Summary

Keith works part-time as a phone sex operator and receives a prank call from Lance. This does not go as planned for Lance. Thus begins the adventure of our dear sweet goofball continuing to call Keith to fuck with him (but not like fuck fuck with him...at least not yet). And y'know, eventually having legit conversations with him and getting attached and growing on Keith.

aka the phone sex operator fic no one asked for

EDIT: NOW WITH ALL THE ART PEOPLE HAVE LOVINGLY CRAFTED WITH THEIR TALENT AND ENERGY AND TIME. GOD BLESS ARTISTS.
Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Now with art by @LeiaMaaria!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Oh, fuck yes! You know I love it when you touch me there. Please, harder daddy! Ah, don’t stop, don’t stop.”
Grooooosssssss. He’ll never understand the daddy kink and he dies on the inside every time he says it but hey, he’s had weirder requests. The moans are garbled on the other end of the line and a moment later he can hear the man’s breathing slowly evening out. Keith lets airy pants fall from his mouth as he finishes up his fourth Sudoku puzzle of the night.

“Was that as good for you as it was for me, baby?” the rough voice asks him with a throaty chuckle.

Keith spares a glance down as his dick which has likely never been softer. “You know it…daddy,” he manages to reply with his usual smoothness. He mocks a silent gag.

“Good, I’ll call you sometime soon, okay Keith?”

The line goes silent with a click and Keith tosses his phone and puzzle book to the side. “Fucking hell! Damn it, Greg, you gross motherfucker,” he mutters. He should be used to this by now. Greg has been calling at least once a month for the past 7 months to “dominate” Keith and be called “daddy” but it’s weird for him every time. It’s worse that Greg sometimes slips his name into the things he says and Keith wonders if it was such a good idea to use his real name. He could never get
used to the whole stage name thing, and c’mon, Keith is a pretty common name, right?

He grabs the water bottle next to his bed and chugs. It’s been surprisingly busy for a Thursday and his voice has started going scratchy. Shiro will ask if he’s sick tomorrow before insisting on bringing by his homemade soup and lemon tea if it keeps up. He sighs as he falls back on his pillows, the mattress groaning softly under his weight. Being a phone sex operator definitely isn’t something Keith ever pictured himself actually doing but when desperate times call for desperate measures…

The pay is pretty decent and bolsters his income from his daytime job at the café Shiro opened after he was discharged from the military. His adopted brother had said he needed something stable, something that brought some calm to his life. Shiro knows nothing about his second job and never will because just…no. There are some things his older brother just doesn’t need to know. The phone company he works for certainly isn’t the best paying but they’re flexible with his schedule and don’t hassle him too much about growing his numbers.

Being a phone sex operator is more like being a therapist than a sex worker to be honest. A lot of his time is spent researching his clients’ fantasies for two reasons. One: so he can give them what they want and know what he’s talking about and two: because there’s usually some underlying meaning for why they call him. The majority of his calls follow the pattern of getting the caller off and then reassuring them that they aren’t fucking weirdos for asking him to blow up and pop balloons into the receiver for 30 minutes. It’s about the anticipation and the following relief after all. They don’t actually want to stick their dick in a balloon animal. God, he’s learned too much about some people.

Because he doesn’t judge and has learned to roll with just about anything, Keith has managed to build a loyal clientele. It’s a small group but it’s his. Sure he was a little weirded out at first and questioned all the decisions he’d made in his life up to that point but he’s come to take some pride in being able to walk someone through their kinks and what they might mean.

Keith turns his head to glance at the clock on his nightstand. 9:07. Sooooooon.

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“Hot, sexy locals are waiting to hear from you. Call now,” Lance mimics in a breathy voice wiggling his eyebrows suggestively at Pidge and Hunk. The short brunette snorts as she watches Lance pretend to toss his hair over his shoulder. The commercial displays a number of guys and girls who look nothing like the trolls likely on the other end of the phone.

“Idiot. I dare you to call,” she says mischievously glancing over at Hunk. She lives to mess with Lance and even though Hunk rarely challenges him himself, she knows Hunk enjoys the show just
as much as she does.

Lance guffaws and drops the pretty girl charade. “I’m not going to waste my money on a call to some 40 year old lady who’s sitting at a desk knitting a scarf for her cat while she tells me how great my dick tastes.”

“Jesus Christ, Lance, too far,” Hunk groans into the hand slapped over his face as Pidge laughs loudly in her seat. She knows exactly which buttons to push to get Lance to do just about anything so she follows up by suggesting Lance doesn’t have the balls to do it.

Lance rolls his eyes but smirks anyway and Pidge knows she’s got him. Hey, who doesn’t want to see “the tailor” make a huge ass out of himself?

“Fine. I’ll do it. I’ll ask for some kinky shit too.” He pulls his phone out and dials the number still displayed on the screen in bright pink bubble letters. Lance grimaces before digging his credit card out of his wallet but enters the information anyway. Too late to back down now. He has his pride, y’know. The service operator asks if he has a preference for his conversation partner and he answers that he doesn’t.

“Put it on speaker,” Pidge demands with a grin. Hunk settles back into his seat waiting for the second hand embarrassment to wash over him.

The phone rings twice before a decidedly male voice answers easily. “Hey there, this is Keith. Who do I have the pleasure of speaking to tonight?”

“Lance,” he blurts quickly and with way too much eagerness. He immediately smacks himself in the forehead and winces. *YOU TOLD HIM YOUR REAL ACTUAL NAME!? REALLY LANCE!? YOU DUMBBASS.* Pidge has her hands pressed tightly over her mouth. Never gonna live this down. Nope.

“Well, Lance, what is it that I can do to you tonight?” the voice asks suggestively.

Lance hesitates. Dude sounds good. Real good. His name coming out of his mouth sounds even better. He could totally ask this suave sounding motherfucker to dominate him. Put his balls in a vice and whip his dick with a riding crop. While his friends watched. Yep. Ugh, but Keith is such a douchey name. *Who the hell would pick that for their sexy time name? Voice makes up for it though…* He swallows nervously before he feels Pidge punch him in the arm to snap him out of it. He shoots her a glare whispering an “ouch” and notices that Hunk has curled up in the corner of the
couch to await certain death. Poor guy.

“Lance?” the voice of an angel calls with a hint of uncertainty.

“H-hey baby.” He clears his throat and forces the trademark cocky confidence back into his voice. He’s never called a sex line and has little idea of what the hell he’s supposed to say but he blurs out the first thing that comes to mind. “I’ve been a very bad boy,” he says dramatically. He drops his voice a bit. “Think you can punish me?”

It hasn’t even been 30 seconds and Hunk has his face pressed tightly into a pillow. Lance can see the blush spreading down his neck. *Too good for this world, too pure,* he thinks to himself. Pidge is desperately trying to hold in the laughs. A light chuckle comes from the other end of the line bringing his attention back to the task at hand. Not that he could be all that distracted from Keith because holy shit, that VOICE.

“A bad boy, huh? You know how I deal with boys who don’t behave?”

Lance shakes his head before realizing Keith can’t see him. “No, how about you tell me, *Keith*” He lets his usual smirk slide easily to his mouth. His eyes are trained on the phone to help him keep his shit together while he gets verbally dominated IN FRONT OF HIS FRIENDS.

“I remind them who’s in charge. I remind them who owns them. And do you know who owns you, Lance?”

The man in question feels his mouth go dry and sitting or not, his knees go a little weak. “You do,” he answers quietly struggling to subdue a squeal working its way up his throat.

He can hear the smile in Keith’s voice. “Good boy, Lance.”

Lance can feel his face warming and while this little phone call may have started as a joke, the half chub he’s rocking in his pants is starting to take this a little too seriously. He risks a glance at Pidge watching him in great amusement. Damn it, he can’t let that tiny menace see how flustered he is or he really will never hear the end of it.

He clears his throat again and attempts to gain control of the situation. He’s supposed to be pranking this guy not getting worked up over his stupid, hot voice. Holy shit, just that utterance of ‘good boy,
Lance’ is going to be jerkoff material for a good while. Praise kink? Check.

“I want you down on your knees, Lance. You’re going to do just as I tell you. The only noises I want to hear come out of your mouth are your groans around my cock down your throat, understand?”

_Jesus fucking Christ_. His dick twitches and Lance chokes. He realizes he’s gotta shut this shit down quick. He can’t. HE FUCKING CAN’T. By this point, Hunk has definitely suffocated in his pillow and Pidge has launched herself off the couch to run circles around the shared living room, mouth wide in a silent scream and arms flailing wildly.

Lance has never been good with awkward situations and loses all sense of logic and tact when forced to handle one face on. So he does the only thing he can do. He reverts back to his 12 year old self. “Hahaha pranked!” Lance yells, wincing at the slight crack in his voice. The line is silent and all he can hear is his heartbeat in his ears and Pidge’s muffled screams of delight from the kitchen where she had continued her laps.

“…what the fuck?”

“Get rekt, Keith! You just got pranked!” There’s another long pause before he gets a reply and he can just picture this guy pinching the bridge of his nose. He grins in the hope that it conveys his calm, cool, and collected nature to his friends. It doesn’t. Quite the opposite actually.

“People don’t usually prank call a phone sex line. You know you’re paying for this, right?”

Lance’s awkward ass grin falls into a hard line and he mentally kicks himself for not being able to back down from a challenge. Especially from Pidge. Why am I like this? “Uh…yep, obviously I know I’m paying for this. Totally.”

Click.

Lance sighs deep and long. “Hunk, why do you let me do these things to myself?”

There’s a muffled “Is it over?” and Hunk pulls the pillow away from his face slowly. “Oh thank god. Man, there is only so much I can do. You know how Pidge is! You let her get in your head and then there’s no bringing you back from the edge.” His ears are still bright red.
Lance sighs again and slides off the couch like he’s entered a liquid state until he’s on his back and stares wide-eyed at the ceiling. “This kills the man,” he deadpans. He brings his phone up to his face and logs into his bank account. There’s a pending deduction of $10.07. He sighs in relief. *Could have been so much worse.*

Pidge has collapsed in the fetal position on the floor, tears streaming down her cheeks as she laughs maniacally. Hunk is shaking his head in disbelief. And Lance, well Lance is still hung up on getting semi to moderately hard over being called a "good boy."

Chapter End Notes

Yoooo, it's been roughly 8 years since I've written anything for any fandom so yeah, go easy on me lol this whole thing started in a group chat with my squad in response to some fanart (that I will be sure to post and reference as soon as I can hunt down the source) and snowballed from there. I hope your interest was piqued enough to see where this goes. We're in this together, my dudes.
Lance is suffering and he is suffering greatly. He cannot get Keith’s voice out of his head. Not that he’s complaining exactly because while this disembodied voice telling him he’s a good boy is a small addition to his spank bank, it packs a punch. A punch to his dick.

His eyes close tightly as his hand moves furiously between his legs. Small pants and the occasional whine slip between his lips as he imagines being on his knees, a broad guy with dark hair and a grade A ass gripping his hair tightly while a cock lies heavy on his tongue. “Good boy, Lance,” made up Keith purrs appreciatively. Lance’s breath hitches as he spills over his hand and releases a deep moan. His eyes flutter open as he slowly comes down from his high. *This is bad…*

But would it be so terrible to call Keith? Make a call to him for real? It’s not like he’s getting any. His last girlfriend dumped him almost a year ago and the occasional hook up here and there have been growing sparser. Maybe he could call him. If not for the phone sex at least for the entertainment. His first prank call hadn’t gone as he had hoped and if he’s being honest, it hurts his pride. And what’s a little bit of cash when it comes to his pride?

Lance wipes his hand off on his sweatpants with only the smallest amount of disgust before he reaches for his phone. It’s Sunday. Would Keith even be working now? On the Sabbath? That seems kinda fucked up. When did he call in the first place? He opens his call log and scrolls past the dozen or so calls from his mom, his siblings, Pidge, and Hunk until he reaches the unsaved number.

Thursday night, huh? Well, usually that day of the week is reserved for movie nights with Pidge and Hunk but maaaaybe an exception can be made. For Keith. To bug Keith. And hear that voice again.

Stupid Keith.

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Alright, he’d called around 9 and it is…6:17 on Thursday night. Well, Pidge and Hunk should be home from running errands soon so if he’s lucky he can retreat to his room without suspicion before 9 under the pretense of needing to sleep. Or study. Nah, definitely sleep. They’ll never believe him if he says he needs to study.

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Lance’s stomach is in knots. Maybe it’s the anticipation of getting to hear that voice again or maybe it’s the way he keeps catching Pidge staring at him with that face LIKE SHE KNOWS WHAT LANCE IS GOING TO DO LATER TONIGHT. He checks the time on his phone for what must be the 400th time in the past 2 hours. 8:39. He sighs and wonders how much of this movie is left. It’s some romantic comedy Hunk picked out (that lovable loser) and he is over it. The gods must be on his side because the credits roll in the next couple of minutes after the main couple, predictably, gets together and starts making out.

Lance can barely contain his excitement. And nerves. “WELP, it’s been a great night among friends but I really need to hit the sack. Get that beauty rest, y’know. Gotta keep this face looking flawless!” He pops the DVD out and hurriedly jams it into the case before shoving it into Hunk’s hands ignoring the confused look on his face. Pidge is watching him with a small grin and a look of knowing.

“Got plans tonight, do we?” Pidge questions with a hint of teasing in her voice. Hunk glances at her with curiosity. As brilliant as he is, Hunk is just slightly slower with the social cues than Pidge.

_God damn it, Pidge why must you know everything?!_ “What? No, I’m going to bed. Duh, didn’t you just hear me?”

“You’ve been awfully concerned about the time tonight. Expecting a visitor? A call perhaps?” She slowly steps closer, eyebrows raised in question, her smile growing. Hunk rolls his eyes and groans in realization.

“Oh, Lance, buddy no. We all remember how well that went last time.”

“He might not even answer now. You didn’t call Keith until 10:00, y’know,” Pidge continues nonchalantly while studying her nails.

“9:00. Wait, no. Fuck.” _Lance, you imbecile! Pidge is a freak of nature with the best memory you’ve ever seen!_ "

“AHA! YOU ARE GOING TO CALL HIM AGAIN! I KNEW IT YOU GIANT PERVERT!” the younger girl yells loudly. Her smile is wide and she can’t hold back her laughter. Oh man, does she love to see Lance suffer.

Hunk lets out a deep exhale and puts his hand on Lance’s shoulder. “Lance, my dude, my pal, I
highly recommend not calling Keith again. Don’t annoy the poor guy anymore than you already have.”

His buddy, his pal scoffs. “Annoy him?! How about him annoying me?” Lance exclaims waving his arms to demonstrate his exasperation. “I must defeat him.”

Hunk raises an eyebrow. “What, why?”

“I gotta,” Lance answers with shrug. “Besides, he started this rivalry.”

“What rivalry? You prank called him!”

“It’s because Keith made him realize he’s a turd that pays to play jokes on innocent people,” Pidge clarifies helpfully.

“INNOCENT? You call a man who wants to listen to me to choke on his dick, innocent?! “

Hunk opens his mouth to say something but stops himself as he feels his cheeks begin to bloom pink.

Lance smirks. “Can’t defend that one, can you?”

“You’re the one about to call to ask for more.” Pidge laughs at Lance who suddenly looks like he’s in the midst of a stroke. He recovers quickly enough although his face is slowly turning red.

“Yeah, well, maybe I wanna hear what else he has to say. So what?” he mumbles out.

“Aw Lance, you’ve been thinking about him all week, haven’t you?” Hunk seems to have gone a little softer to the situation now that he sees there’s a possible thing developing. Lance hasn’t been bothered to show much interest in anyone lately and Hunk can’t say he hasn’t been a little sad for him. He’s so much more…Lance-y with an object of affection. Even if the object of affection is a phone sex worker. He frowns slightly to himself.

“Have not,” Lance huffs.
Pidge begs to differ. “You turned bright red when the neighbor was telling his dog what a good boy he was during a game of fetch. His dog, Lance. You blushed at praise over a dog. Are you a furry too?”

Hunk makes a face. “Ew, Pidge, please.”

“Fuck you, guys. I’m going to my room. TO SLEEP. AND NOT CALL KEITH. YEAH.” He stomps away awkwardly, arms raised to his sides to give them each the finger.

“Yiff yiff, motherfucker!” Pidge calls after him.

After he hears his roommates go their own ways, Lance hovers his finger hesitantly over the unsaved number. It’s just Keith, Lance. Yeah, he’s got a hot voice but he’s probably a creepy sex goblin hence why he works behind a phone and I will not be…out-turned on by a creepy sex goblin.

He taps the call button and listens to the phone ring. The operator picks up and he requests to speak to Keith. Thankfully, he is transferred without a problem and the phone starts ringing again. His heart is pounding in his chest and he realizes he has no idea what the fuck he’s going to say to Keith when he does answer. A cheesy pickup line? Do I turn the tables and seduce him? Damn it Lance, what’s sexy?!

“Requested me specifically, hm? I must have left quite an impression,” Keith greets with an easy flirtatiousness, a smile obvious in his voice.

Oh no, that voice has returned and is doing things to him. Do people usually get hard over a voice? Lance is floundering yet again. Quick, Lance, do an accent! Say something clever!

“Ohoo, oui oui mon amor.” Shit, what other French do I know? Why did I go French in the first place? French is sexy, right? “Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir? Ah, mon chérie, how ze stars shine een your eyes honhonhon,” he forces out fumbling for anything romantic to say. What the fuck, Lance? What the actual fuck?

There’s a familiar pause before he can continue but then he hears something he wasn’t expecting. Keith laughs. The sound makes Lance’s eyes widen and pulls on his heartstrings or some shit. It
doesn’t last long.

The laughter peters out and Keith’s voice is in his ear again. “Is this that Lance asshole from last week?” he inquires with a chuckle. Forget that whole heartstrings thing.

“HEY. Who are you calling an asshole, dickhead?”

“Oh, Lance” (Lance still likes the way Keith says his name) “What the hell were you trying to accomplish by speaking in…whatever that was supposed to be?”

“It was French, you uncultured swine,” Lance defends. He can feel embarrassment creeping up his spine and warming his cheeks. “I’m beating you at your own game.”

“And what game is that?” Keith questions with amusement evident in his voice.

“Seduction.”

Keith bursts out laughing again. Lance’s cheeks grow hotter. Cute. He sounds cute.

“Shut up, Keith! I’m coming for your job, dude.”

“Whatever you say, Lance. Can’t wait to see what you come up with next time.” Click.

Next time. He said next time. Lance can’t keep the grin from spreading on his face.

Nailed it.

Keith’s cheeks hurt from smiling. He’s such an idiot. Lance, huh. Cute.
HON HON HON!

Thank you for the response I've gotten for this fic so far! I'm so pleased that you guys are feeling it. Lance is a mess. I love him. Please feel free to leave critiques or suggestions. I'm still brushing off the rust but I'm hoping to be able to continue updating quickly!

Feel free to visit me on tumblr @princedeadend
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

For the most part Lance’s weeks have become a blur which he supposes is nothing new. He goes to class, he waits tables at the restaurant he couldn’t afford to eat at otherwise, he bartends at the hole in the wall a few blocks walk from the apartment, and he spends quality time with Pidge and Hunk and his family when he finds spare time to go home for visits. Same old, same old. What is new however are what he likes to think of as his “date nights” with Keith. Well, he didn’t think of them that way until Pidge declared it to be so but he’s cool with it.

“You call him every Thursday at 9 on the dot. You made this a thing,” she’d said. “You have a scheduled date night like some old couple that doesn’t have time for spontaneous romance between the kids and work and erectile dysfunction.”

“Hey! THAT is not a problem I have, okay?”

Lance’s next few calls to Keith go about as well as you’d expect them to considering his previous interactions.

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“Hallo, moy komrade.”

“…are you a Russian tonight?” Keith asks. He’s not even surprised at this point.

“Da.”

Keith sighs but doesn’t seem annoyed. Making progress, Lance thinks with a feeling of satisfaction.

“Have you already run out of things to beguile me with in Russian?” he teases after a few moments of silence.
Lance ponders for a moment straining to dig up anything he may have overheard at his childhood friend Nyma’s house.

“Niet?” he answers with slight uncertainty.

Keith snorts. “Why do you keep doing accents when you’re so fucking bad at them?”

“Keith, you’ll come to find out that not everything I do has a reason behind it.”

“I know I don’t know you but, that seems accurate.”

“Alright, Lance, lay it on me,” Keith says expectantly. He knows the routine by this point and he’s interested to hear what terrible accent this amusing jackass will use on him this week.

“’Ello, chap. Care to pour a spot o’ tea into my arsehole?”

Oh, what the fuck? Keith can’t help but laugh at what is probably the worst British accent he’s ever heard.

“I used your answering lady’s voice as my model. Pip pip cheerio!”

Keith can hear that Lance is pleased with the response he’s gotten. He imagines how appalled Allura would be and that only makes him laugh harder. Lance starts to giggle in his ear. He likes the sound of it. He might even like Lance himself a little bit. This moron is growing on me, he thinks with a small grin but he quickly pushes that thought out of his mind.

“God damn it, Lance,” he chuckles.

Click.
Lance smiles at his phone. He’s content with making Keith laugh that hard tonight but it won’t do for the art of seduction.

“Alright, that’s a no for the Brits.”

“G’day mate!”

“Oh Jesus, here we go…”

“Rack off, Keith. Give me a fair go!”

“What is happening right now?”

“She’ll be apples! Y’know, these calls cost bloody big bikkies. You should hook me up with the mate’s rate, mate!”

Keith’s mouth is hanging open and his eyebrows are furrowed with just an abundance of confusion. “Umm, no?” He hopes this is a correct response to whatever the fuck.

“Fair suck of the sav! I can’t believe you’d knock back the mate’s rate! I call you bloody heaps!”

“Fair suck of the what now?”

“You’ve driven me to drink with the flies, Keith. My mate, my dude.”

It takes a few minutes for Keith to process the verbal assault of nonsense just inflicted upon him. “I… what the fuck was all that?”

“My physics professor is from New Zealand mate, I have no idea. I just looked up Aussie slang and
ran with it.”

“Australia…is not the same as New Zealand…” Keith points out.

“Whatever, Keith. Did you crack a fat over this accent because I’d be stoked if you did. Fair dinkum.”

“I feel like you are just offending the entire great nation of Australia right now.”

Lance drops the accent. “You’re probably right. But how was it? I spent a lot of time mimicking Professor Coran with my roommates. It’s better right? Are you impressed?” Keith swears he can hear an eyebrow wiggle in there.

“I’m more impressed that you’re taking physics to be honest but yeah, it’s marginally better than your British accent.”

“I’ll take it.”

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By this point, Pidge and Hunk know what’s up and are just as baffled as Keith about why Lance insists on using accents.

“Buddy, you’ve never been very good at the accents but I will admit you got pretty good with Coran’s. Why don’t you just flirt with him like a normal human being? You’re obviously interested in him. It’s not like you have a problem flirting with anyone else.” Hunk is so much more supportive than Pidge. Like a teddy bear with maternal instincts. And a soul.

They’re in the kitchen while Hunk bakes a variety of deliciousness to bring to some shop downtown to deliver with his resume. The kitchen is warm and smells like pure childhood nostalgia. No one cooks like Hunk does. It’s the reason he gained 20 pounds when they all moved in together. Lance was a little on the scrawny side anyway.

Lance swipes a chocolate chip cookie off a cooling tray. Joke’s on him. It’s oatmeal raisin. He
groans and spits the bite back out. “Hunk! I can’t believe you made these! These are cookies made of disappointment and lies!”

Hunk rolls his eyes as he removes a tray of guava and cheese pastelitos from the oven. Lance ogles the goodies. True Cuban goodness on a tray right there. The baker smacks away Lance’s hand to keep him from burning himself. “I made some especially for you so relax, man.”

“You are an angel.” Lance leans against the counter and crosses his arms. He stares at the floor sorting out his thoughts. “To answer your question, I couldn’t just flirt with him normally after y’know, the first call.”

“What a fucking shit show!” Pidge hollers from the living room where she’s playing videogames.

“Yep, thanks Pidge!” Lance sticks his tongue out at the back of her head. “Aaaanyways. I really couldn’t just…do what I normally do. He already thinks I’m an idiot. I don’t have the privilege of revealing that fact to him over time now. So I had to improvise. And it made him laugh.” He turns his face back towards to floor in an attempt to hide the slight blush. “So I kept doing it.” He shrugs.

“Lance.” Hunk has paused his mixing and measuring to stare at his friend with the warmest look in his eyes. “Lance, that’s…that’s really sweet.” He pauses, a little hesitant to say what he wants to. “Have you…learned much about him? What else he does or how old he is?”

