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**Form KINKTRON!**

by *Perversions*

**Summary**

We all have our kinks and even punishments can be pleasurable. Remember, what happens in the group, stays with the group.
He knew he messed up the moment he left Red's hanger. Their team wasn't in any immediate danger--for now--but they couldn't slack off on practice. Today, they had decided to practice fighting in space, a lost asset on some of them. Keith wasn't rusty and flew well, but there was always room for error. Good pilot or not, leaving the Garrison for a couple of months did things to your abilities.

Yes, he would admit it only to himself. Keith Kogane made several mistakes during today's practice. Some that resulted in their youngest paladin to get injured, something that shouldn't have happen. While Pidge didn't hold a grudge towards him--it was only a bump on the head--and knew it was an accident, the others couldn't say the same.

Keith didn't care so much about the others, though. He only cared about one person's thoughts.

Shiro. The Garrison senior that every cadet, male and female, had wet dreams about every night. His opinion was the only one that mattered today to Keith.

And by the look of him leaning against the wall, waiting for Keith, he knew that he was in for it.

Shiro said nothing as he pushed off the wall and walked away. He didn't have to. Keith would follow like a love sick puppy waiting for a new toy. They passed Hunk and Lance. Try as they might, they wore faces of pity. They both knew what Keith was about to face, but neither of them could risk telling him without taking punishment themselves. After the last time Shiro punished them, they weren't ready for a second session just yet.

After walking for some time, Keith nearly bumping into Shiro when he stopped. He watched his metal arm reach out and touch a panel, opening the door to Keith's room. Shiro didn't move. With his head bowed, Keith walked inside and stopped in the middle of the room. Every sound made him jump as Shiro walked in and closed the door, the click of the lock ringing in his ears. He hardly heard the other paladin walk up behind him, but he jumped at feeling his strong hands on his biceps.

"What did you do today, cadet?"

The voice sent a chill through his body but heat pooled at his crotch. He loved Shiro's voice. Everyone in their pact did. "I... I was careless in today's training and caused one of our teammates harm..."

Shiro's hands ran down his arms and stopped at his wrists. "That's right. You could have severely affected the team if it was a real fight. You're good, Keith, but you need more training and discipline to be at your best. Don't you agree?"

Keith had heard these words before at the Garrison, but hearing them from Shiro had a different affect. He was striven to be good enough for him, but if he asked, Keith would be on his knees for Shiro. "Yes..."

"Strip."

The moment Shiro removed his hands, Keith wanted them back on him. Anything to feel that warmth and strength on his body. From the corner of his eye, he could see Shiro take a seat on the bed. His hands shook as he worked on removing the paladins armor. It wasn't heavy but with how
weak his arms felt, it was an effort to remove. His underwear hit the ground and he stepped out of them, standing in a semi-circle of armor.

"Come here."

If he thought his arms were bad, his legs were worse. His legs were shaky as he walked to Shiro. He tried not to take his time, knowing that the results would be worse if he stalled. When he was close enough, Shiro grabbed him by his wrist and draped him face down across his lap. Keith didn't fight back as Shiro pinned his arms behind his back. The cool touch of his metal hand stroked his ass and he didn't know if he wanted to push against or away from it.

"I've been trying to gauge how much you deserve," Shiro said, his hand never stopping. "Ten is too small of a number, but fifteen and twenty are too high. I could stick with fifteen. It's a good middle number."

Keith bit his tongue. If Shiro was going to be using his metal arm, ten was too much. Fifteen and twenty? It'll mean that Keith would need to strap a pillow to his ass for the next few weeks.

Shiro's finger tapped against his ass. He had already made up his mind. "Fifteen. Get ready."

Nothing could prepare Keith for the pain he felt. Shiro's metal hand smacked his ass and forced a scream out of him. His body shook when the second one came down onto his flesh. By the time the third one came, Keith couldn't deny that he was hard as a rock. His cock pushed against Shiro's thigh as the forth smack came down. This little bit of friction felt good. It was the one silver lining of this pain.

Not that Keith didn't enjoy a spanking or two, but with Shiro's metal hand? That took a skill that Keith hadn't mastered to enjoy. Even if his cock was practically weeping by the seventh strike, Keith could feel the pain. Perhaps he was a masochist at this point, arching himself to reach Shiro's hand harder by the tenth smack.

It felt so good now. His cock against Shiro's clothed thigh, his ass stinging with the smallest hum of pleasure.

Just one more strike remained. It was all Keith needed to push himself over the edge. How well trained Shiro had him. He didn't squirm, he didn't fight. Keith understood he deserved this punishment. Deep down, maybe he wanted it (but that wasn't his reason for messing up today).

He just needed the last push...

Just...

One...

More...

And he felt it.

That familiar tightness at the base of his cock.

Keith hurled himself off of Shiro and looked down at his lap. This damn cock ring. Oh, he hated it! He looked up at Shiro through watery eyes. If he really wanted to, he'd punch that grin right off his beautiful face.

"This is your second punishment. One week."
Shit, how he loved him.

Chapter End Notes

EDIT 1/5/18: a while ago, eleedoesart did a drawing for this chapter. you should check it out here. ♥
"There you are, you dirty little cumslut."

Lance froze as he stared up at Hunk's looming form. Whatever he was in trouble for, he was in for it.

Hunk strode up to him and placed his strong hands on his shoulders. His hands squeezed, making Lance wince. "You know what you did, right?" All Lance had to do was nod his head and Hunk pushed him to his knees. "Then start making it up to me."

A chill went through Lance's spine. Raising his hands, he worked on undoing Hunk's belt and pants. This was his plan all along. To rile Hunk up so much that he had to feel like he needed a punishment. Lance had already talked to Shiro about it. Once he got his approval, he went for it. He didn't regret his choice at all.

His mouth watered when he pulled out Hunk's cock. Out of the four of them, he had the biggest. Thick and long in just the right way. How many times had Lance imagined taking Hunk's dick? He had sucked it before, sure, but in his ass? Never. Hunk always told him that he needed to be more prepared.

Lance prepared, though. He was ready for this.

Hunk's fingers tangled in his hair and pulled him closer. "Come on, already. You kept begging and yearning for this, so get to it."

"Gladly." Taking his dick in hand, he brought it to his mouth and latched on to the tip. Hunk had such a distinct taste to him. He was sweeter than the other two. He wouldn't say it, but he loved Hunk's cum the most.

Lance took him in deeper, lavishing whatever he could with his tongue. Hunk wasted no time in moving his head up and down his dick. Now was not the time for Lance to enjoy everything.

Hunk forced his dick deeper, choking him. "You love this, don't you?" he asked, sneering down at him. "You just love choking on something big." Moving his hand, he stroked Lance's cheek, feeling himself through it. "You look good like this."

Lance pulled himself off for air and Hunk let him. Saliva connected them together and he didn't bother wiping it off. Instead, he took Hunk deep in his mouth and throat again. Hunk called him all sorts of names and Lance ate them up like they were candy. Their kindhearted paladin was never like this and it thrilled him to no end. To see Hunk be this rough and talk like this.

His dick had never been so hard before.

Hunk grunted above him, pounding into his mouth with wild abandon. A harsh tug to his hair pulled Lance off him, his cum splattering across his face. Lance held his mouth open wide, catching what he could.

It wasn't enough. He wanted more.

He wanted more of Hunk.
Lance surged forward, already licking up Hunk's still hard cock.

"You still want more?" Hunk asked, grabbing Lance's hair again and pulling him back. "After what you did, do you think you deserve more?"

He whimpered and squirmed, digging his fingers into the fabric of Hunk's jeans. "I don't. Shit, after what I did, I don't." Lance scrambled to climb up Hunk's body and cling to his shirt. "That's why you have to fuck me. Fuck me so hard that I won't ever do anything wrong to you again."

Lance watched Hunk's face, waiting for any sign of a yes or no.

Hunk grabbed him, turned him around and slammed him against the wall. He moaned, thrusting his ass back against Hunk's dick. Hands tugged at his pants, slipping them past his ass. Thick fingers touched and pressed into him. Lance moved against the fingers, wanting more inside him. Something bigger and wider.

"You prepared yourself for me?" Hunk asked, curling his fingers. "Were you that desperate for my cock inside you? That you make me angry and prepare yourself to take my big cock?"

Lance shuddered. Hunk's words were magic to him. "Yeeeesssssss. I've been waiting for too long for this. Just... fuck me, Hunk, please..."

With his body flushed against Lance's, Hunk lined his cock up and slid in. His entire body shuddered and he was so close to the edge already. He needed Hunk to move and fuck him. To treat him like the cumslut that he was.

"You're twitching," Hunk said in his ear. His hand reached up and grabbed Lance's cock. "You're leaking, too. Do you like it like this? Fucked up against the wall with something big in your ass? Or is it just me?"

His jaw dropped and he looked up at the ceiling. "Fuck yes it's you. It's a-always been you... I've waited so fucking long for this." Lance moaned as Hunk tugged his head back. Feeling Hunk's teeth and mouth on his neck had his body shaking. If he didn't start moving... "Please--"

Lance howled when Hunk started to move inside him. Harsh thrusts that slammed into him and shook his body more. How he longed for this day to finally happen.

"I love that you prepared yourself like this," Hunk said into his ear. "Just watching you stretch yourself open to take Shiro and Keith inside you looks great. You should have let me see it."

His nails dragged down the wall. Lance pushed against him. "Maybe next ti--aaaaaaaah...."

Hunk stroked his cock in time with his thrusts. "Show me how wet you can get for me." His thumb stroked the slit, precum smearing across the head of his dick. "You can get wetter than this, right? Go ahead and show me."

Lance wished he could move harder against him. Anything to feel more of Hunk's thrusts and cock inside him. He moved his hand to join Hunk's, squeezing the tip for more precum to dribble out. The wetness provided lubrication for Hunk's hand. "Shiiiiiiit..."

"Mmm, that's good." Hunk nibbled at his ear, his hand speeding up. "Go ahead and cum for me, nice and hard."

Drool was running down Lance's chin. He pressed his forehead against the wall and stared down at
his dick and Hunk's hand. Hunk knew exactly what he wanted and gave it to him with gusto in hard thrusts and strokes. He slammed into him, pinning him to the wall and trying to get as deep inside Lance as he could.

Lance's moan echoed in the room as he cummed. He splattered the wall and his pelvis. Hunk cummed inside him and he let out a broken cry at the sensation.

He moaned into his ear, licking the shell of it. "Oh, you won't be able to walk for days after this... Do you feel how much I had waiting for you? There's no way you'll be able to keep it all in you, but think you can try? See if you can keep all that I gave you inside that tight ass of yours."

Lance reached back to touch the back of Hunk's head and pulled him into a kiss. "For you? I'll do my best."

They stared into each other's eyes before bursting into laughter. "Oh man, Lance, I can't believe you made me do that," Hunk said, pulling out of him.

He turned around and wrapped his arms around Hunk's neck, kissing his chin. "You totally liked it and I think you did great!" His eyes wandered to the bed. Shiro had Keith's dick deep in his mouth. "What do you guys think? Didn't Hunk do great?"

Shiro pulled off Keith's cock, lewd slurping sounds coming from him. "Well--"

Keith grabbed the back of his head and forced him back down on his dick, choking and silencing him. "Hunk's performance was sub-par. He could use some practice."

Their leader lifted his head up and coughed. "Keith...!" Shiro pinned him down beneath him, grinding their hips together and drawing a moan out from him.

Lance rolled his eyes and kissed Hunk's face again. "Don't worry. I'll help ya get there."

"Yeah, sure you will."

Chapter End Notes

this was difficult. i don't know if it was because it was hunk that i gave the prompt to or because i have no idea how to write dirty talk but i did my best. l o l b y e
Keith's pace forced Lance to stumble from how hard he's pulling him along. He doesn't care. Watching Lance fight today had drove him wild. Something about today had that strange affect on him. At first, he blamed it on the planet's air. It smelled sweet and clouded Keith's judgement.

Why else would he be dragging Lance through a populated city and into an alleyway?

A party had taken place for the heroes that freed them from Zarkon's might. Allura and the others were still there, accepting thanks for everyone who joined them. Once Keith saw the chance to slip away, he grabbed Lance and took off.

Keith pushed him against the wall, running his hands under his shirt. Lance grabbed his wrists and pushed them down to his sides. "Whoa! Keith, buddy, we can't do this here! Can't we just wait until we get to the castle?"

No, they couldn't. Keith couldn't wait that long. He left their cruisers behind and walking to the castle of lions would take too long. Not when Keith was ready to force Lance to the ground and ride him. Keith smashed their mouths together, plunging his tongue into Lance's open mouth. He counted the seconds it took or Lance to let go of his wrists.

Ten seconds too long.

His hands are back under Lance's shirt, admiring the lean muscles he had. Fingers danced at the hem of his pants and worked his belt open. Lance moaned into his mouth when he cupped his half hard dick. Keith returned the favor, pressing his own arousal against Lance's leg.

"Shit, Keith," Lance said, pulling his mouth away. "Have you been like this all night?"

"Yeah..." Keith muttered, rutting against his leg. "I couldn't help it. You fought really good today and I liked it."

Lance smirked, cupping Keith's ass in his hands and pulling him harder to him. "Is that so?" He kissed Keith, pushing into his hand to get more of that friction. "Did you bring anything?"

Keith didn't think he could feel insulted from that question. When they returned to the castle of lions to dress down for the celebration, he packed a bottle of lube in his pocket. From the moment the battle was over, he knew what he wanted to do with Lance. He nodded his head, giving Lance's dick a squeeze.

They moved from the wall until Keith's back hit a shipping crate. Lance hoisted him up onto it and slipped between his legs. It was thrilling doing it out in the open. At the mouth of the alley, inhabitants slipped past, unaware of what was about to happen. They only had to look inside for a second to see what was about to happen. Keith didn't care. He wanted them to see him like this, with Lance rutting into his hand like his life depended on it.

Lance grabbed his hand and pulled it out of his pants. He buried his face in the leather of Keith's glove, smelling himself on it. The sight made Keith shudder and he could feel the smallest drop of precum spill out of his dick. If they had time, Keith would have gotten on his knees and blown Lance's mind. Literally. Time was short, though, and foreplay couldn't be slow.
Heated hands worked on freeing one of Keith's legs from his confines. He kicked his boot off and it hit the other wall, echoing loud in their ears. Keith bit his lip when Lance shushed him. He didn't need to know that Keith wanted to get caught like this. Lance reached into Keith's pocket and pulled out the small container of lube.

He pushed Keith to lean back, tugging his hips until his ass was hanging off the edge. The hungry look in his eyes as he coated his fingers made Keith moan. This was going too slow for his own liking. Sure, if they got caught, he'd love it. He needed Lance's dick in him now, though.

Keith leaned further back when a finger pushed inside him, ignoring the pain from his head. Lance only pumped a few times before slipping in a second, scissoring him open. That slight bit of pain was perfect. Keith bit his lip, trying to not make a sound. Oh, but it was hard. He just wanted to moan Lance's name and let the whole city know who was about to fuck him.

Lance pulled his fingers out and poured lube into his hand. "Shit, I can't wait any longer..." he muttered, stroking himself.

"That makes two of us," Keith moaned out, pushing himself onto Lance's tip.

Lance stilled his hips then surged forward, pushing himself deep into Keith. This is what Keith wanted and he was going to get it. Lance was brutal with his thrusts, pounding into him without rhythm. They had to be quick and Keith wouldn't have it any other way. He clung to Lance's shoulders, moaning into his neck. Lance's hands ran back up his shirt, toying with his nipples.

Yes, yes, yes! Keith wanted more of him. More of this pleasure and thrill. It would be so easy to moan louder and draw attention to them and their writhing bodies. It'd be clear to everyone what they were doing. He wanted them to know so badly...

Looking back to the mouth of the alley, he moaned and Lance tried to silence him.

It was only for a moment, but Keith was sure he saw it. Someone looking at them and leaving once they saw Keith looking back. God, would they tell anyone what they saw? Did they even recognize these two beings who had saved them hours before? Shit, the idea drove Keith crazy.

He gave Lance's neck open-mouthed kisses and Lance returned the favor. Their bodies pushed against each other, driving him deeper inside. Lance grabbed his ass once again and pounded harder into him. The edge was so close now. He reached up and toyed with Keith's cock, stroking and bringing him along.

Keith tilted his head back and roared his pleasure, his cum coating their shirts. Lance pushed into him one more time before cumming inside him, his body shuddering. They sat like that for some time, shaking against each other. Keith kept his eyes on the crowds passing by, trying to see if someone else would take a peak.

He whimpered when Lance pulled out and away to survey the mess. "You look like a wreck," he said, running a hand down his face.

"You're not much better," Keith retorted. He reached for his pants, already shucking his leg into them.

"Yeah, but your jacket doesn't cover your shirt at all." Lance shrugged his jacket off and shoved it into Keith's hands. "Wear this."

Keith slipped the jacket on and looked at the stain of Lance's shirt. "What about you?"
Lance made quick work of scooping the cum onto his fingers before it dried and popped them into his mouth. "I'm a messy eater. They'll just think I made a mess of myself." He grinned at Keith. "But we all know who's the real messy one out of the two of us."

Keith snorted and pushed him out of the alley. Just wait until later. There was going to be more of a mess on Lance than he would be comfortable with.

Chapter End Notes

heavy breathing. i had a lot of fun with this. i'm trying hard to at least get a queue going so that, when i do work, i'm not crying my eyes out to get a chapter out. i can say that chapter 31 is gonna be awesome, though.
Bukkake (All)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shit, Lance loved this so much.

Sucking one off while surrounded by other handsome men jerking off, ready to aim at his face. Shiro whispered the idea in his ear when they returned from the party. He'd be lying if he said he didn't get hard the moment he heard it. Lance wasted no time in dragging the three men along into a room. If he broke their belts and zippers, he didn't care.

He needed them to do this. To feel their cum all over his face.

Shiro grabbed him by the back of his head and forced him further onto his cock. He chuckled when Lance's eyes rolled to the back of his head, his throat constricting around his tip. "Man, Hunk was right. You are a cumslut, aren't you?"

Lance moaned, tasting Shiro throughout his mouth.

He shuddered and pushed, wanting to get further into Lance's wet heat. Keith leaned against him, applying more lube to his hand. "Cum already," he muttered. "I can't hold out much longer... I just want to cover his face."

Hunk moved closer, pressing his dick against Lance's cheek. "Keith's right. Besides... Lance wants it just as much as we do."

Lance moaned more, digging his nails into Shiro's pants. Shiro cursed under his breath, fucking into Lance's mouth. He took every thrust, moaning and licking what he could of Shiro's cock. Being a toy for them and getting his mouth fucked like this. There was nothing better than that.

Shiro pulled out and stroked his cock. "Open your mouth."

Without hesitation, Lance did so, sticking his tongue out. He watched they stepped closer to him, their hands flying up and down their cocks.

Just a little more now...

Keith was the first, biting onto Shiro's shoulder as rope after rope of cum covered Lance's face. Hunk's cock was still against his cheek and he aimed, his cum catching over his left eye and in his hair. Shiro brought Lance closer as he cummed, getting most of it into his mouth.

Lance smiled as he swallowed what he caught. He said the words before any of them could tell him to do so. "Thank you so much," he whispered, spreading the cum more across his face and lips.

Shiro leaned down and kissed him, sticking his tongue into his mouth. "You really are a cumslut."

"I am."

Chapter End Notes
if anyone is uncomfortable with lance being called a cumslut, sorry. it's a shout out to a friend who likes lance loving cum like crazy. i had fun with this, tho.
Hunk loved how much smaller Keith was to him. Keith fit like a glove against his body. They were like puzzle pieces. With Keith on his back, it was even more true. Their dicks rubbed against each other, his larger dick twice the size of Keith's. He wasn't the only one enjoying this.

Keith's tongue peeked out from the corner of his mouth, drizzling lube onto their dicks. "The sweetest one of our group has the biggest cock out of us all." His hand reached down in an attempt to stroke them both at the same time. His hand couldn't grip them both. "I love it... Maybe a bit more than I love Shiro's."

It was a nice comment, at least. Hunk snorted, though. "Nah. Everyone loves Shiro's dick...."

He glared up at Hunk. "Stop it." Adjusting himself, he pressed his hole against the tip of Hunk's cock. "If I had to choose, I'd take your cock over anyone else's." Keith shuddered, moving his hips to try and get more inside him.

Hunk grabbed the back of Keith's knees and bent him in half, pushing them to his chest. He surged forward pushing himself further inside. Watching Keith squirm on his dick was pleasing. Only Hunk had ever been able to draw this reaction out from Keith. His eyes rolled to the back of his head, he dug his fingers into his hair, and his body shook. Looking down at his smaller cock, precum leaked out of it and pooled on his stomach.

"Shit, I love your cock," Keith moaned. He reached up and squeezed Hunk's shoulders. "Pound into me. Fuck me right into this mattress..."

He obliged. Keeping Keith's legs to his chest, he stared down at his cock, moving in and out of Keith's body. Seeing him stretched out around him, how he gaped when he pulled all the way out. Only Hunk could do this to him and he took pride in it. Keith loved getting stretched open, even with so little preparation.

Keith stared up at him, a look of absolute adoration for him and his cock on his face. "More. Fuck me harder!"

Hunk stilled deep inside him, his cock twitching at the demand. "If I go any harder, it's gonna hurt..."

He moved to rest on his elbows, pushing against Hunk. "I want it. I want it." Reaching down, Keith stroked his cock. "I'm already so close. Keep going..."

A better idea came to mind. Taking care to keep from pulling out, Hunk rolled over until Keith was on top. "Ride me."

Keith braced himself on Hunk's chest and rode him. He was harsh with himself as he slammed down on his cock harder and harder. Drool spilled out of the corner of his mouth, dripping down his chin. Hunk's cock always managed to press against his prostate with every thrust. Hunk didn't need any extra work to get him off.

He stroked his cock until Hunk swatted his hand and stroked it himself. Seeing Keith fall apart was his thing. Keith always ended up tugging at his own hair the closer he came to cumming. His nails dug into Hunk's chest as his hips stuttered.
"Hunk!" Keith arched back, his cum spurting in arches across Hunk's chest.

Hunk didn't wait for him to recover. He thrust up into Keith, shuddering at Keith's loud moans. Only a few thrusts in and he cummed, filling Keith up. Keith collapsed on top of him, his arms giving out. He nuzzled into his cum coated chest. There wasn't a care in the world at the moment.

Feeling Hunk attempt to move, Keith shushed him, patting his chest. "Don't move. Let's just stay like this..."

"Still inside you?"

He nodded his head. "I like feeling you inside me. It's perfect."

Hunk may have an issue about his size every now and then, but at least Keith loved him this way.

