

Then and Now (ON HIATUS)

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Then and Now (ON HIATUS)

by [angel_baby](#)

Summary

Lance is happily mated to two wonderful Alphas: Keith and Shiro. This is just a story of days in their daily life with flashbacks to how they met.

Notes

Hi guys! :)

This story has been on my mind for some time so I decided to share with all of you. I've seen both seasons and absolutely fell in love with it. I am anxious for the third season because it shouldn't have ended like that way. =_ =

Anyway, the tags presented above do not appeal to your favor then please do not read. I am NOT forcing you to read by any means. You read on your own human right.

Also, all rights of the show Voltron belong to DreamWorks production.

Without further ado enjoy the first chapter of this story. :)

Now: Wonderful Mornings with Family

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sunlight streamed through the sheer curtains, signaling the first sign of morning. Lance turned away from the light, snuggling deeper in the quilt he was wrapped in. He sighed when he felt a hand touch his hip with feather-like touches. A heavy arm was slung over his waist which gradually pulled him closer to a cool yet muscular chest.

Lance sighed peacefully, enjoying the delightful caresses upon his body. A chuckle seemed to break his slumber. His eyelids slowly opened with blurry vision before becoming clear to find himself staring into a pair of soft grey eyes. A bright smile broke across the chiseled man's face.

"Good morning, beautiful." His voice sounded like smooth hot caramel.

Lance hummed, moving to lay himself fully on his lover's body. "Morning, Shiro." He said with a happy sigh as he relieved in the warmth radiating between them. He felt a kiss on his forehead. "Where's Keith?"

A grumble coming from behind the tanned skin boy startled him as another arm slithered around his waist, laying a hand flat on his lower torso. He felt hair scraping in-between his shoulder blades when the person snuggled closer.

A husky voice still very much drowsy groaned. "Please stop talking and go back to sleep."

Lance giggled, lifting the hand off of his stomach to bring it to his lips for a kiss. "Good Morning, Keith. It's time for you to get up anyway. Don't you need to start getting ready for work?"

"Actually, we have a meeting at 8 o'clock with the investors today." Shiro mentioned, reluctantly getting up from the bed but not before giving a kiss on his adorable Omega's lips.

As he went to the bathroom, Lance sat up and rose his arms in the air. He stretched out his sore muscles, yawning. His other mate, Keith, was still on the bed. Though he grumbled when he felt his mate move and trapped him by wrapping his arms around his waist. He layed his head on his thigh covered of the quilt.

"Keith, you have to wake up love." Lance said quietly. His fingers buried themselves in that thick black messy hair of his, brushing away the strands that fell back easily in its previous position. A smile appeared on his lips as he reminisced on the days when he teased the Alpha of his horrendous hairstyle. He knew that he kept it the same all these years just to rile him up.

The Alpha only moaned, not making any effort to get up.

Before Lance could urge him to wake up, a knock came from the door along with a quiet voice.

"*Mamá?*"

"You can come in, *Amor*." Lance called out.

The door opened, revealing a little boy in pajamas which were decorated with rocket ships and stars. Thick black hair framed his small chubby face. A small patch of white fell over his forehead. A girl stood next to him in a pink gown with ruffles at the bottom. It complimented her fair skin. Her eyes were a mesmerizing shade of violet which matched her Papa's whereas the boy's eyes were identical to his Daddy's soft grey ones. They both looked to their Mama who was seated on the bed.

Lance smiled brilliantly at the twins standing at the corridor. "Good morning, my loves." He said cheerfully. He held his arms out wide open.

The boy and girl ran to him crashing into his chest as they were embraced warmly and tightly in their Mother's arms. Lance brought them up onto the bed. He kissed both of their heads, nuzzling his nose in their hair to scent-mark them. The children returned the favor, rubbing their faces on his chest.

The girl was the first to pull away. She looked up at him with those alluring orbs. Soft freckles dotted around her upper cheeks. They were more prominent on the midst of her nose. It was basically the only trait from him that was passed down to her; his mates think otherwise. Aki was the only one who did not have any freckles except for the mole that was on his right cheek.

"*Mamá*, I want breakfast." The pup blatantly proclaimed, wanting her Mommy to do exactly what she asked.

"You're going to have to wait, sweetheart."

"No! I want it now!" She retorted crossing her small arms over her chest. Her face contorted into a scowl just like her Papa whenever he was grumpy.

Lance sighed. He had know from the day she was born that she would be exactly like her Papa from his looks to the downright demanding, snarky attitude of his. "Now, Elena. I just woke up right now. After I get dressed, you and your brother can have breakfast then." He chided softly.

The twins whined. "But *Mamá*—"

"Akishiro and Elena." A low stern voice said, capturing both the children's attention to turn their heads to see Keith who was now sitting up. "No whining. You will eat when your Mama finishes getting ready. Until then, you both need to go brush your teeth and get dressed for school. Understood?"

They both nodded sullenly. "Yes, Papa."

"Good, now go get ready or else." He warned then suddenly lunged towards them, ripping them away from Lance's arms and throwing them on the bed. His fingers tickled their sides, earning screams and giggles as he tortured them.

"Papa! Stop! Tehehe." Elena screeched as Akishiro, who was normally called as *Aki*, rolled away from his Papa's evil clutches before jumping on his back. Keith yelped, falling forward as the twins tackled him on the bed. They poked and tickled anywhere they could reach though it was hard, painful jabs from their tiny fingers.

Shiro came out from the bathroom, looking refreshed after taking a shower. He stopped to watch his pups attacking his other mate, smiling at how helpless Keith was. He slowly crept towards the bed, falling back on it like his body was deadweight. It distracted the pups long enough for Keith to grab a hold of Aki and tickle him under his arms. Elena squealed when her Daddy pinned her down to the bed, and blew raspberries on her small belly.

Lance snickered at the adorable scene playing right in front of him. Just watching his mates interact with his pups sent a bloom of utter happiness straight into his heart, increasing its size. He was so grateful to have such a wonderful family to call his own.

Chapter End Notes

So, how was it? I know it kinda sucked for being the first chapter and all. I tried—excuse all errors because I just typed this out at midnight and have no beta.

I find it adorable how Lance, Keith, and Shiro are parents especially when the kids call him Mama. (^^)

I don't know if there will be multiple chapters or not. I haven't decided on that yet. However, if I do then there may be only a couple like 8-10 depending how the story will go.

Comment your thoughts/reactions.

Til next time. ✌

Then: First Encounter

Chapter Notes

OMG. THE PREVIEW OF VOLTRON HAS ME HYPED AND EXCITED FOR SEASON 3. SHIRO IS STILL MISSING AND LOTOR IS UNDENIABLY DECENT LOOKING FOR A VILLAIN (Heck, he looks better than all the other Galras). And can we not forget the last few seconds of the trailer of Lance taking a selfie with little alien children?! Like that part made me happier because Lance interacting with kids made me shine brighter like radiant sunshine.

Anyway, I've decided to add more chapters to this story though the exact number of chapters is still undecided. This chapter consists of the first flashback which will be in italics so you, the readers, will be able to tell the difference.

Also here are the list of ages for the characters:

P—Present & Pa—Past

Lance:

- 26 (P)
- 18 (Pa)

Keith:

- 28 (P)
- 20 (Pa)

Shiro:

- 29 (P)
- 21 (Pa)

Hunk:

- 26 (P)
- 18 (Pa)

Pidge:

- 24 (P)
- 16 (Pa)

Allura:

- 28 (P)
- 20 (Pa)

Coran:

- 40 (P)
- 32 (Pa)

The kids are 4 yrs. old (in the present that is).