Lance keeps his head turned down. These are the questions he’s been dreading because he doesn’t have an answer. He takes a long breath and releases it slowly. “Nah. I know you ask because you’re worried but I really don’t know, man. He sounds young, or like, my age at least. Anything else, I haven’t found out. I mean anonymity is kind of the deal with his job so…I can’t just ask shit like that.” He rubs his neck absently. He doesn’t know what else to say.

Hunk nods. He already had an idea of what the answer would be. He just doesn’t want Lance to get hurt after all and Lance can understand that. “If you’re that interested in him then I guess all you can do is keep talking to him and see where it goes. Maybe if you share some things about yourself and open up he’ll do the same. Just don’t share too much. In case he’s a psycho stalker or something.”

Lance grins and looks up to meet Hunk’s gaze. “If anything, he thinks I’m the psycho. Let’s be honest here. But I guess that’s all I can do.”

“Listen, Lance! Don’t believe in yourself! Believe in me. Believe in the Pidge that believes in you!”
Pidge yells again from the living room.

“Great advice, Kamina!”

“What’s up, Keith?”

“Oh wow, no accent tonight?”

“Nah, I’m out of accents I can do.”

“Lance, you can’t do any accents.”

“Fair enough. Then I attempted four different accents. Wait…holy shit, did you realize that we’ve been talking for over a month now? Happy like month and a half, babe.”

Oh my god, it’s the first time Lance has said anything that makes his cheeks flush pink. He laughs with a shy smile on his face. Thank god Lance can’t see him. “Did - did you just call me babe?”

“Oh uh, yeah, I guess I did.” Keith can picture him rubbing the back of his head in embarrassment but it doesn’t seem to last long. “Why? Are you into it, lindo?”

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“Uhh…” Keith fumbles a little. No one’s ever really used pet names with him. He never dated anyone long enough for them to become a thing. He can’t say he’s against Lance dropping them though… His train of thought is derailed by a sudden gasp in his ear.

“I’m such an idiot! Aw man, I could have been romancing you in the language of love this WHOLE TIME!”

“What?”
“Keith, mi dulce, mi cara de muñeca. No hablas español, verdad?”

Keith lies on his back staring blankly at the ceiling. He understood “Spanish” and that’s about all he’s got considering he wasn’t expecting it. “What?” he asks again.

Lance continues with what Keith can only describe as surprisingly sexy gibberish. “¿Cómo no pensé en esto antes? Ah, perdóname. Lo hablo sólo con mi familia. Ni siquiera pensé en seducirte en español. Y nunca funcionó con los niños en la escuela de todos modos so…yeah.”

It takes Keith a few moments to close his mouth. Spanish has never sounded so good. Lance could talk about anything and as long as he’s speaking Spanish, Keith would find it hot. *Oooh, this might be bad…*

“Keith?”

He clears his throat ignoring the warmth in his belly. “So, you speak Spanish, huh?”

“Yeah, I’m Cuban. I usually only speak it with my family so I don’t use it much since I moved away for school.” Lance pauses for what Keith can only assume is to smirk. He suddenly sounds much smirkier than he was a moment ago. “Te gusta?”

Keith digs around in his brain for his high school Spanish notes he has stashed somewhere. “Si, me gusta…mucho.” He feels stupid but Lance seems to get a kick out of it.

“Noted,” he snorts. “What about you? Do you speak anything else?”

Keith hesitates a moment before he decides it might be okay to confide in this adorable anonymous nerd. *What’s the worst that could happen? It’s not like we’ll ever meet anyway.* “I uh, I used to know Korean. I’ve forgotten almost all of it though.”

“Oh wow, that’s pretty cool! So you’re Korean then? Don’t use it at home anymore or something?”

He pauses again and takes a deep breath. He really doesn’t like sharing but…Lance has a weird way of making him feel…comfortable? Like he won’t be judged. *Who is this doofus to judge anyway?*
His voice is quiet as he speaks. “No, I was a foster kid so…after my parents died I didn’t have anyone to speak it with and I lost most of what I knew.”

Lance has gone silent on the other line and Keith regrets saying anything. He’s gone too personal. Too deep. He brought up his parents’ death and the whole foster kid thing and shit, that makes people awkward as fuck around him. No one likes hearing about that stuff. He shouldn’t have said anything –

“Keith, I – I shouldn’t have asked. I’m sorry.” Lance’s voice sounds…soft. Sincere. “I didn’t mean to make you think of those things.”

“No, it’s okay. You didn’t know. Really, it’s okay. Sorry to make it weird for you.” Keith fidgets with the edge of his shirt. Stupid, stupid.

“No, not at all. I’m…glad you told me. Not because I wanted to make you sad or some shit I just…it’s…I want to know you? I uh, I like talking to you. Even if most of it is me making an ass out of myself and trying to make you laugh.”

Keith can’t help but smile. “I…like talking to you too. Even if you are an idiot. You’re funny. And maybe kind of cute.” He bites his lip.

Lance is clearly a little flustered. “You think I’m CUTE?” Keith hears what sounds like a yell muffled by a pillow and he laughs quietly to himself. Ugh, this booooyyyyy. His cheeks hurt.

“KEITH. You can’t just say things like that! I will die! Do you want me to die?! What will you do without my patronage?!”

Keith barks out a laugh. “Oh Lance, I think I’ll do just fine.”

“First of all, rude. You know you’d be bored as hell without our date nights.”

“Date nights, huh?”

“That’s what my roommates insist they are.”
“Wow, you’re roommates already know about me.”

“Oh dude, you didn’t know this but they were present for our first date.”

Keith goes back a few weeks trying to recall how that first call played out. His eyes widen and he groans. He doesn’t think he’s ever been this embarrassed for another human being in his life. “So… you called a phone sex hotline and asked me to, and I quote, “punish you” in front of your friends?”

“It wasn’t anything weird, Keith. I was dared. I had to do it for my pride. For my livelihood or some shit.”

Keith has a hand pressed over his face as he remembers telling Lance something along the lines of ‘only wanting to hear his moans around the cock down his throat.’ Jesus fucking Christ. “You are… unbelievable. And so are your friends.”

“Oh, you don’t even know the half of it.”

“I’m hanging up now.”

“Fine fine, I’ll talk to you in a week, babe.”

Click.

Absolutely ridiculous.

Chapter End Notes

For the Spanish translation I used 3 years of Spanish classes, my 6 years living in Miami so far, and my Cuban roommate who signed off on this. She glanced over it briefly and isn’t super confident in her Spanish either but hey. I tried. If you have a better translation, tell me by all means and I will update it! Everything Lance says is essentially "Are you into it, lovely", "Keith, my sweet, my doll face" (literally translated Spanish because I do that with my sassy gay Cuban friend and we get a huge kick out of it and I
could see Lance doing it too), and "you don't speak Spanish, right?" He follows that up with "How did I not think of this before? Ah, forgive me. I only speak it with my family. I didn't even think to seduce you in Spanish. And it never worked on the girls or guys in school anyway so...yeah". Then just "You like it?" and Keith responds "Yeah, I like it...a lot."

10 points if you spot the Gurren Lagann reference lol I'm really enjoying writing this fic and I'm still kind of amazed at the response it's gotten so far. I'm new to ao3 and not popular at all on Tumblr so my mind has kind of been blown. Thank you to the people who have reached out to message me. I love meeting new people! This fic is playing out a little differently than how I first arranged it in my brain but I'm into it. Hope you all are too!
Chapter Notes

Time to get a little deeper into the underlying feels, y'all.

Also, thank you to the people who have reached out to me on tumblr to encourage me. It's super motivating when you have people who are eager to read your shit so really, thank you.

Also, uh, things pick up in the whole phone sex department so...buckle up buckaroos. Although it's nothing too wild.

NOW WITH ART FROM THE FOLLOWING LOVELY PEOPLE

space-peachx

cocksutkakyoin

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Keith flips through the fifth college brochure of the stack of a dozen or so that Shiro had brought by for him. His brother means well and it's not like Keith doesn’t want to go back to school and finish his degree but...where does he even begin? The voice in his ear brings him back to the task at hand and he pushes the brightly colored papers to the side.

“Are you good with your feet, boy?”

This guy, David, is a first time caller and is apparently into feet. Like, really into feet. It’s the first time anyone has requested to listen to Keith give himself a pedicure. He’s gone through the whole foot fetish thing (he’s not judging, pretty standard kink) but the clipping and filing of his toenails and the buffing of his heels had been new.

Sure, he has to talk this guy through a handjob with his feet. A footjob? But at least he got a pretty decent pedicure in the process. He’s admiring his handiwork when the call he’s been most looking forward to comes in.

“Buenas noches, mi amor.”
Keith rolls his eyes but can’t help but smile at the greeting. “Hola, guapo,” he returns easily. He may or may not have dragged out an old notebook he used in his Spanish class to refresh his memory, mentally thanking himself for being a bit of a packrat. Lance chuckles on the other end.

“Amazing. You haven’t even seen me but you somehow know I’m extremely handsome.” His smile shows through in his voice.

“Are you now? And I just thought I was being polite.”

“Rude. You’ll eat your words when you feast your eyes upon this bod. I’ve been told I’m built like a swimmer.”
Oh. Now that I can work with, Keith thinks as he stashes that bit of information away for later use. Hey, he can appreciate a broad shouldered man with a praise kink.

“Anyways, how’s your night been? I’ve been curious to ask but dude, what kind of calls do you get? Who were you romancing before me, hm?” There’s that eyebrow wiggle again.

“Oh, Lance,” Keith sighs with amusement. “You have no idea the things I’ve talked people through. Before you it was…foot fetish. So, pretty tame night so far I’d say.”

Lance makes a small gagging noise that makes him giggle. Oh, now I’m giggling?

“Wow. You into feet, Keith?”

Keith snorts. “God no. Not like that. Only for my clients.”

“Note to self: no sucking on Keith’s toes.” Lance laughs.

_I could think of something else for you to suck on. Damn it Keith, shut up._ “Yeeeeeah, not really my thing,” he says instead.

“So how does it normally work? Your calls I mean. Do people call in and set the scene for you with exactly what they want or do you have to figure it out for yourself? We didn’t really do it right…or I guess I didn’t.” Is it just him or just Lance sound fidgety?

This is the first time he’s ever been asked about his work and he has to admit that he feels kind of weird which is weird in of itself because he has no problem acting out a scene in which he’s preparing a client to be cooked and eaten. No joke. He’s been asked for that scenario and hardly batted an eye. The guy just wanted to be have control taken away but not in the usual domination way. It had been an interesting call to say the least.

“It depends honestly. Some people call in and know exactly what they want and tell me. Like this foot guy. Other times I have to coax it out of them because they feel ashamed or embarrassed or whatever. Sometimes I just have to figure it out as I go along. It’s kind of like a game.”
Lance takes a moment to respond. “What did you do for me?”

Keith laughs lightly. “Well you opened with needing to be punished so the starting point was easy to find. I would have followed up with figuring out what you’re into.” Cough. Praise kink. Cough. He pauses a moment. “But since you interrupted my process by yelling ‘PRANKED’ in my fucking ear, I didn’t get to finish playing the game.”

He swears he can hear Lance swallow thickly before his voice comes across the line quiet and…is it a little deeper? “Do you want to finish the game?”

Lance had his curiosity but now he has his attention. “Alright.” He’s done this a thousand times so why does he suddenly feel so nervous? He can feel his pulse thrumming through his veins. He takes a deep breath and tries to forget he’s talking to Lance. “You know what you want with me or would you like me to push some buttons and see what happens?” He slips into his operator voice with ease. It’s second nature by this point.

“I’m pretty opened minded so, why don’t you start pushing, babe.”

He’s surprised Lance is staying as cool as he is. Based on their first interaction, Keith expected him to be a flustered mess but instead he feels himself warming. “Excellent. Well, Lance, if you behave, I’ll give you a real treat. How does that sound, hm? Can you be a good boy?”

Lance lets out what sounds like it could be a whimper and Keith can hear a rustling that could be his client nodding enthusiastically. “Answer me, Lance.”

“Yes, sir.” Keith feels his dick twitch with interest at that. Not what he’d been expecting certainly. It throws him off because he’s never gotten into it with a client. Something about getting turned on to a stranger just doesn’t do it for him. But…Lance is a stranger isn’t he? He’s been talking to some of his clients for months. He’s only had a handful of calls with Lance but…they’d bonded. Was bonded the right word? Whatever. It’s just phone sex. And he might as well get something out of it for once. And it’s not like his obnoxious repeat caller hadn’t snuck into his thoughts while he was jerking it once. Or twice.

“Good.” He hums thoughtfully. “Mm, the things I would do to you, Lance. I wish I were there to taste every inch of you. Every. Single. Inch.” Lance groans lightly and Keith feels interest continue to build in his own boxers. “How I’d like to run my lips and teeth along your neck, my nails down your back. I’ve wondered what it’d taste like to lick into that smart mouth of yours, y’know,” he
purrs into the phone. He can hear that Lance’s breathing has picked up.

“I’d like to give you a taste of something else. *Sir.*” Keith can hear the slight smirk in his voice and a moan slips out before he can stifle it.

“Oh, please do.” Two can play this game and it’s obvious to Keith that this is going to be a bit of a competition between them. “Take your dick out for me, *mi amor.*”

Keith smirks to himself as he hears Lance grunt and frantically fumble with his pants. He has to admit that he’s a little impressed Lance didn’t already have a hand around himself. He brushes his fingers lightly over his own bulge and bites his lip, eyes fluttering closed. “Mm, so obedient.”


Keith’s stomach roils with pleasure. “A little demanding, aren’t we? Good boys do what they’re told.”

“Maybe I’m not such a good boy, huh?” *Where did this smooth as fuck Lance come from? God damn!*”

Keith can’t keep his hand from slipping under the edge of his boxers, fingers curling around his hard length tentatively. “Perhaps not.” He pulls himself in a slow stroke and his breath hitches. “What would you have me do if I was there?”

He can hear light gasps from Lance and knows he must be doing the same. “Anything. Everything. I want your hands on me. Mouth on me.” He groans a little louder. “I want to be inside you. I want you inside me. I don’t care. I just want you.”

Keith is suddenly overwhelmed with a desire, a need to please Lance. His hand picks up its pace and he moans long and low. His voice is slightly unsteady and hitches every few words as he speaks to Lance who sounds just as wrecked. “Imagine me on my knees between your legs, sitting real pretty for you.” Keith imagines it too, talks Lance through the way Keith is taking his cock deep, cheeks hollowed, sucking for all he’s worth. One hand grips the base to work what won’t fit down his throat; the other is splayed across a hip, fingers digging in leaving pale petals of bruises. He imagines a hand in his long hair gripping tight, forcing his mouth further down the thick shaft until he struggles to breathe, saliva running out of the corners of his mouth and down his chin. His eyes are watering as he looks up, locking eyes with a figure he acknowledges as Lance and moans wantonly, mouth full.
It sends a shiver up Keith’s spine as he listens to Lance groaning in return, breathing erratic. Keith hears his name in pants, sprinkled amongst hisses of pleasure and throaty grunts.

“Keith, baby, please. I’m so close, I need you.”

The way Lance pleads for him sounds so desperate. It thrills Keith to the core and he can feel his own release steadily building. His insides are wound tight. He’s standing on the edge waiting to fall.

“Come for me, Lance,” his voice sounds breathier than he expected it to and it seems to surprise Lance as well. He hears his name garbled in a guttural moan and that’s all Keith needs to see white, back arching off the mattress, eyes shut tight, come splattering across his fingers and stomach. He manages to gasp out Lance’s name in return as his body trembles.

They lie still, neither speaking, only listening to the sounds of each other panting until it gradually returns to the sound of steady breathing.

“Oh my god, I hope you’re not like 40 years old and weird.”

The sudden unexpected statement makes Keith laugh sharp and loud and it takes him a minute to get his laughter under control. “I’m 23, you ass.”

“Nice! Same!” Lance pauses like he’s considering something. “So…what do you usually do after…that?”

Keith can’t help but snort. “Well usually I hang up because the deed has been done.”

“Oh, that seems…anticlimactic,” Lance responds with what sounds like mild disappointment.

“Yep, that’s the business.”

“Doesn’t your dick get tired?”
“What?” Keith looks down at said dick. *It’s pretty tired now, not gonna lie.*

“You know, from all the calls. Or do you fake it? Do you get off on it at all?”

Keith hesitates a moment. “Um, actually, this is…the first time. That I’ve…come while working.” For whatever reason, voicing that fact makes him blush. And he regrets saying anything because Lance takes that statement and fucking runs with it.

“YOOOOO, so I’m like your first?! Keith, my man, my dude, did I pop your phone sex cherry? Holy shit, I feel so special. What was it? Was it my voice? Do all the other people who call you sound like Smeagle? Do they talk to you like Yoda? All like ‘take this dick you will’ ”

“Lance.”

“Oh god, what a nightmare. I’m sorry, Keith that blows. How do you keep from laughing?”

“Lance!”

“Jesus, what?”

Keith has his face pressed into his unoccupied hand. *How did I just get off to this idiot?* He can’t help but laugh though. “No, you ridiculous moron. I just…it’s weird to jerk off to strangers.”

“Keith. Are you telling me that you don’t consider me a stranger? Have we moved on to friend status? Is it weird that if we are at friend status that we just listened to each other come?”

“Oh my god, shut up.” Keith pulls his phone away from his ear to check the time. “If you don’t hang up soon you’re going to have a hell of a bill.”

“Pfft, worth it.” Lance’s voice sounds fainter as he checks the time on his own phone. “Oh, fuck. Look, it’s not you, it’s me and my poor ass. I’d love to stay and chat but I have to be able to afford to call you next week.” There’s a pause. “It would feel weird to say ‘hey, thanks for the imaginary
blowjob’ so uh, I’ll just talk to you next week, ‘kay, babe?”

“Bye, Lance.” Keith presses the end call button and smiles. *I am so, so f*cked.*

“Keith, I need a favor. Shay called out today and I need someone to cover her. I know it’s your night off but I really need you here if possible.” He can hear the bustle of the coffee shop in the background as well as the edge of stress in Shiro’s voice. He knows Shiro wouldn’t ask if he really didn’t need the help and he hates to let his brother down…

But it’s Thursday. And Thursdays are his nights with Lance. *Oh god, did I really just think that?* Keith chews his lip, hesitating for a moment.

“If you really can’t make it – “

“No. No, it’s fine. I’ll be there as soon as I can. No worries,” he insists with as little irritation in his voice as possible. Shiro is his brother and Lance is just…some moron who wastes his time with dumb voices. And jokes. And funny stories about his day…and his friends…and all the things they’re both into...

Keith groans at the warmth in his stomach and his cheeks. Lance has been on his mind almost daily since that call. Keith had worried unnecessarily that Lance would reach out only for the phone line’s intended purpose after that but he continued on as usual. They had even discussed movies (they’re both horror and action fans) and anime (Lance is a huge weeb, Keith only slightly less so), food and how good a cook his roommate is (“Keith, I gained 20 pounds! In 2 months!”), and what Lance was studying in university (astrophysics which had impressed the hell out of Keith).

Keith was careful to keep any personal conversation topic pointedly away from himself though. Lance seemed to pick up on it quickly, choosing his questions carefully and testing the boundaries of what was deemed too private to share with thought. It was sweet almost and there were moments where Keith was tempted to give Lance little pieces of himself but he would chicken out just as the words were about to leave his lips. He just wasn’t ready. What if Lance didn’t like what he found? What if Lance wanted to meet him and realized how bitter and unlovable he was? Only one person had managed to stick it out but Shiro was a god among men. Too kind and too patient for this world. Shiro was too good for him but he didn’t know what he would do without his brother, his best friend. God forbid Keith have to worry about two people abandoning him.

Then again, Keith had come to know some of Lance’s flaws and he still likes him. A lot. He has
terrible taste in music (Mr. 305? Mr. Worldwide, Lance? Really?), he never shuts up, he’s kind of of a princess (morning and evening skincare regimens), and he’s one cocky motherfucker. Still, Keith looks forward to their talks every week. He’s even reached the point where he begins to push people off the phone at around 8:45 on Thursdays so he knows Lance will be able to get through. And so Keith maintains his distance as much as he can on the surface while knowing he would greatly suffer if he lost this incredible idiotic sweetheart.

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“Shit!” Keith hisses under his breath as steaming coffee runs between his fingers. He wipes up the mess and throws a look at the customer waiting for her coffee that he hopes looks apologetic. She gives him a sympathetic smile. She must think it’s my first day or something. He’s been distracted all afternoon thanks to a certain someone. He glances over the woman’s shoulder to the clock on the far wall near the door and somehow manages to keep his face from screwing up in aggravation. It’s already 9:04. I’m not going to make it in time…

It certainly doesn’t help that he keeps catching Shiro watching him carefully. Keith doesn’t get flustered at the shop even when he works the early morning shifts and has to face a horde of caffeine-less zombies lined up out the door. Shiro knows this and Keith can tell that his brother knows something is going on and is gearing up for a dad talk™. He’s got that look on his face that means a possible heart-to-heart is coming his way. God damn it, Shiro.

_____________________

Lance frowns at his phone. It’s almost 10:00 and the operator hasn’t been able to connect him to Keith. She’d told him when he called at his usual time that Keith wasn’t able to work that night but he couldn’t help checking in a few times to be sure. Each time he’d phoned in, the operator had sounded more and more annoyed when she realized it was Lance yet again. Her British accent gradually grew less posh and proper and more “bloody ‘orrendous innit”. He knows Keith finishes his calls for the night in just a few minutes and he briefly wonders if something has happened. He’s fine, you weirdo. He probably just took a day off like any other normal person does. Rational thought doesn’t stop the feeling of disappointment and faint concern from settling into his chest though. He’s come to really enjoy his Thursday evenings, thank you very much even if Pidge and Hunk tease him relentlessly. Lance huffs and tosses his phone to the side to settle into bed curled up in the dark, unable to shake off thoughts of Keith. At least I’ll save some money this week.

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“So…,” Shiro starts once the customers have gone and the shop is clean. They’re just about to lock up the building and Keith had been praying for a smooth getaway. No fucking chance. “What was up with you today?” he continues.
His younger brother shrugs casually. “Just been a long day. Had some trouble focusing.” He keeps his voice level and uninterested.

“Was it the applications I left for you? I know it might come off as a little overbearing but I feel like you should really give school another chance. I know you don’t want to work for me forever and I just want you to be happy – “

“No, it’s not that,” Keith says as he puts a hand up to stop Shiro. “I…thanks for that actually. I’ve been looking through them but I haven’t decided.” Shiro nods encouragingly but keeps his enthusiasm at a more reasonable level.

“Good, I’m glad. I won’t bug you anymore about it. It’s your decision.” Shiro smiles in a way that puts Keith on edge. Shiro has a way of keeping his facial expressions carefully controlled so you don’t always know what he’ll say next. “So, if it’s not school…is it…a boy?” His brother’s voice is relaxed but doesn’t completely hide the underlying playfulness. He’s watching closely for any reaction from his little brother from behind that white shock of hair brought on by the intense stress of his deployments. And maybe genetics. Keith silently thanks that he’s adopted.

“No,” Keith replies a little too quickly and probably just a bit too aggressively to not make it obvious to Shiro that that is exactly what is bothering him. A freaking boy.

Shiro laughs lightly. “Oh, I see. And where did you meet this one, huh?”

There’s no point in hiding that Lance exists but Keith doubts the whole ‘well he prank called me at my other job at a sex hotline and made an idiot of himself and flirted his way into my heart’ story would go over well. “Well, we actually haven’t met yet…”

His brother raises an eyebrow in response and his smile falters a little bit. “Oh Keith, don’t tell me you met him on Snapface or Grind-R or another one of those sites.”

Keith can’t help the facepalm. It’s automatic. “Oh my god, you’re so embarrassing.” He hides that he’s fumbling for a quick response that won’t have Shiro on his ass to constantly make sure he hasn’t been abducted behind a groan. “No, um, a mutual friend got us in touch.”

Shiro’s face relaxes at that a bit and his smile is slowly returning. “That’s good. I worry that you’re lonely sometimes.” Keith rolls his eyes. “What’s his name?”
“Oh, it’s uh, Lance.” He looks away to hide warm cheeks. It’s the first time he’s mentioned Lance to anyone and it makes him feel more…real. Well obviously he’s real. I’m not spending all that time on the phone with a ghost. Lance just feels like he’s in reach in a way. It makes Keith’s stomach flutter.

By the time Keith gets back to his small apartment his feet are killing him and he’s ready to collapse. It’s also 11:30. He’s missed Lance’s call by a long shot and he feels waves of disappointment roll over him. He’ll have to wait another week to hear from him again. He pulls his phone out of his pocket and dials the main line.

