No reason to say no

by Lynn1998

Summary

Lance finally accepts his fate as the football captain's fuck buddy

Notes

Hey! This is really fucking smutty and I am ashamed! Enjoy!

Also there is a previous one shot that this is derived from, but you don't really need to read it to understand this one. It'll probably make a little more sense and make it a little hotter :P

***also disclaimer***

Characters are depicted as 18 years old

See the end of the work for more notes

Make no mistake, Lance liked Keith. He liked the time he had spent with the football captain last Friday night. In fact his mind had wondered back to it too many times for him to count that weekend. Even at the most inappropriate times his brain was flooded with the memories of that night. It was
ridiculous that he had to get fucked to fully understand how he felt about Keith, but that was the way Lance worked. He didn't understand until it was impossible to ignore. Unfortunate as it was for Lance in the moment, it was even more unfortunate the following Monday.

The moment he stepped inside the statistics classroom Lance instantly felt exposed and ashamed. Keith sat at their shared desk and looked up at him with a neutral expression. Never mind the last time they saw each other his expression was the complete opposite of neutral. Just vaguely thinking about it made Lance blush. Keith noticed and then glanced down at his neck. He smiled. Lance should've worn a turtle neck.

"Move it, McClain. You're blocking the door," someone muttered as they brushed past him.

Lance instantly snapped back to reality and apologized. He kept his gaze on the floor as he approached his desk. Keith's eyes were on him the whole way. He gingerly took off his backpack and hissed at the rug burn still healing on his skin.

"You alright?" Keith asked. Lance wanted to hit him for sounding so innocent and gave him an inpatient quirk of his eyebrow.

"Oh yeah. I'm just still recovering from the fucking rug burn you gave me," he whispered. Keith blushed.

"Sorry," he muttered. Lance rolled his eyes. "You weren't complaining while it was happening though," he added. Lance turned bright red and glared at Keith.


"What?"

"You just like side eyed me dude."

"Yeah…so?"

"That means you wanna say something, doesn't it? Are you too pussy to insult me now?" He questioned. Keith rolled his eyes.

"No, idiot, I can't say it," he grumbled.

"Why?" Lance challenged. Keith leaned closer.

"Because I don't want to accidentally turn you on in class, dumbass," he whispered. Lance's eyes widened.

"Oh, you dirty mother-"

"Shh!" Keith shushed him quickly.

"Okay class. Enough gossiping or whatever you teenagers waste your time with…" the teacher spoke.

"Pay attention," Keith instructed. Lance shot him a glare before complying. For some reason he didn't mind following his directions…
"What did you wanna say earlier?" Lance asked randomly. Keith's lips paused against the base of the other boy's neck, and his hands eased up on his ass.

"When?" He sighed and nosed his way up to Lance's jaw.

"In class. I told you that you weren't being fair, and you wanted to say something in response," Lance reminded him. Keith chuckled and pushed Lance's hips against his.

"I wanted to say...just like it's not fair how desperately you were begging for my cock the other night?" He whispered against his skin. Lance visibly shivered, and his dick jumped in his jeans.

"Shit...how could you think like that and be so calm?" He breathed. Keith bit his lip and then touched under Lance's shirt.

"You're really not that observant. I go crazy when I think that way," Keith mumbled and then kissed his collarbones. Lance wiggled in his lap, and in response Keith nipped at his skin.

"Ah...I'm probably too busy going crazy myself," Lance huffed. Keith smiled against his cinnamon skin, and rolled his hips up. Lance gasped.

"I wanna do it again. You're so fuckable," Keith breathed. Lance whimpered and ran his hands down Keith's chest.

"I should be in class right now," Lance murmured.

"Fuck it. It doesn't matter," Keith replied.

"Mm no thanks. I'd rather not fuck my trumpet," Lance replied sarcastically. Keith rolled his eyes but laughed regardless.

"Then forget about it," he coaxed. Lance let out a shaky breath as Keith rolled his hips up again.

"D-don't you have a class too?" He stuttered.

"I have release for the rest of the day," Keith cooed and pushed up Lance's shirt.

"Fuck," he breathed as Keith leaned in and kissed one of his nipples.

"But you're so pretty I would skip even if I did have class just to see you," he uttered. He looked up just as he licked the hard pink nub, and Lance nearly burst from how hard he repressed his moan.

"You...definitely know how to please me," Lance muttered. It was slightly bitter and slightly adoring how he said it. Either way it made Keith smirk.

"Do I?" He questioned and held Lance's waist. He nodded.

"Yeah..." he breathed.

There was suddenly a loud tap on the car window that made both of them jump. Lance instantly pulled down his shirt and looked at the football player outside with flaming cheeks. Holy shit. Keith seemed pretty relaxed and unfazed by the visitor. Actually, he looked kinda irritated. He rolled down the window, letting in cold air that made Lance shiver.

"What's up, Haxus?" Keith asked.
"Coach wants to know why your car is still here, but you're not in the weight room," Haxus replied. Keith groaned and leaned his head back against his seat.