Enjoy. ^.^

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Sir, the Galraian Enterprise is wondering if there could be an increase in their profit and decrease the percentage of our equity while keeping their sales the same—"

"No." Keith snarled, leaning forward in his seat. The cold, menace glare in his violet eyes sent shivers down on every employee's spine. They knew what their boss's reaction would be especially the one with the low temperament. "Those bastards haven't even met their sales for the past three years which we had to back them up on. Now they think they are fortunate enough to have an increase in profit just so they can have a higher salary. ***Fuck no.***"

Shiro, who was sitting next to him, sighed heavily. He rubbed his temples in frustration as his mate snapped at their co-workers who stuttered out their input of the situation at hand. They were currently in a meeting with several corporates from the district around the city. It was a typical day for random outbursts of disagreements and quarrels while everyone tried to form a compromise amongst all companies. Moreover, it was always him to settle the feuds before it got worse.

"Perhaps they can have 5% of an increase," he countered. Keith's head whirled to him with a bewildering look. He folded his hands on the table as a comprehensive expression took over his face. "With that being said, they need to fulfill at least 45% of this company's sales by the next three months. Their equity will remain the same because as Keith mentioned their company would be a far more disastrous without us," he explained.

"As if three months is enough to get their asses moving." Keith scoffed.

"It will," The grey-eyed Alpha proclaimed with finality in his tone, signifying the resolution to the problem. He gazed over to all the employees seated around the long oval wooden table. "Send a message to Zarkon with a brief synopsis of the compromise. If he denies the offer, then *please* give our best regards to the immediate end of his company. Until then you are all dismissed."

"Three months is not enough!" Keith cried out as he stormed in his office.

Shiro sighed, closing the door as he glanced to Keith who was sulking at his desk. His face was turned away with a deep frown on his lips. Shiro took off his jacket, placing it on the rack that stood near the entrance before going to his mate.

"It will be for them to reconsider their actions," he stated. He went to the desk on the other side of the room, sitting down on the black leather chair. He swirled the chair to face his mate who was scribbling furiously on a notebook. "Keith, it's for the best of the company," he said to him softly.

"I know that, Shiro! I just can't let Altea, one of our greatest successful milestones, be jeopardize by scumbags who are willing to claim it theirs by any cost," He admitted sadly, clenching the document in his hands.

"And they won't." Shiro promised him, sending waves of his scent. The aroma of warm vanilla and mint eventually calmed down the agitated Alpha.

Keith grunted. "That's if Lance doesn't maul them to death before we do." He looked to his mate, snickering. "Remember when he came into our office demanding to cut off all sales with them because the numbers were miscalculated?"

"I remember that as if it was yesterday," Shiro chuckled as memories of that particular day flooded his mind.

8 years earlier

It was a normal day at Altea Incorporations. Everyone was hustling in their cubicles either by answering phone calls or dashing down the halls to deliver paperwork to the destined employee. Random conversations swirled in the atmosphere signaling another busy day of work.

The bell above the elevator dinged, lighting up as the doors slid open to reveal two Alpha's dressed in identical suits. However, they had a tie of a different color: one wore black as the other wore red.

The one wearing the red tie was an Alpha who was above average height (although he denies it whenever someone tells him) but his looks were striking. His hair was slicked back leaving a thick mess at the nape of his neck though it complimented his porcelain face quite nicely. The black suit which he wore fitted perfectly over his wiry yet muscular body. A scowl scrunched his thin pink lips as he hastily moved down the hall, ignoring anyone who came up and tried to speak to him.

The taller Alpha (who wore the black tie) was similarly handsome but more muscular than the other, with hair styled with the sides shaved, allowing only the top to be a thick raven black mess with a white tipped forelock. He held a suitcase in his one hand while slipping his sunglasses off with the other. His grey eyes surveyed the area busy of workers scurrying like mice back and forth. It was amusing to watch the employees running all over the place like a chicken running without its head.

"Mr. Shirogane!"

The Alpha turned. A lady came up to him, panting as if she just ran a marathon. Her clothes were ruffled out of place.

"Karen," he greeted then proceeded to walk down the hall with the other Alpha who was already a few feet ahead of them.

"There are several voicemails regarding your agreement with Galraian Enterprise. The press would like to have your comments as soon as possible. And you have a meeting at 1 o'clock with Peterson," Karen said as she hurriedly followed them down the hall.

"Didn't Peterson already met with us?"

"Well, yes sir—last week to be exact. But he needed to see you because it was urgent."

The shorter Alpha scoffed. "Cancel the meeting and tell him that we aren't interested in marrying his stuck up Omega bitch of a daughter."

His blunt statement left the woman flabbergasted. Shirogane just sighed, mumbling to the worker to just phone the guy and send their apologies to him. They walked into their office, settling their things down before heading to their desks and logging into their desktops. They begun the pretenious work of responding to emails and answering phone calls. Just when Shirogane was about to call the other Alpha to go to lunch, the door suddenly burst open.

The two Alphas looked up, preparing to yell out to the intruder with a reprimand in mind when their eyes met the most beautiful person they've ever seen.

A petite guy dressed in a white shirt with slacks that accentuated those legs that seemed to stretch on for days, stormed in the office. His tanned skin looked so smooth to touch especially those plump rose pink lips. But the one thing that fully captured the Alpha's attention were the pair of clear blue eyes that were the closest thing to the color of the ocean which Shirogane has traveled across so often.

"Sir! You can't just go in without an appointment!" Karen yelled after the 'pretty' guy who had already set foot in their office before another guy entered coming to stand alongside him.

"It's all right, Karen." Shirogane assured her. "I will see what this man needs."

"Oh, that's swell." The guy sarcastically said. His voice mesmerized both the Alphas once again. "Look, Hunk." He turned to the other guy next to him who looked as if he was shitting bricks. "The boss has finally asked what I need and I'll get it for once."

The burly guy, Hunk, grumbled unintelligibly under his breath.

"What's your reason for barging in our office, gentlemen?" The other Alpha asked, annoyed to be disturbed by these two rude workers.

The tanned beauty stood straight, clearing his throat before speaking. "My name is Lance McClain and I am here with my buddy, Hunk, to talk about the miscalculations of the numbers in sales conjoined with the Galraian Enterprise."

"Nice to know. Now beat it."

"Now, Keith." Shirogane chided then gazed intently to the two men. "What department do you work in, Mr. McClain?"

"In the technical department, sir."

"Then why the hell are you coming up with shit about the sales when you're not even a member of it?" Keith snarled.

"Keith." Shirogane hissed.

"It was me, sir." Hunk spoke up, coming forward. "I am one of the members of the sales department who noticed the odd calculations."

*Keith's eyes narrowed as he leaned forward on his desk, snarling in a deadly enraged voice. "Why are you blabbing out the issue to your friend here when he has no shit of an idea of your department? You are to come to either Shiro or I. **No one else.** You should have known better if it weren't the need of keeping you here."*

"Hey! If anyone is to take fault and be fired, then it's me!" Lance exclaimed earning shocked looks from everyone.

"Mr. McClain—"

"Lance is fine."

*"**Lance,**" Shiro said. Lance, himself, strangely liked how the man pronounced his name as if it was one of the wonders of the universe. He shook off the jitters in his stomach as he resumed his attention on the man.*

"How do you assume that there are some complications to the sales numbers?"

"It came to my attention that the sales numbers have not been computing accurately with the others prior to the last few years," Lance explained as he lifted a stack of papers in his hands. "Here are the records which contain information of the previous years of our percentage in sales while partnered with the Galras," he added as he walked to Shiro's desk.

Keith ripped the documents out of his hands, startling the tanned Omega. He briefly scanned them, scoffing. "These are useless," he confirmed dully then looked to Lance, speaking in a condescending tone. "Tell me, Mr. McClain, why we must compare our recent average sales to old ones that weren't calculated with the highly advanced equipment we have today."

"Advanced or not, there is still a miscalculation in the sales." Lance pressed.

"You do know that it is a violation to be looking into private information distinguished to be observed by only the specified department?" Shiro questioned him.

"Yes but—"

"Then why did you, Hunk, show your friend here these classified documents?" Keith interjected.