“Hi Keith, is everything alright?” Allura isn’t using her customer service voice. She sounds more natural, less tantalizing. A little bored actually.

“Yeah, just exhausted. The shop was crazy today.” He hesitates for a moment. “Um, do you know if uh, Lance happened to call?” He feels his ears warm slightly. By asking, he’s essentially making it known loud and clear that he may or may not most definitely have kind of a crush on his weekly caller. Relationships with customers aren’t explicitly forbidden but Allura is wary of them. He knows it’s just because she worries about possible incidents where her employees may be stalked, assaulted, or worse.

“Lance, hm?” Keith can almost picture her tapping her chin lightly when she’s thinking. “Actually, no, he never called.”

“He – what? He didn’t call?!” Keith’s blood runs hot and he suddenly feels wide-awake. He spent all night distracted and worried about not getting to talk to Lance and this asshat doesn’t even bother to call? I don’t care if I wasn’t there to answer but he didn’t know that! I thought we bonded!

Allura’s tinkling laughter interrupts his seething. “You’re really into him, aren’t you?” She laughs again and Keith feels the heat settle in his cheeks and down his neck. “He must have called about a dozen times,” she continues. “He seemed worried about you.”

Oh.

“I told him that you had taken the night off but he kept calling to ask if I’d heard from you, or if you were okay, if you were sick, and if you had maybe decided to get on the phones late.”
Okay. So…he’s not a complete asshat.

“That boy really likes you, Keith. He seems very sweet…albeit a little obnoxious.”

Keith’s heart squeezes in his chest and he knows he’s in trouble. There’s a reason he keeps to himself and hasn’t allowed any deep feelings to develop for people he’s dated or hooked up with. He doesn’t even worry about maintaining friendships much. He’s really only let Shiro in and that took what seemed like ages. He kept waiting for his adopted brother to get tired of him and leave but he never did. He was patient and encouraging, always there when he needed him and it was the first time Keith didn’t feel like he only had himself to rely on. He’s grown closer to Allura during the time he’s worked for the small company but he still holds back on revealing too much to her.

But what about Lance? He doesn’t even know the guy outside of the hotline but he’s grown attached to their talks. Lance is anonymous and so is he. Keith doesn’t feel the need to force conversation and he’s shared more than he ever intended to at this job however minor those things may be. He’s so used to being the one putting effort into the conversation. It’s his job to be the support system for his clients but with this knucklehead, it’s reciprocated. Lance has wedged himself into Keith’s routine and to Keith’s great surprise, he likes it. He wants him there on Thursdays at 9:00. Needs him.

“Keith?”

“Huh? Oh, yeah. He’s…something,” he replies quietly, lips curling up slightly at the corners. He hangs up with Allura after thanking her. Her voice seemed different as she told him goodbye. Gentler.

Keith rolls over on his stomach to bury his face in his pillows before yelling. Maybe not yelling. Squealing? Really? Squealing? Over this idiot? He turns his head to the side to breathe, long bangs falling across his eyes as he smiles. He’s a sweet idiot though.

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to get this out before the workload for my classes picked up. Grad school is a bitch. Feel free to stop by on tumblr @princedeadend. Leave comments or critiques by all means. You won’t upset me.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay y’all. I had to do some assigned writing for school that knocked me out of my groove but I have returned and I return bearing a gift! Hope you all enjoy it. I got a kick out of writing it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Lance, you’re moping.”

“No, I’m not,” Lance mumbles. He’s slouched across the table with his arms stretched out in front of him, nose pressed to the hard surface. He was moping.

Hunk sighs and stops taking notes. “You’re doing that thing where you drag ass around the house looking miserable waiting for someone to ask you what’s wrong.”

“Tell us your troubles, lover boy,” Pidge says without looking up from her textbook.

Lance exhales a long, overly dramatic sigh. “We didn’t talk last week,” he grumbles to the table.

“Did Keith finally refuse to talk to your dumb ass?”

“Pidge, don’t be mean.” Hunk leans over to bump Pidge’s shoulder with his own. “Was he busy with another caller or something?”

“No, he…” Lance feels so lame in this moment. “He wasn’t working.”

“Oh my god, you are in so deep.” Pidge finally looks away from her book and drops her pen. “Only you would fall in love with a boy you’ve never met just because he can make you jizz in your pants via phone.”

Lance jerks his head up and glares at the tech gremlin. “Excuse you, I did not jizz in my pants!”
“Whatever, your hand then.”

“Pidge!” Hunk chimes in looking slightly scandalized. He makes a face but continues in an attempt to comfort Lance. The sooner they can get him to stop wallowing, the better for them all. “Just because he took a night off doesn’t mean he’s not into you.”

“But he took our night off,” Lance whines.

Pidge makes a gagging gesture.

“Oh man, Lance you are in deep.” Hunk pinches the bridge of his nose. “Whatever. He probably has a good reason. He hasn’t missed one of your nights before. Just ask him.”


“Of course you do.”

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It’s Thursday night and Keith is pacing around his room. He can’t sit still. He’s had a hard time focusing all day and it’s only gotten worse as it’s gotten closer to Lance’s usual time. Will he even call? I didn’t get to explain last week. What if he thinks I don’t want to talk to him anymore? Does he think I missed our night on purpose? Argh, get it together, Keith, you’re floundering. He’s in the middle of refolding his laundry for the second time when his phone rings.

“Um, hi.”

“Hey, you missed our date last week.” Lance’s voice sounds off. Is this what not cocky confident Lance sounds like? Oh man, I don’t want to hear this ever again.

“I know, I’m sorry. It was completely unexpected so I didn’t get to tell you.” Keith chews the inside of his cheek debating how much he wants to reveal tonight.
“I missed you.”

Lance sounds surprisingly soft and Keith feels his chest tighten in response. *Fuck it.* “I…missed you too actually.”

He seems to perk up at that. “What happened? Not to like pry into your business or anything. Just want to make sure you're okay.”

“Oh yeah, yeah, I’m fine. My brother needed me to cover for someone else at his coffee shop. That’s my main job but I don’t usually work nights.”

“Oh, I didn’t know you worked somewhere else too.” He sounds a little surprised.

“Well, I can’t exactly make a living talking people to orgasm.”

“Hey. You do good work.”

Keith snorts. “Thanks.”

“So you work at a coffee shop and you have a brother. I’m learning much about the man behind the phone tonight. Perhaps someday I shall uncover Keith’s true identity.”

“Well, I mean you at least know my real name so there’s that.”

“What?!?” Keith winces and holds the phone away from his ear some. “You give people your real name for this job?! Doesn’t it…I don’t know, weird you out?”

“Does it weird me out when people yell my name when they finish? Yeah, a little bit.” There’s hesitation and Keith can only wonder a little uneasily what Lance thinks about that.

“People say your real actual name when they…?”
“Come?” he finishes. “Uh, yeah. So did you.” The words come out a little sharper than intended and Keith suddenly feels a little defensive.

“Well, yeah but I…” Lance’s voice tapers off, uncertainty lingering.

“You…?”

“I…like you. Outside the sex stuff I mean.” Lance’s voice sounds nervous. Not unlike when he’d first asked Keith to continue playing his game a few weeks back when they’d gotten off on each other.

“Oh.

“Sorry. Was that weird?” Lance makes a frustrated noise in his throat that sounds muffled. “I can’t believe I just blurted that out.”

“Does it bother you? That I do this job?” Keith feels a ball of nerves in his stomach and he’s wary about hearing the answer.

“What? No, of course not!” His voice sounds a little indignant. “I might be jealous but I doubt anyone else refers to your talks as ‘date nights’ and we are most definitely on a date right now.”

Keith can’t keep the corners of his mouth from lifting as he feels the tension leave his body. *He likes me. He’s jealous and he likes me.*

“You are definitely the only one who refers to them as date nights,” he pauses to chuckle. “So you’re jealous, huh?”

“Well, uh, I mean…yeah? A little?” Keith can practically feel the heat Lance must be radiating from his face. “You’re funny and smart and you can handle my charm. And you maintain the witty banter! People don’t understand the importance of banter!” He pauses a moment and drops his voice to barely over a mumble. “And…I bet you’re really pretty.”

Forget what he said about Lance. He can feel his own cheeks on fire. Only Shiro has dropped that
many compliments on him in one go and his brother has never referred to him as pretty. “W-what? Why would you think that?” he manages to stammer out.

“I guess you could be a troll for all I know but you have some kind of ‘Mean Girls’ hot vibe going on. You’re probably kinda high maintenance.”

Keith scoffs and looks down at his baggy sweatpants and white tank top stained with the takeout he’d picked up earlier. “This coming from the guy with two different skin care routines.”

“Hey! You won’t be giving me that shit when we’re old as hell and I look just as good as I do now and you look like you died and they forgot to bury you.”

Keith can’t hold back a laugh. “Oh, so now we’re going to grow old together?”

“Babe, we might if this seduction thing works out for me.”

“Oh my god, you are such a dork.”

There’s a chime as Lance opens the door to the small shop letting Pidge slip in before him. The scent of coffee envelops them in its warm embrace and Lance can feel his irritation at being woken up before noon on a Sunday melting away. The shop is relatively quiet considering it’s a bright weekend morning but Lance can’t complain. The sooner he can get some caffeine in him, the better. It’s only Hunk’s second day but he seems to be enjoying the new job so far. He’s only met a couple of his coworkers but he hasn’t shut up about Shay and how good her coffee is and how nice and helpful she is and how cute her laugh is and yadda yadda yadda. Lance can’t blame him though. He’s probably just as bad about Keith. Poor Pidge. She’s the one who will suffer the most.

Pidge makes a beeline for the register, Lance not far behind her. He gives the guy behind the counter a double take. He’s probably a few years older than Lance. Square jaw, dark eyes, undercut, and white bangs. Muscles for days. Dude is fine as hell. Lance immediately regrets his decision to not put some effort into his look. He’s dressed in joggers and a lose tank top, snapback hiding his bedhead.

Pidge has finished paying for her double espresso and special Hunk-made pastry while Lance has been ogling. He steps forward curious since he hasn’t seen Hunk yet. Must be in the back. “Hey
there, can I get a large ½ & ½, 10 pumps vanilla, with extra whipped cream? Also, one of Hunk’s famous apple fritters, please.”

Tall, dark, and handsome smiles and starts entering in his order. Lance glances down at the prosthetic on his right arm, scars peeking out from under a tight shirtsleeve. “Friend of Hunk’s, huh?”

Lance grins as his eyes roam over to the nametag pinned to “Shiro’s” apron. “Yeah, he’s gonna bring in all the customers. No one cooks like Hunk does. Is he hiding in the back?”

Shiro beams at him and Lance swears this guy’s smile could cure cancer. “He’s working on filling our case to the brim. We sold out of everything he made yesterday.” He pauses to pat stomach. “I’m going to have to watch it with him.”

Lance laughs. “I put on 20 pounds when we all moved in together.”

“Oof.” Shiro chuckles. “I’ll let him know you’re here. Your coffee will be out in a minute.”

Lance grins and steps to the side to join Pidge, who is still barely functional, at a small table.

“Flirt,” she says under her breath.

“Hey, I can appreciate a man of his stature.”

“Oh Keith, so easily forgotten. He’s going to be devastated.”

“I would never do that to Keith. I might appreciate good looks but he appreciates my charm and wit and that is something I appreciate more.”

“Pfft, charm and wit.”

Lance sticks his tongue out at her and lets his eyes roam the shop. Shiro and Hunk are still in the back but there’s another person half hidden by one of the coffee machines. He was too busy checking out the owner to notice before but god damn.
Does this shop only hire hot people?! The guy has long dark hair that he’s pulled into a messy ponytail near the crown of his head. Some of the shorter pieces have fallen into his face and down his neck. He shakes his head to knock them out of his eyes every so often. His eyes are downcast as he prepares their drinks and his mouth wears a small pout that Lance finds absolutely adorable. His arms don’t fill out his sleeves like Shiro’s do but they’re nothing to scoff at. Dude clearly works out. And is that a tattoo?! Lance clutches a hand to his heart as he eyes the ink spilling out from under his sleeve. It spreads from his left arm to his chest and stretches to just beneath his left collarbone.

“Pidge, help me. I’ve fallen and I can’t get up.”

Pidge only shakes her head. “You are unbelievable.”

Keith makes a face at the cup he’s currently filling with some sugary sweet mess. 10 pumps of vanilla? Jesus Christ. He shakes the whipped cream and piles it high. Disgusting. Keith turns the cup in his hands and reads the name. He can’t help frowning. Man, I wish it were Lance. Well Keith, you know you could always give him your actual number. Figure out where he lives. Ask him out on a date. Stop hiding in your manmade cocoon of no feelings. Shut up, Keith. I don’t need your logic. “Lance!”

Lance’s eyes go wide and he freezes mid-retort to Pidge when he hears his name. He knows this voice. He knows the way this voice says his name. But there’s no fucking way. There is no way black beauty here just called his name in Keith’s voice. Nope. Nuh uh.

“Lance?” Keith calls out again eyes scanning the handful of people in the café for the owner of this sickeningly sweet order. Maybe they’re embarrassed to claim this concoction in front of everyone. I would be. He glances up at a guy with broad shoulders and dark blue eyes that seem to be glued to his face in shock. His nostrils are flaring slightly and Keith wonders what the fuck this guy’s problem is. Probably diabetes if this shit is his.

“KEITH?!”
Not what he was expecting on this fine Sunday morning.

Keith’s eyes go wide at the sound of the voice while his mind is going a mile a minute. Oh. Oh no, I take it back. Please don’t be Lance. Please don’t be Lance. Holy shit, is this Lance? Oh no, he looks like a hobo. But he’s hot? Oh god, do I look okay? Oh fuck, he really is built like a swimmer. God bless America. Play it cool Keith, is Shiro seeing this shit? Keith’s eyes dart over to his brother who has chosen this moment to return from the back with Hunk in tow and he can tell that Shiro’s attention has been pretty well diverted to the strange boy making a scene in his café over his little brother. Fuck fuck fuckity fuck, respond to him, you tool! You’re making it weird!

“Lance! I see you’re being a disturbance. As usual,” Hunk interrupts before Keith has a chance. “Sorry Shiro, this is my best friend Lance. He’s kind of loud and obnoxious.”

Shiro’s eyes light up with some kind of recognition and he grins at Keith. “Oh! Is this the Lance?” He turns to Hunk. “You must be the friend that introduced them. How great!”
Hunk shoots a questioning look to Keith and all Keith can do is nod furiously and try to convey with his facial expressions that yes, for the love of God Hunk agree to this shit. He probably looks insane.

“Uh, yep! That was me. Y’know, making connections. Bringing people together.”

Lance chooses this moment come out of shock and chime in with a confused, “huh?”

“YES! Hunk is the one who introduced me to Lance. We’ve kept in touch here and there since high school and he introduced us and wow, Lance, what a surprise to see you here in this place on this day for the very first time in my life. Wow.” He catches Hunk’s jaw drop as he realizes what the hell is going down. He keeps looking back and forth between Lance and Keith with his eyes wide. His ears are also turning a lovely shade of red.

“Wait, what – ” Lance starts up again.

“Shutthefuckupandplayalong,” Keith hisses at Lance under his breath before Shiro picks up on the complete and total awkwardness of this moment. Thankfully, it can be honestly attributed to the complete surprise of the meeting. “Shiro, it’s not too busy for you to handle, right? Shay’s in the back if you need her. I’m stepping out for a bit.” Keith grabs Hunk’s wrist to drag away with him. “I’m taking Hunk and this idiot with me!” Shiro’s brow is furrowed but he smiles and nods anyway.

Once they’re safely away from prying eyes and ears in a side alley around the corner, Keith drops their wrists.

“So Keith, wow, I can’t believe you’re that Keith…what was that about with the friend and Lance thing?” Hunk asks looking at Keith quizzically.

Keith fidgets with his apron as he considers where to even begin in this mess. “Alright, uh, so Shiro knew something was up – ”

“Wait! Hunk! You’ve known Keith this WHOLE TIME?!” Lance practically shrieks at his friend. His bro. His pal.

“Huh? No. Well, I mean yeah but I didn’t know he was your Keith. And besides, I just figured out this was his brother’s café today!”
“WHAT? What do you mean you didn’t know he was my Keith?! How many Keiths do you know?!”

“Well, there’s one in my calculus class. And I think there’s a Keith in my English class. Or is he Karl?!” He shrugs. “I don’t know, man. It’s not like I thought my old friend Keith from high school would be doing…that.”

Lance puffs his chest out and his eyes narrow on Hunk. *If looks could kill…*

“What do you mean *that*?”

Keith can feel his stomach twisting in knots. It’s the first time he’s ever had to consider what other people think about what he does on the hotline since no one knows. Or at least no one knew. The way Lance has edged himself over to shield Keith from Hunk makes him feel not so bad.

Hunk’s face immediately falls. “Lance, c’mon, you know I didn’t mean it like that.” He peers around Lance to look at Keith. “Keith, I didn’t mean it like that, I promise. You were just so…quiet in high school. Shy. We were nerds, man. I’m not judging, trust me. Lance has told us all about how you work with some of your clients. I think it’s cool that you help some of them feel less…weird about themselves. I just didn’t expect it. The small world thing, y’know?” He puts a hand on the back of his neck and smiles in an attempt to relieve the tension.

Keith nods and returns a small smile. Lance still has his shoulders squared and his body is tense.

“Lance. Lance, it’s okay. It’s fine,” Keith insists reaching a hand out to grab his wrist again. His skin is a deep tan and it’s warm. Smooth. He tugs the limb gently and Lance glances down at their hands. His cheeks dust a light pink. His shoulders relax and he shoots a sheepish look to Hunk.

“Sorry, man. I – ”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, protecting your man and everything,” Pidge chimes in waving her hand nonchalantly. “Anywwaaaaay, back to the point. What story do we need to stick to because it’s obvious your…brother, is it?” Keith nods with a ‘who the fuck is this’ look on his face, “doesn’t know the romantic tale behind your actual get together.”
“Uh, yeah. Let’s keep it that way please. Also, who are you? Wait, you must be Pidge.”

“Wow, Lance must talk about me a lot.”

Keith grins. “Only good things.”

“Yeah, I bet.” She snorts. “He probably told you all kinds of horror stories.”

“Pidge, you are a horror story.”

“Shut it, Lance. Not the point. Just because you don’t appreciate my talents doesn’t mean no one else does. Now seriously. What’s the safe for work story behind your love affair?”

Keith glances at Lance and blushes. “Uh, so Shiro figured out I was talking to someone through the magic dad powers he inherited and I had to tell him about Lance.”

“You told him about me?” Lance is wearing an incredulous look on his face, eyes wide, and god damn it, he’s adorable.

Keith looks at the ground and kicks some stray gravel. “…Yes.”

“Aww, babe…” Keith’s blush goes from 0 to 100 real fucking quick, his mouth opening and closing a few times before he can speak.

“Umm, anyway,” Keith continues much too loudly while looking anywhere but at the crooked grin Lance is wearing. “He doesn’t know what I do for the extra money so I told him we have a mutual friend who introduced us and holy shit, how insane is it that you know Hunk?”

Pidge takes one of each of their hands and places them together. “You were brought together by a powerful force. Fate. Destiny. Me.”

Lance groans and rolls his eyes. “Oh my god Pidge, shut up. Keith, don’t listen to her.”
“What? If I hadn’t dared you to call, you wouldn’t have met him in the first place.” She shifts her gaze to Keith. “I’m sorry about that by the way. You really managed to reel in an idiot.”

Keith can’t help but laugh. We are going to get along soooo well. “You’re the one that dared him, huh?” His laughter dies out pretty immediately. Oh. Oh no. “So you…you guys…were there for that?”

Hunk has gone red in the face and Pidge only smirks. “It was strictly business, Keith. We understand.”

Keith pulls his hand out of Lance’s so he can cover his face and groan in deep, deep shame. “Oh my gooooooood.”

“It’s cool, Keith.” Pidge reaches up to pat the boy dying of embarrassment on the shoulder. “We’ll keep your nighttime activities a secret from big brother Shiro. Hunk, why don’t we leave these two alone and you can shovel as many of your baked goods into my face as possible.”

The nerves that had been suppressed by shock and panic hit Keith like a freaking bus as soon as he and Lance are alone. He’s not sure what to say but he can’t keep his eyes off of long limbs, broad shoulders, and smooth dark skin.

“So, um. Hi, I’m Lance,” the voice he knows by heart says.

Chapter End Notes

AHHHHHH. THE MEETING HAS HAPPENED. I realized while writing this that Keith’s inner voice is taking on qualities of Haru’s inner voices in 50% Off lmao If you haven’t watched that series and you’re into Free!, holy crap please do yourself a favor and watch that shit right now. ANYWAYS. I know I kinda left it at a cliffhanger but I need to have material for the rest of this story lol the next two chapters are outlined and I’d like to get at least one more out before I have to suffer through another school paper this month but we shall see. As usual, thank you so much for your comments and kudos and feel free to visit me at @princedeadend on tumblr
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

You guys are blowing my mind with the response. And now. THERE IS FAN ART. WHAT?! Unbelievable. I love it. Thank you so much to @spacebi-andpies

Other than that, quite a few people have messaged me on Tumblr to talk and or scream and wow, I'm just so happy and overwhelmed that y'all are into this. So uh yeah, enjoy!

NOW WITH ART BY THEOOOOOO

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So, um. Hi, I’m Lance.”

Lance is all long slender limbs and wide shoulders and a pointed chin. His eyes are bright, smooth tanned skin freckled lightly across his nose from being out in the sun. Keith can’t keep his eyes from roaming across him, drinking him in.

“Uh, Earth to Keith?”

Keith shifts his eyes back up completing one last thorough sweep of his body. “Sorry, I’m realizing that I wasn’t just being polite the other week when I called you guapo.”

Lance smirks. “I told you, man. And I was right about another thing too.” He takes a step towards Keith.

“And what’s that?” Keith feels like his heart is about to beat out of his chest. How is Lance not hearing this?

“You are pretty.” His smirk turns into something softer as he takes another step towards Keith, hands reaching towards him a little hesitantly.

Keith can’t keep a shy smile off his lips as his back hits the worn brick wall, Lance still approaching. Long fingers hook themselves under the apron ties around his waist pulling his lower half forward gently. Lance’s hands move to settle on his hips, thumbs brushing lightly over bone through his apron. His face is close enough that Keith can see the different shades of blue that speckle his eyes
Lance seems suddenly aware of his actions and clears his throat. “Sorry, I just…I can’t believe it’s really you and I’ve dreamt about kissing you for so long. I mean I’ve dreamt about other things too and oh my god, wow yep, I just said that out loud and we just met. Ignore me.”

Lance’s ever-present confidence fades into floundering and Keith can’t help but laugh. It’s too endearing. “Hey,” he reaches out and grabs the bottom of Lance’s tank top before he’s able to move away. “Me too.” His hands slide up firm abs and a solid chest, perhaps a little self-indulgent, but he’s left so very pleased.

Lance’s eyes widen for a moment before he’s grinning and leaning into Keith’s touch, arms snaking around a slim waist as Keith’s hands hold onto his shoulder and cup his jaw to draw him closer.

For a second, there’s just warm breath ghosting across his face and then Lance’s lips are on his and they’re so incredibly soft, tentative in their movements. Keith slips his arms fully around Lance’s neck, pulling himself closer and suddenly, any hesitation is gone. Keith can feel the pads of Lance’s fingertips digging in the small of his back and his mouth is moving against his with need. Their teeth clack a few times but it doesn’t matter because this is Lance. He’s real. He’s here.

Lance licks his mouth open eagerly and Keith is just so absolutely pliant in his hands. Keith slips his fingers into the soft brown hair near his neck and tugs gently. He pulls away but only to move his mouth to Lance’s jaw as he leaves open mouthed kisses towards his ear releasing a small moan as he sinks his teeth into the flesh of his lobe. Lance makes a noise deep in his throat in response. Did he just growl?! Oh yep, marking that down for future reference. Jesus, what other sounds does he make? Keith rolls his hips forward, which earns him a gasp, as well as a hand gripping his loose ponytail pulling his head back to expose neck.

“AHEM.”

Lance jumps away before Keith has a chance to feel those hungry lips on his neck and he silently curses the interruption. Keith’s hair is a mess and Lance’s shirt is riding high. Their lips are perhaps a little swollen from the nipping and sucking.

“Please don’t engage in such behavior in an alley against my café. This is all I have.” Shiro is wearing an expression that conveys an odd mix of exasperation and amusement.
Lance is the brightest shade of red Keith has ever seen on a human and looks like he’s trying to think of something, anything to say. Or maybe just praying the Earth will open up and swallow him whole.