Chapter End Notes

i wasn't sure how to go about this, but i knew who to do it with. all the heith fans come on up. i like how this turned out.
"So full..." Lance looked at Keith over his shoulder. With his arms tied behind his back, he couldn't do much but moan. Yet he wanted to touch Keith, even if it was only his leg. "I can't get anymore in me..."

Keith laughed and Lance shuddered when he touched his dick. "You can and you have." He pressed deep into Lance, keeping a firm grip on his hips. "It feels hotter inside you." Running a hand down Lance's stomach, he pressed in a bit. "I can't believe you're actually bulging from this."

Lance grit his teeth and buried his face into the sheets. They've been going at this all day. First Shiro, then Hunk, then Keith, and repeat. There was no break for him as they cummed into him over and over again. How many times had they cummed? Three each? Well, Keith was working on his third time right now.

"Keith!" Lance moaned when Keith started to fuck him again. Was it possible to feel it sloshing around? It sure felt like he did. He wanted to press a hand against his stomach and feel the bulge there. Shit, was it really getting that big? Getting fucked like this was the best. Keith had shown him the thrill of being a toy for fucking. "Fuck...!"

Leaning over his body, he nibbled at Lance's neck. "I'm almost there, babe... How close are you?"

He whimpered, wishing that he could touch himself to speed it up. There wasn't much more he had in him. The boys had fucked him dry and his dick was extra sensitive. But he was so close. He could feel it. "Y-yeah... Cum in me, hurry...!"

Keith kissed at his neck, his hips faltering in speed the closer he got to his orgasm. In one feral thrust, he released himself into Lance's ass, drips of it leaking out. Lance moaned as a rush washed over him, his orgasm shaking his body. Even if nothing came out, it felt so good. So fucking good to feel another orgasm wrack his body.

Pulling out of him, Keith held his cheeks wide, staring at his gaping hole. Shiro and Hunk rest their chins on his shoulders, watching as their mixed cum flowed free from Lance. It pooled on the sheets and they bit their lips. Lance didn't know what he was in for when they suggested a cream pie. An endless day of fucking him senseless until he was full of their cum wasn't what he expected.

Hunk reached forward and stretched Lance out more, earning a whimpering moan. More cum flowed from Lance's body as he shook, a river at this point. "You look nice like this, Lance," he said, pushing and scissoring his fingers in deeper.

"Hunk, please! I'm too sensitive at the moment..."

Shiro chuckled, moving to nibble Lance's ear. "What was that? You wanted another cream pie?"

Lance eyed him, the words lost on his tongue. Before he could retort, he could feel Hunk pushing inside him. "Ah!"

"I'll go and tell the others that we'll be busy for the next few hours."
he he he he he....

also, i have a curious cat. hit me up with requests for after this fanfic is complete. or in between.
After a year of being held captive by aliens, Shiro would have thought that he wouldn’t be into this sort of thing. But seeing Lance crawl towards him at his command made him hard. His dick strained against his pants as Lance rest his chin on his knee. That need in his eyes…

“You’re a dirty boy, aren’t you?” Shiro asked, resting his cheek against his knuckles. Lance muttered under his breath and shut his eyes. He reached out and grabbed his chin, squeezing him hard.

“Answer me.”

“I am a dirty boy…” Lance said, looking up at him.

“That’s right.” Shiro reached up and tugged at his hair. “Those are some nice clothes you’re wearing, though. I don’t think a pathetic person like you deserves them. Lucky for you, I have the perfect replacement set.”

Lance followed his finger as he pointed to a pile of clothes. He moved to stand, but Shiro pushed him down, his boot on his shoulder. Catching the hint, he crawled over to them. Shiro just might like him better this way. When he reached the clothes, he looked back at him, a pleading look in his eyes.

Chuckling, Shiro tilted his head. “What? You don’t like them?”

“N-no!” Lance replied. “I’m not wearing–”

“You are.”

“Shiro–”

“I thought you were clueless before, but this takes the cake,” Shiro said. He shook his head, the smirk never leaving his face. Standing up, he walked up to Lance and took hold of his chin. “Wear it. Now.”

Lance nodded his head. Shiro walked back to his seat when Lance started to undress. It wasn’t easy acquiring those clothes. There were a lot of planets he had to scrounge around to find something that even resembled it. Once he did, Shiro bought it on the spot. How could he not when he knew the color would be perfect for Lance.

"I-I'm done..."

Shiro bit his lip at Lance's current state. The red lingerie was perfect for Lance's flesh. The skirt? Well, that was his own preference. "Well, now. Don't you look charming." He motioned for Lance to come forward. "And don't forget to crawl."

Lance whimpered as he got back on his hands and knees, crawling back to Shiro. Shiro undid his pants, moving it and his underwear down to his knees. His cock sprung at attention. He could see Lance's mouth watering over the sight. Reaching forward, he gripped Lance's chin. Lance didn't fight as he dragged him closer and between his knees until his pants stopped him.

"You want a taste of this?" Shiro chuckled at Lance's eager nod. "You're not getting it." When Lance whimpered, he pushed him back. He continued to further push his pants and underwear down
and off. "I have a different job for you." Grabbing the back of his head, he pulled Lance closer to him again.

Scooting lower in his seat, he braced himself as his ass hung over the edge. His cock hit Lance in the face and he opened his mouth to take some of it in. Shiro's hand grabbing his hair stopped him and pushed him lower. The silent question was in Lance's eyes, ready to come out.

"Start eating me out," Shiro ordered. "You can stop being foolish and do that, right?" The red that spread across Lance's face was beautiful. He was hesitant at first, trying not to do this act. When Shiro felt his tongue against his asshole, he moaned, leaning further down in his seat. "You are good for something..."

Lance's tongue worked him, swirling around and dipping the tip inside. Shiro bit his knuckle, moaning loud. He didn't know if Lance did this before, but he didn't care. It felt so good. His tongue on his asshole, slipping inside just the smallest bit. Too bad the others wouldn't get a chance to feel this. He wouldn't let them. Showing them, was a different story, though.

Reaching behind him, he pulled out the little portable he had stolen from Pidge. They would get it back when he was good and ready. Pressing the right app, he smirked, aiming the camera at Lance working meticulously. "Laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaanee. Look at what I have."

Lance looked up at him, his tongue still moving until realization hit him. His face grew redder and he tried to pull away but Shiro pulled him close. He aimed the camera closer to Lance's face. "Shiro..." he muttered.

"Keep working, Lance," Shiro ordered. "Do you want everyone to know that you're terrible and how filthy you are?" Lance whimpered and went back to work. Shiro moaned, bucking into the touch. "Fuck yes, that feels good... Keep fucking me open with your tongue."

He continued to record Lance, zooming in as close as he could. A tripod would have been better. Having a recording of Lance fucking him with his tongue would have been a great keepsake. There was always next time and there will be a next time.

"The boys are going to love seeing you like this." He moaned, a deep growl in his throat. "They'll be lining up to see what magic your tongue can do. And we all thought that you could--oh, fuck, just like that--only suck dick good."

Shit, it felt too good. There was so much more he wanted, though. Lance looked beautiful in that outfit. Fuck, he needed Lance.

Tossing the portable behind him, he tugged Lance up. He scooted back to sit properly on the chair. Lance looked down at him, his lips swollen and a desperate look in his eye. Shiro's eyes wandered down and saw his dick. It strained again against the underwear and skirt. Beautiful.

Shiro raised his foot and pressed it against Lance's dick. The sound Lance made was lewd, his hips thrusting against the pressure. "Did you get this hard from licking my asshole? You're disgusting." Lance opened his mouth and closed it. "Say it. Say that you're disgusting and why."

Sobbing, Lance covered his face. "I-I'm disgusting because I got hard from... from licking your asshole..."

He chuckled. "Good. It's good to know that you know your place." Dropping his foot, he grabbed Lance's wrist and pulled him close. Lance straddled his waist. Shiro reached behind him and pulled his underwear aside. The butt plug he put in him earlier was twitching as he played with it.
They specially prepped him for this moment. Lance was ready to take Shiro deep in his ass. Shiro pulled the plug out and shoved two of his fingers inside. His back arched and he moaned.

"Look at how desperate you are for this," Shiro whispered. "Are you ready? Tell me how much you want it."

Lance's body shook, his hips rocking back and forth on Shiro's fingers. "I want it so badly! Teach this filthy boy a lesson with your big cock."

Trying not to break character, Shiro spread Lance's cheeks and pulled him down. His breath shuddered as his dick entered that heat. Tighter and hotter with every inch he slipped in. Bottoming out, he gripped Lance's hips and squeezed. "Start moving. Prove to me that you're not as clueless as you look."

There was no hesitation on Lance's part. Bracing his hands on Shiro's shoulders, he rode him like a horse. He bounced in his lap, rough and hard. Shiro reached up and pulled the skirt up, followed by pulling the underwear down. Without the extra friction, Lance whimpered.

Grabbing Lance's hair, he tilted his head back. "Keep it up. Oh, yes. Ride me just like that." He bit into Lance's neck and smirked against the mark he made. "Wait until the boys hear about it."

Lance wrapped his arms around Shiro's shoulders, holding him close. "I'm so close, Shiro! Please touch me... Please...!"

His flesh hand stroked his dick, pressing his thumb into the slit and dragging the foreskin down. Lance howled and bounced harder in his lap, pushing his dick into Shiro's hand. So hot inside him, the sounds of their bodies moving together bouncing off the walls.

Body freezing up, Lance cummed all over Shiro's hand and shirt. The tightness was too much. Shiro's thrusts faltered as he thrust up into him, cumming deep within.

Lance slumped against him, burying his face into Shiro's hair. He nuzzled into the soft, sweaty locks, humming in content. His hands wandered up and down his chest. "Was that so hard?"

Shiro shrugged his shoulders. It wasn't too much his thing. Too close to what happened back as Zarkon's prisoner. If Lance liked it, he was willing to give it a try. His lips kissed up and down Lance's neck, peppering him with affection. "Let's not do it often, though. Okay?"

"I don't mind that. ... Did you really record that on Pidge's portable?"

"God, I hope not. I'll have Hunk look at it before I give it back. I want it deep cleaned just in case. They don't need to see anything that just happened."

Chapter End Notes

this was hard to do. be careful when looking up humiliation play. there's an article that has a picture that really shouldn't be there in order to draw people into it. like, i had to scroll past it. if you're into that, that's cool with me. but me? i just need to get that image out of my head. in other news, this was hard to write. glad i got this out of here.
He wore those with a purpose. That much they could all agree on. Free days in the Castle of Lions didn't happen often. When they did, they all went off to do their own thing. Pidge studied if they were on a new planet or messed with experiments. Allura and Coran worked on their own things. The boys relaxed by lounging around—or fucked Keith.

However, relaxation wasn't on Shiro's mind.

Hunk watched Shiro walk around in latex pants. His eyes never left him as he moved across the room. He bent over with a purpose, dropping things to do it more often. Keith and Lance couldn't take anymore and disappeared to relieve themselves of their erections. Hunk was the only one who stayed behind to watch.

He wasn't perfect, though. His resolve was ready to snap and to take Shiro, and his pants, down. With the others gone, he wouldn't have to share him. It's been too long since he last had Shiro all to himself. He couldn't pass up on this chance.

Seeing Shiro bend over one more time broke him.

Pinning Shiro against the wall earned a moan from both of them. Hunk pressed his erection against Shiro's ass, biting his lip at the contact. Shiro in latex was always a pleasing sight. If he had a choice, he would have switched out all his outfits for latex ones. They would be fighting erections all day, but Hunk would love it.

"It took you long enough," Shiro moaned. Hunk ground his hips against him and his metal hand made a strange sound as he dug it into the wall. "Not here..."

Hunk nibbled his ear and Shiro keened in his throat. Both of their rooms were too far away. Taking Shiro here and now was tempting, but he couldn't embarrass him like that. Looking up and down the hallway, he found the perfect place. Shiro followed him silently as they walked down the hall and to a supply closet. Hunk couldn't press the button any harder for the doors to open, Shiro pulling him inside it.

Their lips crashed together as Hunk pushed him back. His back hit a rack and supplies crashed to the floor. Hunk's fingers dug into Shiro's ass, massaging the flesh beneath the material. "It's not fair that you have the best ass out of all of us."

Shiro shrugged his shoulders. "You fight for over a year in a hell cage of death. Your ass will end up just as firm as mine."

Hunk grinned. "You think your ass is firm?"

He laughed at Shiro's scrunched up face. "That's not funny..." Shiro muttered.

Moving his fingers from his ass, Hunk worked on undoing his belt. He tied Shiro's hands together and to the top most shelf. Shiro tested the tightness, tugging at his wrists. If he wanted to, Shiro could break free from these restraints. The belt wasn't that strong. He didn't want to, though.

Hunk undid the button and zipper of Shiro's pants and eased them down. His cock had a flushed
color to it and stood proud against his body. Precum beaded at the top. Just how long was Shiro waiting for this to happen? Too long by the look of it. Taking his cock in hand, Hunk gave it a slow stroke. Shiro shuddered beneath him, arching into the touch.

He moved his thumb across the slit, using the wetness to slide his hand easier. Shiro's body shook as Hunk stroked him, trying to get more of the friction. Hunk liked seeing Shiro like this. His strong, confident leader breaking apart from his fingers and actions. Looking into his face, seeing it twist in pleasure from just a few strokes...

And it was all from him.

Grabbing the back of his head, Hunk pulled Shiro into a kiss. He pushed his tongue inside and explored every inch of his mouth. Hunk never got tired of it. Shiro moaned into the kiss. The shelf strained under his weight as he shifted his legs around Hunk's waist, pulling him in.

Breaking the kiss, Shiro bucked his hips harder into his hand. "Come on. I need this. Badly."

Hunk wasn't going to take him like this. Prying Shiro's legs off him, he set him back on the ground. He turned him around and held him there by his hip. After easing the pants and underwear further down Shiro's legs, he pulled the lube out of his pocket. It had become too much of an occurrence to carry lube with them everywhere they went. They never knew when someone decided to tempt the others into a surprise sex romp.

He popped the lid open and spread Shiro's cheeks. He drizzled the lube on Shiro's waiting hole, getting a needy moan. Hunk used the rest on his fingers and pushed two inside him. Shiro pushed back against his hand, moaning out and shaking. He pumped his fingers in and out of him, scissoring as he went along. Hearing Shiro moan was like a symphony.

Beautiful.

Hunk couldn't wait any longer. It was a tough squeeze to get the last bit of lube out and on his dick. Pulling Shiro flush against his body, he pressed the tip inside him. Shiro let out a whimpering moan as Hunk filled him, pushing until he was deep inside. His mouth hung open and he was breathing heavily. This was the sweetest music to Hunk.

Before he could beg for Hunk to move, he was already doing so. Each thrust rattled the shelves they were leaning against. More items fell to the floor from how hard they were moving. The top shelf groaned as Shiro tried to gain leverage and thrust against Hunk. Hunk gripped him tighter around the waist, thrusting harder into him.

"Coran's not going to like it if you break one of the shelves in the castle..." Hunk said in a hushed tone.

"I don't care. Fuck me harder."

He complied, thrusting harder and faster into Shiro. He's tight and feels so fucking good around his dick. Bringing his hand around, he grips Shiro's dick, fucking him into it. Hunk's mouth is all over Shiro's neck and his teeth are against his ear. The sounds coming from his leader are becoming more intoxicating by the second. Hunk is getting drunk off of them.

"So close..." Shiro whimpers, pushing back against him.

Hunk's not doing much better, feeling the tightness deep inside him. "Cum for me..." he whispers in Shiro's ear. It's enough to make goosebumps break out on the tender flesh, bruised from much earlier romps.
Shiro practically screamed as he cummed, coating Hunk's hand with every spurt. It's dripping out of his hand with how much he cums. Hunk pushed harder and deeper still into him, biting into his neck as he finally goes over the edge. He's filling Shiro up so much. His cum is slipped between them and slid down Shiro's leg.

Hunk didn't know how much he was building up until today. It's the same for Shiro with how there's a puddle of his own cum on the floor beneath them. He nuzzled against Shiro's cheek, enjoying the closeness that they're experiencing at the moment.

Next time, he was just going to rip a hole in these pants and fuck him through that.

Chapter End Notes

shiro in latex pants? why the fuck not. his ass is fine as FUCK. also, i should start reading a smutty fanfic before i start writing. i feel like this stuff comes out a bit more... poetic? i'm tired. i actually had to look back before posting this since i almost said leather outfits. that was strange. i hope i did this write, though.
Lance eased himself down on Keith's cock with a shuddering breath and Keith ate it up. He ate it like it's a special meal Hunk prepared just for him. It's delicious and hot to the touch. He doesn't want it to cool down. His hips bucked up into Lance, wanting him to move now. Wanting him to bounce up and down in his lap like he was a horse.

But Lance hesitated, worrying his lip between his teeth. "What's wrong?" Keith asked, grabbing Lance's hips.

A finger wandered up Keith's chest, circling around a nipple. "Every time we do this, you're always giving me everything I want." Lance looked down at him and, Keith swears, his heart melted from the heated and loving gaze. "What do you want?"

"Shit, Keith cannot handle this. It was hard to not fall in love with his fellow paladins. Especially when Lance was sitting on his cock, twitching around him, ready to do whatever to him. Anything that his darkest mind could conjure up and Lance would do it. Keith bit his lip, staring back into Lance's eyes. "There's one thing that the others are a bit too scared to do."

Lance looked eager, rolling his hips along Keith's and drawing moans out from both of them. "Like what?"

Taking Lance's hand, Keith moved it up to his throat. The request was silent as he stared into Lance's eyes. He had told Hunk and Shiro about this before, but they were hesitant. With their larger frames, it was a fear that something could go wrong. Keith trusted them, but he understood their fear and didn't bring it up again. He wouldn't force them and make them feel uncomfortable.

"Are you sure?" Lance asked. Still, he wrapped his hand around Keith's throat, testing his grip. "How will I know when to stop?"

Keith's mouth was dry. He licked his lips, trying to get them moist. "I'll tap your arm..." This was finally happening. Lance was going to give him what he wanted for so long. He wasn't afraid to give Keith what he wanted and he fell in love with him even more.

Nodding his hand, Lance moved. His hips rose and fell, impaling himself on Keith's cock over and over again. Lance was so hot around his dick and Keith bucked up into him, wanting more of this delicious heat. While there was no pressure on his throat, just feeling Lance's hand around him was enough. His heart thrashed around in his chest, wanting so much more.

The moment Lance pressed down, Keith's body arched off the bed. It wasn't tight, but, oh, it was enough. Lance pushed down on his throat, using his hold as leverage to bounce harder and faster in his lap. Keith's eyes rolled to the back of his head, mouth gaping open for air. The lack of it made his skin hum with pleasure. Every nerve buzzed and yearned for more of everything. For more of Lance against his body and fucking him like he owned him.

That idea makes Keith spurt precum into Lance and his hips twitched into him. Lance stalled his movements, staring down at him. A heated stare that shook Keith's body. Fuck, he couldn't be more turned on.

"Wow, look at you," Lance whispered. He ran his hand down Keith's side, feeling him twitch under
his touch. "You're really into this... You're shaking and you feel about to burst." Moving his hips, he pressed further down on Keith's throat, receiving a groan. "Shiro and Hunk are missing out."

Keith pushed his hips up against Lance, the only thing he could muster at this point. When Lance tried to ease his grip, he slammed his hand over his. He doesn't want Lance to stop. He wanted Lance to keep this firm grip on his throat and fuck him senseless. Wanted Lance to ride him over and over again until he tipped over the edge. All while keeping a hand firm on his throat.

Lance's thumb stroked the side of his neck. There's a fire in Lance's cool eyes that Keith falls for. A fire to see Keith break beneath him. Shit does Keith want him to break him. Lance is moving his hips again and Keith loses himself. He loses himself to the pleasure from Lance, swallowing his cock in his greedy ass with every move.

Keith felt light headed. A tap to Lance's shoulder loosens his grip. It feels good to fill his lungs again, but the pleasure below his waist was more demanding. Because Lance hasn't stopped moving. His hips are crashing against Keith's, his hand stroking his own cock.

"I love how you fucking look like that," Lance moaned. His hand was still on Keith's throat, light but still continuing to use his grip as leverage. "You look beautiful when you're waiting to break. Broken from getting your throat squeezed so tight that you can't breath..."

"Yeah..." Keith whispered, pushing his hips harder up into Lance.

"Before, I thought you looked good with Hunk's cock deep in your mouth. Now, though?" Lance squeezed again and smiled at Keith's face. How his jaw unhinged and he stared up at the ceiling. His hands were digging into the pillow beneath him, whispers of Lance's name on his tongue. "Now you look better like this..."

Keith can't hold it back anymore. The coil and feeling in his groin is too much. His cock is ready to burst and his balls draw up close to his body. When he finally cums, Lance is moaning at the sensation of being filled up. Keith can't even stop Lance from moving up and down his sensitive dick.

He does, though, and he removed his hand from Keith's neck. Keith misses the sensation instantly, but Lance prowling up his body distracted him. He straddled Keith's shoulders, pressing the tip of his dick between parted lips. After what Lance had done for him, Keith is more than willing to oblige.

Opening his mouth, the sinful mouth that they love so much, he lets Lance slide home. Keith immediately choked and he loves it. Loves feeling the tip of Lance's dick at the back of his throat. Lance stalled for a moment, choking Keith with his cock. Just feeling his throat massage him is enough to tip Lance over the edge.

He shoots his cum down Keith's throat and he swallowed every drop. Keith held him by his hip, keeping him in place as he continued to choke. Lance pried himself away and stared down at Keith, watching as he licked his lips clean.

This is a kink he planned on visiting with Lance more often.

Chapter End Notes

don't say any lines of your porn out loud. you will blush as bright as a stop light.
"Hunk! *Please...!*

Those words were an orchestra to Hunk's ears. Keith's low drawl combined with Lance's higher notes could lull him to sleep if he wasn't having fun playing with them. They're tied up to keep from moving, Keith almost in Lance's lap. There is the smallest bit of space between their cocks and they try—oh, *God*, do they try—to get them to press against one another. They desired friction and wanted to cum.

Hunk wasn't about to let them do this. Shiro took the day off from their play to prepare for another thing to do together. He told him to have fun and that was what Hunk would do. This was the fifth time that he brought them both close to the edge. They had whimpered and whined under his touch, wanting more but never receiving it.

He loved bringing them close to that edge. Bringing them so close until they were crying for him, for more. There's nothing more delicious than pulling them away from it, stealing that pleasure. It made them cry even harder for him, their bodies shaking with desire.

He leaned in close to their cocks, his breath brushing against the sensitive flesh. He could *feel* their bodies shaking against his shoulders. "You two look good down here. How are you two holding up?"

Lance whimpered and tried to move his hips. He looked wrecked with how red his face is. There were tears streaking his face and his mouth remained open. Words he wanted to say never came out, only whimpers and moans. "Hunk, you're being too cruel. Just... just give me what I want!"

