YSBTF

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YSBTF

by jhoca

Summary

Lance loves to dance. Lance pours his heart and soul into dance. He comes in every week, to every dance rehearsal, pumped and enthusiastic and energetic. One of his favorite dance groups is a hip hop group that dominates the floor on Thursday nights. Lance loves to watch them, admiring their cool choreography and hip dance members, marveling at their synchronicity and sleek movements. They're so cool.

Never mind the fact that Keith is one of the dance members.

(AKA: after dance practice Keith confronts Lance about how often he catches him watching his rehearsals, and they get it on lol)

Notes

I really really really really like Korean Keith...he's not necessarily Korean here, but he can be
and I like that...also, when I’m not drawing, writing, editing mvs, I have dance practice! I’m a fan of 1 Million Dance Studio. They choreograph and dance to all the hip hop and R&B music that I love, some of them being my fave Korean artists, Dean and Jay Park…my inspiration...as Bruno Mars would say,

#blessed

See the end of the work for more notes.
Lance loved to dance.

He always had the groove. He could feel the music run through his body, making him move. And Lance danced all the time — in the shower, in bed, in the dining halls, dormitories, libraries, everywhere. Even during lecture, while the professor droned on and on about the history of the mechanics behind aerospace engineering, Lance drowned himself in the sound of his music jamming on his headphones. Hunk often flushed with embarrassment whenever Lance was struck with the need to dance, bobbing his head in time to the beat, tapping the desk with a pencil in each hand, mouthing the lyrics, making small movements and gestures in his seat that would slowly get bigger and wilder the longer the song went on.

He was always scolded for disrupting class.

Well, Lance couldn’t help himself. His body was born to dance, wanting to get down to the beat and let the music flow through his body. When the time came for student organizations, sports teams, and extra-curriculars to recruit new members, Lance signed up for every dance group available, eagerly scribbling his name and email down in his illegible chicken scratch. Of course, given his rigorous course of study, he knew it would be impossible to dedicate all of his time and energy to every dance group, but he was determined.

The few dance groups Lance managed to fit into his schedule were enough to satisfy him. Latin ballroom dance, jazz, modern, and hip hop were the ones Lance found himself returning to every week after class. He loved going to dance practice, he loved working up a sweat, watching their reflections and seeing their progress and matching movements. Everyone was fun to be around, with the same passion and excitement for dance.

Of course, no dance group ever used an actual dance studio. Instead, they reserved empty classrooms during after hours, pushed desks to the corners of the room, and drew the blinds. The windows were their mirrors. Judging from videos of performances from previous years, dance was still amazing no matter where they practiced.

Excited about becoming a part of that performance for the first time, Lance poured his heart and soul into dance. He came in every week, to every dance rehearsal, pumped and enthusiastic and energetic. Lance was excited to be able to share this experience with so many others just like him, dancing and moving to the beat, letting the music carry away their troubles as they stepped and slid across the floor.

Lance loved to dance.

On the ground floor, huge windows lined across the building, standing tall and wide. At night, when the light illuminated the people inside, these windows became mirrors. The perfect mirrors for dance practice. But these high-quality makeshift mirrors were reserved for the dance teams that took dance seriously. Lance admired these people, how much commitment and talent they had for dance, their every movement as flawless and confident as a professional.

Lance himself was pretty awesome at dancing, but for some reason, these ground floor dancers were on a whole other level, carrying a sense of superiority and confidence about them. They were faster and cleaner, smoother, it could easily draw the eyes of anyone who passed.

One of his favorites was the hip hop group that always dominated the floor on Thursday nights.
Since they were ground floor material, their heavy beats blasted through the halls, bringing the attention of everyone in the building. Lance loved to watch them, admiring their cool choreography and hip dance members, marveling at their synchronicity and sleek movements. They were so cool.

Never mind the fact that Keith was one of the dance members.

Keith was Lance’s arch nemesis. Ever since his robotics project lost to Keith’s bizarre contraption, Lance always held a grudge against him. Ever since that humiliating loss, Lance was hyper aware of everything that Keith did better than him. He pushed an obnoxious rivalry between them, always butting heads, always challenging him.

Lance had always thought that dance was the one thing he could do that Keith couldn’t, but as much as he’d hate to admit it, Keith was amazing at dance.

For some reason, when Keith moved to the smooth and low sounds of the music, he was captivating to watch. He was like a completely different person. Keith was cool about everything, with the nonchalant expression to accompany the tone of the song.

Lance always saw him and felt shamefully attracted.

There was such an appeal to this hip hop Keith, hitting the beats with such effortless precision, it almost put Lance’s own dancing to shame. Whether it was hip hop, rap, pop, or R&B, Keith always nailed every routine with natural skill. Learning the choreography along with his team members seemed so easy to them, memorizing the steps with just a few replays. Lance had to admit, it was hard not to like him even just a little bit after seeing him in action.

Keith’s transformation into this insanely attractive dancer, it was mesmerizing. And whenever the song dropped low and got slow and R&B, it was like Keith’s sex appeal skyrocketed every single time. Lance was sure he could get girls to throw their underwear at him if he really wanted to — he was so hot.

Lance had never hated someone who attracted him so much.

Somehow, by some stroke of luck — or curse? — it became normal for their two dance groups to have practice at the same time. Of course, Keith stayed on the ground floor with the massive windows, while Lance was on the second floor inside one of the medium sized classrooms. Usually Lance’s dance rehearsal ended first, and they would all walk home just as Keith’s dance group finished up.

With a couple of others, as well as many intrigued bystanders, Lance usually dropped by the huge windows and admire the dance rehearsal held on the ground floor. Specifically Keith.

Keith pulled his eyes with every movement, looking as insanely dashing and attractive as ever, moving to the beat of the music. Lance hated himself a little bit for surrendering to the temptation of watching and admiring Keith’s dances, but he was drawn to it, to him.

Of course, Lance never ever commented on their routines and shuffled straight back to his dorm once they were finished. Once, he remembered meeting Keith’s eyes during one of his dances, dark and glazed with passion, and Lance’s heart actually skipped. He really struggled to focus in his robotics class with Keith sitting at the table across from him, even when his eyes had reverted back to that brooding, solemn look. Lance shielded himself behind Hunk and buried his flushed face in his notes.

It only got worse further into the semester. Emotions rode high with the upcoming midterm exams and deadlines, stress levels meeting their peaks, and the one thing Lance hoped not to stress about
was his hobby for dance. However, with the hip hop sex god Keith downstairs, it was difficult to ignore his racing heart and its loud pounding in his ears. Just one glance at Keith’s suave dance moves and slick poses, and Lance was weak and wobbly in the knees.

On one rare occasion, Lance’s dance practice went on longer than expected. Even the hip hop music blasting downstairs had stopped. As everyone collected their things and threw on their jackets, Lance took a swig of his water bottle and wiped his face with a small towel. The room buzzed with their energy and people began to shuffle out one by one, waving goodbye as they did. Once Lance finally caught his breath, he slung his backpack on his shoulder and searched his pockets for earbuds, only to realize he had forgotten them back in his dorm.

With a frustrated groan, Lance began on his way back to his dorm, heading downstairs when he heard something. Music? It seemed to hum in the silence of the late hour, but Lance heard it nonetheless. Out of curiosity, Lance found himself searching for the source, the sound of his footsteps echoing down the hall.

His eyes fell on the very person he wished he didn’t have such conflicted feelings about—

It was Keith, practicing on his own.

His movements were still as flawless and breathtaking and unfairly attractive as always. Lance swallowed the lump in his throat as he tried to drag his feet from where he’d been glued to the floor, but he couldn’t pull his eyes away, and when the song fell into the smooth sound of the chorus, Lance’s breath hitched.

There he went, Keith, unwittingly tugging at Lance’s heartstrings as he pounded to the beat, kicked and flicked and moved, pulling Lance’s desire along with every motion. Lance was totally and completely enraptured, his reflection gaping in awe behind Keith’s dancing figure. Mullethead was sporting some of his typically hip workout clothes: sweatpants riddled with zippers and stretches of black leather, a plaid red button-up shirt tied around his waist, a beanie sitting stylishly on his head.

The moment Keith saw the eyes fixated on him in the reflection, his dancing came to a screeching halt and his brows furrowed over his eyes. He turned around and glared accusingly at Lance, “What are you doing here?”

And just as quickly, recognizing that spiteful tone of voice, Lance fell out of love. He snapped out of his dreamy fantasy and chided back, “Uh, duh, I came from dance practice.”

“Well, if you’re done, then leave. No need to hang around and watch me like a creep.”

“Ha! Don’t flatter yourself!” Lance scoffed. “I wouldn’t watch you even if my life depended on it!”

