of hard for me to continue writing this fic because of all that, so i'm sorry. i don't think i will stop writing, though. i've had this idea for too long and i have it all mapped out and everything, so i just can't let it go. Which makes me feel lowkey super guilty tho, because fuuuuuck,,,, a teenager ?? seriously ???? i'm pretty sure the creators did this to validate Kallura but whatever. guilty 2 say i still ship it but i feel pretty bad abt it lowkey :/:

bleas dreamworks i just wanted a healthy relationship between my babes
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Hi angels i’m sosososososo sorry I haven’t updated in ages but hey, this chapter's prettttty long ;) And holy SHIT man, season three !!!! I liked it, all that character development I was NUTTING BINC !!! Well here r some translations for you !!!
Translations:
pendeja: Ruder way of saying stupid or bitch
Eres in pinche: you're a fucker
correct me if I'm wrong (please) but I do think those are the translations. anyways, enjoy !!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tonight Shiro wore black. He wore black sweatpants, black old school Vans, and a plain black t-shirt.
He was also surrounded by huge steel walls covered in roses. Although it was cloudy and dark, the huge rose hedges and everything around was well lit, as if in broad daylight. He looked around and saw that it was a maze. The heavy steel walls that were about five feet taller than him were in specific shapes and angles to guide him. The huge red roses that hugged the steel looked like blotches of blood.
Then he suddenly heard laughter. A girl's laughter. He frantically whipped his head to all the openings until he caught sight of silver trailing past a figure, with pretty white and curly hair flying past her gently as she ran. Shiro sprinted up to catch up to her only to see her turning another corner as her laughter echoed. When he sprinted up to catch up to her once again and turned, he saw Hunk and Lance and Keith very concentrated in a card game. Keith was shirtless, exposing a huge tattoo of a dragon on his back. Hunk had heavy bags under his eyes, and Lance's entire face was covered by a cap.
"Yo, you guys." Shiro came up to the weird box thing they were in. It was a room, missing one wall where it faced the maze. It was steel and had only a dim lightbulb over their table. "Guys?"
They weren't listening. They were too distracted by their card game.
"GUYS!" Shiro screamed. He gave up, he couldn't get their attention. He kept running, turning the only available corners.
Then when he wasn't seeing the girl, he started to slow down. He actually considered giving up until he turned another corner and saw her again, only completely. Although he couldn't see her face, he saw that she had big and beautiful white hair, dark skin, gentle arms and hands, and she wore a long silver gown that showed her entire back. It was Allura.
"Allura!" He called as he chased after her.
Then he stopped abruptly when he saw another room like the previous one, only in this one, Flaca was belly dancing and Pidge was dressed in a waiter's outfit as they held a huge plate that balanced two red drinks.
"Pidge!" Shiro said, seeing if he could capture their attention, and failed.
So he continued running to Allura. He panted as he passed arches made out of roses, he saw her turn corner after corner, and he scratched himself with thorns.
He suddenly turned a corner that opened into a big clearing, and he could see that the the maze was probably endless. Also, surrounded by gray mountains. Where was he?
"Allura?" He looked for her everywhere.
"Takashi." He turned around and saw Allura standing there. Tall, beautiful, and for once, not in black. The first time he'd ever seen her without black on. She was beautiful. Even through the fact that she had unknown plans with that gun in her backpack, she was beautiful.

He stared at her with his fists clenched at his sides, "Why am I here?"
"I don't know."
"Why are you here?"
"I don't know." She took a step closer to him.
"Why were you carrying that gun in your backpack?"
"I don't know."
"Please stop replying with that."
"Okay."

He looked at the ground.

Then he felt her gentle hand come up and lift his head so that his eyes looked straight at hers, "It's okay," she smiled, "I'm right here. You're okay."
"I've had agoraphobia for as long as I could remember."

"I'm here. You're okay. You're not alone. You don't have to be afraid anymore."
He brought his forehead down to hers as his breath shook.
"You're okay." She smiled with her eyes closed as she brought a hand to cup one side of his face.

His body stopped feeling tense, and his breathing began to steady until he opened his eyes, because what he saw was an arrow through her throat. She didn't look surprised or anything. He stepped back with his mouth gaping open as his eyes began to water and she crumpled to the ground. He got on his knees to cradle her head on his lap, and when he turned to see who'd shot the arrow, he saw Victoria with a bow in her hand with a huge grin on her face.

- Shiro woke up by snapping up immediately. His breathing was heavy as he realized he'd been sweating as well. He panted as he turned in the dark room to turn a lamp on. He was laying next to Victoria, who was still fast asleep next to him.

It was a dream, I'm fine, he kept repeating in his head. I'm fine.

But his mind was still racing. Why, after he'd found Allura's gun, had he dreamt about her. He already knew, finding that gun told him that she was toxic, she couldn't be trusted. He couldn't explain why he had a lump in his throat or why whenever he thought of Allura he had an overwhelming urge to cry and scream and punch something.

"Shiro...?" Said a groggy voice.
"Yeah?" He whispered.
"You okay?"
He hesitated, "Sure."
"What time is it?"
He checked his phone, "It's five."
"Might as well get up right now," Victoria sighed, sitting up and yawning, "What'd you dream about, babe? You sounded freaked."

"Oh, nothing... Just paranoid I guess." He lied as Victoria outlined his tattoo of a rose with her fingertips.

They shared the same silence for about a whole minute straight until she whispered, "Round two?"
He shrugged and turned around to pin her down as he started kissing down her neck and she wrapped her arms around his neck, giggling in pleasure.

But they were both thinking about different people.

Victoria remember the boy in Minnesota from competitions, and Shiro was just constantly remembering the arrow in Allura's throat, her eyes, how he wanted it to be her turn to hold her and tell her he was there, like she had done for him. But he couldn't. She was probably killing people and she was probably planning to do something worse— who the fuck carries a gun in their backpack?

- They sat in the auditorium again today, but this time they were awfully quiet. Since Hunk was
unenthusiastically practicing with the other cast members on-stage, Pidge, Keith, Lance, Shiro, Allura, and Flaca (she snuck in, she looked like a freshman) all sat clustered in seats, waiting for Hunk to finish.

Allura noticed Shiro was awfully quiet. He looked hostile and angry as well. She frowned. She wanted his attention liked she had it yesterday.

"Shiro." She said.

"Yeah?" He sounded almost annoyed.

"What page did you find the thing about the mushrooms on?"

"347."

And that was a conversation for thirty minutes until another question was asked.

Allura talked to their friends and laughed with them until Shiro spoke for once and said, "Hey, I forgot something from my gym bag, can you come with me, Allura? I'd like to explain an idea I have."

"Oh?" She stood up along with him, a little confused, "Yeah, sure. Of course."

They stepped out of the auditorium and walked into the sports hall.

"What was your idea?" Allura asked.

"Why don't we include Drawin? I mean, he explained last time it's something more of a biology textbook, so why not go all out..." He kept talking about whatever came into his mind while trying not to explode and completely go off.

When he turned to look at her, she looked confused and even a little bothered.

They got to the boys locker room and Allura stepped off to the side, "I'll wait for you here."

"You can come in if you want. No one's in here right now." Allura grit her teeth together. He was up to something—they both knew it. "Alright." Her hands were in fists at her side and her head was held up high.

He closed the door and locked it, as he led her into the vast locker rooms. He went to his as every noise echoed off the walls, from footsteps to his turning lock. When he opened his small creaky locker, she wasn't ready for what happened when he turned around, a gun in his hand.

"What's this?" He asked.

There wasn't any point in trying to act like an idiot. That was her favorite gun—her mother's—she needed it back. "A gun." She responded.