His eyes wandered to Keith. Keith wasn't doing much better than Lance, but there's a glint in his eyes. A glint that told him he wants more. That he wanted the build up into a bigger orgasm and a greater feeling. He loved playing with Keith the most. So eager and ready to go along with what they were doing.

"Ignore him and keep going..." Keith said this in such a sultry voice. It sent shivers down Hunk's spine.

Wrapping an arm around Keith's waist, he pulled him closer to Lance. Their cocks brushed together and Lance's whiny moan overpowered Keith softly moaning. This is something that he doesn't do often. He doesn't want to spoil them with it.

Hunk moves his tongue around and between the crown of their dicks. He doesn't play with them for long before he swallowed both of them into his mouth. Lance and Keith thrashed above him as he moved his tongue against them. They're salty in his mouth, a mix of two different flavors that just taste great combined. He bobbed his head up and down their dicks.

Lance was pleading and begging, feeling close to cumming in his mouth. Keith whispered Hunk's name like a mantra. They're close now. He can *taste* it. The most subtle change in their precum that others wouldn't be able to detect. But he can taste it and Hunk *loved* this taste. Loved that they're ready to topple over into bliss...

but he doesn't give it to them.
Hunk pulled away and Lance cried. Tears streaked down his face in rivers. "Damn it...! Hunk, I can't take this! Please, please, please, let me cum. I'm going to burst..."

His eyes wandered again to Keith, who's quiet. He hasn't said anything because Lance has said it all already. Keith's face, twisted in pleasure, is staring at him. The playful glint is gone now, replaced by something else. A hunger. A desire to tip over the edge with Hunk's permission.

With Hunk's permission. Not Shiro's.

Hunk never saw himself as the one to take lead or be a leader. It wasn't in his nature. Right here, though, in this bedroom with these two boys, he's consumed with that urge. To be in control and command, giving orders to the two he's playing with. Even if it was only to tell them when to cum, it's enough to fuel his desire and urges.

Slipping behind Lance, he pressed his chest into his back. "Then you can go first." He waited. Lance's body shook like a leaf. When he finally stopped and he seems calm, Hunk wrapped his hand around Lance's dick. His knuckles brushed against Keith's cock as he stroked him.

Lance thrashed against him, his body straining to try and thrust into his touch. Even his dick twitched in his hand. Precum spilled out from the tip and down his fingers. Hunk moved his thumb against the slit and Lance is gasping, opening and closing his mouth.

"It's okay to let go, Lance," Hunk whispered into his ear. He nibbled on an earlobe and that's when Lance loses it. With what little space he has, Lance arched against him and cums. It spurts out his dick and dribbles down Keith's heated cock. Some of it had managed to hit Keith's chest, but neither of them cared.

Hunk whispered praises in Lance's ear and he ate it all up. He doesn't waste any time as he reached out and stroked Keith's dick. Lance's cum provides the perfect replacement for lube and added an extra layer of dirtiness to it. Keith's lip was between his teeth, chewing it raw and red with every upstroke. Hunk could see that he's trying. He's trying so hard to not cum; to keep it all in until the right moment.

But Hunk knows that he couldn't hold on for long. He knows that he's about to burst in the exact same way Lance did. While he doesn't want Keith to cum yet, wanting to prolong the game as long as he wants to, this couldn't keep going. He dragged his nail along the side of Keith's cock and watched as his body shudder from the sensation.

"Hunk," Keith whispered, breathing hard. It isn't long before he finally cummed over Hunk's hand and his dick. He leaned forward and buried his face into Lance's neck. "Shit, that was good..."

Lance moved his head to nuzzle against Hunk's chin. "It waaaaaas. I could go for a nice nap right now."

Hunk laughed. They weren't completely done yet, so Lance wouldn't be getting that nap any time soon.

Chapter End Notes

i'm not really proud of this. i blame work. it wasn't bad but it wasn't great. maybe i'll go back to this one day and fix it up. if i do, i'll be sure to write in the author's notes
somewhere that I did so. sorry, guys!
Sadism/Masochism (Shlance w/side Heith)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

_How_ could this feel so good?

Feeling the riding crop against his ass made Lance jump and strain against the ropes that bound him. Face down on the bed, there was no where for him to go. No place he could crawl to to escape the assault on his tender ass. Shiro was relentless, easing up every now and then on a strike, waiting between strikes so that Lance could feel it more. He may not look it, but Shiro knew what he was doing.

Lance moved his gaze to Keith beside him. He had never seen him in such a lewd position. Arms bound behind his back, legs spread and pinned back by harnesses under the mattress. Hunk had three fingers deep inside him, surging them back and forth, his fingers curling. Keith was free to moan and cry out his pleasure, despite being unable to see what was happening. Lance, however, could see everything, but had a gag so he couldn't speak.

"I heard that Hunk did his favorite party trick the other night," Shiro said, twirling the the crop in his hand. "Did you enjoy it, Lance?" Seeing him nod, Shiro grinned. "It's great, isn't it? The first time he did it, I almost passed out from how good it felt. There were a few complications because of my size next to Keith's, but it was still pleasurable."

Hunk glared at him. "Hey, I managed just fine."

"You did," Shiro replied with a grin. Hovering over Lance, he brushed his lips against his ear. "Now, tell me, Lance. Do you think I should keep going? I've seen how you fought earlier today."

_Shit_ was the only thought that passed through Lance's mind. Sometimes he forgot about how he got involved in their group. How Shiro rewarded points based on how well they did in training. If they did well, Shiro would add something new for them all to do. The moment they did something wrong or messed up, Shiro punished them. He punished them in ways neither of them could ever imagine.

Now that Shiro mentioned it, Lance had screwed up a few times on the training deck this morning. Actually, he messed up more times than he could count. He tried not to go through them all at once, knowing that it was pointless. Shiro knew what he did wrong and would punish him well for it.

Shiro undid the gag, allowing Lance to loosen his stiff jaw. "What do you think? Should I keep punishing you for what you did today?"

Lance shut his eyes. The smallest hum of pleasure buzzed under the layer of pain he was in. It wasn't the first time that he had enjoyed the "punishments" Shiro had dealt to him. That was the whole point, wasn't it? To enjoy something different and exciting in their sexual lives. Even if it involved a bit of pain, it was worth it in the end. This much Lance knew since he joined them.

"Punish me more, Daddy," Lance whimpered, his voice cracking from how dry his throat was. "I deserve a spanking after what I did to hinder the team..."

Seeing Shiro shudder at his secret daddy kink always thrilled Lance. It was like a chip in their leader's defenses. Lance wondered what his reaction would be if he said it outside the bedroom. A thing he would need to try another day.
Rearing back on to his knees, Shiro pressed the tip of the riding crop against his red ass. That sting of pleasure forced a moan out of Lance's lips, pushing his ass out more, exposing himself to Shiro. "I love how red your ass gets after I've hit it a few times. It's a nice color on you. Maybe I should get you lingerie of this shade. Wouldn't he look nice, Keith?"

His eyes darted to Keith and found him biting his lip. Hunk had started to stroke his cock in time with his thrusting fingers. Keith was doing everything in his power to not let a moan escape.

"Answer the question, Keith. Wouldn't Lance look really nice in a shade of red?" Shiro asked again.

"Yes...!" Keith's body shook as his orgasm gripped him, shooting his cum far up his body, hitting his chin. "Lance looks great in red clothes... My jacket, mostly..."

Lance moaned, burying his face further into the bed. "Keith..." His moaned turned into a whimper as Shiro struck him with the riding crop. Shiro landed a few more hits to his ass until he tossed it aside. "Shiro...!"

Shiro moved forward, lavishing the fresh streaks with his tongue. Lance's body shook and he dug his nails into his palms. He wanted Shiro deep inside him. His dick, his fingers, he didn't care. Lance just wanted something. Lewd position or not, he'd trade places with Keith in a heartbeat.

"How badly do you want me?"

"Daddy, please! Put your big, thick cock inside me!" If Lance had the freedom, he'd spread his cheeks for Shiro, showing him how ready he was for him.

Shiro chuckled, running his hand up and down Lance's leg. "Too bad you're not getting it."

Lance whimpered, tears falling from his eyes. His cock was rock hard, far from any surface to try and get any sort of friction. Shiro hadn't touched his cock once and he wanted the touch. He needed it and Shiro wouldn't budge. How could none of them realize that Shiro could be sadistic like this?

Something pressed against his taint. There was no time to process it before it started to vibrate. Shouting Shiro's name did nothing to stop him from using the vibrator. Shiro pressed it hard into him, chuckling at the way his body shook and pushed against it.

"You're such a needy slut for this, aren't you?" Shiro asked. "Think you can cum from this alone without me touching you?"

Cum without Shiro touching him? Lance didn't think that he could be any more cruel. "N-no! Please touch me, Daddy. I need to feel a part of you inside me!"

"You can do it. And you will."

Lance bit his lip, feeling the heat pool in his cock. No matter how hard Shiro pressed or rubbed little circles around his taint, he knew he couldn't cum from it. He needed more. He wanted Shiro to own him in every single way possible using his body.

"Look at how you're shaking," Shiro whispered. His thumb rubbed small circles on his asshole, opening it just enough for it to slip inside. These shallow thrusts did nothing for Lance. He'd take Shiro's entire fist in him if it meant he'd get more pleasure from this.

The thumb pulled away and Shiro slapped him across the ass, reddening the flesh even more. That's what did it for Lance. His body convulsed as he cummed, soaking the sheets beneath him. Shiro kept
him upright, still keeping the vibrator pressed against him.

"S-Shiro..." he whimpered, forcing him to look at him.

Shiro helped him to his side, fingers working on undoing the rope. "How do you feel?"

Lance smiled. "Great. That felt amazing..."

"Good." That smile became sadistic one again. "Round two is starting in twenty minutes."

He couldn't wait.

Chapter End Notes

this isn't as great as i wanted it to be. the next chapter, though? i’m excited for it. i had an idea for it and i’m so ready to write it. sorry for the no penetration in this one, though.
Feeling the weight was comforting, usually. Right now, Keith was sweating.

The turtleneck hid the collar, but the planet they were on was boiling hot. Everyone had shed their usual clothing, opting for clothes with better ventilation. Keith was the only one who wore something heavy. He ignored any questions he had about it, saying that he didn’t want to get sunburn. The lie seemed to work and they stopped pestering him after an hour.

Now if only Shiro would stop looking at him with that heated gaze.

Since the moment Keith stepped out of the Castle of Lions, Shiro’s eyes were upon him. Moments ago he had attached the collar to Keith with no other explanation other than that he was to wear it. For how long? Keith wasn’t sure. He had no complaints, though. Fingering the collar through his sweater, his mind drifted. Drifted to the times that Shiro had dominated him, made him his slave in more ways than one.

He shuddered, ending his fantasies. Looking at Shiro, his heart stopped. Hunk worked hard on recreating cool and comforting foods like ice cream and slurpees. The moment he had made them sweet enough, everyone went for them like lions on a gazelle. And while everyone devoured these treats like their life depended on it, Shiro didn’t.

The way he was devouring what resembled an ice cream cone sent a shiver up Keith’s spine. How Shiro’s tongue darted out to lick up the creamy substance onto his mouth. The way he let his mouth stay open, letting it pool on his tongue before shutting it. Whether it was a sample of what was to happen later tonight or him just being cruel, Keith didn’t care. He loved the way Shiro looked like this. Even more so when Hunk and Lance pretended that they weren’t paying attention.

This was something that neither of them would partake in. What was happening tonight was only for Shiro and Keith. No one else would join them in the bedroom tonight. Keith had waited for them to be together for a long time. For months he had shared Shiro with Hunk and Lance. Now that it was his alone time with him, he wasn’t going to give it up.

Seeing Shiro like this was too much for him. Second by second, Keith could feel his temperature rising and he knew it wasn’t just because of the heat. Standing up, he made his way back into the Castle of Lions. He’d be able to cool down in there, but he hoped that Shiro would follow him. His heart jumped for joy at hearing footsteps fall behind him. The familiar weighted steps that couldn’t be anyone but Shiro.

He stopped his stride, letting Shiro overwhelm him with his sheer size. Shiro’s fingers slid up his front, pulling down the front of the turtleneck. His chuckle rang in Keith’s ear as he toyed with the collar. “It drove me crazy knowing that I was the only one who knew what you were hiding,” Shiro said. “Although, I think they were more concerned by what I was doing.”

Keith bit back a moan, raising his hands to grip Shiro’s wrists.

“Did I say you could touch me?”

A shuddering moan escaped him. The game had started for real this time. “I’m sorry, Master. I don’t know what I was thinking.”
“That’s right. You weren’t thinking.” Shiro gripped his jaw and turned his face to look at him. “And you’re a good little slave, aren’t you? You’ll do anything your master asks of you, yes?”

Keith nodded his head. “Anything for you, Master. Say it and I’ll do it. Just for you.”

“Good. Now…” Grinning, Shiro ran his hand down until he gripped Keith’s belt. “Did you do your job for the day?”

Oh boy did he. The moment Shiro had attached the collar to him early this morning, Keith made sure he did his job. It was one simple task, one that Keith could do without a problem: touch himself until he was on the edge of cumming then stop. He was to keep doing this until Shiro was ready to take over. Hours of excusing himself to a dark corner just to touch himself until he was about to burst.

All because his master told him not to. Keith would listen to him without a second thought.

“I did, Master.”

Shiro licked the shell of his ear. “Then let’s see what we can do for the good little boy, hm?”

Hooking two of his fingers into the ring of the collar, he lead Keith down the hall. Keith had to skip a few times to keep up with him, not wanting to delay the pleasure or disappoint his master. Reaching Shiro’s bedroom, Keith hustled to press his fingers on the panel to open them. He followed him inside, his bloodstream humming for what was to come.

Releasing him, Shiro sat down on the bed, leaning back on his hands. He ate Keith up with his eyes, looking up and down his body. “Take your clothes off.”

There was no hesitation from Keith as he tugged the turtleneck over his head. Each piece of clothing fell to the ground until he was bare before him. The moment Shiro had caught up to him in the hallway, he was half hard, ready for him. Just feeling Shiro’s breath in his ear was enough to get him like this. His presence just did things to him that the others couldn’t.

“Beautiful,” Shiro commented, causing red to bloom across Keith’s cheeks. “Come here.”

Keith stepped forward until he was standing right before Shiro, his hands at his side.

Shiro ran his fingers up his thigh, seeing the skin break out with goosebumps. His fingers ghosted over his cock, gripping the base. Keith hoped he could see how hard he had worked to obey him. His body was yearning to cum, to release all the built up pressure he had been holding in. It took all his willpower to not push into Shiro’s hand when he stroked him.

"Look at how dark you are here." Shiro's breath ghosted over his dick and he shuddered. "You're just about to burst, aren't you? You listened so well to your master.”

Keith bit his lip, screwing his eyes shut. Feeling Shiro touch him and hearing his voice was enough. Seeing him touch him and tease him was too much.

"I should reward such diligence to orders, shouldn't I? You can answer.”

His jaw dropped opened and, instead of words, he moaned. "I would like that a lot, Master.”

Shiro smiled. "And I will. But first--" He tugged Keith to his knees and leaned back on his hands again. "You have another job to do. I suggest you get to it now.”

There was no hesitation on Keith's part. His fingers flew forward and undid Shiro's belt and pants.
Every tug at the zipper down his pants thrilled him. Pulling out his cock, Keith went to work. He licked a long strip from the base to the tip, latching on like it was his life force. The small bit of precum tasted better than any ice cream Keith had ever had.

When Shiro was in this kind of mood, he knew it was better to work fast than just sit around suckling. Keith took inch after inch in his mouth, bottoming out when his nose buried in Shiro's pubes. He loved how Shiro filled his mouth. Shiro buried his fingers in his hair, tugging. A sign that he was taking too long. Bobbing his head up and down, Keith took occasional moments to suck on the tip, enjoying the taste.

"Touch me. Oh yeah, that's good..." Shiro bucked into his hand and mouth, moving to lean on his elbows instead. "Take more in your mouth. Fuck--what a good little slave you are."

Keith was going wild. The praise, the orders. Anything to please Shiro--his master. He sloberred over his cock, bobbing his head. Shiro tugged at his hair, pulling him up into his lap. He licked along the edge of the collar, groaning. Hands spread Keith's ass cheeks, fingers teasing his hole. Digging his nails into Shiro's shoulders, he thrust back against them, their dicks rubbing.

"Are you ready for this?" Shiro asked, pulling Keith closer to him by the collar. "Reach into the pack and pull out the lube. Stretch yourself out nice and wide for your master."

His fingers scrapped down Shiro's arm. He found the lube quickly and rose to his knees. Keith lubed his fingers up, bringing them around to his ass. In truth, he had done this earlier, imaging that it was Shiro who was stretching him open, preparing him for the cock that was pressing into him insistently from below. He wanted it now, a sign shown in how he stretched himself out.

"I'm ready, Master," Keith whispered, staring into Shiro's eyes. Shiro huffed, slipping a finger inside next to his own. "You sure feel it. Go ahead and do it, then."

Keith leaned back and drizzled the lube on the crown of Shiro's dick. He pulled his own fingers away and stroked him. That lasted for more than five seconds before he scooted closer, causing his finger to slip out of him. Shiro laid back, his hands on Keith's hips, as he eased himself down on to him. Keith whimpered as Shiro filled him, not stopping until he bottomed out.

"Tell me how you like it."

"I love Master's cock," Keith whimpered as he moved. "I love how big it is and hits the right spot--ah!" He pressed his hands onto Shiro's chest, nails digging into his shirt. His movements were frantic, slamming up and down on Shiro's cock. "I hope Master is enjoying himself, too..."

"I am. I'm glad that I have a pretty little slave that's willing to go the extra distance." Shiro reached out and pulled him down by his collar, bringing him into a kiss. "Remember," he whispered, "you can't cum."

_Damn it._ Keith was so close, too. His dick couldn't _get_ any darker from how much he's been holding it in. He'd obey, though. Any demand that Shiro gave him, he'd listen to it without a problem. So he moved his hips faster, chasing for a pace that would tip Shiro over the edge.

"That's right. Keep fucking me like that."

Keith had to grip his own cock to keep himself from cumming. Shiro talking dirty to him would make him cum in seconds and he knew this. He needed a distraction; something to keep Shiro's mouth shut as he worked. Even as he nibbled at Shiro's neck, Shiro continued on, dirty words falling out of his mouth.
Shiro was close, though. Keith could feel it in the way he thrust his hips up into him, fucking him as much as Keith was fucking him. His fingers dug into Keith's thighs as he cummed, brushing the sensitive flesh. Remaining still as Shiro filled him up, Keith breathed heavily through his nose. Don't cum rang in his mind. His will was cracking, though.

"You did a good job," Shiro murmured, running his hand up and down Keith's side. "And look at you. You didn't cum at all." Keith whimpered as Shiro licked his ear. "Are you ready for your reward?"

Keith didn't think he could nod fast enough. "Master, please! I'm ready for it..."

In one swift movement, Shiro had Keith pinned on his back. He kissed down his body, biting his neck and nipple as he went. At his dick, he swallowed Keith in one gulp, taking him down to the root. Keith bit his finger, bucking his hips up like he could get further into this wet heat. He couldn't control himself as he kept fucking Shiro's mouth.

Shiro grabbed his hips and pressed them down into the mattress. He pulled off his dick with a shameless slurp. "You can cum now."

Those words were magic to his ears. Keith moaned loudly when Shiro took his dick back into his mouth. His orgasm shook his entire body, setting every nerve end on fire. Shiro swallowed each drop, watching Keith's body twist and turn from the pleasure. Once he seemed calm, he crawled up his body, kissing at his neck.

"How do you feel?" he asked, tucking a hair behind Keith's ear.

Keith wrapped his arms around Shiro's shoulders, nuzzling against him. "I feel great. Never make me go that long without cumming, though. That was too cruel even for you."

Shiro raised an eyebrow at this. "Really now? I'm pretty sure Lance is still struggling to sit down right and that happened a week ago."

He chuckled. "It's a different kind of cruel. Now get this thing off me. I wanna know how it looks on you."

Chapter End Notes

i started work on this last night because i was excited for it. i sheith too hard and i'm not sorry. ironically, as i was re-reading this, i could have sworn i wrote shiro to say "no cummies" and i'm glad i didn't. it sounded weird in my head (despite the fact that i've seen a video where someone said that. shrug)
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The white lab coat in his room confused him. Hunk only ran to his room to grab something for Pidge when he found it. A note attached to it told him to head to Keith’s room, purple and red lipstick decorating a corner. A inkling about what might be waiting for him crossed his mind, but he pressed it down. Pidge needed his help with a big project and he didn’t have time for whatever sex idea waited for him.

Yet here he was, walking towards Keith’s room with the coat draped over his arm. The doors opened for him as he pressed his fingers to the panel. What he saw had him hard from sight alone.

Shiro had his arms crossed over Keith’s backside who was in a compromising position. Face down, ass in the air, a speculum opening him wide. Both were dressed in the sluttiest nurse outfits that Hunk had ever seen and he didn’t know what to do with himself. Even Shiro wore a grin, knowing that he had hooked him in with this easier than fish with bait.

“Doctor Garrett, I believe the patient is ready,” Shiro said, his voice husky. His finger beckoned him closer, his free hand stroking Keith’s ass cheek.

Breathing hard through his nose, Hunk stepped further into the room. Staring down into Keith’s gaping asshole made his mouth water. Too often he loved pulling out of Keith, watching as his hole twitched and begging him back inside. He dug his fingers into his hole, feeling around and making Keith moan. “What are his symptoms?”

Chuckling, Shiro cupped his chin in his hand. “A serious lack of the biggest dick this castle has to offer.” He yelped, jumping a bit. “The patient is being a bit aggressive. He bit me.”

Hunk pulled his lower lip between his teeth. “We should fix that now. Have you managed to check his throat?”

"I'm out of tongue depressors," Shiro grinned, sending a chill through Hunk's spine. "Luckily, I have an extra long one in my panties."

"Panties?" Hunk asked, his voice cracking. He had no time to think of how ridiculous Shiro's joke sounded.

A groan spilled from deep in Hunk's throat as Shiro hooked his thumbs in the purple lace, pulling them down his thighs. He moved back to Keith's face and tilted his head up. Keith, eager in everything he does, took Shiro willingly in his mouth. Hunk bit his lip as he watched Shiro thrust into his open mouth. His hand was holding the back of Keith's head as he fucked his mouth, moans spilling from his lips.

"Doctor, everything seems to be working just fine up here," Shiro said, eyes on Hunk. "How's everything down there? Is it in working order?"

