Your Sex I Can Smell

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Summary

Lance was in hell... or heaven depending on your outlook. But for him it was currently hell. He’d not been expecting to go into heat, ever. Heat was an Omega thing and as far as he knew 99.9% of Omegas were chicks. He thought he’d just be another Beta, he’d given up hopes of becoming an Alpha when he still hadn’t presented by seventeen. But to be this late... to be twenty one and only just developing it was... humiliating. And as an Omega at that. But he had a plan. He could just... disguise it. Hide his scent. Which was great. Except now Keith was almost impossible to get near, to tease and banter and basically annoy just to get a rise out of him. Lance missed seeing his face, missed his scent. His schoolboy crush had developed into something strangely immature for a twenty one year old but potent nonetheless. But Keith wouldn’t give him the time of day. At least, not until a project forced them to work together.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Lance was in hell… or heaven depending on your outlook. But for him it was currently hell. He’d not been expecting to go into heat, ever. Heat was an Omega thing and as far as he knew 99.9% of Omegas were chicks. Lance looked down at the straining outline of his dick, trembling and trapped beneath the tight fabric of his boxer-briefs. Which were soaked through at the tip where he was dripping with precum. Lance had no idea what to do about his situation. He thought he’d just be another Beta, he’d given up hopes of becoming an Alpha when he still hadn’t presented by seventeen. But to be this late … to be twenty one and only just developing it was… humiliating.

Lance gripped the pillow behind his head even tighter than before, fingertips stinging from the pressure and knuckles white. His shirt was wet too, from where he’d shoved it in his mouth as he bit down harshly on the material to muffle his voice. He’d spent the last hour in the same position, trying to resist touching himself, in denial about what was happening. However he was quickly reaching his limit and it wasn’t more than twenty minutes later that he was shoving a hand between his legs and jerking himself hard and fast. The friction, the heat of his dick in his hand… even the trickle of sweat down his torso electrified him and Lance only lasted a few strokes before he was cumming hard.

But it wasn't enough, nowhere near enough. Lance spent the next day and a half in fits of jerking off, humping anything that could provide enough pressure and friction, and sleeping. The odd bathroom break was needed but difficult in his almost continuous aroused state, and food was completely forgotten. Water… well, Lance vaguely remembered drinking from the faucet on more than one occasion but things were hazy.

After his heat had subsided and Lance was left exhausted and sore as hell, he decided he really had to do something about his issue. Google was his best friend for the next two days, after a long nap and a wince inducing bath. He’d missed a week of college already but another wouldn’t go amiss. He’d catch up… somehow. Various research avenues turned up with vague or downright gross ways of masking a scent or changing it temporarily. Eventually in his desperation Lance discovered some ‘medicine’ which claimed to do just that and was relatively popular… despite being illegal.

Now, Lance wasn’t really a ‘bad boy’ type, despite what he said in his poor attempts to flirt, but he was desperate. So he ordered some, waited for them to arrive via 24hr special delivery and started to take them. Five days later, he returned to college, medication regimen in place and smothered in cologne he found at the corner store on the way to campus - just to be safe.

Keith wouldn't exactly have called Lance his friend. But he definitely wasn't not his friend. The guy was okay, really. ...When he wasn't harassing Keith. Or trying to goad him into things. Or just generally being kind of an asshole. He was-- unfortunately --sort of… attractive. Sort of really attractive. And it pissed Keith off. What even was the guy? Keith had presented as an Alpha when he was sixteen. But Lance… Lance still smelled like nothing. Still… Keith couldn't help but notice when Lance was just suddenly gone for a week. It was weird not having him around hassling him. It set Keith on-edge.

When finally Lance came back, he stank. He reeked like he'd bathed in cheap cologne. He smelled like a teenager who hadn't yet learned how to deal with the stench of puberty. And under it… Keith's nose crinkled and his expression soured into something vaguely constipated as soon as he smelled it. Delta. Of all things. Lance was a fucking Delta. Gross. Of course he would be. No wonder he hadn't presented for so long. And he stank of it too, bitter and repellant. Keith tried to avoid him more so than he had before.
Lance lasted half of that first day before he felt too exhausted to stay. It had been embarrassing anyway, his friends - he had many - joked about the new cologne and teased him about how potent it was. He’d passed a few known Beta ‘supers’ too, those who knew of the scents and their effects, and they had started to avoid him instead of follow him. So Lance waged that whatever the pills did they were working. The next day he wore less cologne. As the days went on and even Keith avoided him more, Lance went back to his previous habit of nothing but his lime body wash and some ‘cotton fresh’ antiperspirant.

The way some of the Betas and Alphas were giving him a wide berth meant that his ploy in covering his Omega scent was successful. For the most part. Lance found two issues he had with it.

One was that Keith was almost impossible to get near, to tease and banter and basically annoy just to get a rise out of him. Lance missed seeing his face, missed his scent. His schoolboy crush had developed into something strangely immature for a twenty one year old but potent nonetheless. Which was why he still teased the other man as if they were in high school.

The second issue was that the longer he was on the pills the sicker he started to feel. His energy levels were falling, his concentration was getting harder and harder to maintain and by the end of the third month his nerves were shot. His body hurt most of the time, bone deep. He’d not had another heat at all since the first one either, so not only did they suppress his scent they suppressed his heat too. Eventually Lance could hardly get out of bed, he’d lost weight - enough that even he noticed the stark change - and his grades were suffering.

So Lance stopped taking them. Resigned himself to his fate of being a laughing stock - more than he already was but his goofiness was intentional - and resigned himself to the fact he might end up being assaulted. He flushed what he had left of the pills and as soon as a few hours after his first missed dose he started getting sick.

Keith avoided Lance as much as he could. He had to, really. For his own sake. Lance, as much as Keith was loathe to admit it, was a part of his life. And knowing he was one of them, a Delta … Keith knew what would happen. Deltas weren't suitable mates for… anyone. Not only was the smell repellent but it was repellent for a reason. Deltas never lasted long. They were faulty. Plagued with health issues and shorter lifespans.

When Lance started getting sicker, Keith went out of his way to avoid him more. There could only be one reason for that, as far as he was concerned. As much as Lance could be annoying, Keith didn't want to watch him dying. He liked him. Unfortunately.

Withdrawals wracked Lance's body and he didn’t even call in to college this time. He was supposed to be doing a project with Keith in a few days, finally getting to be closer to him again. But he couldn’t in the state he was reduced to. By the third day his withdrawal had eased a lot but he woke up that morning sweating and more feverish than he ever remembered being in his life. His cock hurt and his sheets were soaked at his hips, that hadn’t happened during his first heat. The slick, thick wetness oozing from his body as if he were wet, as if he were female. Lance felt a sob of frustrated humiliation wash over him then, rolling onto his stomach and not even trying to resist the need as he started to dry hump the mattress. The wet, slippery juices smeared across the sheets added an even more intense feeling and he came quickly, then continued to thrust against his bed with a desperate sob.

When they were paired together for a project, Keith found himself dreading it more than he expected. It meant hours of them in close proximity. And the thought of that did terrible things to Keith's conflicted crush. But the day came where they were supposed to work on their project. And Lance didn't show up. That wasn't like him, to just flake without letting anyone know. Keith was…
worried. He didn't even hesitate before flaking on his last class of the day in favour of booking it over to Lance's.

Soon, Keith was knocking hard on the door. "Lance? Lance you know we were supposed to work on that project today, you flake!" Irritation was easier to mask his concern with.

Lance had all but passed out a few hours after waking that morning. He hadn’t moved from the bed, now soaked with the mess he’d woken up in and three loads of jizz too. Everything still hurt when he was woken by the loud knocking at his door and Keith’s voice. Why did it have to be Keith of all people, Keith who had been avoiding him for what seemed like forever now. Keith whose voice instantly sent heat spiraling through his already feverish body and sent him into another fit of frantically groping at himself.

“G-go...t-the fuck away Keithnghh!” Lance yelled back, voice breaking around his words, hoarse from not enough water in the last couple of days. The other man’s name cut off as he swallowed down a moan and spread his legs to grope at his balls as he stroked himself. Keith was here but he couldn’t stop, in fact the other man being so close just made it all seem so much worse. “Ah-haa… naaah!” Lance’s voice warbled out of him. He wanted to cum. He needed to cum. Even if his arms hurt and ached and burned from the motions he was making with weak muscles, even though his cock hurt from being so hard for so long.

Keith was about to knock again, louder and more deliberately annoying, when he heard the yelled response. Lance… sounded like hell. But the rude response incised him. "Lance what the fuck!? I'm not doing this whole project by myself, you jerk." That was absurd. He had a partner for this project for a reason. It was more work than he could manage himself. Even if his partner was Lance.

But the other sounds coming from Lance's place didn't sound sick they sounded… Lewd . Keith spotted the open window and debated for only a fraction of a second before moving closer to yell through it. But his words died in his throat when he took a breath. He was hit with a distinct and entirely overwhelming scent suddenly. But it wasn't Delta . No… it was sweet and enticing and warm and Omega . Keith wondered for a fraction of a second if someone else was with Lance--not that he would have been jealous and who would want to fuck a Delta anyway--but the scent was very clearly, very blatantly Lance's. But… how? Keith wasn't entirely sure how but it was definitely Lance and he smelled good .

Lance grit his teeth at Keith’s persistence. He really liked that stubborn piece of shit but right now he needed to be left alone. The state he was in was maddening and humiliating and too much . “S-sure you can you g-got n-h got...ah...!” Lance’s train of thought derailed as he came suddenly. His eyes snapping wide open as he trembled through another messy release before letting go of his oversensitive cock for a moment. Still half in his moment of bliss Lance tried to continue. “Y-yer a smart j-jerk… you can...mn.”

"Either open the fuck up or I'm climbing in your window." Keith waited around for all of another thirty seconds. He looked left and right before ducking in through the window. He slunk through, following the scent. This was a terrible idea. If Lance was somehow an Omega and he was in heat then Keith should not have been there. He could already feel his body tempted, cock twitching with interest at the scent wrapping around him, coaxing him towards Lance's room.

Lance ignored Keith’s threat to climb through the window. He doubted he would actually do it, he’d probably get pissed and storm off and talk shit about Lance to let off some steam. That was fine, that was normal . Lance missed normal. It went quiet after that, Lance rolled back onto his front and arched his back, knees digging into the dirty sheets as he reached back to smear his fingers through the slick mess around his ass. It was like precum, a whole ton of precum, and the touch had Lance
shuddering and biting his pillow. It felt way too good there, even the two times he’d tried out fingering himself before it felt good. Before his first heat, before he presented. Lance moved his hand lower and sank a finger into himself with a whimper, it was slippery but still tight. Even so he forced a second finger in quickly, impatient and needy as he began to fuck himself with the digits. Keith both at the forefront of his aroused mind and yet his pounding at the door and griping about homework quickly shoved to the back of it.

This was completely inappropriate, Keith knew. He shouldn’t be there. But the heady scent lured him in. It didn’t help that it was Lance, the irritating jerk he liked for who even knew what reason. His dick–and okay his feelings too–had seriously bad judgement as far as Keith was concerned. He needed to just leave. Lance hadn’t seen him. He could just go and bitch about Lance bailing on the project.

But then Keith was at the bedroom doorway at the same moment as Lance was shoving a second finger into himself. His eyes went wide. He should look away. He should look away and leave and–Oh fuck he wanted to touch. ”Holy… shit…” Keith definitely had a boner now, feeling the fabric brushing against his cock with every movement. ”L…Lance…?” Keith couldn’t look away, his gaze fixed on the way the other man’s body took the intrusion, his thoughts on replacing those fingers with his own. Or better, his cock.

Lance became aware of the scent as soon as Keith got closer to his room, that bastard really had let himself in. But he couldn’t stop. Not now. Then the other man was right there and swearing and his scent got so much stronger with his arousal. Keith was turned on because of Lance. He was both elated and shattered that it had happened this way. Keith tolerated him but it wasn’t as if he liked him, probably not even as a friend let alone as anything more. Keith was here and horny because of the stupid Omega heat, his stupid Omega scent.

Keith hardly noticed as his own hand moved to grope at himself. He squeezed and palmed at himself, knowing Lance knew he was there. And, as expected, Lance was telling him to fuck off and go away. He was the last person Lance would want there when he was in heat. Keith knew that. But he couldn’t help but watch. Lance looked good. Even in his wildest dreams–or… fantasies, technically–he’d never imagined Lance could look that good. A slight groan warbled past his lips.

Lance was at an angle on the bed, his ass and what he was doing to it, as well as his cock hanging swollen and heavy between his spread legs were on full view to the other man. Fuck fuck. Fuck it. If this was really the only chance he’d get… “T-told you… to go away!” Lance groaned after letting the pillow fall from his mouth. “A-asshole… y-you… Fuckin asshole.” He pretended the sobbing tone was because he was too turned on. Lance pulled his fingers out and grabbed his ass cheeks with both hands, spreading them and burying the upper half of his face in the drool covered pillow. “H-help me… ngh.”

Lance was making it worse for Keith’s boner, spreading himself and all but offering himself up. And asking for help. ”Which is it… Do you want me to fuck off… or… do you… want me to stay…?” Keith had some decency. If Lance told him to fuck off, he wasn’t going to do anything–except watch; that he apparently couldn't stop himself from doing. Still, he edged closer at the blatant invitation, kneeling up onto the bed to run his hand up the other man’s inner thigh, fingers sliding easily across the mess already there. ”I should… I should really go… Nh… Fuck you look so good…” He could hear his own tone dropping with arousal.

Lance was too far gone to be worried about his body confidence. Too far gone to care that he was spread and on view and wet, that this was the first time someone had seen him naked let alone aroused. That someone being Keith, though, was almost too much for Lance. Fanning the flames of his arousal more than he thought possible. But Keith was giving an out for the situation, even though
they both knew that by now it would be almost impossible to leave. It made Lance’s heart swell even more and his breath hitched. The compliment coming out of the other man’s mouth had him groaning and digging his fingers more harshly into the pliant flesh of his ass cheeks.

“J-just…. Fuck me.” Lance finally said. Keith was looking at him, Keith was so close to him. Touching him. “F-fuck…. Oh fuck! Ngh!” Lance pushed back into the hand on his thigh, gasping and groaning as he felt his ass twitching impatiently. At least his first time would be with Keith, regardless of the circumstances Lance was happy for that.

Keith's breath shuddered out of him on a shaky groan at Lance's words. Fuck him. He'd never… Keith had never gone that far before. Sure, everyone assumed he'd had. He'd had more than one girlfriend accuse him of sleeping with them before breaking up with them and he'd never bothered to set the story straight. He didn't think it mattered what people said, really. But the reality was it had never happened. He’d never followed through. But now Lance was offering himself up and he smelled so good, looked so good. Hesitantly, Keith's fingers skimmed higher before his hand moved to grip and fondle lightly at Lance's balls, feeling the heat of his skin, the way they twitched at the contact. His breath hitched and he moved higher.