“Weren’t you just watching me?”

“Oh, no.”

“I saw you. In the reflection.” Keith crossed his arms and leaned on one foot, the unconvinced expression on his face as irritating as Lance always remembered it.

With a big huff, Lance cleared his throat. “For your information, my gaze was fixed on the handsome fella — a.k.a. me. I was just, I just, I got caught up in my own attractiveness, so I stopped. Why would I stop to watch you, of all people?”

“I don’t know, but you do it all the time.”
“N-no, I don’t!” Lance sputtered awkwardly, startled by the fact that Keith had actually noticed and remembered him, remembered Lance’s fascination with the way he moved, like some sort of fanboy. His cheeks burned hot with embarrassment.

“Yeah, you do.” Keith casually retorted, not believing the obvious denial all over Lance’s flushed face. Almost entertained by the way this flustered Lance reacted, Keith added, “And you like it when I do this.”

As the music hummed quietly in the background, Keith rolled his hips into a slow and smooth body roll, a dance move that killed Lance every single time he laid his eyes on it.

Lance faltered backwards, his backpack slipping from his shoulder. “Not true!”

Keith didn’t answer and kept rolling his hips, following the slow pace of the song, naturally suave and enticing. Lance’s heart was sent racing in his chest, heaving with every breath as he watched Keith take deliberate steps towards him.

“Don’t come near me,” Lance warned, hypnotized by Keith’s slick movements, rocking back and forth. He watched Keith’s hands slide down the sides of his well-toned body and come around to his crotch. One hand flew back to his head and the other stayed down there as he rolled, and Lance backed himself against the wall, reduced to a crumbling, nervous wreck. “Stop it.”

“You’re such a liar.” Keith smirked under his messy bangs, a devilish glint in his eyes. “You like it.”

It was true. He was fucking hot and honestly, Lance felt like he was dying, suffocating from the heat in the air, the music, the lack of air from holding his breath for so long. Lance cowered under Keith’s hard gaze. “Stop it.”

“Looks like you like it a little too much, huh?” Keith grinned, a sense of mischief lingering in the air. “You like it when I roll my hips up like this, slowly, like this.”

The music was as slow and deep as Keith’s hips, and it drove Lance crazy, watching him roll his hips towards him like that. It was provocative and insanely hot, and Lance leaned against the wall behind him to support his own weight, his knees almost buckling from below. Lance swallowed nervously, his head spinning. A desperate shimmer in his eyes, Lance pressed his hands against the wall behind him, his long fingers flattened against the wall of student flyers and posters.

“I bet you want me to roll behind you, want me to do this, grind real good behind you.” Keith rolled up right in front of him, their bodies inches away, feeling each other’s hot breaths brush against their skin. Keith leaned forward, putting his hands against the wall and trapping Lance between his lean, muscular arms, whispering as he continued to rock his hips, “What, did I turn you on?”

Ashamed and embarrassed, Lance squeezed his eyes shut and turned his face away.

“You want me to grind on you, Lance?”

Lance bit his lip.

“You want me to grind on you, real hard and good, don’t you, feel me behind you.”

Lance gasped when he felt Keith come around him, peeling him from the wall and turning him around, hips rolling into him — grinding, grinding, grinding. Firm hands grabbed Lance’s skinny waist, and from behind Keith moved. Lance shuddered at the friction, feeling the rhythmic rocking of Keith’s hips against his own, feeling the heat of his body rubbing against him. Lance melted under his touch, his jaded breaths trembling from his lips. “K-Keith.”
“Hey,” Keith whispered, “Can we fuck for real?”

Lance agreed to it.

The two scurried through a door that led to another hallway, a darker and less public hallway that led to one of the building’s fire escapes. With no windows around, the only light came filtering through the slits on the doors, accompanied by the dim sound of Keith’s music playing in the near distance.

Against the wall, Keith and Lance were locked in a kiss, eagerly tugging and pulling at pants down below the waist so their underwear peeked from underneath. Keith saw blue, printed cat paws, and the word “meow” in handwritten font scribbled all over. His chest tightened at the unexpected flurry of affection he felt. For some reason, it was fucking cute, especially when the pair of boxer briefs hugged the slight curves of Lance’s waist, snug and tight and adorable and irresistible.

Impatiently, Keith brought his hands down, following the lines of Lance’s skinny body until they touched the soft fabric of his underwear. Fingers teased at the garter, slipping underneath the stretch of fabric before slowly dragging it lower and lower. Keith felt hot skin tingling under his fingertips, rolling his hips into Lance, who gasped.

At that moment Keith pushed his tongue into the kiss and his hand down with Lance’s boxer briefs, freeing the restrained cock from underneath. This elicited a startled yelp from Lance, who shuddered at the cool air. His cock popped out, long and slender, hard and pinkish, almost too cute.

With an excited huff, Keith began to stroke Lance’s member. His own cock throbbed jealously from under his own boxers, forcing a few grunts out of Keith’s mouth.

Lance was quick to respond to Keith’s muffled noises and let his hand reach for Keith’s aching crotch. His boxers were black and red, and the tent under Lance’s hand sent Keith’s head spinning, feeling him slowly running his hand over it. The contact ripped a groan out of Keith’s throat, when Lance released his raging cock from his red boxers, watching it rise with purpose. On the head, it was already dribbling with a sticky liquid, dying for some action. Lance granted its wishes and wrapped his long fingers around it, letting his hand slide up and down.

Their eyes flickered below as they did this, until Keith suddenly craved the feeling of Lance’s lips on his own, pulling him into another feverish kiss. The two fell silent as their hands caressed and pumped at their cocks while their mouths swallowed and savored the taste of the other. The lewd sounds of their wet kisses and moving hands filled the hallway, the music humming in the background. Impatient and hungry, Keith pushed Lance against the wall, jerking into his fist.

“Take ‘em off,” Keith demanded, and Lance seemed to register the command slowly, his gaze following Keith’s free hand tugging at Lance’s pants around his thighs. “Come on…fuck, I wanna fuck, hurry.”

Keith pressed his lips on Lance’s throat, sucking and licking as Lance shimmied out of his jeans, which dropped to the floor. He kicked off his shoes and stood there with bare legs and mismatched socks, feeling Keith run his hands down his naked legs.

Then Keith grabbed him by the waist, his fingers digging into brown skin, and grunted, “Wrap your legs around me.”

Lance did as he was told, slinging his arms around Keith’s neck as he felt hands travel down to his ass. Keith moved his hips so that Lance could let his weight rest on him. Through half-lidded eyes, Lance watched Keith position himself impatiently, mildly fascinated by the way his hips aligned with his own.
And then in one fluid motion, with a forceful push, Keith buried himself into Lance’s tight heat. They both sucked in a breath at the sudden impact, panting and gasping breathlessly as they adjusted to the raw burn of their connected bodies. Lance clenched around Keith, squeezing him with delicious pressure. Keith was almost dizzy, absorbing the heat and tightness around his throbbing cock.

Through clenched teeth, Keith seethed and pulled away. His cock wasn’t completely out of Lance before it was shoved back inside, gravity pulling Lance down, forcing a strangled gasp out of him. The two of them slid against the wall, fucking and fucking, until their weight brought them down to the floor.

Without having to carry Lance, Keith slowed. He rolled his hips slowly the way Lance liked to watch him do it, rolling his hips right into him, again and again. He was just as smooth, rocking into Lance with the same natural smoothness as his own dancing.

Lance gasped below him, covering his mouth with his hand as Keith rocked into him. Keith sucked in a breath, feeling the heat engulf him and clench around his throbbing cock, and he let out a shaky sigh at the feeling. Keith could feel Lance’s tense muscles under his fingers, hot and brown and slick with sweat, feeling Lance’s tense muscles squeezing around him.

The hip hop playing from Keith’s speakers hummed on, and Lance watched Keith, the attractive dancer. Some songs helped pull him into the mood, a lot of it in Korean, but it was never the kind of fast-paced pop music Lance expected. It was lean and slow, hip and cool, some of them focusing on the beat and the low tones. Most of the times he couldn’t understand what they were singing about, but judging from the smooth beat and the interspersed English, he understood that they were all about a girl — meeting her, loving her, missing her — getting in bed with her.

Keith moved with the music, which Lance seemed to really like, rolling in time to the beat. Whenever he fell out of tempo, Lance always gasped in surprise, but Keith kind of liked it when he caught him off guard. His heart thumped in his chest seeing his face, his expression caught in bliss, his brows arched, his wet lips parting and pursing as he moaned and whined. Keith’s breath hitched at the sight, his eyes tracing the lines of Lance’s navel and waist before settling on the glossiness of his dark sweaty skin.

