

Movement

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Movement

by [Dargorian](#)

Summary

"I'm talking about heirs, your Highness - you've been married six deca-pheobs now. Are you incompatible with the Black Paladin?"

Notes

First time sharing something like this and hopefully people like it. I'm following the rule of 'if you want to read something and it's not there, you write it yourself'. So here we are.

This story is connected to another I'm in the process of planning still and hints of the prequel are present throughout this story.

Chapter 1

Keith and Allura had to be hearing things - surely they were.

Sitting at the head of the table, they exchanged a quick glance then stared at the bird-like alien, who resembled a blue peacock from Earth but sported a huge crest like a cockatiel to the left of them. He was an Ikzul and wore very little clothing compared to the other four leaders present around the long table. His scaly hands drummed on the elegant tabletop as if counting the ticks for them to respond. He had golden bangles around his wrists that jingled with the motion.

A brown flat-headed alien garbed in a white toga - a Barbuda - beside him looked equally as stunned at the question the Ikzul had asked. His wide eyes flicking between the Queen and Prince Consort and the leader of the Ikzul. The other leaders consisting of a corgi-looking alien, one who highly resembled a llama and a two-headed bipedal eel had questioning and confused looks on their faces.

“Apologies I’ik,” Allura started, brow pinching slightly, Keith’s expression was far more showing of his disapproval in comparison, “can you repeat that? I’m afraid I may have misheard you.” Unbeknownst to the others in the room, Allura shifted her foot to nudge Keith’s, her toe catching the heavy boot closest to her.

He briefly glanced at her and his shoulders relaxed under his Galra-styled attire. It was not quite full body armour but it provided more than enough protection to his vitals. It was Galran in colour; dark purples and blue but dashes of gold and white implied his Altean connection, and it allowed him movement akin to that of his Blade of Marmora suit. Adorning his shoulders were the blue sashes of his commander ranking in the Blade of Marmora. Allura herself wore a form-fitting dress in the Altean colours of gold and white with dashes of blue and purple that lightly brushed the tops of her footwear. She had specifically requested a little more blue and purple than usual to signify her connection with the Galra. Her sleeves were connected by a thin strip of fabric exposing the brown skin of her shoulders and covered a small portion of her upper arms. Her crown glittered in the light filtering through the large windows of the room and her long white hair was braided over one shoulder. Keith’s was tied back in a low dark ponytail.

“Why do you not have any heirs? You’ve been married for six deca-pheobs now, my Queen. Normally two or three offspring would be born by then.” I’ik rubbed his beak, blue feathers ruffling with the motion as he muttered, “Or twelve in my species...”

Krolia, who was actually sitting beside her son, slowly stood up, her eyes narrowed, “May I remind you all that we are here to discuss the distribution of food from your planets to those who are in need, and *not* the fertility of my son and daughter-in-law?”

“But-”

Keith stood up, hands flat on the table, “We’re in meetings every varga of every quintant of every movement. And if it’s not a meeting, it’s a mission. We cannot allocate time we don’t

have with raising a child who will continue our efforts with peace. It won't be fair on them at all."

In actuality, they hadn't spoken of children since getting married. They'd been roped into meeting after meeting after mission, all of which were used to try and gain favours with the royal couple. Prior their marriage though, Allura had stated she was on a form of birth control because it was too soon to bear offspring and Keith agreed with her.

I'ik bristled, the crest on his head rising up with his temper, "So it's our fault? The fault of those in need?"

Keith sighed, "That's not what I'm-"

"When was the last time you actually lay together?"

The Prince Consort inhaled and exhaled slowly, temper slowly bubbling, "That part of our lives has nothing to do with anyone in this room."

"So it's been a while then..." I'ik looked at Allura, bowing, "My Queen, I wish to offer myself for a new marriage proposal. You have seen the technology my people can provide and combined with Altean tech we will be an unstoppable force of peace throughout the universe." His head rose to look her dead in the eye, "I can not only satisfy you technologically but also sexually as well. I can also gift you as many offspring as you desire to continue your work with peace."

The sharp sound of keratin scraping against metal made everyone jump and stare at Keith, who had grown claws and was curling his hands into fists, slit pupils glaring at I'ik.

Understanding her husband's anger, Allura slowly stood, "What my husband means is when the both of us are not required to sit in meetings is when we can consider children. One of us will always be available to take care of the child that way."

"If you are compatible," I'ik remarked, shrugging and standing tall, "And I assure you I am *more* than capable of giving you many, many heirs-"

Krolia glared, "I think it's in our best intentions to hold off on this meeting; clearly the ego of this individual is far more important than the lives of others." At her words, everyone else in the room nodded and threw I'ik dangerous looks. I'ik however, did not falter in his stance, crest high and body radiating confidence.

"If the Iksul and Altean join together, the problems the less fortunate face will be remedied in mere pheobs," I'ik said, "as opposed to the nine years of fusing with Galran technology."

Keith's fists slammed into the table, denting it, "Then why don't you *share* this amazing technology with us instead of keeping it to yourselves?! Everyone else is contributing to the cause with their knowledge, except you." His anger was causing his sclerae to yellow and he pointed an accusatory clawed finger at the Iksul leader, "You're hiding something and I wonder if your technology isn't what you say it is. You show Allura but time it when others

need to speak to me. I haven't seen it and I'm beginning to believe it's something I'd recognise as belonging to someone else." At this I'ik just glared, huffing loudly.