Hunk gulped, twiddling his thumbs as he stuttered out a reply. "Mr. Kogane, I asked him for his input—"

*"When you couldn't simply ask for **ours**?" Keith asked though his voice was dead of any emotion.*

Hunk stayed quiet; his head hung in shame.

"Look Mr. Kogane and Mr. Shirogane," Lance said, pushing down the fear when both of the Alpha's eyes looked directly at him which caused him to struggle in controlling the instinct to run away from their heat stares. "I was the one who filed the records without permission. I saw my friend struggling in figuring out what the issue was. I offered him my help. Actually, I pestered him until he finally let me see the records. After analyzing and calculating the numbers myself, I realized that there was indeed a mistake in the charts of last week's sales combined with the Galraian Enterprise's data."

*Keith let out a harsh chortle, empty of humor. "Really? Wow, Mr. McClain. I give you credit for being such a good friend. Though why don't you go over to the sales department and show those fellas how truly **accurate** your calculations are compared to theirs?"*

Lance fumed in silence, his hand clenching into fists as he fought down the severing hurt from those cruel mocking words from the Alpha.

*"Listen here, Mr. McClain. As head CEO's of Altea, we hire the best of the best employees. Each department has their own requirements for individuals that will best suit the position. For our case, the Sales department consists employees, who have exemplary knowledge **and** experience in Statistics and Management. Hell, they have Master's—a couple of them have PhD's—of those subjects. We keep in contact daily with Galraian Enterprise sales department as well, ringing up their data and combining it with our own to fully analyze the results." He paused, leaning back against his desk as he lazily glimpsed at the tanned boy. Crossing his arms over his chest, he said: "There is no reason for an inexperienced child like you to come up with delusional shit about mistakes in our sales' averages."*

"Like there's no reason for an asshole of a boss to completely ignore the fact of the possibility in jeopardizing the industry," Lance retorted.

Keith's eyes widened, before narrowing to slits as a frightening expression darkened his features.

"Mr. McClain, I think it is time for you and your friend to leave." Shiro said in a clear angry tone.

Lance stared blankly at the two Alphas in miserable defeat. "Fine then. But don't come kissing my ass when the Galras are receiving more profit than what we should be earning," he sneered before stalking out of the office with Hunk right behind him.

It was less than 2 hours when both Keith and Shiro recognized the hidden misconception once they compared their last week's sales average to the Galra's. It seemed their numbers were more than a little off—the Galraian Enterprise happened to exceed over a 30% range!

They immediately phoned Zarkon (Head CEO of the company), demanding explanations to the cause of this mishap. They received nothing but weak excuses angered them further. Shiro

and Keith rallied up a meeting, requiring every head accountant from all departments to attend where they planned a desperate resolution to the situation.

Everything was cleared up near midnight, allowing Shiro and Keith to dismiss the meeting once and for all. They sighed in exhaustion as they packed up to leave. They left the building in complete bewilderment. Never have the two Alphas ever experienced such a terrible crisis that was so close to actually occur. They swore to never let it happen again. When they arrived home, they wondered how easy it was for this mistake to slip past under every employee's nose.

Except for one.

The two Alphas knew what they had to do tomorrow.

The next day, Lance was called in by Karen to meet in the bosses' office. He took the elevator, nerves racking in his body as he imagined what's about to take place. The worst scenarios played in his mind, entering in the office with the two bosses glaring down at him like a petulant child as they hand him a pink resignation form. He pictured how devastating his friends would be once he told them especially his Mama. Gosh, the image of him living on the streets with no food or shelter caused him to pray hard like a man who did a deadly sin.

It was ironic how that likely seemed to be the case.

He came towards the end of the hall and stopped in front of Karen's desk, whom was sitting and typing away on the keyboard. She paused then stood, motioning him to follow her. A weird noise vibrated in the back of his throat as he trudged behind her. She told him to wait as she went in to notify the bosses his presence. Right as Lance thought of running back to his office, Karen allowed him to go in while holding the opaque glass door open.

Sending last desperate prayers, he entered his doom.

He saw the two Alphas from yesterday standing in the midst of the two desks. Their eyes met his the moment he came in.

Deciding to that this may be his last time ever seeing these two, Lance lips lifted in a tight-lipped smile, speaking in an utmost polite manner. "Mr. Kogane, Shirogane."

Shiro returned the smile though his was more brilliant (or so what Lance thought).

"Do you know why you're here, Mr. McClain?" Keith cut to the case, leaning back on his desk with his arms folded.

"Maybe..." Lance muttered lamely.

Keith simply looked at him with an eyebrow arched, urging him to explain.

The tanned Omega sighed, laying out everything on the table. "Look, what happened yesterday was rightfully wrong of me acting the way I did. I shouldn't have stuck my nose into

private matters that are only permitted to certain departments. I take all fault and will live the consequences for my actions. Though I don't regret calling you guys, assholes, because you both are for ignoring anyone and anything just so your stupid company can prosper," he sassed.

"And we absolutely agree with you." Shiro countered.

"Yes and it would be better if the both of you—Wait, what?" Lance abruptly stopped his rant.

The Alpha chuckled softly, explaining to the confused Omega. "We understand that what you did was wrong but it actually opened our eyes to see the Galras taking advantage in destroying our system. And we thank you, Lance, for being a hero to Altea. Here is a token of our gratitude." He handed a slip to him, which Lance took it with shaky hands dreading to see what fortune it held.

Lance's face was priceless as he stared down at the small paper, reading the words once and twice to be sure he was deciphering the message clearly. The tips of his ears matched the apple red shade on his cheeks. His mouth opened and closed like a fish, failing to form words as complete astoundment took over his body.

"Guess such assholes like us exist who are nice enough to give a promotion to their bright, disobedient employee? Huh, Mr. McClain?" Keith smirked.

The memory dispersed by a banging noise as if it were shut down by a main power switch. Their heads rose to see two children running through the door, screaming at the top of their lungs.

"Daddy! Papa!" The girl ran towards Keith as the boy went to Shiro. The Alphas stood, capturing the kids in their arms. Before either of them could question where their mother was, Lance dashed into the room, heavy pants leaving from his mouth like a dog that just chased a squirrel. He glared at the two pipsqueaks in his husbands' arms as he straightened out his wrinkled shirt.

"I told you both to wait for me," he sighed in exhaustion as he closed the door.

"Lance, what are you all doing here?" Shiro asked. He was shocked but extremely happy that his mate and pups came to see Keith and him.

Lance smiled as he walked up to his Alphas, kissing them both on the cheek before answering. "I knew you both were going to busy today and possibly forget to go on lunch break. And since the kids only had school for half-a-day today, I decided why not have lunch all together." He sang, smiling widely as he held up a large lunch bag which looked heavy with what could be food inside based on the smell of something delicious that travelled to both of the Alpha's noses.

Keith strolled to him, grabbing the bag with one hand as he held Elena on his hip with the other. "Thanks, Lance." He said, wrapping an arm tightly around his waist to pull him in for a kiss. Elena gagged, turning away as her parents smooched.

Aki giggled as Shiro rolled his eyes fondly at his daughter's antics.

Lance pulled away when he felt the kiss beginning to get intense. "You might wanna check if anything's been spilled," he warned, jutting a finger at the twins as he grumbled softly. "The bag was jostled around as I ran after these rascals who took off right after the elevator's doors opened."

Shiro looked at his daughter then to his son in his arms. "Aki. Elena. Want to tell Papa and me why you ran ahead of Mama?"

Aki bowed his head, avoiding his Daddy's stern eyes. On the other hand, Elena blinked innocently at him.

"We were excited to see to you," she simply stated coolly.

"Elena." Keith growled lightly, knowing that there was much more to that innocent answer.

She looked straight into her Papa eyes, not afraid of his glare as her mouth opened to remark but her brother stopped her before she could take the chance.

"It was a race, Papa! We bet who can come here the fastest! The winner would get to spend the entire day in here while the loser does whatever Papa or Daddy asks." Aki explained.