The song in the background fell into the chorus, repeating the same words over and over again.

*You’re so beautiful.*

The only words in English. And Keith knew Lance could understand at least that much, grinding into him and savoring the sound of his voice. He leaned in and let his hot breath touch the shell of his ear, “This song’s called YSBTF, you know what that stands for?”

Lance, struggling to find the words, simply shook his head. Keith could feel the warmth radiating from his body, mingling with his own, breathing and sharing the same air. Keith pressed his face against the crook of Lance’s neck and inhaled the scent of his body. He was sweet and spicy, like cinnamon almost, but sweaty and hot. Keith dragged a tongue across that copper skin to see if he could taste cinnamon. Lance moaned underneath him.

“*You’re So Beautiful.*” Keith groaned, “That’s what YSBTF stands for.”

He wasn’t sure if Lance could even hear him, but as the muscles tightened around Keith’s pulsating cock, he knew. Lance could definitely hear him.

“You’re so beautiful,” Keith said again, rolling his hips, peppering kisses along Lance’s collarbone
and shoulders. His skin was so soft and beautiful under his lips, sweet and delectable. Every kiss that landed on Lance’s brown skin was met with warmth and shyness, the blush creeping into his cheeks. “You’re so beautiful, that’s what it means…did you know that, Lance? You’re so beautiful.”

Keith was definitely using the song’s title as an excuse to compliment how absolutely gorgeous and breathtaking Lance was right now, but Lance soaked it all up. Every praise and flattery, Lance drank it all up and reacted wonderfully, moaning and arching into Keith’s thrusts. Keith drowned in the sound of his voice, his choked gasps and strangled noises, loving everything that escaped his parted lips. Keith saw the twisted expression on his face, torn between shame and pleasure. It was wildly arousing to see him like this, all hot and bothered.

The next song that came on was Jay Park’s single *All I Wanna Do*, which was faster paced but still fell under the cool tones and beats of hip hop. Keith matched the tempo with his thrusts, and Lance gasped adjusting below him. Keith grabbed his sides, pressing his fingers into hot brown skin.

Sweat slickened their flesh and Keith rocked to the rhythm of the song, but it still felt way too slow, and Keith wanted nothing more than to fuck hard and good into Lance, so that he would whimper and cry out. Once the song came to the bridge, which howled at the mention of something *purrin’ like a kitten* — it ignited something inside of Keith.

Licking his lips with a determined glint in his eyes, Keith suddenly pounded into Lance, falling out of tempo and forcing a surprised gasp out of his wet lips. The music blurred into the background as Keith thrust, listening to the amazing noises that came out of Lance, drowning out everything else around them. It became purely physical, fucking raw and hard and *good*. His hips rammed violently into Lance, who whimpered and angled his slender body into those heartless thrusts, feeling him completely as he rubbed against his insides.

“Keith,” Lance whined, as if he had something to say, “Keith…”

“Yeah,” Keith replied, leaning into him. “Yeah, babe, just say it.”

Lance mewed at that, and Keith felt him squeeze around him. He swallowed hard and slung his arms around Keith’s neck. “Keith…you’re a really sexy dancer.”

Keith looked curiously at him, but it soon turned mischievous and playful when he grinned, “Does it make you hot, watching me?”

Lance nodded. “Too fucking hot.”

“You wish we could do this every time, right,” Keith grunted. “You wanna fuck when you see me dance.”

Before Lance was even given a chance to collect his thoughts, Keith’s erection met Lance’s prostate in one brutal thrust. It was uncontrollable and dangerous, a collision dripping with murderous intent, turning Lance into a puddle of sexual pleasure. And Keith, realizing what he had done, went wild at Lance’s prostate, going harder and harder at it.

Lance gasped and panted his name over and over again, his back arching, his body begging for more. And Keith gave it exactly that, pounding furiously into him, wanting to go deeper, harder. Keith gripped onto Lance’s sides, fingers digging into bronze skin and leaving angry marks behind. His breaths became erratic as he leaned and scattered kisses and bites around Lance’s neck, sinking his teeth into gorgeous brown skin and savoring the sound of Lance’s voice. Keith continued to leave possessive marks all over Lance’s skinny body, feeling his own body thrust and thrust without mercy.
Then, all of a sudden, Keith stuttered, shoving and jerking uncontrollably into Lance, who keened as Keith caved into the pleasure. Keith unloaded inside of him, releasing a surge of sticky white liquid and shooting hard and deep inside of Lance’s trembling body. It felt unstoppable, the hot liquid of his cum spurting thick, white ropes. Moaning through the pleasure, they rode the shivering high, letting the feeling of sexual bliss consume them.

Keith could feel the sticky vile liquid smearing against Lance’s insides as he slipped out, his satisfied cock bobbing out slowly. Below him, Lance was a hot mess, shaking and panting breathlessly.

Still sputtering and leaving strings of sticky white liquid, Keith left traces of himself over Lance’s hips and thighs. He groaned and collapsed next to Lance’s exhausted body as the residue dribbled out of his cock, bobbing between his legs. The two stared blankly at the ceiling, their limbs numb and sore.

“Fuck, that felt good.” Keith sighed contentedly.

“So…tired.” Lance breathed. Tonight was full of physical exertion, mostly dancing, but the fucking was definitely going to be hard to forget. More than anything, Lance was exhausted.

“Ha, that was nothing.” Keith smirked. “I can still keep going.”

Lance rolled his eyes and grumbled, narrowing his eyes at the all too satisfied expression on Keith’s face. Of course, Lance was never one to back down from a fight. “I can still keep going, too! I can go on for way longer than you!”

“You wanna go again?”

Startled, Lance found himself at a loss for words, stuttering, “W-what? No!”

“Because I can still go again.”

“Yeah, and I can still go, too!” Lance quickly snapped back, his competitive personality wanting to push their rivalry. Still, flustered by Keith’s confidence in his ability to go for another round, Lance spoke more softly, more hesitantly. “You sound like you still wanna go. Why, do you still wanna go?”

Keith shrugged. “I’ll only fuck if you wanna fuck.”

It wasn’t a flirtatious gesture, but it was flattering to know that Keith acknowledged consent. Lance felt his heart skip a beat. “Well, that’s awfully nice of you.”

“What?”

“I don’t know, you seemed like the type to do it anyway, even if the other person doesn’t wanna.” Lance said, pausing, wanting to rephrase it. “I didn’t expect ol’ Keith to respect another person’s feelings, that’s all.”

“That’s dumb.” Keith scoffed. “Who do you think I am?”

“I dunno, but you turned out to be a lot nicer than I thought…I guess I hate you a little less now.” Lance was the one to shrug this time. “I’d hate you even less if you give me a ride back to my dorm on your fancy red motorcycle.”

Keith snorted. “Deal.”
As the two caught their breaths, staring at the ceiling, listening to the quiet humming of Keith’s music, their naked bodies exposed to the air, they laughed to themselves. They laughed at the soreness of their bodies, the aching muscles, their raspy voices. Just a couple of dudes who really liked to dance, sprawled on the floor in the middle of the night.

His body hurt like hell right now, but hopefully Lance would still be able to attend tomorrow night’s dance practice.
HCILU

Chapter Summary

Keith loves to dance. Keith dances to sweat out his frustrations. Dance takes it away.

One of the things Keith seems to sweat out during dance rehearsal, instead of the usual stress and frustration of his studies, is Lance.

(AKA: Keith and Lance have an ambiguous relationship where they’re kinda friends and kinda lovers and after another night of dance practice, they get it on lol)

Chapter Notes

I meant to finish this way earlier but it got harder and harder to find time further into the semester…now it’s mid-second semester and I’m still a mess LOL

good thing is, it’s here

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Keith loved to dance.

It was something he felt natural doing, an innate part of himself. Movement and action — that was how Keith communicated. He wasn’t talkative, never striking a conversation, always distant and silent. Verbal interaction had never really been his forte. Keith was definitely more of an “action speaks louder than words” type of guy. The epitome of the “cool, silent type” who was really just someone who didn’t know how to handle social situations without struggling one way or another.

And then there was Lance.

Lance had barged his way into his life, as superfluous and loud as Keith was silent. Lance had filled in the silence, always having something to say. Something dumb, something obnoxious, something stupid. Whatever he had to say, it was impossible to ignore him for some reason. He beamed with enthusiasm, radiating confidence and bravado, and his smile was blinding. Warm, sunny. It was hard not to get drawn in.