Lance - like everyone else - had always thought Keith had more than a little experience with fucking. His jealousy and heartache over every one of the other man’s girlfriends never got any easier to deal with over the years. So having Keith here with him now, sliding a hand up his thigh and cupping his sensitive balls was more than he’d ever thought would happen. Keith was as straight as they came as far as Lance knew, and yet here he was smelling of heady arousal and putting his hands on the blue eyed man’s body.

Keith felt like he was in something of a daze. This couldn't be real, this couldn't be happening. Lance offering himself up, begging to be fucked by Keith… it couldn't be. But fuck even if it was a dream, Keith was going to take advantage of every minute of it. His fingers brushed against the ring of the other man's ass and he felt the tight muscle twitch and shift. It was slick and he couldn't help but rub against the sensitive skin, the pads of his fingers massaging at it. Keith hesitated before pushing in. It was hot and tight and slick and a slight moan cracked out of his throat. The touches were torturously slow for Lance, the press and stroke of a finger around the twitching muscle of his ass was torturous and he whined again. “Hnh...hurry- ah!” It was different having Keith’s finger inside of him than it was with his own. It was hotter, better… Lance almost instantly shoved himself back onto the digit, burying it deep inside his body and moaning into his pillow as he rocked back and forth to fuck himself on the finger.

Keith marvelled at how Lance felt, literally wrapped around his finger. And then he was fucking himself on it and Keith bit at his lip harshly, stifling the whimper that threatened to tear out of him. Fuck he was hard, so hard, his cock leaking against the fabric of his pants, straining at its confines.

Not long after, Lance was fumbling across to the bedside table, straining to open the drawer and grabbing a box of condoms still full and wrapped in the cellophane. He tossed it in Keith’s direction before reaching back and pressing his own index finger into his ass along side Keith’s. “Mnhh I-I can’t… s-stand it… please!”

Keith struggled to grab the box that was being tossed at him, nearly dropping it a few times before he finally caught it solidly in his grip. Condoms. "Oh… Oh…" This was happening. Lance actually wanted Keith to fuck him. To actually fuck him. Keith swallowed hard, pulling his hand back. "Well then… I dunno… Uh… use more fingers or something first.” You were supposed to prepare for anal, even in heat. He knew that much. Granted, he’d never really tried it himself--well… not more
than one curious finger, anyway—but he’d heard things, read things.

Lance groaned and made a frustrated sound when Keith pulled his hand away. Trust him to have the state of mind to still worry about stretching. “SH-shit… annoynnhh.” Lance pushed a second finger into his body again, the motion easier now that he’d been playing with his ass for a while already. His toes curled and Lance arched his back to get a better reach as he pushed a third finger in with a bit of difficulty. His body was tight, despite the thick layer of arousal lubrication his body was so eagerly making for them, and Lance tensed for a moment.

Keith wasn’t as anxious about the whole thing as he thought he would be, the scent of Lance’s heat in the air lulling him, drawing him in. But his hands still shook slightly as he tore at the wrapping of the box, pulling it open. It was a clumsy effort and he wound up spilling most of the box but he clutched tightly onto one of the condom packets, moving to grip it between his lips. Keith tugged his pants down to mid-thigh in a rush. Snatching the condom back out from between his lips, he tore open the packet, carefully rolling the rubber on. "Nh… You’re uh… you’re sure about this, right?" Granted, Lance wasn’t exactly in the best judgement-making state at the moment. But… then again… with the way the thick heat drew Keith in… neither was he, really. It was a miracle he was even managing to force himself to ask rather than just shoving it in.

It was awkward for Lance to use three fingers on himself, his reach and the angle doing nothing to help, so he thrust them shallowly as Keith ripped the condom open. The sound seemed loud in the room, even over the noise of his heavy breathing and the constant string of needy gasps and moans he couldn’t stop from bubbling out of him. When Keith asked if he was sure, Lance growled, pulling his fingers from his body and reaching back to grip at whatever he could of the other man. “I-I’m so fuckin’ gay K-Keith. I swear to g-god if you don’t fuck me right now, I’m gonna kick you in the di- dick ngh!!” Exhaustion and overwhelming need had him impatient and cranky.

Keith shuddered as Lance grabbed for him, the other man’s fingers slick and scratching at him as he tried to grab him. He snorted sharply at Lance’s irritation, rolling his eyes. "Well that's romantic. Definitely don't want to give that up.” But his words were empty and he knew they both knew it. There was no way Keith was going to back off now. Not now after so long when Lance was offering himself.

Lance shook his head with another frustrated groan at Keith’s retort. As if this could be romantic. They weren’t together; this was because of the heat. It was the only reason Keith had even stayed once he found Lance there instead of running a mile, Lance knew what Omega heat pheromones were supposed to do and apparently his did a fine job. He’d make the most of it, the pleasure and physical connection, for as long as he could. And he’d stay like this, facing away from the other man because it was easier to deal with that way. Otherwise he’d want to kiss Keith and hold him and grip his hands. That wasn’t what this was.

Even if he knew it was only going to be the once, Keith was going to make the most of this chance. At least his first would be with someone he liked. He moved a hand to Lance’s hip, shuffling to move himself in close between the other man’s legs. Lining himself up, Keith nudged his hips forward. Lance was hot, impossibly hot, and tight. He pushed forward slowly, eyes half-lidded and breaths short. "Mmngh… Fuck … Lance…"

When he felt a hand at his hip and a moment later the press of a thick, hot cock, Lance tipped his head back and moaned into the air before biting down on the pillow again. He was so wet but Keith was so thick he wasn’t sure if he could fit all the way. “Gh! Shit.” Lance swore into the pillow and both of his hands grabbed at his ass cheeks again, hoping that spreading himself more would help. He wanted nothing more than to feel Keith buried balls deep inside of him, so Lance nudged back slowly as his body relented and allowed the intrusion so very deeply. “Ahn- so.. So good… d-don’t
stop.. Oh god please don’t stop!" He’d be mortified at himself later. And depressed… probably. But right then Lance couldn’t stop the embarrassing spill of profanity and encouragement from pouring out of him.

"F-fuck… Shit… Nh… L-lance…" Keith couldn't keep himself from letting Lance's name fall from his lips freely and repeatedly. It was good, this was good. He tried to not think about the fact this was his only chance for this. Once Lance was past his heat, he was sure they'd never talk about this again. Lance would probably hate him for not just fucking off and leaving him alone. But… at least he would have this… The memory of the other man begging for it, the feeling of Lance pushing back against him, taking him deeper. Finally, Keith bottomed out. His hips were pressed tight to Lance's ass.

Lance almost came as soon as Keith started saying his name like that, whilst entering him. This was way, way better than any of the wet dreams or fantasy fuelled jerk off sessions he’d had about the other man over the years. Granted… he was less active than the other guys at first because he was an embarrassingly late bloomer, but when he’d developed an actual sex drive… Well, Lance remembered a few times he’d rubbed himself almost raw, at first. Heat looked like it would be a repeat of that though. Unless he could cum just from his ass, which was seeming more and more likely at the amount of pleasure he was feeling.

Moving his other hand to mirror its twin at Lance's other hip, Keith let out a slight whimper. "Fuck you're so… t-tight..." And so hot but… that could be interpreted in many ways and Keith couldn't risk letting Lance know this was anything more for him than a clashing of hormones sending him into a rut. Lance would probably just make fun of him for it, after all. He pulled back before thrusting forward again.

“O -oh god Ke-nnn!” The other man being buried fully inside of him had Lance gasping for air again. He felt so thick and long and Lance was sure his insides were at capacity, the tinge of pain around the edges of the intense pleasure was testament to that. When Keith whimpered Lance groaned again and wanted to hear more of that sound, it was so odd but so very attractive to hear Keith - an Alpha - whimpering. “C-cuz… it’s t-the first timehh ah!” Lance responded about being tight.

Keith's breath hitched at Lance's words before bubbling out on a broken moan. First time . For all of Lance's bragging, Keith never would have guessed. But still, the thought had his grip tightening on the other's hips. He wanted to respond, to say something but the sensation of Lance's body gripping around him made anything more than curses, moans, and broken versions of his name impossible. It was almost too much. And yet he wanted more . Harder, faster, just more . Keith quickly fell into a steady pace, hard and fast.

Lance quickly devolved into sobbing moans and muffled praises about how good Keith’s cock felt inside him. The blunt head of Keith’s dick was grinding and brushing past his prostate with every thrust and Lance’s own dick was leaking heavily. Lance tentatively moved the fingers of his left hand inward. He brushed against Keith’s cock where it was entering his body, moaning harshly at how it felt, how it felt to feel with his fingers their connection. “I-I’ll c-cum soon don’t stop… don’t stop e-even after! Keep f-fuck nh keep going !”

Looking down, Keith watched as Lance moved to touch where he was fucking into him. "I'm not… ngh… fucking stopping… Not… yet..." The broken praises spilling from Lance's lips certainly didn't help his control either. Keith found himself speeding up, fucking into the Omega harshly, hips snapping. Slick squelching sounds of skin on skin and fluids filled the air between them. Keith was getting close incredibly quickly. Even when he'd done other things, it was never like this and he wasn’t sure if it was down to the tight grip of Lance's ass or if it was because it was Lance's ass.
Lance threw his head back again, chin digging into the pillow as his mouth hung open. Panting and drooling, eyes fluttering as he felt his body climb closer to orgasm. The promise that Keith wasn’t fucking stopping was enough to have Lance crying out and cumming hard. His voice cracked and broke around the sound until no noise came out at all, eyes squeezed tight as he spilled into the already impressive soaked spot on the bed.

Keith cried out when Lance came, the other man's body spasming around him in a way that almost sent him tumbling headlong into his own climax. But he managed to hold off, if only barely. He kept fucking him, just like he’d promised to. He'd meant what he said, he couldn't stop, even if he wanted to. Not that he would want to stop.

Lance stayed there for a moment as Keith continued pounding into him, taut and trembling and tense until another rush of pleasure washed over him and he sagged slightly. It wasn’t more than a moment before Lance was moving and propping himself up on his hands as he shoved himself back with more force to meet Keith’s thrusts. He was going to be so fucking sore when this was all over. Worth it. “I-I’m...gnnh… s-soooh… hard still ngh! K-Keith oh nghh Keith.” He hadn't wanted to call the other man’s name, hadn’t wanted that extra emotional connection, but Lance couldn’t help himself any longer. He felt dizzy and light headed, weak but determined to keep himself on all fours even with all of his limbs trembling so hard.

Keith could feel Lance trembling, trying hard tofuck himself back harder on the thrusts. But when Lance started calling out his name, Keith's heart lurched, shoving itself firmly up into his throat. "Fuck. Damnit…” He pulled back, grabbing at Lance's body and flipping him, shoving the other man onto his back. For a moment, Keith felt like he couldn't breathe, letting his eyes roam across the other man's body, flushed, sweaty, aroused, covered in smeared cum, his cock hard and twitching slightly. But Keith’s gaze moved up to Lance's face and settled there for a moment, eyes softening.

Lance let his head hang between his shoulders as Keith fucked him and swore again. The hands on his body a moment later were a shock, but the fact that he was being manhandled onto his back was more of one. Wide eyes with pupils blown from arousal stared owlishly at Keith as he was looked over, but when his face was inspected he felt like his heart stopped.

Keith didn't think before bringing a hand to smooth the sweat-slick hair out of Lance's face, running his hand down his cheek. The reality of what he was doing sank in and Keith pulled his hand back with a frustrated sound. Lance couldn't know. This was just sex. Adrenaline-filled and pheromone-fueled sex. Physical. Nothing more than that. Just physical. Hiking the other man's legs up onto his shoulders, Keith pushed back in, fucking him harder and faster at the new angle, pounding him into the bed.

This wasn’t fair, the hand stroking his hair away and soothing against his cheek was cruel, and then it was gone again and the other man was moving. Lance yelped and moaned again as his legs were yanked up to rest on Keith’s shoulders, his body folded and his cock trapped so wonderfully between his legs and stomach. Then Keith’s dick was inside of him again and Lance squeezed his eyes shut and turned his face to the side as he whimpered. Both hands lifted to grip harshly at the pillow either side of his head as the other man set a more brutal pace than before. It was relentless and amazing and Lance sobbed violently as he came a moment later. It almost hurt, hardly anything left his body and then just as he was coming down from the high another one hit him more strongly. Lance’s hands shot out to grab Keith by the shoulders as he choked on an almost scared groan, cumming dry.

Keith was close, so close and trying to make this last. And with Lance whimpering under him, clutching to the pillow, Keith was struggling to hold himself back. His thighs burned from the exertion of his rough pace. Then Lance was cumming a second time and clenching around him and
Keith's voice cracked around a moan. But just when he thought he might be able to last a while longer, Lance came again and Keith couldn't take it anymore. The clenching around him as the other teen grabbed onto him shoved him over the edge. His hips snapped forward again as he tossed his head back with a broken moan that sounded like some mangled version of Lance's name. His body jerked and trembled, his thrusts becoming shallow and erratic before finally slowing to a stop. Keith's chest rose and fell in sharp, heavy gasps. "F-fuck… Holy… fuck… Shit …"

Lance was pulled back from near unconsciousness by Keith’s sudden moan and the sensation of the cock inside of him throbbing and twitching. He groaned and kept his grip on Keith’s shoulders for a moment longer before he fell back against the bed limply. Spent and exhausted again for the moment, though the thick shroud of heat was still very much smothering him. Lance’s legs fell open, catching at Keith’s elbows where the other man was still holding onto him, his own dick still half hard but no longer straining… for the moment.

Once Keith started to come down from his body high, he was still out of breath, dizzy, dazed, and wanting to keep touching Lance. He couldn't separate how much of that was his own feelings and how much of it was the heat practically oozing off Lance’s body. But Lance seemed to be barely on the edge of consciousness and Keith reluctantly pulled back, a shudder running up his spine at the sensation.

Lance tried to focus his vision but couldn’t, blurry gaze resting on Keith’s features for a moment before he finally let his eyes close. He could sleep for a minute right? His body was at breaking point from how sick he’d been for so long. He needed food and water and sleep but he was still tense and feverish. The outline of his hips and the lower portion of his ribs jutting out as Lance arched his back in a trembling stretch with a groan. “H-hah….fuck that… was… mnh…” Lance wanted to wrap his legs around Keith and trap him there, make him stay in his body and do it again . But he also wasn’t sure if his heart could take that, so he remained limp. Gasping for breath and trying to make his head stop spinning.

"Y-yeah… it… really was…” Fuck . Keith cursed himself for how fond his words sounded. He moved to tug off and tie off the used condom, pulling his pants up haphazardly. "I… I gotta… toss this…” Keith half-scrambled off the bed, moving to hunt out the bathroom and toss the gross thing in his hand. He took a moment to turn the water on full-blast, splashing his overheated face as his mind reeled. Lance . He'd just had sex with fucking Lance . That had actually happened.

The awkward and quick exit to ‘toss’ the condom left a forlorn expression on Lance’s features when Keith was out of view. His chest ached with emotion. He wanted to cry… and sleep… And jerk off again all at once.