Allura gave him a look, imploring him to calm down but she did not touch him, "Keith..."

His eyes refused to move from the vibrant ones of the Ikzul's, "Is the meeting adjourned?" He needed to leave before he snapped. He watched his wife in his peripheral look at everyone else in the room nodding their heads before he pushed off the table, shifting the entire bulk of it a few feet in the process, and stormed out of the room.

I'ik scoffed and faced Allura, not at all reacting to the mighty doors of the meeting room banging shut, "May I inquire as to why he must join every meeting you have with us? He was not brought up in the right environment to deal with treaties and lead people like you have-" He squawked in alarm when Krolia suddenly rounded the table and had to be physically stopped by Allura from getting to him.

Allura turned her head to look her mother-in-law in the eye then back at the Ikzul, "My husband has every right as I do to attend these meetings. He is the leader of Voltron, Prince of the Galtean Empire-"

"-and the commander of the Blades," Krolia finished, lip curling into a snarl. "My son works hard with what he does-"

"But does it show? What has he accomplished? The Emperor of the Galra was killed by his own son and our beloved Queen defeated the witch." Feathered arms folded smugly, "The Prince Consort - sorry, *Black Paladin*, has done *nothing* noteworthy in my books. He has no place here."

Allura opened her mouth to speak but quiet murmurs from the other leaders had her pause and glance at them.

"And you do?" Gurgled the two-headed eel alien named Vu'rv, the apparatus around their necks bubbled as they spoke as one. Their outfit resembled an old-fashioned padded diving suit from the neck down and I'ik turned to face the Elisk, looking surprised at the question. "Prince Keith has done so much to help our people we cannot even begin to thank him."

The Barbudan, Xarcuvio, nodded, "Three pheobs ago he rushed out in his lion to help us when tectonic activity escalated to dangerous levels." Allura remembered that time, joining the other paladins to help vent trapped steam under the planet's surface before the crust exploded. "He stayed to aid us rebuild our homes and shared technology to prevent the build up of steam like that again."

Keith had stayed away for two movements making sure the Barbudans were safe and happy with their understanding before he returned home. She was in a meeting when he landed and found him curled up on their bed fast asleep when she went to find him. Allura had hoped to spend some quality time with him but an emergency meeting was called regarding a treaty between two warring planets and it took many, many *varga* to even come close to an agreement. They only stopped when tiredness was causing the leaders to drift off in their seats.

“My people, the Kroat, were on the verge of collapse. I, chief Papcha, had never seen a drought as severe as that in all of my life. It had wiped out all of our crops and the heat made our tools unusable. We could not construct anything.” The aged face of the llama-like chief crinkled with a smile, “Galran technology is remarkable at keeping places cool and our population has boomed thanks to the Prince.”

More stories were recited about what Keith did for them and I’ik’s posture slowly deflated more and more until he fell back into his chair. He clearly was not expecting the other leaders to jump to the defence of the Prince and it showed on his face.

The corgi-looking alien called Hoosh perched herself higher on her chair to glance at the disbelieving Ikzul, “And what of you I’ik? What have you achieved?”

At his name the Ikzul looked up at her and pushed himself onto his feet, “Technology that will solve everyone’s problems in the universe.”

“So you claim,” the Girock shrugged, “but you have not shown anyone else in this room aside from Her Royal Highness.” Her attention shifted to Allura, ears pert and tiny tail standing upright, “My Queen, can you share the information you have been shown?”

Keith needed her and Allura fought down the urge to just leave the room and seek him out. Diplomacy won along with knowing he needed to calm down first and her head shook, “I’m afraid I cannot - the language is unfamiliar to me.”

“Because it is in Ikzul.”

“But surely you’d translate it for anyone to read? Especially if you’re trying to-”

I’ik’s fist slammed into the table, “It would take pheobs to translate and that is time we do not have. We would need to alter how our processors react to the language as well.”

Hoosh’s huge eyes narrowed, “But you said it has been nine deca-pheobs since the end of the war. What *exactly* have you been doing with that time if you cannot translate it?”

“Refining it.”

Krolia glanced down at Allura, “Perhaps you can get the short one - Katie, over to inspect his technology?”

I’ik scoffed and shook his head, “No one can look this over, it’s far too complex for anyone to comprehend.”

At this Allura let herself smile, “You clearly have not met Katie Holt-McClain then.” The Ikzul shook his head again, looking smug like he wasn’t missing anything. Allura let her own head tilt just slightly, “She is the Green Paladin. The one who could single-handedly hack anything and write programs for any technology. If you believe no one can process your information, you can provide us a copy to send to her and if she cannot crack it, then we will contact Slav.”

I'ik took a moment to mull this over and brought out a datapad from a satchell on the table. A few taps on his screen and a ping from Allura's own indicated he had sent her a copy. He turned to her, "You'll be wasting her time and this *Slav's* as well. If she cannot make sense of it, there is no point to pursue."

The smile Allura gave him radiated confidence in her friend's incredible skill, "I assure you she will crack it and in record time as well." I'ik's head shook, disbelieving and he bowed before picking up his bag and leaving the room.

"Oh, and how is the Green Paladin? Is she still married to the Red Paladin?" Papcha started, rustling his thin cotton clothing that hung off him like a pair of curtains, "How long has it been now?"

Allura beamed, "Almost five deca-pheobs, and the last I spoke to her she said they were expecting another child." Her hands clasped together in glee, "This will be their third."