How'd he let these two suck him into their little game like this? Hunk was a busy man, but here he was playing doctor with the two of them. They were sultry sirens. Tales of old had nothing compared to the two right before him. "It's hard to tell. I'm gonna have to go in for a better look."

Keith forced his mouth off Shiro's dick and looked back at him. "Doctor, please. I know something
is wrong back there..." He licked his lips, fire in his eyes blazing brightly. "Only you can treat me, Doctor."

Hunk tried to stop the groan that left him from this. From the way Keith was looking at him and how Shiro had this expectant and turned on look in his eyes. What had first started as just a simple reward for doing well turned into something more. Not that Hunk was complaining, mind you.

Slowly so not to hurt Keith, he pulled the anal speculum out. Keith's hole gaped and winked at him, ready to welcome Hunk's size. Hunk grabbed the lube left on the side and slicked himself up. Just because Keith had the speculum in him for who knows how long didn't mean that he was ready for Hunk's dick. He didn't want to hurt him. Pressing the tip against his waiting hole drew a moan from Keith, who's mouth was once again on Shiro's dick.

Wrapping his arm around Keith's waist, he pushed himself inside in one smooth thrust. Keith's scream was muffled, but Hunk heard it. Each thrust had put Keith into a moaning and slobbering mess. He drooled on Shiro's dick as he fucked him, Shiro fucking into his mouth. Hunk squeezed Keith's ass, giving it a firm slap and making him scream again.

"I think--fuck, yes--I think the patient seems to be doing well," Shiro whispered. Leaning forward, burying himself to the root in his mouth, he crossed his arms on Keith's lower back. He watched as Hunk pounded into him, spreading his ass cheeks apart for a better view. "What do you think, Doctor? Think he needs another test to make sure?"

Hunk grunted, stalling his hips for just a moment. Keith twitched around his dick and his hips moved back, trying to get Hunk to move again. "What do you have in mind?"

"Keep fucking him." Shiro grabbed the lube and slicked a finger up. He traced Keith's hole, touching Hunk's dick with each thrust. Just before Hunk thrust back in, he slipped a finger in next to him.

"Shit, Shiro!" Hunk grabbed Shiro's wrists, flushing his hips against Keith's. His grip was uncomfortable, the sign clear on Shiro's face. "He's tighter now."

Shiro grinned. "I know. Keep fucking him." He groaned and pressed his lips against Hunk's jaw. "He's choking on my cock and I can tell that he's close..."

Hunk didn't need to hear anymore. Releasing Shiro's hand, he continued to thrust wildly into Keith. He watched Shiro slip another finger into him, stretching and stroking the sensitive flesh. Keith's moaning and slobbering around Shiro's dick, working hard to bring him close. Shiro's hips were thrusting with the awkward angle, hitting the back of Keith's throat.

Keith doesn't need a hand on him as he cummed, shooting his load on the sheets below. He clenched tightly around Hunk's dick, even more so when Shiro removed his fingers. Hunk stills his hips again and watched. Watched as Shiro fucked into Keith's mouth until he's cumming, his own fluids mixing with Keith's drool. It's the hottest thing that Hunk had seen with these two and his thrusts returned anew.

Beneath him, Keith is a babbling mess as he called him doctor and asked for more. He leaned over his body, intertwining their hands and pining them down. Shiro cupped his face and pulls him into a kiss, a mess of tongue and drool.

It doesn't take Hunk long to cum, pushing hard into Keith and filling him up. His body shook, hands making bruises on Keith's fingers. A thin trail of saliva connected his mouth to Shiro's, breaking when they pulled away. It's strange to realize that any pent up frustrations Hunk had were gone. As if Shiro and Keith knew he needed this, despite having an intense moment not too long ago.
"Feel better?" Keith asked, his face buried in Shiro's thighs.

"I guess..." Hunk muttered. "I'm gonna need a shower, though. Pidge is still waiting for me."

"We'll join you," Shiro said, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

"No. If you two join me, I'm never getting out of here."

"There goes our plans for the rest of the night, then."

Chapter End Notes

ha ha ha ha i'm gross. i can't believe i let shiro say there's an extra long tongue depressor in his underwear. if that doesn't make you laugh (or moan) then i failed and must commit seppuku. ... after i complete this fanfic, of course.
Sensory Deprivation (All)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lance knew it was his idea to do this, but he didn't think that they would do this much research. The room was colder than usual, something that Hunk had rigged up, he's sure. With his limbs tied to a corner of the bed, he couldn't curl up and try to warm himself. They even went as far as putting a blindfold on him and putting earplugs in his ears. He could still hear, but sounds were muffled and he couldn't make sense of where they were coming from.

A hand touched his leg and he jerked against his binds. With two of his senses gone, his sense of touch amplified. The hand stroked up and down his thigh, the tips of fingers gracing his skin. It would drag up close to his flaccid dick then roam back down to his knee and repeat.

Then something hot touched his chest, liquid before hardening. Lance moaned, arching into the sensation as it dripped onto him. Another temperature touched his dick, cold and wet, moving from the base to the tip of his cock. His breath labored from the various touches, torn between wanting to lean in or move away from them. The touch on his dick switched with the touch on his leg. Feeling the touch of, what he hoped, was a human hand brought his dick to attention.

They still only touched him with the tips of their fingers, but it was enough. Enough for his dick to harden, the tip beading with precum. The heated sensation moved down his chest, pooling in his belly button before moving up to his nipple. Cool and wet teased at his hip, making small circles. Lance shuddered as the cool touched moved past his dick and pressed against his taint. A mix between a moan and a yell ripped from his throat. It felt good. It wandered further down and pressed against his anal ring. The source rubbed and circled it, occasionally pressing into him. Then it's gone.

Fingers are still on his dick and the hot sensation is still moving across his body. Lance finally smelled the cinnamon scent filling the room. He doesn't know who's touching him or who else is in the room. For all he knows, Lance could be on display for anyone to see. That thought alone makes his cock twitch. While he knows the odds of that are unlikely, the thought drove him wildly. Even if it was only broadcasted to aliens on some faraway planet, he didn't care.

The cold feeling returned, pushing against his asshole again. It sunk further inside him, pressing against his prostate. Lance's hips bucked into the touch on his dick. He never knew this could feel so good. The hand gripped him, allowing him to fuck into his hand. He did so with gusto until the cold sensation was gone again.

The hot feeling moves further down his body, heating up his hip and getting close to his dick. "Yellow...." As good as it felt, he doesn't want to suffer anything harsh close to his dick.

The sensation moved back up his chest and went down his arm at a quicker rate. Lance lost it again when the cold is back, pushing through his ass and pressing into his prostate once more.

He's so close now, the different sensations pushing him to the edge. He fucked eagerly into the hand, precum flowing from his dick. Before the cold can disappear, another went inside him, joining the first one. And he's gone, his cum shooting across and joining the mess on his chest. It's hard to come down from the high, the touch on his dick never stopping. The cold feeling soon left and the hot followed after it.
Lance couldn't remember the last time he cummed that hard. The earplugs came out and he could feel the binds leaving his wrist and ankles. He stretched his body out, feeling the stiffness leave his body. The blindfold came off next and he stared up at Keith's beautiful purple eyes. Keith blew out the cinnamon scented candle and he laughed. He should have known that Keith was the one who handled the heat.

Looking down, he saw Shiro rolling ice between his fingers, Hunk resting his head against him. It took a certain amount of trust to let someone rob you of a few of your senses. To let them touch your body in different ways to make your orgasm the best.

Lance sat up with Keith's help and started peeling the wax off him. "You guys have to try that. It was great."

Chapter End Notes

    i waited too long to post this. i'm proud of me.
Sounding (Klance)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“How are you feeling?”

Keith took a deep breath and let it out. He watched Lance’s hand run up his thigh, the touch making him shake. “A little nervous.” Reaching out, he grabbed his hand, intertwining their fingers together. “I trust you, though.”

Lance shifted his weight, their half hard cocks rubbing against each other. “I’ll take good care of you, babe…” he whispered. He moved his hand to Keith’s chest, rolling a nipple between his fingers. “I like that you trust me like this. Like the fact that that you can let your walls down for me for a moment.”

Pulling his lip between his teeth, Keith looked to the side. “I trust you in the heat of battle…”

“That’s different,” Lance said through a chuckle. A moan dropped from his lips, his cock leaking a small bead of precum. “Trust in battle is different than sex trust. Sex trust is more intimate and—damn—amazing…”

Keith reached out and grabbed Lance’s hip with his free hand, digging his nails in. “You’re toying with me. Do what you came here for.” His cock was hard, ready for what Lance would do to him.

Lance stroked his cock, being wary of the head. “Yeah, you look like you’re ready.” He smiled at Keith’s desperate moan from the lost touch. Grabbing the sounding tools next to Keith’s head, he pulled the second smallest one from the tray. “You know what to say when it’s too much, right?”

Just thinking of the safe word made Keith roll his eyes. “I do.”

“Say it.”

He glared at Lance’s grin. “Garlic knots.”

“Exactly.” Popping open the lube, he drizzled the smallest bit on the head of his Keith’s dick. Lance lubed the sounding rod up and positioned it at Keith’s urethra. “Ready?”

Keith took a calming breath. Once. Twice. Thrice. And he finally nods.

The sounding rod eased into his urethra and Keith allowed Lance to take over. His eyes watched the process; watched as he pushed the sound a bit in and stopped, then pushed in again after some time. There’s no words that can describe what he’s feeling.

He feels like he’s being stroked from the inside and it feels great. Lance only had the rod halfway down his dick but he’s ready for more. He knew better than to thrust his hips up; knew that Lance had warned him of the dangers of doing so. It’s so hard not to, though.

Keith’s been biting his lip so hard that it started to bleed, the taste coppery in his mouth. “Give me more, Lance. I can take it.”

Lance cupped his face, forcing him to look him in the eye. “Are you sure?”

Turning his head, he kissed Lance’s palm then licked from his wrist to the tip of his finger. He
sucked the digit into his mouth, twirling his tongue around it. This is all the affirmation Lance needs. So, Lance pushed the sounding rod further in, pulling it back every now and then. Soft moans spilled from around Lance's fingers, Keith's hand reaching up to grab his knees.

He needed to ground himself somehow. He can't just thrust his hips up and take more of it inside him, but he wanted to. Oh god, he wanted to. Wanted more of this strange taboo pleasure that Lance was giving him.

"Keith." Lance's voice is close to his ear, his breath tickling his neck. "Open your eyes and see what you did."

He didn't know when he shut his eyes, but prying them open and looking down made his heart hit his throat. The sounding rod was all the way in, the beaded end sitting in his slit, keeping it from going any further. Lance's dick stroked against his, the touch gentle, but shit. It's drove Keith wild. He's extremely sensitive now. Lance moving against him was usually a quick way of getting off, a tantalizing foreplay they enjoyed.

Right now? Keith felt like he was ready to cum. His nails were deep in Lance's skin, but he doesn't stop. He kept rubbing their dicks together, his own precum providing as lubrication.

"Are you enjoying this?" Lance asked, his hands on either side of Keith as he moved. "You look absolutely wrecked right now."

And Keith believed it. He finally felt his cheeks stained with tears, overwhelmed by the pleasure Lance had given him. Keith allowed himself this moment of weakness, giving in to the sensation. Running his hands up and down Lance's thighs, he knew he can't take much more of this. The cliff is right there and he wanted to run to it; wanted to jump off it and into the abyss.

"Lance," Keith spoke, drawing out the name. "I wanna cum."

"Give me a minute," Lance said, his breath ragged. "I'm close, I'm--" Lance's entire body shuddered as he cummed, shooting across Keith's stomach. He slumped forward, pressing his forehead against Keith's. "That's nice..."

"Lance!"

He chuckled as he sat up. "Relax. I'll take care of you."

Taking the rounded end, Lance started to move the rod inside him, in and out until Keith was crying for more. Pulling it all the way out caused Keith to cry, his entire body shaking. But Lance's hand was on him, stroking his rigid dick. Keith didn't hesitate to thrust up into it, hurling himself to the edge of the cliff.

When he cummed, it made his toes curl. His cum shot out and over his dick, coating Lance's hand as he milked him. Keith settled down on the bed, a sheen of sweat on his skin. Lance laid over him, peppering his face with kisses.

"Did you like it?" he asked, nuzzling his face.

"I did..." Keith whispered.

"Good. Now come on. Let's flush you out."

Chapter End Notes
WHOA OH, WE'RE HALF WAY THERE
WHOA OH, LION TO MYSELF

the amount of research i do for these kinks is amazing. i'm learning so much about myself. although, we are halfway there. i should probably start working on chapter 31. i am full of excites.
Shiro didn't say anything as Lance oiled him up. The request was whispered late in the night, so quietly that Shiro wasn't sure if he heard him or not; that maybe it was a dream his sex induced comatose mind came up with. In the morning, Lance assured him that it wasn't the case and it's what he wanted. There's the usual exchange of Lance needing to do well during training for this to happen. Lance excelled for the day, impressing the others more so than usual.

It's why he's sitting here on the bed, letting Lance do his thing. "You're a lot kinkier than you let on," Shiro said, leaning into his touch.

Lance smiled. "I never had the initiative to show it." He motioned for Shiro to lay down, rubbing his hands together. "I mean, do you know how hard it is to drip wax on yourself?"

"How many times have you set your room at the Garrison on fire? Or back in your own house?" But Shiro still does what he said, laying on his stomach instead of his back.

"Never, luckily! I wouldn't know how to explain that to my mom." His hands rubbed up and down Shiro's back, his mind wracking about where he'll drip the wax. Lance leaned forward, his lips brushed Shiro's ear. The chill that went through his spine didn't go unnoticed. "You ready?"

Shiro ran his thumb against his lower lip, staring at the headboard. Pain isn't something that he's a fan of receiving during sex. It reminded him too much of the time he spent with the Galra. How Sendak or what other Galra soldier decided to take him for the night, hurting him just so they could get off on it. This was Lance, though. His knowledge and trust in him weakened that inferior fear deep inside him.

"Ready."

The first drip took longer than he expected. It's cool by the time it touched his skin, hardening instantly. Right when he expected the next one to take as long, it hit him right away, hot to the touch. Shiro bit back a groan, this type of pain turning him on more than he's willing to admit. Lance had a pattern all set for this kind of torture. The candle dripped far from his skin, but on the fourth drip, it was closer, burning him in such a nice way.

Shiro felt how Lance moved the candle up to his shoulders, the heat feeling nice on the knots in his back. The drops were coming much quicker, letting him know that Lance had the candle close to his body. Down his body the candle went again, every now and then moving closer to his ribs and rolling down the side of his body. At the small of his back, the candle pulled away.

Lance was dripping the candle there, letting the cool wax pool in that spot. His carefulness turned Shiro on just as much as the slight pain he delivered. Something hot hit his thigh and Shiro knows it's not the wax. Feeling Lance grind against his thigh pulled a louder groan out of Shiro. The wax moved across his ass, falling across his crack before moving down to where his ass met his thigh.

"This color looks nice on your skin, Shiro," Lance moaned. He rode his leg, biting his lip at the way Shiro looked right now. His hand never stalled in dripping wax, his hand shaking as he decided its height.

Shiro actually felt good about this little bite of pain. How it spiked his arousal and drove Lance to do
lewd things to his leg. He slipped a hand between his body and gripped his cock. It was hard in his
hand and his hips voluntary thrust into the heat its providing. The action caused Lance to whimper
against him, the candle falling closer to his skin, the wax burning hot.

He didn't care, though. It felt good, just like the hand on his dick and Lance fucking against his thigh.
Already he's close, his body becoming taunt as he continued to stroke himself with fervor.

"Lance!" His cum was hot in his hand as his body shuddered. His fellow paladin was grinding hard
against him, the candle now forgotten. Just a few more thrusts and he's cumming against Shiro's
thigh and ass. With labored breathing, Shiro rolled over and pulled Lance to him, blowing the flame
out.

"That was great," Lance muttered, burying his face in Shiro's neck. "Do you want to get the wax
taken off already?"

Shiro kissed his forehead, running his hand through his hair. "Later. After what you did to me, I
expect this aftercare session to be the best you've ever given."

Chapter End Notes

eh, i'm not proud of this one. i guess because i sorta DID waxplay over in the other
chapter? so it just feels like a repeat. luckily, a web comic i read that specializes in sex
education did a guest strip involving this, so i kinda had an inkling on what i wanted to
do? still think it could have been better. plus, i only slept for a few hours before waking
up to get the new pokemon game. have fun if anyone is having a chance to play it!

one last thing, i got a message over on curiouscat about have a twitter/tumblr? now,
while i'm uncomfy revealing my sfw one, i was thinking that maybe i could open a
perversionsao3 twitter? what do you guys think? if people like the idea by the time i post
my next chapter (which will take a while), then i'll make one. let me know, guys.
Trust.

That's what it all boiled down to.

Hunk waited and watched Keith as he settled in his lap. With the situation they were in, it was natural to trust Keith. They dealt with a lot worse than this. Being injured was also something that Hunk had to deal with, but this was different. Keith would be the one dealing damage to him.

His knife was always with him. Hunk couldn't recall a time where Keith didn't have it on him. He was sure that he carried it within his paladin armor somehow. Seeing Keith run the dull part of the blade on his forearm made him shiver.

"Are you ready?" Keith asked, moving closer to him, if that was possible.

He licked his lips. "Kinda. Just not too much, okay?"

Nodding his head, Keith sliced at his skin. It wasn't more than a paper cut. Hunk had anticipated more. The more he watched Keith dance the knife along his skin, he thought that this was when he would do it, but he never did. He just continued to make paper cut scratches along his forearm before running the dull part of the blade over them.

His heart jumped when Keith moved the blade down to his thighs, initiating a cut that drew blood. Hunk took deep breaths, watching as his blood spilled out in a slow trickle. He wouldn't need stitches, Keith would make sure of that, but it was hard telling his mind that. Keeping his eyes trained on Keith's hand, he watched as he made other paper cuts on his thigh. That's when he looked up.

There was a fire and a dark look to Keith's eyes. An urge to consume as he looked at the blood that was oozing out. Hunk's breath hitched as Keith ran a finger through the thin line of blood. It wouldn't be hygienic, but something dark in Hunk wanted Keith to lick it. That was something he couldn't ask of him for various reasons. It was interesting enough just to see Keith touch his blood like this, his cock twitching from the sight.

Keith did the same to his other forearm, making paper cuts before a deeper one. His thumb stroked over this one and he kissed the skin next to it. "You still with me, big guy?"

*Big guy...* Hunk hadn't heard Keith call him that in *months*. Wrapping his arm around Keith's waist, he pulled him closer. "Yeah, I am. Can we stop for a bit?"

His smile always made Hunk melt. It was so genuine whenever he smiled at him. Hunk felt special. "Sure we can. Just let me bandage you up."

Keith's hands were gentle as he cleaned up the small cuts that he made, covering the bigger ones with gauze and tape. A little excessive, in Hunk's opinion, but he let Keith do it. With mending taken cared of, Keith curled in Hunk's lap, being mindful of the wounds he inflicted.

"Did you enjoy it?" he asked, fingers dancing over Hunk's arm.

"It wasn't unpleasant." Hunk kissed at his neck, receiving a pleased moan from him. "I kinda liked
the idea of you messing around with my blood. Kinda adds a bit more excitement to the medical kink thing."

A wicked grin came to Keith's features. "Really? Then maybe I'll add that in for next time. You'd like that?"

There was no other person that Hunk would trust more with it. However, something else had to be taken cared of first. Rearranging Keith in his lap, he ground their hard cocks together. As he expected, Keith was just as hard as him. A soft moan left the smaller paladins lips, his hips pushing hard against Hunk's. The wet spots on the front of their boxers sent chills up their spines.

Gripping Keith's hips hard, Hunk thrust up into him. "You look good like this," he whispered. He reached up and gripped Keith's hair, arching him back. "I keep thinking about what you'd look like with my blood on your lips." He groaned at a hard thrust downwards from Keith. "The thought of seeing it smeared across your mouth and cheek is a good look on you."

Keith's jaw dropped. Moving his legs out from under him, he wrapped them around Hunk's waist and pushed against him harder. "Shit, Hunk... Maybe I should do it." His teeth scraped along Hunk's lips. "It'd be easy, you know." He groaned.

Hunk felt his cock spill a burst of precum, soaking the front of his boxers even more. "Do it..."

Without missing a beat, Keith lunged forward and took Hunk's bottom lip between his teeth. His nibbles were gentle, just grazing his sharp canines over the tender flesh. When Hunk was least expecting it, he bit down hard, drawing blood from the small punctures. Pulling away, Hunk groaned at the splotch of dark red that decorated Keith's lips. As if he had read Hunk's mind, he stuck his tongue out and licked it off.

That's all he needed.

His fingers dug into Keith's ass as he fucked upwards, cumming inside his underwear. Keith's body shook, riding Hunk's lap like he depended on it. He curled in on himself as he cummed, pressing his forehead into Hunk's shoulder. With his arms around him, Hunk fell on his back, Keith sprawled out top of him.

"We gotta do that with more blood next time..."

Keith squirmed against him. "We damn sure will."

Chapter End Notes

no sex, but it's apparently not recommended to do that while doing blood/knife play anyway. we still get a good look at hunk being a bit dark and definitely wanting to fuck keith while his blood was on his lips. at least there's some frottage? ¯\_(ツ)_/¯

i went along with this prompt like this instead of my original idea. it was originally going to be shiro having a dream about the galra soldiers fucking him and cutting him just for their own pleasure. was going to throw a bit of sendak in there, as well. then i decided to man up and make these boys have dark kinks. you can't tell me keith's not into blood/knife play.
the next two chapters are gonna be EASY for me, so they might be out on time. i never got a response from that person on my curiouscat about a shance pet play. if you're reading this, please hit me up. i need to know what you meant. the pet play is gonna KILL me and i can use any help i can get.
“I don’t know what I’m going to do with you.” He pressed another button and the vibrator grew stronger. He watched as Hunk’s body twisted beneath him, his fingers digging into Shiro’s thigh.
“You did good telling me about all the naughty things you wanted me to do, but I don’t think Black appreciated where you put them.” Shiro spent forty-five minutes peeling at least one hundred sticky notes off her control panel. Needless to say, she wasn’t happy about what had happened.

“I-I’m sorry, daddy,” Hunk said, looking up at him with pleading eyes. “I just wanted you to know how badly I wanted you…”

Shiro pressed another button, turning the vibrator up another notch. He bit his lip as Hunk squirmed, the vibrations pressing into his prostate. “I know that, and you were a very good boy about it.” Running his hand through Hunk’s hair, he scratched at his scalp. “But you still need to be punished for irritating Black like that.”

Hunk opened his mouth but snapped it shut. He’s already been the subject of many of his punishments in the past hour. His cock was dark red, tittering on the edge of cumming, something that wouldn’t happen because of the cock ring on him. Shiro’s handprint was on both of his asscheeks, subjected to a harsh spanking.