"Ugh, does he know I don't live there?" Keith grumbled. Lance noticed how nice his neck looked so exposed the way it was.

"Eh. You know him. His philosophy is if you're at school and you're not at class you should be in the weight room," he reminded Keith. A pale thumb rubbed against Lance's knee, and he glanced down at Keith's hands still on him in the most subtle way.

"I know…tell him I'll be there in a minute," Keith sighed.

"Good, and uh…" Haxus glanced at Lance. "I won't mention this uh…situation," he said. Lance blushed again and looked away out of embarrassment. Keith only rolled his eyes.

"Thanks," he replied sarcastically. Haxus nodded and left the two of them alone. Lance's eyes finally reconnected with Keith, and he was obviously utterly embarrassed.

"Sorry…the guys on the team don't really care for privacy," he apologized. Lance shrugged.

"I-I don't mind if they know…as long as they don't bother me when I'm not around you," he replied. Keith nodded.

"Okay…uh, can we…” he gestured between them. "…another time?"

"Raincheck," Lance said and nodded. Keith smiled and nodded too.

"Yeah," he agreed. Lance smiled and then leaned in to give him a soft kiss.

"Can't wait," he whispered.

"Dude, my mom is pissed," Lance said over the phone as he sorted his laundry.

"Mine too. What did you do?" Keith asked on the other line. According to him he was making himself a sandwich.

"Well, she didn't know where I was last Friday night, and then she got a call from the school saying I was absent from third period," he replied bitterly and folded a pair of pants.

"That sucks," Keith replied unenthusiastically. Lance rolled his eyes.

"Why is your mom mad at you?" He asked.

"Oh nothing too bad…just the fact that she heard us having loud gay anal sex in my room," he replied. Lance paused.

"Oh…"

"Yeah."

"Did she-"
"She heard everything," Keith replied. Suddenly Lance's inconveniences didn't seem as dramatic anymore.

"Oh god," Lance sighed and face palmed himself.

"She said she never wants anyone in my room with me alone again, and she also said, and I quote, 'next time don't have sex with a dying cow'" Keith told him. Lance turned bright red.

"I-I do not sound like a dying cow!" He paused. "Do I sound like a dying cow?"

"Yes you do, Lance! Cállate!" His sibling called from the other room.

"You cállate! Don't cállate me…and stay out of this!" Lance called back. Keith chuckled on the other line.

"I think you know I don't think you sound like a dying cow," he replied. Lance's anger at his sibling melted away as Keith's smooth voice oozed in his ear. He eyed his open door.

"You don't?" He question. His voice feigned innocence as he set down his now folded pair of pants and stood up to close his door.

"Of course not. I wouldn't have cum all over your thighs if I did," he replied. Lance bit his lip.

"I know I chewed you out for that, but…it felt pretty good," Lance murmured and went as far as actually locking his door. Keith was silent for a moment.

"Well maybe I should cum on other places and see how you like it," Keith murmured. Lance liked the idea of that.

"Maybe you should cum in me," he replied, his voice dropping as he walked to his bed. His laundry was disregarded on his floor. Keith cursed.

"Shit, Lance. I'm trying to make a fucking sandwich," he growled. Lance laid down and pulled up his shirt.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe you're the one who started it," he pointed out. He rubbed one of his nipples, remembering the texture of Keith's tongue yesterday, and sighed contently.

"Yeah, but…but, I was just just teasing or whatever," Keith replied. Lance smiled at the sound of his door opening and closing.

"So…you don't wanna have phone sex with me?" Lance asked.

"What kind of a fucking question is that?" Keith asked in a husky tone. Lance smiled at the sound of his door opening and closing.

"Hopefully a question that'll get your pants off," he replied.

"I wasn't even wearing any. My parents already went to bed," Keith replied. Lance pulled his phone back to check the time.

"Shit, it is pretty late," he muttered and held the device back to his ear.

"Are you supposed to be asleep or something?" Keith asked.

"Yeah, but…I'd rather be doing this," Lance said. Keith chuckled.
"Are you breaking the rules?"

"I've been breaking a lot of rules lately," Lance hummed and rubbed his thighs together.

"I wonder why."

"I think it has something to do with wanting your cock back inside me," Lance said. His hips softly rolled as he talked. Keith groaned.

"Fuck…you're fucking horrible."

"I haven't even started touching myself," he whispered and spread his hand over his abdomen. Keith's breathing got a little heavier.

"Do it. Please. I wanna hear," he begged. Lance hummed and brushed his hand over the bulge in his jeans.

"I am," he reported with a pleased sigh.

"God you're such a tease," Keith growled. Lance giggled and then palmed his dick.

"You like it," Lance replied.

"Jesus Christ I wanna fuck you," Keith groaned. Lance warmed up at his confession and bit his lip.

"I've been wanting you to fuck me all weekend," Lance said.

"Fucking hell."

"I've been thinking of sitting on your dick…or just bending over begging for it. Waiting for you to fuck me as fast as you want."

"Shit, Lance…you look so fucking good with my cock in you," Keith panted. Lance rocked his hips into his palm and hissed.