Distantly, some part of Keith's mind registered that Lance was in heat and probably miserable and not even taking care of himself. That part nagged at him, clawing at the back of his mind until he found himself hunting down the kitchen, managing to scrounge up two glasses of water and some only-slightly-burnt toast. He hauled his finds back into the bedroom, letting the plate and one glass clatter onto the nightstand as he held out the other glass. "Here. Drink up. You're probably dying of thirst by now.” Keith tried to keep his expression schooled into something neutral. "There's toast and more water. I'll… figure out the project myself okay, but you owe me." Fuck all he wanted to do was crawl back into bed with Lance. But this was at least something . Some small gesture. Noncommittal. Safe.

By the time Keith came back in Lance was half asleep, the sound of the glass and plate clattering on the nightstand jolted him awake though and he yelped. His voice hoarse and raw from crying out so much, breathing so hard. “Th-thanks…” Lance slurried the words quietly, propping himself up on an elbow and taking the glass. Water sloshed onto his hand and the bed but he ignored it in favour of
gulping down the cool liquid with a moan of appreciation. Then Keith was talking again and Lance looked at him drowsily. He wanted to snark back something like ‘I’ll suck your dick for a month if you could do that, man.’ But in the moment, after what had just transpired between them… Lance couldn’t joke. “…Thanks…” He said again, awkwardly putting his now empty glass on the nightstand and flopping back down to the soiled bed. “I…I’ll… pay you back…” Even as he was speaking Lance’s eyes fell shut, too exhausted to remain awake any more.

Lance looked exhausted. Spent and exhausted and Keith felt torn between pride at having been part of the cause of that, a craving to just curl up with him, and regret at knowing he’d never get to see this again. All that ‘better to love and lose' crap or whatever was garbage. He could already tell this was going to suck. Still… Lance looked so peaceful as he started to fall asleep. "Yeah, yeah, I know…” Keith grumbled, tone a bit too fond. "Just uh… feel better or whatever."

Turning, Keith left the room, slinking back out the window the way he came in to avoid leaving Lance’s door unlocked. He shut the window behind himself as well. Not wanting anyone else to catch that scent and get any ideas. Lance might not have been his but that didn't mean he wanted to see him being anyone else's either.

The farther Keith got from Lance's place, the more he noticed the scent of Lance's heat was still clinging to him. Finally he narrowed it down to his knees. The knees of his pants were soaked with the scent, with fluids, from where he’d knelt on the bed. Lance's scent. Clinging to him. By the time he got home, Keith was almost beside himself, struggling to not give into the urge to feel himself up in public. He tore the pants off as quickly as he could, clutching them in his hand and moving to toss them into the laundry. But he stopped, the fabric in his hand, indulging himself in bringing it closer to his face. Inhaling, his breath shuddered back out on a groan as he let his free hand fall down to grasp at himself.

A few steps later and Keith was collapsing onto the edge of his bed on his back, stroking at himself hard and fast, the still-damp patch at the knees of his jeans clutched to his face, images of what had happened coming to him easily. When he came it was with Lance's name spilling from his lips on a near-sob. He let himself soak in the scent for another few moments longer before throwing the pants as far as possible from him, rolling over and burying his face in the sheets with a frustrated sound.

He was so fucked.
Chapter Summary

It took almost four days for it to be completely out of Lance's system, leaving the twenty-one year old drained and lethargic. He stayed off an extra day just to sleep and try to avoid the inevitable encounter with Keith. He didn’t want to see him now, not after that. The regret festered within him along with the quickly deepening depression. When Lance had come back he smelled of Omega.

And others were noticing it too.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long! The holidays can tend to get a little hectic. Kai is about 90% through with editing the next piece so that should be coming soon too. This piece is the shortest chapter but you can still count on plenty of bumps in the road! As always, comments & kudos are treasured!

Lance slept for hours after his encounter with Keith, forlorn but not surprised that the other man was gone when he awoke. The water and toast on his nightstand was welcomed though, even if he barely managed to eat before he was overtaken by his heat again.

It took almost four days for it to be completely out of Lance's system, leaving the twenty-one year old drained and lethargic. He stayed off an extra day just to sleep and try to avoid the inevitable encounter with Keith. He didn’t want to see him now, not after that. The regret festered within him along with the quickly deepening depression he’d managed to hold off even in the times when Keith had girlfriends over the years. Now he knew what it was like - even if the memory was vague and fragmented - he wasn’t sure he’d ever be able to act so nonchalant around the other man again.

At college, Lance avoided Keith, ducking into bathrooms or down hallways he really had no need to walk down when he saw the other man. In their shared classes, Lance sat as far back and across as he could, trying to remain invisible. He stopped teasing Keith, stopped harassing him and doing all the things he used to just to get a reaction from the other man. Just to have his attention. Lance wasn’t sure if his work was suffering more now than it did when he was physically sick, but it was suffering. It was stupid to get this way over a broken heart, he knew it was, but Lance couldn’t seem to find a way to stop it and he wasn’t even sure he wanted to. Since that would really mean the end of everything. The years of his unrequited crush and the memories of both the rare laughs they’d had together and the fist fights that left him oddly warm inside.

Keith couldn’t bring himself to wash those jeans for days, the scent of Lance's heat soaked into the fabric. It was stupid; he knew that. It was gross; he knew that as well. But it was Lance. Instead, every day, Keith found himself jacking off over the stupid scent clinging to the pants, face burning with shame and regret. And he felt worse about it every day, chest tight at knowing it could never be
a real thing. Two days after Lance finally came back to classes, two days of Lance noticeably going out of his way to avoid him, Keith snapped. He stopped himself mid-shame-wank, getting up and shoving the pants in the washer, dumping far too much soap in before jabbing at the buttons to make the damn thing go on. Then he turned around, slumped against the machine, and sobbed until his eyes seem to run dry. This was bullshit. *Fuck* feelings.

Lance *hated* him. Keith knew that now. He hated him for what had happened. It had completely destroyed the fragile sort-of-almost-friendly-rivalship they'd had going before everything had gone to shit. Keith had completely destroyed it. Even when Lance was getting sicker and sicker and reeked of Delta, he hadn't *avoided* Keith like this. Some research—not that Keith was putting his time into researching Lance… mostly—turned up some very illegal and risky pills that could allegedly mask an Omega's scent. Well that answered his questions, at least.

But when Lance had come back he'd *smelled* of Omega. So he'd obviously stopped taking the pills. And *others* were noticing it too. One guy in particular seemed to have taken an interest in Lance, another Alpha in the circle of acquaintances Keith seemed to wind up being dragged into occasionally. It set Keith on edge. The man was *aggressive* about it to say the least, getting into Lance's space, ignoring 'no' as an acceptable answer. Keith subtly started going out of his way to trail the guy when he could, getting between him and Lance, deliberately shit-talking Lance when the guy was within earshot, lauding the *worst* aspects of him, even going as far as *threatening* him. But it didn't seem to *help*. It wasn't that Keith was *jealous*. Of course not. He had no *claim* to Lance. And he *knew* he had no chance of ever *having* any claim to him. But he didn't like this asshole's methods either. He was aggressive and violent and Lance deserved *better* than that. He feared for Lance's next heat, for Lance's sake.

Lance got back to ‘normal’ around everyone else despite his avoidance of Keith. Outwardly to his friends he seemed fine, the same old Lance that was better from a long sickness. All of his friends were normal humans and thus Beta, so he felt *safe* with them. But that didn’t stop him feeling eyes on him, or shadows following him home. Not to mention the one Alpha guy who seemed to be aggressively trying to ‘woo’ him. The scent of that guy made Lance feel almost sick to his stomach, not because it was unpalatable but because the Omega in him was mildly turned on by it when they were in proximity. A side effect of being single, he supposed, but an unwelcome one.

Lance consistently turned down date offers and attempts at flirtation and casual touching. The longer it went on the more confident the other man was getting, as if he thought he could wear Lance down and exhaust him into agreeing. As if he had the born right to his ass or his heart - though Lance seriously doubted the latter had any place in this man’s pursual of him. It all came to a head for him after a class trip to a museum two hours away.

The class had crammed into two small minibuses and made their way there, Lance’s luck just so happened to mean that he was in that small space with *Keith*. And whilst he sat right at the back when the other was one row from the front… it still left only one row between them and he was suffering. His heart *and* his dick. Keith was the only Alpha there, his scent overpowered everything and Lance found himself beginning to feel mildly feverish by the time they got off the bus to look around. The time inside gave him relief from the issue at least, but on the way back he was assualted full force and it took him half of the ride to realise it felt like he was going into heat again. In public. Because of Keith. Even though it had been less than three weeks since his last one. Those pills really fucked up his heat cycle. He knew they were supposed to be a little erratic at first anyway. But this was ridiculous.

Lance kept his head down and quickly shoved his way off of the bus when they got back to college, the day was over and he fully intended to go home and just hump the nearest surface all night.
Keith could smell it on him. Ever since that time Lance had been in heat, Keith felt like he was too aware of Lance's scent. Almost as soon as they got on the bus to go home, he could smell the sweetness creeping back into Lance's scent. But it was too early. He'd read that going off those medicines could make things irregular but this? It wasn't good, that was for sure. Keith didn't have to think twice before rushing off the bus.

Yes, Keith was kicking himself for following Lance home. But it was only because he didn't want someone else taking advantage of him. He wasn't going to do anything. Just... make sure Lance got home safely and then leave. That was it. He wasn't going to do that again. He didn't think he could take Lance avoiding him even more.

Halfway home, Lance was grabbed by the elbow and spun around on a quiet residential street, the Alpha - Rolo - had apparently gotten a whiff of him and followed him. Again. “Hey there, you're smellin sweeter than ever.” His voice was far too pleased in Lance’s opinion, the fact he didn’t let go of his arm and even leaned in to sniff at his neck made the smaller man more on edge than ever.

“U-uh… hi… um… I actually gotta… Get back to do something. Like, I have this thing I gotta do… so maybe we can catch up next time huh buddy? I mean it was great to see you again n all.” Lance lifted the arm that wasn’t being held and rubbed the back of his neck. But the other man just grinned and announced that he knew Lance was just going home to jerk off, that he’d just help him out and save him the trouble. A moment later Lance was yanked into an access alleyway between two of the buildings and shoved against the wall, his heart slamming hard in his chest.

Partway through the trip, Keith started to smell another unfortunately familiar smell. Rolo. And he was getting closer. Keith sped up, slinking just close enough to be able to make out Lance's form. He saw the way Rolo was tugging on him, trying to come onto him very badly. Lance didn't look interested in the slightest. Even if he was flushed with his oncoming heat. But Rolo didn't look like he was going to be deterred. When the man suddenly yanked Lance into the alley, Keith was quick to hurry up to the corner. He pressed himself up against the wall.

“N-no that's ok! I just... I gotta g-get home!” Apparently Lance's words fell on deaf ears, the other man seemed far more worked up and out of control than Keith had - maybe he really hated Lance after all. Lance’s hand was shoved down against the hard outline of Rolo’s cock, his face scrunching at the contact because he did not want to touch that thing. Even if he felt a swell of pride that it was smaller than Keith’s and even his own. Even if he was in heat and quickly getting worse. “I don’t wanna!”

“You got no right to say no, that’s what you’re for after all, Omega. Spreading your legs for people is your thing, probably loose enough down there for me to slip right into without any prep.” Rolo was grabbing at Lance’s shirt then, yanking it up to expose the smaller man’s stomach and chest before pinching and twisting one of his nipples. The action pulled a yelp out of Lance, not of arousal but of disgusted pain.

Lance was… saying no. As much as he'd been all over Keith the last time he'd been in heat, he was very blatantly not into this guy. He'd… he hadn't turned Keith down. But he was turning this guy down. At the yelp, Keith flung himself around the corner, heart hammering. He grabbed fistfuls of the back of Rolo's shirt, twisting with a jerk to shove him at the opposite wall. "Hey. Asshole. I think he said he's not interested. So why don't you take your shriveled dick somewhere else."

Lance was overwhelmed by what was happening, fear and adrenaline coursing through him and making him sweat more than the heat alone had been. Rolo’s scent was potent and suffocating, it felt like it was pressing down on his lungs so that he wasn’t able to breathe. Where Keith’s scent had always been warm and comforting, and spicy when Lance had been in heat. Rolo’s was cloying and
Oppressive and he hated it. He was so smothered by it that he barely smelled Keith’s scent nearby, but he did smell it, and a moment later the other man was right there yanking Rolo away.

Rolo grunted as he hit against the wall. "What, want him for yourself, Kogane?" He dusted himself off. "It's first come first served. Don't worry, I'm sure he'll have time for you after." The bastard had the gall to smirk and Keith nearly throttled him on the spot. "...If you don't mind sloppy seconds."

Keith flung himself forward in a rage, landing a solid hit across the other man's cheek. He couldn't think of not attacking him. How dare he? The man retaliated with a hit of his own. Keith could feel his lip split, stinging pain shooting through his face. A few hits back and forth. But Rolo's movements were careless where Keith's were faster and more calculated. Still, he was sure they'd both have some decent bruises come morning.

Staggering back, Keith dodged another sloppy punch, managing to get a grip around Rolo's neck, gripping tight and shoving him to his knees. His other hand moved to grip painfully tight at Rolo's dick, squeezing even harder. "You get the fuck out of here now or I'll rip your nuts off. Got it?" Waiting a moment for Rolo to whimper and nod, he pulled back to stand, kicking him between the shoulder blades for good measure as Rolo scuttled away. Some fucking Alpha.

Watching Rolo scurry to the end of the alleyway and stop to spit at them. The adrenaline in Keith's system only made the scent of Lance's heat seem all the more intense, filling the alleyway between them. "I… you okay…?" Keith spun on his heel to face in Lance's direction, wiping at the trail of blood down his chin with the back of his hand.

Lance sagged against the wall and wrapped his arms around himself as they fought. Keith was protecting him. Keith was protecting him. Lance stood there in shock and awe as the other men fought, wincing when Keith’s lip split and the smell of his blood filled the space. More than that, though, his heart felt like it was going to burst. He loved Keith so much. He’d avoided calling it that in his head for so long but he just loved him.

By the time it was over, Lance was shaking where he stood, adrenaline making him wobbly on his feet and both that and his heat causing his breaths to come short and shallow. When Keith turned around to ask if he was ok he looked a mess. Lance couldn’t stop himself from sobbing and blushing harder, he took a step forward and grabbed the front of Keith’s jacket in both hands, shoving the other man against the wall hard.

"Y-you coulda been seriously hurt you dickhead!" His voice broke around the yell, but then he surged in and kissed Keith hard. It probably hurt the other man’s split lip and he could taste blood, but he was so mad and so touched and so in love. It hurt.

Keith yelped when Lance grabbed at him and shoved him against the wall. His hands flung up to grab at Lance's arms. And Lance was yelling at him!? He just fucking helped him and he was getting yelled at for it!? He wasn't just going to fucking stand there and let the idiot get assaulted. The confused and irate reaction that was forming on his tongue died a moment later at the press of lips against his.

Eyes going wide, Keith found himself even more confused. A shocked almost-moan burbled past his lips and he clung harder to the other man, eyes falling shut. His lip hurt and his face hurt and he could taste blood. It was far from the most appealing kiss but he found himself pressing back into it, pulling Lance closer to him. Lance was kissing him. Lance. His chest ached from it. And that sweetness was practically drowning him, clawing at him from the inside out to claim the other man, then and there. But… Lance didn't want him. He'd been avoiding him for weeks. Just because he didn't want Rolo more didn't mean he suddenly wanted Keith. Not really. The kiss was just… adrenaline and heat. Keith turned his head away, staring out at the entrance to the alleyway.
"...You're welcome."