“Daddy, please!”

Raising an eyebrow, Shiro took in Hunk’s delirious state. He had been behaving himself. Hunk took his punishments with his chin held high. He knew he had done something wrong and he was taking the repercussions for it. They’ve been in Shiro’s room for hours and he hadn’t complained once about what had been done to him. Like a good boy.

Turning the vibrator off, Shiro grabbed Hunk’s shoulder and rolled him onto his back. His cock wept with precum. How quickly would he cum if Shiro just took off the cock ring. After how well behaved he’s been, he deserved that, at least.

Shiro leaned down, pulling Hunk into a deep kiss. “Tell me what you want like a good boy.”

Hunk reached for his hand and brought it down past his cock and to his twitching hole. “I want you to fill me up, daddy.”

A shudder ran through Shiro’s body. “Get on your hands and knees, then.”

His body shook as he sat up, moving to present his body to Shiro. Hunk reached back and toyed with the vibrator in his ass. He moved it in and out of himself, looking back at Shiro with a pleading look.

Shiro could only imagine how long he’s waited to do this. How long had Hunk waited to do all these things just to get him alone? His cock twitched in his pants, remembering about all the different and dirty things Hunk had wrote for him. That he wanted to be fucked good and hard, that he wanted to suck Shiro’s cock and make him feel good.

“Daddy, please ,” Hunk said softly. “Please fill me up.”
Who was he to deny his good boy?

Standing up, Shiro covered Hunk’s hand with his own. He slowly pulled the vibrator out, pushing it back in when all that was left was the tip. He teased him, driving Hunk into a squirming and drooling mess beneath him. It would be so easy to turn the vibrator on again. That’s not what he wanted, though. That’s not what either of them wanted.

Shiro pulled the vibrator out and eased his pants down past his hips to free his cock. Taking himself in hand, he rubbed against Hunk’s greedy hole. Hunk’s breath hitched when his tip caught against his rim. They could fuck just like this and both would go hurtling down into orgasmic bliss. Shiro pushed just the tip in, biting his lip as the body squirmed beneath him.

Oh, he liked this. He liked teasing Hunk until he was ready to break. It’s not something they do often, but when they do, Shiro’s sure to enjoy it. He pushed further in and they both gasped when he was root deep inside him. Leaning over him, he nibbled at his ear. Hunk’s entire body shook beneath him.

“You’re taking it all in like a good boy, aren’t you?” Shiro asked, his breath brushing over Hunk’s ear.

Shiro pulled back, spreading Hunk’s ass wide so that he could watch. Watch as he slipped out and pushed back in, his asshole sucking him back in. He groaned, biting his lip. Hunk looked back at him, his eyes watering as he silently pleaded to him. How he wanted him to fuck him faster and harder.

It’s a plea that Shiro listened to, pounding into Hunk without abandon. He kneaded the flesh beneath his hands as he continued to watch his dick be swallowed up by Hunk’s greedy hole.

“Daddy, please,” Hunk whimpered. He reached back and grabbed Shiro’s wrist. “Please touch me.”

Shiro stopped, pressing the head of his cock against that spot inside Hunk. He danced his fingers down past Hunk’s hip and gripped his cock. The touch had him jolting in Shiro’s hand and he fucked into it. Back and forth, back and forth, moving between impaling himself on his dick and fucking into his hand. Shiro leaned back as much as he could to enjoy the show, to enjoy watching Hunk take and take from him.

“Look at you go,” Shiro said, smiling down at him. “I can only imagine how desperate you were for this today.” At Hunk’s shaking head, he chuckled. “All week, maybe.”

“Yeah…” The way Hunk spoke was breathy and needy. All that mattered to him right now was the pleasure.

Shiro had been neglecting Hunk. Between working on battle plans, bonding with the Black Lion, and dealing with the other two of their pact, he didn’t have time for him. It was a little sad, when he thought about it. Hunk didn’t deserve that. He deserved so much more. A day to be pampered and taken cared of. He logged a day to do that in the future, when they were less busy.

Taking his hand back, Shiro gripped Hunk’s hips and pounded into him. Every thrust into him had Hunk moaning without abandon. He clawed at the sheets, moving back to meet his thrusts. It felt so good to be inside him, a vice around his dick that he enjoyed fucking into thoroughly.

Because Hunk’s moans were a different kind of symphony. One that played in his head when he least expected it. And Shiro would touch himself as they played in his head on repeat.

Shiro pressed himself against his back, nibbling on his ear as his hand came around once more to
play with his cock. “Come on, baby. You must be ready to burst by now.”

“Yeah… Yeah, I am,” Hunk muttered, pressing their cheeks together.

“Good,” Shiro muttered. He moved his hand lower, releasing the cock ring around him and letting it drop heavily to the bed. “You deserve to feel good. Go ahead and cum for me.”

It’s like his words were a tipping point. Hunk’s entire body shuddered beneath him as he cummed, coating his hand and making a mess on the sheets beneath them. Shiro leaned back once more and fucked into Hunk’s willing body, earning moans a higher octave than usual. His hole was tighter and it tipped Shiro over the edge quicker than he would have liked.

He slumped over Hunk’s body. He peppered the back of his neck and his shoulders in soft kisses, a touch that was much different than what he did with Keith or Lance. “I’m not done with you yet. Daddy’s going to do everything that you wanted me to do.”

Hunk chuckled, reaching back to cover Shiro’s hand with his own. “Thank you, Daddy.”

Chapter End Notes

someone mentioned hunk bottoming for shiro and god damn it i had to deliver somehow. i may be a bit tipsy from tonight. this one was a bit done, anyway, but the next chapter will take some time.
edit 4/8/17: this went from hunk being punished to being a lengthy sweet thing and i'm not sorry.
Somnophilia (Shieth)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He couldn't sleep.

Keith kicked the sheets off his legs, allowing the cool air to touch his heated flesh. The heat wasn't the issue, if he was to be honest. It was his aching cock that kept him awake, heating him up and making his skin thrive. He tried taking care of it when he first went to bed but it didn't work. His imagination ran wild as he tried to get enough incentive to continue to beat himself off to a climax.

Nothing worked and it irritated him.

His fists tightened as his cock throbbed. Touching it wasn't going to make it go away. Their pact had called it a night before anything had happened. Something about needing an early night for tomorrow morning. A planet needed to be liberated and they had to go over battle plans. Battle plans that Keith would be able to pay attention to even if Shiro, Hunk, and Lance fucked him into a stupor.

That was it. Keith wasn't going to go the whole night laying in frustration and lust.

Swinging his legs over the side of the bed, he padded out of his room and down the hallway. Hunk and Lance were out of the question. He pushed his fingers against the panel none too gracefully, the doors sliding open. Keith made sure to remain quiet as he slipped into the room. He was surprised that the door sliding open hadn't waken the Black Paladin.

It made him feel dirty to stare down at Shiro like this. Taking in his partially covered body. The tank top he wore was riding up his body, showing off chiseled abs that Keith wanted to lick and kiss. It took all his willpower to not do so, because this wasn't about worshiping Shiro and his body. But he knew that he'll end up doing so in the end.

Keith was careful as he pulled the blanket down Shiro's body, a slow pace that made his cock twitch and leak. Even his dick was telling him to speed up the process but Keith had to be careful. He didn't want Shiro to wake up just yet. He's wary about where he placed his knees as he climbed onto the bed, keeping his eyes trained on Shiro's face. Don't wake up yet, don't wake up yet, don't wake up yet. It repeated in his head like a mantra.

Palming Shiro's dick, Keith bit his lip as it twitched under his touch, barely subtle beneath the pair of boxers he's wearing. His own cock twitched, a spurt of precum soaking the front of his underwear. This is so wrong is what he told himself as he continued to touch Shiro's dick. Touching someone in their sleep is highly inappropriate, but Keith couldn't stop. He just kept going until he felt it growing hard. Shiro was letting out soft sounds but he's still relatively asleep.

Keith hoked his thumbs into his boxers and shoved them down past his dick, balls, and ass. Doing the same to Shiro took more effort, violet eyes making sure he hadn't woken up yet. Still nothing. For a moment, he wondered if Shiro took a sleeping pill earlier, but he pushed that thought out of his head. His dick was hard and aching, wanting more than just his hand.

Grabbing the lube he knew was at the edge of the bed, Keith scooted forward until his cock touched Shiro's. The contact against his half hard dick made Keith hiss. This is what his cock wanted all along. He drizzled the lube generously on their dicks, rubbing them together. Wrapping his hand around them, he gripped them both as much as he could, thrusting into his hand and against Shiro's
cock.

He needed more.

Keith switched hands, moving the lubed one to his backside. He teased at his hole, circling a finger before slipping it inside. More, his body shouted, more. Another finger slipped inside and he scissored himself open, riding back against his fingers. He pressed another finger into him and his body still wanted more. His fingers were barely touching his prostate, just pulling back before he went in too close.

The moment he came into this room, he knew what he was going to do.

Releasing both his and Shiro's fully erect cock, Keith pulled his fingers out. He moved further up Shiro's body and positioned himself. The descend onto his dick was slow and Keith had all but forgotten that Shiro was even asleep for this. Rotating his hips, he reached up and pulled his tank top up, tweaking at his nipples. Shiro looked beautiful when he was sleeping. All the stress from the day and the war going on disappeared the moment his body shut down. How peaceful...

Keith bit back a moaned as he moved harder, jostling Shiro's body awake. Shiro opened his eyes, a dazed expression as he looked up at Keith riding him. The soft whisper of his name had Keith shaking. Strong hands gripped his hips, helping him along with the pace.

"I've got you, baby. Cum for me...."

He arched his back as he cummed, splattering Shiro's stomach. Keith forced his tired body to keep moving, fucking down onto Shiro until he cummed inside him. He hissed between his teeth as he slumped forward, the days events finally catching up with him. Shiro wrapped an arm around him and turned them to their sides. By the loud snoring, Keith assumed that he was content with falling asleep like this. He wasn't complaining.

The next morning, Shiro woke up and stared at Keith with a confused expression. He ran a hand through the dried mess from last night. "I thought that was a vivid sex dream... Glad it wasn't."

Chapter End Notes

this is one of my kinks. i'm gross and i'm not sorry. i am sorry for the late update, tho. it's been a busy few days. the next chapter might take longer. i need to do some extensive research. if anyone is into petplay and shance, then hit me up on curriouscat. i could use the help.
Hearing the door open made Lance's heart leap to his throat. How long had he waited for this to happen is unknown even to him, but he's happy to play it out. Carefully, he stepped down from the bed and crawled to the one at the door. He rubbed his head against his leg, purring like a cat greeting his owner. The role he's willingly taken on for himself.

Shiro chuckled, reaching down to pet at his head. "Hey there, Lance. Did you miss me?" The attempt at purring grows louder. "I know you did." He scooped Lance up into arms and brought him to the bed. A cuddle session started, Lance rubbing his face against his as he scratched the area behind the ears on the top of his head. "Guess what: I have a surprise for you."

Lance meowed, pawing at Shiro's shirt and increasing his nuzzling.

"Someone's excited." Shiro picked him up and placeed him on the bed. "I have to prepare you for this surprise, though. It wouldn't do well on my part if you're not ready for it."

He watched as Shiro stood up and walked to the bathroom, the doors closing behind him. Lance tried to strain his ears to hear what was happening. The doors opened and he stared with wide eyes as Shiro placed a metal bowl down on the floor at his feet. Water sloshed at the sides, almost spilling onto the floor.

"Come get something to drink. You must be thirsty."

Licking his lips, Lance carefully stepped down to the floor again. He was thirsty and for something more than just water. Crawling to the bowl and to Shiro's feet, he swayed his hips more, trying to get the tail attached to him to twitch more like a real cats. Reaching the bowl, Lance lowered his head and lapped the water up. Literally lapped it up with his tongue like he's a real animal. Anything to please Shiro. He listened to him walk back to the bed, but he can feel his eyes on him, feel his eyes bore holes into him as he drank the water.

Lance pulled away from the water and looked over his shoulder, water dripping down his chin. Shiro crooked his fingers and motioned for him to come forward. Sticking his nose in the air, he sat back on his legs and grooms himself, using the water on his chin to ease the cleaning process. Hearing Shiro huff sent a thrill through him.


That praise is what did it for him. Happily, Lance crawled back to Shiro and climbed in his lap, legs straddling him. His hands are rested on Shiro's thighs and he kneaded the muscle there, his body breaking out in goosebumps. Shiro's hand moved to the base of his neck, down his back and into the crack of his ass, briefly touching the buttplug resting there.

"Good kitty." Shiro scratched under his chin and Lance does his best to purr louder. "Alright, off now. There's work that needs to be done."

Another thrill ran through his body. Lance crawled off him and laid down on his side, staring at Shiro as he searched for the lube. His heart beat faster as he raised up to his knees towering over Lance. Once more, his hand ran down his back and to the tail buttplug, fingers playing with the fur
before running back up. One tug and Lance mewled, arching into the touch.

Shiros moved it in and out of him, the knot of it catching on the rim of his asshole before he plunged it back in. Lance moans once before slipping back into character, mewling and trying his best not to squirm from the touch. He couldn't help it, though. He's waited all day for this and it felt so good.

With a pop, it came out and Lance swore he saw stars. Shiro's hand was on his hip, easing him to lay on his front. Lance took deep breaths as he felt Shiro's lubed fingers against his asshole. When they plunge in, he arched, trying to bring the fingers deeper inside him. Shiro started with two, curling them inside him and pulling out. He clawed at the sheet, following Shiro's fingers with an arch of his hips. Feeling Shiro's Galra hand on his hip made him whimper.

"Be a good kitty and stay still, okay?" Shiro asked, his breath ghosting over the back of Lance's neck. "If you do, I'll speed things up and you can get your prize quicker."

The thrill of what surprise Shiro had planned for him forced him to remain still. Lance bit his lip as Shiro thrusts a third finger into him, opening him up wide and forcing more mewls to drop from his lips.

"It looks like you've been a good kitty while I was away, huh? You kept your tail in all day. Your ass is practically swallowing my fingers." This forced Lance to mewl louder, his hips bucking. "I'd say you're ready. Don't you?"

Oh, yes, he does. Looking over his shoulder, Lance watched him. Watched as Shiro unzipped his pants and lowered them, boxers and all until his cock was free. He knew he started to drool. Words couldn't describe how his day went by agonizingly slow just waiting for Shiro to come home. How long he's waited for tonight to happen. The bed dips as Shiro climbs back on and straddled his legs, cock bumping against his ass.

Lance's hands were shaking, wishing that Shiro would forgo lubing himself up. He's open and ready for this. It's an anticipation game at this point, just waiting for him to plunge his dick inside him.

It happened and Lance actually screamed from the pleasure. Shiro rutted against him, trying to push himself deeper inside. Lance squirmed, arching back against him and wanting more than what he already had.

"How are you still tight after all that?" Shiro asked, pulling out of him. Just the tip remained inside before he surged forward, rocking Lance against the sheets. "You feel great. What a good kitty you are"

Lance mewled, bunching up the sheets and bringing them to his mouth. Biting them grounded him from the pleasure he's feeling and Shiro's words.

Shiro leaned down and nibbled at his ear. "You can speak. Tell me how much you like it."

"Ah!" Lance cried out. He reached up and tangled his fingers in Shiro's hair. "I love it so much, Master. Please, fuck me harder."

"Good kitty," Shiro whispered. He licked the shell of his ear, hips moving hard against his ass. "I'm going to make you nice and loose for your surprise..."

"Yes... Yes!" He whimpered as Shiro rose up to his knees, bringing his ass up with him. "More..." His face was pushed harder into the bed at the pace of Shiro's thrust. Eyes rolled to the back of his head with every set of praise and the word kitty that fell to his ears.
Shiro grunted and Lance swears he's going to cum from the sound alone. How he can cum from the
sounds coming from Shiro, the lewd sound of skin slapping skin and the squelch of the lube inside
him. It's almost too much. He reached down to grip his cock, ready to push himself over the edge,
but Shiro grabbed his hand and pinned it down.

"I didn't say you can touch yourself. You're not a bad kitty, are you?"

Lance mewled. No, he's not a bad kitty. He's a good kitty and he knows it. So instead, he mewed
louder, pushing his hips back against Shiro's. It took one hard thrust from Shiro to tip him over the
edge, soiling the sheets beneath him. Shiro's cum filled him up and he groaned, reaching back to
touch the space where their bodies meet. The moment Shiro pulled out, he thrust his fingers inside
himself, coating them in his cum.

Bringing them to his mouth, he licked them clean, winking at Shiro once he's done. He meowed his
thanks, moving his hand back to plug himself up.

Shiro rolled his eyes, tucking himself back in. "Don't fill up on that. There's still your surprise." He
walked over to the door and pressed the panel to open it.

Lance's jaw dropped as Hunk walked in, a very flustered Keith in his arms. It's so daring for him to
walk through the Castle of Lions with Keith like this, naked with a cat tail plug in his ass. It made
Lance's cock twitch.

"So, should we start breeding them?" Hunk asked, grinning ear to ear.

Oh shit.

Chapter End Notes

i have major respect for those who are into petplay and for those who write it. this
chapter has taken multiple attempts because i couldn't wrap my head around how to do
it. some of these lines caused me to stand up and walk away but i do think i managed to
get it, though. i hope you guys enjoy it. and i'm sorry if i didn't do this justice. dishonor
on my cow.
Double or More Penetration (All, but heavy on the Shklance)

Chapter Notes

before you start, if some guy can take in three extra large chance dildos from baddragon in his ass, keith can take three dicks in his ass. i don't make the rules.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Yeeeesssssss,” Keith hissed, lowering himself down on their cocks. “I knew I could do it. I knew it.”

Needless to say, Lance was impressed. Often he had seen Keith lower himself on two cocks, taking them in like the pro that he was. This isn’t two cocks, though. Keith had gone above and beyond, taking in three cocks at once. It’s no easy feat. Shiro and himself aren’t that well endowed, but Hunk is. Hunk’s size with just one of their cocks is too much.

He ran his hand up and down Keith’s thigh, feeling it shake beneath his touch. “Are you doing okay?” Lance asked. He’s not the only one concerned, he’s sure. This is too much of a stretch and they were all worried about how well Keith could handle them.

Keith didn’t look uncomfortable at all, though. His tongue was hanging out of his mouth as he slowly eased himself up to drop back down. “God, yes... It feels so good. I can’t believe we waited this long to do this!”

Shiro reached up and places a hand on his lower back for support. “We didn’t want to hurt you...”

“Are you kidding me?” Keith moaned, moving faster. “This feels amazing.”

Hunk wrapped an arm around Keith’s waist and thrust upward, drawing moans out from the three of them. Keith was moaning for more, pushing down against Hunk’s thrusts. Lance and Shiro lay back, letting Keith and Hunk run the show. They don’t need to do much, the friction of Hunk’s dick against their own and Keith’s tight heat is more than enough.

“That’s right, baby,” Shiro muttered, his thigh twitching. “Keep riding us like that. You’re doing so good.”

The praise isn’t even for him but Lance’s eyes rolled to the back of his head. This is all too much, but it feels so good. He reached up and intertwined their fingers together. Keith looked down at him, purple eyes filled with layers of lust that Lance couldn’t even begin to comprehend.

“Are you enjoying yourself, Lance?” He grinned at Lance’s nod. “Good. You feel great with these two inside me. Shit, I can’t believe we waited this long... Never make me wait so long for something like this, please...!”

"Yeah..." Lance whispered. "Yeah..." It's no surprise that he's the first to cum, somehow making Keith's insides feel hotter than they already are.

Keith muttered something unintelligible. He tossed his hands back, entangling his fingers in Hunk's hair. His jaw dropped down when Shiro took hold of his dick and stroked. Long and drawn out, making Keith's eyes roll to the back of his head. Cumming made his back arch, thrusting down hard
onto their dicks. It's a shared silent agreement that they can't hold out much longer. Shiro and Hunk cumming against one another.

"Fuck..." Keith moaned, easing himself off them on shaky legs. Cum dripped down his thighs, making a mess that they all anticipated. "That was great."

Shiro sat up, rising from the bed to grab towels. "I imagine that you won't be getting laid for a while now."

"Nope. I'll fuck but I won't be fucked."

Lance ran his fingers through his hair. Since the first time he's seen Keith take two dicks in him, he's always been interested in the idea. The idea of taking that much in him and stretching him beyond the limits. A secret that he hadn't told the others but wanted to. What better time than now?

"Could I give it a shot?" he asked almost too quietly.

Silence met him. While Shiro and Hunk took on concerned expressions, Lance couldn't recall Keith ever looking at him like that. Pride and joy over what he said and his choice. Just him looking like that was enough to give Lance goosebumps.

"I'll take care you."

They took days off for Keith to prepare him for tonight. Toys of various sizes that he had collected or Hunk created had been inside him, stretching him out to make this happen smoothly. That didn't stop the knot from tightening itself in his stomach. Keith's hand ran up and down Lance's side. Lance hovered over him, his breathing slow and steady. Anything to ease the nerves he had about doing this.

Keith was the King of taking two dicks inside him. He knew what he was doing and Lance should have more faith in him. "You're going to be fine," Keith muttered, nails lightly scratching his hips. "We'll take this nice and slow."

He nodded his head. Keith's cock slipped inside and he bit his lip. This penetration he was prepared for. They both took the time to open himself up to him. It would be the second one that would be more difficult. Bottoming out, Lance let out a shuddering breath, digging his nails into Keith's shoulders.

"Take your time. Don't rush it."

"Patience yields focus."

"Not the time, Shiro."

Lance nodded his head, the burn slowly disappearing. Raising his hips, he crashed back down onto Keith's cock. A quick and hard pace, something to distract himself from the inevitable. Keith gripped him harder, guiding him down and thrusting up into him. He leaned forward, pressing his forehead to Keith's, a position similar to the first time they fucked.

"Think you're ready?" Keith asked.

"Y-yeah..." Lance muttered, closing his eyes.

"Are you sure?"
He let out a frustrated sound. "Yes, Keith...! I can take it, I promise."

Keith searched his face, trying to find a shred of doubt. If it existed, Lance knew he would find it and call it all off. Which is why he made sure he had no doubts about today. He wanted this; wanted to give it a try. From all the times he's seen Keith enjoy it, he knew he had to do it.

A subtle nod from Keith and a hot breath was on him. Shiro kissed Lance's neck, a hand reaching down to where him and Keith were connected. "Look at how good you're doing, taking Keith deep in you like that." He kissed down to his shoulder, relishing in how Lance shook beneath him. "You want more, is that it?"

Lance moaned, arching into Shiro's touch. "Please..."