"You feel really good…in me…on me. God, please just fuck me," Lance begged. Keith grunted on the other line.

"As soon as I get my hands on you again…" he tailed off into another growl. "You're fucked."

"Please," Lance gasped throwing his head back.

"Lance! Ma told me to tell you to get off the phone and go to bed!" One of Lance's siblings shouted banging on his locked door.

"Shit!" He cursed and sat up.

"What?" Keith asked.

"My mom wants me to go to bed," he replied.

"She says now!" his sibling said.

"Okay! I'm turning my lights off and I'm putting my phone away!" Lance called back as he got out of bed and hurriedly shove his laundry back in the hamper. He'd refold and fold the rest of it tomorrow.
"Good!"

"I gotta go," Lance whispered as he pushed down his pants.

"Really?" Keith asked sounding disappointed and desperate.

"Yeah, sorry, but my mom is already pissed from yesterday and last Friday," he replied.

"Okay…I'll talk to you tomorrow then," he replied. Lance smiled.

"Okay, but I'll be thinking of you all night," he purred. Keith groaned on the other line.

"Me too," he sighed. Lance giggled.

"Tell me all about it tomorrow," he murmured.

"Of course."

"Goodnight."

"Night."

The amount of sexual tension between Keith and Lance in their math class was ridiculous. It pretty much affected the whole room. They both had to hold back the entire time, and try not to tease each other too much to the point of breaking down in class. Lance liked the think he wasn't a slave to sex like most kids his age, but now that he's had it he wanted it again. Especially when an extremely attractive, cute, and fun to talk to football player wants him just as badly.

"Did you sleep good?" Lance asked Keith. The heaviness of his eyes suggested otherwise, but the slight smirk that pulled at his lips suggested he had a good time.

"After like…my third time," he mumbled vaguely. Lance blinked. Did he…no. Lance only got off once. Mostly because his mom would hear if he ever over stimulated himself.

"Th-third…"

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"Third…"

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"Yeah," was his only confirmation.

Sitting through first and second period was like sitting in slow motion after that. Lance just couldn't wait for Keith to get his hands on him again. Just thinking about it made him even more impatient as the day went by.

After what felt like an eternity third period finally rolled around, and Lance was warming up on his trumpet in one of the practice rooms. It was a very small room with a very basic purpose. Keep out the sound. He was originally warming up with a friend, but Lance was always slower to warm up so she left him by himself.

A minute or so after she left the door opened and closed again, and Lance was too focused on his trumpet to respond right away. When he finished his warm up he wiped his spit away from his mouth piece and assumed Nyma had returned for something.
"Did you leave your mouth piece behind or something again? Wellington is gonna kill you if you can't find it," he spoke as he deconstructed his trumpet and fit it in his case. Then there were hands on his waist and soft lips against his nape.

"Don't worry. I found exactly what I was looking for," Keith murmured and kissed down to the edge of his shirt.

Lance shivered and glanced at him over his shoulder. Keith's eyes met his and he recognized the absolute lust in them. Without thinking, Lance stepped around Keith and turned the light off. It took the other boy no time to turn Lance around and pin him to the wall. Their lips brushed against each other, and Keith's hand pushed the small of his back. His hips met Keith's, and the contact made him gasp.

"What kinda room is this?" Keith asked.

"Practice room…it's sound proof," Lance replied.

"Perfect," Keith murmured before pressing his lips against Lance's.

Whimpers and whines filled the tiny room, and the hand drifting down Lance's back and over his ass only made him louder. He reached for the handle and quickly locked the door before rocking his hips into Keith. The captain groaned and nipped on Lance's lower lip. Without warning, there was a thick thigh wedged between his legs. Lance didn't need to be told what to do to push his hips down against it. His automatic reaction was just that, and bringing his own skinny thigh against the hot bulge between Keith's legs. The friction made Keith moan, and it was music to Lance's ears.

"You're so fucking hot, how is it possible?" Lance panted and brought his arms around his shoulders. Keith bit his lip and groaned as he fucked his hips against Lance's thigh. He cursed, and Lance squirmed as he felt Keith's dick heavy in his jeans.

"Fuck I want you inside me again," Lance moaned. Keith rocked his hips again and licked his lips. "You're such a slut for my cock, aren't you?" He breathed.

"And you're such a slut for my ass, aren't you?" Lance retorted reminding Keith of his hands currently groping his butt. Keith chuckled.

"Don't you like it though?" He whispered as he kissed down Lance's neck. The skinny boy stuttered a moan, and leaned his head back against the wall in pleasure. Keith's hands slip up his ass, and then suddenly plunged back down into his jeans.

"For a skinny little thing you've got an amazing ass," Keith murmured and started sucking on Lance's neck. He whimpered.

"Fuck…you tease," Lance whined.

Keith laughed and ran his finger over the cleft between his cheeks over his boxers, and Lance nearly shoved his pants off just then. He then jerked his knee against Keith's crotch, and the captain's breath became deeply ragged and desperate. Before Lance could apologize his legs were manhandled and tugged until he wrapped them himself around Keith's waist.