Lance felt his heart flutter harshly when Keith kissed him back. As far as first kisses went this wasn’t exactly how he’d fantasised it to be, but it was still Keith and that made it worth the metallic tang. But then Keith pulled away and turned his face so he didn’t have to look at Lance. He said ‘You’re welcome’. Short and simple and detached, at least in Lance’s mind. Why wouldn’t it be?

Lance felt the ache in his chest return full force, almost physically shattering. He pressed his lips together and forced a smile which was obviously supposed to be a grin but looked more like a pained grimace. “Yeah… thanks…” His grin wavered and then he closed his mouth and his lips trembled as he felt his eyes water. Fuck. Fuck. Lance pulled himself away, forced his fingers to release their hold on the other man and stepped back again to put more distance between them.

His body was burning now, his dick was painfully hard and the seat of his boxers felt wet but he also felt crushed. Keith didn’t want him, he was just a good guy that couldn’t turn a blind eye to this sort of shit. Lance squeezed his eyes closed as he tried to compose himself, though the fact that he was still sort of panting probably ruined that attempt. “Shit.” It was a whisper, followed by a louder “Shit!” He palmed at one of his eyes to smear away the tears there. “My heart can’t take this… fucking… Stupid… Shit.” He sobbed and turned quickly to leave. The sound of his feet hitting the pavement as he ran was far too loud as it echoed down the alleyway. But he had to get away from Keith, had to get home and lock himself up and he wasn’t sure if he wanted to come back out again.

Lance’s tone sounded hurt. And that was… confusing. Keith frowned, looking back at the other man. He couldn’t help watching his lips, watching the quick breaths coming past them, the smear of Keith’s blood on them. He scrubbed a hand over his face in frustration, wincing as he aggravated what would likely turn into a bruise on his cheek. Whatever.

Keith wasn't sure if he dared to think that Lance might actually like him. He turned and headed home, the scenario playing through in his head repeatedly.

But Keith didn’t have a chance to ask. Because Lance was turning and running away and he was left there in the alley, baffled. His heart. Lance kissed him. Lance turned Rolo down. Lance didn't turn Keith down. But Lance didn't like him. He couldn't help watching his lips, watching the quick breaths coming past them, the smear of Keith's blood on them. Fuck he wanted to lick it off. And Lance was crying and cursing and-- wait what? His heart ?? What did that have to do with any of this? Keith’s frown deepened in confusion.

Keith didn’t get much sleep that night. He couldn’t. The sight of Lance crying felt like it was seared into his goddamn brain, tattooed to the inside of his eyeballs. Instead, he tossed and turned for hours before finally giving up and staring at the ceiling, trying to work things through. If Lance did like him… then what? What did Keith want out of that? Well… He wanted Lance, if he was being perfectly honest. He wanted Lance. He liked Lance. Really liked him. A lot. Even if he was an annoying jerk sometimes. His antics still made Keith smile--or more often snort and smirk.

Keith liked him. Shit.

Lance made sure his door and all of his windows were locked firmly when he got in. The last window in his lounge he had to climb up onto the couch to get to. By the time he’d done that he devolved into just straddling the arm of the piece of furniture and dry humping it until his pants were really beyond messy. The whole time he sobbed. He was uncontrollably horny but irreparably depressed too.

Lance was up well into the night but it seemed like his heat cooled off much quicker this time. He managed to pass out wearing some fresh sleep pants with a Marvel comics print across them, though again the seat of them ended up a little damp.
Apologies

Chapter by HedonistInk

Chapter Summary

In which Keith and Lance deal with the lingering questions and uncertainties between them, Keith misses his sort-of friend and winds up with more than he bargained for, bodies are really weird and confusing, and klance should have paid attention in sex ed.

Chapter Notes

Only one more piece to go! As always, comments and kudos are much appreciated!

The next day, Keith showed up at Lance's door around noon. He was actually sort of wearing what could have been considered one of his 'nicer' shirts--in so far as it didn't have any noticeable stains or holes--and a pair of pants in a similar state too. He was making 'an effort', by his standards. He knocked, loud and hard, fiddling with the sleeve of his jacket with his other hand. This was stupid. Lance probably didn't want anything to do with him. But… he needed to settle this so maybe they could just put this whole stupid thing behind them and get back to being… whatever it was they were before this. Friends? Frenemies? Something like that. He just missed Lance, the jerk.

Lance woke to the loud knocking on his door, groaning and rolling out of bed he made his way there. Hand already on the latch to open it he smelled Keith. He froze, hand shaking on the door as he swallowed thickly. This was cruel, why was he even here. Lance felt his eyes water again but he swiped at them before turning to grab his bathrobe from the back of the bathroom door nearby. Wrapping it around his bare torso and holding it closed with a hand across his stomach Lance opened the door looking downtrodden and exhausted, eyes firmly on the other man’s feet. “Fancy meeting you here…” He said, trying to force some of his usual goofiness into the tone and failing miserably.

Keith heard the door rattling slightly before it stopped. He debated knocking again but--for once--opted to wait. A few moments later, he was rewarded with the door opening and he let out a shaky breath. The scent practically hit him as a wall and he had to stifle a sound but it was fading. Good… That was… it was good. Lance's heat was over; that was good. He wasn't here for that anyway.

But Lance… he looked like someone had died. And the fact that he was trying to joke when he looked and sounded like that was almost painful. "You look like shit." Keith blurted out the words on an impulse before freezing. That was not the way to start this conversation.

Lance’s expression twitched for a moment before he dropped the false attempt at a grin altogether. “Thanks.” He said flatly, both arms now wrapped tight around his midsection almost protectively. His body language guarded.

"I didn't mean… I…” Keith sighed, running a hand through his hair. "We need to talk. And I'd rather not do it in your doorway so… can I come in? It… doesn't have to take long."
Lance watched Keith run his hand through his hair and then dropped his gaze again. He felt awkward and vulnerable and far too raw still to actually interact with the other man. But then Keith was asking to come in and Lance felt sick with the ache in his chest, the memory of the last time Keith was here and everything since.

“I…” He was going to say no. He really meant to say no, but that was not what came out. “I’m really tired so… just… just for a minute.” He kicked himself. His heat was mostly gone but the lingering vestiges of it’s effect were still there somewhat. Being so close to Keith right now not only did things to his head and his heart but to his body as well. Lance stepped back and to the side indicating it was fine for the other man to enter. Without waiting more than a moment he made his way to the lounge and flopped into the armchair across from the couch so that they didn’t end up next to each other. Thank god all of the mess from the previous evening had stayed inside his pants before he moved to the bed… which was in much more of a sorry state. Still.

Keith expected Lance to say no, he really did. He couldn't exactly blame him for saying no. But instead Lance was stepping back, giving him entrance. "Yeah… right… Just… it won't take long." Fuck Keith hadn't thought this through this far. Well… he'd thought over the bigger details but he wasn't exactly one for planning out the finer things. He preferred to just… go with his gut.

Although at the moment Keith's gut seemed to be insisting the best solution was to just shove Lance against the nearest wall and kiss the hell out of him. Keith wasn't sure if he could trust his gut anymore. Kicking the door shut behind him, he followed Lance, lips tightening slightly at how obviously far away Lance was sitting. Keith opted to perch on the arm of the couch rather than sitting on it properly.

He wasn't planning on being there for long, after all.

When Keith sat on the arm of the couch, the very same arm that he'd rutted against for hours the night before, Lance felt a dizzy mix of arousal and humiliation. Why did he have to sit right there? God was punishing him for being a dick all these years, there was no doubt about it. Lance dropped his gaze to his knees instead of looking at Keith sitting there. There was no way he could listen properly if he was looking at him.

"So…" Keith picked at the sleeve of his jacket. "I can get it if you're pissed off about what happened last time. I... I shouldn't have taken advantage. And... I'm sorry." Damn, saying that was painful. "I'm just really sick of you avoiding me cause it's... weird. So if we can just... go back to normal... that'd be great? But... Last night... you uh... you kissed me. And... you said some things... And I'm really confused." Talking was not his strong suit. People in general weren't Keith's strong suit, really.

Keith was apologising for taking advantage and Lance frowned. The one who'd taken advantage was him surely? Or more precisely his scent. Then Keith was continuing and bringing up more things Lance really didn’t want to deal with hearing right now, or like… ever. But he wanted to go back to normal and Lance wasn’t sure he would ever be normal again.

“...Firstly, I think you got who took advantage of who the wrong way around. It was my stupid Omega heat shit that made you do that even though I’m a guy and always piss you off.” Lance fidgeted with his robe's belt, trying to concentrate on the fluffy feel beneath his fingers in an effort to not register the awkward pain in his chest.

From Lance's first words, Keith was gawking at him. Lance thought he had taken advantage of Keith!? The 'even though I'm a guy' only served to irritate Keith further. Really, he couldn't care less what Lance had as far as genitals beyond the fact that Keith had been there with his dick. No, he'd--much to his chagrin--wanted Lance long before his heat. But Lance didn't exactly know that.
"Second I… am probably gonna drop out, I’m failing everything anyway, so… you won’t really have to see me again anyway so like… ‘Back to normal’ is a bit… mh… and like… Sorry about yesterday. You can forget it. I know it was gross ok just like…. Forget it.” Lance's voice cracked, he felt like he was going to start crying again. Shit. “O-okay then. Since that’s cleared up I’ve got a lotta sleep to catch up on but hey it was good seein you like… yeah.” His voice wasn’t wavering… Ok it was, terribly.

"You're an idiot." Wow, Keith, great job. Insulting the guy now was just adding insult to injury. But Lance was being an idiot. So it was justified. And Keith couldn't seem to stop. "Why the hell would you drop out!? I don't-- You don't want that! You can't just quit! And it wouldn't have been 'gross' if I wasn't bleeding from saving your ass, asshole!" Well. That was… more of an admittance than he wanted to make. He didn't think it had been gross at all. Keith wasn't sure when he stood up, only that he was standing with his hands clenched at his sides.

Keith stared. Lance was yelling back. And he was definitely on the edge of crying. And it was Keith's fault. And he hated that he'd been responsible for this. But… Lance was still talking. And then Keith was sure his brain had shorted out because Lance just said… Lance just said he loved him!? That… That couldn't be right. The pillow whacked him with a thump that he barely even noticed, too busy staring wide-eyed at Lance. His hands unclenched, falling limp to his sides as he stood and seemed to loom over Lance.

"I'm failing ! I'm not gonna pass anything anyway, I won't be able to actually graduate! On top of that I'm the only Omega in that damned place, I’m being stalked by more than just Rolo and even among Omega I’m a freak because I’m a guy! ” His chest was heaving, eyes very much overfilled with moisture now. “Y-you didn’t have to save me! It’s j-just made everything so much worse!” His words were starting to hitch with his breath, shoulders trembling with barely held back sobs. “I love you you piece of shit I can't take it!!” As he spoke Lance pulled his feet up onto the chair, hugging his knees to his chest with one hand as he threw the cushion that had been wedged under his arm as hard as he could at the other man. Then he buried his face in his knees and sobbed, hard.

Lance remained curled as tightly as his body would allow, even though his balls ached again and his chest felt like it was being crushed. It was all he could do to shut out the world whilst Keith was still standing there . He hadn’t meant to just blurt it out like that, in fact he’d not planned on ever admitting to loving the other man especially not to his face . Lance was a bit of a coward after all. Safer to joke and be the joke than actually face being rejected, having his feelings crushed. Even though it was too late for that.

Staring, Keith edged closer. He shifted down onto his knees, half-shuffling across the floor. "I… Lance… That's…" He reached out, setting a hand on Lance's knee. "It's…” Keith groaned, running a hand through his hair. How the hell could he even say it? He wasn't good with this emotional garbage. He was awful at it. "Do it again. The kissing thing. Without the bloody lip. Me and you.”

Keith was shuffling closer and Lance tensed even more. The hand on his knee made him jolt and Lance sobbed loudly again, he wanted to pull away from the touch, he really should have. But Keith’s hand was warm and gentle and he loved him and it hurt. “What?” Lance’s voice came out flat with his shock, lifting his head and staring at Keith in disbelief with wide eyes. Eyes red around the edges, tear stained cheeks hinted at the same colour as he felt a light blush take hold. “W-what…
"why?" He repeated. This was not the response he’d been expecting, he had no idea what he’d been expecting but it hadn’t been anything good. Let alone confusing.

Keith's breath hitched when Lance looked back at him, eyes wide like some scared animal. "I… want to kiss you. Properly." Keith licked his lips nervously, his free hand fidgeting with his jacket again. "Because… Because for some reason… I like you. I like your stupid jokes and your annoying teasing and even how you give me crap all the time." He laughed slightly, shaking his head and tipping his head back to stare at the ceiling. "It pisses me off. And I have terrible taste, apparently. But… it's not some new thing so don't think that either. It's just… how it's been for a while now. And I can't shake it off. I like you. And I want to kiss your annoying face. Got it?"

Lance thought his brain might just be short circuiting. Keith wanted to kiss him? Lance’s eyes were drawn down to the other man’s mouth when he licked his lips, heart hammering in his chest as he very blatantly stared at them when Keith continued to speak. He wanted to kiss Lance, because he liked him… liked him. Lance thought he might just start to hyperventilate. This isn’t how it was supposed to go, all of the times he’d thought this sort of thing through it ended in him being punched in the gut or the face and told to fuck off. But… kiss.

Keith dropped his gaze to look back at Lance again, urging his knee down so that he could move in closer. His other hand moved up to brush away the wet trails on Lance's cheeks as he inched closer. "So… Please. Just…" Keith had to do this before he lost his nerve. He surged forward quickly, half clambering up onto the arm of Lance's chair as he caught him in a kiss, clumsy at first as he settled himself into a more comfortable position, largely straddling Lance's leg.

Lance felt as if he were a ragdoll when Keith pushed one of his legs down properly as he got closer, wiped at Lance’s cheeks, and said please. Then he was moving again and Lance found himself very suddenly caught in a kiss that made him gasp harshly and groan despite his best efforts to keep quiet. He was kissing Keith, again. Keith was straddling his leg. Oh god he felt himself getting incredibly turned on again, fuck… Fuck. “Mnggh!” Lance moved his hands to grab Keith’s biceps, leg twitching upward slightly beneath the other man as he tried to ignore the way his dick was hardening or the way his pants were getting wetter again. It was clumsy and his own motions were awkward and entirely unpracticed but he kissed back confused and excited and elated. Keith couldn't help but kiss Lance harder at the groan and the way the other man grabbed at him. Lance liked it. Keith liked Lance liking it. Lance liked him, Lance was in love with him. Keith needed more, more of him, more of everything. And fast. His hand moved to swat at Lance's leg, shoving his other knee down to straddle his lap properly with a broken groan. His hands moved to cup the other man's face, tipping it up and deepening the kiss with a desperate sound.