"Is that so?" Keith wondered as his eyes suddenly lit up. He looked to Shiro, speaking silently to one another before redirecting their eyes on their Omega.

Lance flinched under the Alphas' heated stare. "What?" he asked.

"So the winners must be you two then, pups?" Shiro asked his pups, settling his son down on the ground. Keith copied him, ruffling his daughter's hair and laughing when she swatted his hands away.

The twins looked up at their Daddy, nodding. Lance looked between his mates and his kids, wondering what in the world was going on.

"Then the one who lost would be Momma, right?" Keith walked behind him, placing his hands on his shoulders.

"Yes!" exclaimed Elena. "Because we got here before he did, right Aki?"

"Mmm." Her brother hummed.

"And he does whatever Papa and Daddy want," Shiro pondered, closely observing his mate so strongly that shivers ran down Lance's spine as hot goo heated in his stomach.

The twins nodded vigorously, anxious for their Daddy and Papa to determine who's the winner of the game.

"Then it's official. You two are the champions of this race," he declared, switching his gaze to his mate as he announced in an oddly gleeful tone, "while your mother is the unfortunate one

to obey our commands."

"Yay!"

"What?!"

Shiro just smirk smugly.

Keith leaned in his ear, lips brushing against his earlobe. He whispered, "It is what it is, baby. Now how about I tell you what Shiro and I would like for you to do for us tonight," he growled, sliding a hand down his back and grasped a handful of his arse.

Lance groaned. He cursed his Alphas for always letting their pups get their way as he tried to calm down his boiling hot body while thoughts swirled in his mind of what tonight had in stored for him.

Chapter End Notes

I just realized how long this chapter is. Whoops. (Excuse all errors I will correct them when I have time).

I wanna thank you all for your lovely comments. I am so happy you like this story and yes I will be adding more chapters (just bear with me in updating because I have a life outside in the real world too).

As of now, there will be a mixture of flashbacks and present day events in every chapter. Hopefully, they won't be as long as this one though. I try not to type out long chapters because I fear of it being too wordy which drones the reader in boredom.

Don't be comfortable in reading only fluff, cuddles, and rainbows. Be aware that there will be angst (not too much like the extreme) but that will be later on... Or will it? ;)

Until next time folks! ✌

Then: The Princess & her Orange Assistant

Chapter Notes

WARNING: SEXUAL CONTENT IN THIS CHAPTER (It's only a small bit so you can skip it if you don't like reading that stuff).

Also, more flashbacks are in this chapter along with additional characters introduced.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Gah! Ngh—Oh, K-Keith!"

Whimpers escaped from Lance's mouth as his Alpha snapped his hips back into him. Slick littered his thighs into a sticky mess along with several bites. Lance gasped when Keith raised one of his legs, holding it there as he proceeded thrusting into him. The new angle was advantage for the Alpha's shaft to press directly onto his sweet spot, causing him to cry out.

"Shh, Lance." Shiro crooned. He was behind him and seated against the headboard, grasping his slender hips in his large, warm hands. Rubbing smoothing circles with his thumbs, he whispered huskily to him. "Don't wanna wake up the kids now do we, darling?"

Lance's only response was a whimper. His eyes drew shut as he felt Keith's shaft slamming into his hole. He moaned, throwing his head back onto his other Alpha's chest. Shiro gripped the back of his neck and lifted his chin back to pull his face towards his, drowning out his cries and moans in a searing, upside-down kiss. Lance rested a hand on his Alpha's cheek, loving how the stubble scrap the pads of his fingers. He pulled away with a yelp as his sweet spot was rammed again.

"Fuck, Lance. You're so tight." Keith moaned, snarling when his penis was sucked into the blistering hot warmth of the Omega's inner walls. He leaned over, planting a sloppy kiss on his pink pecs. "*So fucking beautiful, baby.* Isn't he, Shiro?"

"Stunning," he agreed, trailing a hand down to gently caress the Omega's hard prick. He gave it a couple of firm squeezes before fully encasing it with his hand in a steel grip.

Lance preened, knowing well enough that his Alpha's dirty remarks make him become a hot mess. His thighs quivered as immense pressure was building down in his abdomen. He whined pitifully, squirming in displeasure as the pressure was becoming too much for him to handle. He couldn't stand it for too long, not when his Alphas are bringing him to the peak.

"I-I can't... I n-need to—"

BIZZ—RING RING!

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," Keith growled.

Lance shushed him by planting kisses on his forehead. Shiro gently pushed his Omega forward so he could move himself to reach the phone that was on the small bed table.

"It's from yours, Lance."

A confused look was on the tanned Omega's face as he grabbed the phone from him. He inwardly groaned when he glimpsed at the caller ID. He was about to answer it when suddenly it was knocked right out of his hands.

"Let it ring—they can leave a message," Keith stated in utmost annoyance. "Besides, you're too busy at the moment," he murmured before grasping his Omega's hips as he positioned himself to resume fucking his lovely mate to the heavens.

"No!" Lance yelled, swatting his Alpha's hands away as he grabbed the device which landed to the mere side of them. Holding it above their heads, he placed a firm hand on his irritated Alpha's chest. "I have to answer this—it's *her*."

Both Alphas' eyes widened in surprise.

"Why is she calling this late?" Shiro asked.

Lance shrugged. "I don't know," he said, looking down at the blaring device. He sighed, grimacing at the fluids leaking out of him and sticking in between his thighs as he sat up. "I'm going to shower. Can you answer it, Shiro?"

"Of course."

Lance gave him a quick peck on his lips. "Thanks, babe." He then stood, wobbling a bit as he did so.

"I'll join you." Keith dearly suggested as he shot up from the bed.

Lance glared. "No funny business."

The Alpha smirked. "No promises," he said before scooping the Cuban Omega in his arms and scurrying out of the bedroom. Shiro rolled his eyes at the echo of Lance's squeals and Keith's laughter coming from the bathroom.

His finger slid the green phone icon across the screen as he lifted the device to his ear.

"Hello, Allura."

"Mamá, ¿a dónde vamos?"

Lance glanced at the rearview mirror to find his son, Aki, who was staring at him while his daughter was looking out the window as he drove down the busy streets of downtown. "Well,

I got a call from your Auntie Allura last night—"

"*Tía* called?!" Elena perked up at the name of her lovely aunt.

"*Sí, mí amor.*" he said, "And looks like she needed me to come in for work. Although I could have leave you guys at home with Daddy and Papa, she insisted that I bring you both along."

"Yay!" The pups cheered.

"I'm happy that we're going with you, Mamá." Elena admitted.

"And why is that, *mija*?"

"Because you're more fun than Daddy."

Aki looked at his sister with utter mortification. "No! Daddy is fun!" He argued. "It's Papa who's not."

"Oh, really? And why's that, *mí amor*?" Lance asked, intrigued.

"It just is, Mamá. It's always boring wherever he takes us especially the gym. It's stinky," she told him as her nose crinkled in disgust at the memory of the nasty stench of sweat whenever they went inside the building. "And he always tells us no when we ask him to do something fun with us."

"It's because your ideas of fun are not safe, Elena." Aki commented.

"Yes, it is!"

"No, it's not."

"Is so!"

"Is not!"

"Is so too!" Elena snapped causing Aki to growl.

"All right you two behave," Lance scolded before the twin's bickering could turn into a quarrel. "Remember what Daddy and Papa told you?"

Aki and Elena both nodded, muttering. "*Sí, Mamá.*" They clearly remember and promised to be good pups to their Mamá, knowing that their Daddy and Papa would definitely make this be their last trip to Auntie's workplace or else they won't be able to go there anymore even if they grow up to be adults!—(though Keith may have exasperated on that part). They remained quiet for the remainder of the drive, allowing Lance to fully concentrate navigating through the clustered streets.