"You're one to talk," Keith growled and shoved his hips in. Lance moaned and arched his back, clinging on to Keith for dear life.

"Fuck…I can't believe you came three times last night," He panted.
"Each time I imagined cumming on a different part of your body," Keith huffed rolling his hips into a rhythm against Lance. He rolled back as much as he could being pinned against a wall.

"What was your favorite?" Lance asked.

"Your ass," Keith replied.

"Why am I not surprised?" Lance teased with a smile. They both laughed, but quickly moaned as Keith sped up.

"I was picturing you bent over…your nails digging into my bed…legs spread wide for me on your knees," he groaned. Lance whined at the imagery.

"I'd do that…do that for you…let you fuck me," Lance whimpered. Keith rutted harder against Lance and sucked on his neck again. "Fuck…fuck me…fuck me please," he begged, but Keith was too far gone. He rammed against Lance, and imagined how much warmer and wetter it would feel if he could actually be inside Lance.

"Tell me how badly you want it," he ordered. Lance whimpered and wrapped his arms around Keith's neck.

"I want it…I want it I want it I want it!" He squeaked. His head fell back again, and Keith took advantage of the new spread of skin.

"What do you want?"

"You…you're dick…fuck I want your dick in me," Lance panted. Keith growled and possessively bit into Lance's neck. He cried out and moaned with each slap of Keith's hips into his.

"I'm gonna…I'm…cumming," Lance cried out. Keith moaned and fucked him faster. The loud moans that filled their private air made Keith's legs feel like jelly. His hands holding Lance up trembled and his whole body shook as he felt Lance cum in his jeans and groan.

"Fuck," he hissed as he came with him.

Lance instantly locked onto his lips. His arms were wound tightly around his neck, and his hand immediately went through his dark hair. Keith enjoyed the affection and continued the kiss as he slowly let Lance's legs down. His hands settled on his waist and they merely continued kissing until they calmed down enough. When Lance pulled back there was a huge smile on his face. That caused a smile to spread across Keith's face as well.

"My parents are out of the house this weekend," Keith murmured. Lance rested his forehead against Keith's.

"If I come over, will you fuck me?" He asked, clearly exhausted. Keith laughed, and Lance giggled with him.

"I'll see if I can arrange that," he spoke in a deep rugged voice as he leaned in for another kiss. Suddenly there was a tap on the door. Lance pulled away and recognized Nyma peeking in.

"Shit," he cursed. Keith looked back still dazed as Lance opened the door.

"What are you doing in there? Willington is looking all over for you! And who's with you? Why are you all sweaty?" She asked. Lance blushed and looked back at Keith.
"Uh…th-that's Keith," he answered. She lifted a blond brow.

"Keith who?"

"Kogan…" Lance muttered.

"So, Keith as in the captain of the football team Keith?" She questioned. Lance nodded sheepishly.

"Why is he in there with you?" She demanded to know.

"Um-"

"Lance, I gotta go," Keith announced.

"Oh, sorry," he opened the door more and stepped out of his way. Keith smiled.

"It's fine," he assured him and then leaned in to give him a kiss. Lance didn't realize what he was doing and leaned in for a hug. Needless to say he was surprised to feel warm lips against his. "See you later," he spoke softly against Lance's gaped mouth before walking away.

"L-later…" Lance stuttered as he watched him go.

"Oh my god," Nyma groaned. Lance shook his head to bring himself back to reality and looked back to Nyma.

"Sorry, what?"

"The practice room isn't for you to have sex with your hot new boyfriend, you dick," Nyma growled and walked away. Lance quickly grabbed his trumpet case and followed after her.

"W-wait! I can explain!"

"I barely got my mom to say yes to this," Lance grumbled while peeling off his gloves. Keith closed the door behind him and kept out the cold air.

"Really? Why?" He asked.

"Because she usually grounds me for missing class and stuff, but I told her we were studying so she finally let me go," he explained.

"Oh…well I'm glad you could make it," Keith replied and wrapped his arms around Lance's waist from behind.

"Not so fast. I'm hungry, so feed me first," Lance said and took off his coat, disregarding Keith's arms.


"I like to have a late lunch," Lance replied. Keith rolled his eyes.

"Fine. You can leave your coat and stuff at the door I guess," he said and walked off to the kitchen. Lance did so and then followed the other boy.
"I'll make you a sandwich," Keith told him as he opened the fridge. Lance laughed a little.

"Is that the only thing you know how to make?" Lance asked. He leaned on the opposite side of the counter and watched Keith pull out sandwich meat, cheese, and other various ingredients.

"No. I can also make spaghetti."

"My ten year old sister can make spaghetti," Lance chuckled. Keith pulled out the bread from his pantry, and tried to ignore how nice Lance's voice sounded when he laughed.

"Sorry I don't know much besides basic meals?" Keith replied. He pulled out a knife and got started on chopping up some lettuce.