When Pidge and Lance announced the news of their twins four years ago Allura was beyond surprised but Keith wasn't. He smirked and said they didn't waste any time after getting hitched and held his hand out for Shiro to cough up a twenty. Pidge proceeded to throw a cushion at her friends, face beet red. Ordinarily she would have dashed - no, more like waddled over and kicked him but Lance was hugging her and she could not move.

Allura's surprise was actually from how far Pidge was along before telling everyone. Apparently, because the Green Paladin spent so long with a large lab coat hanging off her, not even people at the Garrison knew. Both her parents and Lance's knew but were asked to keep it a secret until they told the others and, four months later, Lance made everyone sit before he slowly led his pregnant wife into the private lounge of Arus' castle. Pidge was embarrassed, Lance was a very proud father and Matt was sandwiched between an overjoyed Coran and Hunk.

Human pregnancies lasted roughly nine months as Allura had learnt from Pidge and she found it fascinating with how close Altean pregnancies were to that length of time - ten pheobs. It was even more astounding watching doctors rush around to help alleviate the pain when Pidge went into labour by putting a disturbingly large needle into her lower spine. Pidge was squeezing Allura's hand but the Altean didn't feel any pain from it, Colleen meanwhile winced now and then at the strength she didn't know her daughter possessed. Lance was pacing outside being calmed down by Keith and Shiro and burst into the room an hour later when two healthy boys, Luis and Marco, were nestled into the bosom of their mother.

Marco was the spitting image of his father but had Katie's eyes and hair colour and Luis' resemblance to his uncle Matt nearly gave everyone whiplash at their doubletake. Lance made sure *everyone* knew about how his boys were doing and sent regular photos to whoever was in his contacts. Most of the images were selfies where he was sat next to Katie and each had a son in their lap all smiling at the camera. They were three now and apparently so eager to meet their new sister they decided to call her Sofia because it was a pretty name for a pretty girl. Lance wasn't very clear in his mass messaging and Keith surmised the proud father was a blubbing mess.

The Kroat's eyes widened dramatically and he sputtered, "That is truly glorious news! I shall have something delivered to them for the child's birth." He shakily stood up then paused, "What is it that humans prefer for their offspring? And how long do they take? I do not wish to be late getting the gift to them..." He seemed to be talking to himself as he shakily clopped his way to the main doors.

Allura watched him leave then turned to bow respectfully to the remaining leaders, "As much as I wish to stay and share more about my dear friends, I must seek out my husband..."

Hoosh raised her paw, her lips pulling up into the canine equivalent of a smile and her tail was wagging a mile a minute, "Do not apologise. We can resume tomorrow or the quintant after."

"And tell your husband that all is well; his anger is understood and shared." Vu'rv bubbled, both mouths becoming crooked grins, "We hope a lesson has been learnt by the inexperienced fledgling along with the concept of holding one's tongue, but we shall know another quintant."

Allura returned the smile gratefully, bowed again and took her leave with Krolia.

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Keith was well aware that his wife would be unable to pursue him immediately and he considered that a blessing with his need to calm down to think more clearly. Kosmo looked down at him from where he was curled around his master, highly aware of the distress the half-Galra had been in.

Kosmo was huge now, easily towering over Keith and Hunk remarked that the space wolf could be used as a mount. The space wolf however did not approve of that suggestion and stole Hunk's food, teleporting away before anyone could react. His increased size however meant that Keith could recline into his side - like he was right now - and not cause the wolf any discomfort.

They were sat in the training room where Keith normally resorted to going when he needed to vent his frustrations. He hadn't expected to see Kosmo chewing on a training staff and the need to get the heavily dented stick from the wolf easily made Keith forget about what I'ik had suggested to his wife. The game of chase became a tug of war and then Kosmo squashed him before they ended up sitting on the floor.

I'ik's remark about it being a while since Keith had lain with his wife punched him hard in the gut. But it wasn't just meetings and missions that caused this rift to happen between them. Before he turned twenty-five they shared themselves with each other almost every other quintant and then his Galra genes kicked in.

Before then his appearance hadn't changed much at all where his jaw had squared slightly and his mother remarked that he reminded her of his father. His hair had grown to just below his shoulders but still retaining the mullet and he kept it tied back in a low ponytail or braided if he went on a mission.

Four years ago it started with a scratchy throat and he assumed he had come down with something. It persisted for a few pheobs and it wasn't until Allura greeted him one morning at breakfast that he realised his genetics had altered his voice box. He chuffed at her, a noise he had no idea he could produce until now, and his mother, who was also at breakfast with them, had laughed loudly. She told him her father could make the noise and it seemed to have skipped a generation. Shortly after his canines had grown a little longer but no one noticed unless someone was actively looking. Allura did though and discovered they were sharp when she pricked her tongue on a fang in the middle of a heavy makeout session.

A growth spurt made him a full head taller than his wife and Allura remarked that she hated having to tilt her head to look him in the eyes. She had become used to it by now and he rather liked how she had to get onto her tiptoes to kiss him. Part of him missed the amusement he got from the scowl on her face for the first few pheobs of his growth spurt but at the same time he was grateful of her accepting of his changes.