They arrived at the skyscraper adjacent to the Altea Incorporations by a bridge in between. He parked the vehicle alongside the entrance as a chauffeur came to place the vehicle in the garage for them while they entered inside the building. The twins were on either side of their

Mamá, holding his hands as they looked in awe at the building. White marble covered the interior with obsidian plastered in several places of the walls. Both walls and granite floors shined under the subtle glare of the sun rays which filtered through the glass pane windows.

They squealed in excitement as their Mamá led them inside the elevator, pressing a button which closed the doors. Elena and Aki let go of his hands as they ran to back, placing their small hands on the glass wall to glance down at the people who were getting smaller as the lift ascended. Lance smiled at his pups who were gawking at the other buildings that appeared more grand than what's seen from below. He took out his phone to snap a quick photo of them and sent it to his Alphas with a caption.

The pups love Allura's innovations. ;)

The elevator came to a stop with a '**ding**'. Lance called the pups, grabbing a hold of their hands as he led them out once the doors slid open. He nodded and greeted to the fellow workers who sent greetings towards his way. They even cooed at the twins who waved their hands with a smile on their faces as they passed down the hall.

"Lance, is that you?"

The Omega turned, smiling when he saw a man with an orange mustache and hair sitting behind a desk. "The one and only."

"Uncle Coran!" The twins yelled, running over to the man who had stood behind the desk and came to the front to embrace the little ones.

"Hello to my wonderful neice and nephew." Coran chirped, patting their heads. "It's been a while since I've seen you both. My, you've grown so much."

"I'm taller than Aki." Elena declared triumphantly.

"Only by an inch," Her brother added as his sister glared at him.

"Kids." Lance chided before hugging Coran. "It's nice to see you, Coran. I see you're still working behind the desk?"

"Indeed! I couldn't give up this position to anyone old champ," he said, twirling the end of his mustache. "Where can anyone find the best secretary such as a handsome, hardworking fellow like myself?" He mentioned with a hand planted on his chest.

Lance rolled his eyes as the pups giggled at their silly uncle.

"Coran! I need those papers from the Jefferson City Co. before the meeting this evening and also please notify—" A lady dressed in a formal dress, strolled down the hallway with heels clicking with her steps. Her bright sky blue eyes widened in surprise as she exclaimed in utter glee. "Lance!"

"Allura!" Lance replied in same happiness before he was crushed in a suffocating hug. He struggled to move his arms as he gasped out in short breaths. "It's...good to...see you—Ow!—too."

"Auntie! Auntie!" The pups chanted as they marched over to her.

Allura practically dumped Lance to the floor as she kneeled down to gather the twins in her arms. "Hello, my brightest stars of the galaxy." She kissed both of their cheeks. "How are you both? Gosh, I've missed you so much! Being good little pups to your parents?"

They yipped, "Yes!"

"Good." She turned her gaze to Lance. "I apologise for having you come over on a weekend. I need your assistance for some things today if you don't mind."

"Not at all." Lance assured her. "I knew it was important since you don't normally call in the middle of the night."

"Yeah, well it's one of those days where it's going to be hectic." She sighed.

"Don't worry. I'll help you with all I can."

"Thank you, Lance." Allura smiled gratefully.

"What about the pups? I don't want them to bore themselves to death while I work," Lance said as he glanced down at the pups who were looking around, waving as employees pass by.

"Coran can look after them." Allura advised.

"Would that be all right?"

"Why of course my boy! I would be glad to take care of these adorable rascals!" Coran exclaimed.

"Okay then. Aki and Elena," he called to his pups who turned to him. He knelt down to look them in the eyes as he sternly said, "You will be staying with Uncle Coran while I go and help Aunt Allura with some work. You both will be on your best behavior, okay?"

"*Sí, Mamá.*"

"Good." He gave a kiss on both of their foreheads with a tender touch to the cheek as he rose. "I will be back in a while. Your iPads are in your backpacks. And if you are going out for lunch—do not run off and leave Uncle Coran behind. The same goes for needing to go the restroom. Understood?"

They nodded, giving a hug to their Mamá as they went to spend the rest of the day with their uncle.

Allura and Lance left conversing with each other.

"Seems like forever since I've been here." Lance commented as they walked down the hallway.

Allura hummed. "It seems so. It's been what— about seven years when you've started working here."

"Actually, eight to be exact." He corrected.

"Wow. It's really been that long?" Then she giggled as if remembering something. "Oh, yes. I remember: the day I hired you as my new employee."

Lance groaned as memories begun to unfold about that day. "I didn't even want the position no matter how much they persuaded me *everyday*."

8 years ago (a month after the near crisis)

"Lance, you gotta take the job."

The tanned Omega groaned. This past month has been frustrating for him even with all the recent events that happened. First, he stood up to the CEO's (who are both Alphas' mind you) to notify them about the miscalculations in the sales data which almost caused him to be fired on the spot. Second, his assumption turned out to be true that had nearly saved the entire company from devastation. Third, he met the CEO's who are currently persuading him to take the job they previously offered him.

"I just can't leave this place and be transferred to another like nothing," He told his friend, Hunk, who were sitting across from him in his small office. "Especially when they've been sending me these ridiculous stuff for the past month!" He motioned to the vases of bright daisies on his desk and a coffee mug wrapped in cellophane which was filled of various of candy. He had to bring the others to his apartment because it was soon crowding his office and desk. All of them had cards attached with initials of both of the CEOs.

Hunk rose an eyebrow as he scanned the objects. "You sure those gifts are just their persuasion for you to accept the job?"

Lance gave a puzzled look to his friend. "I'm sure. Why?"

"Just wondering because they may not be only for that purpose."

Before Lance could question his friend's statement further, a knock grabbed his attention.

"Come in."

The door opened as an individual below average height, who was dressed in business slacks and a green long sleeve shirt, came in. Their golden chestnut hair styled in a messy yet pretty in a pixie cut framed beautifully around their young face. They wore big spectacles which made their eyes appear bigger than they usually are.

"Hey, Pidge." Hunk greeted while Lance waved at her half-heartedly.

"Hey, guys." They held up a vase full of elegant Queen Elizabeth roses. "You've got another one, Lance."

"Are you freaking kidding me?" He whined, glaring as Pidge gently placed the vase on his desk. "I practically have enough flowers to make my own garden."

"You know you can just tell them to stop," Pidge told him. "They're both grown Alphas. I'm certain that they can take the rejection."

"What on Earth are you talking about?" Lance questioned her as Hunk subtly gave Pidge a look to not say another word.

"I forget that you're dumber than a rock," Pidge sighed, shaking their head. "Can't you see the signs right in front of you?"

Lance tilted his head.

"Oh my God, Lance. You know what, you figure it out yourself then come tells us what your answer is, okay?"

"Umm, okay?" Lance said in complete confusion while Hunk sighed in relief.

"Anyway, I've also came to let you know that they want you in their office."

"Right now?"

"Yes."

Lance groaned. "All right, tell them I'll be there in a bit."

Pidge nodded before leaving the room. Lance looked to Hunk who was looking at him with an unreadable expression.

"What?"

Hunk shook his head, chuckling softly. "You are much more dense than I thought you were."

"What do you mean by that?" Lance encouraged his friend to explain but received nothing more than laughter before he left to attend to his duties.

After a while, he went down to the Alphas' office. He took a deep breath before heading in. He froze when he noticed that there was another man and a woman who were standing across from the Alphas. Once the door opened, all eyes turned to him causing him to stutter out a response.

"I—um, sorry! I didn't mean to barge in. I came to see what you needed from me. I didn't know you had company so I'll be going—" he turned to leave.

"Hold on, Lance." Shiro called out, walking over to him. A warm hand gripped his elbow to stop him from moving. Lance ignored the butterflies fluttering in his stomach at the warmth

touch burning through his shirt. He turned around, trying to control his heart beating erratically as he gazed into grey orbs. "You can stay. We were actually going to speak with you," the Alpha explained.

"O-okay." Lance said softly, cursing himself as his inner Omega preened under the soothing scent of timber and mint with a hint of vanilla.