"Wow…is this gonna be a fancy sandwich?" Lance asked as he noticed the array of ingredients. Keith shrugged.

"Eh. This is how I usually make a sandwich. I make sure to include a lot of vegetables and protein to keep up my nutrition. This is the only sandwich coach allows," Keith answered.

"I see…I didn't realize football players put so much effort into their diet."

"Most do. Some don't," Keith hummed and started chopping up his tomato.

"Who are the some?"

"Like you know anyone else on the football team," Keith scoffed. Lance shook his head.

"I hate how right you are."

"Well it's a good thing I know how to make you like me again," Keith replied with a smirk. Lance raised a brow.

"Oh? And how is that?" He questioned.

Keith set down his knife and leaned across the counter. He tilted his head ever so slightly and pressed his lips against Lance's. It was short, but heated. Filled with a summary of their desperation and tension over the past week. When he pulled back Lance looked up at him with a happy smile.

"That's rather persuasive," Lance murmured. Keith grinned and started to pull away. He was surprised when Lance moved the knife more to the side and pushed the ingredients out of his way.

"Lance-" he stopped talking as soon as Lance climbed up on the counter and crawled closer.

It was seductive. The way his body moved, and the way he looked at Keith would give any man an instant boner. Then Lance was perched on the edge of the counter and running his hands down Keith's chest. It was a stimulating sight to see Lance sat so perfectly in front of him.

"Although I think I can be a little bit more persuasive than you," Lance whispered.

Keith's lips were instantly on his again. His hands returning to their rightful place on Lance's body. The kiss elicited a content sigh from Lance while he wrapped his arms around Keith's neck. His spine arched as a pale hand ventured to the small of his back and gently pushed. His chest was flat against Keith's, and he dug his fingers in that thick dark hair. When he pulled back, Keith tried to follow with a subtle moan. The sound made Lance grin.

"What do you think?" Lance murmured.
"I think I want you on my bed now," he growled. Lance bit his lip and slid one finger down Keith's chest again.

"Right now?" He questioned innocently. Keith nodded and absent-mindedly started to kiss down his neck. "Then what are you waiting for?"

"God, fuck you," Keith growled and took Lance's hand.

The taller boy was tugged off the counter and lead up the stairs giggling. The strong grip on his hand was a turn on in itself. Any reminder of how much stronger Keith was turned Lance on beyond belief. Needless to say when he was pushed on to Keith's bed he was already half hard. He propped himself up on his elbows and watched Keith desperately work on his belt. It was entertaining to watch, and when he hastily pulled the strip out of his belt loops Lance bit his lip. Keith then got started on the fly of his jeans when he looked up to see Lance watching him hungrily with his thighs rubbing together. A smirk spread across his face and he instead pulled his shirt off over his head.

"Like what you see?" Keith asked. Lance was bright red and glared at Keith when he realized he was being teased.

"That's not fair," he said. Keith laughed and leaned his knee on the bed.

"I don't think you understand the meaning of that word," he whispered and crawled closer. Lance reluctantly parted his legs to welcome Keith into his body.

"Y'see…what really isn't fair is you sitting here watching me like that when you know how badly I want you," he continued and splayed his hand over Lance's hip. Lance shivered and moaned at the mere touch. Keith then moved his hand a little lower to his inner thigh, and then up under his shirt.

"Do you think that was fair to me? You're driving me crazy and I've barely even touched you," Keith whispered hotly against Lance's neck.

Lance grabbed his face and pulled their lips together. His hands then slid down over Keith's back and shoulders as the captain desperately kissed him back. The hand on Lance's tummy curled around his side and grabbed his waist. He whined between kisses, knowing that Keith loved the noise, but never on purpose. No, each moan and each sound he made in reaction to Keith was genuine and lewd. That's probably what Keith liked about it.

"You are so easy," Keith teased and huffed against his lower lip. Lance glared at him breathing heavy.

"What?"

"Anything I do makes you feel good, huh?" Keith said with a smirk. Lance then pushed him back.

"Dude-" Keith stopped talking when he noticed what his partner was doing.

Lance reached for the hem of his shirt and rolled off his baseball tee. Navy eyes greedily took in Lance's beautiful cinnamon skin, and then followed his hands as he undid his jeans and wiggled out of them. He looked at Keith with a determined glare and pushed him back a little further. Keith stood at the edge of his bed and Lance stood on his knees. His hand was over Keith's heart, and his eyes were confident. Suddenly his glare softened and he smirked.

"Speechless?" He asked.

Keith truly couldn't speak. He was too busy shocked in awe of the gorgeous boy in front of him.
The gorgeous boy that was on his bed. The gorgeous boy who wanted Keith to fuck him. When Keith failed to respond Lance giggled, and then he clenched his jaw to stop an involuntary moan.

"Oh, you're so easy, Keith. All I have to do is get naked and you're like putty in my hands. I haven't even taken off my underwear yet and you can't even talk," Lance teased. Keith's mouth opened and closed as if he wanted to speak, but couldn't think of a response. Instead all he could do was look down at Lance's body and reach out for it.