"No shit, Allura." He rolled his eyes, "I meant why was it in your backpack."

She stayed silent, trying to make up a story in her head. She couldn't—she was blanked out. Her head couldn't work, she was cursing at herself, she wished she could just die—

"Why was it in your backpack?" He asked again, slowly.

"I... I don't know."

"You know." He snapped, "You're lying. Don't you ever get tired of lying?"

"All the time." She responded confidently. She couldn't let him know how afraid she was, how nervous she was. He could hit her, she'd hit right back. But asking questions was more impactful than a punch.

"Then just tell me." He was holding in his anger, "Just tell me."

Allura almost burst out laughing out of nervousness. He also looked extremely handsome when he was angry. Wow, she thought, what if I told him to shove me against a wall and choke me? She started laughing at that, and didn't even dare to look at his reaction.

"Dude, what the fuck?" He let the gun fall on the ground, and he walked up to her and pinned her against the lockers, trapping her in his arms as her back was against the the cold wall and the several locks dug into her skin. She continued laughing, "I'm sorry. I get nervous."

He scoffed in disbelief. "How the fuck are you laughing? Were you planning to shoot up the school or something? Is that your big secret? Are you some psychopath that happens to love murdering people?"

She slowly stopped laughing, "A psychopath? Oh, you're not a hero, Shiro. Remember when you told me you used to enjoy killing people when you were as high as a kite? Me too." She gave a smug smile when his hand crept up to her neck. He cupped it, but he wasn't squeezing.
"Shut up!" He yelled. "I'm only speaking the truth." She said calmly as her hands shook a little and he squeezed only a little bit, but not enough to labor her breathing. "Takashi," She brought her left hand to his face, and stroked his cheekbones with her thumb. "We both know you're not going to kill me, and I'm not going to kill you."

It was his dream. She had the same tenderness in her eyes, only if the situation were different, maybe this all would've been a little less weirder. His eyes were daggers as he lowered his hands, unsure. She used his vulnerability as an advantage and she punched him in the face. Little did she know, he was expecting some kind resistance so he instantly blocked her hit.

He let a humorless laugh escape his lips, "I'm not stupid, princess."

Her eyes widened in surprise as she ducked under him to escape the tight space they were in and she went to kick him, only he got a hold of her leg and jerked her forward, sending her tumbling down.

He got on top of her and although she managed to hit his temple and his eye, he was still stronger than her and was able to pin her hands to the cold floor.

"You're not putting a lot of effort into this. You think I'm weak?" Shiro said.

"I'm not fighting you because I don't have a reason to. You're not going to kill me. I'm not going to kill you. You're making the hole deeper than it has to be."

"I wouldn't have to if you'd just tell me why you had a gun in your backpack."

She pulled up the first lie that came into her head, "I carry it with me in case someone wants to harm me."

"So why not use pepper spray?"

She was silent and he sighed.

"This is why. If you won't tell me the reason, I'll get it out of you."

She began laughing again, and she can tell he was frustrated because his grip around her wrists tightened. "No you won't. I mean something to you. You're trying to be like him to scare me, but you can't. You're not Jasper."

That was a slap to the face. He released her hands and backed away, "That's not what I..."

"Oh, but it is." Allura sat up, "Deep, deep down, that's what it is. Sure, it's frustration and desperation, but it's also that." They both stood up with their eyes locked. Man, psychology classes sure came in handy.

Then their eyes both flashed to the gun, and soon enough they found themselves wrestling and grunting, trying to grab the weapon.

"Get! OFF!" She screamed as she pushed him against the wall of the shower chambers.

"JUST TELL ME!" He yelled back he held the gun behind him.

She sighed, "Okay. I give up."

"You'll tell me?"

"Yeah. If you give me the gun."

"Nice try."

She punched his throat and for a second everything went black until when he opened his eyes and saw that she had the gun in her hand. In a panic, he shoved her into the wall and she crumbled onto the floor. Her body has collided with the button that activated the shower, so water instantly poured over them both. He went to kneel in front of her but something stopped him from being able to see her face clearly.

She must've collided with the wall pretty badly because she couldn't even lift her head properly as the front of the gun was pressed against Shiro’s chest, and her finger hovered over the trigger as her hands shook.

"Takashi." Her voice was barely audible over his rapid heartbeat and the shower above, "I can't tell you why I carry this gun around—"

"I—"

"Let me finish." She snapped, "I can't tell you because it's part of my big secret. I'm not planning to shoot up the school. I don't kill people for fun. I'm not a murderer. Just like you. I've done bad things that I regret, but this is... I'm trapped."
He didn't know what to think of all this.  
"I can't stop because I'll get killed. I..." She looked down and her shoulders shook softly and he heard her sniffle. He realized she was crying.  
"I want to tell you, Takashi. I really do." Their eyes met, "But I can't. I'll put both of us at risk. I care about you and I know you're curious but I just can't."  
She put the gun down and was sobbing now, "And it hurts! I keep all these things from you and it just piles up and it hurts me! I've gotten shot before and I've gotten betrayed so many times but knowing how being around you could put you and your friends in danger is so, so much more painful. I know you don't believe me," Shiro couldn't tell what were streaks of water and what were tears, "But I wish I could tell you. I really, really wish I could."  
"Allura," He lifted her chin to he could see her face clearly. The rest of her face seemed to get pale and only the tip of her nose and eyes were a rich red. "You can tell me anything."  
"No," Her voice was incredibly low, "No, I can't. I'm so sorry. I've caused so much trouble— I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry."  
Shiro took her into his arms as they began to shiver. "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry..." she continued as she buried her face into his chest.  
He pulled her away to look at her face again and saw the bruises beginning to form on her face. "I never want to be like Jasper to you. I'm sorry if it seemed like that. I don't know— I think I just panicked."  
She shook her head as her voice shook, "I must be the most disgusting person in the world to you right now. I'm such a mess."  
"Hey," He gave her a little smile, "Everyone cries."  
"Just..." She laid back down on his chest, "Please know I'm so sorry."  
"I just want to know you're safe. I know you're with some sketchy shit probably, so please. Just... assure me that you're okay."  
"I'm fine. I'm going to be fine."  
"Okay..." He wrapped his hands around her as the showers finally turned off and they were left uncomfortably wet, "Okay. Also," He continued, "I'm sorry for hitting you. I really am. I've never really been an abusive type of person."  
"You had every right to. I had a gun, I was a threat, so... whatever."  
"It's not okay. I'm sorry."  
Allura let out a humorless laugh, "Guess we're both fucked up, huh?"  
"Guess so."  
"What the fuck happened to you two?" Lance said as Allura and Shiro walked back into the auditorium dripping from head to toe.  
Allura shivered under Shiro's dry sweater (it was from his gym bag) as she hid the gun. He'd given it back, but pretty uneasily.  
Pidge smirked, "Something happen?"  
"Nothing happened, just..." Shiro was out of ideas.  
"Fell into a fountain." Allura picked up for him.  
"There aren't fountains around here." Said Keith.  
Allura responded, "I'll beat your ass."  
"Look here pendeja—"  
"SHHHH!" Said a voice on the stage. "If you're gonna be so loud then leave!"  
"If you're gonna be a bitch then—"  
"Keith!"  
"Sorry," He smirked, and as he moved to see her in better lighting he got to see the bruises forming on her skin and her split lip, along with Shiro's forming bruises and purple end of his eye, "Dude, what the fuck?" He looked at Shiro, "The fuck did you do to my sister?"  
Lance and Pidge stood up, suddenly becoming defensive.  
"Keith, I'm fine—" Allura tried saying before he shut her up by throwing a hit at Shiro, which he
dodged. The whole entire auditorium started up a commotion at that— screams and yells went around and a quick scramble or hands and arms and people pulling their phones out. "Hey! HEY!" Shiro yelled as Keith pounced on top of him as Pidge tried pulling Shiro away and Lance and Allura tried pulling Keith off. But when she looked up at Lance, his eyebrows were drawn together in worry and his eyes seemed to have gotten bigger.