Always drawing attention to himself, Lance was a walking beacon. He shared everything with everybody, as if everything that pertained to his life needed to be announced to everyone else. His belongings and his experiences were never his alone. Lance was Keith’s complete opposite — collaborating, sharing, talking, always engaging with other people. Maybe that was why he stuck out to Keith so much. Not only was he unbelievably hard to ignore, he was also everything that Keith was not. Talkative, approachable, outgoing.

It was hard to say whether Keith hated him or was intrigued by him. Whatever it was, Lance was putting feelings where there never used to be any. Evidently Keith became confused, conflicted. To him, his life had always been the same: work hard and go hard. Keith never contemplated over his
decisions. They were always impulsive, instinctive. Keith never dwelled on his feelings. Keith was a straightforward guy. Everything made sense to him that way. He worked hard to achieve his goals, he went hard no matter what obstacles stood in his way. That was how the world worked for him.

But Lance — he was different.

Lance cared.

Because he cared so much, he thought things through, he considered other things, he let his feelings get in the way. The reason Lance’s robotics project failed was probably because of that — he let himself get distracted, by other people, by his emotions, by his desire to please others. Instead of realizing that, Lance blamed Keith for his failure. And Keith honestly didn’t understand how it could possibly be his fault that his own project was declared successful while Lance’s was not. Keith had worked hard to make it that way. Unlike Lance, he didn’t waste his time “treating himself” and taking “breaks” and going out with friends.

By some wild coincidence, Keith shared more than one class with this obnoxious guy. They had robotics together, aerospace engineering lab together, and aircraft design together. Three classes. Three classes where Keith’s attention drifted away from the professor and lingered on the slender boy sitting a few rows to his left, drumming his fingers rhythmically on the table. Blue headphones perched around his neck or settled on his head, Lance never seemed to pay attention to the professor scribbling away on the whiteboard.

Well, neither was Keith, now that he thought about it.

Outside of class, Keith danced. He danced because it cleared his mind. Keith drowned in his dancing, letting the beat and his movements carry away his convoluted thoughts. Keith cared about the precision of his dances because it was in his nature, he had always been like that. Work hard, go hard. There was no point in doing anything without giving it the required effort. Simple as that.

Anytime classes bogged him down, Keith danced to sweat out his frustrations. Dance took it away. Every time Keith hit the beat, kicking and flicking, it felt right.

One of the things Keith seemed to sweat out during dance rehearsal, instead of the usual stress and frustration of his studies, was Lance.

His relationship with Lance went through a lot of dramatic changes over the course of this one semester. Keith didn’t necessarily dislike the changes. Ever since that night, when Lance caught him practicing by himself, they crossed a lot of lines. Skipped a lot of steps. So things between them changed.

A lot.

It was probably why Keith danced so hard these days, getting caught up in the weird thing he had going on between him and Lance. They never really specified what was between them, but it was something like friends, maybe — boyfriends? It was casual, maybe to relieve some pent up emotions that had been bottled up for so long. Well, whatever it was, they hung out more, they talked more. And even though they haven’t touched each other since then, they acknowledged it. They knew it happened.

Ever since that night, Keith found himself giving Lance a ride back to his dorm on his motorcycle on more than one occasion. Lance often waited for him after his own dance rehearsals ended, admiring him from a distance, sitting cross-legged on the floor. As soon as Keith’s practice wrapped up and they were done for the night, Lance did that cute little half-jog to Keith’s side and commented on
their routine with an excited smile on his face, gushing over his favorite parts.

Keith memorized and perfected those parts.

Tonight was yet another late Thursday night of dance. Winter was quickly approaching, snow fluttering down from the sky. Dance practice was still as rigorous and intense as always, spending as much time as needed to fix and clean up the routine. By this time of year, Keith had stopped using his red motorcycle to get around town, simply because the roads were too messy. Full of snow slush and ice. Besides, the cold wind blowing in his face didn’t feel all that great.

Whenever Keith walked Lance back to his dorm, he would always hear Lance complain about how “walking in a winter wonderland” was “the worst” and demand the motorcycle come back. Keith thought it was a little irritating to deal with someone as annoying as Lance whining, but for some reason, he walked him back to his dorm and dealt with his grumbling protests anyway. Not only that, he even waited until Lance’s card swiped through, watching his thin body slip through the door and enter the building, the warm lights hitting him in all the right places, before finally heading back to his own place.

Keith’s dance practice rarely ended first, but tonight happened to be one of those nights. Lance was still at rehearsal upstairs, and with that in mind, Keith packed his things and snuck up to the second floor. He stepped and made his way down the hall, turning at the right corner and, having memorized where his designated room was, stopped at its door.

Through the little window on the door, Keith casually peeked inside, feeling the vibrations of the blasting pop music thundering along the floor. They were cleaning their routine, a group of twenty or so, moving to the lyrics and making gestures to their own reflections in the window.

Keith’s eyes searched for someone tall and slender, landing on Lance’s dancing figure. Lance wasn’t an exceptional dancer, but he was above average. With enough practice and dedication, Lance could definitely qualify for one of the competitive dance groups. Then again, he did say he was in a bunch of dance groups — which Keith thought was crazy — so it made sense that he wouldn’t perfect his every move for every dance.

The choreographer inside suddenly called for a five minute break, telling the group that they would have a few more run-throughs and they would be done for the night. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief and returned to the corners of the classroom, grabbing their water bottles and chatting it up with the person next to them.

Keith’s eyes followed Lance as he went for his water bottle, watching his head tip back as he swallowed, the water running down his throat. Lance muttered to the person next to him about making a toilet run real quick, and Keith’s heart pounding with excitement as he stepped away from the door.

The door clicked open and the heat of the classroom came pouring outside, a wave of sweaty air escaping into the hallway. It was all too familiar for Keith to find it gross. In fact, a grin crawled its way onto his face when Lance stepped outside and jumped at the sight of him.

“Holy crow, you scared me!” Lance squeaked. “Don’t startle me like that! You’re just standing there, you should at least say ‘hi’ or something.”

“What’s the big deal,” Keith almost smirked. “You would’ve jumped if I said ‘hi’ anyways.”

Lance puffed at that. “Not true. I’m not that jumpy. You just caught me by surprise, that’s all. Your dance practice usually goes on for way longer than mine.”
“We finished early,” Keith shrugged. “I thought it was nice. I get to watch you for a change.”

Lance opened his mouth to say something, but hesitated before realizing what he came out of the room to do. “Yeah, so I’m going to the bathroom. No need to come with me.”

Keith followed him anyway, trailing after his footsteps. When Lance made bigger strides and quickened his pace, so did Keith, who chuckled at Lance’s defeated groan.

“So, do you get to do body rolls in this dance?” Keith asked.

Lance didn’t answer and walked into the restroom, entering an empty stall and shutting it behind him.

“Why don’t you use the urinal?” Keith’s voice echoed in the bathroom, and he grinned, knowing the answer. Lance liked to have privacy in the restroom, which Keith thought was incredibly uncharacteristic of him. He always figured Lance was the type to strike a conversation with the person peeing next to him. “Afraid of me seeing your—”

“Stop asking me stupid questions!” Came the reply.

Keith snorted. “I just wanna know if you’re doing body rolls. I know it’s your favorite dance move.”

“No, it’s not,” Lance retorted.

“I can teach you.” Keith said, and the restroom fell silent. “How to do body rolls.”

The toilet flushed before Keith could continue urging him, and Lance came out of the stall, a constipated look on his face. “Why are you so determined to teach me how to do body rolls?”

“Because I know you like them.”

Lance walked to the sink and washed his hands, lacing his long fingers together and rinsing them under hot water. He wiped his hands on his jeans before turning around, searching Keith’s eyes and narrowing his own, “I’m asking you why you wanna teach me so bad. I can learn how to do them myself.”

“Because,” Keith let out a sigh, following Lance out of the bathroom. “I wanna watch you do them.”

A few steps down the hall, Lance stopped walking. Keith almost walked into him, raising a curious eyebrow. Keith stepped around him and his gaze fell on Lance’s flushed face, feeling his heart skip a beat.

“I just thought, you really like it when I do body rolls, so,” Keith started, his voice low, watching Lance’s eyes drop to the floor. “I wanted to know if I’d like it too…when you do it.”

Lance averted his eyes, and Keith felt his heart beating frantically in his chest. Keith liked this face, it was contemplative and almost bashful. Someone like Lance — bashful. There was an urge to kiss him, but Keith ignored it and gulped down the fondness he had for how sheepish and self-conscious Lance looked.

“I, I have a few run-throughs left and then I’m done for the night.” Lance mumbled, finally meeting his eyes before quickly turning to the door. “Just wait out here, okay? And don’t watch.”