“All right, dad.”

Shiro snorts in response. “Go. You have an hour. Take a walk or something. Get to know each other. Suck face in a park. Whatever. Just don’t give the customers a show.”

Keith unties his apron and tosses it to his brother. “Yeah, yeah. We won’t desecrate the shop. C’mon, Lance.”

This time it’s Shiro who smirks when Keith brushes past him, tongue out, and a very embarrassed Lance in tow.

“So what was Hunk like in high school? What were you like in high school?” Lance still can’t get over the fact that Keith has been friends with his best friend longer than he has. Not that Keith can believe the whole situation either. Granted, he hadn’t kept up with Hunk much over the last couple of years. Especially not after he left college.

“Well, he was right when he said we were nerds. That pretty much sums it up.”

“Yeah but were you like, math and science nerds or were you the kids that Naruto ran across campus because those are two very different kinds of nerds.”

Keith laughs. “No Naruto running although we did both read manga. And you did too, you weeb,” he says elbowing Lance playfully in the ribs. “We’ve already talked about this.”

It’s easier talking to Lance than he thought it would be. He’d think about meeting him and couldn’t imagine a scenario in which it wasn’t weird as fuck but here they are, walking around the park, conversation flowing just as easily as it had on the phone. Lance just feels...natural.
“We were the quiet kids that kept to ourselves. Well, I was the Linkin Park emo loner and Hunk...Hunk honestly hasn’t changed much at all. Today is the first time I’ve seen him in a long time but he’s still the same lovable guy I knew then. Don’t ask how we got together because even I don’t know how that friendship worked.”

The park is full of families and kids running wild but the walking path is mostly clear save for the occasional bicyclist or jogger that passes them. Their hands brush every so often and Keith clenches his jaw, determined not to just reach out and grab. You could probably hold his hand y’know. You’ve already furiously made out. What’s a little handholding? Damn it brain, I’ll touch him when I touch him, okay? Yeah, I bet you will. Keith sneaks a look at Lance and lets his eyes linger on his profile. Long lashes and a sharp upturned nose. Suck-able lips. Probably suck-able everything. Stop that.

Lance turns to meet his gaze. “So, why did you stop talking to Hunk?”

Keith looks away and shrugs. “I mean, it wasn’t personal. It wasn’t like there was a good reason. After I stopped going to college, we just kinda...lost touch.”

Lance nods. “How come you stopped going to school?”

The questions are getting more and more personal and it makes Keith feel a little anxious. Hunk had been his only real friend at the time and even he was left largely in the dark. Opening yourself up like this is how you get attached to people. That trust, the bond you form. It makes Keith nervous. It’s always made him nervous because it doesn’t last. But Lance’s face is open and soft. His eyes are warm, his smile relaxed and unexpectant.

“Honestly, I might not even have a good reason for that either. I just...didn’t know what I was doing. I’ve never been one of those people that knows what they want to do. I grew up feeling like nothing was permanent and the decisions we make don’t matter in the grand scheme of things. When Shiro joined the military, he was deployed pretty immediately. I was still in high school and it was just me and his parents then.” He pauses a moment fidgeting with his fingers. “This might sound fucked up and cold or whatever but I’m not particularly attached to them. They’re perfectly nice people. They produced Shiro after all and they’re good to me but I mean…it’s just not the same. Shiro was the first person I had in my life that really worked with me and didn’t leave. Until he did.” He risks a look and Lance’s face is pained. Keith stutters to a stop. “Sorry, this is some depressing shit. And also why I don’t do the whole...dating thing really. Wow, this talk got out of hand.” Man, back to being the downer who gets pitied.

A warm hand slips into his and squeezes reassuringly. Lance gives him a small smile. “Hey, I told you before didn’t I? I want to know you.” He clears his throat and winks. “Besides, I’m not going anywhere. Thursday nights and Sunday mornings belong to you now so get used to it, buddy.”
Jesus, I don’t deserve you, the sweetest moron in the world. And the hottest too. God damn. If he hasn’t run off by now... Keith feels the corners of his mouth pulling upwards. He can’t help it. Lance’s endless optimism is infectious. Just maybe...but oh man will it hurt if it doesn’t work out.

For once, Keith pushes aside the ever present mass of dark thoughts that looms over his head, ready to crush any hopes or dreams he may have. He laces his fingers with Lance’s and hums in acknowledgement.

“At least you seem to kiss better than you do accents.”

“Rude!” Lance bumps him with his hip and Keith laughs, tension leaving his shoulders. “They clearly did something for you in the seduction department or else we wouldn’t be here right now holding hands and strolling through a park all romantic-like.”

Keith snorts. “Definitely wasn’t the accents. Hilarious but you didn’t have me on my knees begging for you over shitty Russian and just god awful Australian slang.”

Lance raises an eyebrow and Keith regrets his choice of words instantly. “On your knees and begging, hm? That could be arranged.”

“Ugh, never. In your dreams,” he replies with an eyeroll.

“Oh, many many times, Keith. Trust me.”

“You are shameless.” He can’t help but smile though.

“Perhaps. But seriously, what did it for you?”

Keith shrugs and looks down at their entwined hands. “You’re just easy to talk to. I don’t usually feel that way.”

Lance puffs his chest out and grins, eyes an ocean blue in the sun. They walk in comfortable silence for a moment, steering themselves back towards the coffee shop.
“What’s your favorite color,” Lance interjects suddenly.

“Uh, red? Why?” Keith replies slowly.

Lance smiles at him and it’s almost blinding. “Gotta learn everything about the babe,” Lance replies simply. Keith’s chest feels full.

“I can’t believe you didn’t get his real actual phone number.” Pidge shakes her head clearly judging him.

“I didn’t even think about it! I was lost in his eyes. Lost in that ass. But seriously, did you see his eyes? The color of the sky at dusk,” he sighs dramatically, the back of his hand resting against his forehead for effect.

Pidge rolls her eyes. “Wow. Pretty romantic shit for a guy that couldn’t be bothered to call or visit the love of his life.”

“Must I remind you that it has been the week from hell?! Midterms are seriously kicking my ass, Daryl quit the bar so I had to pick up the slack every night this week, and unless you guys prefer to pick up my share of the bills, I need to be at the restaurant on days I don’t have class. I would love to visit my sweet little Keith across town but I’m worn the hell out, man. And Shiro scares me. Just a little bit though. Ooorr, y’know, maybe a lot a bit.”

“Eh, fair enough,” Pidge concedes.

“You did send me into work with that note for Keith today so that’s something,” Hunk chimes in reassuringly, his back to them as he works on dinner at the stove. What would we do without Hunk? Lance’s face lights up.

“I forgot all about that! What was his reaction? Did he give you anything for me? Describe for me in great detail what you experienced,” Lance urges as he slides onto a barstool, elbows resting on the counter holding his expectant looking face under his chin.
Hunk stops stirring to scratch his chin thoughtfully. “Well, uh, actually his ears turned red and then he walked into the wall trying to escape to the back of the house.”

Lance looks like a child who just found out he’s going to Disneyworld. “Amazing. And that wasn’t even my best effort.”

“Cheesy pick-up line?”

“Of course.”


“Good evening, my beautiful mullet-ed man. Heard my charm really drove you up the wall the other day.”

“Oh god,” Keith groans into the phone. “Why are you like this? Why do I even like you?” Why did Hunk just HAVE to tell Lance about the wall?

“Hey, it’s a solid pun,” he insists. “Did you miss me?” Insert eyebrow wiggle here, Keith thinks to himself. Especially now that he’s witnessed it in all its flirtatious glory.

“Eh, not really? Kinda used to just talking to you once a week, you know.” Keith bites the inside of his cheek to keep the laughter out of his voice.

“Breaking my heart, Keith. I thought we had something real special here. I really am sorry I didn’t stop by to visit though. It’s been a shitty week. Looking into those pretty eyes of yours again would have been enough to get me through anything.”

Keith stops breathing for a second because Lance doesn’t sound the least bit cocky or flirty as he says that last bit. He just sounds soft. Sweet. It makes him feel warm all over. He decides to indulge this goofball just a little bit. “I might have missed you. I wish I’d remembered to give you my actual number. You’d make my days better,” he mumbles feeling a little embarrassed. I can’t help myself with this one. Man oh man.
KEITH can’t help but laugh at Lance’s enthusiasm. *He must be blushing.* “Really. Even if you do dress like kind of a cocky douchebag.” He has to balance the flirting and the teasing somehow.

“HEY. I…well, I mean fair enough I guess. Was it the snapback and tank top showing off these guns?”


“Well you weren’t exactly what I was expecting either, buddy. I had figured you’d be some sexy, sultry, temptress.”

*Oh.* Keith deflates a little bit inside.

“And I mean you are sexy, and you are sultry, but you’re somehow also really like, pretty? And kind of adorable? And honestly, your hair is real pull-able, babe.”

*OH.* And Keith re-inflates immediately. Without necessarily meaning to, he slips into his operator voice. “You wanna pull my hair, huh? Hmm, that could be arranged.”

“Keith, baby, don’t tease me like this unless you’re going to follow through because I have all kinds of things running through my mind and after the week I’ve had so far, I could use some major stress relief. Just the thought of yanking your head back by your hair and sucking on that sweet, sweet neck is doing it for me right now.”

Keith grins wickedly to himself. It’s not like he couldn’t use a little relief himself even if he has been rubbing them out in the shower to thoughts of Lance since Sunday. It’s not the same without hearing Lance in his ear though. Moaning. Panting. Begging.

“And what if I prefer you pulling my hair while you fuck into me nice and rough from behind?”
“Holy shit, Keeeith,” Lance groans long and low in his throat. “I can’t even imagine what your ass would look like spanked red, swallowing my dick.” He hisses and Keith assumes he must have said dick out and in his fist. Not like Keith’s far behind himself.

“That’s only after I’ve left all kinds of marks on you from your collarbones to your thighs and then taken my sweet time sucking you dry at least once.” Keith’s eyes drift closed as he pictures Lance’s blue eyes on his while he moans around a mouth full of cock. Long tan fingers weave into his hair and Lance is practically drooling, back arched, babbling anything and everything in praise over Keith.

“Keith, cariño, I need you riding me. I need to see you come when you’re all fucked out, ah, ah, such a pretty face, so good, so fucking good.”

Lance sounds as wrecked as Keith feels which only has Keith thrusting harder up into his fist wishing it were Lance who had such a firm grip on him, working him to oblivion.

“Oh Lance, I don’t know if you’re ready for that ride. I can be a handful,” he teases a little breathlessly.

“Honestly, two handfuls of you would do me so much good any day. And you would be filled to the fucking brim with me,” Lance says between grunts, smirk evident in his voice.

“Oh, fuuuck,” Keith groans long and loud.

Lance chuckles low in his ear. “You like that, baby? God, I want to stretch you wide. Ahh. How many fingers do you think you could take right now?”

Keith only whimpers in response, come leaking from the tip of his dick in a steady stream.

“How about you find out for me, hm?” Holy shit. How? How is this the same guy from the cafe?

Not one to be disobedient for this fucking Lance, Keith reaches into his nightstand drawer and pops the cap on his lube. He reaches back and slips the tip of a wet finger inside himself. It’s tight but not uncomfortably so. He starts thrusting shallowly, slipping more and more of his finger in each time. He can’t reach too far and it’s more frustrating than anything and he can’t help but recall how long and slim and suited for this Lance’s fingers are. Keith moans softly as his fingertip just misses where
he needs the pressure most.

“Good job, baby. How about we go for two?”

Keith nods, breathing out a “yes, sir” which makes Lance growl low in his throat. He does as he’s told and slips a second in. There’s a slight burn that accompanies the stretch but it feels good. *Ah, it’s been a while.* He moans a little louder this time. His fingers pick up the pace while his hand resumes its previous ministrations on his length in a steady rhythm. The way Lance is murmuring to him urges him on, picking up the pace.

“Can you handle three?”

Keith mumbles something barely coherent but manages to slide a third finger alongside the other two. It’s too much. It’s too much but not at all enough. He releases a sharp hiss that turns into a rumble in his throat.

“Good. Now fuck yourself nice and hard.”

Keith chokes on a breath as his fingers start to move more quickly, rougher, with less precision. His other hand has a firm grip on his cock that he wishes Lance’s mouth was on instead. He whines which should probably embarrass him but Lance absolutely *loves it.* He’s coming undone on the other end of the phone as he listens to Keith gasp out a steady stream of “Lance, Lance, Lance.”

“Now who’s the good boy?” Lance questions, voice low and gravelly.

Keith comes with a sharp cry and trembles through his release.

“Oh fuck, *Keith, yes – ,”* Lance moans as he follows closely behind, breath hitching midway. They both lie panting into the receiver for a few moments before either speaks.

“Jesus Christ, I really needed that,” Lance says, his voice a little unsteady sounding. “How is it possible that you exist?”

Keith can’t help but chuckle a little.
“Oh man, Keith, I need you. I want you. Sorry, is that too forward? Nah, we just had phone sex so maybe not too weirdly forward. But I mean, I also wanna woo you. I must capture that heart along with that ass y’know what I’m saying?”

“You just demanded that I fuck myself on my own fingers and you’re worried that you’re being too forward?”

“Oh my god, I can’t believe you just said it like that.”

“Like what?”

“So…bluntly? Holy shit, Keith.”

Keith smacks his forehead. “You started it.”

“Ah, but you finished it. And you finished it so well.”

“Oh my god, shut up.”

_____________________

It’s busier today due to the farmers market that sets up shop every other weekend on their street and he and Hunk have both been too occupied with their work for Keith to sneak away and casually ask about what Lance and Pidge might have planned. Not that he’s counting on Lance to show because of everything that had kept him so busy during the week and honestly that is perfectly okay and understandable. Disappointing perhaps but understandable. Man, I am in so deep, he thinks to himself for what must be the four thousandth time.

By noon the crowd has dwindled down thankfully. He’s certain Shiro had noticed how he embarrassingly kept checking the door with great interest and expectation every time it chimed but his brother is letting that observation slide. For now.

Keith is hardcore concentrating on finishing up some latte art when he hears the door open and Shiro call his name with some kind of sing-song shit going on. God damn it, Shiro, you’re so obvious. Is it
Lance? Of course it’s Lance. He glances up from the mug and sees Lance holding…flowers? Oh my god he brought me flowers. Fuck, I messed up the cat’s face. Aw, damn it. Oh, but he brought me flowers. That’s pretty gay. I love it.

“Hey there, gorgeous.” Lance throws him his signature crooked yet cocky as fuck smile and Keith feels his knees go weak. Get it together, Keith. “I got these for you.”

Keith catches Shiro watching them from the corner of his eye wearing the biggest smile on his face. Big bro approved. Nice. Embarrassing as hell. “Oh my god, why?”

“To make up for not seeing you and barely talking to you all week. I feel bad for not being around for my b – holy shit, is that a cat drawn in coffee?!”. Shiro laughs and Keith looks down at the lopsided cat staring at him from the foam. Not his best effort. “Uh, well it was supposed to be. I’m practicing but you distracted me so now it looks stupid. Good job, buddy.”

“Curse my stunning good looks.”

Keith snorts in response but does give Lance a once over. Make that a twice over. “Upgraded from the fuckboy look, huh?” He’s got on tight black jeans and a blue plaid with the sleeves rolled up. Mmm, rolled up sleeves.

“Like what you see?”

“Yes,” Keith says without any hesitation as he takes the bundle of assorted red flowers from Lance. He recognizes them from one of the market stalls. They smell nice and his eyes close as he inhales deeply into the buds. When he opens his eyes Lance is staring at him with pink cheeks.

“What?”

Lance shakes his head. “Nothing. You’re just…cute. And now I have to buy you flowers every time I see you. Damn you. You’re going to make me a poor man, Keith.”
“Can I get anything for you, Lance?” Shiro asks with a grin. *Oh, I am so in for a talk later*, Keith thinks.

“Shiro! Yes, please. I want Keith to draw me a cat in a cup.”

Shiro chuckles warmly, eyes crinkling at the corners. “One latte then. You heard your man, Keith.” Lance lifts his hand for a high five and Shiro gives it to him.

“You’re quickly becoming my favorite brother in this duo, Shiro.”

Keith makes a face at both of them. “I know I ask everyday but why are you like this? Both of you.”

They only laugh in response. Lance takes his change and moves back over towards Keith to watch him make his drink.

“What are you writing on the cup?”

Keith blushes. “Nothing. Your order. Your name.”

“We both know that information.”

Keith shrugs nonchalantly. “Habit.”

Lance raises an eyebrow but doesn’t ask any further questions as he watches Keith pour and mix and then carefully draw a cat face in the foam.

“It’s so cute I don’t think I can drink it. Gimme, gimme!”

He hands the drink over as Lance carefully turns the cup around to where Keith had marked it up with a sharpie. Lance’s eyes widen in surprise.
“Is this…your phone number?” he asks quietly so Shiro doesn’t overhear.

Keith nods and bites his lip. “I forgot to give it to you last week. And then again on the phone.” Lance grins.

“Will your brother get mad if I kiss his barista?”
Keith shrugs and glances around to make sure no one is paying attention before pulling Lance down by his collar and standing on his toes to quickly press his lips to Lance’s across the counter. *How is his mouth so soft? And warm? All the time?* Lance squeezes in a second peck before pulling away. He smiles and looks at the cup again, his fingers running over his name in ink. His expression turns mischievous.
“Have you ever played the Starbucks name game?”

“First of all, how dare you speak that name in this fine establishment. Secondly, what is that?”

“Keith, I am surprised at you. It’s when you purposely try to fuck up people’s names as badly as possible but still within reason.”

“I think Shiro would kill me.”

“I mean, probably. I think he could kill a man with his bare hands but you should still try it when you’re bored or something.”

Keith snorts. “Yeah, okay. Maybe.”

“That is all I ask. Um, also, I didn’t just come by to bring you flowers like a sap. I was wondering if you were free next Tuesday? Maybe? To…hangout or something?”

“I…um…yeah, yeah I’d like that. What did you have in mind?”

“Nothing too crazy. Pidge and Hunk will be working on a project for class on campus all day so I thought it would be cool to just pick something up to eat and have a movie night if you’re into that?”

“Are you asking my baby brother to Netflix and chill?” Shiro calls from the back. Lance turns about six shades of red.

“NO SIR, IT WILL BE A RESPECTABLE EVENING OF FILM VIEWING AND DINING ON TAKE OUT. THERE WILL BE NO TOUCHING UNLESS” Shiro clears his throat loudly “THERE WILL BE NO TOUCHING.”

“SHIRO!” Keith can’t decide if he should laugh or hide his face in his hands.
“Oh my god. What time do you get off?”

“Whenever you’d like me to,” Keith mutters under his breath. “6:00,” he says aloud before Lance can sputter any kind of response. Now he laughs.

“You or your brother or both of you are going to be the death of me.”

Shiro has once again managed to corner Keith for one of his Dad Talks™.

“I know you probably don’t want to hear me say any of this and I probably don’t need to but please be careful. Even if you have been talking for a couple of months and you both know Hunk, you’ve only spent a little bit of face to face time together. People aren’t always the same in person.”

Keith groans into his hands and drags them down his face. “I’ll be fiiiine. You can stop.”

Shiro smiles. “I know, I know. Sorry. I just worry about you. You know that. You should be happy and he seems to make you happy. I just want you to be safe.”

Keith’s face is burning already and as Shiro reaches into his wallet and pulls out a condom well, burning intensifies. “NOPE NOPE NOPE. We’re done here. Never do that again. I can’t believe you.”

Keith puts his hands up and backs away quickly before turning and practically running to his motorcycle.

Shiro waves him off with a thoroughly amused grin.

Keith’s not sure what he was expecting from Lance’s apartment but this is a lot homier than he’d anticipated. He’s actually kind of impressed. “Wow, it’s...nice.”
“Jeez, don’t sound so surprised.”

The living room has real furniture and he can see that the kitchen off to the side is well organized. *Likely Hunk’s doing*. Lance bumps the door closed behind them with his hip and takes the other bag of Chinese takeout from Keith’s hand.

“Let me put this down and I’ll give you the short tour.”

There’s a bookcase next to a large tv full of DVDs. Keith walks over and crouches down to check out the collection.

“Feel free to pick something out from there or we could pull up Netflix,” Lance says through the window that opens between the living area and kitchen.

He nods in response perusing the mostly familiar titles. The movies seem to be grouped by genre and he notices a full two rows are only horror movies. Another two rows are sci-fi. *A man after my own heart*, he thinks appreciatively. The bottom row catches his attention and he snorts.

“Ah, noticed Hunk’s rom-com collection, have you?” Lance says from behind him. “He may look like a giant man-eating grizzlie but he’s a total softie. I’ve suffered through all of these on our weekly movie nights.”

Keith chuckles knowing exactly how Hunk is. *Forever the hopeless romantic*. “When’s movie night?”

“Thursdays. Although we’ve had to end them earlier lately due to it being date night as well. Can’t let the babe down, y’know.”

“Nope, no you can’t,” Keith says nonchalantly turning back to the movies to hide the grin spreading across his lips. He tosses a glance at Lance from under the cover of his shaggy hair and sees him rubbing his neck and suppressing a smile of his own.
They’re sitting side by side on the couch, food containers mostly empty on the table in front of them. They’d settled on some thriller but Keith honestly could not tell you a thing about what he’s been watching. He’s too focused on the warmth of Lance’s body against his side as he leans into the vacant spot left by the arm resting on the back of the couch. Lance’s fingers graze his shoulder lightly. He can see Lance look at him every so often but he’s been feigning ignorance out of sheer nervousness. He probably wants to kiss me. Yeah, Keith, probably. He invited you to his apartment for a MOVIE. Did you really think it would just be a movie? No. Did you want it to just be a movie? No. Well alright then.

Keith tells his nerves to fuck off and hesitates for just a moment before he turns his head, nose running lightly along the edge of Lance’s sharp jaw. He feels him freeze before he notices Lance’s fingers settling more firmly on his arm pulling him just slightly closer. Lips drift up to latch onto the pulse point thrumming in Lance’s neck and he sucks gently. He can feel the groan before he hears it and Lance leans his head back granting Keith better access. Feeling more confident, Keith shifts so that he’s got a leg swung over one of Lance’s partially straddling him. Hands fall to his waist immediately and fingers play with the edge of his t-shirt. His mouth hasn’t stopped sucking small marks into tan skin, leaving a trail of bruises that won’t last past morning.

Lance punctuates the thick air with gasps here and there relishing in Keith’s ministrations. All Keith can think about is how he wants to hear more. His mouth moves to the juncture between Lance’s neck and shoulder and he sucks and sucks, laving the spot with his tongue before biting down. Immediately he feels fingers twine into his hair and pull hard. His head is yanked away and he moans at the sudden feeling of a tongue running up the length of his pale neck.

“I want to hear you,” Lance whispers hotly when he reaches his ear.

Keith nods enthusiastically, already mostly hard in his jeans. His eyes are half lidded as he rolls his hips down hard against Lance’s thigh. His head tilts farther back as he moans again. Lance’s mouth is working his adam’s apple while his fingers pull deftly at his belt buckle. Keith has one hand around Lance’s neck, fingers latched in short hair while he reaches down between Lance’s legs with the other. Hips buck up into his hand and Lance groans against his neck. Lips move to his collarbone just above his tattoo and start sucking, tongue darting out to taste his skin. Keith can’t keep from rocking forward, desperate for friction. Lance’s mouth leaves his chest with a pop and Keith knows he’ll have a bruise but he can’t be bothered to care. He’s too busy writhing in Lance’s lap and filling the air between them with his panting.

Hands slip under his thighs and in a split second, Keith finds himself on his back with Lance settling between his thighs. His jeans are open, length straining against his boxer briefs, shirt pushed up high exposing his abdomen. Lance looks him over, eyes hungry, fingers trailing lightly down his chest. Keith can’t look away as Lance slides lower down his body, just the slightest amount of friction pulling a shuddering groan from his throat. Lance runs his tongue over a hipbone and then across his stomach along the edge of his underwear to his other hip, eyes locked on his, and it’s just so lewd.
Keith can’t help but shiver at the sensation of Lance’s chin only just brushing the tip of his already leaking cock.

“I’m gonna take real good care of you, baby.” Lance’s voice is deep and Keith has to bite his lip. He’s going to have him begging for sure at this rate.