Or he was until it affected his manhood. It started two years ago and when he noticed the beginnings of slightly thicker skin in select places along the top of his shaft he almost panicked, fearing that it was some sort of disease. He never told anyone about it and outright refused to be naked in front of his wife when he discovered the thicker patches were the outer curve of ridges that flared up when he was aroused or sporting morning wood. She had mentioned he resembled an Altean male before his genetics caused this change and that naturally brought up the question of how many Altean dicks she had seen. She'd laughed and explained the embarrassing footage she had to watch when she was of age about the act of mating. She'd never seen one in real life until their first time but really enjoyed looking at and touching his.

It was a fear of rejection that made him withdraw sexually from Allura, and accompanied with the number of meetings they had to sit through he couldn't even speak to her about it when Krolia explained it was a Galra puberty he was experiencing, and that he needed to be honest with his wife. Keith knew Allura must feel like she wasn't appealing to him anymore and he felt horrendous about it. She was his wife and he loved her dearly. He loved being with her, he loved pleasing her and loved conversing with her. Lately though they'd done hardly anything except sleep beside the other and when one woke up, the other was already in a meeting.

Kosmo suddenly teleported away and Keith's head smacked against the hard floor. He swore loudly and sat himself up, raising a hand up to nurse the sore spot. His eyes glanced around the room, expecting his space wolf to be in a playful mood again but he spotted Allura and his mother in the doorway.

Sighing, he stood up, forcing himself to look his wife in the eye despite the feeling of guilt and shame wanting to avert his gaze to the floor, "I'm sorry."

Allura shook her head, "Don't be. It's not your fault." She stepped closer, stopping just short of him, "I'ik has been doing this for two deca-pheobs now. We should have expected him to try what he did today."

Even when Keith and Allura had started dating nine years ago, I'ik had shown interest in Allura. His attendings were sparse but when he was around Allura took an instant disliking to

him and his constant need to show off. He was classed as a fledgling in his tribe but he was a young leader and everyone in the meeting room hoped he would grow out of it.

He didn't.

When they announced their marriage to a room full of diplomats and leaders, I'ik was the only one who did not congratulate them. Fast-forward to two years ago he started making passes at Allura that did not go unnoticed by Keith. It started as one every pheob, then once a movement and just recently once every opportunity he opened his stupid beak. Today had been the worst when he questioned their sex-life.

"I should not have done what I did though..." He looked away, worried he may have startled and scared the leaders. It had happened before a couple of times when his anger got the better of him losing patience with a petty argument between diplomats. Luckily for him though those he had frightened were convinced by his wife that working with the Galtean Empire was in their best interests. "What happened after I left?"

He felt his wife look at his profile and she stepped closer, "The other leaders stood up for you when I'ik questioned why you were present to every meeting. And..." Allura glanced back at Krolia, arms folded, "your mother almost gutted him."

Keith's head snapped up and he just stared at his mother in surprise. A small amused smirk crossed his face and he chuckled, "'Almost'?"

Krolia shrugged, "For some reason your wife prevented me."

Allura turned to face her mother-in-law, "It would not help relations with the other leaders if someone was *disposed of* in the meeting room." She frowned and Keith heard her mutter, "No matter how much they deserve it." Directing her gaze back to her husband she smiled, "No one thinks ill of you; they understand why you got angry and share it. I'ik should know better the next time we are in a meeting with him."

Keith's smiled and he couldn't help but chuff and lean forward to nuzzle Allura. His wife squeaked a little in surprise and she hummed in response, returning the gesture of affection. A ding from her datapad redirected her attention and she produced it from a pocket in her dress.

"I also convinced him to give me a copy of his technology for Pidge to go through." She grinned knowingly, reading through a response from said person, "He's adamant our best won't crack it."

Keith moved and looked over Allura's shoulder at the message as she typed out a reply, "Bird-brain doesn't know anything." Without asking, Allura brought up the copy I'ik had sent to her and Keith's nose wrinkled at what he saw, "Yeah, I can't understand that."

"Which is why Pidge has agreed to do it," Allura laughed as another message from Pidge pinged through. "Lance won't let her do anything and she's bored."

Her Prince blinked, "She's pregnant. It doesn't make her incapable of doing things..."

Allura shrugged, finishing her message with a 'Keith says hello' before sending it, along with the Ikzul tech file, "Lance was like that during their first pregnancy. She may just be doing it to appease him and not have him worry."

Pidge's final message confirmed she'd received the file and had a quick glance through to determine what she needed to do. It would take her at least a quintant to decipher whatever it was I'ik had designed, maybe more as she had developed horrendous morning sickness in the past week.

"In all fairness, she was carrying two last time." Keith folded his arms and paused to grimace, "And when are we back in that room with bird-brain again?" He *really* didn't want to see I'ik again today.

"Either tomorrow or the quintant after." After putting her datapad away, Allura tapped her chin in thought, "We could take tomorrow off and have some time away from meetings. And, if Pidge cracks the language barrier on I'ik's tech before we see him again the quintant after, we can read through it together."

Keith's eyes darted to his mother's and he frowned briefly at the slight widening of her own. He was going to say something to his wife but his mother's reaction worried him more; "Mom? What's wrong?"

Allura instantly turned to look at the woman in question and Krolia shook her head, "I just recalled Kolivan wished to speak to me at the earliest convenience." She bowed, crossing an arm over her chest, "If you'll excuse me I will see to him now."

Allura smiled and nodded, "Of course, but please don't feel you need to bow to us."

Krolia straightened and smiled back, "You outrank me, Your Highness."