Oh no, Allura thought, is he gonna start crying?

"That's—" Allura growled through gritted teeth as she grabbed a fist full of Keith's black hair and a fist full of Shiro's white bangs as he got a good punch to Keith's jaw, "ENOUGH!"

She put both their heads close to hers and she said in a deadly whisper, "If you won't stop for me, stop for Lance, for fuck's sake."

Both boys looked at each other as they breathed heavily, and when Allura jerked them away, she said a little more calmly, "Keith, look at his face. He didn't beat my ass. If anything, I beat his." She winked cutely.

"Mentally, sure." Shiro rolled his eyes as he stood up.

Allura staggered a little, "I have a pounding headache, I think I—"

"Out of the auditorium!" Screamed a theatre director.

Pidge held up their middle finger.

It immediately struck Shiro that her headache was caused from the impact of her head hitting the wall so forcefully.

"I'll take you home." Said Shiro.

"No." Keith said.

"They've got some things to talk over, bud. And I'm pretty sure your sister can beat his ass either way." Pidge grinned.

"I'll tag along." Lance shrugged, "I'll get a water or something then come back."

Keith was silent for a long minute and sighed, giving up, "Alright."

Allura grabbed her backpack and hugged Keith, "Ah, hermanito, you worry too much." She put her lips close to his ear and whispered, "I'm starting a painting today."

He pulled away and gave her a sad frown, "Alright.

She put on a smile a bit too quick for it to be real, "Yeah, catch you later." They gave a weak salute but a warming smile.

Lance, Allura, and Shiro stepped out into the grey autumn light as they exchanged light chatter. Suddenly Lance said, "So what really happened in the showers?"

"Showers? What showers—?" Allura stupidly said before he cut her off.

"I'm not stupid."

"Allura and I had a little mishap. Everything's fine." Shiro said sternly, looking at the ground.

"You can't just hit a girl because she doesn't see eye to eye with you—"

"I liked it. Equality, you know? I hit he hits back." Allura quickly said.

"That sounds... abusive?" Lance gave them both confused looks.

Allura and Shiro exchanged a panicked glance, "No no no! Nothing like that, just a little... uh...

Allura quickly said, "Training! We were training."

"Uh huhh." The Cuban boy sighed at the ground, "Don't tell me, that's fine. But don't be fucking stupid."

"Yeah..."

"Anyway, I've proposed the idea of a new musical to both of you, am I—"

"We can't do it. Shit, that's gross. It's the weirdest concept ever." Shiro immediately responded.

"I agree, but wouldn't it be interesting? That musical was never even shown, there aren't even scripts available! It's like Atlantis, only a musical version!"

Allura sighed, "Who'd even be willing to play a pedophile?"

Lance laughed, "Trust me, I know a lot of people."

The two others groaned and cringed, "You're a pig, Lance." Said Shiro.

He laughed, "Kidding, but I know who'd play his wife."

She raised an eyebrow, "You mean Charlotte."
"Yep. You."
"Me! Me?? ME?!!" Allura's entire face contorted into confusion, and Shiro laughed.
"Yeah. I feel like you could really get into character with her. You know the whole, 'My husband's in love with my daughter' thing."
"Oh my God." She scoffed, "I could never sing like that in front of people, I'll need to practice—"
"It was Shiro's turn to talk, "You wanna know what Hunk did before he had his first lead in a play?"
He paused, "He did this thing where he 'found his voice'."
"Okay what the fu—"
"Let me finish," He said trying not to laugh, "Basically he went around and sang. From lounges to other local performances to even learning how to play instruments. He explored his talents."
"Huh. I used to be in a mariachi band does that count?"
"Whaaaat!?" Lance howled as Allura laughed, "Are you serious!?"
"Dead serious." She laughed, "My mom thought it'd be nice to see her little girl in the spotlight at parties. You don't understand though, I was the best of the best—"
"Oh my Goddd..." Shiro laughed.
"I'm so dead." Lance continued, "Did you play an instrument?"
Allura stayed silent for a second then started laughing, "You two can't say anything to anyone."
"Promise."
"You've got my word, princess."
"I can play the accordion."
"No!" Lance yelled and Allura chuckled as she got the hidden spare and unlocked her front door.
"That is literally the cutest thing ever. A little girl singing at the top of her lungs at godly octaves with a tiny accordion?" Shiro laughed, "I need pictures."
She laughed with her friends, "No! Absolutely not!"
They stepped inside and Lance got comfortable on a chair in the kitchen after grabbing a water bottle from the pantry. Allura headed towards the bathroom and motioned for Shiro to go with her.
"For what?" He asked a little too quickly.
"To clean you up." She frowned and he obediently followed as Lance started ranting about something along the lines of how uncreative Cheerios were about their flavors.
"I mean, where's the diversity, you know?" Lance said as Allura treated to a cut on Shiro's jawline (which she tried her hardest not to drool about).
"You're an idiot, Lance, do you really think about these things in your free time?" She laughed.
"Hell yeah, dude. Open your eyes, b, there's too many big things goin' on in the world. Make some time for the little things, you might find them more important." Lance answered in a rather bored tone.
Shiro scoffed, "Like Cheerio flavors?"
"You know what I mean. The two of them could almost feel the boy's eye roll from the kitchen.
"I guess so..." Allura sighed as she pressed Shiro's bruises lightly, making him flinch slightly, "I can't do much about the bruises, so I'm sorry." While he looked away, she managed to put a pink Hello Kitty band-aid on the cut on the edge of his eye. He didn't notice.
"No, but I can do something about this," Shiro said, touching a cut on her lip that began forming an ugly scab, "Come on, get up, time to switch."
She rolled her eyes as she jumped onto the sink and he began to run water under the sink and grab a little alcohol from the bottle she'd used on him. Knowing the burn it'd cause, she decided to distract herself.
"Lance, you know, you're very much like Keith in more ways than you think." She said as Shiro shook his head and mouthed, "You're insane." She winked in response.
"Allura why would you tell me that?" Lance said, sounding expressionless.
"Yes. You just are. He thinks like you a little you two have some of the same views."
"As in...?"
"As in you both pay attention to the little things. You know, it may not seem like it, but my brother's very selfless." The back of her feet hit the drawers at the bottom of the sink.
Lance let out an over exaggerated laugh, "That hotheaded demon isn't selfless."
"She's right, dude. Guy paid for my Chipotle and everything." Shiro grinned as Allura let out a small laugh.
Lance was silent for a minute, "Okay, he was a saint for a night out, but he can't go an hour without punching someone in the face, I mean, what's up with that?"
"You said it yourself," Shrugged Allura, "He's hotheaded."
"Can't you take, like, anger management classes for that?"
"Yeah, but he's too stubborn to see a professional, like SOMEONE," She flicked Shiro's forehead and he rolled his eyes, "else I know."
"Are you talking about Shiro?"
"Yeah."
"Yeah, bitch needs a therapist."
All three of them laughed, and Shiro casually said, "I'm fine, it's probably just hormones or something like that. If I were depressed, I'm pretty sure I know."
"Yeah, stupid." Lance scoffed, "Esa pinche Vicky."
"Okay, careful." Shiro warned Allura.
"Careful for wha— OW!" She yelled as he surprised her with a cotton wad drenched in alcohol on her open cut. She swore she heard sizzling.
He quickly removed it and cleaned up the wound on her lips, "You really know how to beat yourself up, huh?"
She shrugged, "Runs in the family."
He chuckled, "I bet."
She closed her eyes and sighed, "Lance's right. You still haven't talked to her?"
"No, I don't think it's necessary. She knows, I know, nothing to fret about." Shiro shrugged.
Lance groaned, "Alright then stop dating."
"No."
"Why?"
"Cause I don't wanna." He said as she frowned at him and put a little bit of liquid bandaid on her lip. He looked at her lip a little longer.
"What," She laughed coldly, "My lip so ugly and beat up you can't stop staring?"
"No," He touched her lip one more time and moved back to let her jump off the sink and stopped at the doorway, "Your lips are just soft." He walked out, leaving her frozen and flushed in the empty bathroom.
Fuck, he's good.
Allura silently groaned and screamed and kicked the door then quickly walked out. "Well, thank you both for accompanying me, goodbye."
"Actually, I wanna talk to you." Shiro said.
Lance let out a long whistle, "Well, I'll be outside."
Allura nodded, "Bye, bud."
"See you." He stepped outside as he whistled.
Her and Shiro stared at eachother before she yawned and said, "Can we please talk in my room? I have a killer headache."
She'd apparently snapped him out of a daydream, "Yeah, yeah, of course."
She stepped inside and took off her black sweatpants, revealing black spandex underneath them. He followed her in and closed the door.
"Aren't you scared?" He asked.
"Of what?"
"After all of that back at school— you aren't scared to be alone with me?"
"Don't be silly, Shiro." She laughed, crawling into bed and reaching into the drawer in her nightstand for an Advil, "I know you wouldn't hurt me."
"But I did— you saw me, I just did—"
"Shiro, come here."
He hesitantly sat next to her on the bed.
"Don't be a coward. Own up to what you did. Lance said something about abuse—it isn't. I was a threat, I had a gun. If I were in your shoes I'd fight me too." She chuckled tiredly, "I know you don't mean to hurt me. Anyways, I'm not an idiot. I was in an abusive relationship once, you know. I could easily beat your ass too, FYI" He sighed as she took her pill, "Allura. Do you wanna know something that doesn't at all justify what I did to you in that locker room?"
"Shoot."
"My mother had a boyfriend who used to hurt her. In fact, hurt my siblings as well. He'd come home, and the only reason we knew he was at home was because we heard loud slaps from another room. It became normal soon. But then my mom got diagnosed with cancer. He didn't change much, but we did, and so did our bathroom cabinets. She needed a drug so she wouldn't feel the pain in her lungs, so she wouldn't just stop breathing all of a sudden. I remember she couldn't breathe one night, and I yelled at my sister to get the pills from the cabinet and my brother to call 911. We don't know why we were so surprised at the fact that that guy had been taking my mom's drugs and giving them to his friends. We found out then when the pack we'd bought two weeks ago was completely done."
He scoffed, "That's when we kicked him out. Only two years ago, can you believe that?"
Allura was silent.
"I promised myself I wouldn't be like that, and my whole gang thing, it just comes up. I didn't think that side of me would come back at you." He looked at her, "You told me to stop apologizing, but I don't think I'll stop. Sorry."
She tried to find the right words in her head, "I..."
"You don't have to say anything." He said peacefully as he got up, "Bye, P—" He got cut off when Allura pulled his hand, making him turn so quickly he toppled on top of her, but managed to not crush her under his weight by holding himself up with one arm which rested by her hip as she tenderly wrapped her arms around his neck.
He wondered of she could hear his heartbeat that was beating so fast he swore it was about to escape through his mouth.  
"You know how I know you're okay?" She said quietly into his neck. 
His mouth was awfully dry and he tried to keep his voice from shaking, "How?"
"I could've never held Jasper like this without the end of a gun on my back."