In the 5 seconds before Keith is about to get his dick blissfully sucked, four things occur:

1. The front door opens with a bang
2. Lance launches himself away from Keith so suddenly and violently that he manages to flip the coffee table and send leftover Chinese food flying to the carpet
3. Keith almost catches his woefully unsucked and rapidly softening cock in his zipper as he hurriedly tries to make himself decent
4. Hunk and Pidge stand in the doorway looking both exhausted and horrified although Pidge also looks about ready to howl with laughter at the spectacle they’ve walked in on

For another few seconds, everyone just kind of looks at each other unsure of how to dissipate the incredible levels of awkward. Keith regains his composure first and mumbles a quick “hey guys” and “okay, well, I need to get going so I’ll talk to you later” before making a beeline for the door and avoiding eye contact as Hunk and Pidge step to the side to let him by.

“Uh, bye, Keith!” Hunk calls after him before closing the door slowly.

Lance finally seems to realize that Keith has left and he just got cockblocked in the most embarrassing way by his closest friends. “YOU GUYS COULDN’T HAVE TEXTED ME OR CALLED ME TO TELL ME YOU WERE ON THE WAY?!” He’s still sprawled out on the floor surrounded by a mess of noodles and leftover wontons. “I would have sucked dick a whole lot quicker!”

“Lance, man, c’mon,” Hunk groans. “On the couch? On the communal couch where we all sit and bond for movie night?”

“These things are out of my control, Hunk, my dude. I can’t always tell where the mood will strike.”

“Wow, he really made a run for it though. Holy shit,” Pidge chuckles. “He was totally mortified. I almost feel kind of bad.”

“You should! Look what you did. You made him forget his jacket,” Lance laments gesturing
towards the red and white motorcycle jacket draped over the back of the nearly tainted couch.

Pidge shrugs. “Use it as an excuse to see him again soon. Go get the D, Lance.”

Lance pauses and his eyebrows raise in realization. “That...is not a bad idea. I’m still mad at you but good thinking, gremlin.”

“You’re welcome. Also, we did text you. Check your phone, idiot.”

Chapter End Notes

I've gotten some really great comments with thoughts and critiques and I always like those. I write because I want to but I also want people to enjoy it so by all means, let me know your thoughts and feelings and all that good stuff. As usual, don't be afraid to come talk to me @princedeadend. I'm chill as hell and always happy to talk. Ignore my lack of an actual theme because I suck ass at that stuff and can't really be bothered all that much.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

SO. HELLO. WELCOME. You may have noticed that the tags for this fic have been edited to reflect, ahem, developments. If you didn’t notice, go ahead and take a look, I’ll wait. I’m gonna be honest with y’all. I actually heavily questioned changing the rating to Explicit but I think I’ve got it covered with the tags and the Mature rating and it’s really not that explicit. I think it’s just been a while since I wrote anything remotely smutty. If you’re not into that (yo, why are you reading a phone sex fic in the first place? lol) you can probably skip this chapter without missing too much plot-wise but you will miss my idiotic humor. Choose wisely. ENJOY. I HOPE.

NOW WITH ART BY the-jai-walker

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first night Lance had Keith’s number, he had managed to convince him to download snapchat.

“You do know that I’m never going to use this, right?” he’d said. It hadn’t seemed to matter though.

“That’s cool. But I do. Do it for the candid of photos of me throughout the day!”

“Ugh, fine.”

So far he’s been the recipient of 11 selfies. Two with Hunk smiling warmly and one with an irritated Pidge flipping off the camera.

“You say you’re not into it but I see you screenshot every photo.”

“I do not screenshot every photo.”

“Only the ones with me, right?”

“…shut up.”
Keith is in between calls on Thursday evening as he goes through Lance’s story as well as the individual shots he’d been sent specifically. Lance has been relentless today. There’s the sky, a video of things along the road flying by while some crappy radio pop garbage plays in the background, a post shower selfie where Lance is standing in front of the bathroom mirror, blue towel hanging low on his hips, wet hair plastered to his head, and a confident grin on his lips. Yeah, Keith had definitely saved that one.

He’s startled out of his ogling when his phone rings.

“I knew you’d like that shower pic. I couldn’t resist.”

“Lance? You have my actual number now. You know you’re paying for this right?”

“Oh, I know. But I like calling here. Keeps you from flirting with other people during our date time. Besides, I have responsibilities now. I gotta support my boyfriend somehow, don’t I?”

Keith freezes at the title, heart pounding in his chest. Lance seems to sense the unease and is debating if he needs to enter damage control mode or not. Had he made a mistake?

“Uh, oh, I didn’t mean to assume that that’s what we were, um, I mean, unless you want to? If you don’t though, that’s cool. We don’t have to be anything. I just thought that, well y’know, I thought we were maybe a…a thing,” he finishes somewhat timidly.

Keith swallows. He’s not really good at this part of dating. Mostly tries to avoid the talk but with Lance, well, it’s not like he doesn’t want it. His pulse is thrumming in his ears and his heart aches but in a full way as opposed to the broken way. Inner fucked up-ness be damned.

“No, um, no it’s…yeah. I want to be a uh, a thing,” he responds quietly.

“Really?!” Keith can hear the sheer joy in Lance’s voice and can’t help but smile. “Oh, thank god, this could have been so fucking awkward,” Lance continues.

“What – ‘ Keith begins before he hears a notification in his ear. “Are you seriously snapchatting me right now?”
“Yep.” Lance sounds…smug.

Keith rolls his eyes and opens the photo. It’s Lance lying on his back with nothing on. Almost nothing.

“Are you…wearing my jacket?”

“Yep.”

Another notification. This time the photo is angled lower. Keith can clearly see the defined V of Lance’s brown hips and a sparse trail of hair but no sign of anything else.

“Are you wearing only my jacket?”

“Yep.” Keith can hear that smirk just oozing across the line but finds he can’t respond because whoa,
his mouth is dry as the desert. “I saw you save that shit.”

“Shut up,” he manages to exhale into the phone. He hears Lance take a deep breath and release it with a shuddering exhale. “Wait, did you just…sniff it?”

“No. Maybe. I can’t help it, you smell so damn good, Keith.” Lance moans softly. “Jesus, I want you to fuck me in this jacket.”

Keith groans and a hand slips into his sweatpants automatically. “Ah, whatever you need, babe.”

“Hng, and you called me babe. Mm, yes…I want you to wear those gloves you had on too.”

“Well, well well, look at this kink coming out. Finally behaving like a real client,” Keith teases as he smirks into the phone.

“Oh, you have no idea. You’re in for a real treat.”

“Fucking hell, Lance,” Keith growls into the receiver as he curls into himself and comes across his chest. He hears Lance practically choke out a sob following close behind. They lie there listening to each other pant until Lance breaks the silence as usual.

“Seriously though, what cologne is this?” He hears Lance take another few huffs.

“Uh, I dunno. Something Shiro buys me every year for Christmas. Comes in a bottle shaped like a dude. I have to fondle glass bulge when I put it on.”

“Wow. Gaultier, huh? Shiro has good taste, man. Better watch out. He’s holding his own in this battle of the brothers.”

“Eh, I’m not too worried.”
“Oh yeah? Why’s that?”

“It certainly wasn’t Shiro’s name you were moaning five minutes ago.”

“…well you got me there, Keith.”

Lance: I need u to send me Keiths address. Its an emergency!!

Hunk: Uh, sorry man, I don’t know it. Is Keith okay? He doesn’t work today. Do I need to tell Shiro something’s wrong?!

Lance: No NO. As far as i know hes fine. I got out of class early and i wanted to surprise him but i need his address!!! ! Isnt is written somewhere in the coffee shop??! Can u find it?! DIG OUT HIS W2 FORM MAN

Hunk: Ok, 1. I think that’s illegal 2. no. Just come by and ask Shiro dude

Lance: Why do u hate me? ?? :(  
Lance: He knows im into his little bro. U really think hes going to give me his address without a lecture?? Keith has warned me already!!!

Hunk: Then just come get it over with bud

Lance: Ugh i guess ur right…

To say that Lance was nervous would be an understatement. Of course Pidge had insisted on tagging along under the pretense of acquiring delicious coffee and Hunk treats but in actuality, she was definitely there to witness The Reckoning of Shiro™.
“So how many quests do you think he’s going to make you complete before he gives you Keith’s address?” Pidge asks as she slams the car door. “Whoa, how many before he offers you Keith’s hand in marriage?”

“Oh my god, Pidge. Shut it. I can’t wait to leave you with Hunk.”

The café is a little busier than Lance has seen it but not overwhelmingly so thankfully. He lets Pidge get her order in first before he makes his special request.

“Hey, Shiro! Can I get a small hot chocolate with a side of Keith’s address, please?” I hope that sounded smooth. Was it smooth?

Shiro raises an eyebrow as he enters his order looking amused. “And why can’t you get that information from Keith?”

“Because Keith knows what a troublemaker this one is. I live with him and I wish he didn’t know my address,” Pidge contributes helpfully. Lance sticks his tongue out at her.

“I would never cause Keith trouble.” Pidge snorts. “He left his jacket at our place the other day so I thought I’d return it and surprise him with dinner or something.”

“Hunk, Shay, can you two stop making googley eyes at each other long enough to handle any customers while I talk with Lance?” They both flush crimson but nod. “Good,” he smiles warmly as he turns his attention to Lance. Oh man, Lance here it comes. The big brother talking to. He’s probably going to threaten to break your kneecaps. Oh god oh god.

Lance manages to reign in his thoughts slightly and smiles in return. How do you not smile back at this guy? Look at him! He is a precious cinnamon roll. A cinnamon roll that could destroy you. Shiro guides them to a small table in the corner and gestures for him to take a seat.

“I can tell you make Keith happy,” he starts. “I don’t know what he’s told you but uh, it’s been hard. He’s slow to trust and quick to cut ties. I don’t mean he’s heartless by any means. He’s just afraid of getting hurt. And if you do hurt him,” Shiro’s eyes go dark, his face serious, “as his older brother, I’m sworn to defend his honor by the official brother code of conduct.”
Lance swallows thickly and nods. “Hey, as one of six kids, I understand. But, he makes me happy too. He’s told me some things about his past and I can’t imagine what that must have been like but I don’t want him to ever feel like that again.” He fiddles with his fingers under the table and feels his face warming but he doesn’t look away from Shiro. He wants to make sure big bro knows he’s serious.

Shiro’s expression softens and he hums thoughtfully. “Alright, kiddo.” He stands and goes to the counter to retrieve a notepad and a pen. Lance shoots Pidge finger guns and a wink across the shop. Pidge snorts around her blueberry muffin and shakes her head.

Shiro returns to the table with a scrap of paper, an address printed neatly in black ink.

Lance can’t help but grin. “Thanks, Shiro. You’re edging out Keith for the title of best brother again.” He turns to leave but stops to ask just one more question. “Hey, uh, what’s Keith’s favorite kind of pizza?”

“Sausage,” Shiro replies without any hesitation.

It takes everything within Lance not to make some kind of snarky innuendo. It physically pains him. Pidge on the other hand is sitting wide-eyed, choking on a piece of muffin, and pounding her chest furiously.

Shiro springs into action first and starts clapping her on the back. “Pidge, are you okay?”

She puts a hand up as she swallows down her mouthful. “Never been better,” she wheezes, eyes watering.

“Jesus. All right, well I have a pizza to order and a jacket to return. Thanks again, Shiro!”

“Hey, Lance?” Shiro calls. “I think you’re really good for him.” He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his wallet. “Just be safe, alright?” he says with a mischievous smile before he pulls out a condom.

If Lance felt like he was going to have a breakdown when he first walked in here, he isn’t sure how to feel about Keith’s protective older brother discreetly slipping a condom into the pocket of his jacket now. He can’t move and he’s fairly certain his face has never been the color it is in this
moment. Shiro pats his pocket twice before stepping back and waving.

“Uh…oh god,” Lance stammers out before he turns on his heel and walks awkwardly out the door, legs stiff and arms pin straight.

Shiro chuckles to himself. “Oh man, that was even better than Keith’s reaction.”

“I think you broke him,” Hunk says from behind the counter.

“Holy shit, Shiro, I love you. I don’t care what Lance says, you’re my favorite brother,” Pidge manages to get out between giggles.

_____________________

“Bzz bzz”

Keith pulls his phone away from his ear at the notification. He’s in the middle of a call with Greg but he can’t hold back a smile when he sees a message from Lance.

Lance: Hey i hope this isn’t super fucking creepy but i’m outside ur door

Scratch that. Smile gone. There’s no way… He practically leaps off his bed and heads immediately for his front door. He puts his eye to the peephole and yup, there’s Lance. Oh my god.

Keith: ?!!!!? How did you even find my house!?

Lance: Shiro…

God damn it, Shiro.

Lance: Cmon babe~ lemme in
Keith: I’M WORKING

Lance: Well now u HAVE to let me in

Keith: NEVER

Lance: I’ve heard u work but now i wanna see u work ;D

That’s…kinda hot. No, Keith! Bad! Hey, he came all the way over here and he probably got a Talk from Shiro. The poor guy has suffered enough. Just let him in. It could be fun. I’m going to get fired. Nah, it’s just Greg. Fuck Greg. Fair enough.

Keith: …

Keith: Don’t open your big fucking mouth

Lance: I know something i could do to keep it busy ;D

Keith groans involuntarily but thankfully, that’s not an unusual noise for his line of work. Jesus fucking Christ.

Keith: SILENCE!!

Keith unlocks and opens his door to find Lance standing there, his jacket hanging from its neck on Lance’s finger on one hand and a pizza box balancing on the other. He’s wearing that crooked grin and has one eyebrow cocked way up.

“Did someone order a large sausage? Oh, and a pizza too, I guess,” Lance whispers suggestively.

Keith closes his eyes and sighs before he takes a step back and beckons for Lance to come in. “Not a word,” he mouths as he snatches his jacket and drapes it over a chair near the door.
“Yes daddy, of course everything’s okay,” he says into the phone.

Keith swears Lance must have just given himself whiplash and that confident grin? Gone. Long gone. This time it’s Keith who smirks while he waits for Lance to pick his jaw up off the floor. He shrugs and raises one hand, palm facing the ceiling, as his face slips into an expression of feigned innocence.

“Greg?” he mouths to Keith. Keith nods and flops back on the foot of his bed. Lance lets his eyes linger on Keith’s bare legs, noticing for the first time that he’s only in boxers and a t-shirt. He puts the pizza on the kitchen table and removes his jacket as he looks around.

Keith’s apartment is a small studio so there isn’t too much to look at. The kitchen is simple and mostly bare. Hunk would be appalled. There’s a table with two chairs, a stack of bills and college brochures on the table. Lance thumbs through them and catches a flyer for his own school among them. There’s a bookcase stuffed with notebooks and papers, knickknacks and comics next to a small loveseat. Keith’s bed is the largest piece of furniture in the whole apartment. There’s a puzzle book on the nightstand, which Lance finds incredibly endearing. He lets his eyes wander over him while Keith murmurs to “daddy” urging him on, eyes lingering on the bare skin of the stomach he’d tasted only recently. He notices how terribly blasé Keith looks even as he’s begging to be fucked harder. Damn, I wonder if he looked that bored talking to me. Regardless of his facial expressions, his voice is doing it for Lance. He can’t help it. He is weak for Keith’s voice. Has been from the beginning. Time to play.

Lance crosses the room and crawls on to the bed so that he straddles Keith’s hips. The owner of these banging hips is suddenly staring at him with wide eyes and a furrowed brow. Lance runs his fingers up under the edge of Keith’s shirt, pushing it high up on his chest. The living room had been dim the other night when he’d had Keith in a similar position but now he’s able to admire the firm torso, rippled with hints of muscle, hipbones jutting sharply, creating shallow dips Lance presses his thumbs into. Keith shivers beneath his touch and his voice falters on the phone. Lance only grins and leans down to suck small marks into hard chest before his teeth graze across a hardened nipple. Keith arches into the touch gasping softly but smacks the back of Lance’s head. Lance snickers and pulls away to look at Keith’s face.

“Stop that,” he hisses, phone pressed into his shoulder so Greg can’t hear.

Lance cocks an eyebrow, a devious look on his face. He rolls his groin forward and leans back down to press his lips to Keith’s ear. “You sure about that?” His voice is a hot breath that makes Keith’s hips tilt into his and press hard. He manages to keep from groaning low and releases a shuddering gasp into black hair. “Guess not,” he exhalas.
Lance slides his body down, noticing the growing hardness in Keith’s boxers as he moves, until his knees hit the floor at the foot of the bed. His hands hook around the back of Keith’s calves below the knee and jerk him forward so his lower half rests at the edge of the mattress. Keith lets out a surprised yelp that he disguises with a moan.

Keith moves his phone away from his ear and starts furiously typing something. Lance’s phone vibrates in his pocket. He rests his cheek against Keith’s bare thigh while he fishes it out.

**Keith: WHAT ARE YOU DOING??!**

Lance chuckles quietly and grins. “I’m just finishing what I started, babe. Let me take care of you,” he whispers before licking a stripe down the underside of Keith’s leg without breaking eye contact. Keith can’t help but moan in response and Lance hears an echoing moan from the phone at his ear. He snorts. “You are going to make so much more money thanks to me,” he murmurs, kissing the tender skin on his other thigh lightly.

He slips his arms under Keith’s knees so they rest on his shoulders. His hands roam across the smooth skin of Keith’s hips and sides, stroking lightly, causing Keith’s breath to shudder out of him in response. Lance turns his head to the side and nips at the soft flesh of inner thigh before slipping his tongue into the crease of Keith’s knee. His dick bounces underneath his loose boxers and Lance grins, eyes hungry. He leans forward, nosing at the outline of his length growing harder by the second. Lance breathes hot against the mass, lips brushing ever so lightly until he reaches the tip. There’s a wet spot already that Lance doesn’t hesitate to rake his tongue over ever so slowly, teasingly.

Keith’s legs are long and slender, all muscle, and spread wide in a lewd display. He glances up, eyes locking on glazed purple as Keith bites his bottom lip. “Please, “ Keith whimpers. “Please,” breathes again. *What kind of monster would I be to deny this beauty?*

Lance slips his fingers under the edge of his boxers and pulls them down. He feels Keith’s heels dig into his back as he lifts his hips. Keith looks away and closes his eyes, focusing on his client and Lance can’t help but feel a twinge of competitive jealously. He’d told Keith that he didn’t mind that he does this job and he hadn’t been lying. It really doesn’t bother him. In this moment though, it’s a game to see how long it takes him to break Keith’s concentration.

He removes Keith’s legs from his shoulders to toss the boxers to the side and rises to reach over and grab a pillow from the head of the bed. He lifts Keith’s hips just high enough to slide it under his lower back to prop him up and resumes his position between toned thighs.
At this point, Lance has no patience to tease. None. Not with the way Keith is pleading with his eyes, biting indents into his lower lip, and pulling him forward towards his already leaking cock with his legs. Lance easily complies, a smirk playing at his lips. In one swift move, he licks a trail from the base to the tip before taking Keith into his mouth completely. Keith jerks up into wet heat and groans loudly.

“God, yes…”

Lance grins around his mouthful and starts bobbing shallowly, tongue swirling around the head tasting warm bitterness. His hands stay locked on Keith’s hips to hold him steady, nails digging in lightly. He feels fingers run through his hair, taking hold tightly near the crown of his head, pushing him to take more. He opens his mouth wider and sinks further onto Keith’s length. It’s just as heavy and hot on his tongue as he’d hoped it would be. He can hear Keith panting, whining occasionally. His head is thrown back and he’s still whispering things to “daddy” but Lance wants all the attention on him. He lets the cock fall from his mouth with a small pop and Keith’s eyes are on him in a second.

Lance only stares back, expression growing more meddlesome. He withdraws his arms to grab handfuls of Keith’s ass and yep, it’s just as grab-able as it looks, he swoons internally. He dives back in, lips parting to take his balls into his mouth, sucking the tender flesh gently. Keith chokes on his words and rocks his hips down, moaning long and loud once again.

“Mm, Keith, you’re so vocal today.” Lance hears faintly from the phone. Fuck yeah, he is. And only for me, asshole. Speaking of asshole…

Lance releases Keith’s balls with another pop before taking a moment to appreciate the mess Keith is in. His bottom lip is red and swollen from being bitten, his face and chest are flushed with arousal, and his legs won’t stop trembling across Lance’s broad shoulders. He wants more. He needs more.

Lance’s head dips down again and this time, he laves his tongue, flat and wide, just slightly lower. Keith’s hips jerk off the bed and he practically yells.

“Holy shit, La – aaah!” He catches himself before calling someone else’s name into the receiver letting ‘Lance’ morph into a cry. Lance approves this message and continues to swirl his tongue around and around, tongue slipping into his tight hole every so often. The noises coming out of Keith are unreal and Lance is painfully hard in his jeans. He gives up a handful of that ass with some regret to pop his button and drop his zipper, taking himself in his fist. His other hand moves to Keith’s dick and starts jerking him off too. It’s an awkward arrangement but he finds a rhythm between his hands and his tongue that has Keith absolutely writhing and spewing an endless stream of garbled praises and begging. The muscles in Keith’s thighs tense along Lance’s shoulders. Keith is close and Lance knows he’s not too far behind himself. He immediately stops everything, withdrawing all touch from
the body wracked with spasms laid out in front of him.

Keith’s head shoots up and he locks eyes with Lance, tears pooling in the corners of his eyes and a trail of saliva running across his cheek. Gorgeous.

“Please, baby, please, don’t stop. Please don’t stop. I’m so close, so close, please, ah. I need you.”

Lance wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and kisses Keith’s thigh again. “Hang up the phone,” he murmurs, voice deep.

“What?”

“What? Keith? Hello?” Greg’s voice is confused and Lance gestures to the phone.

“Hang up the phone,” he repeats. He presses another few kisses to creamy thighs before locking eyes with Keith and grinning. “I want to be the only one who gets to hear you come over the phone.”

Without any further hesitation Keith presses the end call button and tosses his phone to the side. Lance can’t help but snort at the desperation with which Keith’s hands are twining in his hair, guiding his mouth back to his incredibly hard length. Lance parts his lips, groaning around the heated mass as he bobs quickly. His right hand resumes its place between his own legs while his left grips Keith’s base working him roughly. It’s not long before Keith is panting again, soft whines falling on Lance’s ears, bringing him closer and closer to the edge.

“Lance, Lance, Lance, please, more…”

Lance obeys picking up the pace of his actions. He moans, feeling his stomach tighten in anticipation. Keith cries out, hips jerking up and Lance nearly chokes on liquid heat in his throat. He swallows and sucks until Keith pushes him off weakly, wincing at the sensation. Keith notices his hand is still going and slips off the bed onto the floor, pushing Lance’s hand away and replacing it with his mouth. The sudden heat that engulfs him has him biting back a cry of his own and he soon follows, thumb stroking Keith’s cheek gently as he trembles.
“I hope you’re happy,” Keith grumbles as he pulls his boxers back on before flopping down on the bed beside Lance. There’s no anger behind the words so Lance tosses him an innocent smile in response.

“Oh, I’m very happy. Thrilled even.”

“Pretty sure I lost that client.”

“You hated Greg.” Lance rolls onto his side and kisses Keith’s cheek softly. “I’m sorry.”

Keith shrugs. “It’s okay. I did kinda hate his calls.”

“So... worth it?” Lance asks hopefully.

Keith snorts, a smile growing across his cheeks. “Worth it.”

Lance smiles too. “What’s the weirdest call you’ve ever gotten?”

Keith’s brow furrows and he puckers his lips in thought. “I mean, it’s kinda hard to narrow down.” He laughs lightly. “There was one guy who was just really weirdly scientific about the whole thing.”

“What, like,” Lance rearranges his expression into something more serious, mouth a tight line, “the phallus enters the rectum at a 45 degree angle with thrusters at maximum capacity.”

Keith bursts out laughing. “What the fuck?”

“I don’t know. Some scientific shit I thought would be fuckin’ weird. It would weird me out, man.”

“Please never repeat that sentence ever again.”

“You got it, dude.”
Chapter End Notes

Is it really fanfic if someone doesn’t stare longingly at a bare strip of skin? I don’t think so. Also, sorry for the ass eating, mama. Oh, and the cologne is Le Male by Jean Paul Gaultier and it is lovely and if you wanna know what I smell like for some reason, I smell like that. The whole having to ”fondle bulge to smell nice” is a thing I posted on Twitter when I first got it a while ago. I’ve noticed I’ve been projecting onto Keith a little bit lol

Thanks @johorrible for the pervy jacket jerk off scene inspiration. I hope you laughed your ass off at that particular line you so graciously provided to me weeks ago. Thank you for everything else you and @rufiohh do to encourage my writing ily lol as usual, message me at @princedeadend on tumblr. I’m open to answering questions about the fic or whatever there or in the comments and I enjoy talking to y’all :3
Ah! I'm really sorry for the delay y'all. I had a bunch of academic writing to do and then I was struggling to get myself back in the mood to write and I feel like it shows a bit in this chapter. I have fluff to offer up as retribution but I will admit this chapter is a little shorter than the others. As always, feel free to leave comments, questions or suggestions!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Holy shit, are you actually taking a day off?”