A laugh escaped Allura, "I most certainly do not! You're my mother-in-law!"

Chuckling, Krolia turned and waved before leaving the training room and the tick she vanished Allura turned to face her husband. Keith swallowed thickly, knowing that look and what she wanted right now. Her fingertips brushed his chest before sliding up to press the palm of her hand against his armour. Travelling further, her fingers curled around the front of his collar and without warning tugged him down into a heated kiss.

He had little time to react and with his legs moving to maintain his balance, he ended up dipping Allura, one arm supporting her back and his other hand gripping her raised thigh through the dress. She hummed in approval against his lips and he smirked before devouring her mouth, feeling her fingers grip his neck and shoulder.

What his mother had said before about being honest with Allura came back to him and he pulled away a little, panting, "There's something I need to tell you."

"After," Allura breathed, fingers losing themselves in his hair to tug him back into another kiss. But he needed to tell her before otherwise she may get the shock of a lifetime seeing him again after two years, so he resisted and she frowned at him, "What's wrong?"

Something he hadn't done though was think through how exactly to explain his situation to her and he stood them both up, looking away from her with his brow pinched in thought.

He felt her eyes on him and he knew many things were going through her head. Why didn't he think this part through? He looked at her and licked his lips, opening his mouth, "I-"

There was a flash behind him and two heavy paws slapped down onto Keith's shoulders followed by a fluffy chin settling itself atop his head. Keith's knees buckled a little under the weight of Kosmo and he grunted. Allura stared at the sight before her and she giggled, pressing the back of her hand against her mouth to try and stem the full belly laugh she almost gave out.

"Kosmo-" Keith strangled out, trying to turn under the sheer weight of his space wolf. Kosmo grunted at the tone his master gave him, shifted his weight and knocked Keith off balance, squashing him. As he landed, Allura's datapad dinged and as she walked over, she pulled it from her pocket then groaned loudly in annoyance.

"Whahf?" Keith had heard her even from underneath all that fluff and he was trying to push the lump of a space wolf off of him. Kosmo paid him no mind but did move a little to allow him to breathe.

"I'ik wants another meeting in half a varga."

Kosmo became confused when Keith stopped trying to push him off. He made a noise and shifted to glance down at the face of his master only to get petted. "No Kosmo, stay." He didn't, teleporting away, and Allura couldn't hide the amused smirk at hearing her husband curse his pet as he spat out fur.

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Why would I'ik call a meeting so suddenly after the disaster of the last one? Keith wondered. Unless the Ikzul was desperate to try another attempt on convincing his wife to marry him. He growled low in his throat and Allura threw him a curious glance.

"Sorry," Keith instantly said, fully aware of the short Arusian guards giving him looks as they walked to the meeting room. Allura seemed to know what his mind was thinking and she smiled softly, linking her arm with his.

"I chose you, Keith. You are the man for me." And with that, she leaned up and kissed his cheek.

Two Arusian guards saluted them and opened the doors where the five leaders sat waiting for them. Allura's arm fell from Keith's and he couldn't stop the blush from tinting his cheeks as he followed her to their seats.

Everyone stood until Allura sat and they all followed suit, hands flat on the tabletop. Keith's arms wanted to fold and he threw the Ikzul leader a dangerous look, almost daring him to try something. The avian purposely kept his eyes from those of the Prince's and seemingly decided the table was the most interesting thing in the room.

I'ik sighed and his crest fell flat against his head, making him look sleeker than before, "I am sorry for this meeting so soon after the last one," he began, "but my council has requested my return tonight." His eyes flicked up to look at everyone in turn, apart from Keith, "I shall be away for a movement, maybe a quintant more depending on travel and I wish for our food distribution to be settled on so I may relay the information as quickly as possible to my people."

Hoosh's fuzzy brow quirked up at this, "Very well." She made no remark on his sudden shift in behaviour and whilst everyone else was thinking to bring it up, they found it wise to hold their tongues. "My Queen," she said, ear twitching, "who was it that required our help?"

Allura blinked and met the eyes of the corgi-alien, "The Stellar quadrant of the Subic galaxy. They are situated almost directly between all of your home planets." She stood up and with a wave of her hand, brought up a large holographic image of the aforementioned sector. Five planets blinked on the image, bringing up zoomed in live-feeds of each planetoid. "They are in a sector almost devoid of stars and the stars that are there emit so much radiation it was difficult to pick up on their distress signal."

Papcha squinted and leaned forwards, "Was one of them in need of an evacuation?" He pointed with a shaky finger at the planet furthest on the right, "I believe they needed help as their star was stripping away their atmosphere."

The clearing of a throat directed their attention to I'ik, "That is what I'm being called away for. My council would like to send ships to rescue all of the inhabitants and give them temporary accommodation. They need me to lead the mission and prove myself to them."

"But it'll take you a few quintants to get there, there may not be life left in that time."

"Ikzul technology can get me there in a quintant."

Keith's eyes narrowed at this as I'ik was late to arriving on Arus. Three whole days late in fact. Something did not add up and he hoped Pidge would crack the Ikzul's tech soon. I'ik persisted in avoiding his gaze and Keith just knew he was hiding something. Then it occurred to him that the only other way to get that quickly across the universe was to wormhole, and I'ik's ship did not have that when Keith and Allura watched him disembark with two other Ikzul.