Lance jolted as his other leg was swatted at, but dropped it easily to allow the other man to straddle him. Keith was straddling him, Lance was between Keith’s legs. Lance moaned loudly at that, his own hands slipping down when Keith cupped his face, his trembling fingers twisting in the fabric of Keith’s shirt either side of his ribs. If this was a cruel, heat induced dream he didn’t want to wake up; he’d quite happily sleep forever. Lance opened his mouth when Keith deepened the kiss, tasting the other man with inexperienced flicks of tongue. Shifting forward as much as he could, Keith could just barely manage to get Lance's body slotted against his, his hips rolling slightly with his movements. His hands slipped down from the other man's face, sliding along his neck before moving to splay across his collar bones. He pushed, urging the unfastened robe off of Lance's shoulders and letting his fingers dance across the exposed skin, small but pleased sounds spilling out of him. Lance was clumsy with the kiss but Keith didn't pay it much mind. He didn't care, really. It was a sense of finally that overrode the skill--or lack thereof--behind it.
Keith was pressed right up against him, his hips rolling and Lance arched into it eagerly, hungrily. “Ah-aa…” His moan echoed into the kiss as Keith slipped Lance’s robe from his shoulders and touched his bare skin. “K-Keith...I… I’m still a bit… in heat so…” He was panting already, nipples piqued just because Keith had touched his skin and dick twitching and tenting his pants where Keith was pressed against him.

Keith groaned out as Lance arched into the contact. A moan of his own escaped his lips. The other man’s skin was warm, soft under his touch. Keith let himself enjoy it, take it in more than he had the last time he'd been allowed to put his hands on him. Keith let out a noise somewhere between pleasure and frustration when Lance spoke. He pulled back, brows raised slightly as his hands moved to rest on Lance's shoulders again.

"And I feel like a giant walking bruise." Keith's reply was even and blunt. "Do you want me to stop? Because… if that's what you want… I will…" And probably excuse himself to Lance's bathroom to jack off furiously because he was already embarrassingly hard between the relief, elation, and the scent of Lance's heat still clinging to everything and oozing off of him faintly.

Lance looked at Keith with half lidded eyes, mouth still slightly open after he'd finished speaking because he was so out of breath. He should really have expected the blunt and almost sarcastic answer, and in his delicate state wasn’t sure to laugh or wince. But then Keith was asking if he wanted to stop. “N-no don’t stop!” He blurted, sounding far too desperate for his liking. Well shit.

"I… I want this… I want you … And not just because you smell really good." Keith leaned in, indulging himself in licking a line up Lance's neck with a dizzy groan at the salty taste of skin mixed with the almost saccharine sweetness of his heat. "I want you because it's you …" His hips rolled, grinding against Lance slowly.

“Ngh- fuck, Keith!” Lance let his head fall back as his neck was licked at, his hips bucking up as it sent jolts of pleasure down to his dick. “I-I want you too… s-so much... all the time…” Lance was definitely tomato levels of red now, thanks to his blush. His hands moved down from Keith’s ribs to his lower back, clinging to him and urging their groins together harder. “Don't stop.” Lance repeated, letting himself go. Just fuck it, Keith liked him, he’d trust that he liked him for real.

Keith shuddered almost violently at the way Lance bucked up against him. His hands gripped momentarily to the flesh under his touch in a reflexive grip before he relaxed again. Lance wasn't bucking him off, he was bucking against him. He wanted him. Keith let out a quieter groan at the hands against his lower back. Without hesitation, he reached behind himself, moving Lance's hands down to his ass instead. Sure, Lance was only an Omega but the grip still felt good. "Easier… leverage…” Keith explained himself with a shrug. He rolled his hips forward again for emphasis.

Lance let his hands be moved but when they were on Keith’s ass he choked on a breath and couldn’t help but squeeze. Oh god had his ass always looked so good and now that he had two handfuls of it it was even better. Toned but pliant and Lance wanted nothing more than to grope at it all afternoon even though he also sort of really wanted Keith to fuck him into the cushions of the armchair. “Ngh y-yeah… leverage…” He repeated the word.

"Mmh- haht! " Keith moaned out at the squeeze to his ass, the sound cracking up with surprise. It felt better than he expected. He just wanted Lance grabbing onto him, ideally while he fucked him, but he wasn't going to be picky.

Keith’s moan did weird things to Lance. It fanned the flames of his arousal immeasurably and it made his stomach flip flop with excitement over how powerful it made him feel to draw such a sound out of the other man. Despite being an Omega, he made the Alpha moan like that. Maybe it was normal, maybe it wasn’t… it wasn’t like Lance had any experience and the porn he’d seen was
run of the mill human Beta stuff. But god did he love the feeling Keith gave him.

Keith's fingers moved to thumb playfully across Lance's nipples. "But… Do you… want to keep going out here or… the bed or…?" Keith couldn't help but remember the last time he saw Lance's bed, what had happened there. But he knew if they didn't move soon, he wouldn't have any interest in moving. And he didn't exactly carry condoms around in his pockets.

Lance devolved into a fit of moans again as his nipples were brushed at by the other man’s thumbs. Never in his life had he considered touching them, but it felt so good. "The bed… ah… the bed is… r-really… dirty a-after all night of… um… I… it's a mess…” He couldn’t bring himself to say it was covered in drying cum and ‘ass juice’… what even was it called that made him wet every time he was in heat anyway?

When Lance offered up his explanation, a dizzy sound slipped past Keith's lips at the idea of Lance's bed just soaked in his scent. "I don't exactly mind … So it's messy, big deal. But…" But… he wanted to be able to enjoy this. "But maybe we should stay out here for now."

"W-we can… Stay here…” Lance said as he nuzzled at the side of the other man’s head as his neck was given similar treatment. Lance hesitated. He didn't have condoms out here, though. “I… I should… go get… I mean a-are we gonna go all the way or…? Cuz… I should… get condoms… so you dun get like… y’know… m-my stuff all over you…”

Keith flushed at the question of condoms, leaning into Lance's neck to hide his face. "We… don't have to…” Hesitantly, he lapped at Lance's neck before licking against it again and finally lightly raking his teeth against it. "The other Alphas… They’d leave you alone--well… mostly, at least--if you… weren't alone … If you were… mated. " Keith's voice wavered slightly, entirely aware what he was implying, the 'be mine' not in the slightest bit subtle despite being unvoiced.

“Uh- mnh… Guh!” Lance grit his teeth around the sound as he felt the hint of teeth scraping against the sensitive skin of his neck, bucking up and pulling Keith down hard against him in the process. “I… wanna be yours…” Lance said it more openly, dancing around the issue wasn’t going to achieve anything and he’d already yelled that he loved Keith so it wasn’t like the other man could expect him not to want it. “M-Make me yours… mh… Keith…”

"Aah … Nnh…” Keith struggled to partway stifle his moan at the way he was gripped and tugged at and ground against, the pressure and friction making his already frustratingly hard cock twitch and leak against his underwear. But then Lance said it, actually said it and Keith forgot to breathe for a moment. This was real. This was happening. This was actually happening. Lance might have still been at the edge of his heat but he had his sense back to him at least so this wasn't that, this was… real .

When he finally remembered to breathe, Keith nipped at Lance's neck once before pulling back. He slipped off the other man's lap, shucking off his jacket before shedding his shirt as well. Keith moved to tug Lance into a standing position, slipping the robe off of him fully and letting it fall to the chair.

“Mngh.” Lance didn’t think he’d ever get tired of having Keith nip and kiss and lick his neck. It was just that sensitive, that good . But then Keith was moving and stripping and Lance watched with rapt attention. He may or may not have been drooling a little bit at the display before him, the other man’s body was toned and perfect and it made him crave more. “Nh…” Lance huffed out a sound between a groan and a surprised sort of breath as he was tugged to stand. Face red and trembling slightly as he was stripped of the fluffy robe he’d donned.

Pressing in close again, Keith let his hands roam more freely, running up Lance's sides, in across his nipples, around to his back, nails raking down lightly. All the while, he peppered small kisses and
hiccies across Lance's collarbones, his hands finally moving lower to tug at Lance's pants shoving
them down past mid-thigh and letting them fall from there.

Rather than the heady daze of Lance's heat from the last time, this time it was more of a comfortable
buzz, tendrils of smoke curling around Keith's mind rather than a thick fog. It left him more room to
be nervous, his movements feeling clunky and awkward even as his hands slid to grip at Lance's ass,
tugging him closer. "I don't... know how much prep you need..." He knew it would be more than
last time but beyond that? Keith had no idea.

The touches across his body made Lance arch and he closed his eyes, dick leaking and adding a wet
spot to the front of his pants to match the larger one in the seat of them. Then his back was being
scratched and Lance's voice came out loud enough to crack around the edges and he grabbed Keith
by the shoulders so his legs didn't give out. Still swimming in sensation as his pants were yanked
down leaving him naked, Lance groaned again. "Mh... I... The hands on his ass were distracting
and Lance had to pause to make sense of his thoughts.

Embarrassing as it was, Lance finally made a confession. "I... um... sort of... fingered myself m-most
of the time..." He was already going to die of embarrassment, but... "And... used... a thing... in
there so... M-maybe... that is... I probably don't need as much as you think..." The last part came
out in a rush of words and an almost wheeze as he pressed his face against Keith's shoulder to hide
it.

Keith reveled in Lance's sounds, in his pleasure, in being the one to cause that pleasure. It was a
rush, a thrill, knowing that he could make him come undone like this. But even Lance just talking
about fingerling himself had Keith's dick twitching more. And the idea that he'd used something on
himself, to fuck himself with... Keith wanted it to be his dick filling Lance instead.

Keith's fingertips moved to tease against Lance's ass, one moving to press against the resistance from
his body. "That doesn't... I've never really uhm... Fuck it. I don't know what I'm doing, okay?
You... gotta help me out."

Lance waited for an answer, for a laugh at having used something other than a dick or a sex toy in
his ass. But it never came. Instead, Keith was pressing his finger against Lance's ass and it felt so
good, despite his heat and having thought he'd be sick of sex for a while yet... he was wrong. Lance
wanted nothing more than to get fucked silly. Keith's words about not knowing what he was doing
caught him off guard and whilst keeping his face hidden, Lance couldn't help but ask. "W-what? It's
just like y'know... sorta... I mean sorta the same as doing a girl just... More prep?"

Keith swallowed. "I've uhm... Well..." He hesitated. It was better to be honest about it, right? Even
if it risked Lance making fun of him for it. But somehow he didn't think that was likely with his
finger teasing at the man's ass. Still, Keith pushed his finger in slowly before he answered, a shudder
running up his spine at the sensation of the tight heat and the slickness. Pumping his finger in and out
slowly, he finally answered. "I've never done it with a girl. Or... anyone, really. Not all the way, at
least. ...E-except you... That was... last time was... My first."

Keith was pushing his finger into Lance’s body in a way that made his knees buckle for a second.
Oh god he was so turned on, desperate enough that he felt like he wanted to claw at the other man
and just tell him it didn’t matter if he was prepped enough. He didn’t know if that desperation was
the lingering edges of his heat or just because he’d wanted the other man for so many years.

“I was... your first?” The shock was like a hot flush and a guilty satisfaction. Lance’s voice cracked
around the words and then he couldn’t help but growl possessively, the Omega in him somewhat
nervous about the display of hunger but the man in him not caring. “Oh god... fuck me... I don’t
even care any more if it hurts just fuck me.” Lance pulled Keith’s arms away from himself with a
groan of loss before slumping back down onto the armchair. As soon as his ass hit the robe covered cushion he spread his legs, hooking them over each arm of the chair and spreading himself. It was far more embarrassing when he had his wits - mostly - about him. But he wanted… needed Keith, and the other man had already seen him spread out anyway. “I wanna be y-your second too. I want you to be the only one ever to fuck me… So… please ngh.” He hoped he didn’t look like an idiot, he hoped his blush wasn’t covering his face and chest like it felt it was. He was trying to look confident.

Keith stifled at sound at Lance's words and the way he spread himself, offered himself. "Well… I guess hopefully I can't be too bad at this…" Keith's lips quirked slightly at his own almost-joke. But the idea of being the only one to have Lance had him shuddering, breaths slightly. He didn't think he’d ever seen Lance so pink. "You never… you either, huh?" Keith swallowed. He tugged his pants and underwear down quickly, stepping out of them. Keith shifted until he could half-stand, one knee on the armchair.

Lance snorted slightly at Keith’s half-humor. “I… I fucked myself with a cucumber in a condom… I don’t think I care whether you have the hips of Adonis or if you plow me like an old woman. I just.. Want you.” He pressed the knuckles of his left hand to his mouth as he tried not to whimper too loudly when Keith pulled his pants down. “Other people aren’t… aren’t you… so no… I haven’t ever… With anyone.” Being honest was so refreshing, yet utterly humiliating.

Keith could picture Lance fucking himself with a cucumber and the mental image landed somewhere between arousing and hilarious. Which it was more of, he wasn't sure. But his focus was quickly distracted by Lance's admission. As much as he'd boasted about girls, Lance had never… Keith was the only one, the only one to get him like this. It was a boost to his ego, for sure.

With his fingers, Keith moved to test out two fingers briefly, not having the patience for more than a few thrusts. It was… loose enough. Or it sort of seemed like it, anyway. And Keith really couldn't wait any longer. "Nnh… Lance I… Fuck…" He adjusted again, moving to sling Lance's ankle over his shoulder. His cock teased at the slick crease of Lance's ass. He lined himself up before pressing forward slowly. Fuck it was definitely tighter than the last time, the body under him offering more resistance and less slickness. Especially with the lack of a barrier between them. Keith could feel the slick, feel every detail of Lance's body swallowing him up. It wasn't impossibly hard by any means. He tried to go even slower, breaths dissolving into short, shaky gasps. "O-oh god… fuck… L-laaaance… " His moan cracked around the name.

Lance threw his head back when Keith fingered him briefly, his ass tensing and twitching around the intrusion. He felt impatient, painfully so. But he’d already waited years for this, the time he was in heat counted for sure but… not like this. Not when he actually had his senses and would be able to remember it all vividly. When they changed position and he felt the blunt head of Keith’s dick press into his body, Lance couldn’t help tensing and whimpering again at the sting and stretch. It wasn’t unpleasant enough to want to stop, though, not by far. When Keith moaned out his name Lance whined and clutched at the other man with one hand, the other slamming back to grip the cushions behind his head with a white knuckled grip. “Ah- F-fuck… S-so… thick nghh oh godhh! ” Just like the last time Lance wondered if Keith would even fit. Despite having proved that he could and would when they fucked before.

Trying to keep himself going slow was a unique torture in itself for Keith. Every little bit that he inched forward had him gasping, struggling to keep himself steady, his hips trembling. "Shh… relax, relax…" He reached out, cupping at Lance's cheek. "You're not supposed to tense up, right? So relax, dumbass." Keith huffed out a shaky laugh, his tone fractured with his arousal.