"Remember last time? You ripped my shirt open and practically couldn't move. Do you like my body that much?" Lance continued and pulled Keith a little closer. Keith nodded and fitted his hands on his hip and on the small of his back again.

"You made me feel so good that night," he breathed against his neck. Keith pressed his lips together and tried not to groan. He failed. "So so good," Lance continued and started to push the elastic of his boxers down. He then moved up to hover over Keith's lips. "Do you think you could do it again?" He asked.

"I can do it better," Keith blurted. The captain finally found control of his voice and his hands, and roughly shoved Lance's underwear to his knees. Lance gasped and then bit his lip.

"Show me."

With that Lance was pinned to Keith's bed again. Pale fingers almost ripped his boxers in half when they were fully removed from his legs. Keith was too busy attacking Lance's mouth to get rid of his own clothes, so it was up to Lance to finish undoing his fly and shimmying the denim down his hips. Then Keith got the memo and pulled back only to rid himself of his pesky jeans. Lance instantly looked between his legs and grinned at how hard he was already.

"On your knees," Keith rasped and reached back into his night stand.

"How rude. Do I even get a please?" Lance teased and drank in the sight of Keith's bare chest. His body was beautiful and sculpted. Like his own personal Greek statue. Keith looked back at him with a condom and a familiar bottle.

"I could always make you," he replied. Lance licked his lips as his eyes ventured over those strong pale arms.

"I don't doubt that," he hummed and then sat up.

Lance twisted around and ended up on his hands and knees with his ass in perfect view for Keith. He arched his back, and smiled when he heard a rough moan from behind him. Then there were hands on him, and he gasped as Keith pulled his cheeks apart. Of course he had cleaned himself before he came over, but that didn't stop that exposed feeling he had from the position he was in. Last time he could see what Keith was doing, but now anything was a surprise.

"Shit!" Lance cursed.

Keith's tongue had already found its way to his entrance. It was just as hot and wet as Lance remembered, but this time his body shook with anticipation. It was a whole new experience that Lance was starting to love. Soon Keith started to lap at him, and circle his tongue around the sensitive ring of flesh. Lance clenched his jaw and barely pushed his hips back against his face. He was determined not to become a sobbing mess just from being rimmed, but when Keith's tongue started to push against him he could feel himself breaking. Lance moaned at each push and dug his fingers into the mattress.
"Keith…fuck," he breathed. The hands on his ass gripped harder when Lance spoke, and that made him grin.

"Get on with it…fuck me." Keith pressed his tongue harder until it was inside of Lance. The tan boy gasped and his shoulders shook. "…*fuck me.*"

Keith couldn't talk with his tongue in Lance's ass, but if he could it would be along the lines of "make me". Instead he kept his mouth still and pushed Lance's hips into his face. It didn't take long for Lance to understand and rock his hips back on his own. He flooded the room with small gasps and moans that made Keith more and more impatient. He pulled out his tongue and circled it around the puckered flesh. Lance whined and pushed himself back again only for Keith to pull back completely. He pressed kissed over his lower back and trailed up his spine.

"God…*fuck me already,*" Lance growled. Keith bent over his body and pressed his dick against Lance's thigh.

"How rude. Do I even get a please?" Keith whispered in his ear. Lance pushed back against him and Keith gasped at the friction against him.

"You know I could always make you," Lance sighed and moved his hips more. Keith cursed and pressed his own hips forward.

"Haaah," he whined pathetically and rested his forehead against Lance's shoulder.

"Finger me. I've waited so fucking long for you baby," Lance whispered. Keith instantly pulled back and opened the bottle of lube. He warmed it up between his fingers before he leaned over Lance again and brushed against his hole. Lance immediately moaned and pushed back against it.

"Now," he cried.

"Fuck," Keith swore and then pushed in a finger.

Lance's chest heaved as Keith opened him up. His head leaned back and his arms shook as he struggled to keep himself up. His finger was as thick as he remembered, and it filled him with a sense of satisfaction his own fingers just couldn't. Keith pushed in and out, and Lance moaned at the sensation. He didn't even have to ask for a second finger, but that was mostly because Keith was just as eager to move on.

"Shit, you're already loose," Keith said. Lance moved his hips back.

"Y'think I haven't been waiting all fucking week for this?" He panted. Keith chuckled.

"All week?" He asked and nuzzled against his neck. Lance blushed.

He was about to retort when Keith pushed in a third finger. While they both expected Lance to whine and shout with impatience, he only moaned deeply and stretched his body out for more. The pleased sound that came from Lance's thrust made Keith feel hazy. When he leaned back to see Lance's arms out in front of him. He was stretched out like a cat and positively humming with pleasure. Something about the image of Lance so blissed out and relaxed made Keith's mind go blank.

He was doing that. He was making Lance feel that way, and he was the only one seeing it. His breath came out short and he swallowed hard before pressing against his plush walls. Lance gasped and went ridged almost immediately. Keith smiled.
"That was easier to find than I thought it would be," he teased. His fingers were still as Lance whimpered. His nails dug into the sheets.