Shiro smiled then turned to the man and woman who were standing next to Keith. "Lance, I like to introduce you to the princess of Altea Incorporations and the most beautiful woman of all, Allura, and her trustworthy assistant, Coran." He gestured to the folks as he continued introducing the new faces. "Allura, Coran. This is Lance McClain. He's the one who is the savior of Altea," he said, placing a hand on the Omega's shoulder.

"Your flattery still runs smoothly as you do, Shiro." The lady, Allura, said as she walked forward to shake Lance's hand in a firm grip. "It's a honor to meet you, Lance. I give my utmost gratitude to you heroic cause to this company."

"It's my pleasure," Lance said then asked her in wonder. "Are you really a princess?"

She laughed. "Of course not, but that's what everyone refers to me as since my father, Alfor, who's the founder of the company is known as the King of Altea."

"Awesome." Lance grinned.

"Indeed," Allura pursed her lips. "Lance, I was notified of the proposition that these two have offered to you and would like to hear your decision."

"Oh, yes." Lance bit his lips as he tried to explain. "Um, I've decided to not accept it."

"Why do you deny the offer?" Keith spoke, his voice urging the Omega to answer at once.

Lance looked to the Alpha, and repressed the rapid flutters in his stomach as he gazed into those probing violet eyes. "I would not like to start all over. I've started my current position since last year when I applied to this company along with my friends. Once I was accepted and took exams, I was assigned to the technical department where I met new people who have suddenly become great peers of mine. I'm also very familiar with the tedious duties presented to us everyday as I'm always the only one to finish them first out of everyone. Of course, I go out and help those who are having trouble. The reason why I cannot afford to accept the promotion is that I am comfortable where I am right now. Your offer is greatly appreciated, thank you. But I rather stay in my original position which I have grown accustomed to."

Silence filled the room, causing Lance to fidget in nervousness. He was afraid that he might have said something wrong and worried he was going to be fired for sure since he outrightly denied the Alphas' request of promotion.

"Well, I'll be darned." The orange haired assistant, Coran, chortled. "You've got a great employee there, my boys. What a bright, fiery pupil this one is."

Keith grunted as Shiro and Allura chuckled.

Lance gazed around not sure how to react. "Um, is that good?" He hesitantly asked.

"More than good!" Allura exclaimed. "You are an exceptional employee who meets all the criteria of a true Paladin."

Lance's eyes grew to the size of saucers. "E-excuse me but did you just say P-Paladin?"

"Oh, yes!" Allura beamed, grabbing a hold of both Lance's hands as she told him. "Lance, I came over today to ask if you would like to become the Blue Paladin of Altea. As I said before, you are an exemplary worker who succeeds in all requirements to be one. Of course, you wouldn't have to worry of leaving your current position for long. You will continue to be working in the technical department and do what you normally do. Keith or Shiro will let you know when I need you which either one will escort you to the building next to this one but that's generally Coran's job."

"Oh, wow. Um, I-I don't know what to say honestly." Lance chuckled nervously.

Allura smiled reassuringly. "Its all right. Look, how about next week you will be given a brief tour of what you'll be doing so you can familiarize yourself in the position's duties along with proceeding your work over here."

"I-I suppose," Lance said, mumbling out a question. "But what if I'm not cut for it?"

"Mr. McClain, believe me when I say I know a Paladin when I see one," Allura said with such certainty. "Isn't that right, Keith and Shiro?"

"Of course, Princess." Shiro said then smiled at Lance who still seemed confused. "Keith is the Red Paladin as I am the Black Paladin," he informed him.

Lance's eyes widened.

Keith scoffed. "Don't be so shocked, Mr. McClain. This is a one time opportunity which very few people get asked to be from the Princess, herself."

"Keith is right about that," Allura pointed out. "It is very rare that I, as Princess of Altea Inc., will ask employees whom I believe are the best recruits in becoming a Paladin which brings us back to you, Lance." She stared intensely into his eyes as she asked him, "Would you, Lance McClain, be the Blue Paladin of Voltron Corporation and still remain a worker of Altea Inc.?"

"And now here you are," Allura's voice startled Lance from his thoughts. "A former Blue Paladin and a bright one as a matter of fact."

"Not to mention mated to the most two stubborn Alphas and mother of little devils," Lance added with a chuckle.

Allura laughed. "Oh, yes. How could I forget?" She led him into her office which was so wide and open with glass walls that showed a fantastic view of the city. "It's no surprise to how very persistent they were in convincing you to accept the offer especially courting you at the same time."

"Yes and—wait *what*?" Lance took a step back, wondering if what he had heard wasn't what he thought it was. "What do you mean by how *persistent* they were in *courting* me?"

Allura blinked. "You never knew?"

"Never knew what?"

"Oh my stars. Pidge was right about you being denser than a rock."

"Hey!" Lance complained as Allura laughed at the confusion on his adorable face.

Chapter End Notes

Well, Lance and I have some things in common—we're both denser than a rock.

I apologise for the late update—I'm currently working as of now. So, updates will be slow and I will try my best to post a new chapter as soon as I possibly can.

Also, I suppose chapters will be around this length since I am including flashbacks and current events. Although I will be doing this, I fear of being redundant in using words and making the chapter longer than necessary—which can lead it to being boring. If that's the case, then I apologise to those who are displeased in reading such long chapters but I will continue to post for those who will enjoy reading this story.

Have a great Fourth of July weekend.

Then: Fatigue

Chapter Notes

I typed this while listening to Love Story— Taylor Swift.

And I RECENTLY FINISHED SEASON 3 OF VOLTRON AND AM ANXIOUS FOR SEASON 4! I AM NOT JOKING WHEN I TELL YOU THAT I SCREAMED AT THE PLOT TWISTS & SHOCKING REVELATION OF SECRETS!

Note: this chapter is long & does contain SEXUAL CONTENT and a bit of Shance fluff. Also, excuse any errors for I will correct them when I get the chance.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Lance hummed softly as he flipped the fried pastry over on the steaming pan. Bubbles popped and sizzled, causing the golden shaped pastry to shake as if it were going to take off in any moment. Lance glanced at the numbers glowing on the front of the stove. His Alphas' were coming home soon which made him speed up to finish cooking. He grabbed a few plates from the cupboard before walking back to the stove to check on the food.

As he placed it on the plate, the front door opened.

"We're home, Lance!"

"In the kitchen!" He yelled, making another pastry by rolling the dough filled of meat of cheese. He placed it carefully into the pot, cheering inwardly as it landed perfectly into the boiling water.

A pair of arms wrapped around his waist, alerting the Omega a presence behind him. Lance smiled when the refreshing scent of timber and mint with a dash of vanilla reached to his nose.

"Hello, darling." Shiro greeted with a loving kiss on his cheek.

"Hey, babe." He quickly turned his head to meet his Alpha's lips then turned back around to continue tending to the frying pastry. "Where's Keith?"

"He went to go shower. Is that what I think it is?" Shiro wondered as he closely observed the golden pastries on the plate.

"Yep. Tonight's empanadas."

The Alpha nuzzled his nose in the juncture of his neck right underneath his jaw, licking and nipping the skin as he moaned out. "Mmm, delicious."

Lance's cheeks reddened, knowing that his Alpha's comment wasn't referring to the food. He turned around when he heard his other Alpha's voice.

"Hey, Lance. Where are the kids?" Keith asked as he came downstairs, coming into the kitchen. A pair of red sweats hung loose below his hips, the sharp v-line protruding out a bit. His bare, pale torso ripped of muscles had Lance's mouth watering. Keith caught his mate ogling him. Wanting to fluster the Omega more, he stretched his arms bending back a bit, flexing the muscles even more. With a coy smirk on his lips, he spoke in a husky voice.

"Like what you see, princess?"

Lance shrugged indifferently though he terribly hid the blush on his cheeks at the endearment. "Meh, I've seen better."

The flabbergasted expression on Keith's face sent Shiro choking on a fitful of chortles. Lance giggled at the scowl on his Alpha's face especially the cute pout on his lips. Leaving the stove, he went up to him, kissing him softly.