Lance couldn’t stop himself from digging his nails into the other man’s shoulder as he was slowly
entered. It was torture, both for his impatience and for his nerves. He was spread so wide and his
dick was so hard, twitching and leaking precum against his tensed belly. When Keith told him to
relax and soothed him with a hand to the cheek the blue eyed boy snorted and groaned. “N… Next
time… I’ll stick… my dick in you a-and see how relaxed you c-can be.” Lance groaned at the
thought, however unlikely it was that he’d ‘top’, it didn’t mean he hadn’t jerked off countless times
imagining it. Both ways got him going.

Keith wasn’t quite ready to admit that the idea of flipping the tables was what caused his cock to
twitch. That wasn't something he could just admit to. He was an Alpha, dammit. There were rules,
expectations, things you just didn't do. And sitting on an Omega's dick was one of those things.
Besides… Lance was just saying that anyway, he was sure. Keith let out a shaky huff. "Oh yeah? I
dare you." His tone was joking on the surface but carried a hint of weight under it. Finally, his hips
met Lance's ass and he took a deep breath. "You… feel so good… Fuck, Lance…"

Lance wanted to pout at Keith’s dare. As if he couldn’t do it… his dick worked just fine right? But
nervousness over the thought of actually following through was coursing through him despite having
Keith’s dick buried deep in his ass. “Juhh--nn… Just you… Wait n see.” He wouldn’t complain if it
was this way forever, but fuck if he didn’t want to fuck with those ‘rules’ about Alpha and Omega a
bit.

“Nhh… M-more like… tight ass… am I right?” Lance’s tone was breathless and then he let out a
small, groaning laugh as well. Keith finally entering him fully had him arching again and he licked
his lips before chewing on the lower one for a moment. “I… y-you too… fuck… you’re so fuckin…
deep Keith.” Lance moved the hand that had been clawing at Keith’s shoulder up, cupping the back
of his head and pulling him down for a sloppy kiss. Mouth open and tongue messy as he panted
between licks.

Lance's praises sent Keith higher into his pleasure. He let himself be tugged down, returning the kiss
eagerly. Keith rolled his hips, grinding deeper with a broken moan. He pulled back, thrusting
forward again, quickly building up his pace. He couldn't keep up with the kiss for very long, instead
moving to pepper sloppy kisses and bites across Lance's neck. Incoherent praises slipped from his
lips. Keith shut his eyes, letting Lance's scent wrap around him, taking him deeper into losing
himself.

“Ah ghh shit.” Lance turned his head to the side when Keith started up on his neck. The leg that
wasn’t resting on Keith’s shoulder curled around the other man’s hips possessively. Then he was
being thrust into and the pace quickened swiftly. The ache in his ass was negligible compared to the
pleasure, both physical and mental. Keith was inside him and liked him back. “Keith- hnnhh Keith
oh god!” He was loud, he knew he was loud. But he didn’t care and as Keith fucked him and the
lewd squelching sounds added a slick undertone to his moans of pleasure Lance clung to the other
man and felt like he’d cry again. Not because he was sad this time, but because he was so damned
happy and because it felt so fucking good. “It’s ah.. Nghhh it’s… okay… to go harder… i-if you
wanna… I can take it… f-fuck… Please…”

Keith let out a slight surprised but pleased sound when Lance wrapped around him, shuddering
noticeably, keeping him closer, keeping him there. Lance was being too loud and Keith was sure
there would be a complaint from some neighbour later. But he didn’t care. Let them hear. He wanted
everyone to hear Lance crying out his name.

When Lance said he could go harder, Keith's lips quirked into a sort-of-smirk, as near as he could get
with his lips parted around heavy breaths. "So you… want me to… g-go harder?" Wrapping his
arms around Lance, he hefted him slightly more onto the seat. The change in positions had him
practically bouncing the other man in his lap with every thrust, fucking him into the chair.
Lance snorted softly at Keith’s words, he could hear the smirk in them. But he was too far gone to retort. Far too lost in sensation and bliss to form words more than the other man’s name and praises about how good his dick felt. As they changed position he curled more around Keith, clinging to him with both hands now as they fucked and filled the room with sound. Panting, moaning, the slapping of their skin and the slick noise of Keith’s cock sliding in and out of his body at speed.

Keith picked up his pace, the sound of skin hitting skin almost as loud as the slick squelching in the room. His jaw fell slack, doing nothing to contain the heady moans that bubbled out of his chest. "I… Fuck … Fuck, Lance… s'good… you’re so good…" Lance’s neck was already covered in freshly blossomed hickeys but Keith couldn't resist adding a few more to the mix. "M’c-close… C-can’t… Nnh…" He breathed the words against the other man's skin. A few moments later, he was following through, hitting his climax full-force. Keith cried out with a broken, desperate sound. His hips thrust harder as his jaw clenched, teeth sinking into Lance’s neck. It was a hard bite, he could taste bitter metallic blood against his tongue. Good . Lance would have his mark now. Keith reveled in it for the length of his orgasm. It felt like a lot of cum too.

The assault on his neck just made everything more intense and Lance was very much on the edge of orgasm. So close, but he didn’t want it to end. So he held off for as long as he could, his body inevitably tightening with the effort. Then Keith was warning him and cumming inside of him . “Keith nh Keith.. Keith gh goodhh! ” Lance choked on a yelp and a moan as his neck was bitten so hard. It hurt but it was… it was so fucking hot too and that coupled with the sensation of Keith’s jizz filling him was what buckled his own efforts to make it last as long as possible. He didn’t warn Keith, he just tensed and clung and came hard between their bodies. Lance was surprised there was even anything left in his balls, and they ached so badly but it also sent his body into fits of tremors as the pleasure made his vision white out for a moment. He really should remember to breathe next time. Lance gasped in a breath as he came down from his high, trembling and still clinging to Keith. Reluctant to let go.

Keith felt something weird , something off about the latter half of his climax when he stopped moving his hips. His dick felt weird like Lance was suddenly tighter . But he was too far gone in his pleasure to pay much attention to it. And then Lance was cumming between them and clenching around him and Keith shuddered sharply, a whimpering moan escaping him. It was tight and Lance sounded so good .

Pulling back from the mark he'd left, Keith lapped across it gently. He tried to be careful of the angry, reddened skin, the slight trickle of blood running from it that he lapped at a few more times. "That… Uhm… Wow …" Keith let out a breathless half-laugh, pressing his forehead to Lance's shoulder beside the bite for a moment.

Lance felt the change below almost as soon as it happened, but his orgasm ripped through him and made him forget about it whilst the pleasure coursed through him. But once the high was gone he was very much aware . He felt way too full way too suddenly and it almost hurt a bit too much. At the same time he knew what it meant and that knowledge was… oddly hot. He groaned softly as the new wound on his neck was licked at, as Keith described the act with nothing but a ‘wow’ which he wholeheartedly agreed with.

Keith went to pull back but found himself yelping instead at the tug to his dick. His eyes went wide. Oh … that was… That explained the weird feeling. He'd never popped a knot before, not in any of the times he'd jacked off, not in any of the messing around he'd done with girlfriends. Hell, not even the first time with Lance. He grimaced, shifting slightly and shuddering at the feeling. No, that wasn't going anywhere for a while. Distantly, he struggled to remember what exactly he knew about this anyway, regretting having skipped their sex ed class.
"Uh… I'm… Hang onto me." Keith gave Lance all of two seconds warning before grabbing him at his hip and side, lifting him and turning them as quickly as he could to settle himself into the chair with Lance in his lap instead. "Ghkkk!" It felt weird and uncomfortable moving with it like that. It felt like someone was yanking on his dick. But once Lance was in his lap it was… not too bad. His hands moved to settle on the other man's hips to be sure he wouldn't try to pull away, thumbs stroking lightly at his hips. "Guess you're stuck with me a little longer…?"

But then he felt Keith starting to move. "N-no wait-ngh!" The tug made an odd pleasure-pain shoot through his lower body and he whimpered, digging his fingers into Keith's shoulders again. Then after another moment and a subtle grind of the other man’s hips Keith was telling him to hold on. "W-wai-aah!" The sudden move had him clinging for dear life, his legs shaking and his breath hitching. When they were seated again, he leaned back and swatted at Keith’s shoulder, pouting and blushing hard. "D-don’t move so much! It… It's huge; I’m gonna break nhh." Lance flopped against Keith then, pressing his forehead to the other man’s shoulder as another shiver ran through him.

Moving was probably not a good idea, in retrospect. But Keith's leg would have cramped if he'd stayed like that for much longer. Lance swatting at him was unexpected but sort of cute with how he was pouting. Keith snorted, rolling his eyes. "You're gonna break? You're the one who's ass is trying to take my dick with you when you move." Keith shrugged before grinning. "Glad you think it's huge though." He couldn't pass that one up.

Lance only pouted harder against the other man’s chest when he retorted about his dick. Then teased him for implying his dick was huge. Which is was but the smugness made Lance growl softly. “S- stick a fist up your asshole and tell me how much you like it.” Lance grumbled and flexed his toes. His body was trembling and twitching around Keith’s dick, the knot stretching him wider than he thought possible and he wondered if there would be any blood when he finally pulled out. If Keith thought his leg cramping up would be uncomfortable then he had another think coming. Lance sincerely wished anal cramps on the other man in the near future. Sort of… Not really. It was sort of nice being 'stuck' with Keith. Lance couldn’t resist wrapping his arms around the other man and cuddling him tightly.

Keith could only snort out a laugh, shaking his head. That was… a fair point. But Lance was supposed to be better at handling that or whatever. Keith wasn't sure. He really should have not skipped the sex ed class. He hoped this didn't happen often if this was Lance's reaction. Although it was sort of cute in a grumpy, petulant way. Keith never thought he'd be thinking of Lance as cute. But yet… he was.

"...Besides, my leg was gonna cramp up." Keith's hands moved to slide up and down Lance's sides. Skimming his touch farther, he wound up resting his palms against the small of Lance's back. He moved to nuzzle at Lance's neck, kissing at the bruises he could reach. Something else occurred to him and he clutched at Lance tighter. "Were you really such an ass to me all this time because you liked me? Isn’t… that a little grade school?"

“Nnm… s’nice…” Lance all but purred when Keith began to stroke him, the action relaxing him and quelling the slight irritation he’d been feeling. Not real irritation of course, just that usual sort of rivalry feeling that was second nature with the other man. Lance murred at the nuzzling to his neck but then the question caught him off guard and he began blushing again. “Um.. well… I just wanted you to look at me… at first. And then it sort of.. Got fun... and became a habit? I mean I’m… just me … as if a guy like you would ever look at someone like me otherwise…” That sounded far too self-deprecating for the post sex cuddle they were supposed to be having. Lance shrugged and laughed awkwardly after admitting something so vulnerable.

Lance's quiet but contented sounds sent slight shivers through Keith. Then Lance's answer came out,
hanging in the air between them. Keith tensed. He leaned back slightly, shoving at Lance's shoulder lightly until he could see his face. "You know you could have just tried being friends the normal way, weirdo." Despite his words, there was no bite behind them.

When Keith leaned back and shoved at his shoulder lightly Lance sat back but the shift made his ass tense again. He gasped and clutched at Keith, a shocked moan erupting from him at the sudden shift in weight. Well, that was... not unexpected but... well yes ok it was unexpected. Lance ached down there, but his body felt like it was slowly getting used to the stretch, enough that the shift made it feel strangely good. "I... I couldn't... I was too shy... and lame..." Lance blushed again.

"Huh..." Keith murmured between kisses, amusement tinting his voice. "I didn't know you could be shy." The idea that Lance was shy about his crush on him had his heart fluttering slightly. "But I'm looking at you now, right?" Really, Keith had been interested in Lance for a long while. At least... looking back, he could see that he had been. Keith moved to stroke up and down Lance's spine slowly. He tugged Lance closer again, catching his lips briefly. "And I'm not looking away."

Lance snorted into the kisses and pulled away with a soft pout. "Maybe there's a lot you dunno about me." It wasn't spiteful, but Lance couldn't help the hint of 'want me as much as I always wanted you, look at me, love me'. "But... I mean I usually only let people see what I want them to. I guess? It's easier. But... yeah... you're looking at me right now. Mmh..." Keith's hand on his back made Lance arch and murr again. He leaned in and shivered at the shift in his ass again, kissing back and grinning stupidly when Keith said his next words. "Yeah... that's... that's good." He whispered, not at all eloquent but he didn't know what else he could say. The words made his heart stutter and speed up, they made his chest ache and warm and he kissed Keith again.

Keith absently noted that he had a mission now to find out all of Lance's hidden quirks. He had to now. When Lance shifted in his lap, Keith groaned softly. He gave into the temptation to roll his hips slightly, eyes rolling back with a shuddering groan at the sensation. It felt weird but nice. Not arousing per se, but just nice.

"Oh fuck that feels so weird..." But it was definitely getting to be less uncomfortable. It must have been going away. Right? Fuck, he should know this. Fuck it. He wrapped his arms tighter around Lance, falling silent. This was okay. This was good. It wasn't like he had anything else to do for the rest of the day. And if he wound up spending it with Lance... there were worse ways to spend the day. Vaguely, he wondered when the last time the other man had eaten was, when the last time he'd drunk more than a sip or two of water was.

Lance gasped as Keith shifted, dropping his head to the other man's shoulder as he rolled his hips. "Ah-ahh T-that's... ah..." Fuck, it was starting to feel good, despite the stretch.

Keith could feel the other man tensing around him when he rolled his hips but Lance seemed to like it at least. And it felt good. And with the lingering sweetness in the air around them... Keith almost wanted to stay exactly where he was, to start fucking Lance again.

Lance wondered how long Keith's dick would take to go back down again, it varied from person to person. He remembered trying to concentrate in their special sex ed class but he'd been too preoccupied with figuring out how he could get a condom over Keith's water bottle without him noticing. Or too engrossed in looking at the photos in the textbooks about sex they'd been given.

"D-d'you... know how long it's gonna be up?" Lance's voice trembled with embarrassment as he finally asked, his own dick twitching and beginning to harden again just slightly. But this time it had less to do with arousal and more to do with the fact he'd not even thought about using the bathroom since yesterday afternoon. He hadn't had much to drink at all since then so it wasn't like he'd been bursting to go. But now, with Keith still so deep inside him and his prostate being pressed against
almost constantly he was really starting to become desperate quickly. Not that he was going to say it, he could hold it til Keith was ‘deflated’.

The question had Keith glancing away, down and to the side to avoid having to look at him. It was awkward. And admitting that he didn't know was even more awkward. It was his body, surely he should know these things. "I... I'm not sure. I've... never done this before. A-alone or anything..."

Lance was leaning back again when Keith turned to face away in his embarrassment. The blue eyed man lifted his brows at the action and then Keith was saying he’d never popped a knot before and... Lance blushed hard. "O-oh... oh." Lance licked his lips and stroked a hand down the side of Keith’s face. “It’s... I... I ... made you... For the first time? Hah... wow...” His voice was soft and full of feeling, heart fluttering in his chest because it was sort of a big thing. He’d made Keith so worked up - not even in full heat - that his body had done that.

Keith let his eyes fall shut at the gentle touch to his face, feeling his blush deepen at the words. He nodded slightly, reluctantly. Great, the last thing he needed was Lance letting that little bit of information get to his head. But... it was true. And... Lance wasn't teasing him about it. He sounded almost... flattered. It was... still strange but it had Keith's heart doing somersaults.