"K-Keith…mmm…move," he stammered. Keith then grinned.

"Move?" He questioned. Lance nodded vigorously, and Keith slowly rubbed his fingers against the bundle of nerves. Lance gasped. "Like this?" He whispered and bent over him again.

"Yes," he rasped. Keith kissed over his neck and down between his shoulder blades.

"You're so fucking pretty," Keith breathed. Lance shivered.

"Pretty enough to attract you, huh?" Lance mumbled, his hips moving with Keith's fingers in a lazy way. It was evident that he was starting to get tired of being teased.

"You have no idea," Keith said and kissed his lower back.

"Keith."

"Yeah?"

"Please…” Lance was literally begging at this point. His voice was cracked with desperation, and Keith couldn't shake the groan that poured from his throat in response.

Condoms couldn't be more of a pain to fucking open. Keith almost ripped the damn rubber trying to tear it open with his teeth and his clean hand. His other hand was still in Lance's ass, and it would be useless either way considering it was covered in lube. Getting it out was hard enough, but putting it on with one hand was nearly impossible. He growled with frustration, and Lance started to fuck his hips back out of impatience. Which only made Keith more eager to get the fucking condom on. It took a good five minutes before he finally pulled his fingers out and coated his dick with some more lube.

"Finally," Lance mumbled. Keith would've said something in retaliation, but instead decided to seek revenge in a different way.

"Are you ready?" Keith asked. Lance readjusted his position and gave his ass a cute little wiggle.

"Been ready," he replied. Keith smirked and ran his hands once more over Lance's soft skin and firm ass.

"I've been thinking of your legs," he murmured and leg his finger run down the back of Lance's thigh. They were fit and firm from marching, yet slim and so soft under Keith's touch. Lance shivered.

"Yeah?" He huffed.

"They're beautiful, y'know? I've thought about kissing them, and leaving all kinds of marks on them," as he spoke he slowly pressed his hips in.

Lance gasped at the contact, and Keith leaned over his body again. He wasn't pushing in yet, but it felt so good having him so close. His touch was warm and burning, and Lance instantly craved more. Keith touched his thighs, and his chest, and his arms as he rolled his hips into the cleft of Lance's ass.

"How do you think your band friends would react if they knew you were getting fucked by the
football captain?" Keith whispered. Lance gasped.

There it was. The initial push against his entrance that drove him crazy. The heat that was waiting to open him up to mind numbing pleasure. It made him incoherent as he begged for more. His tongue got away from him as pleas and curses feel from it. His fingers nearly tore into the sheets and his hips tried to chase the pleasure only to be held still by Keith's tight grip. The captain nipped at his back.

"Answer the question," he ordered.

"Th-they'd say I'm insane to let you fuck me," Lance wheezed. Keith grinned.

"Oh yeah?"

"They…" Lance whimpered as Keith pressed a little harder. "They wouldn't believe me if I told them…"

"So if I came into the band room…" he pushed in an inch, and Lance moaned loudly. "…and started making out with you?"

"No…no one…ah…they'd all think I-I paid you to do it," Lance stuttered. Keith hummed and added another couple inches. Lance gasped and gave a high pitched moan.

"What if I sucked your dick in one of those little rooms? What are they called again?" Keith asked.

"P-practice rooms!" Lance cried, gaining another inch.

"Right. What if we actually fucked in one of those."

"I'd kill you," Lance groaned.

"Why? We've fooled around in one before. I bet you could scream as loud as you wanted and no one would hear," he murmured.

"H-haa! Th-that was different! Neither of us got naked, a-and we were both desperate," Lance defended.

"Were?" Keith asked. He had finally pushed all of himself inside Lance, and had his hips pressed right against his ass. Lance clenched his jaw and breathed harder.

"Keith," he whined. The shorter boy kissed and nipped at the tan flesh in front of him, and rolled his hips.

"I should've fucked you in that practice room. I should've fucked you in my car. I should've fucked you every goddamn chance I got," he spoke with a deep voice that made Lance moan.

"You fucking should've," he growled and dropped his head against the mattress. Keith's chest heaved, and his hand trembled as it slid from Lance's hips to his waist.

"You feel so good…" he moaned.

The heat. The pressure. The absolutely amazing feeling that came with being inside Lance. It was all so much, and Keith could only roll his hips without cumming instantly.


All he could muster was a small thrust. His body trembled, and his nails dug into Lance's flawless
He bit his lip to try and muffle his moan, but it was useless. Lance was begging again and his brain was doing shit to keep him sane. He moved his hips again and moaned. With that he pressed his face into Lance’s back and wrapped his arms around that beautiful tiny waist. His hips then rutted into the warm wet pressure that left his head spinning. Lance instantly cried out when Keith got a rhythm going, and as it continued he continued to pant and gasp and moan with each thrust. It wasn’t helping Keith who was barely holding on to his sanity and ability to not mindlessly fuck into what could only be described as the most amazing feeling ever.