“I have…plans,” Allura answers slowly.

“Well that’s not vague or suspicious sounding at all.”

“Hush, you. Why don’t you ask Lance out since you’ll have the night off too. He should be calling soon right?”

Keith pulls his phone away from his ear to glance at the time. She’s not wrong. “Yeah…”

“Great!”

“I just can’t believe it. I don’t think I’ve ever witnessed you take a day off even when you’ve been sick.”

He can practically hear the shrug. “It makes my voice raspy. Good for the work.”

“Fair enough.”
“Goooood evening, manzana de mi ojo.”

Keith snorts. “That’s not an accurate translation is it?”

“God, no. But it’s good enough for your gringo ass to understand.”

“Alright, .” Keith wrinkles his nose. “Ugh, it’s weird in Korean.”

“What did you call me?”

“Literally, sweet thing.”

“Aww babe, that’s adorable.”

“Shush,” he replies with a chuckle. “Oh hey, so I have Monday night off. You wanna do something?”

They’ve gotten into a habit of alternating between hanging out at each other’s places and going out for cheap food over the past couple of weeks. It’s comfortable and Keith really can’t believe how comfortable he is. He and Pidge text back and forth about ways to mess with Lance, sci-fi movies, and conspiracy theories. With Hunk, it’s like they’re back in high school but less nerdy. Hmm, maybe not. They’re still pretty nerdy. Keith likes hearing about their college adventures still contemplating whether he really wants to return to school or not. But he has friends. Actual friends. And although he still has that lingering feeling of waiting for shit to hit the fan, he’s gotten used to this change. Even Shiro has noticed how much happier he is.

“Ooh, we could do game night?”

“Game night always pisses you off.” Keith has participated in three game nights by now and they usually end with Pidge standing on her chair reciting some kind of victory speech while Lance pouts and mumbles bitterly about cheating or someone not understanding the rules. Honestly, it doesn’t matter what game it is, Pidge manages to win every time. No one knows how she does it.
“No it doesn’t,” Lance says stubbornly.

“You got mad when Hunk picked the dog piece quicker than you when we played monopoly and then you “accidentally” rammed into the table and knocked everything over when you were losing.”

“Monopoly ruins friendships. You all knew what you were signing up for.”

“I’m never playing monopoly with you again.”

“Keeeeeith,” he whines. “We can play Uno.”

“I can’t wait to see what happens when everyone inevitably gangs up on you with draw 4 cards.”

Lance gasps. “You wouldn’t dare.” Keith doesn’t even have to respond. “I hate this family.”

"Keeeeeeeith,” a deep voice singsongs.

Oh no. Not this voice. Keith knows this voice. This is the voice Shiro uses when he wants Keith to do something that Keith does not want to do. Not at all. Maybe if I ignore him he’ll go away.

Shiro does not go away.

In fact, Shiro gets up in his face with a wide smile and a oh my god, is that one of the donuts from the bakery down the street? Shit, he wants something big. Keith tears his eyes away from the pastry trying to appear as if he hasn’t already fallen victim to his brother’s request. It is not believable and he knows that Shiro knows this.

“Oh god, fine, what do you want from me?” Keith demands as he puts aside the whipped cream canister he was preparing and snatches the donut.
“I need a favor.”

“Uh huh…”

“I need you to cover and close for me on Monday night. Shay and Hunk will be here. Mondays aren’t usually that busy. I hate to ask, don’t look at me like that you know I do, but I…uh…I’m going…I have…” Shiro looks nervous as he scratches the back of his undercut and his eyes flick to the side.

Realization hits Keith. “Oh my goodness, my dear sweet son Takashi is going on a date.”

“What? No! Maybe.” He shrugs. “I’m not sure what it is yet. We’ll see how it goes.” Shiro brings his eyes back to Keith’s and he smirks. “I can only hope for a love story as pure as yours and Lance’s.”

“Ugh, shut up!” Keith groans tossing the canister at his brother who catches it as he laughs.

“You’re blushing.”

“Shut up!” He can’t keep the grin off his face completely though and he sighs. “Yeah, I’ll cover for you even though I already had PLANS.”

Shiro pauses to bite his lip. “Oh, I can try to reschedule if you already had something to do. I did kind of spring this on you…”

How quickly he goes from obnoxious big brother to concerned father. It’s endearing really. “No, you big nerd, go on a date. You deserve it.” And it was true. Ever since his brother returned from the military sans arm, he’s been overwhelmingly self-conscious. Not that he hasn’t been on dates but they tended to end…not so well. Shiro hated being pitied more than anything. He was proud of his service and even though he occasionally had some demons to fight back, he had worked his way through a dark period of low self-esteem and self-worth. It had taken time, and he hadn’t gone unchanged, but he was mostly back to the confident, easy-going person he’d been before he left. If any human on the face of this planet deserved to be happy, it was Shiro.

His brother smiled wide and genuine. “Thanks, Keith.”
“Bribery will get you anywhere,” Keith answers with a mouth full of donut.

Keith: Hey, soooo Monday is a no go

Lance: but baaaaaabe, it’s game night :( 

Keith: Shiro has a date and I have to cover for him

Lance: ohoho? who’s the lucky lady? dude? person?

Keith: Lady lol jealous? Are you pining for my brother?

Lance: oh Keith, there was a time when i would have considered it but alas, i have found true happiness in your arms. And in that ass.

Keith: Why are you like this?

Lance: dont pretend like u dont appreciate my appreciation of your butt. u answered the door in tight black booty shorts the last time i went to your apartment

Keith: ........

Keith: No comment. Anyways, can’t do Monday night

Lance: whatever i can still come visit u at work

Keith: please don’t, you troublemaker
Lance: hey! I’ll sit quietly in a corner and study. And flirt with the cute barista

Keith: Aww

Lance: you should wear the booty shorts

Keith: Lance

Lance: think of all the tips!!!

Keith: LANCE

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Keith was fully prepared to handle the shop with Hunk and Shay. A three-person team works fine. Especially for a relatively calm Monday evening. He was not prepared however, to work with a two-person team that consisted of only one person who knew how to make all the coffee orders.

“Jesus Shay, are you okay?” That catches Hunk’s attention, his eyes wide and immediately panicked. “No, of course. I’m just glad you’re safe. Don’t even worry about it. Hunk and I can take care of things. Okay. Let me know if you need anything.”

Before he can even put the phone back on the cradle, he’s bombarded with questions from Hunk. “What happened? Is Shay okay? Where is she?”

Keith puts his arms up as if he’s trying to calm down a vicious animal. “Shay was in a car accident.” Hunk definitely looks like he’s on the verge of a meltdown. “It was pretty minor. She’s okay but she’s not going to be able to come in today while she takes care of all that so it’s just you and me today buddy, alright?”
Hunk nods still looking worried and heads towards the back. Keith wipes down the counters mentally preparing himself for a long night. A flash of someone running past him catches his attention.

“Hunk! What the hell, man?”

He pauses to toss Keith an apologetic look. “I have to go make sure she’s okay.”

“She said she was okay on the phone! You can’t just leave me here alone! You’re not going to be able to do anything anyway!”

“I am support! Also, I already called Lance. He’s on his way. You’re in good hands!”

Keith stares at him and sputters. “W-what?? Lance?”

“Bye, Keith!” Hunk calls through the door as a customer walks in.

*Jesus fucking Christ. This is going to be a shit show.* “How can I help you?” He asks stepping up to the register.

When Lance arrives at the coffee shop, Keith’s hair is tied up messily at the crown of his head; loose tendrils curled with sweat from running back and forth behind the counter. The flustered boy looks up to the door at the sound of the chime, face full of dread as he expects to see another customer. He looks instantly relieved to see Lance and nods for him to come around to the back.

“Coño,” Lance breathes as he takes in the half dozen occupied tables and steadily building line. He doesn’t waste any time getting to the back so he can get started. Keith looks tired as fuck. Lance rests a hand against his hip and presses a quick kiss to his temple tasting salt. “Hey, babe, tell me what to do.”

Keith’s head leans back against his shoulder as he fills a cup and he offers a small smile. “Grab an apron,” he says gesturing towards a hook with his chin. “You know how to work a register?”
Oh thank god. No coffee duty. “I wait tables and I’m a bartender. I gotchu.”

“Good. Push the buttons, take the money, and write the order and name on a cup.”

Lance offers a salute. “Yes, sir.” He ties the plain black apron around his waist and prepares for battle.

Keith glances at the cup in his hand for the order, mixes it up quickly, tops it with the whipped cream and caramel drizzle. He glances once more for the name and snorts. Danyelluh. God damn it, Lance. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath fighting the giggles in his throat. His eyes shift over to Lance who pauses in taking the next order to shoot Keith finger guns. Dork.

“Daniela!” he calls. A short woman with long dark hair comes forward to retrieve her order. The smile she tosses Keith falls and her brows furrow when she sees her name. Keith feels his cheeks flush.

Stupid Starbucks name game bullshit. I’m going to whoop his ass. No, you’re not. It’s hilarious and you know it. Fuck. It is. Besides, you owe him one. Big time. Let him have his fun.

Some people’s names are pretty impossible to mess up but so far Keith has read off an Ashleeee, Loruh, Jenefer, Fillup, and Shame. They get progressively worse which just makes it funnier. It turns into a game of how hard Lance can get Keith to laugh.

The last customer in the shop orders something blessedly simple and Keith quickly has him on his way. Frankly, he’s exhausted. They close in half an hour. He can’t wait. “I hate you,” he groans to Lance who’s sipping on a hot chocolate he’d gotten Keith to make between orders. It’s probably gone cold by now.

“Lies. You would have suffered here without me.”

Keith grunts as he pushes himself away from the counter opting instead to lean his weight against Lance’s tall frame. He nuzzles his face into the crook of his neck and feels Lance’s arms wrap
around his waist. “Thank you,” he murmurs before sucking on the smooth skin above Lance’s collarbone. Long arms tighten and pull their groins flush together. Keith’s fingers curl into the back of Lance’s shirt and he exhales softly against the wet spot his mouth had left.

The chime of the door causes them to jump apart, faces pink. A businessman getting home late from work it seems clears his throat at the sight of them. Lance takes his order and asks for his name. His face turns somewhat mischievous and Keith can only imagine how badly this man’s name is going to be butchered.

He’s already started the order so it doesn’t take him long to fill the cup. He glances down and barks out a laugh that he tries and fails to disguise with a series of coughs. Phteven. What the fuck, Lance? Keith throws a glare at Lance through eyes blurred with tears and tries to keep his shoulders from shaking as he hands the man his drink.

Phteven takes his drink and examines the cup for whatever is so funny. He rolls his eyes at both of them. Keith can’t even look at him, chuckles still falling from his lips. Lance grins brightly at the man and wishes him a good night.

“Phteven? Really?”

“He said Steven with a ph. How could I not?”

Keith picks up a towel to start wiping down the machines. “You ass. You’re going to get me fired.” He smiles wide as he whips the towel at Lance, catching him in the thigh causing the other boy to squeal. “Get outta here. You’ve done plenty already. Stop by whenever you’re free and Shiro will give you your pay.”

“Ah, ah, ah. If I do a job, I do it right. I’m not letting you clean the whole place up alone.” Lance leans in to kiss his cheek. “Go lock up,” he says with a swat to Keith’s ass.

Keith grabs his keys and heads for the door flipping a few of the brighter lights off as he does. He can hear Lance fiddling with the radio until he settles on an upbeat light rock song in Spanish. Keith starts flipping chairs up onto the tables and Lance joins him soon after.

“Alright, I have no idea what to do with your space age coffee technology back there but I can sweep and mop a floor like nobody’s business.”
Keith snorts but goes to fetch the broom. He leaves Lance to his work while he tackles the assortment of coffee machinery, depositing random pitchers and measuring cups and utensils into the sink to wash up along the way.

His assistant for the day is all bounces and body rolls singing along enthusiastically to each song that plays on the radio. His voice is nice. Smooth. *And dem hips tho.* Keith can’t tear his eyes away from them. His movements are so fluid and entrancing that Keith doesn’t notice he’s been caught staring.

Lance rocks his hips, points directly at the barista, and sings into the mop handle. Keith can’t help but smile. He has no idea what Lance is saying but it sounds sweet.

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Yo se que a veces
soy dificil de entender
pero tu siempre me comprehes

Y cada vez que disfruto
de tu presencia, sencia
hace brillar tu ausencia
cuando no estas
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Lance pauses his serenade as the song ends and another slower song begins. “Like what you see?”

Keith’s eyes flicker downward and he smiles at the spoons he’s drying off. “Maybe.” He raises his eyes again and Lance is wearing a fond smile. It makes his heart pound.

“C’mere.”

Keith furrows his brow but Lance waves him over and he obliges. Lance reaches out to grab his hand and pull him close, placing the hand on his shoulder. His other hand is caught in a gentle grasp and Lance’s free arm drifts to his waist.

“I can’t dance,” Keith says recognizing the position Lance has arranged them in.
“We don’t have to *dance* dance.” He gets them rocking gently side-to-side. “I *will* get you to salsa one day though.”

“Good fucking luck,” Keith mutters in reply.

Lance laughs before he resumes singing.

Antes de que empiece a amanecer

Y vuelvas a tu vida habitual

Debes comprender que entre los dos

Todo ha sido puro y natural

Tu, loca mania, has sido mia

Solo una vez dulce ironia

Fuego de noche, nieve de día

They continue to sway slowly in the middle of the floor, lights low, Keith’s arms wound around Lance’s neck. Shiro smiles softly and decides he can wait to see how things went in the morning.

Chapter End Notes

So there we have it. I was craving fluff in my life something fierce. Also, special thanks to LolitaPrincessLove for recommending songs to me! The first set of lyrics is from a song called Bombón De Azúcar and the Ricky Martin version of it is really nice to listen to. Very chill. Very sweet. Lance needed to sing it to Keith.

The second song that they dance to is called Fuego de Noche, Nieve de Día. I was in a Ricky Martin mood, alright. Check out these lyrics though:

before it starts getting light
and you come back to your normal life
you should understand that between the two of us
everything has been pure and natural

you, crazy mania, you have been mine
just once, sweet irony
fire by night, snow by day
How could I not have these nerds in love dance to this? C'mon, man.

Anyways, only 2 chapters left according to my careful planning! I'm ready to move on to other projects.

And of course, come holler with me on tumblr @princedeadend. I'm always thrilled to talk to you all :D
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Oh god, there's smut. Like "whoa, this maybe got out of hand" smut. So if you aren't into reading that, feel free to read up until "He's always stunning." and then resume at "Keith and Lance are all cleaned up" and that should keep you from being scandalized.

Also! Hello! Again, I'm so sorry for the delay but you know how the holidays are. Nothing gets done, especially not when you're working on a Christmas collaboration which is something that happened. Go ahead and check that out if you want. There's art! Cute art!

But without further ado, here is chapter 9!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“That movie was fucking terrible,” Pidge groans from the floor. She sticks her tongue out at Lance who is passed out on Hunk and couldn’t care less about her opinions. She’s not wrong. Kung Fury, while only being 30 minutes long, is the most confusing thing Keith has watched in probably years and Keith loves bad movies.

“I just have so many questions,” Keith says as he stares blankly at the credits. He turns his attention to a sleeping Lance and shakes his head. Oh Lance. I had such faith in you. Why would you curse me with this movie? I’m not sure this is going to work out. Ugh, who am I kidding? Look at that face. Even drooling on Hunk’s shoulder you look like an angel.

“He’s ass over heels for you, you know. You had him at good boy,” Pidge says when she catches Keith staring fondly.

Keith snorts. “I don’t think I’ve ever used that on him in person. That bad, huh?”

Pidge sits up abruptly and stares at him wide eyed. “Keith. KEITH. How have you not abused this insane power you have over him?! I told you about the neighbor’s dog didn’t I? Oh my god, please tell me I told you.”

“Uh…I thought you were exaggerating.”

“NOOOOO! Keith!” Hunk and Lance stir slightly, light snores pausing as they readjust. Pidge takes
it down a notch. “I wasn’t kidding. It messes him up. It was so hilariously awkward to watch him make that call. I have never seen him so red and he’s done some really embarrassing shit. Keith. Exploit him. If not for your cum splurting gogurt tube, do it for me and my entertainment.”

Keith winces, face twisting in disgust. “Oh god, Pidge. Jesus.”

“I know. That description really paints a picture, doesn’t it?”

“Sure does.”

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“No, of course not. It’s always really difficult to move on especially if you were together for such a long time. You just have to take it day to day. Mhm. Well what did you like to do before you started dating? Oh, wow. That sounds really cool. I’m sure you were great at it. Maybe you should try getting back into it then. It would help keep your mind off of things. And spending time with other people who also enjoy that can lead to meeting someone who might suit you better. You never know until you try, right?”

\textit{Is it weird that I’m more weirded out that my boyfriend is talking someone through a breakup and not calling someone daddy or moaning about someone licking his armpits? Probably super weird. Lance, stop being weird,} Lance thinks to himself as he sits at Keith’s kitchen table studying.

He turns around in his chair to watch Keith for a moment with a thoughtful look on his face. Keith glances over and shoots him a cute wink. It’s cute because Keith can’t wink for some reason. It’s more of a hard blink and he looks kind of dumb. But adorable. Lance just shakes his head with a soft smile and goes back to his books.

The confident way Keith is doling out post breakup advice kind of surprises Lance. He’s listened to Keith talk clients through all kinds of weird shit but this is the first time he’s heard Keith comfort someone. His voice is gentle and reassuring. He knows Keith is a good listener so he doesn’t know why he wouldn’t be with anyone else. It’s just…he’s used to hearing him moan wantonly and talk his way through a blowjob. Lance usually waggles his eyebrows and tries not to laugh at how ridiculous Keith looks groaning and gasping while playing Candy Crush. It’s different. Good different.

He hears the call end and waits a few moments wondering if he should broach the topic or not. Eh,
“Have you considered going into counseling?” Lance asks as casually as he can sound. He doesn’t like to push the school thing.

Keith makes a noncommittal noise behind him from the bed. “Why?”

“I think you’d be good at it if you were interested. You always help me see things more simply when I’m stressing out. And you can follow the bouncing ball that is Pidge’s attention span.” He shrugs as he highlights an important explanation in his textbook. “You’re good at talking through things when the focus isn’t on you, babe.”

“I dunno. I’ve never really thought about it.”

“Might be worth looking into. And just think, you could come to school with me and we could suffer together.”


“My, my, someone’s impatient.” Lance grins without looking away from his book. “I’ll be done soon.”

Keith sighs loudly in response and flops back on the bed. Not even 5 minutes go by before a sock flies past Lance’s cheek and lands on the table near his bag.

“Lance.” He feels a soft thud at his back, the other sock. Lance smiles but doesn’t say a word. He hears fabric shifting and a moment later a warm red shirt lands on his head.

“Laaaaaaance.” He doesn’t react, only pushes the shirt higher on his head and out of his eyes, a picture of nonchalance. Keith snickers quietly. He hears bare feet hit the floor as Keith stands, another shift of fabric and a moment later sweatpants land on his computer.

Lance is chewing his bottom lip to keep from laughing. He clears his throat. “You only have one
thing left to throw at me and if you do that, you’re gonna be in trouble.”

“Oh? Why’s that?” Keith’s voice is low and teasing. He obviously knows why.

“How am I supposed to concentrate when I am in the same room as the hottest person I have ever see and that person is naked? I am a weak man, Keith.”

“Hmm. I see.” Tease.

Lance only has to wait a few seconds before a pair of boxer briefs sail over his head. Since when could underwear with no one in them turn him on? He forces the grin off his face to feign annoyance, drops his pencil dramatically and slams his book closed. He sighs and pushes away from the table; the chair makes a sharp noise against the floor. He turns around slowly and he can’t keep his eyes from raking over Keith’s body appreciatively. He’s always stunning.

“I’ll have you know that you asked for this,” Lance murmurs as he approaches Keith, hands reaching out to grip slim hips.

Keith only smirks before leaning in to take Lance’s earlobe between his teeth. “I’m aware,” he whispers, hot breath brushing across his ear. Lance shudders.

“Misbehaving on purpose, huh? What a bad boy.” He grins as Keith’s hands slide under his shirt. He raises his arms to take it off and tosses it to the side. Hands move to his belt buckle making quick work of it.

“Well, you’ve been such a good boy over there studying while I work so why don’t you punish me as a reward?”

Lance groans as Keith’s hand slides down to cup the growing hardness in his jeans and squeeze lightly. “Holy shit,” he breathes. His pants hit the floor followed quickly by his underwear, half hard cock springing free against Keith’s belly. His hands slide down to cup Keith’s ass, kneading the plump flesh and pulling him close. His breath hitches at the slight friction and the feeling of Keith’s nails dragging lightly down his back.

Keith licks into his mouth without hesitation, teeth clacking a bit with eagerness. He’ll never get tired of kissing Keith. The kiss ends only for open smaller kisses to be dropped along Lance’s cheeks, his
jawn, and then Keith is sucking at his neck, likely leaving marks, he can’t bring himself to care. “How about I suck your dick until you can barely stand and then you can pull my hair and fuck me until I’m a drooling mess. Sound good?” he hears murmured against his collarbones.

Somewhere in that sentence Lance’s brain short circuits. It’s not like he hasn’t experienced Spitfire Keith. Spitfire Keith is great. He also loves Bring Him Home to Meet Mama Keith and even Grouchy Stop Stealing the Blankets Keith. But oh, how he adores Spitfire Keith.

Keith drops to sit on the edge of the bed, a small moan slipping between his lips as a shiver runs up his spine. He pulls Lance closer by his thighs and leans forward. His gaze locks on Lance’s as his tongue slides along his length. Lance’s hands immediately tangle in long, dark hair, pulling gently in response. Normally, he would have let his head fall back but he can’t look away from Keith’s violet eyes.

Lance moans long and low as Keith takes him into his mouth, shallow bobs that do little more than work the tip. It’s taking all his self control not to thrust into wet heat until he can feel the tightness of Keith’s throat pressing in on his dick. “Fuck, more, please,” he begs instead. Keith is eager to please, relaxing his jaw and sinking farther onto Lance’s cock. Saliva gathers at the corners of his lips as he works the shaft, humming all the way. The faint vibrations make Lance shudder.

“That the best you can do?” Lance challenges, voice already rough. Keith’s eyes glint in response and Lance hisses as teeth graze his length when Keith slides back towards the tip. Alright, maybe I deserved that. But then full lips are taking him to the hilt over and over and over. Keith is breathing hard through his nose, eyes watering but narrowed in a challenge of his own. Lance grips the hair at the back of Keith’s head and guides him along the length gasping and moaning Keith’s name. The muscles in his thighs are quaking, knees threatening to give out. He pulls Keith off before he’s pushed too far.

“Holy shit, babe,” he gasps. Keith is sucking in air, a satisfied grin on his face. He wipes away the sheen of saliva on his chin with the back of his hand. “How am I supposed to follow that? I think I’m dead. You killed me. If we go any further this is going to become necrophilia.”

“Ew, you dork. Don’t make it weird,” Keith laughs. “That is a shame to hear though,” he purrs as he crawls on all fours to the center of the bed so Lance can see him in profile; back arched deep, head on a pillow, dark eyes on his, ass pushed high in the air. The curves of his body leave Lance’s mouth dry and his dick leaking. He gets a full view of Keith’s ass as he circles the bed. His dick jumps.

“Is that a butt plug?”
Keith shoots him a wolfish grin. Lord have mercy.

“You really are going to kill me,” he groans. “When did you – ?”

“Hmm, just before you got here. I didn’t want to have to wait to have you in me.”

Call 911. Lance is dying. “Fuck. You’re perfect. You’re actually perfect,” he breathes as he kneels on the bed, hands ghosting across pale skin.

Keith chuckles. “Far from it. Hurry up.”

“Well then allow me to do the honors,” Lance replies as he pulls at the base of the cherry red plug. He rubs the small of Keith’s back, shushing him to get him to relax. Keith moans loudly as it’s pulled out. “Jesus Christ.”

Lance slides his arms up Keith’s sides until he’s leaned over him to press kisses into his shoulders. “You feel so good, babe,” he whispers, hands moving to Keith’s nipples to work them to hard peaks. Keith whimpers into the pillow.