"Well... I mean... It can't last long right?" Keith asked hopefully. In retrospect, it was bad planning--not that there'd been any planning, really--since Keith sort of really needed to pee. But... It would be fine. He could wait a few more minutes for it to go down. Keith shifted again and stifled a sound between pleasure and desperation, shutting his eyes for a moment. The pressure on his dick, the way it felt when he shifted inside Lance... It was making it worse.

“Um... actually it can last for ages? I mean... Sometimes... Like... half an hour or a bit more? I-I... dun remember very well but I remember hearing that stuff.” Oh god Lance really hoped it wasn’t going to last that long, he couldn’t hold it for that long.

When Lance said it could last half an hour, Keith's eyes snapped open, looking at him in disbelief. "Wh-what?! Oh fuck ..."
Chapter Summary

In the aftermath of their... rather connecting experience, Keith and Lance find some things can feel unexpectedly good and maybe just get even closer than Keith's knot could get them.

Chapter Notes

And here it is, the final part of this saga. If you haven't read the tags, we suggest reading them now. If you have, well let's get started then! Thanks for joining us on this ride. And as always, comments & kudos are appreciated and treasured!

When Lance said it could last half an hour, Keith's eyes snapped open, looking at him in disbelief. "Wh-what!? Oh fuck …" There was no way he could last half an hour. A few minutes, sure. But half an hour!? He couldn't hold it that long. But… it wasn't like he had a choice, really. There was nowhere to go unless… No, if he couldn't hold it he'd wind up pissing himself. No… Worse… pissing in Lance. Oh god.

Lance blinked and stared when Keith turned to look at him in shock when he voiced how long it could take. Well, he supposed if you didn't know it was but… Keith had been an Alpha for years now, surely he'd been curious? Lance was, about Omega, now that he'd presented. He'd just been too shocked and pining since that first time with Keith and before that he was researching how to stop the smell. So other than ’99% are female, maternal, seriously broody about wanting kids…’ he had no idea. Especially not on males… “I… oh god I just… I can’t get pregnant right?!”

"Wait what!?" Keith froze, heart lurching up into his chest. "You… wait… You're asking me!? How… that… that can't happen, right? I mean… you're a guy. You can't just…" That couldn't happen. Right? Yeah sure girl Omegas were all over wanting to have kids. And the whole idea of heat was sort of designed around getting that to happen. But… Fuck he'd never heard of a guy getting… Then again male Omegas were exceedingly rare. How the hell was he supposed to know? Maybe they had some… method or something. "That c-can't be a thing that can happen…” Keith's voice was quiet, his words not nearly as sure as he wanted them to sound.

Lance grunted and blushed at Keith’s disbelief over his worry about pregnancy. “I-It’s not like I knew I was gonna be an Omega! Like… why would I even look that stuff up I… I was never into girls… Only you… and … I was holding out hope I’d at least be a Beta…” Lance’s tone was quiet and ashamed, frowning at the window even though his heart was hammering hard. But… if he could get pregnant then the damage was already done, it wasn’t like he could do anything about it right now. Maybe he could feign a girlfriend needing that morning after pill or something.

Keith groaned, dropping his head back. Lance had been on those damned pills for long enough, he could have at least done his research. And this was… He'd been off them for three weeks already.
Oh god they hadn't even thought about this last time. What if Lance was already... No, no then he wouldn't have gone into heat again. At was... It wasn't like he could undo what they'd already done this time. Lance just... needed to see a doctor or something. They'd know, right? Right. He really really hoped that wasn't something they had to worry about. Female Omegas in heat were supposed to be very fertile. And if Lance was... No. No, it wasn't possible. His bladder twinged again, demanding his attention come back to it and he shifted slightly to try to accommodate it, holding himself off.

When Keith moved again, Lance curled around him and choked down another moan, a shudder rolling through his body. Lance couldn't help but grind his pelvis down a bit to get more of the feeling, but promptly stopped when he felt like he was going to actually pee. "Ugh... w-why won't this heat g-go away fully already?" he whined, instead of elaborating and saying it was because he needed to pee.

Keith choked on a shocked sound that came out sounding more like a moan when Lance moved, moving to cling onto him. He could feel a slight dribble escaping him and he tensed, managing to stop himself. A shaky breath rushed past Keith's lips "D-don't... d-don't move... I... ngh..." Keith gritted his teeth, shaking his head quickly. "J-just don't..."

Lance squeaked as Keith choked and clung to him. Lance gripped Keith's shoulders in response and chewed his lip when he was told not to move. It must have felt bad for Keith, then. If he had animal ears he was sure they'd be pressed down to his head in disappointment at Keith not liking the feeling as much as he did. "S-sorry... I didn't mean to make it feel bad..." Lance turned his head to the side, looking across the room to the couch and the window behind it in an effort to distract himself from the weird guilt and the need to pee.

When Lance was suddenly apologizing for it feeling bad, Keith couldn't help but cling to him, pulling him into a hug and shaking his head. "No... No it's not that... It... it feels really good, actually... Really good..." Keith pulled back, looking to the side. "But I... uhm... I just... sort of..." He sighed, gritting his teeth. "I need to pee. Really badly. Really badly. And I... Nnh... H-half an hour is a long time."

"Nh." When Keith pulled him into a hug and shook his head Lance leaned into it, listening to the other man explain that it was good but... "W-what?" Had he heard right? Keith really needed to pee... So Lance wasn't the only one. He wanted to tease him about it, he really did, but doing that when his dick was suck in Lance's ass seemed like a bad idea. And besides... "I... M-me too... I haven't been since um.. Yesterday.... Before we left the museum?"

Keith's focus in the moment was entirely on his dick, Lance's ass, and the fact that he desperately needed to pee. He grumbled under his breath slightly at the other man's surprise, half expecting Lance to taunt him for it. And half tempted to just piss in his ass after all if Lance did. But instead Lance was admitting that he had to too. It made sense. He couldn't exactly imagine that peeing had been high on the priority list when Lance was in heat.

"...You better not piss on my lap. Okay... Uhm... Alright. I... If... Maybe if we can get you turned around... Then--ngh--maybe that'll help it go down faster?" Okay, admittedly Keith was pulling that one entirely out of his ass but maybe if he focused on that feeling either it would feel bad-weird and the knot would go away faster or he'd be busy thinking fully about sex again and it would put off the need to piss. It... at least sort of made sense. Maybe.

Lance balked and pouted at Keith. "I dun plan on peeing on you!" He groused, face flushed with his blush as Keith suggested turning him around. The mental image was both humiliating and hilarious and he let out a weird sort of groan giggle. "O-Okay... sure. Okay." Lance thought it was worth a
try, even though he was nervous about the movement pressing his prostate more, which made him need to pee more.

“I’ll… try n move then.” Lance announced, pushing to sit up a bit more before leaning back as he awkwardly swung his right leg over Keith’s head. The motion made him gasp, his ass stretched more as the knot pulled as the tight ring of muscle, but he managed to do it. With his ankle now on Keith’s shoulder Lance took a moment to whimper and gasp for breath. That felt weird… and… good … and he really needed to pee.

Keith rolled his eyes at the weird little sound Lance let out. He gritted his teeth when Lance said he was going to move, nodding and moving his hands to his sides. "Right… Okay…” This was either a great idea or a terrible one and he wasn't sure which yet. When Lance swung his leg up, over Keith’s head, and onto his shoulder, Keith choked on his breath. His hands clenched tightly at the arms of the chair where he'd moved them to.

"Aah-nnh…” Keith gritted his teeth, focusing on his breathing. He felt himself leak a little more and only prayed Lance wouldn't feel it. A small whimper warbled out of Keith's lips. He was glad that Lance was paused but the position was tugging on his knot. And... it actually felt really good. It was almost enough to distract him from his desperate need to relieve himself. It actually faded into the background for a moment. Keith nearly asked Lance to just wait there for a moment.

After a moment of catching his breath Lance shifted again, spinning slowly so that his left foot was on the floor and his right was across the arm of the armchair. Elbows propping him up on the opposite arm as the angle of Keith’s dick pressed against him in a way that made it feel like he was going to leak. “A-ah… c-can’t…”

Before Keith even could manage to form words, Lance was moving again, twisting on his cock. "O-ooh f-fuck-kkh…! I c- can’t! " He could feel the first burst and desperately tried to stop it like before. But his body was having exactly none of that and a trickle quickly turned into a gush. Oh god he was pissing in Lance's ass. But he'd needed to go so badly … The relief of it had him choking on a broken, guilty sob of a moan, loud and resonant.

Lance jolted when Keith suddenly swore and said he couldn't and that didn’t bode well. Then he felt warmth before a gush of something that just kept going. His expression fell into disbelief and embarrassed betrayal and he would have laughed at himself if he saw the expression but Keith was pissing in his ass. “N-no- noooo Keith nnnh.” It was hot and weird and he felt way too over filled already with the knot but the added fluid was just unbearable.

Keith could feel it around his cock, hot, wet and a tremble shot through him. He gave up on trying to hold it back with another whimpering moan of relief. He swore he could see Lance's stomach bulging a bit already but it seemed to get more as Keith filled him. And that was… okay fuck that was hot. That shouldn't have been hot but it was and Keith impulsively tugged at Lance's legs, spreading them and pulling his leg up to get a better look.

Lance's stomach felt bloated and the pressure on his own bladder increased. Obviously knowing Keith found relief didn't help his own desperation either. “T-that's s-so mean nnhh uhh.” Lance tensed when his leg was pulled up his toes curling in the air as he arched his back and tensed hard. “No noono nooo it's c-cumming out d-don’t look.” Lance sobbed as his blush turned bright crimson and coloured him from head to chest. His eyes watered and his mouth hanging open as his own body finally gave in.

Lance watched with humiliated horror as he started to pee in a heavy gush of a stream. Right onto Keith’s leg and the floor. He closed his eyes tightly after a moment and let his head fall back as he sobbed again, a small moan of pleasure at the relief bubbling out of him as his body twitched and
jerked with the odd sensation of being so full and of relieving himself. Right where Keith could 
watch. Right on the other man and the floor… He almost felt like he was starting to get harder… 
turned on.

"S-sorry… I… ngh…" Keith tried to apologize but he couldn't really mean it. Not with the way 
Lance's body was getting so much tighter around him with the added fluid. But then Lance was 
telling him not to look and sobbing and Keith had to look at that point. Lance was peeing. Right in 
front of him. No, more than in front of, onto. Lance was peeing on him. While his dick was in 
Lance's ass. Oh god… It was… It was really really hot. It shouldn't have been. But something about 
how wrong this was was getting to him unexpectedly.

The fact that Lance was moaning between sobs didn't help Keith's issue. Nor did the way the other 
man twitched and jerked around him. It tugged on his cock, almost stroking him in a strange way. 
Keith couldn't help himself, he rolled his hips up into Lance, deeper, a shaky groan bubbling out of 
him.

Lance wasn’t sure he’d ever had such a long and satisfying pee in his entire life, and yet this was so 
filthy. Even though Keith had pissed inside of him Lance was more worried the other man would be 
annoyed he’d been peed on. But as he finished to a trickle Keith rolled his his and everything shifted 
inside and Lance choked on a gasp as his body jolted. “K-Keith t-that… ah..”

Maybe he was just a pervert, maybe it was the lingering traces of saccharine heat around them and 
oozing off Lance's body, Keith didn't know and he didn't care. He just wanted to cum again. He 
moved to grab at the other man tighter, rolling his hips up into him again in a slow grind, another 
pleasured sound bubbling out of him as he groped and squeezed at Lance's body. "S-sorry…” This 
was wrong. He was basically using Lance to get himself off. But… Oh fuck It felt good.

Fuck. This was really wrong but… he was so turned on again and Keith was squeezing him and 
grinding into his over full body and Lance shuddered and moaned again. “Keith… t-touch…me 
too…” Lance fumbled for one of Keith’s hands and clumsily tugged it down toward his half hard 
dick, rolling his hips as well and feeling Keith’s mingled cum and piss leak out of his ass in a tiny 
trickle. The rest held at bay and trapped inside by the other man’s thick knot.

Keith groaned out when Lance jolted, feeling the way the other's body spasmed around him. He 
thought he was going to be told off for a moment, told to stop. But instead Lance was grabbing for 
his hand, tugging it towards his cock, and rolling down against him. Keith let his eyes fall shut with 
a shaky moan at the sensation. His leg and the floor were soaked in piss, his dick was stuck in 
Lance's ass and surrounded by cum and piss, and all he wanted was to get them both off again? 
Definitely not what he'd been expecting when he'd decided going to Lance's place was a good idea.

"This is… so fucked up…” Keith's words were breathy, half an embarrassed and disbelieving laugh 
and half a moan. He wrapped his fingers tightly around Lance's cock, starting to stroke him.

“Sh-shut up you st-started it…” Lance’s voice was half raw by now, from all his moaning and 
sobbing and panting. He couldn’t help the little joking barb but moments later he echoed Keith’s 
mingled laugh-moan. “Y-yeah it is… nnh…” Lance tried to spread his legs more as Keith wrapped 
his hand around his cock and stroked, very quickly throbbing to full hardness at the touch and the 
sensation in his rear.

Continuing to roll his hips up, Keith moved his other hand to Lance's side, turning them so Lance 
was facing away from him properly and he could get better leverage. The feeling of the twisting 
around his cock had him gasping out on another broken moan, feeling another trickle of cum and 
piss run escape past the knot to run down his balls. Keith moved to nip at Lance's shoulder, groaning 
as he moved harder against him, picking up the pace of his strokes as well.
Keith could feel every movement, every twitch of Lance's body. It was weird being so connected. Weird and slightly uncomfortable when Lance tugged on his cock with every motion. "Hrkk! Chh… Fuck …" It wasn't painful anymore but it felt weird. Keith wasn't sure he liked that feeling. Even if it did definitely make him feel harder if that was possible. Vaguely, he wondered if his dick was going to be sore after this. Very vaguely.

Lance ended up straddling the other man’s lap backwards. Feet now pressed to the floor by tiptoe he had more leverage to bounce as much as he could with the knot stopping them. The frustration of it made him growl and he began to move his hips back and forth in a harsh grind instead, gasping and throwing his head back as his shoulder was nipped at and his cock was stroked faster. “Ah… y-yeah… h-harder… oh god… nhhh!”

Lance was grinding hard against him, pushing Keith deeper, spasming around him. Keith let his jaw go slack with a moan. Oh god Lance's neighbours were going to hate him now. "Oh fuck Lance…" Keith complied, stroking harder, gripping tighter. He bit harder at Lance's shoulder too, drawing up another series of stark, dark hickeys. His hips kept rolling up into Lance's body. He didn't think this would take long. He was already so overstimulated and overwhelmed and… Keith was barely holding himself together. And he didn't think Lance was much better.

Lance kept up his grinding, the deep jabs and brushes of Keith’s dick inside of him were quickly driving him higher. The dirtiness and taboo of what had happened added to the arousal he felt too and Lance was easily and completely lost in the sensation. “S-so full… ah… I’m so full… o-of you… so good… Keith aah… good… nnnh..” Lance groaned and gasped the praises like a mantra as he sped up a bit. The hand around him making him shudder and twitch.