"Ke-ke-Keith! Oh god…ah! Haa…"

"So good," Keith muttered and reached between his legs. Lance gasped and scrambled at the added sensation of Keith's hand on his dick.

"Holy…f-fuck!" He cried and continued helplessly moaning under Keith.

"You like that?" He asked in a husky voice. Lance nodded and Keith found the strength to lean back. Just the sight in front of Keith made him grip the base of his cock to stop him from cumming. His hips stuttered and he bit his lip.

"Keith," Lance sighed.

"Yeah, babe?" Keith responded immediately. He couldn’t tear his eyes away from the perfect view. Lance moaned sweetly at the word "babe".

"You feel so good."

With that Keith was helpless. His breath hitched and he instantly came. The warmth flooded out of him and around him trapped in the condom. Just the added warmth made Lance moan louder and cum all over Keith's fingers and sheets under him. His shoulders and chest slumped lazily against the bed as he tried to catch his breath. Keith was mesmerized by watching his shoulders and back expand and deflate with each breath he took. Soon their breathing synced up and they had finally calmed down.

It took another minute before Keith returned to earth and decided to clean up. He removed himself from Lance, and pressed warm kisses against his neck when he groaned in protest. Then he disposed of the dirty condom, and fetched a towel from his nearby bathroom. When he returned to his room Lance was on his side avoiding the, already starting to dry, puddle of cum on the sheets. Keith quickly mopped it up and then tossed the towel to the side.

"You okay?" Keith asked. Lance nodded and pushed himself up. He rubbed at his tired eyes and then smiled.

"I feel more than okay," he hummed and leaned closer to Keith. The captain smiled back and accepted Lance's calm and exhausted kiss.

"Maybe…after I'm a little more collected, we can go again," Lance mumbled. Keith chuckled.

"I'm not opposed to the idea, but my mom gets back in a few hours, and your mom is expecting you back before dinner," he reminded him.

"Then you better find a way to wake me up," Lance giggled and lazily kissed down Keith's neck. The captain laughed and bit his lip.

"How about food?" Keith suggested. Lance hummed.
"I'd love a sandwich," he replied. Keith grinned.
"I can do that."

"Lance, what the fuck is up with you lately?" Pidge asked.
"What do you mean?" Lance asked.
"I mean you keep showing up with these bruises all over you. I know they aren't hickeys because I found one next to your fucking knee," she pointed down to where his shorts ended. Lance laughed nervously.
"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," he replied.
"If it's anything like the excuse you gave me last time, then no I wouldn't believe the captain of the football team did that. Not unless football players are suddenly gay and attracted to band nerds," Pidge replied. Lance shrugged.
"Hey, who knows? I might just be special," he replied.
"Whatever. I've spoken to Keith before, and it's just unrealistic to believe he would-"
"Hey, Lance!"

The two turned to see the devil himself walk down the band hall. Keith was obviously grinning at Lance with his letterman's jacket on. A slight blush spread over Lance's cheeks and he glared at the captain. Pidge on the other hand was finding it difficult to finish her sentence. When Keith stepped up to them Lance crossed his arms.
"What are you doing here?" He asked. Keith smirked and slipped his arm around Lance's waist.
"I missed my boyfriend," he replied simply and pulled Lance closer for a rather drawn out kiss. Lance was bright red and tried not to look totally enslaved to Keith's touch.
"Y-you just saw me this morning," he stuttered. Keith shook his head and gave him another kiss.
"Not enough."
"Ah-hem," Pidge cleared her throat, and Keith and Lance turned their attention to her.
"Oh, hey Pidge," Keith greeted. He let go of Lance's waist and patted her shoulder.
"...hey..."
"You've met Pidge before, So I've heard."
"Yup. We talked the other day."
"What question?"
"What happened to Lance's knees? If you're so close you can tell me what those marks really are," Pidge said. Keith smirked.

"Oh those? Those are just something I left behind a couple days ago. They'll be gone soon," he replied. Lance lightly smacked his shoulder.

"Hey," Keith feigned distress and held the spot Lance hit.

"Shut up, and stop being gross," Lance hissed. Keith laughed and held him around the waist again. Pidge shook her head and marched away from the situation, leaving Lance alone to be backed up against the wall.

"C'mon. You're usually the cheesy sexy one," Keith hummed and brushed his nose along Lance's jaw.

"This is different. I'm with my friends," Lance grumbled. Keith sweetly kissed his pulse and then his jaw.

"I didn't know you had a filter," Keith murmured. Lance flicked his ear.

"Ouch," Keith flinched and rubbed the spot.

Lance then leaned forward and captured his lips with a kiss. The captain gladly followed his lead and kissed him back. It wasn't heated like it usually was. Instead it was sweet and lovely, and easy to follow. Lance then pulled back and Keith smiled.

"Do your friends not care if they see us making out or what?" Keith asked. Lance wrapped his arms around his neck.

"You said you'd come over here and make out with me, so I'm just making sure you keep your word," Lance replied. Keith then grinned and leaned in once more.

"I'll always keep my word."

End Notes

How fucked was that? Lmao

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