---

Allura watched Keith and his group rehearse their dance for what seemed like the millionth time as she finished up her homework. Shiro was in the room next to theirs, where Lance's group was practicing before tonight's performance at The Arrow, which most of them were dreading. Pidge was ranting about how the drug fumes were gonna make us loose brain cells (no one knows why they were ranting though, when they make two joints a day a priority). Allura simply didn't wanna spend her Friday night drinking, Shiro wanted to rewatch Pulp Fiction, and Hunk wanted to see Shay. But the dancers, as the stubborn and manipulative artists they were, convinced them to go out again. Repeating again that this whole thing was gonna end, which it probably wouldn't. Hunk tinkered with a mechanical pencil next to her while they talked about some of the latest gossip between their little group of friends. Nothing serious or scandalous, just about the stupidities they'd committed during the week. 
"So tell me, Hunk," Allura started as Keith yelled, "From the top!" As the music began again. 
"How's culinary going?"
"Top of the class, idolized, you know, the usual." He bragged sarcastically as Allura laughed. 
"Wouldn't doubt it. Kudos to people who can actually cook. I'd drink to that."
He laughed, "There isn't really a trick to it, in my opinion."
"Well, yeah, because you can actually cook."
"I mean, just mix a couple things together. The hard part?"
She groaned, "Ugh! It's how long it has to cook, then the measurements and ughhhhh... and a pizza's only five bucks, dude. I work smarter not harder."
"You'd make a great housewife." He said sarcastically while grinning. She also laughed, "God, no. I'd rather kill myself than be that. What, invite Susan and Bertha for brunch every morning, talk about the kids?"

"Jesus, I pity them."

"I do, but sometimes it's just their choice. I respect it, quite honestly. My mom had a classmate that dropped out and married rich just because she wanted to be a housewife. It made her happy, so I guess... I guess it's okay."

"Huh. That's something else. It reminds me of something Shay always says. She always loves being out and running errands and being up and down, but with her leg, she's not really gonna have any other choice than be a stay at home mom or something like that. It really pisses me off, to be completely honest. If anything, it's depressing."

Allura sighed, "I get it, though. She's just feeling hopeless. I'm glad you're taking care of her."

"Yeah. It's not easy but she's worth it."

A huge smile spread on her face.

"What?"

"Nothing. You and Shay are just so cute."

He rolled his eyes, but the blush behind his tan skin couldn't be held back, "Stop."

"I'm just... so fucked up." Keith groaned as he reached for a water bottle on the floor, "Jessi changed the songs like four times. Apparently now we're doing something along the lines of electronic house or whatever."

"Didn't you guys say once that that was bullshit music?" Allura asked him.

"It can be," Said Juanito, "But we found some good shit to dance to. Not as good at the 2000's hip-hop, but maybe about as good."

"What time are we leaving again?" Asked Monte.

"In, like, thirty minutes." Said Flaca, sipping on coffee, "Ay pero estoy bien cansada. More tired than usual."

"Same," Said Eduardo, "But good thing we've got everything done in time. We never make it past three dances either way because Keith's dumbass always wants to get into fights."

Keith clicks his tongue, "And i'll keep doing it."

"Why don't you just chill out?" Geronimo chimes in.

"Yeah," Flaca's face forms a mischievous smile, "He's pretty cute anyway, don't see why you're such a dick to him..."

Keith knocked Monte's water bottle out of his hand, "EsTTTEEE!!" He groaned, as Keith yelled.

"HE'S NOT CUTE! Lance... with his little shit-eat grin."

"I'm pretty sure it's eat-shit." Hunk said.

"Shut the fuck up it's shit-eat."