Keith practically wanted to preen under the praises. Every word that fell from Lance's mouth only pushed Keith higher, made him feel better, made him want more. It felt good and it made his chest swell and his cock twitch. And Lance was grinding against him so perfectly, working himself on Keith's cock as best as he could. Keith in turn worked his wrist and arm hard, working to try to push the other man over that edge.

It wasn’t long before he was gripping Keith’s knees harshly, the bites and sucks on his neck and shoulder making him tumble closer and then over the edge into orgasm. “Keith- S-shit I… ah.. Cumminh… I… love you s-so much.. This is.. Fuck.. ah.. Nghhhh hhhnn!” Lance’s words were jumbled and slurried as he all but mewled them. His cry of release was loud enough to make his voice break around the sound and Lance tensed and trembled as he shot his load onto the carpet at their feet. His motions becoming uneven and spasmodic as he lost strength and coordination.

Lance was saying he loved him again and clenching around him so tight. "Oh fuck fuck fuck ! Lan-
nnh-ce! " Keith barely managed to roll his hips another time before he was crying out and cumming hard too, adding to the mess filling the other's ass. His movements became jerky, harsh, as he rocked his hips through his climax. "F-fuck… fucking… D-damn…” Keith breathed out the words incoherently, peppering Lance's shoulder and back with small kisses. "You're so good… Fuck Lance… That was so fucking good… Holy shit…”

When Lance was coming down from his high, Keith seemed to be reaching his. The profanity and his name moaned that way made Lance whine and he kept grinding himself down throughout the other man’s climax. The kisses to his back had Lance sighing and he let his head and body fall back to press completely against the other man. He didn’t have the strength to sit up still, hardly enough to stay awake since he’d been up almost all night anyway. But this? This was worth the exhaustion and the ache. Even the humiliation and the mess. “Y-you're the good one…” Lance shot the compliment back, his cheeks flushed as he covered his face with an arm. He wasn’t used to being praised like that, especially not from the man he’d had feelings for so long.
Keith's body seemed to have taken that as some sort of cue or something because Keith could definitely feel the pressure around his cock lessening. And some of the mess he’d left inside Lance starting to trickle back out. Keith groaned, shuddering at the sensation, a confusing mix of disturbed and aroused. "I... nnngh... I think it's... g-going away..."

Lance felt the pressure easing slightly around his ass and then the gentle trickle of fluid and he tensed. “A-ah that’s... that’s good b-but... t-that means... it’s gonna come out and... t-the mess will...” He couldn’t make himself say what if there’s poop. He should go to the bathroom, but his legs felt like jello and his ass felt sort of numb now from everything. He wasn’t sure he could hold it in until he got there. “K-Keith I need the bathroom... before... before you pull out but... um... fuck... I don’t think I can k-keep it in...” Lance shivered again as another trickle burst out of him and he felt his breath hitch in another humiliated sob.

Keith was still half-dazed, breaths hard and heavy, moreso with Lance's weight on him. But Lance was tensing, Keith could feel that much. And oh ... Right. Keith couldn't imagine keeping an ass full of pee in was easy. Not to mention... whatever else might come with it. It was an ass, after all. And Keith's dick was there. Bathing in piss and cum and whatever else. Fuck they both really needed a shower.

"O-oh... right. Uhm... Fuck..." Keith thought for a moment. "Okay. Before this goes down more. We're gonna... We're gonna try to move. Okay...?" Keith really hoped he could carry Lance's weight. "I'm going to turn you again. So just... help me out here. And hang on tight." Keith didn’t wait for an answer before working on reversing Lance's position again, relying on trusting Lance to make sure he didn't get kicked in the head. It felt bizarre and overstimulating on his deflating dick. But it had to be done.

Lance nodded when Keith suggested moving and turning him. “R-right yeah...” Lance helped the best he could when he was turned around, lifting his tired leg again so he didn’t kick Keith in the process.

Keith stood as carefully as he could, grabbing at Lance's ass and holding him close, trying to not let Lance's weight on him send them toppling forward as he trudged them to the bathroom. He wasn't solid on what his plan was from there other than unceremoniously dumping Lance off of him as close to the toilet as he could and hightailing it out of there.

When his ass was grabbed and the other man stood up, Lance clung around him with his arms and legs for dear life. “F-fuck! Don’t drop me oh god...” Lance couldn’t resist a joke, a nervous habit, “I-it’ll be like a water balloon exploding haaa woooshhh...” Lance looked over his shoulder when they were in the bathroom, trembling and tensing because the trickles were getting worse now. “O-Okay... right... how the fuck... do I get offa your dick...” Lance looked around and spotted his bathroom counter. “Okay um... c-can you sorta... rest me up on the counter there? I mean it’ll be easier to pull out right? You think you can pull out yet? I mean even if it’s still up a bit I think I’m relaxed enough...” Another blush, yep. His ass was well and truly stretched for the moment.

Keith eyed the counter up for a brief second, moving towards it without any hesitation. "Yeah... That works... Might uh... Might feel like a lot for you for a second though..." It was probably down enough to not be painful though, really. "I... think it's better to do it now than wait..." Lance was starting to leak around him more. A lot more. This needed to be now, not later. Carefully, Keith moved to set Lance on the countertop edge, grimacing at the shift around his dick.

“It felt like a lot when you popped a knot inside my ass.” Lance said with a slight snark, still blushing as Keith propped him against the counter. Still, it didn’t mean he wasn’t apprehensive about the thick
knot being pulled free of his ass. It had felt like way too much inside him, let alone where he was squeezing so hard to try and not leak everywhere.

"Okay… Uhm… R-ready then…? I'm gonna… just…” Keith pulled back with a sharp movement of his hips. A whimpering grunt pulled from his lips at the pull around his cock as the widest point came free. He pulled back the rest of the way quickly, gasping as he stepped back. "I'll just…” Keith turned and half bolted out of the bathroom.

Keith pulling back was hard and sudden and Lance’s eyes went wide before squeezing shut. His voice crackled out on a mingle of moan and whimper as he shoved his hands between his legs. Then Keith was running from the room and Lance was both somewhat pissed that he’d been literally run away from right after sex and glad because he needed to hobble over to the toilet.

Safely out of the bathroom, Keith collapsed back against the wall for a good several minutes. He found himself staring, outright staring at his dick. But it looked strange with the flagging bulbousness of the knot. He couldn't resist prodding at it curiously, his dick too oversensitive and overstimulated for it to react at all. That had been… He had been in Lance. Willingly. Both of them had done it willingly. Granted, the tail end of Lance’s heat had certainly helped instigate things but they’d both been more than lucid enough.

And Lance… Lance fucking loved him for some fucked up reason. Lance had Keith's bite, his mark on his neck. Lance was his. Fuck. He didn't know how to do any of this, this actual feelings stuff. Carding a hand through his hair, Keith let out a frustrated sound before pushing away from the wall. He redressed himself, splashed some water on his face, and settled into the couch to wait. He couldn't exactly just leave. As tempting as that sounded. Fuck.

When after a few minutes Lance still hadn't come back, Keith busied himself as best as he could. Reluctantly, he cleaned up as much as he could of the mess that had been left by the chair—it was at least partly his fault, after all. That done and with nothing else to do, he rummaged around until he found clean sheets, changing those as well. Well… Lance was probably half dead after all of that, right? It… he had the time, the energy. It just… seemed polite. Then he flopped himself back onto the couch to wait. Again.

It was gross, and messy and his stomach sort of cramped but an hour later Lance finally emerged from the bathroom freshly showered and still very red. He wasn’t sure if Keith would even still be there since he’d taken so long on the toilet and in the shower. Lance wasn’t sure if he wanted to even look because the disappointment if he found himself alone would be too much. So he stood in the hallway fiddling with the large bath sheet wrapped around his body, voice coming out in a cracked whisper. “K-Keith…?”

Keith had nearly dozed off by the time he heard the bathroom door opening, heard the quiet question of his name. "Y-yeah…” His voice cracked around the word and he cleared his throat, standing. "I'm… I'm in here." Keith moved out into the hallway hesitantly, fidgeting with the bottom hem of his shirt, posture stiff. His eyes fell almost immediately to the rather impressive bite on Lance's neck and a surge of both apprehension and pride swelled through him. His. "I uh... cleaned up. Y'know. From… that. And mh… changed your bed. I hope that's not too weird. I just… figured you'd be tired or whatever and…" Keith trailed off with a shrug, fidgeting again.

When the quiet answer to his call came from the lounge Lance felt his heart flutter and the knot in his gut ease a little bit. Keith was still there. Then he was coming into view, fully dressed and presentable and looking somewhat uncomfortable with the situation. Lance felt a desperate tug in his chest. Oh god don't say you regret it oh god please no…

But then he was eyeing Lance’s neck - the bite - and saying he’d cleaned up and changed his bed
and Lance felt his mouth go dry. He didn’t know what to say now, usually when he got overwhelmed like this regarding Keith he’d bait the other man into an argument or a fight. But not now, he didn’t want to fight now. He didn’t need to get Keith’s attention because it was on him and him alone.

Keith did his best to not squirm in place. Lance looked worried and Keith wasn’t quite sure what to make of that. Oh god this is awkward so so awkward. Keith wasn’t good with people. This was entirely out of his depth. He didn’t know what he was supposed to do now. He’d stayed despite his instincts. At least he’d apparently gotten that part right. But... what was after that? He wasn’t sure.

“Thanks…” Lance bit his lip, expression faltering for a moment before he gave in to the urge within him. He closed the space between them, releasing the grip on his towel and wrapping his arms around Keith’s shoulders with a heavy, hitching breath as he nuzzled the other man’s neck.

Lance was coming towards him and suddenly very very naked and clinging to him and nuzzling him. Keith stiffened reflexively before relaxing a moment later. This was... It was okay. Slowly, his hands moved to wrap around the other man's waist as he nuzzled at him in return. Keith couldn't resist nipping slightly.

Lance tightened his grip when he felt Keith tensing, preparing to cling like a brat if the other man pulled away. There was no way he could go back now. If Keith really regretted it Lance wouldn’t be able to continue his classes at college. He’d drop out for sure and move back home until he found a place far far away so he wasn’t reminded of Keith everywhere he turned. The returned nuzzling, though, had that fear easing somewhat. A contented noise bubbling out of him as Lance felt his own muscles begin to relax.

"You're going to get cold standing here like this, idiot. Let's…” Keith pulled back, twisting to grab one of Lance's hands and tugging him along. "Let's get you to bed. Okay?" He did his best to ignore the heat of the blush on his cheeks.

"M'not cold." Lance murmured sleepily, suddenly his exhaustion seemed so much worse than before. “Mn.” Keith pulling away had Lance wanting to cling even harder, but then he was being tugged towards the bedroom and he followed without protest. As soon as they got close enough to the bed Lance flopped back down onto it, a pleased huff billowing out of him before he yanked Keith down ontop of him.

Keith wasn't quite sure what he was intending to do once they got to Lance's room. He wanted to stay. But... was that too much? Would Lance even want him to stay? With... everything that had happened? It was a lot to process. At least it was a lot for Keith to process. So he wouldn't exactly be able to blame Lance for wanting time and space to think… Not really.

But then Keith was being yanked down to the bed. Yelping, he tried to avoid his elbows and knees hitting anything too sensitive when he crash landed on top of Lance. Having sex with someone and then jabbing a kneecap into their testicles didn't exactly sound like it was the definition of a good start to a relationship.

"Can you… stay the night?” The tentative request was again whispered, lips pressed to the side of Keith’s head.

The tentative question gave Keith pause, heart hurtling into backflips inside his chest. He'd never heard Lance like this. Shy, hesitant. It was... strange. Vulnerable. It... made Keith slightly uncomfortable but in a way that made him also want to hear more of it. Which was... baffling. Instead, he patted around until he could tug the covers over both of them, burying his face in Lance's neck. "...Depends.” He kissed at the skin lightly, words quiet when he spoke. "You gonna tell me
you love me again if I do?"

Lance wrapped himself around Keith as the other man lay on top of him, arms and legs clinging as Keith pulled the blankets up over them. The warmth increased in his chest as his neck was kissed at, the following words making Lance’s breath hitch audibly. The resulting smile that spread across his features was uncontainable and instant. His hold on Keith growing tighter.

“Well…” He whispered, the word almost a purr as he pressed a kiss to the side of Keith’s head and nuzzled at him some more. Despite having said it before his heart was still pounding hard as he prepared to say it again, swallowing thickly around the embarrassed lump in his throat. “I… I love you, Keith. Mnh.”

Keith's voice shuddered out on a quiet sigh at the kissing and nuzzling against his head. It was gentle, sweet even. It was… nothing he’d ever even dared to hope for. Least of all from Lance. The hesitation on Lance's part had Keith second-guessing himself quickly, breaths stilling as he gnawed at his lip. Maybe he shouldn't have said anything. Maybe he should hurry to play it off as not being serious.

But then the words came and Keith's breath huffed out in a sharp exhale. He buried his face in Lance’s shoulder more deeply for a moment before pulling back just enough to look at the other man. Keith’s eyes scanned Lance’s face, a small, hesitant smile playing across his lips. "Guess I'm staying over then."

Lance hummed as Keith let out a breath he'd been holding, then the other man was pulling back and smiling at him and Lance almost grinned back. Tired and barely able to keep his eyes open, and admittedly pale too, but he was happy. "Good…” Lance answered, watching the way Keith chewed at his lip before hiding his face again.

Hesitating, Keith continued biting at his lip for a moment. Leaning forward, he licked at the mark on Lance’s neck before curling himself close, his words murmured against warm skin. “I… I can’t say that yet but… I really really like you, Lance. A lot. Glad you're mine.”

The lick against the mark on his neck made him shudder and whimper slightly, though it didn’t hurt, not really. “I…” Lance didn’t really expect Keith to say it back. He’d love to hear it of course but even this much was beyond what he’d thought possible. “Mnh… I am… completely.” Lance wiggled into a slightly more comfortable position, letting his legs relax but his arms remain around the other man as he began to drop off. “Nmm… gon make you such good eggs tomorrow… G’night…” As soon as he’d committed himself to falling asleep it happened instantly. Lance was lax and half snoring through exhaustion within minutes.

Keith let Lance fidget as much as he needed to, waiting until the other man settled in before clutching him a bit closer. The comment about tomorrow had him blushing, glad his face was hidden from view. "Yeah, yeah… G’night…" He tried to sound petulant, discontented, but the smile that refused to stay off his face took the edge out of his tone. He sounded more bemused than anything.

Tired, but not enough to fall asleep just yet, Keith contented himself with listening to Lance breathe for a long while. He nuzzled against the other man slightly on occasion, not wanting to wake him but unable to resist pressing small kisses against his skin every so often. It was comfortable, warm, and right somehow. "I could though… Love you…” The words were barely a whisper in the quiet of the room, spoken in a bold moment in the safety of knowing Lance wouldn't hear him. Keith curled in closer, letting himself fall asleep quickly.
And that's all, folks. Thank you guys so much for making this our most popular piece! As always, comments and kudos are very much appreciated!

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