Shiro's hand left him but returned shortly, dripping wet and teasing at his hole. Lance took a deep breath as he slipped a finger inside him. It didn't burn as much as he expected, something that Keith had prepared him for. At the second finger, at the scissoring motion that Shiro started, that's when Lance felt it. He whimpered and raised his head. The safety word was there on his tongue, ready to be used if he needed it.

"Lance, look at me." His breath caught in his throat when he looked down. Such adoration in those violet eyes. Keith raised his hand and cupped his cheek. "You got this. I know you do."

That declaration was enough for Lance to ease through that burn of pain. A third finger slipped in, stretching him out more. He took deep and calming breaths and reached down to touch himself. His half hard dick jumped at the pleasurable touch, coming to life with a few short tugs. He was able to forget about the stretch and the discomfort, losing himself in his own hand.

Fingers left him and Shiro's breath ghosted over his ear. "Here we go."

Lance nodded his head and braced himself. The tip of Shiro's cock against him made him jump but he forced himself to relax. Shiro pushed in, drawing moans out from the three of them. Keith urged him to continue, urging Shiro to keep going until they were flushed together. Feeling Shiro's chest hit his back, he whimpered.

"I did it..." he moaned, burying his face into Keith's neck.

Keith peppered his face with kisses. "Yeah, you did. Can we move now? Do you think you're ready for that?"

"Yeah, I think so. Just go slow, okay?"

"Of course," Shiro whispered.

Keith remained still as Shiro started them off, easing himself in and out at a slow pace. He comforted Lance, muttering praises in his ear that made him shake. He made small thrusts inside him, testing the waters and seeing how he could take it. The moment Lance moaned, he picked up the pace. A rhythm took place and it had Lance screaming out his pleasure. If he had known it would be this good, he would have done it a long time ago.

Lance pushed back against them, wanting more, wanting them to pound into him harder. Each thrust inside him, each stroke of his insides from Keith's cock followed by Shiro's followed by Keith's again made the fire inside him burn brighter. Hands roamed all over his body, teasing his nipples or touching his dick. Breaths were on his neck, muttering sweet words and praises into his ear. Cumming hard on Keith's chest made his whole body shudder and his mind go blank. He slumped forward, letting Shiro and Keith use his body how they wanted until they reached the same end.
Shiro danced kisses from one shoulder to the other. "You did it."

"Yeah, you did," Keith agreed, pulling Lance into a kiss. "I'm so proud of you."

That was the best praise he's heard all night.

Chapter End Notes

for someone who was really excited to write this chapter, i feel like i failed at it. i'm just tired from work and staying up all night playing this dirty game. don't mind me. i was still happy to write the beginning. enjoy!
As far as small spaces went, this wasn't the worse one Lance had been in. At least it was familiar in some strange way. It wasn't the med pod, something that the Alteans had created, but something that Hunk had come up with himself. There wasn't much room for him to move around in. He could at least turn his head or twist around on his knees, but that was all. It had a purpose and Lance was going to find out what.

His fingers traced the outline of a covered opening. It opened and he flinched back. Slowly, a dildo came into place, just at the perfect level for his mouth. Now that he was paying attention, there were three other holes in the same place on the other walls. He bit his lip, already understanding what was going on.

Without hesitation, Lance licked around the tip before taking it deep in his mouth. It felt nice and heavy on his tongue and he loved it. He bobbed his head up and down, tonging the silicone and sucking hard on it. How he wished it was another sort of dick, like Hunk's or Shiro's. Hell, he'd be happy to have Keith's dick in his mouth right now.

Even if he was the only one who knew it, he put on a show for himself, pretending that it was an actual dick. He brought up his hand and stroked it, tongue circling the tip. A moan escaped him as he imagined one of them telling him to take it deep in his throat and he did, sucking the dick in until it hit the back of his throat.

Goodness, he needed an actual dick. Lance was begging for it in his head; he wanted it badly. His prayers were answered as the opening to his left opened and a dark, heavy cock was presented. He knew this cock as well as he knew his own and lunged for it. The taste was like nothing else, salty and unique. Lance was drooling over it, taking it deep in his throat. He held it there, swallowing the precum that dripped out and letting his throat massage the tip. If he could choke any harder on it, he would. Pulling back, he sucked on the tip, stroking the rest slowly. Dirty talk was echoing in his head, edging him on.

He wanted more.

The moment the cock started thrusting in his mouth, Lance moaned. This was perfect; everything he ever wanted. When two other cocks appeared, actual flesh and blood cocks, he officially believed he was in heaven. Pulling his mouth off one cock, he moved to the other, licking along the side of it, pressing his tongue against a throbbing vein. Wonderful. He wasted no time in taking it deep in his mouth and moaned as it thrust hard into him.

Lance kept his hands busy, reaching over to stroke the other two cocks that presented themselves to him. Pulling away, he licked his hands and quickly resumed to sucking cock, his now wet hands stroking the other two dicks. Why suck a silicone cock when he has three beautiful ones right here? Nice and thick, hot in his mouth, perfect.

His cock twitched as he continued sucking them all off. Out of all the things he enjoyed, he loved his mouth being used like this. Loved having a dick shoved deep in his mouth and fucking his throat raw. He moved a hand down and palmed himself, feeling his cock twitch with every hard thrust into his mouth. Yes... Perfect... Lance reached into his boxers and stroked himself, a bead of precum
wetting his fingers. What he'd do for a hot cock deep inside his ass. His fingers would have to do for now.

He switched between the cocks, sucking each one off for a few moments at a time as he stroked one and himself. They were all so close. Each one twitched on his tongue and the way they thrust without rhythm into his mouth was a sure sign. He wasn't doing any better. Precum was practically spurting out of his dick.

Oh yes, this was it.

Lance held his mouth open wide as a cock cummed on his tongue. He eagerly stroked the others until they cummed all over his hands and arms. *Shit*, he needed to get off. As much as he could in the small space, he eased his boxers down past his hips. Stroking himself, he shuddered and leaned back against a wall.

This felt *so* good. He gathered up the warm cum and used it as lube to make his strokes faster. Bucking his hips, he knew he wouldn't last long and he couldn't stop. He just kept imagining them fucking him, thrusting deep in his ass. Stroking every inch of his inner being with their long cocks. Touching his nipples and his cock, driving his senses wild. Aiming his cock to his mouth, he cummed, spurts of it hitting his chin and chest. Lance slumped in his seat, breathing heavily.

He only had one thought about this: *wonderful*.

Chapter End Notes

god damn it, this was the best i could do. like, they're on an alien warship. how am i suppose to work with THAT? but someone DID do a shance glory hole that was amazing. i wanna say it's in my rec fics, but i'm not sure. i sure as fuck hope it is, but if not, i will find it.

and [here](#) it is.
Hunk’s finger traced over the ropes binding Keith. Arms behind his back, legs tied together, cock fully erect and leaking. He couldn’t recall another time that Keith looked this beautiful. Fingers moved further down until he touched his cock, fingertips going further up until he was playing with the tip. Keith shuddered, arching his hips into the touch. Since Shiro had told him about shibari, he knew who he wanted to try it on.

Delicate patterns and designs were used to tie Keith up and Hunk loved it; loved how Keith looked all tied up like this.

“Hunk…” Keith whispered, looking at him with hooded eyes.

He took in how he squirmed against his touch and the rope. Hunk bit his lower lip because he’d do anything to just take Keith right now, but he loved to draw it out. Hunk took hold of Keith’s cock and gave it a nice, long, stroke. Keith’s breath shuddered and he arched his hips, trying to follow his hand up. This wouldn’t do. Grabbing his hips, he pushed them back down and swallowed Keith whole. The moan Keith let out was music to his ears. He worked the back of his throat around the tip of his cock, relishing in how he twisted and bucked.

“Hunk, please!” Keith let out a drawn out moan as Hunk started to bob his head up and down. He sunk Keith’s cock deep in his throat and listened to how he whimpered and whined. His eyes rolled to the back of his head as he tried to buck into his mouth to choke him.

Pulling off, Hunk smiled at him. “Tell me what you want. What you want me to do while you’re tied up like this.” He stroked Keith’s dick, pressing his thumb into his slit. Seeing Keith’s eyes roll to the back of his head made him bite back a groan.

Keith’s legs twitched as he spoke, “Fuck my thighs. Do it, Hunk…”

Hunk’s mouth dried, but the gulp he made sounded wet. Grabbing the lube, he raised Keith’s legs until they rested on his shoulder. He drizzled lube on his dick and Keith’s balls, biting his lip as he moaned from the cold. Lining himself up, Hunk pushed forward and he never felt anything so tight. Not even Lance’s or Shiro’s ass was this tight. The head of his dick pressed and rubbed against Keith’s balls and taint.

“You like that?” Hunk moaned, pressing and bending Keith in half.

“Yes,” Keith whispered, pushing his head deep into the pillow.

“Good.” He started to move, thrusting slowly back and forth between the tight heat. He took in the beautiful red rope that he tied Keith in; loved how it looks on his pale complexion. It’s something that drove him mad with desire, made him buck his hips harder against him.

Keith squeezed his thighs even tighter around him, twisting his hips. “Hunk--”

“I got you.” He knew what he was asking for.

Taking the lube up again, he slicked up his wet hand some more. Keith’s dick spurted precum from the moment he touched it. Long languid strokes made him spurt out more and Keith shouted out his
pleasure from it all. Hunk swallowed up these moans and tucked them away deep in his mind, 
 Enjoying every octave of it. When they returned to Earth, when life returned to normal for them, 
 Hunk wanted to keep these moans; record them for himself privately.

“T’m almost there,” Keith whispered, and he’s looking at Hunk with those eyes.

Those eyes that force air out of Hunk’s lungs.

He tightened his grip and fucked against Keith, fucking his Dick in his hand. When Keith cummed, it 
 spurted across his chest and hit himself on the cheek. It looked beautiful stretching across his body, 
 seeping into the threads of the red rope.

And Hunk was gone, his hips stuttering as he tried to draw out his orgasm. He cummed in ropes 
 across Keith’s body, joining his and staining the material. It’s a mental image he tucked away for 
 later.

“That was amazing…” Keith said, eyes closed as he calmed down from his high.

Hunk pulled away and lowered Keith’s legs. Already he’s working on undoing the ropes, freeing 
 him. “Best idea I’ve had yet.”

“Mhm,” he agreed as Hunk finished up. He curled against him, burying his face in his chest. “Let’s 
 nap.”

“You got it.”

Chapter End Notes

been a long time since i’ve updated. i really needed a break from this series or things 
 weren’t going to come out great. i’m back (kinda) now. gotta get through these last few 
 chapters.
“Great work, team!” Shiro leaned back in his seat, screens of all but one of his fellow teammates reflected on his dashboard. “Go ahead and hit the showers. You all deserved it.”

The cheers and shouts of his fellow paladins were dull to his ears. He leaned back in his seat with a heavy sigh. His body ached and his left arm popped when he rolled it around. An exhausting day of training would do that to a person. The showers called to him, but he needed a moment's rest; just for a bit.

“Psst. Shiro.”

Shiro opened his eyes and bit back a groan.

Keith ran his hand up and down his dick, teasing the head with his fingertips. His paladin suit was peeled off, armor and helmet long discarded. The sheen of sweat on him wasn’t just from their practice. Shiro could feel his dick twitch to life. What a beautiful sight.

He shifted in his seat, trying to make himself more comfortable. He’s in it for the long run, that much he knows. “Keith, what are you doing?”

Keith’s chuckle made him shudder and blood rushed to his dick. “Sorry. I know I’ll get punished for this but…” He moaned, sinking lower into his seat. “I can’t help it. Listening to you order me around gets me like this…” Raising his hand, a trail of precum connected his fingers to his dick. “Look at this…”

“Yeah. Yeah, I’m looking.” Shiro reached down and palmed at his dick. Already he was half-hard. He cupped himself, biting his lip as he watched Keith’s hand. “Show me more.”

Keith moaned and a fire fueled in the pit of Shiro’s stomach. He ran his hand up and down his dick, looking through the screens and into Shiro’s eyes. They never broke eye contact as he continued to stroke himself, faster and faster.

“Slow down,” Shiro moaned, pressing his palm harder against himself. “I don’t want it to end too soon.”

“Okay…”

This debauchery pleased Shiro more than he cared to admit. It felt like he was back on Earth and in the Garrison. A time where Keith and him would have webcam chats during stressful exam weeks and they’d put on a show for each other. Thinking of those times made him bite his lip, turning it a plump red. They weren’t a thing back then and they weren’t exactly one now. Shiro just enjoyed watching Keith as he touched himself.

Keith pressed his thumb against his slit and his hips jerked from the touch. Everyone knew that he liked to be watched; liked to put on a show for anyone watching him. Whether it’s a small twist of his hips, a simple sentence meant for someone fucking him while he’s looking at someone else, or even the way he touched himself with more enthusiasm. All these things he did just so that they can enjoy it just as much as he does.
Shiro cursed as he started to pull his armor off. Just feeling himself through his suit and boxers wasn’t cutting it for him. He needed more and while he couldn’t get his dick in Keith’s ass, the least he could do was touch himself and enjoy. When his dick popped free, he took hold and started pulling in long languid strokes. From the way Keith was squirming and moving his hand, he’s close. It never took him long to come when he’s being watched. The more eyes, the better.

“Oh, I wish you were here, Shiro,” Keith moaned, tilting his head back as he slouched in his seat. “Wish you were here to touch and fuck me.” His hips bucked as he squeezed himself, a bead of precum sliding down his dick and knuckles. “I know you’d fuck me real good when I’m like this, right?”

“I would,” Shiro muttered, leaning back in his seat.

A breathy moan came from Keith and he fucked into his hand. Shiro kept his eyes open wide as he watched it all go down. Keith arching his back as he cummed across his hand, shooting hard enough to land on the floor before him. Cursing, he stroked himself harder and took everything in. How Keith breathed hard to calm down, his hand still slowly stroking himself to draw out his orgasm. His eyes remained fixed on a bead of sweat that rolled down the side of his neck.

Shiro loses it, biting his lip to hold back his moan as he cummed over himself. He’s a panting mess by the end of it, Keith smiling fondly at him through the screen. Licking his lip, Shiro tried to speak but found his mouth dry. When he finally does, his voice is rough as he spoke, “Go to my room for your punishment.”

Keith’s grin tells him that he can’t wait. And neither can he.

Chapter End Notes

i’m sheith trash. can’t you tell? probably not. i’m open about all ships. just six more chapters to go!
He melted into the couch, limbs becoming heavy. One thing had to go in his lifestyle and it was becoming clear with the more time that passed on. Either ease up on training or ease up on their “prize pact”. It was never meant to be taken this far and this often. When it did, he didn’t really make any complaints. It felt good to let loose and have a way to get rid of all the tension in his body. Something still had to give, though, because fighting Zarkon on the brink of exhaustion wouldn’t benefit them at all.

The doors to the lounge swished open and he opened his eyes. Hunk strode in, box in hand and a smile on his face. Nothing out of the ordinary there. He always walked around like that unless something was on his mind. Even the box gave Shiro little concern. Quite possibly, it was another pet project that he and Pidge had set up. So he closed his eyes again, ready to take a quick Altean nap.

Shiro opened his eyes again when he felt Hunk sit before him. He pulled out various tools and he narrowed his eyes, not even trying to fight the frown making itself known. “Hunk, what are you doing?”

Hunk looked up at him and there was no hiding the mischievous glint he had in his eyes. “Nothing special. Just wanted to try something.”

What shouldn’t be suspicious was suspicious now. Shiro crossed his arms and watched the Yellow Paladin. He watched as he raised his booted foot to rest on his shoulder. The moment he started, Shiro knew what he was doing. Bootblacking wasn’t something he wasn’t unaware of. Back at the Garrison, it was always a hazing trick for the new recruits. They’d assign them to a senior officer to do what they wanted for a couple of months. Shiro wasn’t one for it, but he at least put up the guise that he was “hazing” his freshman by giving him his boots once a month. That got the senior officers off both their backs.

So it wasn’t too strange to see Hunk doing it to him, in an environment where it wasn’t needed, with tools that he didn’t think even existed out here in space so far from Earth. Shiro slouched in his seat, digging his boot further into Hunk’s shoulder in the process. That small little grunt he let out fueled something inside him. Biting his lip, he did it again, digging his heel into him.

Hunk let out a strangled moan. He stood his ground, letting Shiro put pressure against his shoulder. *Submit* rang through his mind, something dark that made him think about his Galra arm and how he saw it as a dangerous part of him. Thoughts that were gone when Hunk licked at his boot, showed it tenderness like this that shouldn’t really be given to an article of clothing.

Shiro bit his thumb. Hunk continued to lick and suck on parts of his boot, hands stroking his covered calf. His dick twitched in his pants, coming to life from just watching him. He moved his other foot, pressing the toe of his boot against Hunk’s dick. A pleased groan left him, finding him just as hard as he was. He pushed against him harder, pulling out desperate moans from his fellow paladin.

“You’re a filthy boy, aren’t you?” Shiro muttered, rubbing the toe of his boot against him. “Getting this hard over cleaning my boots like this. What would the others say when I tell them?” Hunk moaned, a burst of saliva dripping down Shiro’s boot and soaking his shirt. “You don’t want me to tell them?”
“Please don’t…” Hunk muttered, burying his face into his foot.

He shouldn’t take this much pleasure in seeing Hunk submit like this, but he does. “Then you better do a good job.”

Shiro’s fingers drummed on his arm as Hunk got back to work. He watched as the leather is lathered in his spit, rubbing it away until it shines with a cloth. His other foot was still pressed against Hunk’s dick, waiting for a good time to award him or his work. Or punish him when he wasn’t satisfied.

His boot was shining at this point. Satisfied, he moved his boot along Hunk’s erection, drawing moans out from him that go straight to Shiro’s dick. He mentioned how he did a good job and that he was proud of him, seeing how the compliments made him shake. Shiro pulled his boot away when he ground himself against him.

“I didn’t say you could do that,” Shiro muttered.

“I-I’m sorry, sir.”

Sir immediately had Shiro feeling more hot and bothered than he already is. Grunting, he put his boot back to its previous position. He rubbed small circles against him. He’s careful as he traced the shape of his dick, pressing hard when he reached his balls.

Shiro isn’t doing much better than he is. His dick wanted more just as much as Hunk does. The front of his pants is soaked, yearning for release that only Hunk could give him. “Tell me what you want.”

The way Hunk looks at him, his face buried in his boot but a burning fire evident in his eyes. “You.”

They wasted no time in freeing themselves from the confines of their pants, lube already in Shiro’s hand. He moved his hand around, teasing at Hunk’s hole and chuckling when he finds it already lubed and ready for him. Mentioning how dirty he is for preparing and planning this had Hunk’s eyes rolling to the back of his head. He still made sure to prep him a bit more, despite the insistent screaming his dick is doing, telling him to get on with it.

Prepped, lubed, and ready to go, Hunk sinks down on his cock and Shiro tossed his head back. To think he thought about wanting to stop all this just moments before. Hunk’s already moving, riding him as if it’s the last thing he’ll ever do before he dies. He dug his fingers into his thighs, thrusting up into him. He wanted more and he’s desperate to let it all out.

“Come on, Hunk… Keep going,” he urged.

Hunk whimpered, leaning forward to press their foreheads together. There’s no elegance to the way they move, no pattern that they follow to make things run smoothly. It’s just needy and desperate, both trying hard to reach the pinnacle of release.

When it happens, Shiro’s vision goes white as he cummed deep inside of Hunk. Hunk’s release splattered across his shirt, something that he’ll worry about later. Their breaths mingle with each other as they try to come down from their high, bodies shaking from the bliss.

Pulling away, Hunk stared down at the mess he’s made. “I’ll clean that up.”

That’s the last thing on Shiro’s mind. Right now, all he wants to do is this over and over again until he’s satisfied. “Later,” he says just as he switched their positions around.

Chapter End Notes
aw yiss. have some boot worship. i wasn't going to let this end in sex... but it happened.
ha ha.

just so you all know, i'm gonna go back and edit the daddy kink chapter. shiro and hunk
deserve better than that. i'll let you know when it gets rewritten.
This was not the time to be sporting a boner. Not when lasers were flying over his head and destruction was echoing across the planet. Not when his team was split up in two groups to try and push back the Galra soldiers enough for them to form Voltron.

So, yeah, now’s not the time to be horny.

And to want Hunk to pound into him with that thick cock of his.

Just the thought of it has Lance rubbing his thighs together to try and ease the pressure in his flight suit. It did nothing because that’s not what he wanted.

Hunk pushed him back against a wall as a series of soldiers passed them. When the close was clear, he hurried them along down another alleyway. They went through the twists and turns, firing at any stray soldiers they found. They were waiting for a message, a sign really, from Shiro or Allura that they were in the clear. That they could finally fight back with their greatest weapon.

Lance was just waiting for a chance to feel Hunk against him. Not his hand or his arm. His entire body.

Once they get the signal to stand by, he’s upon Hunk in seconds. He’s climbing up his body as if he’s a jungle gym, trying to get his legs around his hips to grind himself against him.

“Lance, Lance, Lance, Lance,” Hunk said, pushing him back down to his feet. The firm grip he had on his shoulders kept Lance from trying it again. “What’s the matter, buddy?”

He didn’t say anything. Only pressed his hips flush against him, pressed his dick against Hunk. Things click into place and he can see how the gears whir inside that big brain of his. Nothing was said as Hunk muted his communications, Lance following after him as a thrill ran through his body. He cupped Lance’s ass and hoisted him up.

Wrapping his legs around Hunk, he ground down against him, relishing in feeling his big frame against him. Hunk pushed him against the wall and ground back against him. It took little effort for the Yellow Paladin to get hard and press urgently against him.

Lance tossed his head back, moaning out even as a building crumbled in the distance. It really was an inappropriate time to get hard, but he didn’t care. He wanted more of this. To feel Hunk thrusting against him, his erection hard against his own. Spurts of precum soaked through his crotch and he thought about how uncomfortable he’ll feel when he finally comes, but he doesn’t care. It just feels so good.

“How long have you been feeling like this, buddy?” Hunk asked, his voice raspy. His breath ghosted over Lance’s neck and his eyes rolled to the back of his head.

“Since we left the lions,” Lance moaned, pushing his hips down harder.

Hunk groaned. “That was over an hour ago. What even happened, man?”

He bit his lip, unable to say what it was that set him off. Because, truthfully, nothing did. Feeling
horny came at him like an eighteen wheeler, hitting him with each and every one of its wheels. Learning that Hunk would be with him made it worse, wanting only for his larger friend to pin him down to the ground and use his body however he wanted to. Shit, he loved how much bigger Hunk was compared to him. He loved feeling Hunk hovering over him, their bodies pressed together.

“Fuc—” Lance bit his lip and wrapped his limbs tighter around him. He was so close and he hoped that Hunk wasn’t feeling sadistic and pulled him back from the edge. He didn’t want to go through the rest of this mission with a raging hard on.