Keith nodded. He was tempted to disobey him and watch anyway, but Keith had a soft spot for Lance’s “kitty eyes” — large and demanding, a shimmer of mischief twinkling playfully in his eyes.
And so Keith waited, pulling out his phone and plugging in his earbuds. He grabbed a seat in the hallway and dropped his things beside him, pulling his impatient gaze away from the door that stood between him and Lance. When the pop music blaring inside the classroom was loud enough for Keith to hear, he cranked up his own music and casually scrolled through his university email and his social media news feed, liking all the photos that Hunk posted of himself, Pidge, and Lance a few weeks ago. Apparently they went out for drinks to celebrate their midterm exam scores for their aircraft design class — Hunk mentioned in the caption that Lance claimed to be “drowning out his sorrows” instead, a crying emoji next to it.

Keith snorted at the photo, Pidge and Hunk smiling cheekily, a drink in their hands for a celebratory toast. Meanwhile Lance had his arms sprawled across the table, his face twisted with unhappiness. The large pout sitting on his lips, as miserable and dramatic as always, struck a cord in Keith, and his heart ached with affection. Lance was really cute sometimes.

And by sometimes, he meant all the time.

Keith was brought back to reality when he realized people were exiting the classroom. He pulled his earbuds out and raised his head, hoping Lance didn’t use this chance to slip away into the darkness. Keith rose from where he sat, slinging his backpack onto his shoulders and fixing the red cap on his head.

There was chit-chat between the dance members as they came filing out of the room, taking swigs of their water bottles and laughing at things. Keith leaned against the wall behind him as he waited for Lance, watching the door intently.

Keith could hear the rhythmic beats of his heart pounding in his ears when Lance stepped out of the room, laughing at something someone said to him. A twinkling laughter. Keith fell in love every single time his eyes caught that dazzling smile.

Lance urged his companions on and waved goodbye to them as they disappeared downstairs one by one. Keith could tell he was a little uncomfortable under his gaze, shuffling awkwardly before he turned around and perked an eyebrow. “Why do you have to stare me down the whole time?”

Keith blinked. “I wasn’t.”

“Uh, yeah, you were.”

“No, I wasn’t.”

“Everyone was giving you weird looks!” Lance threw his hands up in the air. “You had one job, Keith. All you had to do was sit out here and wait for me.”

“I did that.”

“Well, yeah, but when I came out, you were staring so hard, you were basically burning a hole through me! Don’t you think about how other people can see you? They don’t know you, so of course they’re gonna think you’re weird for staring. Don’t you know it’s rude to stare?”

“I don’t really care what other people think about me.”

Lance wrinkled his nose at that. “O—kay, sure.”

Keith really didn’t.

“So, the body rolls?”
Lance gave him a defeated look and sighed. “Man, you’ve got a one-track mind. Seriously.”

Keith shrugged.

“Why don’t you tell me about your own dance first, Mr. Hot Shot?” Lance said. “Maybe you can inspire me.”

“You’ve already seen my dance.”

“Well, yeah, but,” Lance started but stopped, realizing he didn’t really have anything to say. “I didn’t get to see it tonight.”

Keith liked Lance’s face sometimes. “You know what, you just reminded me — we added something to the routine.”

Lance lit up. “Oh, what is it?”

“It’s a dolphin dive, so we dip onto the floor and roll back up. So kinda like a backwards worm, I guess.” At the look of genuine curiosity on Lance’s face, Keith added, “I’ll show you.”

Stepping back, Keith backtracked his memory of the routine and licked his lips. Then all of a sudden, he jumped and dove to the floor, landing on his hands and letting the rest of his body follow through in a smooth roll. By the time his feet met the ground, Keith was pushing up on his hands, making the entire move look fluid and clean.

“And then we pull into some footwork, like this,” Keith continued, holding his weight off the ground with his hands, kicking his legs under him and pushing off the ground. When he was finally on his feet, Keith cleared his throat and fixed his cap. “So, yeah, there’s that.”

Lance looked like a deer in headlights. “Oh, okay.”

“What?”

“Nothing.”

Nothing never meant nothing, but Keith didn’t feel like challenging him. “Let’s see you do a body roll.”

This startled him, as if he forgot. “Oh, we’re still doing that?”

“Uh, yeah?”

Lance obviously didn’t want to do it, hesitating and almost wilting under Keith’s hard gaze. But he knew Keith would never let him live it down if he chickened out of something like this. After all, it was just a dance move — a dance move that was pretty much impossible to pull off without turning into a tomato. Keith could do it easily, no questions asked, as suave and effortless as ever, because Keith didn’t care about what others thought of him. But Lance cared. And a body roll was something he didn’t exactly feel comfortable doing in front of other people. By himself? He was a professional. In front of Hunk? He could pull it off. In front of Pidge? Now there would be some hesitation. In front of strangers? Then it was impossible.

In front of Keith? The dancing hip hop sex god?

Yeah, no.

Keith watched intently, crossing his lean arms as his gaze ran down Lance’s long body, as if he were
scrutinizing and examining every detail. Lance almost felt shivers run down his spine, but that could have been his nerves striking fear in him. Lance swallowed the lump in his throat, “Okay, well, here goes. Prepare to be amazed.”

Keith’s gaze hardened when Lance made his attempt to do the body roll, which felt really stiff and probably looked really stiff, and judging from the look on Keith’s face, it wasn’t the best body roll he’d ever seen.

“You’re too stiff.”

Lance almost rolled his eyes and groaned with exasperation, feeling a little embarrassed that someone as skilled as Keith was criticizing his dance moves. “I know.”

“Then loosen up.” Keith simply said, giving him that duh face.

“What, am I supposed to do it again?”

“Yeah.”

Lance hummed. “Uh, yeah, you already saw it once. I think that’s enough for one night. Maybe next time!”

“Don’t you want to get better at it?”

“Well, yeah, but I can do that on my own.”

“I can help you.”

“I appreciate the offer, Keith, but I think I’ll pass on this one.” Lance smiled awkwardly. “I could really use your help on the aero lab homework, though!”

Keith walked up to him and put his hands on Lance’s waist, which tensed under his touch. Lance looked like he’d been struck by lightning.

“I-I still need to write my report, so maybe, if you want, we could write them together!” Lance stammered, prattling at the speed of light. “Or, if you already wrote yours, you could just give me some tips, you know? What’d you write for yours anyway? I never know what else to write for my reports, it’s pretty straightforward. Well, I’m kind of bad at explaining myself, though, so that’s probably why I don’t have anything good to say in my reports?”

“You have to move your hips more smoothly, Lance,” Keith moved his hands, Lance’s skinny waist under them, pushing gently and rocking it back and forth.

Lance shut up, gasping and then immediately clasping his mouth shut.

“See, you have to roll your whole body.” Keith continued, bringing a hand to Lance’s stomach and pressing lightly, directing Lance to gyrate and roll his hips back and forth. It tickled, feeling his skin tingle from under his shirt where Keith’s hand touched him. “You have to let one part of the body move and then the rest follows.”

Lance followed his instructions, letting Keith’s hands lead the motion and movement of his hips.

“Yeah, just like that,” Keith breathed softly, not meeting his eyes. “You’re doing it.”

Lance simply nodded, his cheeks burning.
“I’m gonna let go, okay?” Keith said suddenly, his hands reluctantly pulling away from Lance’s waist. His fingers brushed along his hips before he finally stepped back. “Try doing it by yourself.”

Nodding again, Lance did as he was told. A shaky sigh tumbled from his lips as he rolled, stuttering at first, then finding his groove. Lance’s slender body rolled, his hips undulating, almost like rippling water. Lance worried he was still doing it wrong, since Keith was being suspiciously quiet as he did it, those dark eyes hard and focused. Lance felt like he was going to crumble under Keith’s gaze, he was staring so hard.

“I’m good now, right? I can do it…kinda.” Lance looked at him. “Well, good enough.”

Just as he began to slow down and his momentum fell, Keith walked up to him, up close and personal. “Don’t stop now, Lance. Keep going.”

“What?” Lance asked quietly, feeling Keith’s eager hands return to his hips, his fingers burning where they touched him.

Then Keith stepped behind him, right behind him, and memories of their first encounter came flooding back. There Keith was again, his crotch pressed against him, feeling the warmth of his well-toned body behind him. It was super embarrassing, but at the same time, even Lance could tell there was some hesitation. An attempt to be more gentle or considerate or something. Lance could hear his frantic heart pounding all the way up to his ears.

“What are you doing?” Lance asked slowly, despite knowing the answer, feeling Keith push from behind. He started to rock his hips against him, slowly.

“I’m helping you learn how to do body rolls.” Keith answered, his breaths shorter than they were before. “Just, just follow my movements.”