“It’d feel even better if you moved,” he growls as his hips push back into Lance harshly. Lance takes the hint and starts moving, thrusts long and slow, teasing Keith even though he knows he probably hates him for it. “Please Lance, please, come on.” Whether it’s to appease Keith or for his own selfish reasons, it’s not long until he’s thrusting hard and fast, hips snapping to meet Keith’s own movements. He’s a panting mess, sweat dripping down his spine but then Keith cries out and Lance is reinvigorated, aiming for that spot over and over and over.

“Lance, Lance, fuck please, so close, touch me.” So he does. His hand wraps around Keith’s length, pumping him in time to his thrusts and then Keith is coming hard, hips stuttering. His mouth is open in a silent scream that turns into a series of broken sobs from overstimulation as Lance continues to ride him roughly into the mattress. Lance’s pace is faltering, and he’s right on the edge. “Oh god,
Keith,” he growls into Keith’s sweat dampened back as he finishes, body spent and shaking.

He rolls to the side, wincing as his dick slips out of Keith. It’s too hot to cuddle at the moment so he reaches for Keith’s hand to hold instead and laces their fingers together. He brings his hand to his lips and kisses the knuckles. “That was an excellent investment by the way,” Lance says with a grin between pants.

Keith snorts. “Thought you’d like that. Move over, I’m in the wet spot.”

“It’s your wet spot.”

“That doesn’t mean I want to lay in it.”

“Fair enough.”

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Keith and Lance are all cleaned up and calming down when Keith’s phone vibrates with a notification. He reaches over to the nightstand trying not to disturb Lance who’s lying across his chest, head tucked up under his chin. It’s a message from Shiro.

“Shiro wants to know if we’ll go on a double date with him. It must be going well with this one if he wants us to meet her.”

“Yeah of course, just let me know when. What’s she like?” Lance asks through a yawn.

“I don’t know. He doesn’t talk much about anyone he’s seeing unless he thinks it’s going to go somewhere. And I don’t like to ask.”

Lance grunts. “Well, that’s good then. He deserves it.”

“Yeah, he does,” Keith says smiling. He texts back asking for the time and place before tossing his phone to the side and wrapping his arms back around the warm body curled up against him.
“Get in losers, we’re going bowling,” Pidge calls from the window of the backseat. Hunk rolls his eyes behind the wheel and Shay waves from the passenger seat with a soft smile.

“Remind me why I let you talk me into this?” Keith groans quietly as they approach Hunk’s car.

“Because you’re my boyfriend and you’re required to do boyfriend things. Like let me kick your ass in bowling.” Lance smirks at him.

“Pfft, like I’d let that happen.”

That is exactly what happened.

Lance easily took the first game. Strikes and spares abound. How the hell is he so good at this? Keith wasn’t a great bowler but he wasn’t exactly bad either. Well, not until Lance had started pulling away from him on the scoreboard. Then he’d gotten worse with each frame as frustration took over. Curse my competitive nature! Hunk had also done fairly average and Shay was trailing Lance for second. The real surprise had come from Pidge. She was fucking terrible.

“Her weakness has been found! The beast can be defeated!” Lance had cheered before turning to Hunk for a chest bump. Keith snorted loudly. Pidge flipped them off.

“You guys ready for round two of the slaughter?” Lance jeered with that dumb smirk. It’s not dumb, you love his smirk. Yeah, yeah, I know. Doesn’t mean I have to love it right now though.

Keith liked Lance. Hell, he might even love Lance. And he really enjoyed Lance’s goofy expressions and his confidence. However, in this moment, he had never wanted to punch a face more.

Lance starts the game with a strike because of course he does and the rest of the game continues much like the first. Pidge and Hunk aren’t even bothering to try anymore and have resorted to doing
granny tosses and throwing the ball backwards between their legs and an assortment of other ridiculous trick shots. Lance makes some comment about them not having the fighting spirit or whatever but Shay is giving him a run for his money. Keith is, well Keith is doing his best. He just wasn’t blessed with the talent of throwing heavy balls down a slicked up lane. So be it.

They’re finally in the last frame and Keith couldn’t be more excited for it to be over. He bowls a spare, thank god, and gets high fives from Shay and Hunk. Lance swats his ass and maybe he’s not all that irritated.

But then it’s Lance’s turn again. “Make way for the undefeated champion!” Lance rolls another strike. Scratch that thought. Keith wants to scream. Pidge actually does.

“Woo!” Lance jumps up and punches the air. “Two more of those and you might as well put a pin in this game. Get it? Pin?” Everyone groans. Pidge glares at him with murder in her eyes before turning to Keith.

“Exploit him!” She hisses under her breath. *Oh ho ho.*

Lance is getting lined up to roll his next ball. *Perfect.* He starts stepping forward, arm curling backwards. “Good job, baby! Be a good boy and get another!” Keith calls, hands cupping his mouth.

Lance throws the ball straight into the gutter. His ears redden before heat spreads to the rest of his face. “Keith!” he squeals.

Pidge is laughing so hard she has to hold her stomach. Hunk sucks soda down the wrong pipe and starts coughing, face pink with secondhand embarrassment. Shay is giggling while clapping Hunk on the back although she likely doesn’t understand why they’re all laughing as hard as they are. Or why Lance looks like he’s ready for Jesus to take him.

Shay ends up taking first place followed by a very bitter Lance. Keith and Pidge fist bump each other.

“Not cool, babe,” Lance mutters in Keith’s ear. “Your win came at the cost of foul play Shay! I hope you can live with that!” he calls to the couple walking hand in hand in front of them. Shay only quirks an eyebrow at him in confusion before Hunk guides her outside by her hip.

“Ignore him. He’s a sore loser. You did great.”
“You’d be a sore loser too if your significant other used your weaknesses against you!”

“Your sexy time weaknesses?”

“No Pidge, not my sexy time weaknesses. I have no sexy time weaknesses!” he shouts.

“Lance please, there are children about.” Lance huffs and glowers at her.

“You can’t win with Pidge. Even I know that,” Keith says as he takes his hand. “I’ll make it up to you, champ,” he whispers in Lance’s ear. Lance’s mood immediately perks up.

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“I feel so…domestic.”

Keith shoots him a curious look. “Why’s that?”

They’re walking down the block from the parking garage to the fairly swanky restaurant Shiro had made a reservation for in the nicer part of town. It’s a cool night but Lance’s hand is warm in his.

“We’re wearing button-ups and ties to a double date with your brother. It just feels…serious. Not in a bad way. Serious is fine. Cause I mean, I’m serious about you after all.”

Keith laughs and squeezes Lance’s hand. “I get what you mean.”

“I’m kind of nervous to meet her.”

“Why are you nervous? She’s not dating your brother.”
“Well no, but she might be my sister-in-law someday. Maybe. If I don’t run you off before then. I know we’re young all but that just means I have plenty of time to ruin this and oh wow, a lot of words just happened…” Lance’s rambling peters out as Keith steers them into a narrow side street. Keith’s mind is going a mile a minute with the revelation that Lance might want to marry him one day. “Keith what—”

Keith cuts him off with a kiss, lips pressing softly against Lance’s. He leans in so Lance is pinned against the wall, feeling reminiscent of the last time they found themselves in an alley. “Hush,” he whispers finally. “You could never ruin this, okay? You’re too good and funny and considerate and oh my god, how could I possibly deserve you? If anyone is going to fuck this up, it’s me, okay?”

Lance’s eyes are wide as they flicker across his face before softening. Long arms pull Keith close and he feels Lance’s face pressing into the soft curls of his thick black hair.

“You’re not getting rid of me, Keithy boy. You’re stuck with me for as long as you’ll have me. Now come on or we’re gonna be late.” He pushes Keith away a few inches and kisses his forehead. “I need to impress Shiro for as long as possible.”

Keith laughs as Lance leads them back out and down the sidewalk towards the restaurant. “He already approves, you know. Helping out that day at the café sealed the deal I think. Especially when you wouldn’t take your hard earned money,” he says with a nudge to Lance’s ribs.

Lance shrugs. “I was only helping out. Wasn’t anything I wasn’t used to doing. Besides, I don’t get paid to go on dates. I’m not an escort.”

Keith snorts. “That was not a date.”

“Au contraire mon frère. There was flirting, we kissed, and there was dancing. I even drove you home and waited until you got inside safely to leave. Totally a date. And I was a perfect gentleman.” Lance lifts Keith’s hand to kiss it.

“What a catch,” Keith says sarcastically but he’s grinning wide.

“Indeed. Lucky you.”

As they reach the restaurant, Keith glances into the windows searching for his brother and his date.
He spots his flash of white hair just as Lance points him out. Shiro is dressed in a suit, a smile on his face, eyes bright as he chats animatedly to a woman sitting next to him. Her face is turned away just slightly but her hair is long and so pale it glows like moonlight.

“Oh my god, your brother is dating a granny. How often have you come across a geriatric fetish in your line of work, Keith?” Lance chuckles and elbows him. “Keith? You okay?”

Keith has gone still beside him, jaw dropped, and eyes open wide in horror.

“Oh, oh, fuck.”

Keith turns away from the window and starts pacing in circles hands pressed to his temples. “Um, okay. We need a distraction. I need you to distract Shiro. Lance, can you do that?”

“Uh…I think it might be too late for that,” Lance replies with a wince. He’s pointing inside towards Shiro who is waving them in with an excited grin.

“Oh, god. This is my worst nightmare. Do you think it would work out all right if I jump in front of a bus? You can’t get mad at your sex operator brother if he’s in a coma.”

“Hey, hey, Keith, babe. No one is jumping in front of a bus. Calm down for a sec. Are you sure it’s her?”

Keith glances inside again and Shiro is watching them with some confusion. He sees Allura start to glance back so he turns away quickly to hide his face. “I’ve only met her twice but come on dude,
you couldn’t mistake that hair anywhere. Definitely her. Oh my shit, what do I do? What do I say?"

“Well, you know, your brother is the one dating someone who runs the phone sex line. How upset could be possibly be if you happen to work for her?”

Keith takes his hands away from his face and stares at Lance. “You make a good point. I think?”

“You can do this. It’s fine. He’s your brother and he loves you. I think he loves you more than all my siblings love me combined sooo yeah. It’s gonna be okay, babe. Maybe it won’t even come up at all.” Lance takes his hand and smiles and Keith feels some semblance of calm returning to him. He takes a deep breath and lets Lance lead him inside even though he still might be ready to die. He certainly never planned on having this conversation. Ever. In his life.

As they approach the table, Allura turns, brilliant smile on her face and she looks beautiful. She and Shiro make a hell of a couple. Her expression turns toward surprised recognition but her smile doesn’t falter one bit. Keith manages to smile back and give a small awkward wave.

Shiro stands to greet them. “Hey guys! I’d like you to meet Allura. Allura this is – ”

“Keith! What a lovely surprise!” Allura cuts Shiro off as she stands to pull Keith into a hug. No one was certainly expecting that especially not Shiro who looks the most surprised of them all. She pulls away before turning her attention to the other new arrival. “And this must be Lance,” she grins at Keith with an eyebrow wiggle of her own and oh my god, has she always been like this? The fancy accent always throws Keith off. Makes her seem so formal and uptight. Nope!

“Yep, that’s me!” Lance grins and Keith can tell they’re likely to get along well. Should I be concerned for my mental wellbeing?

Shiro’s eyebrows are arched high on his forehead at this point. “Uh, you guys all know each other?”

Keith rubs the back of his neck. This is it. The moment of truth. Your brother is going to know you do phone sex. “Uh yeah, actually Allura is my boss.”

Shiro’s eyes narrow and he frowns in confusion. “You work in the psychology department at the university?”
“What?” That…is not the reaction he was expecting. He glances at Allura who looks like she also may have not been prepared for this conversation.

“Oh my god, he doesn’t know,” Lance whispers helpfully, eyes wide, mouth open.

“I don’t know what?”

Keith feels like he could vomit on the spot. Fuck this fancy restaurant. There’s about to be puke on the floor.

“Keith? What don’t I know?” Shiro’s expression is starting to look a little sterner. A little more like dad’s face when he would sit his two boys down to find out who broke whatever item came between them and their adolescent destruction.

“Let’s sit down. We’re drawing attention,” Allura states calmly. Shiro hesitates a moment before taking his seat and Keith sits across from him which feels particularly unfortunate in this situation. Lance takes his hand under the table to rub circles over his knuckles. It makes me feel minutely better. “I’m just going to run to the ladies room for a moment.”

“Traitor,” Lance whispers under his breath at Allura before she scurries off leaving Keith and Lance to have A Talk with Shiro. She smiles apologetically over her shoulder.

“Okay, what is going on?” Yep, big brother Shiro definitely getting a little upset now.

“Uh, alright, you have to swear not to get mad though. Or at least don’t make a scene here.”

Shiro rolls his eyes. “I’m not going to make a scene. You’re freaking me out. Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, everything is fine,” Keith replies with his hands in front of him as if he’s taming a beast. “I just have a second job.”

“Okay…? Should I be concerned? Oh god, Keith, is it drugs?” Shiro looks like he’s going through
the five stages of grief in less than ten seconds.


Shiro raises an eyebrow. “For what? What do you sell or whatever?”

Keith fidgets in his seat and rubs his hands together. “Um, friendly chats?”

Shiro’s face twists in confusion before turning towards horrified realization. “Keith. Are you a…a sex worker?” His voice drops to a harsh whisper at the last two words.

“Oh my god, please don’t say it like that ever again,” Keith groans, face red. “Yes, I work for a hotline a few nights a week. No, it’s not weird or gross, well I guess sometimes it’s weird, but I don’t feel demeaned. Don’t ask a lot or any questions because if you did I think I would die.”

Shiro squeezes his eyes closed and pinches the bridge of his nose. “I have so many questions but I really don’t want the answers to them so not a problem there.” He opens his eyes and looks at Keith. “But why did you even start in the first place? I could have paid you more or lent you money if you needed it.”

“That’s exactly why! You already do so much for me. I didn’t want to have to rely on you and it was something I could do on my own schedule so it didn’t interfere with school or work with you.”

Shiro nods as if he maybe possibly gets it. Jesus, please get it. “Okay, I’m still…processing but where does Allura come into this exactly?”

“I told you, she’s my boss.”

“Speak of the devil,” Lance says as Allura approaches the table with a sheepish smile on her face.

“I just thought you all might have wanted to have a few moments to yourselves to talk things over.” She takes her seat next to Shiro.
“Yeah, and you’ve got some explaining to do, Mary Berry!”

Keith stares at Lance deadpan. “Did you have to reference The Great British Bake Off?”

“What? Hunk watches it all the time. She’s the first British person I could think of,” he says defensively with a shrug.

“Will someone please explain what is going on? Allura, what do you really do? And Keith,” Shiro gives up midsentence as a waiter approaches to get their drink orders, “we’ll just come back to you later. Yes, hi, I’d like a glass of whiskey, neat. Johnnie Walker if you have it.” When the waiter finishes the orders, Shiro turns to Allura expectantly.

“Allright, well I really do work for the university as a professor in the psychology department. I teach a few classes a week during the day. And yes, I do manage the hotline at night.”

Shiro takes a nice big gulp of his drink as soon as it’s set down in front of him. Keith and Lance give him a look. “Don’t judge me. It’s been a weird day.” His focus shifts back to Allura. “Why didn’t you say anything about the hotline or whatever before?”

Allura raises a brow and takes a sip of her wine. “Usually when people find out I’m involved in that line of work, they have certain…expectations. They see me differently, don’t take me seriously. Think badly of me. I’m sure Keith knows the feeling.”

Keith tilts his head and lifts his hands, palms upward. “Yeah, pretty much. Exhibit A,” he says gesturing to his brother.

“Hey! I don’t think less of you! Either of you.” He frowns but his eyes are apologetic. “I was just surprised is all. But how did you get started in the first place?”

Allura shrugs. “I was in school and needed some extra money, same as Keith. It was actually quite interesting and I did well. I decided to do my Master’s thesis on the psychology of sexuality. I’ll likely continue research in that area when I start my dissertation.”

“That’s…pretty cool actually,” Lance says. “I told Keith he should do counseling. I think he’d be great.”
Keith bumps his shoulder to shush him but Shiro’s interest has been piqued. “Really now? Wow, Keith, that’s kind of unexpected but now that you mention it, it could be a good fit.”

“Right?” Lance seconds excitedly. *Oh great, now I’m gonna have two people hounding me.* Keith sighs. *It’s out of love. They’re doing it out of love. They just want you to be happy and successful or whatever the fuck.*

“If you were interested, I could set up a meeting with someone in the counseling department for you. I’m sure they’d be glad to give you more information or answer any questions you might have.”

*Make that three people riding his ass.* He nods politely though. “I’m still thinking about it but I’ll let you know.”

Allura smiles at him but then draws Shiro’s attention when she takes his hand. “I also didn’t mention the hotline job because I’m planning on leaving it soon. Between work and research and my personal life, it’s getting to be too much. I’ll stay in touch with the couple of regulars who call for more therapeutic reasons but otherwise, I think it’s time to let it go.”

Keith will be sad to see her go but he can’t blame her. It can be draining at times. “Understandable. Well, now that we’ve cleared all that up, can we not talk about this ever again?”

“Fine by me,” Shiro says.

“That wasn’t so bad, was it?” Lance whispers in Keith’s ear before pressing a quick kiss to his temple.

Keith grins the biggest, fakest smile he can muster. “It fucking sucked,” he replies under his breath as he opens his menu. But he squeezes Lance’s hand under the table. It certainly could have been worse he supposes.

“I still can’t believe you’ve been doing…phone sex,” Shiro mutters as they’re walking down the sidewalk back towards their cars.
“We had a really nice dinner, Shiro. Why did you have to bring this up again?” Keith whines.

“If it makes you feel any better, that’s how we met,” Lance chimes in.

Shiro furrows his brow. “Why would that make me feel better?”

“Lance! Why would you tell him that?” Keith hisses.

“So he knows we’re both heathens, duh!” Lance turns his attention back to Shiro. “Granted, I only called as a prank but I will have you know that your brother here takes his work very seriously.”

“Please stop talking.” Keith and Shiro groan in unison. Allura laughs.

Chapter End Notes

If you're wondering just how bad Kung Fury is, you can watch it in all its glory here: [Kung Fury](#). It might also still be on Netflix. It features martial arts, time traveling, dinosaurs, machine gun wielding Viking babes, Hitler, a fully animated segment, 80's synth music, robots, some minor gore, and lots of idiocy.

And with that this fic is just about over. There will be an epilogue to follow as chapter 10 which I'd like to have posted before I resume classes on the 9th but we'll see how it goes. Thank you to everyone who read this, left kudos and comments, and stopped by to leave asks or message me directly on tumblr. I met so many cool as hell people because I wrote this and I'm so glad I did. I forgot how much I enjoyed writing things that weren't academic in nature so don't fret, I don't plan on disappearing any time soon.

As always, please feel free to leave kudos, comments, critiques, or questions below or come talk to me on tumblr at [@princedeadend](#). I promise that I am super chill and will not find it weird if a stranger messages me. I think it's awesome and we're pretty much immediate friends so yeah.

P.S. Your move Wittyy
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

I don’t have much to say except that I’m sorry this took so long and welcome to the end! This has been a labor of love. Also, there’s smut. If you wanna skip that, stop at “Want me to top you off?” and resume at ”It’s a bright Monday morning”. Happy reading y’all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oh god, they want an interview.” Keith is staring at the screen of his laptop, head tilted to avoid the glare from the window he’s too lazy to move away from. Pidge snorts from her seat in the corner of the couch where she’s licking her fingers clean of the barbecue sauce from the rib sample Shiro had handed out. “What do you think they’ll ask?” Keith is not pleased. Not pleased at all.

Pidge releases her thumb with a pop and grins. “Oh, you know. Probably just about your interests, why you want to go into that program, any...relevant experiences you’ve had.” She cocks an eyebrow and Hunk breathes a quiet “oh no” as he picks at a piece of meat caught in his teeth. “How are you ever going to share that, huh?”

“Uh, I’m not obviously.”

“But experience is one of your strongest selling points, Keith! You have to give them something!”

“Hey there, I’m Keith! I have an Associate’s degree with mediocre grades and extensive experience as a sex worker. I’ve walked people through everything from soul crushing break-ups to the desire to be vored. Sometimes both in the same call!”

Pidge pauses to consider. “I see how that might not work out.”

“Allura!” Lance calls from the floor. Keith jumps, forgetting he’d been down there in the first place pulling at the laces of his boots in dire boredom while waiting on the food to be ready. He hears Allura holler a “what” through her screen door at them. Keith isn’t sure how Shiro had convinced her it would be a good idea to have everyone over for lunch but apparently when your little brother asks for some help with his college application, he can’t just play it fucking cool. No, Shiro just had to make some grand celebratory production over it. Keith dreads any event he might plan if he’s actually accepted. Or if he graduates. Fuuuuck.
“Allura!” Lance hollers again. He’s given up on tying Keith’s laces in knots and has rolled flat on his back, arms spread wide. He’s making snow angels on hardwood. God, he’s like a child. Well, they always say your husband is basically like your first child. Keith, you’re not married. No, but like, close enough. Shut up. It’s been long enough that Lance and Allura have developed some kind of antagonistically sweet sibling rivalry but Lance is a fast bonder like that. It’s a trait Keith admires.

He hears exasperated stomping and a snort from Shiro before the door is flung open. “Shiro, don’t let any of that burn. What do you want, Lance?” Her silver hair is piled high in a messy bun on top of her head and she’s pointing at the nuisance on her floor with a greasy spatula in a t-shirt that reads ‘Grill Sergeant’. The woman loves her themed parties.

“Allura needs to know how to spin phone sex in a positive way.” He pushes himself up on an elbow and raises an eyebrow suggestively, gesturing to himself. “Now, I for one, only have the best things to say about the work he does.” Keith stares deadpan at nothing in particular off to the side. He thinks he hears Shiro groan. “But I’m not sure everyone in that department is gonna feel the same way so how is he supposed to explain his thorough experience getting people to come……to terms with their kinks or problems?” Now they’re all groaning.

Allura doesn’t even hesitate. “Just tell them you provide guidance, encouragement, and advice through an anonymous support hotline. If they want a reference, send them to me. I got you covered.”

Keith’s eyebrows shoot up in surprise. “Oh, that’s it?”

“Brilliant. Absolutely brilliant,” Pidge says as she claps. Hunk wipes away an imaginary tear before joining her.

Allura smiles and bows before heading back out to man the grill.

“Hurry up and write it down!” Lance urges as he rolls onto his knees at Keith’s feet, smacking his thighs.

“I’m going! I’m going!”

“Baby, you’re gonna kill this interview. I’m so proud of you.”
Keith smiles without looking away from his computer as Lance leans forward to kiss the top of his head.

“How is it possible for you two to be so disgustingly cute while also being just plain disgusting?” Pidge asks. Her face remains passive as Lance whips his head around.

“We’re not disgusting! Cute, yes but I don’t know where you get the idea that we’re disgusting.”

Hunk clears his throat. “You guys confessed your love for the first time via burp.”

Keith pushes his lips out in a pout but nods in consideration. Hunk had a point.

“It was romantic!”

Pidge stares at them deadpan. “You accidentally burped in Keith’s face. He burped in yours as revenge and then you got all flustered and said ‘oh my god, I love you’ and then Keith burped an ‘I love you’ back. How is any part of that romantic?”

Keith shrugs. “It’s very us.” He fistbumps Lance.

“Yeah! Besides, you guys missed the part later where we burped compliments and Shakespeare at each other.” Pidge and Hunk shoot each other a look. “I mean, I ended up throwing up but it was a very intimate and tender moment.”

Pidge rolls her eyes. “Oh I bet.”

Lance’s eye flicker briefly across Keith’s face before his lips twist into a frown. “Stop thinking those thoughts.” His thumbs are tapping a constant rhythm on the controller as he takes out another horde of heartless. “Fucking Jafar,” he curses under his breath. “Heal me, you stupid duck!”

“What thoughts?”
A small shrug but his eyes don’t leave the screen. “The ones where you think you don’t deserve to be happy or you’re expecting me to see some dark side of you and run off.”

Keith’s nose scrunches. “I wasn’t thinking that,” he mumbles.

“Yes, you were. You were doing that thing where your eyes are soft and warm but the rest of your face looks constipated. It’s your self-deprecation face. I hate that face.” Lance pauses. “That’s a lie. I could never hate any of the thousands of beautiful faces that you make but I don’t like that one as much. Your ‘holy shit, this pizza is too hot to eat’ and ‘fuck me harder’ faces are so much better. So stop that. I love you and you make me happier than I ever thought I could be and I want to move in together.”

“What?” Keith freezes as his mind stutters over the last few words.