“I’m close, too, buddy,” Hunk muttered against his ear, making his entire body shake.

Large hands grabbed Lance’s ass and he was gone. His body convulsed as he cummed, his vision going white. His cum soaked through his flight suit, making an obvious wet spot. Hunk still moved against him, drawing out his orgasm. The deep growl that came from Hunk when he cummed almost had Lance going again.

Being set down on his feet again, he wobbled. It felt so good to let all that go. He palmed at his crotch, grimacing at the mess he made down there. At least Hunk wasn’t doing any better.

“Hunk, Lance. Do you copy? Head back to the lions!” Shiro’s voice said through their helmets.

Hunk wrapped his arm around Lance’s waist, hurrying him along as they unmuted their communications. “We’re on our way.”

Chapter End Notes

frottage? hunk grinding against someone small? lance being a horny little jack rabbit? all the things i love. also, we all know that hunk’s totally a dry humper before his partner decides it’s time for actual sex. that’s my headcanon and i’m sticking to it.

i have a twitter now lol
i probably won’t use it much. just to say some naughty things or retweet naughty stuff. because why not.
He’s grateful for the alien who told him about surface branding. Permanent markings was not something he wants to deliver onto Lance’s body. They were dealing with a war. Their battles would give them enough marks. He didn’t want to be the reason for one of them, especially from a time of pleasure.

Lance looked at him with expectant eyes, legs squeezing and rubbing together in anticipation, barely hiding his erect cock. Keith’s been messing with the copper wire and fire in his hands for some time. He heated it up then allowed it to cool before heating it up again. The design of it isn’t too intricate. There’s only so much he could do with what little space he’s allowing himself to work with. But his initials are there and he liked how they look, liked the idea of how they’ll look on Lance’s skin.

Keith finally approached him, heating up the wire and twirling it in place. First aid is on standby, just in case this could go wrong. Everyone is sleeping so he’d be able to rush Lance into a pod for a worse case scenario. He straddled Lance’s hips, careful with the tools in his hand.

“Are you ready?” Keith asked in a whisper.

Licking his lips, Lance nodded his head. “Yeah, I’m ready. Give it to me.”

The action was quick and over before either of them could process it. Keith flicked the fire away and pressed his initials into Lance’s skin. Lance bit his lip and tried not to squirm away from the pain. It’d be worse if Keith messed up and it’d be hard to explain to the rest of the team. When he pulled the tool away, he grabbed a cloth that’s soaked in the cool water next to Lance’s head and covered the burn.

They’re breathing hard, staring down at the cloth. Minutes pass by before Keith pulled it away. The mark stares at him, placed delicately above Lance’s left nipple. It looks…

“Beautiful…” he muttered.

Lance looked down at the mark and chuckled. “Yeah, I guess it is.”

It took a few moments for Keith to spring into action, grabbing an antiseptic he found in the medbay and coating the burn with it. His finger traced his initials lightly, careful so that he didn't harm Lance more. It really does look good on him. Lance belonged to him. That’s what the mark was all about. His “property” even if it would only be for a few days.

His cock twitched at the idea. That if he were to do anything with Shiro or Hunk, it’ll still be there. When he took a shower, he’d be cleaning it with care.

He pulled Lance into a kiss, swallowing the surprised yelp he let out. He pressed against Lance, their cocks brushing against each other. It’s rough and a comment is made stating so. Pulling away, he grabbed the lube next and drizzled it on their cocks, stroking and rubbing them together. Lance held onto his hips as he moves. The pace was still rough and quick, their dicks hardening to full mast. Keith continued to stare at the brand, wanting to trace it with the tip of his tongue.

It’s not enough.
Coating his fingers in lube once more, Keith braced a hand on Lance’s chest and reached back behind him. He teased his hole before pressing a finger into himself. Lance groaned beneath him as he worked himself open, adding another finger and then another. Resting his chin on his chest, he stared at that beautiful brand he put on him. Every stroke teased himself and he felt ready to burst.

“Keith,” Lance muttered, breath tickling a few hairs on Keith’s forehead. “Come on, buddy. Let me give it to you.”

And he was the one who was suppose to be topping for this session. Sitting up, Keith removed his fingers from himself and took Lance’s cock in hand. He eased himself down, slow and steady, eyes never leaving the mark he’s made on the other paladin. Even bottoming out, Lance as deep inside him as he could possibly go, he’s avoiding the place that begs to be touched. He doesn’t want it to be over so soon.

Lance dug his fingers harder into his hips and bucked up into him. It’s enough for Keith to start moving, rising and falling on his cock. Moving his hand up, he traced the brand with his fingertip, tracing how the letters elegantly curved. He’d never be able to make something look that good. It was the alien who made it for him, making it to his liking as thanks for saving the planet.

Leaning forward, he nibbled Lance’s neck, shuddering at the sounds he let out. “You’re mine now,” Keith whispered. He hovered over him, pushing down as Lance thrust up into him. “Hunk and Shiro can have you in any way they want but it won’t matter, because they’ll see this,” he traced the brand again, biting his lip, “and then they’ll know that you belong to me.”

Lance whimpered and bucked harder into him, pressing insistently against the spot that Keith had avoided. Keith tossed his head back and moaned, digging his nails into the flesh beneath him. He held on as Lance fucked him. Each nerve ending was on fire, the coil inside him tightening until he finally let go. His cum splattered against Lance’s stomach. A few more thrusts and Lance joined him, his hips stuttering as he cummed.

Keith pressed his face into Lance’s neck as they caught their breaths. The sweat made them sticky, even more so with the combined cum pressed between them. Neither of them bothered to get up to clean themselves just yet.

“You’re going to hear it from Shiro when he sees it, though.”

“Eh,” Keith sat up and reached for the antiseptic cream again. “I’ll deal with it when it comes.”

Chapter End Notes

yo, who knew surface branding was even a THING? that’s cool that there’s an extreme version of branding and then a simpler one. that’s one thing i’m glad i can get out of kinktron. i’ve learned so much about kinks and i love that.

okay, but next chapter? my favorite already. i’m taking some liberties. i’m making it GOOD (as i can get it to be).
Xenophilia (All, Shiro Mostly)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“It’s a plant.”

That was an understatement when they were given this present.

For saving a planet, the leader gave it to them as a reward. They were vague about the details about the plant. They didn’t say what kind it was or if it was capable of doing anything extraordinary. Everyone in the castle of lions knew that it would be rude to say no to the gift, so they took it back on the ship.

Allura and Coran were apparently allergic to it. Pidge wasn’t the type to have any sort of plant in their room or in their lab. Lance seemed like the type to drown it from over watering it. Shiro and Keith were not the type to care for plants (Shiro remembering about the cactus he ended up killing when he was a kid). It only left Hunk being the responsible one to care for it.

And boy did he care for it.

It grew, and grew, and grew, and grew. It was overflowing from the pot it came in, long thick tendrils touching the ground and spreading out. Neither of them could understand how it grew so fast in less than a week. They couldn’t figure out what kind of plant it was either, for that matter. It’s leaves grew back almost instantly if one broke off and they had a strange slickness to it. Shiro’s touched it once and immediately wiped his hand on his pants leg. It was definitely… original and none of the books they’ve attempted to read about it gave them no results.

If he had known it’s purpose was this, then Shiro would have put it in his room from the start.

A voice in the back of his mind told him that he should be concerned about the others and how they’re handling the situation. It wasn’t what they signed up for and he certainly didn’t, but he didn’t care because it felt so good.

How the pale pink tendrils grazed over his nipples and stroked at his cock. How they held him down and kept his legs spread open wide for the smaller ones to poke and pull open his asshole. Shiro’s body shook from the sensation, his tongue hanging out. He can barely make the others out, hearing their moans and whimpers as the tendrils toyed with them. Opening his mouth, he was ready to say something, but a thicker tendril, slick and wonderful, pushed into him.

The sound that erupted from his throat was foreign even to his own ears because this is what was making this situation great. It pushed itself deep inside until it touched the bundle of nerves that had his vision going white. There’s no hesitation, no waiting for Shiro to get use to the length that pushed inside him. It moved and he tossed his head back, relishing in how it thrust inside him, hitting the mark every time.

He’s taken back to a time when he was the Champion to the Galra. How he took pleasure wherever he could get it. Even with aliens with anatomy far different from his own. Those with tentacles just pleased him better, able to hit spots deeper than the others could possibly go. It was one the few times that he actually forgot that he was used as a tool for destruction and entertainment.

“Fuc-” Shiro muttered, tossing his head back. From this angle, he could see the others staring at him, tendrils roaming their bodies, toying with them. He figured there should be a part of him that’s
embarrassed that they’re seeing him like this. Fucked thoroughly with drool running down his cheeks and his tongue hanging out. Things that someone would see in *those* types of comics and shows.

But Shiro would be lying if knowing that they’re watching doesn’t turn him on *more*. More curses leave his lips as the plant fucked him deeper until he’s cumming, shooting arcs over his body and hitting himself in the chin. Around him, he could hear the others tipping over the edge themselves, loud moans filling the room and making his body shake.

The tendrils eased back, receding back into the flower pot in the corner of Hunk’s room. Shiro took deep breaths and raised himself onto an elbow. He turned his attention to his team, finding them in just as much of fucked out state as he was.

“That was… interesting,” Shiro muttered before biting his lip.

“I never want that to happen ever again, though,” Keith answered running his hand through the slick left behind.

“Yes, I’m with Keith on this one.” Lance moved closer to Hunk, wrapping his arms around him. “I mean, I don’t mind if we had a bit more warning than something just grabbing our ankles and pulling us down to do what they want with us.”

From that day on, the plant lived in Shiro’s room.

Chapter End Notes

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i wanted this to be good... but it wasn't good enough. i blame my current mental state. on that note, i'mma take a break from form kinktron for a bit. i have three more chapters to do and the last one is going to be long. i just want a break for myself. maybe post other work while working on the last three chapters. they'll be posted, but it'll take me some time to do it. you can still find me on twitter or hit me up on curiouscat if you want, though. i'll probably use this hiatus to just chill and talk about kinks, lol.
Watersports (Shance)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Out of all the days he’s forgotten to use the bathroom, why did it have to be today? The pressure building up is worse than he can imagine. It’s bothersome, doing all this movement when you really have to let it out. Whenever a chance for a break seemed in sight, Allura surprised them with more training. It’s enough to make Lance groan in more ways than one; for their continuing training and his lack of getting a chance to go to the bathroom.

Every press that the Gladiator does to his stomach made him squirm and pray that his bladder was strong enough to handle this. If not him, at least let one of his body functions survive in the end. He’s not ready to be subjected into that kind of teasing.

When training ends and the Gladiator disappeared into the floor, Lance was relieved. His team dispersed for the shower and he’s ready to make a beeline for the bathroom when Shiro stopped him. He’s never wanted to claw at Shiro’s hand before, but he’s ready to make an exception just this once.

“Ready for that hand to hand combat lesson?” Shiro asked, his smile warm and inviting.

Lance had forgotten about that. He only asked because he felt useless if an enemy decided to knock his bayard out of his hands. He could fight, but he could always improve. “U-uh, sure! I’m totally ready for it…!”

Shiro tilted his head to the side and frowned at him. “Are you alright? You don’t look too good. Do you want to pass for another time?”

“Pfft. Who me? I’m totally fine! You know you can always count on Sharpshooter Lance. Let’s do this.”

Lance knew he would eat his words and he beat himself over the fact that he didn’t just tell Shiro to give him a bathroom break. His hand to hand training was intense with Shiro’s hands all over him. The heel of Shiro’s palms pressed against his bladder as he tossed him to the ground. Lance had to take deep breaths before standing up in case he had an accident. It continued on and on with no end in sight.

When it does, Lance was once again on the floor, keeping his knees pressed together. He’s on that very edge of letting it all go and he knew he couldn’t hold it back. The moment he stood up, he knew he was going to pee himself and doing that in the middle of the training deck? In front of Shiro? He couldn’t do that. He just couldn’t.

“Need a hand?” Shiro asked, extending his towards him.

Lance shook his head, holding his hand out to wave it. “N-no! I’m totally fine! I’m just… relaxing for a bit and catching my breath. Go on to the showers without me…”

Shiro didn’t seem convinced. He took Lance’s hands and tried to tug him up. Lance pulled against him, whimpering. “Lance, are you sure you’re okay? You’re acting differently. Even for you.”

There’s another few more tugs and each one pulled a stronger whimper from Lance as he tried to keep his bladder in check. “I’m fine! I just need…” He couldn’t hold it in anymore. This was way too much for someone to keep inside. “Need…!” He broke into a full body shudder as he finally lets
it go, wetting himself.

His piss dripped down the crack of his ass and darkened his pants as it spread. The puddle grew around him and Lance lets out a shuddering sob. Embarrassed isn’t the right word for this moment. He’s ready to crawl under a rock and die from what he just did and what Shiro had seen. He kept his eyes shut tight as he spread his legs, the sensation of soaked fabric rubbing against each other bothersome.

Lance couldn’t even look at Shiro right now.

“Lance…” Shiro whispered.

He could hear him stepping closer and he flinched, expecting something that he can’t quite grasp. A booted foot pressed against his flaccid cock and he gasped. Looking up, he could see the dark glint in Shiro’s eyes. It’s a look he’s seen often when they’re up for one of those nights. He just never expected that wetting himself was a way for it to happen.

“Look at the mess you made,” Shiro said in a dark voice. It had Lance shuddering from the tone. “Are you proud of yourself for being this dirty?” He moved his foot in small circles on Lance’s dick, eliciting another whimper from him. “Answer me.”

Lance felt his entire body shuddering at Shiro’s words and how his dick slowly came to life under his boot. Shiro wasn’t one to degrade Lance or anyone. When he took on that role, it just had some effect on them and they loved it. He spread his legs wider, whimpering when Shiro pressed his foot harder against him.

“N-no, I’m not… Ah… I’m a dirty boy that should be punished…”

Lance’s cock was rock hard now and Shiro ran his foot along the length of it. Every hard press down had Lance gasping and rocking his hips against the pressure. He should feel gross doing this in a pile of his own waste, but he didn’t have it in him to care. Not when Shiro’s talking to him this way and touching his dick in all the right places.

“You should, shouldn’t you.” Shiro said it like a question, but he doesn’t expect a response. “But you did good in training, though.” Another hard press had Lance keening. “Maybe you deserve something for keeping it all in while training for so long.”

Leaning back on his hands, Lance pushed against Shiro’s foot as he stopped moving. It felt so good and he’d be lying if he said he didn’t like being degraded by him like this. He brought his hand up and bit his knuckle as he quickly approached the edge. When he cummed, he arched his back and shouted. His cum mixed with the mess that’s still in his pants from pissing himself. He hadn’t expected to cum this quickly.

Shiro grabbed him by his wrist and pulled him up to stand. The kiss he gave him had Lance melting and wanting it in places that aren’t clean at the moment. Breaking apart, he muttered, “Don’t clean yourself. I want you in my room just like this…”

What the night entails goes through Lance’s head. Even though it may not play out like this, he knows he’s in for something good.

He bowed his head. “Yes, sir…”

Chapter End Notes
bye ε=ε=ε=ε= ε ( ; • • )
this was my first attempt at watersports and i'm sorry if it's not that great.
“This is… different.”

“Usually Lance is the one tied up while we mess with him.”

“I kinda like it, though.”

Lance smiled at Hunk, making the final knot to tie his wrists together. He leaned forward and kissed his cheek. They weren’t turned off from the idea, at least. It took days of convincing to get all three of them to decide to do this with him. Trust is what it boiled down to. In the end, Lance wouldn’t do anything to them.

Well, not physically.

He ran his fingers over the back of Shiro’s neck, drawing a shudder out from him. Standing before Keith, he raised an eyebrow at him and Keith returned the favor. It was a challenge; a challenge for Lance to do his worse to Keith. He’d eat those words before all this was over.

His hips swayed as he made his way to the bed and climbed onto it. All his tools were perfectly set up. No minute was wasted on preparations. This night, he would be in control and only him. A shudder went through his body as he thought about his plans and how they would play out. He hoped the boys would enjoy it as much as he would.

Rearranging the pillows until he was properly propped up, Lance leaned against them and stared at them. He picked up the bottle of lube and poured a generous amount over his balls and twitching hole. Yes, he was excited and he was ready to dive in and enjoy the climax of his plan. Shiro’s voice rang in his head, “patience yields focus” and he groaned. Because he’s heard the saying so many times when Lance was ready to ride his cock fast, only to be stopped by Shiro speaking and grabbing hold of his hips.

He used that as motivation.

Coating his fingers in lube, he moved them down until they’re teasing his opening. He rubbed small circles around it, teasing the pad of his finger inside every few turns. Lance got it nice and loose until he was able to slip a finger deep inside of himself. He groaned from the sensation and left it inside, clenching his muscles around his single digit. After a few ticks pass by, he pumped it in and out, groaning.

Soon, he slipped another finger inside of him, then another, and then another until he had four fingers inside him. Lance groaned, tossing his head back. “Oh man… It’s all thanks to Keith that this can happen. If he didn’t teach me how to ease two dicks into me, I’d never be able to do this.”

Keith groaned and Lance spared a look at them. Their faces were flushed, Shiro’s more than all of them combined. He can see the growing bulges in their pants and he regretted not taking them down. He’d love to see their dicks, hard and leaking precum. Lance groaned at that very thought and bucked down onto his fingers. They aren’t enough now and he needed more.

Removing his fingers had his asshole gaping and begging for more. It wouldn’t be empty for long. Grabbing the smallest dildo from the box next to him, he coated it in lube and teased his hole with it.
It’s red color reminded him of Keith and it’s the only reason why he picked it up in that strange sex shop on one of their previously saved planets. He pushed it inside to the root and groaned, body relaxing around it. It felt wonderful.

“Shit, Keith, I keep thinking about the last time you fucked me,” Lance muttered, spreading his legs wide. “How you bent me over Blue’s control panel and pounded into me.” He groaned, bucking his hips to meet the thrust of his hand. “I thought I’d die when your dick hit me in all the right places. Fuck! I hope you do it again…”

“Untie me and I will,” Keith growled.

Lance groaned and moved the dildo faster into him. He’s running towards that edge that he knows will drop him into a state of bliss, but he pulled the dildo out at the last second. Taking deep breaths, he willed himself down from the high he was close to having. When it’s over, he put the dildo to the side and took out another one. It’s bigger and purple. Of course he would buy one that reminded him of Shiro.

He set it up just like the last one, lubed up and ready to be of use. He didn’t hesitate pushing inside, his ass loose for the intrusion. Lance moaned and moved to sit on his knees. He sinks down and brought himself up, impaling himself over and over again. “What about you, Shiro?” Biting his lip, he watched as Shiro bucked his hips, trying to gain friction in the tight confines of his pants. “You didn’t hesitate slipping into the shower with me and fucking me against the wall. I jerk off to that scene so many times…”

“Lance…” Shiro muttered.

Once again, he brought himself to the edge and pulled himself back. This edging technique should make Hunk proud of him. Lance wasn’t done yet. Putting the purple dildo aside, he groaned, biting his lip as he pulled out the biggest dildo colored yellow. He generously coated it, making sure it was nice and slick for entry. With this, he carefully pushed it inside of him.

It was so big. Lance bit his lip harder and whimpered. He needed to stop for a moment before going again. Hurting himself wouldn’t be wise, not when he expected to be fucked senseless by all of them when this was over.

He pushed himself the rest of the way down, stilling himself when he did. Lance took deep breaths and adjusted to the size inside him. Ticks passed before he rose up and pushed himself down. Hunk fucked him differently than Shiro and Keith. Rarely did he ever fuck him as roughly as they did. He was always gentle and caring, careful with his thrusts and where he put his hands.

“I think Hunk fucks me the best, though,” Lance dared to say. “When he grabs my hips and fucks into me—oh—his thumbs can touch each other if he tries. He’s so big and strong, but he’s the gentlest out of all of you.” He tossed his head back, moaning to the ceiling. “Even when he’s filled with pent up rage, he fucks me so slowly and it feels so good—”

The sound that tears its way out of Lance’s throat was anything but manly. He stared up at Keith with wide eyes, taking in the disheveled and turned on look in his eyes as he pinned him down. Keith’s hand came up to tangle his fingers in his hair. Lance whimpered when his bare dick brushed against the front of his jeans, feeling the hardness press against him.

“Keith… Keith! You didn’t untie us!”

“He took the knife with him, too, Shiro.”
“Let’s give them a show,” Keith whispered, his hand coming up to palm at Lance’s dick.

Lance nodded his head eagerly, arching up into the touch.

Chapter End Notes

the next chapter will be the last one and i’m going to love writing it. i hope you all like it, too. it might take me some time since it'll be lengthy. not prize pack lengthy, but still lengthy. keep an eye out for it.
shout out too that one anon on my curiouscat who kinda guessed that this would happen months ago. the asks says it was posted four days ago, but that's only because i was fixing the image, but they guessed it.

It’s not often that he’s on this side of the spectrum. When he is, he knew what to do. It’s reminiscent of his time in the Garrison. Feet together, hands behind his back which is straight. Shiro allowed Allura to rip into him, breaking apart his mistakes like glass and throwing it at him. What happened today during battle was his fault and he couldn’t deny it. Usually, his plans were concocted with little chance for casualties. This time wasn’t so lucky.

He couldn’t blame his team (and he wouldn’t.)

He couldn’t blame the enemy they were fighting (and he wouldn’t.)

This was Shiro’s mistake and he’ll take it in stride, learning from it.

“Understood, Princess Allura. It won’t happen again.” It’s a voice he used only during their meetings and when he’s explaining the plan to the team. It may seem cold, but he’s being professional.

“See that it doesn’t.”

He bowed and turned on his heel to leave the bridge. The doors closed behind him and he let out a heavy sigh. His head was pounding as he walked. It’s been hurting since the battle ended. The cheers and distant explosions rattled his head when he wanted nothing more than to curl up in his bed and sleep it off. Nothing came easy and he knew that Allura would need to talk to him. Now that their meeting was over, he could do just that.

After a cup of tea.

Shiro arrived at the kitchen quicker than he thought and he’s glad. The tea that Coran found and Hunk modified isn’t the best, but it’s better than Nunvill. That would only make his headache worse.

With the steaming cup of tea, Shiro rest his forearms on the counter, staring into the light green liquid. Just one cup and he could go to bed. The kitchen doors opened and he looked up. Hunk, Lance, and Keith stood there, eyeing him down. He’s not sure why, but he doesn’t like the way they’re looking at him. It seems predatory and sent the hairs on his one flesh arm to rise up. They just stared at him as they moved closer to the kitchen. Hunk waited by the door while Keith stood opposite of where he’s at. Lance jumped up to sit on the counter.