And then Keith went harder, his body rolling against Lance, smooth and firm. Lance didn’t oppose this, but it definitely threw his heart for a loop, his head spinning.

Blood rushed south to Keith’s lower half as he rolled, feeling the slight curves of Lance’s ass pressed right against his crotch. Keith held back his groans as he rolled. Grinding and grinding. His hands reached and grasped Lance’s slender waist, letting his body rolls carry into Lance, who moved slowly with him. Feeling Lance against him excited Keith, remembering the thrill of their touching bodies — their body heat mingling, catching whiffs of that sweet cinnamon of Lance’s brown skin, watching his lips part and hearing his choked gasps.

“You…you like body rolls way more than me, Keith.” Lance mumbled, his cheeks burning hot. “I bet you’re just using this as an excuse to grind on me.”

Keith didn’t answer right away and instead kept his hips moving, breathing heavily. “No, I’m not, I’m just…teaching you how to do body rolls.”

“Keith,” Lance whispered, swallowing hard as he felt Keith press against him harder than before, rocking his crotch into him more aggressively. Lance could feel the tent forming against him and let out a small gasp. “Just admit it.”

Craving intimacy, Keith almost growled as he jerked into Lance without meaning to. “What, you don’t like it? Do you want me to stop?”

“I just want you to tell me.” Lance replied, melting under Keith’s touch. “Tell me what you’re planning.”
“Ugh, fine.” Grinding and rubbing against Lance, Keith breathed heavily, his voice coming out a little rough and desperate. “Every time I do body rolls or whatever, whenever I go to dance practice, I think of you, Lance. And whenever I think of you, it makes me wanna touch you all over the place. I think of you and then I think about how much I…how much I wanna fuck you again. I wanna see your face. I wanna fuck — fuck, Lance.”

“Oh god,” Lance whispered, feeling Keith’s hands wander from his hips, roaming up to his chest and then down to his legs.

“Now you know.” Keith touched him with an intensity that was definitely more than just pent-up frustration, turning more lustful and greedy. His hands groped him from behind before coming around to slide to the inside of his thighs, fingers teasing at the loose garter of Lance’s sweatpants before settling on his crotch. “I missed touching you. I missed this scrawny ass body of yours. I jerk off to you, you know.”

“Keith!” Lance gasped with embarrassment, his flushed face turning a shade darker. He could feel Keith rocking into him, something hard poking Lance from behind. The tent in Keith’s joggers was pressed against his ass, eager and excited, turning Keith’s body rolls into something more sexual and dangerous.

“You send me all these Snapchats even though I never reply, but they’re so fucking cute, Lance. I wanna save all of them.” Keith continued, spewing out the starry-eyed nonsense he found himself thinking about Lance, which always embarrassed him. “I saved the one of you in bed. You had one of those dumb filters on.”

Lance didn’t answer, dizzy feeling the intense body heat down below. It was even hotter now listening to Keith’s confessions, every part of his body burning. This was the first time he was actually hearing about himself. Keith never talked about how he felt, especially not how he felt about Lance, and now that he was, Lance didn’t know how to handle it. The last time Keith talked about something this intimate was while he was buried inside of him, pounding and groaning and rocking into him, calling him “babe” and getting carried away in the sound of his music. Lance suddenly remembered the song **YSBTF** and blushed at the memory. It was a song he would remember forever.

“You looked amazing.” Keith admitted. “Made me wanna crash into your dorm and fuck you all night.”

“Keith,” Lance gasped again.

“It’s crazy, I don’t know,” Keith let out a chuckle through his clenched teeth, breathing heavily. “I think I like you or something.”

Speechless, Lance swooned and felt his knees almost buckle from underneath him.

“I dance because it helps clear my mind, but nowadays I just think of you, Lance.” Keith pulled him into a tighter embrace and pressed his lips against the hot skin of his neck, inhaling his familiar scent. A kick of spice that bit back at Keith as he dragged his tongue across brown skin, his hot breaths tickling Lance’s neck. “I like it when you watch me dance and wait for my rehearsals to end. I like walking you to your dorm. I like your face.”

“Heh, is this a confession or something?” Lance finally replied, a coy smile on his face.

“I don’t know, maybe.” Keith murmured, peppering kisses along Lance’s collarbone. “If it isn’t, then what is it?”
“I guess you’ve got a point.”

“Is that all you have to say?”

Lance chuckled and shrugged, grateful he couldn’t see the look on Keith’s face. “I think I might like you, too, maybe, I dunno.”

With a fond smile, Keith hummed. His hands began to tug and pull at Lance’s sweatpants, his lips brushing against his tan skin. He savored the taste, sucking and nibbling. “What kind of answer is that?”

“It’s an answer?” Lance replied lamely, shuddering under Keith’s lips. When hands traveled down with his sweatpants, Lance stopped them before they could go any further. “Hey, is it cool if we didn’t do this in the hallway?”

Keith stopped and blinked at him. “Oh.”

“I, I mean, I know you’re super excited and stuff, but we did it in the hallway last time, and I dunno, I’d rather get it on in bed. It would probably feel better that way,” Lance offered, a cheeky smile on his face. “What do you say?”

Groaning, Keith reluctantly parted from him and nodded. “Fine. Let’s go to my place. It’s closer.”

Lance blinked at him this time, fixing his pants around his waist. “Isn’t my dorm closer? You always walk me back, I figured I was on the way.”

“No, I just like to walk with you.” Keith muttered, a little embarrassed after finally admitting it.

“So, all this time, you…went out of your way for me?”

Keith was the flustered one this time. “Whatever, let’s go already.”

Lance beamed at him.

Keith’s heart fluttered. In his excitement, he grabbed Lance’s hand and tugged him along, bringing him downstairs. Lance sputtered and faltered, scrambling to put on his coat and throw his backpack over his shoulder. Their feet echoed down the halls, crunching on the pristine snow outside, leaving behind a trail of footsteps in the winter floor as they rushed to Keith’s place.

When they arrived, Lance gaped up at the tall building that housed only the most elite students. Keith scored well and a lot of his credits transferred, so his housing reflected his good marks. He was lucky enough to be one of the people who had the chance to choose where he lived. And now, he had a solo room all to himself. It might be smaller than Lance’s room, but it was nicer and newer, and the dining hall on the ground floor was far nicer than the one at Lance’s dormitory.

As much as Lance would have enjoyed a tour through the topflight dormitory, maybe a stroll through the fancy lounge area that opened up to a lavish patio, Keith wasted no time and dragged him upstairs. Lance spotted an elevator and urged Keith to use it, but his words fell on deaf ears.

“I’m on the third floor. You’ll be fine.” Keith muttered, still holding Lance’s hand. “It takes too long to get down here anyway.”

Lance grumbled. “At least you have a functioning elevator. Ours is broken down half the time! It’s always out-of-order! It feels like a fire drill, except it goes on all day, every day, going up and down the stairs. Hunk should be in tip-top shape by now, honestly, we take the stairs so much.”
Snorting at Lance’s petty drama, Keith brought him upstairs to his room and swiped his card.

His door opened with a click and their two bodies came crashing inside, giggling, connected at the hip. Keith closed the door behind them, pulling at Lance’s clothes. As they tumbled towards his bed, Lance grabbed at Keith’s bomber jacket while Keith slipped his hands under Lance’s sweatshirt.

Clothes were shed, tossing and kicking shoes off to the side, getting tangled in each other as they fell on the bed. They didn’t bother flipping the switch for the lights, too engrossed with each other, too obsessed with touching the other person.

Keith’s dorm bed could barely fit the both of them but Keith kinda liked how close they had to be to share it, hugging Lance around his waist and pulling him down on top of him.

Lance straddled him, leaning forward to kiss and taste, moaning through it all. Keith was obsessed with tasting Lance, shoving his tongue inside the hot cavern of his mouth, exploring and wrestling with the tongue inside. As he nibbled mischievously on Lance’s bottom lip, Keith continued to strip, throwing his black tank top off before wiggling out of his joggers.

A devilish glint in his eyes, Keith moved to Lance’s throat and licked, slipping his arms around Lance’s waist. Lance was hot under Keith’s fingertips, which snuck under the loose garter of his sweatpants, Keith’s hands finding the slight curves of his ass. Lance followed along and easily shimmied out of his sweatpants, which were ridiculously loose on him, he was so skinny.

Impatient, Keith sped up the process and helped shove the pants off of him. His eyes caught sight of baby blue boxer briefs, soft and snug. Keith was totally infatuated with it, how it hugged Lance’s hips all tight and snug, cherishing the image and storing it into his memory bank along with all the other mental pictures he had of him. There was a pattern of lollipops on them, some swirling to the center and some plain and round. Keith swallowed hard at how adorable it was, wondering how many pairs of cute underwear Lance could possibly own. Where he was getting them and more importantly, why did he have so many, Keith had no clue, but the thought of Lance’s underwear always went straight to his crotch.