Lance drops the controller in his lap and rubs the back of his neck. His eyes are looking anywhere but Keith and his cheeks are slowly turning pink. “I uh...I think we should move in together. We don’t have to! I’m perfectly happy doing what we’re doing but I just...I’d really like to go to sleep and wake up next to you every night and every day.” He finally manages to meet Keith’s eyes with a shy smile.

Keith’s mouth opens and closes like a fish and he can only stare wide-eyed while his brain processes and his heart hammers away in his chest. He wants to wake up to you every morning. He’s seen you in your true form. That’s love. That’s true love. The corners of Lance’s mouth start to fall.

“Oh man, I shouldn’t have said anything. I’m sorry, I - ”

“Yes!” Keith cuts him off.

“Yes?” The smile is returning to Lance’s face; brighter this time, more confident.

“Yes. Yes, I want to live with you. Of course I do.”

Lance takes Keith’s face in his hands and brings their foreheads together. Keith can’t remember a time when he’d seen Lance so happy and he can’t keep his own smile from stretching wide. Keith wiggles until he’s settled in his boyfriend’s lap, his arms draped across Lance’s shoulders. If you had told Keith a year ago that he would be dating someone, happily dating someone with no reservations,
he would have laughed in your face. Yet here he was, agreeing to move in with someone who made him happy, who reassured him that he was loved even on his most withdrawn days.

Keith brushes their noses together affectionately when Lance pulls him tightly against his chest. “I love you,” he whispers.

It’s early on a Saturday morning and Keith would normally still be in bed but Hunk and Shay have taken a weekend trip. Lucky them. Thus he finds himself pulling up to the coffee shop on his motorcycle with Lance pressed against his back.

“You didn’t have to come, you know. You could have stayed in bed. You got home from the bar so late,” Keith says as he pulls off his helmet. He dismounts and turns back to undo the buckle of Lance’s helmet too. His hair is stuck up at odd angles and crust is still clinging to the corners of his sleepy blue eyes. Cute. Too cute. He’s going to kill me one of these days. Death by cutest boyfriend. Lance only grunts and reaches out to cling to Keith’s hips and let his head rest against his stomach. Keith runs his fingers through soft brown hair. “You’re too good to me.”

Lance shakes his head, essentially rubbing Keith’s belly with his forehead. “Nah, I’m just not letting you work alone on the anniversary of our fated meeting. What if today is a blessed day? What if you meet someone else on this day and I am home sleeping instead of defending my position as your boyfriend, your future husband and future father of our future children?” He tilts his head up so his chin is digging into Keith’s belly button. “I shan’t allow it,” he proclaims, voice no longer muffled by Keith’s black t-shirt.

“You are so weird.” Keith can’t help but laugh. “You don’t have to worry about that ever. I hate people. Well, most people. Now come on future husband, before Shiro acquires too much adorable content to mock me with later.”

The cafe is still quiet and dim, lit mostly by morning light peeking in through the windows. The machines are up and running, a quiet hum filling the otherwise silent shop save for the fading chimes of the door. Shiro is behind the counter wiping the rim of a mug with a teasing grin on his face. “Good morning, love doves.”

“Morning, Shiro,” Lance yawns. Keith only scowls as he waits for the snarky comment his brother is sure to throw their way. Shiro sets the mug down with a content sigh. Here we go.
“I can’t believe it’s been a whole year since you first walked in here and swept my baby brother off his feet. And now you’re moving in together.” Shiro places his prosthetic over his heart and his hand across his forehead mock swooning at them from behind the counter.

Keith rolls his eyes but can’t keep his lips from twitching at the corners. “Why do you remember the exact date, you nerd?”

Shiro scoffs. “It’s not like you’d remember it yourself.”

“Lance waltzed in here in full douchebag regalia and stared me down like he was in the middle of a stroke before screeching my name in my face. How could I ever forget?” Shiro snorts.

“Not cool, babe,” Lance mutters. “But he did remember,” he says pointedly at Shiro. “He woke me up with flowers and waffles.” Lance’s arms twine around Keith’s waist and he shoves his face into the crook of his neck.

“Ooh, eggos for breakfast, Keith. How romantic. I’m impressed.”

“Well Shiro, your anniversary isn’t far behind, is it? What kind of special plans do you have lined up to impress the princess?” Lance lifts his head and smirks. “Is Allura gonna use some of her psychology on you?” Keith can’t see his face but he can sense the presence of an eyebrow wiggle.

Shiro groans.

“Maybe get some hot operator action?” Keith snickers.

“Lance.”

“You should give it a shot, Shiro. You might be really good at it.”

“Yeah, never gonna happen.”

Lance releases Keith and moves towards the older brother, hips swaying. “Ooooh, Shiro. Grope me
with your big strong bara hands.”

A surprised laugh bursts out of Keith’s mouth before he can clamp a hand over his face.

“Or maybe you wanna be in a more vulnerable position, eh? Keith here is the power bottom extraordinaire. He can tell you everything you need to know, Shiro.”

“Oh god, please stop. There are some things a brother doesn’t need to know.” Shiro runs his hand down his face, his eyes squeezed shut.

“You brought this upon yourself,” Keith singsongs. He and Lance share a high five just as the door chimes announcing the start of their morning rush.

Keith can feel Shiro staring at him during their pre-lunch lull even as he finishes up an order for a mother and her son and they take a seat at one of the small tables. Lance is in the back checking on the baked goods Hunk had prepared ahead of time (although there’s also a chance he’s sneaking a nap) but he’s glad there will be few witnesses to the brotherly love. He’s not really in the mood for his regularly scheduled Talk but it is inevitable. He tosses the rag he’s cleaning the counter with to the side and sighs long and deep. “Say whatever it is you wanna say, Shiro.”

Shiro lifts his eyebrows in feigned surprise but he has the decency to look somewhat sheepish. “I’m just...I’m really proud of you.” Shiro smiles and wipes his hands on his apron out of habit. “I don’t exactly approve of the route you took to get here and it still weirds me out a bit but,” he shrugs, “you have some really great friends in your life and I don’t think I’ve seen you this happy since before you morphed into your surly teenager phase. And then stubbornly refused to leave it.”

Keith rolls his eyes but there’s no real annoyance in the gesture. He’s used to Shiro teasing him but the sincere happiness and support his brother expresses is a little less common. Not that Shiro isn’t supportive but Keith hasn’t exactly given him much to be proud of. He feels his face warming and snatches the order slip out of the machine.

“Aww, Shiro, you made him blush.” Keith jerks his head around to see Lance grinning wide and leaning against the open door frame that leads to the back.
“Ugh, aren’t you supposed to be taking a nap or something?”

Shiro tuts. “Nuh uh, there’s no napping on the clock.”

“Good thing I refuse to take pay then. I do what I want.”

“Yeah, yeah. I really wish you would though. You work hard, Lance,” Shiro says as he rubs the back of his head.

“Nope! I’m just doing what - oh god!”

Lance cuts himself off as a flash of blond hair rushes through the shop followed by a loud thunk. At first it seems like a small child has run full speed into the side of the counter.

“Ma’am, is he okay?” Shiro asks with concern as he circles around to the front from behind the register.

“Oh, yes, I’m sorry. He’s just fine. Theo! How many times do I have to tell you to stop putting stickers everywhere? I’m so sorry. He’s going through a Mothman phase. He draws Mothman on everything.” Lance walks over to Keith and they both lean across the counter to take a look at the kid’s tag.

Lance gestures to Keith with his thumb. “He never got over his.”

Keith elbows Lance in the ribs but smiles at the little boy with blond hair. “I think it’s cool.”

“Shiro’s not going to think so,” Lance mumbles under his breath and the mother’s eyes widen a fraction, her brows furrowing in worry.

“Let me try to scratch it off or give you some extra money for it, really I insist,” the woman says reaching into her oversized purse.

“No no, please don’t worry about it. It gives this place some character,” Shiro replies surprisingly
chill about the defacement. The wood of the counter itself is a little worn but it suits the comfortable, homey setting of the cafe. It’s not like the addition of a cryptid sticker is going to diminish any kind of value after all.

Lance gasps. “Oh my god, Shiro, can we make this a thing? Can we start a sticker collection on the front of the counter?” Lance’s eyes are wide and eager for the first time all morning.

“That could actually be pretty cool,” Keith seconds after a moment.

Shiro crosses his arms and hums. “Well, as long as the stickers aren’t inappropriate, I don’t see why not. Make it a community effort.”

The mother is smiling now in appreciation. Lance gives the kid a fist bump. “You started something really cool, brosef.”

“Hmm, what do you think about this one?” Lance points to his laptop screen as he takes a sip from some alcoholic concoction Keith threw together. It burns going down and settles warm in his stomach. Yeah, they had needed a night like this.

Keith leans his head on Lance’s shoulder and looks over the listing information. “The kitchen is a nightmare and it’s a little small I think. Also, way overpriced. Next.” He downs his drink and hisses between his teeth.

“Ugh, I hate this. Why are we so poor? Why is rent so expensive? We’ve been looking for weeks. I hate being an adult.”

“Same.” Keith turns his head to press a kiss to Lance’s cheek. “We’ll find something. I’m making another,” he says nodding towards his empty glass. “Want me to top you off?”

“I would be delighted if you’d top me, yes.” Lance smiles sweetly with a flutter of his eyelashes.

Keith snorts, lips turning up in a grin. “Would you now?” Keith wiggles his eyebrows. Lance’s
mouth drops open.

“That’s my move! Keith! You can’t seduce me with my own move!” Oh my god, he’s actually offended.

Keith scoffs. “Uh, it’s hardly ‘a move.’ Also, I can and I will.”

“Good fucking luck with that, babe,” Lance retorts stubbornly.

“Don’t need it.” Good luck, resisting this. Keith gets up from the bed and swings his hips wide as he struts to the foot of the bed where he’s directly in front of Lance. He crosses his arms in front of his torso and pulls his t-shirt over his head slowly, letting it fall to the floor off of a finger. Lance shifts, mouth still pulled into a defiant pout but unable to look away. Oh man, he’s gonna make me go full stripper. Welp. Keith turns around slowly. He wishes he’d put on some music but when your boyfriend won’t let you fuck him because he’s pouting about some dumb stolen move, what’s a guy to do on the spot? Strip in silence apparently. He pulls at the drawstring at his hips and shimmies out of his joggers, making sure to bend over as far as he can with his feet spread juuuust slightly. The round globes of his ass are peeking out of his little black boyshorts. He arches his back as he rolls his body upright and tosses a smouldering look over his shoulder at Lance. The tent in his boxers is clearly visible and he catches the tail end of a hard swallow. Perfect. Keith quirks a brow. It’s not nearly as exaggerated as Lance’s but the sentiment is the same.

“How are you feeling about that whole seduction thing now?”

“Oh, good, yep. Very nice. I like the moves on you. Good moves. Nice. A+ moves. You can have it. Have all the moves.”

“Yeah, that’s what I thought.” Keith kneels down on the bed with a smirk and starts prowling forward until he’s nudged himself between Lance’s long legs. He runs his hands slowly along his shins, up his thighs. His violet eyes never leave hooded blues. Especially not when he palms at the hardness pushing against the front of Lance’s boxers.

“Holy shit,” Lance shudders out, a shiver running down his spine. His eyes flutter closed and he bites his lip.

“Good?”
“Always,” he nods.

“Good.” And then Keith’s tongue is pressed against his length, soaking the thin cloth. Lance bucks up into the touch, a soft moan slipping between his lips. His hands slip into the wide legs of his boxers and he squeezes Lance’s ass, mouth still sucking and licking. Long fingers tangle in his hair and suddenly Keith finds himself lacking any patience whatsoever.

He pulls away which leaves Lance huffing in disappointment. Keith slips his fingers under Lance’s baggy shirt and yanks it over his head. He leans forward to kiss him, messy and rushed. Lance clings to his shoulders as their tongues slide together tasting of alcohol. The boxers are quick to come off followed by the boyshorts. Keith takes Lance’s lower lip between his teeth, giving it a tug before he releases it. He has better things to do with his mouth.

Keith’s lips part around the head of Lance’s leaking cock and he takes him quickly, slicking up his shaft inch by inch until his throat is being prodded against. The noises Lance make do wonders for his determination to suck him dry until he’s a whimpering mess.

He reaches an arm out towards the bedside table, feeling blindly for the familiar bottle. Lance is kind enough, and coherent enough, to pass it to him after a few seconds of fumbling. Keith grips Lance’s thighs, mouth popping off his cock lewdly, and yanks him forward so he’s lying on his back. Legs eagerly fall open. No shame in this one. He’s not complaining. “What a good boy you are, baby,” Keith murmurs, spreading lube generously on his fingers. He circles the rim, pressing lightly, just enough to tease.

“C’mon, c’mon, I need it. I need you,” Lance urges a little breathlessly.

“Feeling impatient, hm? Alright.” Keith drives his finger in deep, immediately finding a rhythm that has Lance rocking against him. When his expression relaxes, he slips another finger in and feels Lance shudder around him.

“Good, s-so good,” he stutters out. Lance reaches for him, grips handfuls of hair to pull Keith close, licks into his mouth languidly. Keith slows down his movements, crooks his fingers just enough to get Lance to jerk his hips and moan wantonly. He slips a third finger in and pulls back to watch Lance fall apart at his hands. He’s tight, so tight and it’s all he can do not to withdraw his fingers and sink his length deep into this ass. He doesn’t have to wait long.

“Just fucking fuck me. Please, Keith please.” He slips his fingers out, grabs Lance by his slim hips, lines himself up. You don’t have to tell me twice.
Lance moans, his back arching up off the mattress as Keith slides into him slow but sure. His hips ache under the press of Keith’s thumbs but it’s an ache he craves, one he’ll appreciate later when he pushes on the bruises as a reminder.

“Fuck, baby, you feel so good. You’re so tight. God, I bet you can feel every inch, can’t you?”

Lance groans, his nails digging into Keith’s shoulders. “More. Need...more,” he pleads between breaths.

Keith, not being one to deny Lance anything, gives him just that. His hips snap forward almost violently, jerking Lance higher up in the bed. He grits his teeth at the oppressive heat that engulfs his dick, pausing only so he doesn’t come then and there. His eyes rake across Lance’s body hungrily. His chest is flushed with arousal, hair already mussed, cheeks pink, blue eyes glazed and locked on his. *How did I get so lucky?*

“Fuck me. Hard,” Lance growls. His legs are wrapped around Keith’s waist, heels in his back urging him on, trying to fuck himself on Keith.

“As you wish,” he whispers in Lance’s ear. Keith places a hand around his neck and applies the slightest pressure. It’s clearly not enough when Lance covers his hand with his own and pushes harder against his throat. Keith can feel his adam’s apple resisting the force but ignores it, focusing on the way Lance’s mouth falls open and his eyes roll back, gasping in pleasure instead.

Keith’s head is thrown back as he pounds into tight heat over and over and over. He’s lost, gone to the feeling of being so close but not wanting it to end. He yelps as hands on his chest push him firmly backwards, his dick slipping out of Lance’s ass in the position change. “What the - ”

“I want to ride you.”

He groans when Lance’s long fingers guide Keith’s oversensitive length back into himself. “Yeah, yeah okay, good.” Keith plants his feet flat on the bed, knees bent, and drives his hips up into Lance, meeting him hard and fast on every bounce. He grips handfuls of plump ass, spreading him wider, fingertips brushing along Lance’s rim where he can feel just how much his dick is stretching him open.

Lance is crying out, panting at every thrust. Tears are sliding down his cheeks, sweat drenching his
hairline. “Keith, baby, touch me, please touch me,” he manages to whimper.

Keith wraps his fingers around Lance’s leaking cock, pumping in time with the rolling of his hips. Lance makes a strangled sound at the touch and slumps forward so their lips are brushing together, exchanging warm breath more than anything.

“Come on me,” Keith whispers.

“Only if you come in me.”

“Fuck yeah, deal.”

_______________________

It’s a bright Monday morning and Keith can think of about a hundred places he’d rather be than this overcrowded, noisy college campus. That’s not exactly true. He’s excited to be here honestly but he is pretty anxious. His last foray into higher education hadn’t exactly been a stellar success.

"You don’t have to walk me to class, mom." He’ll never admit it, but Lance’s hand in his as his boyfriend guides him to his first class is actually incredibly comforting. Had he not insisted on escorting Keith to campus, Keith may have called it quits in the parking lot.

"Hey, I just wanna make sure my sweet little boy has a good first day of school."

"I'm going to hit you." Lance laughs and squeezes his hand reassuringly but Keith’s nerves are still running a little tense. He wants to do well. He wants to be successful. He wants to make Shiro proud. He wants to make Lance proud. He wants to make something of himself.

They make their way through a few different buildings and turn down a long hallway bustling with activity. “And your class should be riight here,” Lance says as they reach a door that looks like all the others. Lance holds the door open for Keith and follows him into the small auditorium.

“You don’t have to stay with me. I’ll be okay,” Keith mutters. He really does feel like a child now.
Lance shrugs. “I have time until my class starts. Besides, I wanna see what kinds of stuff you’ll be studying. My life is all math and science. I don’t get to go to classes like this.”

They pick seats off to the side and towards the back. Lance shows him on his campus map where all his classes are located as well as where the Chemistry and Physics building is where Lance spends all his time. People trickle in more quickly as it gets closer to the start of class. There’s a good mix of people who look bored as hell and eager to learn. There seems to be no inbetween. The professor comes in with a final stream of students. She’s a petite woman, definitely older but her hair is long and full and blonde. It’s either dyed meticulously or it’s a wig. Her voice is nasally as she begins her introduction of herself and the course. They immediately tune her out.

“I’m bored. The first day of class is always so boring. Physics, she calls for me. I’m leaving you,” Lance says quietly.

“She’s been talking for five minutes but yeah, you should probably go so you don’t miss anything,” Keith whispers back.

“I’ll meet you in the atrium for lunch after our classes, okay?” Lance gives him a quick peck on the mouth and slings his bag over his shoulder as he stands.


“Oh, uh actually - ”

“Bup-bup-bup. Don’t be rude,” the professor chides. “Sit.”

Lance stares at her like he’s not quite sure what to do. He’s bad with confrontation. Keith snickers at the flush that’s seeping into Lance’s cheeks. “Um, okay,” he murmurs sinking back into his seat.

The professor resumes her introduction and syllabus review and Keith tosses him a pitying glance. “Guess you’re stuck with me, huh?”

Lance shrugs. “Worse people I could be stuck with I guess. Hunk is going to wonder where I am but
at least he can fill me in. It’s first day stuff so it shouldn’t be that bad.”

They notice the room has gone quiet as they’re discussing. “Ahem.” The professor is glaring at them from behind her large glasses. They mutter out “sorrys” and make faces at each other. Keith pulls his notebook out to take notes. Might as well be productive. Lance motions to him to hand over a piece of paper to him.

“You don’t need to take notes,” Keith whispers under his breath.

Lance grins. “No, but maybe I wanna pass notes to you.”

“Ah yes, feels like I’m in middle school again. You’re going to get me in trouble and then she’ll hate me.”

“Impossible. Who could hate you? Now shush before she calls us out again.” Keith rolls his eyes.

The notes begin innocently enough but it’s not long before they’re taking turns drawing ridiculous caricatures of their friends and various people in the classroom. They’ve even started demanding very specific doodles from each other. It takes every ounce of self control they have to keep their snorts and giggles under control.

Keith looks up and stares at the wall blankly after he reads Lance’s request. ‘Self portrait, jorts, fried chicken.’ He sighs deeply. I never should have told him that I was born in Texas. His gaze sweeps over to Lance who has tears in his eyes, his mouth a contorted line as he tries not to laugh out loud. By the time he’s finished scratching out what has got to be the worst piece of bullshit art known to mankind, even he is having a hard time keeping it together. Jesus fucking Christ. Lance fondly dubs him, ‘Kountry Fried Keith’ and Keith has to cover his snorts of laughter with a series of coughs. A girl in front of him turns around to shoot him a dirty look and he murmurs an apology.

He takes a few moments to consider his options but Keith gets him back with a special request of his own. ‘Self portrait, doing the hula, wearing a jellyfish hat, seducing a sea monster.’ Lance stares at the request like he doesn’t know where to begin and mouths ‘what the fuck?’ Keith only shrugs, not even bothering to hide his shit-eating grin. Lance ends up giving himself noodle arms and makes a jab at Keith by turning him into the sea monster. There are tentacles sprouting out of the lower half of his face although Lance made sure to capture his mullet as accurately as he could. It gives Keith an idea. He steals the pencil and taps it against his bottom lip twice before he leans over the piece of scrap paper. ‘Keithulhu’ he writes underneath his disembodied monster head. He drops the pencil and Lance catches it as it rolls across the page.
Whatever laughter Lance had been holding back bursts forth before he’s able to do anything about it and the class goes silent once again as he doubles over in his chair. The tears he’s been holding back are running down his cheeks and he’s practically wheezing. Keith can’t help the stream of giggles that bubble up in response and now they’re just two dudes laughing at seemingly nothing in a classroom full of confused eyes on them.

“I’m going to have to ask you two to leave,” the professor says sternly. Keith is aware that he should feel bad, and he does, but in this moment he can’t think of any place he’d rather be than getting thrown out of a classroom with Lance.

It had taken some convincing and compromise but Lance’s calls have dropped to once a month. With Keith’s argument that they were trying to move into their own place and Lance’s acknowledgement that he wasn’t making that sweet NASA money just yet, they had agreed to continue their weekly date nights off the phone. That didn’t stop Lance from making sure he got that monthly call in one Thursday a month at nine o’clock on the dot though.

"So what are you wearing, gorgeous?" He hears the question in stereo.

Keith can’t stop the eyeroll. "Lance, you’re laying right next to me."

"Well then fine, I'll close my eyes." Keith feels the bed shift as Lance rolls onto his side so his back is to him as well.

"You're wasting money."

"Nothing is a waste if done in your honor, my love," Lance says with a galant wave of his hand.

Keith snorts and pretends like that doesn't make him feel all warm and fuzzy inside. *This noble little shit. I love him.*

“Hey, Keith?” Lance’s voice has gone soft, quiet. Keith hums in response as he turns his head. “One day, I’m going to buy you a house. And I’m going to marry you. I don’t know if it will be exactly in
that order. I guess it doesn’t really matter but you won’t go a single day for the rest of your life without knowing how much I want to be with you. Sound good?”

Keith doesn’t answer. He can’t. What do you even say to something like that? Nothing he says could ever be enough to express how much Lance means to him. How Lance is everything. He realizes he hasn’t taken a breath and his pulse is pounding in his ears.

“Babe?” Before he can start to roll back over, Keith wraps his arms around Lance and pulls him close so he can press his forehead into the nape of his neck. Lance laughs and slips their fingers together, kisses the back of Keith’s hand, squeezes it gently. “I guess that’s a yes.”

Not trusting his voice to not break when he speaks just yet, Keith only nods and kisses along tan shoulders. *Don’t cry, don’t cry, don’t cry. He’ll never let you live it down.* He clears his throat and blinks rapidly. “Yeah. Except I’m going to buy you a house.”

Lance sighs in relief. “Whew, thank god. The mortgage is all yours.”

Keith pinches the soft skin on his belly, laughing when Lance tries to squirm away. They end up wrestling around until they’re settled with Keith curled up on Lance’s chest, long fingers skimming up and down his back, phones long forgotten.

“Hey, Lance?”

“Hm?”

“I’m glad you called.”

“Best call I ever made.”

Chapter End Notes

I just want to thank everyone for sticking with this, through the secondhand
embarrassment and the brushing off of the rust.

Special thanks to Caterino (the inspiration for that Aussie slang bit), Sky, and Nat for inspiring and encouraging this whole thing in the first place. This was never supposed to be anything serious and just a joke among us but y'all are the best little siblings.

Even more thanks to Evan, Nicole, Witty, Sora, Theo (who is making some beautiful art for this that kills me and brings me back to life), and LJ for being super supportive and listening to me whine and getting me through the self-doubt and laughing with me late into the night and providing me with endless fucking nonsense and inspiration when I needed it most. Even if inspiration came in the form of all these god damn references and silly one-liners. I can't believe you guys all messaged me and screamed at each other about this fic. What is wrong with y'all? Imao

Speaking of references, there are a shit ton in this chapter. SO MANY. The drawings Keith and Lance do for each other actually exist. They exist because Witty and Nicole requested that drunk Wrenn draw them. I may be willing to share the videos because they are pretty hilarious lol

Also! This is not the end of this au. Because of what happens in writing, I already have a couple of one-shots planned for this universe. There may even be sweet domestic bliss in the future. I am not a strong man. I cannot resist the fluff. It calls to me.

As always, please feel free to leave comments or questions, send me messages or asks on tumblr. I'm happy to talk. Find me HERE

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!