Still, they stared at him.

“Can I help you?” he asked after a few minutes had passed.

“Not really. It’s just…” Lance drifted off.
Keith leaned forward, eyes going dark. “You always *punish* us for our mistakes.” Shiro knew where this was going and he bit his lip. “Doesn’t that apply to you, too?”

In a way, it should. Shiro may have started the punishments and rewards for the “prize pack”, but it didn’t mean that he should be excluded from the punishment. And that’s the thought that sent a thrill through him. The idea of being at anyone’s absolute mercy and punished? It would be different from his time in the Galra prisons. This was more desirable and gave him a chance to… *let go.*

He could get out of this, though, if he wanted to.

Lance smiled. “It’s your turn to get punished, *daddy.*”

“And isn’t there something else about a worse punishment if you resist?” Hunk asked, crossing his arm.

*That* idea had Shiro biting clear through his lip, blood oozing out from the wound. His tongue darted out and licked his lip, taking a chance to look at all of them. His mind was made up. Taking his cup, he drank his tea slowly. They wouldn’t do anything unless he gave them an incentive. And he would.

Finishing the cup, he set it down and *bolted* for the door.

Shiro hopped over the counter, dodging the hands of Keith and Lance. It’s Hunk who caught him, arm catching him across his stomach. In an instant, he was on Hunk’s shoulder and moving down the halls of Castle Lion. He spotted Keith and Lance following him, Cheshire grins on their faces. He’s caught and he’s at their mercy, but he *still* fought back. He racked up the punishment points with every struggle and half hearted attempt at escaping.

“Hunk! What if someone sees us?” Shiro stated through gritted teeth. It’s such a piss poor excuse, though, and he knew it.

“They’re all doing their own thing,” Hunk answered. “We made sure that no one would see us. Now, quiet down before you make it worse.” He accentuated this with a sharp slap to Shiro’s ass, eliciting a moan to spill forth. They stood still for a moment, all eyes on some part of Shiro. “Did that just happen?”

Lance sprinted forward and delivers his own slap to Shiro’s ass, getting the same result. “Oh, it did.”

Hunk readjusted Shiro on his shoulder and started to walk again. “Lance, Keith. Get the stuff from my room. You know which ones I mean.”

Shiro watched as Keith and Lance smiled at each other. They disappeared and he crossed his arms, staring down at the floor as he was carried. There was only so much fighting he could do. Hunk was strong when he needed to be. So, he waited. He didn’t know where they were going or where they would do this. Clearly not Hunk’s room.

Hunk finally stopped and pushed his fingers against a panel to open a set of doors. Stepping inside, Shiro could see the purple lights that lit up the room as a type of nightlight. They were in his room. He was tossed on the bed none too ceremoniously, bouncing from the force. Hunk pinned him down, hands on his arms as he spread his legs wide to fit between them.

Their clothed dicks pressed together and Shiro groaned from the contact. Since being spanked his dicks been at half-mast, pressing into Hunk’s shoulder waiting for someone to show it attention. Hunk rolled his hips, pressing hard into him until he was fully erect, tip leaking through the front of his boxers. The Yellow Paladin teased him. He worked his clothes off in a ridiculously slow pace. If
Shiro tried to hurry the pace, Hunk would smack his ass, stopping him from doing anything else.

Soon, he laid bare in front of Hunk. Cock fully erect and leaking precum, skin flushed more than he could ever recall it being. Hunk stared at him like a cake he wanted to devour. And, shit, Shiro wanted him to. He raised his hips, silently telling him what he wanted. Hunk grabbed his hips and held him down as he leaned in. His hot breath ghosted over his dick and Shiro moaned.

All this pent up frustration from the fight had to go. Either from fucking or being fucked, Shiro needed this.

But it never came.

Hunk just watched him from his place, mouth ready to welcome him into wonderful bliss but kept him from doing so. Shiro even tried to buck his hips to do it, but he was held down fast. He tossed his head back and whimpered, tears stinging the corners of his eyes. He almost forgot that this was meant to be a punishment and not a reward.

The doors opened and the others filed in, Lance followed by Keith. Shiro couldn’t tell what was in the dark bag that they held. If it was anything like what Shiro did, he knew that it was for this. More specifically, for him. Lance was the first to crawl on the bed, taking over for Hunk and keeping a firm grip on his hips.

Shiro watched as Hunk walked to Keith, digging around in the bag. He could easily buck Lance off. He could put up a fight and, in turn, make his punishment worse. But he didn’t. He remained in position and waited as Hunk and Keith moved tortuously slow. Hunk handed him something and Keith came over, crawling on the bed on his knees, whatever it was hidden behind his back.

His heart beat erratically in his chest when Keith hovered over him, a look in his eye that he couldn’t quite place. Keith pulled him into an opened mouth kiss, tongues dancing around each other in a way that had his dick twitching. It lasted for longer than he thought and Keith left him breathless and panting. It’s then that the gag was placed in his mouth, two metal rings that slid under his tongue and opened his mouth wide. He strapped it behind his head and sat back.

“Comfy?” Hunk asked as he came behind Lance. Not like Shiro could answer him. “There’s more, but we’ll wait on that.”

Lance scooted up his body, his jeans brushing over his dick as he moved to straddle his broad shoulders. Shiro breathed hard through his nose as he undid his pants, pulling out his dick and running it along his lips. He’s slow as he pushed into his mouth. Lance didn’t stop until he hit the back of his throat and groaned.

“Damn, this feels good…”

“Don’t spend all day on that,” Keith warned, moving down to his dick. “There’s other things we have to do.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Lance muttered, pulling his hips back.

He pushed back into Shiro’s mouth hard and it had them both groaning from the pace. Every thrust inside, Shiro pressed his tongue against the underside of his dick, pressing into the slit whenever he pulled out. Hot breath touched his dick again and he bucked his hips, successfully entering someone’s mouth. He’s not sure who it was, but fuck, it felt so good. Hands were back on him, keeping him still as someone worked his dick up.

His mind was blank as he was used by Lance and pleasured by someone else. Shiro wanted more,
and more, and more and he wanted it now instead of waiting for it. Lance grabbed him by his hair and fucked his mouth harder, hunched over him and gasping out. He cummed deep in his mouth, forcing Shiro to choke and swallow it down. Some of it dribbled out the corner of his mouth as he swallowed what he could.

Lance pulled away from him, looking content and blissed out. The wet heat left his dick and he whimpered from the lack of contact. He was so close. Lance climbed off him and he could see Keith wiped the back of his mouth, moving away so that Hunk could grab and pull him to the edge of the bed. Shiro tossed his head back when Hunk grabbed him, slow strokes that had him bucking his hips. It didn’t last for long, Hunk grabbed his hips to keep him from doing so.

His focus remained on him as he took Shiro’s dick in his mouth. The pace was still teasingly slow, bringing him towards the edge. And he knows he should have expected it, but it still brought out a surprised sound when Hunk pulled away from him. Even more so when a cock ring was put on him. Whatever they had planned for him, it was going to take all night.

Hunk tossed him onto his stomach, raising his hips until he was on his knees. Shiro felt like a ragdoll and it felt great. A tongue pressed against his hole and he jolts, fingers digging into the sheets. His eyes lose focus for a moment, pleasure from being eaten out fogging his mind. Coming back to the present, he moaned out, watching what lay before him. Keith had Lance sucking him off, gloved fingers deep in brown hair, guiding him up and down his dick. He’s not even looking at Lance.

Purple eyes are trained straight on Shiro as Hunk pressed his tongue deeper inside him.

Cool liquid touched his crack and slid down it. Hunk caught it and used it to rub small circles against his clenching asshole. Shiro wanted him to shove his fingers in and he got his wish when Hunk pushed his thick thumb inside. He clenched around the digit, pushing back against it in a silent plea for more. Hunk placed a bruising grip on his hip, keeping him still.

Leaning over him, his hot breath brushed Shiro’s ear, licking along it. “Watch them.”

Shiro groaned but forced his attention back to the youngest two. In their 69 position, he could see Keith with two fingers inside Lance, scissoring him open and giving the three of them a view of his clenching inner muscles. Lance hadn’t stopped lavishing his dick with attention, bobbing his head and sucking hard with loud noises to work Keith over. Shiro wished he could have that. Wished that he could have more than Hunk’s thumb inside him, slowly stroking his wall. Wished that he could have a hot mouth around his dick again.

This is just the start of his punishment.

“Turn around,” Keith ordered in that raspy voice he gets when he’s turned on. Lance scrambled to listen, moving until he’s straddling his hips. There’s no wait. He instantly impaled himself hard on Keith’s cock and moaned. “Fuck yes…”

Lance grabbed his own cock and started to bounce in his lap. He tilted his head back and muttered something that Shiro couldn’t hear. It’s for Keith’s ears only and it made him groan, tilting his own head back. They moved their gazes to Shiro and he could feel the heat in them. Like Hunk, they had a predatory look in their eyes. What they’re doing now is just a warmup until they got to him. Hunk pulled his thumb back and pushed two fingers deep into him. Shiro drooled on the sheets, moans filling the quiet air and louder than Lance’s.

“Wow, listen to you,” Hunk muttered, spreading him open with two fingers. He chuckled as Shiro clenched around the open space. “I didn’t think anyone could get louder than Lance.” One could if they threw their fucks into the air and decided not to catch one. Bringing his fingers together again, he pushed them in deeper, thrusting in out of the limp body below him. He brought his mouth down
Yes! Shiro wanted to shout out. Hunk grabbed him by his hair and forced him to look at Lance and Keith again. Lance continued to jerk himself off as Keith thrust up into him. Brutal paces that he couldn’t wait to have for himself. He groaned when cum splattered all over Keith, his body going rigid after he thrust a few times into Lance. They collapsed in a pile, hands running through each other’s hair as they whispered to one another.

Hunk flipped him over onto his back and looked him in the eye. The predator look was gone and there’s a kind look instead. He stroked his face, wiping the tears away that slid down his face. “I’m going to blindfold you now. Are you okay with that?” Shiro nodded his head slowly, pressing his cheek into Hunk’s palm. “Good.”

“Wait. Don’t take the gag off him yet,” Keith said as he moved closer.

Straddling Shiro’s shoulders, he stroked his dick. Shiro groaned and closed his eyes when he slowly slid his dick in his mouth. He still tasted like Lance, the taste of Keith’s cum a subtle aftertaste. Keith pushed in until he hit the back of his throat and held fast. He dug his fingers into the top of his thighs, groaning around the cock in his mouth.

Keith pulled back, thrusting into his mouth with shallow thrusts. Every so often, he pressed deep into his mouth and remained there until Shiro urged him back. Shiro jolted as a hand stroked his heated cock, running up until a thumb pressed against his slit. The moan he let out vibrated through Keith and he hunched forward, fingers gripping his hair. His thrusts turned more erratic, precum leaking more profusely from the tip until he cummed deep down his throat. Shiro choked, drops of cum leaking out the corners of his mouth.

Keith pulled away, letting him swallow more freely. He petted his head, his free hand cleaning up his mouth and feeding him the remains of his cum. Shiro licked at his thumb, moaning around the digit.

“Come on, Keith! I’m dying to get inside him,” Lance urged, his hand on Keith’s upper arm.

He snorted, but climbed off of Shiro anyway. Hunk reached behind his head and undid the gag. Shiro licked his lips and rubbed at his aching jaw. Large hands on his hips moved him back to his hands and knees. What happened next was a flurry of movements that he couldn’t focus on just one. A bar separating and keeping his knees bent, cuffs that kept his hands and wrists together, and a blindfold that robbed him of his sight.

It’s a first for him to be on this side of the spectrum of their little pact. Shiro’s tied, pinned, blinded them, stopped them from coming, things that’s never been done to him before. But he loved it. He’s loving every second of it and he couldn’t understand why he hadn’t done it before. Why he hadn’t succumbed to letting them, essentially, take care of him in their own perverted way.

Fingers were inside him against, stretching him open. There’s a slight burn to it and he bit his lip from it. Lube eased the burning sensation and he breathed hard through his nose. Shiro bucked back against the fingers, whimpering and moaning as they stretched him out further. When they leave, he felt empty and gaping. Teeth nibbled at his ear and it’s his first instinct to flinch away from it until he heard Lance’s voice.

“Think of this like a game,” Lance muttered. His hand danced along Shiro’s spine, making him shudder. “You won’t get to cum until the end, but you’ll need to figure out which one of us is inside you. Guess correctly through it all and maybe we’ll let you cum.”

“Maybe?” Shiro repeated through gritted teeth.
“Yeah. Maybe.”

This is fair. He’s done it to them plenty of times before. It was only a matter of time before he’d have to go through with it.

The first cock is so familiarly easy, but his mind draws a blank as Hunk filled him up with his thick cock, stretching him out until he’s deep inside of him. Shiro panted and squirmed, trying to push his hips back against him. But he can’t get Hunk any deeper than he already is, even if he wanted more. He started thrusting and each thrust into him was hard. So hard that it rattled his body and forced him forward a bit.

There’s nothing bracing him. No hands to touch his leaking cock or touch him in anyway. They have plans to keep him guessing and are giving him no hints other than what their cocks feel inside him. Hunk was easy but they’ll make it harder. Shiro doesn’t know how they will, but he does know that they will. And God, he hoped that they made it harder. As much as he wanted to cum, he wanted to be punished and used like the toy he was.

Another mouth pressed to his right ear and left open mouthed kisses along the shell of it. “Who is it, Shiro?” Keith asked, his voice husky and deep. “Who’s fucking you this hard?”

Shiro licked his lips and panted hard. “H… Hunk… It’s Hunk!”

Keith chuckled and it gave him a whole body shudder. “Are you sure?”

The thick cock pressed harder into him, the blunt head pressing into his prostate. Hips undulated against him, an insistent pressure against the sensitive spot inside him. “Yes!”

Hunk leaned over him and wrapped his arm around his body. His fingers tweaked at his nipple, twisting and pulling it. “Good boy.” He chuckled when Shiro shuddered again. “You like it, don’t you? Being used like this by the three of us.” Thrusting harder and faster into him, he moaned into Shiro’s ear. “I saw it in your eyes when Lance and Keith were fucking your face. How long have you been waiting for this, Shiro?”

Shiro gasped and fumbled over his words for a moment. “T-too long…”

“No! It’s not!” Hunk touched his cock and he could feel himself ready to burst. If not for the cockring on him, he would have. “It’s… It’s not.”

“Alright. I believe you.”

Hunk pulled all the way out being slamming back inside. His thrusts were precise, hitting his prostate dead on with each one. His hands were on Shiro’s hips so tightly that he knew there would be bruises to follow afterwards. He grunted in his ear and pressed deep inside him as he cummed. It filled Shiro up with white hot liquid and his body wanted to melt from the sensation. And yet, he still wouldn’t be allowed to cum.

Hunk pulled out of him slowly and spread his asscheeks wide. “Don’t let it come out. Keep it inside you.”

Shiro whimpered and clenched around nothing. Keeping anything inside him after Hunk’s cock had finished splitting him in two was difficult. Having him spread him open was making it even more so. Eventually, Hunk let him go and someone replaced him. Another cock pressed into him quickly, jolting him forward. Shiro’s jaw dropped in a silent moan, his body shaking around the dick that
thrust repeatedly into him.

He predicted it and knew it would happen. Shiro couldn’t tell who it was fucking into him. With the pace, he could always guess Keith, but even Lance was capable of speed if he wanted to. He could feel a hand touch dick once more and give it a stroke. It was to serve as a distraction; for him to forget that what he was meant to be doing. But he couldn’t lose his focus.

Shiro took a deep breath and let it out slowly. His own mantra, “patience yields focus,” played in his head. Which disappeared within seconds when his prostate was slammed into hard. His train of thought disappeared and he pressed his forehead against his cuffs. How did he look right now? Sweaty and his precum leaking all over the bed.

The dick held fast inside him and he did his best to figure out who it was. Lance wasn’t too long. He had this unique thickness that was all him. It had to be him. It just had to be. Shiro licked his lips. “Lance. It’s Lance…”

“Are you sure?” Keith asked.

His voice sounded so far away behind him. To throw him off, he’s sure. But he’s confident that it’s Lance. Every cell in his brain that’s being fucked away is telling him so. “Yes…!”

Lance chuckled in his ear as he leaned over him. “You’re doing pretty good, daddy. Taking my cock almost as well as I take yours.”

Shiro groaned as he felt his cock twitch. He would have cummed by now. He wanted to cum right now after guessing two out of three correctly. That’s not how it worked, though.

So, he let Lance use him. Let him pound, and fuck, and moan in his ear as he’s used as a fuck toy for him and the others. Lance’s hands skimmed over his back. Slim fingers dipped into his scars and markings. The touch was gentle and tender, the complete opposite of how he’s fucking him. The mixture of the rough and the gentle overloaded his senses and he let out a whining moan. Tucking his arms beneath himself, Shiro pressed his face into the bed, pressing himself back against Lance’s thrusts.

“Shiro… Fuck, daddy, you feel so good inside,” Lance muttered. His hands gripped Shiro’s hips as he fucked into him harder until he cummed. He pressed himself flat against Shiro and nibbled the junction where his shoulder met his neck. “Keep it all inside, okay?”

“Shit!” Shiro whimpered. His body shook as he tried to do just that. It was so hard after being fucked so thoroughly by Lance and Hunk. He bit his knuckle when Lance pulled out, his body tightening even more.

Then he heard nothing. Shiro strained to hear anything. Something. He tried to figure out what they were planning to do next. All he had left was Keith. Did he win already? It would be nice if things were as simple as that.

He dug his fingers into the sheets as Hunk pushed back into him. “Fuck! Why...?”

Hunk chuckled, his thrusts slow and long. “Have to throw you off somehow. If we keep going off in a row, oh shit, you’ll know exactly who’s next.”

Shiro’s never been someone to cry during sex, but here he is. His blindfold was soaked with his tears as he sobbed. Hunk’s thrusts are tortuously slow as he fucked into him. His hands were on his hips, pulling him back into every hard thrust in. Hunk fucked him like this for what felt like hours. Shiro couldn’t tell how much time had passed but it felt long enough. His legs shook as he tried to keep up
with being in this position for so long.

Hunk finally cummed and Shiro let out a shuddering cry. He pulled out just as slow and it’s Shiro’s instinct to clench up and keep it all in. Just like he was told to.

Then another cock pushed into him and doesn’t give him a chance to determine who it was. Whoever it is fucked him harder and deeper. Shiro’s been fucked in such a state of delirium that he can’t even attempt at guessing who it is. He’s a mess of drool and tears, cum on the verge of leaking out him. His mind felt hazy and each thrust in brought his focus together for just a moment before it’s gone thanks to the slow drag against his prostate.

Every time he took a deep breath, it was taken away from him with another hard thrust. Soon, the thrusts slowed down long enough for him to think and focus. Shiro knew these ridges well. Since learning of his new lineage, Shiro’s focused on the feel and shape of it. Only one of them had a cock like this and knowing who it was had his body shaking with more force.

“Keith, fuck me harder,” Shiro whimpered. He moved until his arms were supporting him once more. “Come on, baby… You know you have more of this in you.”

Hands entangled themselves in his hair and pulled him back until he was on his knees as Keith fucked up into him. It’s been a long time coming for him to be fucked by Keith like this. Hunk had his turn plenty of times, but Keith would rather be fucked by Shiro than fuck him. But Shiro? Actually feeling Keith’s cock thrust into him like a battering ram?

Absolute bliss.

Shiro’s mouth hung open, a scream escaping him when Keith bit down on his shoulder. It’s absolute torture to be right there on the cusp of orgasmic bliss but unable to tip over. His body shook as Keith filled him up to the root. He remained still as he moved his hands over sensitive skin. He pinched at his nipples, twisting and tugging them until Shiro begged him to stop.

“Do you want to cum, Shiro?” Keith asked, breath ghosting over his ear. “Yes! Please, let me cum…”

“Not yet.” Hunk’s voice sent shivers down Shiro’s spine, Keith’s cock twitching inside him from the sensation. “Let Keith finish first.”

Shiro lost himself when Keith pushed him back down and fucked him some more. Each thrust into him was painfully accurate in jabbing against the spot inside him. How Keith shoved himself deep in and undulated his hips. Shiro’s mind was lost in a foggy haze, pleasure consuming and keeping him from thinking of anything else. Just the pull and push of the cock in him.

Keith let out a feral growl as he cummed, spurting white hot into Shiro’s shuddering body. It brought Shiro back from his haze, his vision clearing up. He let out a whimper as Keith pulled out of him and he immediately clenchcd up, keeping all the spunk inside him. He’s never felt this full before. If this was what Lance felt every time they did it to him, he was inclined to take his place as their resident cumslut.

Hunk came behind him and pushed two of fingers in. He swirled the cum inside him, scissoring his fingers and spreading Shiro open. Cum leaked out and he scooped it back in with his thumb. “You did a good job, Shiro. Think you deserve to cum now?”

“Yes…” Shiro’s voice was raspy and his throat hurt. After the number they did on him, he wasn’t surprised. “Let me cum, please…”
Hunk moved his hand down to his cock and gave it a long stroke, forcing Shiro’s body to twitch from the touch. Thick fingers moved to the cockring and unbuckled it. The pressure that left Shiro couldn’t be described. Hunk continued to stroke him and a hand came to play with his balls. Another hand came to tease at his nipples.

It was all too much now. Too many different sensations happening at once. And Hunk’s fingers were still thrusting into him, moving further until he could press into his prostate.

And Shiro lost it.

He cummed on the sheet, gushing all that was pent up inside him. He shook and their hands never stopped touching him until his dick twitched with the last of his spunk. They pulled away from him slowly and gave him a chance to calm down. Ticks passed before hands were on him again, undoing the cuffs and bar keeping his ass upright.

Shiro fell to his side. His limbs felt heavy and he could feel his asshole twitching as their combined cum leaked out of him. He took a deep breath and looked at them from the corner of his eye. “You know…” He cleared his throat and licked his lips. “I wouldn’t call that a punishment…”

Hunk laughed and scratched at his head. “Sorry about that. We’ll work on it better for next time.”

Shiro sure hoped they would.

Chapter End Notes

and there we go. form kinktron is finally done and i’m glad that it is. i really enjoyed this series, but the end of things is always the best. i mean, i’ve been working on this for months and i’ve been waiting to do this chapter since day two of this project. but i will say one thing about this story is that i learned a lot. a lot of people had shown up with their ideas and suggestions that i had taken into consideration and/or used. i had someone come to me about my humiliation chapter and suggested replacements for words that made myself uncomfortable.

so, i learned a lot and this was a wonderful experience.

i once said that prize pact was going to be a trilogy, but i’m not going to do that. if i change my mind, i’ll just post it up and that will be that.

however, thank you so much to everyone for being with me for this wild ride. it was fun! ♥

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