His gaze resting on the pattern of candy, Keith imagined Lance licking a lollipop, his tongue lapping at the sweet treat before it went inside his mouth and came out with a loud pop. Keith panted, ignited with a renewed energy and excitement, pulling Lance into a tighter embrace and kissing him harder. Lance gasped in surprise, but he relented and let Keith’s hands sneak under his boxer briefs.

Those lollipops easily slid down Lance’s long legs, slender and bronze. It came off smoothly, their lips never parting, moaning into their kiss. The familiar sight of Lance’s cock sent a thrill down Keith’s spine, remembering again, delighting in how lean and smooth it was — just like Lance. It stood firm, slim and well-trimmed, a little darker than the rest of his body.

As soon as Keith tossed those lollipop boxer briefs to the side, his hands went straight to Lance’s legs, slowly running up his thighs and settling on his skinny waist. Keith appreciated how amazingly smooth Lance’s skin felt under his hands, warm and soft and slowly driving Keith insane the longer he touched him. His eyes soaked it all in before he wrapped a hand around Lance’s cock, drinking up every helpless sound that came spilling from his quivering lips.

Keith grunted at the feeling of his own restrained cock under his red boxers, his hands busy touching Lance everywhere he had been craving to touch. Bronze skin burned under his fingers, as hot as he remembered it, tracing every line of Lance’s body. Keith stifled a groan when he felt Lance’s hand on his own crotch, caressing him gently and overflowing with affection. A soft growl escaped him as he surrendered to Lance’s ministrations, his breaths low and ragged under his doting touches.
Lance palmed him and then pulled at his boxers to free the trapped cock underneath, watching it rise and harden under his attention. Keith felt the toxic heat pulsing through him as his cock disappeared under Lance’s long fingers, adrenaline pumping through his veins. Lance moved his hand up and down, sliding up to the dark pink head where he swiped the dribbling precum and spread it down to slicken Keith’s length. It was dizzying and intoxicating, pushing his limits.

It felt so good, so right — only Lance could get him to feel this desperate, this unraveled, this wrapped around his finger.

Not one to back down from a fight, Keith went hard and pumped at Lance’s cock, grinning at the sound of his choked gasps. His other hand reached below for his ball sacs, touching firmly but gently, noting how warm and heavy they were. Lance shivered and almost whimpered as Keith stroked his cock and groped his balls, caving into the sensitivity of his body. Keith liked the power he had, relishing the feeling of Lance trembling against him.

A shimmer of desperate urgency in his eyes, Lance’s face twisted in distress and Keith almost felt bad for indulging in it. “Keith.”

Keith gave him a final squeeze and moved his hands around to Lance’s ass instead. Back there, he massaged his cheeks before sliding down the crevice of his ass, fingers brushing against tender flesh. Soon enough, Keith’s fingers were teasing and circling Lance’s entrance, pressing playfully at the puckered skin.

Lance gasped and almost froze on top of him, biting his lip in an attempt to lower his voice. Keith liked to watch him struggle and continued to tease him, slowly pushing in one finger. Just the very tip. Before getting any farther, Keith pulled out, listening and savoring each and every one of Lance’s noises. Then he pushed back in, deeper this time, his finger squeezed by the surrounding ring of muscle. It was hot inside, and Keith could feel his cock throbbing jealously in Lance’s hand.

And of course Lance noticed the cock in his hand, dying for some action. Aware of Keith’s obvious desire to fuck, Lance decided to challenge him. With a sudden jerk of his hand, he pumped and rubbed Keith more aggressively, stroking fast and hard. This forced a strangled groan out of Keith, who refused to lose and seethed through his clenched teeth.

Keith stubbornly willed his body to ignore his approaching climax and pushed himself to keep his hands moving. His finger was sliding inside and out of Lance at this point, slick and lewd, letting Lance swallow his finger back up again. At this point, Keith decided he was ready for the next finger. Less forgiving now that Lance was so determined to fight, Keith pushed the second finger in unceremoniously.

Lance jolted, the pain shooting up his body, and he looked down and glared at Keith. “You jerk.”

Keith couldn’t help but smirk at his small victory and continued, his fingers moving a lot quicker than they were previously. It was rough and hasty, and Keith could tell Lance was adjusting, his muscles squeezing around Keith’s stretching fingers. Lance was still pumping Keith’s cock, but his attention had obviously drifted to his rear, where the action demanded it.

Once the third finger was pushing for entry, Keith shoved it inside. It was tight and the forcefulness of it all caused a trembling cry to escape Lance’s lips. Now it was tighter and tenser than ever, and Keith grunted at the taut heat around his fingers. It was almost impossible to get his fingers to move.

“Lance, don’t trap my fingers in your ass,” Keith snorted and grabbed at Lance’s waist with his free hand. “Save some room for my dick.”
A little peeved, Lance furrowed his eyebrows and his body tensed with him. “Nope, not letting your dick in if you’re gonna be a dick.”

“Hey, I’m not doing anything bad.” Keith cooed, his free hand rubbing Lance’s side as he looked up at him with his notorious puppy-dog eyes. “I was preparing you, Lance. I’m helping.”

“Your face isn’t fair.” Lance pouted. “Still not falling for it, though.”

At Lance’s denial, Keith forced his three fingers to stretch, despite the stubborn muscles pushing back around them. Keith scissored his fingers, urging Lance’s body to open up. Lance flushed and Keith grinned. “See? I’m stretching you out so it doesn’t hurt as much when I’m inside you.”

Flustered, Lance huffed and hated his own body for surrendering to Keith’s ways, widening around his stretched fingers. Even Keith could tell that much, seeing the hardheaded expression on his face.

“Fine!” Lance yielded, but Keith could sense he had something planned. “But we’re gonna do it my way.”

Bingo.

“Sure, whatever you say, Lance.” Keith shrugged, pulling his fingers out once Lance’s body loosened up enough. “What’s your plan?”

“This.” Lance grinned and positioned himself over Keith’s cock, aligning it and feeling the head press against his entrance.

They both moaned softly at the touch, remembering the first time, feeling everything so much more intensely and intimately.

“You’re gonna ride me?” Keith almost smirked, mischief in the air.

“Yeah, I am.” Lance sassed back, placing his hands on Keith’s toned abdomen to help keep leverage.

Keith could feel Lance’s hovering body tremble, hesitant about the penetration, or at least how to go about it. Keith raised an eyebrow at him. “Do you even know what you’re doing?”

“Uh, o-of course I do!” Lance replied awkwardly. “Look, just watch me!”

Lance slowly descended onto Keith’s cock, swallowing the length gingerly. Keith almost came at the touch, the head of his cock pushing through Lance’s puckered hole, feeling the lewd wetness of his skin against his own. The muscles inside clenched tightly around Keith and forced a breathless gasp out of him, intoxicated with the sensation, the hot ring of muscles convulsing and adjusting around his cock. Keith felt so hard inside of him, digging his fingers into Lance’s sides as he buried himself inside of him, his toes curling in pleasure.

Impatience bristled under Keith’s skin, wanting nothing more than to thrust upward, deeper and harder, into Lance. Instead he stayed still, holding Lance almost in pain, waiting for him to feel comfortable enough to move. Lance, however, was frozen on top of him, not knowing how to continue after finally getting comfortable.

Still, Lance tried anyway, very, very slowly pulling away so that the wet sounds were all they could hear. Lance was about halfway up, revealing the bottom half of Keith’s cock, before he suddenly stopped to catch his breath. Staying in such a compromising position was virtually impossible for Keith, his blood boiling with desire and eagerness. He was seething through his teeth at this point.
His fingers left small bruises on Lance’s smooth skin, and through clenched teeth he hissed, “You suck at this.”

“Shut up!” Lance answered, blushing furiously. “It just hurts.”

“Have you never done this position before, Lance?” Judging by the stubborn pout on his lips, Keith figured he wasn’t going to get an answer. Maybe he should’ve rephrased it, there was a look of pain in Lance’s eyes that tugged at Keith’s heart.

“Well I’m sorry I don’t have a lot of experience taking it up the butt, Keith!” Lance was obviously embarrassed about his lack of experience, avoiding Keith’s gaze. “I’m sure you know how it’s done. Why don’t you take it up the butt?”

Keith blinked in surprise before his face wrinkled with disgust. “Ugh, no, it hurts.”

“What?”