"You know I love you, Keith." He smiled sweetly, pecking his lips then up to his cheeks. He trailed a hand teasingly down his torso, humming when the skin spasmed under his touch. "Especially when you're cute and grumpy as a kitten."

Keith snarled with no inflection. "I'm not cute," he grumbled.

The Omega just rolled his eyes. "Mm-hmm. Sure you are, honey."

"Where are the kids, Lance?" Shiro repeated Keith's question as he tended to the food Lance left behind.

"Oh, I forgot to tell y'all. Allura wanted the kiddos to spend the night so I let her. She had extra clothes for them from the previous times they've been there," He gave a sideways glare to Keith. "She wanted me to tell you guys to take it as forgiveness for disturbing us so late."

Keith scoffed, crossing his arms over his chest. "Yeah, like that's gonna let us continue making sweet love all night long."

"That's kind of what I was hoping for," Lance mumbled.

Dinner was soon forgotten.

"Ahhh!" Lance cried out as he fell forward on a sweaty muscled chest. Pants left out of his mouth as arms embraced him. Shiro had his back against the headboard, crooning to his mate. He held Lance securely on his lap, grasping his hips tightly. He gently pressed a kiss on his forehead, plastered of sweat.

"Fuck, Lance. *Baby*," Keith gasped from behind the Omega. He leaned forward, leaving open-mouthed kisses alongside the purplish bruises appearing on the tops of his shoulder blades. His hands caressed every inch of the wonderful body of Lance, dropping down to cup both butt-cheeks. His hips thrust lazily, moving the knot that popped moments earlier.

Lance hissed as Shiro groaned.

"Keith, st-stop—*Ah!*" Lance's hands shot forward to clutch onto Shiro's forearms, digging his nails in when he felt one knot nudging the other deep inside of him. His whimpers turned into breathless gasps as the bulging, thick shafts throbbed deep within his hot caverns, collecting pools of seed.

"Keith, that's enough" Shiro said in a soft yet stern voice, seeing how overwhelmed his Omega was getting.

The said Alpha froze his action, grunting to the jerk of his knot buried deep inside of his Omega's sweet hole. He knew it was hurting his poor lovely mate since he was taking not one but *two* knots at the moment.

"Sorry, princess." He murmured, laying his forehead on his Omega's back.

Lance gasped, breaths coming in short patterns. "I-it's okay, babe. *Ngh*. It's just been a while since I've—*Ergh!*"

Keith let out a low growl as he tried to move he and his Omega to a more comfortable position, having Shiro to carefully maneuver himself flat on the bed. His hands grasped the sides of Lance, pulling him gently down to lay down on the bed in between Keith and him. Lance whimpered as the knot nudged against his sensitive sweet spot, abusing it even more so.

"Sorry, babe." Keith grunted as he spooned behind the tanned Omega, slinging an arm on his hip. Shiro carefully turned on his side, laying an arm across the waist and landed on top of Keith's, intertwining their fingers.

"You okay, Lance?" Shiro asked, brushing back his curly brown, wet locks.

He nodded. "Yeah, just—" he yawned hugely. "Sleepy..."

"Shh," Shiro kissed his forehead while Keith planted butterfly kisses on his shoulder. "Just go to sleep, sweetheart. You need it after working so long today."

Keith snorted quietly when he saw his Omega already knocked out. "Guess Allura tired him out more than us."

Shiro chuckled, bringing his Alpha's hand to his lips and pecking it lovingly. "You know, this reminds me when he first started working after the promotion."

"Yeah." Keith scowled. "Dummy didn't think thoroughly to take a break."

8 years ago (two months after being a Blue Paladin)

Lance sped down the halls, clutching a pile of manila folders close to his chest. His eyeglasses were slipping off to the edge of his nose, bothering the hell out of him as he hastily pushed them back with his forearm. He could feel his body in full perspiration, surely there were wet spots forming on the back of his shirt and other disgusting places. It has been a couple of months since he was offered a promotion as a Blue Paladin. Of course, he kept his original position in Altea but now he worked for Allura, Princess of both Altea Inc. and Voltron Corporation. Hours were doubled along with the increase in checks. There was no doubt that Lance was content of upholding such a prestigious position—heck he was thrilled to achieve the milestone of his dreams in becoming one of the elites in the company.

The downside of the situation was that he was running out of energy.

Every day, he is ordered back and forth between Altea Inc. and riding through the elevator then dash down the skywalk in between the two buildings that lead him into Voltron Corporation, and then repeat.

Yeah, it was an neverending tiresome process for Lance.

Even though his body burned through exhaustion, he still pushed himself onwards, determined to get the job done.

Too much deep in thought to be aware of his surroundings, Lance suddenly bumped into a hard wall and fell onto his bottom, losing grip of the files as they tumbled to the floor. Papers slipped out of the folders, scattering hapzardly all around him.

A groan brought his attention to find his prior boss, Keith Kogane, positioned across from him. The Alpha cursed, rubbing his back as he growled.

"Watch the fuck where you're going."

"S-sorry, Sir."

Keith's scowl softened slightly when he noticed the tanned Omega. "Mr. McClain? Weren't you in your office earlier?"

"Yes, but then I got called in by Allura to bring in some files from Voltron to here."

Keith grunted to the sight of the files messily scattered on the floor. "I can see that."

Lance didn't remark instead he hastily gathered the papers into the files, wanting to leave from the Alpha's space as quick as possible. It was already enough that his insuffering scent and cold demeanour was suffocating his senses.

"Here, allow me to help."

"No, it's okay. That's not really necessary."

Lance's protest went on blind ears as the Alpha had already assembled the papers neatly in his hands, standing perfectly with ease. Lance reached for them only for the Alpha's hand to move away. He didn't like how the Alpha was scrutinizing him with those wonderful violet eyes.

"Have you been on break?"

Lance snorted. "Yes, now please may I have the files?"

The Omega just wanted to get back to work, too preoccupied to even think of taking a break when he has so many tasks to fulfill before the day ends.

Keith's eyes narrowed to slits, leaving only the violet irises visible. He examined the slight pale complexion of the Omega unlike his normally sun-kissed color. Never has he seen him wear glasses though he had a good guess that it was a disguise for the dark bags he imagined were there. With a tensed jaw, he gritted out.

"You better not be lying to me, Lance."

The tanned Omega gulped, pushing down the twisting and knotting forming in his stomach. Staring directly to those orbs, he responded to the Alpha: "I promise you sir. I'm not."

Keith simply stared back, not moving to give back the files. "At least take a 10 minute break."

"I can't. Not when I have so much to do." Lance grumbled, wanting badly to follow that order but couldn't leave his responsibilities behind. Then he snatched the files from his loosen grasp, straightening out his tie as he cleared his throat. "Thank you for your help, Mr. Kogane. Now if you excuse me I must head back to work."

He continued to resume his duties, leaving the Alpha whose eyes bore onto his back.

On the next day, the tanned Omega came in looking terribly ragged. The dark circles under his eyes peeked out from his black framed glasses. His hair untamed like a lion's mane and his clothes appeared a bit looser on him, causing Hunk and Pidge to worry for their friend. They both advised him to rest while during lunch break.

"You need to take a break, Lance." Pidge told him.

"There's no time for that, Pidge." Lance grumpily said. He sat down, laying his head down on the table. He shut his eyes to relieve the burning sting in them, groaning at how lovely the cool surface met his heated skin. "I can only have this time for a while before I have to return some paperwork for Allura."

Pidge frowned. "You're going to work yourself to death."

"Won't that be a relief." Lance drily joked.

"Lance, buddy. I love you but Pidge is right. You need to get some rest," Hunk said. Lifting a hand to brush back his hair, he yelped in exclamation. "You're hot!"

"Aww, thanks babe. I know I am."

"No, Lance. You really are hot! Like burning hot!"