The boy with the bandanna on his head rolled his eyes as Allura sighed, leaning on him, "Hermanito, you know we didn't even have to say Lance's name and you immediately knew it was him?" A smirk started forming on her face as Pablo dramatically gasped.

"You think he's cute?"

"I—"

"Ooohhh, Keeeeeith...!"

Keith just groaned loudly and rolled his eyes, "I don't! Anyway, if i did, I'd tell him to his face, I'm not scared of confrontation, confrontation is scared of me."

"Eat ass." Eduardo rolled his eyes as Pidge opened the door on the side of the room that was covered in mirrors.

"Jessi's telling you guys to come here."

"Ugh." Flaca said, "I have cramps, this is so unfair."

"I have depression, you're not special." Juanito said, putting a cigarette in his mouth and lighting it.

"That correlates to what I said in no way, shape, or form. Eres un pinche."

He stuck his tongue out at her and she rolled her eyes, murmuring something in Spanish about high school and poisoning him, or something like that.
They all crowded around Jessi as she groaned, quickly tapping on her phone screen and ranting about the slow wifi in the studio.

Allura went to stand next to Shiro as the dancers all talked amongst each other.

"So, how's Lance doing?" She asked.

"Okay. Whiny."

"What's new?"

Shiro chuckled, "You're mean."

"Sorry."

"So, our show got a little pushed back, we go on at eleven." Jessi announced.

"And it's eight... damn. Must mean we're gonna have to work together again." Lance said.

"Yeah," Angel sighed, "But it'll also be more full."

"Good thing. More to show." Juanito winked.

"Well, let's pick a song first..."

"I'm getting coffee," Allura sighed, "Anyone want anything."

Lance was the first to speak, "A will to live." His response was greeted with groans and eye rolls.

"I have three dollars."

"I'll go with." Said Shiro, "There's shitty reception. I gotta call my mom, tell her I'll be late."

She nodded, "We'll be back in a bit." She left with Shiro on her heels.

"I'm exhausted, and I have to go to Little Village later." She yawned.

"Why?" Shiro asked as they stepped into the old elevator.

"Day of the dead. Every year a woman holds a huge altar in a little shed, and the whole neighborhood goes to decorate it. It's really pretty." Allura smiled, "And I have to go drop a few pictures and things off."

"Oh. Wait... what day is it today?"

"October twenty-first."

"Maybe I can take you tomorrow. I work in the morning."

"I'd appreciate it. Thank you."

"How did Keith even find this place? In the middle of the city and relatively lonely. This place must cost a fortune to rent out." Shiro was talking about the studio.

"Guess so. We know people." She winked. She hoped they could keep it at that, she didn't plan on telling him about the training room two floors above. The elevator dinged and then they walked across the lobby, but not before Shiro yawned and said, "Hey," She looked up at him, "Let's get out of here."

"And do what?" She hoped her voice didn't sound as suggestive as she thought it was.

"We're downtown, lot's we can do..."

"Oh? And what do you have in mind?"

"Let's go to the lake, I'd like to go before it freezes soon."

"Alright—"

"Let's walk, we've got a lot of time on our hands."

"Alright, but I still want coffee. I'm falling asleep.

They went to the Starbucks around the corner and after grabbing a boiling hot chocolate, began to walk to the lake. They decided there wasn't really a hurry so they stirred up some conversation.

"Let's see, Mister Shirogane, never have I ever sounds like a good game to play right now." She shivered a little in her black jacket.

"Really Allura? Never have I ever? I played that when I lied about my virginity." He scoffed.

"Oh you pig," She lightly slapped his arm, "Let's play the PG version."

"Fine. Uhhhh- oh, okay. I got one. Never have I ever gotten so mad at my family I planned to runaway."

"Oh my God, that escalated fairly quickly." She gave out a nervous laugh.

"What? I mean, it's true. Be honest, you've done it at least once." He grinned down at her as she chuckled.

"Okay, yes, I have, but I'm glad I didn't go through with it. I wanted to run away because my mom
didn’t let me stay up late. I was pretty stupid as a kid if I’m completely honest.”
They both chuckled lightly then walked in silence for a bit, completely forgetting about the game
they were playing.
“Can you be honest with me?” She asked suddenly, her voice almost a squeak.
“Oh, course, princess.”
“Do you like this clubbing thing? Every Friday?”
“No. God, no. I’d give my right arm to just get a chance to take a fucking nap on a Friday these
days.”
“Me too. I’m ready to make myself sick again just so we can leave like last time.”
“Now I have a question,” Shiro cleared is throat as Allura added: “Ask away.”
“What made your brother so competitive? Was it like, childhood trauma or something?”
“Nah, but I can see why you’d think that.” She took a sip of her coffee, “Lance is super good,
right?”
“Yeah, totally.”
“Keith thinks so too, so he feels threatened. He’s always been the kind of person to…. To feel like
he’s spiraling down when he’s not in control. He can’t control the fact that Lance is just as good, in
fact, even better. So he wants to prove to everyone that he’s the best. That’s the bad part, though.
He’s only proving to everyone else, not himself.”
“Huh, same thing with Lance. Except, he pressures himself too much. He works hard for himself,
but even some of his goals are so…”
“Impractical?”
“Exactly. He pushes himself to the edge for nearly everything, that’s kind of why I so desperately
want all of this to end. But they’re both so, so frustratingly stubborn. They’re both gonna have this
sort of mental break down or something, shit’s gonna blow up.”
Allura frowned, her mind filling with worry. Shiro was right and she hated him for it. They couldn’t
keep this whole clubbing charade on for long. “I wish my brother would listen to me for once.” She
whispered, feeling smaller than ever.
“Hey, hey.” He patted her back, which was really just patting her fluffy white hair, and comforted
her, “They’re both kinda stupid so sooner than later they’re gonna give up for a while before they
resume their fighting. They’ll meet eachother in the middle.”
“Wow Shiro, you’re terrible at advice.” She laughed, “But I guess you’re right. Now, I’ve got a
question.”
“Ask away.”
“Why don’t you just ditch this clubbing shit and relax for a little. You’re crazy smart, you’re going
through some relationship problems, you’re a football player, man. Catch your breath. Take a
breather.”
He chuckled, “That’s actually really thoughtful.”
Her face got a little red.
“Well… my friends are important to me. I feel like I need to be there. Whether it’s because they’re so
drunk they can’t stand, or I gotta punch some gross pedo, I want them to know that regardless of
how bad a person I am, I’ll never leave them… you know?”
“Woah.” Allura said, making Shiro in an embarrassed mess, punch her arm lightly.
“But… yeah. I know what you mean. But try to know your worth. Know your value because your
friends don’t think you’re a criminal. They don’t think you’re a gang member. They don’t think
you’re a druggie, a failure, whatever bad thing parents pray you never become. You’re Takashi
Shirogane.”
“Woah.” Shiro said, mimicking what Allura had said after he’d told her something personal. She
only rolled her eyes and chuckled softly, “What a kid.” She mumbled.
“But… thank you. I try to tell myself that but it’s hard to get it through my head. Coming from you
helps.”
“Why’s that?”
“Because you’re scary as fuck.”
She laughed and Shiro stared at her with stars in his eyes.  
“Oh whatever.” She didn’t notice him looking at her, “That’s a compliment in my eyes.” 
“It was meant as a compliment.” 
“How cute. So I’m guessing you have mommy issues?” 
“Allura!” 
“Kidding, kidding!” She laughed as he joined her. They kept talking for a little more than an hour, walking by the lake as bikers and runners passed them. 
- 
Hunk and Allura chilled at the bar while Shiro and Pidge went to dance in the dancefloor so packed it was a privilege to breathe in the midst of the crowd. Shiro could be seen in between a few heads, dancing with Pidge, both screaming lyrics at eachother, laughing and absolutely not giving a shit how stupid and sweaty they looked. She wished she could bring herself to go if it weren’t for the fact that her head hurt so incredibly much. She didn’t even know if it was a headache, her head just felt so… full. 
“Go dance, I see how you’re looking at your boyfriend over there.” John laughed. 
“Get lost, Vin Diesel.” Allura snorted, taking a sip of water. It literally came to that. She was drinking water in a nightclub. Hunk laughed on the low at her joke. 
“Whatever. Need a Tylenol or something?” The bartender asked her. 
“No thanks. Just… I don’t know, a crowd like this was bound to get me nervous sooner or later.” 
“I see… I can call security if you saw someone weird.” 
“I think we’ll be fine, John. Thanks.” 
“Course.” 
The music making her heart race made her want to get up and dance. Maybe that was what she needed. 
“Hey Hunk, I’m gonna go dance.” She told her friend. 
“They look tempting, don’t they?” He smiled, making Allura let out a half scoff half laugh. 
“Yeah.” She said. 
“I’ll come with.” He said, as they both started to dance their way to the front of the stage where Pidge and Shiro were. “HEEEEEYYYY!” They yelled loud when they came to dance with them. None of them were drunk (Hangovers were becoming more of a hassle than an experience) and were just trying to enjoy themselves and cheer their friends on, hoping this was the last Friday they’d have to come. 
They danced and screamed out the lyrics to the songs they knew, even if it was just a verse or two. They spun each other around and twirled and jumped with the rest of the close crowd. 
Then suddenly, red still lights filled the entire club, loud airhorns went off, and the crowd screamed and whooped with excitement. 
“Welcome,” Said that same robotic and enchanting female voice, “To The Arrow. Where your wildest fantasies are sure to come. Come, Keith. Lance. Your battle will begin in five minutes.” 
The crowd yelled enthusiastically as the regular neon lights returned and the loud music returned. Allura noticed that as they kept dancing, her pain and weird feelings went away. Pidge and Hunk seemed pretty busy screaming the lyrics to Blue Monday in each other’s faces, so Allura moved to Shiro. He grinned, noticing that she was moving to him, that she was syncing her body with his, their bodies so close, so close that they could feel each other’s muscles contracting and moving and so close that when they closed their eyes, they could feel each other smiling. 
“Three minutes.” 
Shiro took her hand and spun her around, and she crashed into his chest, both laughing as they kept dancing. She was really glad to see her friends and little brother on stage soon. 
“One minute.” 
Shiro leaned over and whispered, “You move nice,” a chuckle, “and you say you can’t dance.” 
“Mmm.” She said with a little smile and her eyes closed, their cheeks grazing since they kept dancing, “I like it when you whisper in my ear. Tell me more things.” 
“You hair looks stunning tonight,” His lips occasionally touched her ear, and she held his biceps,
feeling like the world was spinning around her with his hot breath on her ear. “Your lipstick looks… mesmerizing. I can’t stop…” He smiled, “Looking.” She grinned, but their moment of ecstasy didn’t last too long because when the red lights and airhorns came back, they jumped away from each other.