Those two Ikzul were not in the room and neither were they in earlier. The other leaders had two escorts situated by the walls behind their respective leader. They were taking notes. I'ik had no one and Keith's blood suddenly ran cold.

In an instant, he stood up and, ignoring the expectant looks the others were giving him, he gently grabbed his wife's elbow and stepped closer, inclining his head to whisper into her ear, "Escorts."

He felt Allura tense up immediately and he knew she was looking at each pair in turn until she got to I'ik. She shifted and her breath against his skin made him shudder, "Find them." He nodded and released her to bow, crossing his arm over his chest, at the leaders in the room.

“Apologies; I am needed elsewhere.” When his head came back up only I’ik was visibly annoyed at his leaving. Hoosh smiled, Papcha waved him off, inspecting the holographic map some more and Vu’rv threw Keith knowing looks and the Prince nearly, *nearly* choked on the implication behind those glances. Xarcuvio nodded, seemingly realising what Keith had noticed.

He took his leave quickly, pushing through the door and surprising the Arusians guarding it. “Unless the Queen - sorry, Lion Goddess, states otherwise, no one is to leave that room.” Confusion was on the tiny faces of the guards but they nodded, crossing an arm over their chests to signify their understanding of the order.

Chapter 2

Keith took off, feet thundering across the marble floor as he made his way to the castle's teleduv. The castle itself was similar in design to the original castle-ship but it was built into the Arusian landscape, near where the castle-ship had taken off many, many deca-pheobs ago. They had intended to build the castle where they had all met but the land had crumbled and made it unstable from erosion and a small fleet of Galra occupying the planet had been using it as target practice. The Galra gave themselves up the moment Voltron appeared and the small villages of Arusians nearby offered themselves as bodyguards to the Lion Goddess.

There were Arusians all along the corridors Keith ran down and it wasn't until he reached the heavily guarded door of the teleduv controls that he realised something was not right. Usually, two or three guards stood in front of the door and right now there were more than ten.

"The angry Prince has arrived!" Klaizap shouted and Keith grimaced. The Arusian bowed however, his snail shell shaped horns made his head look smaller than what it was. He straightened and his armour, which was a brown tunic with additional padding sewn into the fabric, revealed claw marks on his chest. Keith's gaze hardened.

"Who attacked you?"

Klaizap's red eyes widened and it took him a moment to look down and see the damage on his attire. His green shorts were unharmed. "A bird-man. There were two and wanted access into the Goddess' portal room." He puffed his tiny chest out, "But we brave warriors tell them no. They did not have authorisation and then they attacked."

Keith's eyes roved over the other guards, checking them for injury but it seemed only Klaizap was the one harmed. "Klaizap," he started, watching the said Arusian stand to attention, "did you see where they went after?"

A stumpy hand gestured further down the hall, "That way. They were not pleased and said something about finding another way in." Klaizap's head shook, "But there is no other way in."

There were ventilation ducts that led into the room and Keith guessed the Ikzul were trying to locate an opening. Unless they were already in there. He looked down at the Arusian, "Keep this door closed and Klaizap, go to the infirmary." A smirk tugged at his lips, "We don't want our captain of the guard to fall from injury."

Using the title Klaizap had earned made him move away from the door albeit hesitantly, "Fine," he whirled on his squad, "but you stay here and allow no one entry."

Keith watched Klaizap leave and he spotted a slight limp. His head shook; Klaizap being the bravest warrior meant he put up a facade when he was injured, not wanting weakness to strip him of his rank. It took both Allura and Keith to convince him one time to go to the infirmary when an arrow was sticking out of his chest.

“I think the Ikzul are in the room already.” Keith started, instantly putting his hands out to stop the guards from storming it, “I’ll get Kosmo and teleport in. If you hear anything when I’m in there, come help. The number of us should get them to surrender.” The guards nodded and saluted, gripping their weapons in anticipation.

A flash beside him made Keith jump and he turned to see his space wolf and his mother to his right. A datapad was in his mother’s hand and her other was touching Kosmo’s shoulder.

Krolia blinked and looked around confusedly then fixed a hard gaze on her son, “I thought you were in another meeting?”

“I was, then I noticed I’ik’s escorts weren’t behind him.” He nodded at the door to the teleduv, “I think they’re trying to steal Altean tech; I’ik was late coming here and he mentioned his technology could get him back home in a quintant. His ship didn’t have it when he arrived.”

His mother shook her head, “Do they know that you need to build a teleduv to wormhole as well?”

Keith shrugged, “Probably not.” He gestured to his ears then pointed to the door and the Arusians turned their bodies slightly so an ear was pressed up against the cool metal. He touched his space wolf and noticed Krolia had pocketed her datapad and had her hand on the hilt of her Marmoran blade. Her purple hand was still on Kosmo’s shoulder.

In a flash, the room shifted and the three were stood in the corner of the room where the controls Allura used to wormhole sat. There was a huge floor to ceiling window directly in front of the controls and the teleduv itself was behind a pair of doors down a set of steps to the right of the station. And at those doors were the two Ikzul; one a pearly white and the other an emerald green. They were trying to pry the doors open with something akin to a crowbar. Keith glanced up and saw they had indeed entered the room via the ventilation as the grate had been kicked out and lay near them.

Kosmo rumbled and Keith pressed his hand further into the wolf’s fur, “Easy...” The wolf pressed himself down low and stayed back as Keith and Krolia snuck forwards. When they were a couple of feet from the steps, Keith flicked a finger and Kosmo stealthily crept up to them.