Pidge planted the back of her hand on his forehead. "Yeah, there's no way you're going to work if you're like this."

Lance growled, feeling irritated at his friends being mother hens and bothering him at the moment. He swatted their hands away as he stood shakily on his legs.

"Please, leave me alone guys. I appreciate your concern but I need to...get back...to—" His knees gave out, causing him to tumble down to the cold tile floor.

Frightened yells from his friends were the only things he heard before he gave into the fatigue that swept over his body.

A butterfly caress full of warmth on his forehead stirred the Omega from his slumber. His eyelids fluttered opened, squinting at the brightness in the pristine room. Blue orbs gazed into soothing grey ones. Fully coming to his senses, Lance sat up quickly though regretted it when he suddenly felt dizzy.

"Easy," Shiro cautioned, placing a hand on the Omega's delicate shoulder.

Lance groaned, rubbing his temple with the heel of his hand. "W-where am I? What happened?"

"Well, one of your friends, Hunk, came running into our office, informing us what happened to you. Keith called the infirmaries while I went with Hunk to retrieve you from the lunch room. I didn't expect to find you unconscious on the floor. Pidge was draping wet towels on you to cool you down when we arrived. Knowing that the floor was uncomfortable, I brought you here and been keeping an eye on you ever since."

Lance did not know what to say, the guilt eating him up inside as he listened to what the Alpha just told him.

"Lance, I want you to answer me truthfully." The Alpha requested, continuing when his employee nodded. "When was the last time you've rest?"

The Omega stayed quiet before responding meekly. "I-I'm not sure. I can't remember... Maybe three weeks or so?"

Shiro frowned deeply. He knew it was more than that due to the state the Omega was currently in. Somewhere deep in his inner Alpha enforced him to tend care to the Omega, growling in displeasure to the moment he found him laying still on the ground, skin ghastly pale unlike the beautiful tan he was. He remembered what Keith had told him yesterday about the Omega's condition which was a bit rare for him since he hardly cared for anyone else except himself. Though it could be clear that Keith's concern for the Omega signified something more than what Shiro suspected.

"Lance, you know better than to skip resting. If you would have continued for a few days, you would've landed yourself in the hospital or worse." He reprimanded the Omega, trying to ignore the "what-if's" even if it was close to that department.

Lance swallowed down the whine that was close to break out of his lips, disliking the Alpha's disappointing tone. He failed not only his boss but everyone else and instead had everyone dote over him as he fell ill. He knew he should have never taken up the position as the Blue Paladin if things were going to fall apart.

"I-I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cause you or anyone else trouble." He said in a quiet voice, screwing his eyes shut when he felt them burning of tears.

Shiro's eyes widened when he saw tears filling in the Omega's eyes. He shot forward, embracing the Omega completely in his arms. Soft croons left from his chest, vibrating against the Omega's and slowly soothing his whimpers.

"It's okay, darling. Shh, don't cry." Shiro murmured, rubbing a hand down his back.

Lance hiccuped through the ugly sobs racking his body. He wanted to push away from the Alpha, knowing how inappropriate it was for a boss to handle his employee like this yet his inner Omega denied all protests and forced him to delve in the warmth which the Alpha offered. The calming scent of fresh pine and homemade vanilla wafted through his nostrils, having him emit purrs unconsciously to the soft growls coming from the Alpha.

The pair stayed in each other's arms for a few more moments, enjoying the peaceful silence between them. When Lance's sobs turned into quiet sniffles, the Omega reluctantly pulled away though he wanted nothing more than to be in the Alpha's warmth longer.

"S-sorry, you had to see me like that." Lance muttered in embarrassment, lowering his head to not meet the Alpha's gaze.

One cool finger lifted his chin, forcing his eyes to meet soft grey ones.

"It's all right, Lance." Shiro assured. "Sometimes you just have to let it out though I rather not have someone as beautiful like you to sob."

Lance blushed heavily, hearing the Alpha chuckle. He tried to calm down the quickened beating of his heart. He squirmed to get out of the Alpha's hold.

"I should get going—"

Suddenly, he was moved to fully lay down on the leather couch which he was previously resting on. The Alpha instantly layed down as well, curling his body close to his and wrapping his arms around him.

"Um, Mr. Shirogane."

"Shiro's fine."

Lance's cheeks flushed red, testing out how the Alpha's name fit on his lips. "Shiro."

The Alpha hummed, surprised to feel how pleased his inner Alpha growled to the sound of the Omega saying his name.

"I-i need to get back to work—"

"You'll be taking the next couple days off to reclaim your energy back," Shiro simply stated, cradling the back of Lance's head and twirling a strand of his hair between his fingers. He was awed at how softer it felt when touched.

"As much as lovely that sounds, I'm afraid I can't because I need to still do the duties Allura has assigned me."

"It's already been taken care of." Shiro informed him, "I've already spoken to Allura after Keith and I came to a decision."

Lance gulped. Uneasiness swirling around and around terribly in his gut to the image of being laid off. "And if I may ask what was the decision?" He hesitantly asked.

Shiro's lips planted themselves on the crown of his head, wanting to soothe the Omega's nerves yet it startled him to the core. He brought the tanned beauty closer to him, saying:

"You'll be moving your office into our headquarters since you are our new secretary."

"I still can't believe you were the first to hold him in your arms." Keith grumbled with a pout on his face.

Shiro chuckled. "Well, you were the first to startle him when you cornered him and—"

"Shh, keep your voices down." Lance mumbled. One blue eye opened to glare at both Alphas. "I need my beauty rest if I want to live another day."

Keith snorted while Shiro crooned and planted a loving kiss on his forehead.

"Sorry, sweetheart. Go back to sleep," he told him.

Lance hummed sleepily, snuggling deeper into his Alphas' warmth. Before he could fall completely into perfect slumber, he propped himself on the elbows and asked his mates a startling question.

"Were all those gifts you both sent me a part of courting rituals thing or something? 'Cause Allura mentioned it to me earlier—".

Both Alphas groaned, cursing the Princess for having such a big mouth.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the late update, guys. I've been busy with work and getting ready to go back to uni.

Thank you all for the 300+ kudos & the lovely comments! I can't believe how many people actually like this story which makes me so happy! :D

Will see you guys next time.

P.s. The empanadas Lance cooked in the chapter was inspired by me cooking the same type of food back in high school for a project. They are delicious! ^.^

Author's Note

... Hey y'all. Guess who's back from the dead *jazz hands & laughs nervously*

I apologize for just posting something (more like an author's note) but life had gotten in the way (sadly) and everything has been crowded in and all. It is really frustrating because I have been wanting to write but cannot find time because uni is kicking my ass... (excuse my language). Also, I had gotten back from studying abroad and all...

However, I am FINALLY on break!!! I'm also excited to say that I do have some time and motivation to finish some of these stories because it's been since forever they're on here unfinished. It's bothering me to the bone.

Moreover, I am planning to change slightly some of the stories that I have on here. I know that I mentioned this before because I have looked back on some them and cringe at the grammar errors and cry at the pace some were going at. Most weren't heading towards the direction I wanted them to. Hence, changes will be made but none too drastic!!! The plot and setting will remain the same... Characters for this story will stay the same though I will be adding more later on. (I recently finished watching Season 8 and I'M BURSTING WITH EMOTIONS Y'ALL!!!)

Yes, I am basically repeating myself but I need to lay down some updates to any readers who are still reading my stories and are forever wondering when this author is going to take the damn time to update them... Soon my children.

Just please bear with me. Life at the moment right now is kicking my arse physically and emotionally... especially since I have less than 2 semesters of uni left before I graduate and am officially thrown into the big scary world.

So please, bear with me and my horrible, HORRIBLE lack of updates/posting chapters.

Thank you to anyone who has voted and reading my stories (you guys are the bomb!!!) even though they are on the same chapter *laughs nervously*

Also, know that Voltron is not entirely gone forever... The fanfics and the love and fans keep it alive and will do so. :)

Thanks and have a good day/night!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!