Is he sober? Am I sober? I didn’t smell any alcohol on him… Lance came from the left side of the stage, followed by his team and Keith came from the right. Lance wore blue jean overalls that had little rips in them, some rips so high that you could see some of his black boxers. He didn’t wear a shirt under, so he bared his muscular chest and arms. His team wore black striped shirts, some cropped to show a little waist and some cut into a deep V to show some cleavage. They all more blue jeans though.

As for Keith, he wore black ripped jeans, an oversized orange hoodie, and a black jean jacket over it. His team wore oversized fishnet shirts and black jeans, except for Flaca who wore spandex. He had a cigarette in his mouth.

“Well, Lance,” He said with is cigarette now in between his fingers as the whole crowd screamed and yelled and cheered, “Start off our night, will you? I’m kinda tired.”

“I’d be honored to.” He grinned, “Hey, DJ! Hit it.” The music started and Lance’s group was already moving in repeated steps, the beginning was pretty slow and repetitive, and just helped to build up the hype, making the crowd cheer with excitement.

“So some people want me to be heads or tails, I say no way, try again, another day…” The crowd was completely ecstatic, the four teenagers whooped and yelled encouragements like, “YOU GO LANCE BABE!” and “STEP ON ME!” (Pidge screamed this ironically)

“I should be happy, not tipping the scales, I just won’t play letting my life get away…” Suddenly the dancing got way more complicated and they moved actively and so… loose. They were so free with their body yet so… controlled. It was something that had everyone, no matter how high or drunk or both, completely mesmerized. As the song got louder and faster, so did their steps. They were so quick, sometimes Allura found it kind of hard to keep up with them.

“You know you like it but it drives you insane, You know you like it but it drives you insane, You know you like it but you’re scared of the shame What you want, what you gonna do? You know you like it but it drives you insane Follow me cause you know that you wanna feel the same, You know you like it but it drives you insane, What you want, what you gonna do…” The music stopped, the team stood still, and the crowd roared with anticipation. Lance casually walked up to Keith, took his cigarette from his hips, and took a deep breath. “Camel? Do yourself a favor and buy Lucky Strike.” Lance gently placed the cigarette in between his friend’s lips.

“I just wanna have some fun.” The beat dropped and Lance moved with the rest of his group, all in unison they moved quick and so unreal the crowd couldn’t help but jump and cheer and dance with them even if it was just yelling and jumping up and down, throwing a hand in the air.

The smile on Lance’s face was priceless- he loved the energy him and his team gave off. He went back to Keith and teased him with his body, touching his chest with his when he grinded, grazing the middle of Keith’s thighs and crotch with his leg…

“If you wanna train me-“ He turned around and danced against him, his back on the black-haired boy’s chest. But Keith’s face was something in the middle of surprise and exhaustion, and he had the little sliver of a smile.