“I don’t wanna. It hurts to be on the receiving end.”

“You…!? I’m the one in pain!”

“Yeah, and you feel amazing,” Keith offered with his typical straight face. When Lance frowned, he added, “You’re doing a great job.”

Lance scoffed. “Great job? Your dick is in me and that’s what you have to say?”

Keith could feel the bitterness lingering in the air and let his hands rest on Lance’s sides, rubbing soothing circles with his thumbs. “I’ll make sure you feel good, Lance.”

“Doesn’t change the fact that I’m still taking it up the butt.”

Lance was still halfway up, and Keith could feel his cock angrily throbbing inside of him. Keith sighed and mustered up his best puppy-dog eyes, cooing Lance, “Come on, I promise. I made you feel good last time, didn’t I? I’ll make you feel better this time.”

Keith continued to urge him, speaking with a low voice. Lance’s tense skin began to relax under his fingertips, and Keith smiled up at him. Smooth and suave, he added, “I’ll even dance for you.”

The muscles around Keith squeezed him and he groaned, stretching his neck and letting the pleasure course through his body. Lance gasped softly above him, and Keith knew it was because his offer aroused him.

“Yeah, I’ll dance for you, Lance. You like that?” Keith heard him whimper. “It’ll just be you and me. I’ll give you all the body rolls and dolphin dives you want. I would dance up against you, feel you with my hands and with my body.”

Keith demonstrated, running his hands sensually up and down Lance’s sides and tracing every line on his chest and abdomen, venturing around his hips and onto the small of his back. For some reason, touching the skin of Lance’s slender back was really sexy to Keith, and he grunted. Lance shivered under his touch, leaning forward and burying his face in the crook of Keith’s neck. Keith swallowed hard and pressed his nose into the head of curly brown hair, inhaling deeply.

“Lance,” Keith whispered, his breath grazing Lance’s ears. “Let me move. I’ll make you feel good.”

Unable to resist temptation, Lance finally gave up and whined, “Fine.”
Invigorated, Keith hugged Lance and bucked his hips up, back into that insane tightness of Lance’s body. They both let out a choked gasp at the impact, the heat swallowing them up all over again.

Licking his lips with a determined glint in his eyes, Keith pounded into Lance, forcing a surprised gasp out of his wet lips. Keith thrust and thrust, listening to the amazing noises that came out of Lance’s mouth as gravity brought him back down onto his cock, impaling him. It became purely physical, fucking raw and hard and good. His hips rammed up into Lance as he came down, and Lance moaned, his slender body angled perfectly into those thrusts, feeling each other completely as he rubbed his insides.

“Lance, sit upright.” Keith commanded. Lance pulled himself up and sat upright, groaning at the lewd friction inside of him as he moved. “Good…now can you roll your hips for me?”

Lance’s eyes widened at that, remembering the dirty dance lesson that happened in the hallway earlier. Intrigued by how it would feel, Lance nodded and slid his hands down Keith’s toned abdomen to hold himself up. Swallowing hard, Lance breathed and slowly began to gyrate his hips, rolling on top of Keith’s cock. “Oh, God, Keith …”

“Fuck,” Keith grunted, every circular motion driving him crazy. It was incredibly hot and wet and mind-blowing in every way, feeling his throbbing cock rub against Lance’s insides.

“Did you…” Lance panted as he continued to roll his hips, “Keith, be honest with me. Did you teach me how to do body rolls just for this?”

A smirk tugged at Keith’s lips, “Yeah, I want you to be able to roll your hips while I’m buried inside of you. It feels amazing.”

“Keith!” Lance narrowed his eyes at him, accusatory and quite frankly, a little offended.

“I’m just kidding.” Keith stroked Lance apologetically, soothingly, his eyes mingling playfully with Lance’s own. “You know, they say if you’re good at dancing, you’re good in bed.”

Lance perked an eyebrow. “Are you trying to say you’re good at both?”

“No, I’m saying,” Keith rolled his hips this time, lulling a soft gasp out of Lance. “You are.”

In one thrust, Keith’s erection met Lance’s prostate. It turned Lance into a puddle of sexual pleasure, uncontrollable and dangerous. Shuddering at the sensation, Lance cried out, “Keith!”

“Shh, people might hear you next door, Lance.” Keith whispered with a mischievous grin. “Do you want people to hear you getting fucked senseless?”

Unable to form the words, Lance babbled and moaned softly, squeezing tightly around him.

“Do you want people to hear you having sex, Lance? Do you want them to hear you screaming my name?” Keith rolled his hips and slowly thrust and thrust, hitting Lance’s prostate, going harder and harder at it. “I bet you wanna get caught. You want someone to see you riding my dick.”

“Keith!” Lance whined and mewled at that. Keith felt him squeeze around him as he bucked his hips up, going deeper inside.

Lance gasped and panted his name, his body begging for more. Keith gripped onto Lance’s sides, fingers digging into bronze skin and leaving angry marks. Then he pounded furiously into Lance, wanting to go deeper, harder. His breaths became erratic, panting and groaning, savoring the sound of Lance’s voice, feeling his own body thrust and thrust without mercy.
Then, all of a sudden, Keith stuttered, shoving and jerking uncontrollably into Lance, who keened on top of him as Keith caved into the pleasure. Keith unloaded inside of him, releasing a surge of cum and shooting hard and deep inside of Lance’s body. It felt unstoppable, his cum spurting in thick, white ropes. The pleasure was contagious and pushed Lance over the edge, squirting over Keith’s toned abdomen. Moaning through the pleasure, they rode the shivering high, letting the sexual bliss consume them.

Keith could feel his cum smearing inside of Lance as the two of them stillled, Lance slowly falling on top of him, exhausted and spent. Lance shifted a little and Keith’s satisfied cock slipped out, bobbing out slowly. On top of him, Lance was a hot mess, shaking and panting breathlessly.

Still sputtering and leaving strings of cum, Keith left traces of himself between Lance’s legs. He groaned and wrapped his arms around Lance’s waist as the residue dribbled out of his cock, bobbing between his legs. Keith stared blankly at the ceiling as he listened to the sound of Lance’s steady breaths.

He thought about how the first time they did it, they had listened to YSBTF — You’re So Beautiful. Keith remembered it fondly as his thumbs rubbed circles onto Lance’s brown skin, cherishing the warmth of his body.

“Hey, Lance.”

“What.” He murmured back, barely a word.

“There’s this song called HCILU, do you know what that stands for?”

At first, Lance didn’t answer, and Keith figured he must have passed out, but soon enough Lance stirred and grumbled, “What is it with you and your Korean music and their abbreviations that don’t make any sense?”

Keith snorted, feeling Lance humming over him.

“When you asked me about YSBTF the first time, I wanted to say, ‘yeh-s-bi-tuh-fuh’.” Lance admitted with a fond smile. “Obviously that’s not what it means. It was just the first thing that came to mind.”

“Does that make HCILU, ‘he-ki-i-loo’?” Keith offered.

“Yes.”

The two laughed, softly, over a silly conversation that seemed so pointless, but somehow so memorable. Last time, the same thing had happened.

But unlike last time, this time, they held each other.

HCILU stood for How Can I Leave You — and for Keith, although it was kind of corny, it was fitting. This ambiguous relationship he had going with Lance was still in the air, because outside of dance practice, they didn’t really communicate with each other, apart from the knowing glances between them in class. They had given each other their phone numbers, but they never texted each other on any other day than Thursday, the day of dance practice. Afraid to overstep the boundaries, they never spoke of their relationship to anyone else, secretly wondering what sort of relationship they had, how long this would last and why they should even bother. It was obvious there were feelings under the surface, it was just that neither of them ever brought it up, stuck in some sort of relationship limbo.
Though neither of them would ever care to admit it, Keith and Lance found themselves drawn to each other, leaving them to wonder—

_How can I leave you?

Chapter End Notes

HCILU is by LILMONEY feat. Lym En :)))}})

I’m actually on a voltron hiatus at the moment bc long story short: vlds2 wasn’t very kind to me…so yeah the vld fics you might see from me in the near future are ones that have been sitting on the wip back burner since the first season…I gotta clean up my files and storage space, you see

End Notes

YSBTF is by YELLA D if you’re interested LOL I also associate anything by Dean and Jay Park to be Keith’s jams because they’re my jams and I can totally see Keith rocking Korean hip hop…please watch 1 Million Dance Studio’s dance for Jay Park’s “All I Wanna Do” or Dean’s “Bonnie & Clyde” or Crush’s “Oasis” these titles are in English, so you’ll definitely find them!

Also, the thing about the no dance studios was inspired by personal experience LOL dance rehearsal for me is in a classroom on the third floor holla

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