“So,” Krolia began, arms folding and glaring at the avians who jolted at her voice, “care to explain why you’re here and not in the meeting?”

The Ikzul turned and stared in horror at the two Galrans before them atop the stairs and the hulking space wolf behind them. Keith’s stance was identical to his mother’s as he glowered down at the avians.

“Well?”

The duo exchanged a quick glance and their reaction was instantaneous. The white Ikzul unsheathed a large sword from their belt as the green one crouched down and leaped upwards of a few metres.

Kosmo barked and vanished, throwing the white Ikzul off and in their bemusement was knocked down by Krolia. Keith tracked the trajectory of the green bird and put his hand to his Marmoran blade in its scabbard at his lower back. When the avian landed, Kosmo lunged from where he had been hidden and sent the Ikzul sprawled onto his back at the feet of Keith.

The door banged open and the Arusians flooded in, tiny feet padding across the shiny floor with weapons drawn. The Ikzul at Keith's feet took one look at the tiny guards and swung up with his hand, Keith's blade met that of the avian and he knocked it aside. A thud beside him had him briefly look over to see the white Ikzul get up into a kneel, his mother keeping a firm hand on the bird's shoulder. She had clearly thrown the guy up the stairs and the avian was nursing a bruised ego.

A growl from Kosmo who had padded over had the green Ikzul shriek loudly and cower in fear, "I'ik never mentioned a huge beast!"

The white Ikzul huffed, "He also missed out on the powerhouse for the Prince's mother..."

Keith crouched down, blade at the ready to defend himself just in case the bird had any other weapons concealed, "Why are you here?" He knew why but he wanted them to admit the crime. When the two Ikzul made a show of holding their beaks shut he glanced at Kosmo. The wolf snarled, baring his teeth and making his stance more threatening. The Ikzul on the floor suddenly smelt like urine as he squeaked out a cry.

"I'ik wants the teleduv. He also wants the Queen as his bride so he can be the true leader of Ikz!"

Krolia, expecting the admission, rolled her eyes, "Are you aware you need to build one to use the technology? Or did your leader miss out on another piece of information?"

Keith opened his mouth to say something but then stopped when what the Ikzul said sank in fully. He frowned down at the avian, "What do you mean 'true leader'?"

Realising his mistake, the Ikzul covered his face with his scaly hands, "Oh eggshells..."

The white Ikzul bristled and hissed at his comrade, "R'uk you moron!"

"I'm sorry Ai'it!" R'uk yelled through his hands, then gestured at Kosmo, "You try concealing information when this *thing* is about to eat you!"

Ai'it shook his head in disbelief, "I cannot believe this..." His eyes locked onto the Arusian creeping forwards, "We're surrounded by hatchlings and our target is still alive..."

Keith bristled and immediately assumed they were referring to him; how else would I'ik get Allura to marry him when she was already wed? Assassination attempts weren't rare but very few actually targeted Allura. Many wanted the Queen to not be married to a half-Galra and took it amongst themselves to deal with the apparent issue. The Arusians were excellent at catching the assassins before they even tried anything however, and Keith suspected that if the duo had made off with the Altean tech, their attempt on his life would have been thwarted.

The Arusians closest to Ai't produced a pair of handcuffs and, with the help of Krolia, had the white Ikzul magnetically cuffed with his hands behind his back. The group advancing on R'uk produced handcuffs also and Keith roughly rolled the avian over, pinning him down with his wrists into his lower spine.

R'uk sighed, which required effort with Keith's knee pressed into his shoulders and Kosmo growled. Then his feet suddenly swung backwards, bending his spine almost double and his claws scraped Keith's chest armour causing a horrendous noise to ring out into the room. With a twist of his body, R'uk tried again, lashing out with talons that caught his target's stomach but only enough to tear his clothes. Before he had a third attempt on Keith's life the guards jumped onto him and held him down, slapping cuffs on both his wrists and ankles.

"I'ik *also* failed to mention your stupid armour!" R'uk spat, struggling against his bonds as Keith stepped back to inspect the damage. Krolia was on him in an instant checking him over before she threw the attacker a look that promised death and R'uk fell silent, shrinking into himself.

Allura would fuss over him and insist she also check him over and Keith shook his head, seeing his front had been clawed and his attire almost to ribbons. He glanced at his mother, "I'll see if I can contact Ikz and-"

Ai't let out a howl of laughter, "You won't. I'ik is the only one who can be contacted by the information you were given. All calls are redirected to him." The edges of his beak twitched up in the form of a smug grin, "If you try to call he'll know we've failed and stage one of our fail-safe plan will begin."

Keith frowned but still pulled his datapad out and sent a quick message to Allura, telling her the Ikzul had been apprehended. He missed mentioning that he'd been attacked, so she could remain calm in the meeting but he did however include that I'ik was not the leader of the Ikzul, and he was going to try to contact the planet.

Holding his hand out, Keith beckoned Kosmo to him and Krolia also placed her hand on the wolf. He looked at the Arusians, "Lock them up." Then he vanished, reappearing in the communications room. It was a pristine oval-shaped room with a curved window in the right-hand wall. A large panel stuck out of the farthest wall below a huge display and Keith homed in on it.

Pushing the chair aside, Keith set his hands flat on the surface of the panel and his finger tapped on the edges as he thought over how to combat I'ik's communications override. A tick passed and he grinned, punching in the information to contact Pidge.