“If you wanna train me, like an animal, Better keep your eyes on my every move…” Keith and Lance looked each other in the eye, both not planning to break their connection anytime
soon.
“You know you like it but it drives you insane,
You know you like it but it drives you insane,
You know you like it but you’re scared of the shame
What you want, what you gonna do?
You know you like it but it drives you insane
Follow me cause you know that you wanna feel the same,
You know you like it but it drives you insane,
What you want, what you gonna do?
I just wanna have some fun.”
Lance went back to Keith, gently placed his hand on his cheek, walked around him seductively and
slowly while his team danced actively and in sync. He ran his hand softly across his chin, touching
his bottom lip, his collarbone, his shoulder blades, his lower back…
Then he caught his hand, grinned, and pulled Lance towards him.
“I think it’s my turn.”
He looked up and Lance let himself go, joining his team with his arms crossed with a smile on his
face, his team exchanging a few words with eachother.
“You’ve been working here all night long,
Let me see if I can give you better,
Even when I’m far and gone,
I know you’re working for it…”
Keith’s team danced in unison, all pretty slow since the song had a slow start, but still kept their
moves upbeat with the song and active, making the entranced crowd shout with excitement.
“I’ll make you better,
I know you’re working for it,
Money on my mind,
I’ll make you better,
Eyes on the dollar sign…”
Then Keith walked to Lance, the music stopped, and the only thing he did was let out a little laugh.
The most charming, little laugh that made Lance blush. He took a few steps back
“Travaillant pour elle.”
Keith and his team dropped when the beat did, and immediately began dancing, the crowd cheering
as they did.
“Vamos hermanito!” Allura screamed.
Keith went back to Lance and cupped his head with both his hands, turned his head quickly to the
left then right, his hair softly hitting Lance’s face. His breath was quick and loud and made Lance
wanna hold him right back, but he kept his hands at his sides. “Why she fucking with them ballers?”
Still holding his face, Keith began grinding on Lance, making his body fit into his rival’s like a
puzzle piece, “She just want them dollar,
Know what it is when I call her,
She just want them doll-”
Then he turned around while dancing with his arms in the air, moving them to the music only to have
his ass on Lance’s crotch, who began twerking when the song started saying,
“She want it all?
She want it all!
She working hard for the money she want it all.”
The crowd whistled and yelled and whooped and Lance tried his hardest not to laugh, having to look
up while Keith also tried not to laugh as he twerked against his friend.
“She want it all?
She want it all!
She working hard for the money she want it all…”
The verse ended and Keith went back to dance with his team, where they continued, quick and agile.
As the song led to the beat drop, Keith seductively danced towards Lance, his eyes half closed in concentration.
“I’ll make you better,
Money on my mind, money on my mind
T-t-t-travaillant pour elle,
I’ll make you better...
Travaillant pour elle.”
The beat dropped and Keith had put his arms around Lance’s chest to go down on him, moving his hips, unlinking his hands and as he crouched down, dragged his hands down his body from his chest, to his waist, to his pelvis to his crotch to his thighs…
The crowd roared.
“Why she fucking with them ballers?
She just want them dollar…”
Lance laughed out of shock and nervousness while Keith grinned, taking pride at knowing he caught him by surprise as he kept dancing against him.
“She want it all?
She want it all!
She working hard for the money she want it all…”
Lance took Keith by surprise by taming him and putting his leg in between his and putting one hand on his neck and the other on his waist.
“Don’t give me your all yet, we’ve got a long night ahead of us.” He whispered then winked, he let go of Keith, leaving him a statue of confusion and shock.
Lance went back to his team as Keith snapped out of his and went back to join his, a grin on his face.
“Lance’s team began moving to the music, but it wasn’t something upbeat or clubbing music… It was heavy guitars and drums.
“Yo, is this Muse?” Pidge yelled to Shiro.
“It is… I thought… he doesn’t even like Muse!” He exclaimed.
Lance moved to Keith, moving his waist and hips so delicately and fine Keith felt like the entire club could hear him gulp nervously.
“Oh baby don’t you know I suffer?
Oh baby can you hear me moan?
You caught me under false pretenses,
How long before you let me go?”
Lance turned and perfectly fit his body to Keith’s, his butt on his pelvis, his back on his chest, and he bent his arms so that he held his head softly and tenderly.
“Ohh, ohhh, ohhhhh,
You set my soul alight…”
The entire crowd went wild at all their perverse displays.
Allura was about to scream out a little encouragement, but then suddenly she heard something new.
Something that wasn’t blaring music or stomping feet or buzzing lights or shards of glass or screams of excitement— she heard the static of a walkie-talkie.
The noise was right behind her.
“Found her.”
She’d recognize that voice anywhere. It was his brother. Jasper’s brother. Her vision started getting blurry and she saw a flash of a knife, long white hair, and suddenly she felt like screaming.
A lump formed in her throat and then she felt someone squeeze her hand.
“Allura.” Shiro turned to look down at her and said over the music, “Are you okay?”
Her paralyzed eyes said otherwise as her hands and lips began to shake.
“I—” She began to croak until the gorgeous boy in front of her blinked, then she was snapped out of her trance. “Run.”
Then everything went to hell.
Allura yelled to Pidge and Hunk, “Hurry up and follow me!”

“Allura—?!?”

“Don’t ask questions!”

The four teenagers behind Allura didn’t even need to push through the dancing crowd, for she was running so fast and throwing everyone out of their way so hard she gave them an easy opening to where far end of the stage was.

“Allura! Who is that?!” Pidge shrieked. They screamed at the top of their lungs, “Let me go! Fuck off!”

Allura stopped and ran back and found that there were two big men in suits and an earpiece picking Pidge up.

“Pidge!” Hunk screamed.

He ran up to her and punched one of the men in the gut while Shiro got the other man in the crotch, both doubled over in pain. Allura looked further down and saw another teenager with short white hair, grinning ear to ear. He waved to her and she felt like throwing up.

“Allura!” Her name rung through the club, loud and alarmed. Lance and Keith looked down at her from the stage, worry plastered all over their faces.

“We gotta go!” Shiro screamed at them.

The crowd was oblivious- the music was what had them going, the music was all that mattered.

“Keith-!” Flaca started.


“Lance, what’s going on!?” Jessi demanded.

Keith’s team was already dragging Lance’s team backstage. Lance and Keith unclipped their mics and jumped down from the stage.

“Go to the exit! Go, Don’t stop!” Allura commanded them.

The second the stage was vacant, bright neon lights flooded the entire room, the music got louder, and the crowd got even more violent. She looked around with her head pounding to find that they were surrounded by these men in suits. They were everywhere.

“Get the fuck off!” She heard her friend’s yells as they fought them off up ahead. They’re after us. Allura ran to the bar as few men in the same suits followed her.

“John! John! Tell security to stop all the men in suits by the exit!”

He looked overwhelmed and he tried to speak, “Allura! WH-?”

“Please, please just do it!” She was already running away, tears forming in her eyes. She shrieked, “Please!”

John did so, but after he did a gunshot followed.

Allura muffled a scream. She got to the exit where she saw up ahead the long tunnel that her friends were running at full speed. “Get out! Don’t look back!”

Keith turned back and yelled, “Stop!” So she could catch up.

“What did I just tell you!?” She ran in front as she heard what went on behind them. The bodyguards tried to stop the men in suits, they heard, “Yo, dude-” And then three gunshots. Then footsteps coming closer and closer and closer…

“Fuck!” Allura cried.

“Who are these dudes” Hunk yelled.

“Just keep running!”

They didn’t do that for too long, since after a few seconds, a bullet whizzed a few inches away from Shiro’s face. “Dude, they have guns! We can’t outrun them!” He yelled.

“Alright then, desperate times call for desperate measures.” Keith growled, turning around and throwing a kick high enough to hit the man in the suit in the temple, throwing him to the wall then knocking him out, making him crumble to the ground.

The rest of them also attacked their nearest opponent, whether it was a slick and quick technique, a quick and hard punch to the head, or a kick to the crotch, they all took them by surprise, and in their moment of weakness took their guns from the floor.
Allura did them the favor of shooting all the buff men in the head, killing them so they wouldn’t have to live with that burden. Not right now, not on such an unexpected night.

“Let’s go, there’s more coming!” Lance yelled, running to the exit with everyone else at his heels. They panted and panted and Keith muttered something under his breath. He was praying.

Pidge reached the door first and threw it open, seeing more of their large opponents closing in on them in the empty, dark, graffiti covered building.

“Shiro take care of the door and keep it shut, Keith I’ll take the rest of them down! Go.” She told him.

Keith and Allura both began to shoot at the men, they fell one by one as Shiro screamed in frustration as him and Pidge tried to keep the heavy door shut.

“Let’s go! Let’s get to the car, quick!” Hunk yelled as Shiro stuck his gun into the little slit in the door, hoping that that’d buy them a little time. They all ran out of the dark building by shooting the lock on a heavily chained metal door. Pidge, with shaking hands, removed the chains quickly and slipped out, leading them to Hunk’s car. They all ran on the streets that were thankfully alone. Shiro got into the driver’s seat with Pidge on the passenger’s side. Pidge, Lance and Keith all filed in the backseat. Allura ran to the back of the car as Keith screamed, “Allura what the fuck are you doing? Get in now!”

She ignored him and proceeded to shoot the license plate, pick it up, then do the same to the front of the car. She climbed in on top of Lance as everyone exchanged frantic questions with each other. She dropped both license plates on the floor of the car and before the door even closed, Shiro was already off.

“Oh my god, what the fuck was that?!” Lance demanded an answer.

“It was-“

“So you know? Allura were they after you?!” Hunk interrupted.

“I… I-“ She couldn’t talk.

“Shiro pick up the pace! Come on, There’s like seven cars full of those suited cunts, let’s go!” Pidge yelled.

She opened the sunroof and sat on the armrest in between the driver and passenger’s seat to get a better view.

“Keith, get the gun in my bookbag. Grab yours too.” She tried to sound calm, but her voice came shaky and hoarse.

He did as told and had both guns at hand.

Hunk opened his window and closed an eye, shooting the white car’s front tire driven by a man in those now familiar suits. The car quickly turned, giving the opportunity for Hunk to shoot the car’s other front tire and one on the back.

“Holy shit, where’d you learn to do that?” Keith panted.

“I was in a gang.” Hunk responded in between breaths.

“Oh shit.” Allura mumbled.

Pidge started, “And Allura, I suggest you ‘fess up before-“

A gunshot through the rear window cut them off when everyone screamed.

“Well fuck!” Lance screamed as they all entered a tunnel with orange light that was completely alone. For a second Shiro wondered why it was so empty, they were in the city, it wasn’t that late… Uh oh.

“Guys, watch out for cops-!” Shiro started before he spoke too soon. Police sirens sounded in the distance and the tunnel’s walls started to reflect blue and red lights. Bullets kept coming at them which didn’t get to them or they dodged (luckily and accidentally).

“Make room!” Shouted Keith as he joined Allura on the sunroof.

They were getting chased by two cops, both on either side of three white cars filled with big men in the same suits.

“Ready?” Keith looked at his sister.

“Do I have a choice?!” She frowned, sighed, and looked back at the white cars.

She shot at the front wheels of the white car in the front, making it flip forward. The cop car took its
place in the center and rushed towards them. Keith shot the front right tire, then an unexpected gunshot went through the cop cars windshield, making it jerk to the left, making the other two white cars crash right into it, making a monstrous crash.

“You’re welcome…” Sang Pidge.

“Nice one.” Winked Lance.

There was just one cop car left that Lance took care of when he shot the driver dead in the middle of the head. The car stopped abruptly and they all whooped in success, but things went downhill when their car started slowing down. When the gunshots quieted down for a few moments, labored and choppy breathing filled the car.

“Oh, God. Shiro, Shiro buddy it’s okay- it’s-“ Hunk tried to shake him awake, but he was still yet shaking madly.

“What the hell happened? Let’s go-!” Allura started before she looked forward and saw that three more of the white cars were coming straight at them at full speed.

“Shiro get UP-!

“Shut the fuck up!” Keith screamed.

“WE NEED TO GO-!”

“HE HAS PTSD!” Keith shouted in her face.

“W… what?” Allura got caught by surprise, she didn’t even notice when Pidge pulled Shiro pout and dragged him to the backseat. He tried to cooperate, but he was completely frozen.

“Gunshots trigger him!” Hunk cried.

“He has PTSD…? I…” Allura snapped out of it when Pidge turned the stereo on and stepped on it, making an ugly noise on the old pavement. Keith shot at the cars with a plan and Hunk shot wildly along with Lance, but both still managed to stop the car on the farthest right. The car started shooting at them, So Keith and Allura ducked into the car. There were more wild gunshots the Pidge turned the radio up even louder. They didn’t know if they did this to drown out the sound of bullets for Shiro or to comfort themselves. Maybe both.

Allura only stuck her gun out and some of her head, stopping the car in the center by shooting the driver in the chest. Lance shot the driver in the last car and then they finally exited the long, claustrophobic tunnel. They all let out a sigh, for the most troubling part of the night was over, except Shiro, who still couldn’t breathe right. Lance helped him and crooned him, trying to bring an end to his panic attack.

After about ten minutes when Shiro was finally able to breathe normally again and was stable, they came to stop so sudden it flung Allura (Who was seated on Hunk’s lap) to the dashboard.

“Everyone out of the car.” Pidge’s voice was firm. “Now.”

No one planned to argue with them when they had that tone.

They all filed out to an empty parking lot by an old factory with a train stop a couple minutes away by foot. They really got to look at the car that once was pristine and just like new, now all shot up and dirty and beat up and broken from the windows to the mirrors. It was cold to the point where they could see their breath in the air.

They all stood in a circle, Allura and Keith a little more away from them.

Pidge stared Allura down, “I want you to tell them the truth, and I want you to tell them now.”

“Pidge, please…” She began to beg.

“Wait, they know?” Keith shot Allura a distressed look, “Allura Pidge knows?”

“Know what?” Hunk asked.

“What’s going on-” Lance interrupted before Allura screamed: “Stop! Shut up, just shut up!”

Her breathing was heavy, and Shiro just looked at her calmly, waiting for an answer. She saw in his eyes that everything was clicking.

“So, Allura,” He said in a low voice, “Tell us your big secret.”

“I… I’m heir to La Leyenda. I’m to take over the company after high school.” Allura looked at the ground. She couldn’t bear to see their faces. “We were running from my abusive… ex-fiancé’s brother. I ran away from him not too long ago, they’re looking for me I guess… I guess they found me.” She took her brother’s hand, “Us.” He squeezed hers, reassuringly.
“We didn’t want to tell you, we didn’t want to put you in danger.” Keith added. “Lotor-“ Allura stiffened. “Jasper, I mean, is also the heir to his father’s drug empire. We didn’t mean for any of this to happen.”

Allura finally gathered the courage to look up, and saw that Shiro had a hand over his mouth, Hunk’s face was full of disbelief, and Lance hugged himself close. Pidge had her arms crossed and they looked to the right at absolutely nothing as silent tears streaked down their face.

“You’re kidding. You have to be.” Hunk shook his head.

Allura and Keith looked at each other and nodded turning around as both lifted their shirts to where their lion tattoo on their right shoulder blade was.

“This is our brand. This is… this is who we really are. I’m sorry.” Keith said, lowering his shirt with Allura mimicking his movement.

“I think…” Shiro started, his voice distorted and distant in Allura’s ears, “I think you should go.”

Lance looked at his shoes and Hunk put his head in his hands. Pidge kept crying.

“Yeah.” Keith said, “We do too.”

So Keith and Allura turned around and walked towards the train station with his arm around her as she let tears run down her face.

Behind them, they heard nothing but car doors slamming shut, a beat up engine, and wheels on dirt as Hunk’s car headed somewhere else.

They didn’t exchange a word the entire trip home.

Chapter End Notes

holy shit was that LONG!!!! well thank you so sososoos so much for reading !! Here are the songs used in order:
Song Pidge n Hunk get lit to while Shiro and Allura are all hetero and up on each other: Blue Monday- New Order
First song Lance’s team dances to: You Know You Like It (Tchami Remix)- Aluna George
First song Keith’s team dances to: Working For It- ZHU
Second song Lance’s team dances to: Supermassive Black Hole- Muse
Song Pidge blasts during their car chase: Dani California- Red Hot Chili Peppers
OKAY well I think those are all and i’ll be updating this fic soon if not my other one if not i’ll even post a new fic i’m sorry I just,.. all these ideas ,.. ,;) ANYWAY hope u angels enjoyed !!!
This fics gonna get a LOT juicer after this chapter, stay tuned ;)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!