When the call was answered, Keith was not expecting Matt's twin to be staring into the device and he jumped at how close Luis was to the camera. The three-year-old grinned widely and the device shook in his hands before his fraternal twin Marco appeared beside him.

"Hi, Uncle Keef!" Luis beamed and Keith smiled.

“Hey kids,” Keith began, addressing them at the same time lest he cause an argument about who was the better twin, “is your mom about?”

Marco’s head shook in an over exaggerated manner, causing the device to shake, “No. Daddy took mommy to check on Sofia at the hos-pi-tul.” The view became inverted as the boy holding Pidge’s datapad dropped it and it scrabbled back onto their faces. Keith felt nauseous.

“Boys? Who are you talking to?” A familiar voice called out from behind the twins. Luis’ head turned and he beamed at the person behind them.

“It’s Uncle Keef!” Matt’s twin started, “He wants to talk to mommy but she’s not here. How do I take messages?”

“I’ll speak to him,” the voice provided. “It must be important if he’s calling her.”

The view became the ceiling before it settled onto Sam, Katie’s father. His grey beard had been trimmed and he chuckled at the kids’ calling of ‘bye Uncle Keef’. The background behind him turned into that of their lounge as he settled himself down onto the sofa.

“I’m sorry my daughter’s not around. She’s at an ultrasound with Lance and won’t be back for a couple of hours,” at seeing Keith’s expression change to a more serious look Sam knew it could not wait that amount of time. “Let me help you.”

Keith ran a hand down his face, “Do you know how to bypass a rerouted communications link? There’s an Ikzul who has hacked into his own planet’s comms and redirected it to his own devices. I need to contact his planet asap.”

Sam nodded and he stood up, heading to the stairwell, “I think Katie has something that can help with that somewhere on her laptop but Matt can find it quicker than I can.” His head turned and Keith instantly covered his ears as the Holt patriarch yelled for his eldest.

Ticks passed and Matt appeared on screen, “Hey Keith!” He walked back upstairs and into Pidge and Lance’s room without being told. “Gimme a sec to boot up the Gremlin’s laptop and I can help you.” All the while he was talking Keith was giving him a bizarre look and Matt’s eyes rolled, “I can’t help it if my nephew is identical to me.”

“Sorry...” Keith mumbled, looking away and rubbing his nape, “It’s like Luis’ aged in a matter of minutes.”

Matt’s eyes narrowed playfully, “If it’ll make you feel better I could speak like him.” Keith’s deadpan stare had the elder man laugh as he sat down at Pidge’s desk. A sandy eyebrow rose as he stared at the screen, “She was looking at something before she left.”

Keith nodded, “Allura sent her a file to translate for us.”

“Whatever it was she’s finished the first paragraph and I’m looking at a weird bunch of words that make no sense.”

“How weird?”

The view on the screen became that of Pidge's laptop and Keith squinted to see the small text. "What is that?" It was just a literal paragraph of random letters and symbols. "Are you sure she's finished it?"

"Positive. She usually leaves a little memo on the screen if she has to stop and step away before finishing something." Matt came back into view and he scratched his chin, "I think it's a virus but I can't be sure until Pidge has finished more of it."

Whatever would I'ik be doing with a virus? Had he created it or had his lackeys done it for him? Keith's mind raced and his eyes widened, "Matt, can a communication link be infected by a virus to direct contact to another device?"

Matt looked stumped at the question, "It's possible. Why?"

"I need to contact a planet but all communications are sent to a different device." He glanced down at his datapad when it dinged, Allura telling him that she was going to keep the leaders, mainly I'ik, in the meeting for as long as possible.

"Who owns the device?"

"An Ikszul."

Matt was silent as he busied himself on the laptop in front of him. The datapad was propped up against something beside the Green Paladin's device and Keith watched the eldest Holt sibling work away at something. Moments passed and the Holt looked at him.

"Send me the Ikszul's contact details. I can override his override."

Not wanting to question the genius of a Holt, Keith sent the requested information and Matt shook his head, chuckling to himself as his fingers danced across the keyboard. "I had the experience of meeting an Ikszul," he started, presumably writing a long-winded code to do whatever it was he needed to do, "and they're not great with technology."

Keith blinked.

"They're bird-brains," Matt shrugged. "You have no idea how many times I had to fix what the stupid bird wrote." Quickly double-checking what Keith had sent him, Matt hit a button and reclined in Pidge's chair. "That's painful to look at..."

"What is?"

"This code he's put into place to redirect communication." His head shook, "Pidge would not enjoy looking at this either; I'm surprised this worked at all." Leaning forwards, Matt set about overriding the system and considering it took him mere minutes, Keith had an idea as to how awful the coding was.

Then he wondered how angry Pidge would have become at how trivial it all seemed. An angry Pidge rambled and ranted and Keith honestly did not want to ever find out what a *pregnant*, angry Pidge did. He was suddenly glad she was out.

“You’re good to contact the planet now. I’ve set it so the device has overheated too and can no longer be used.”

Keith grinned, “Thanks Matt.” Before he ended the call he frowned, “Mention to Pidge about the tech being a virus, if she hasn’t figured it out already.” His eyes drifted to the Altean devices around him, “I have a feeling it was meant to be used here.”

Matt looked concerned but nodded, “No problem. I may also help her translate it quicker and if it is a virus, we can make an anti-virus and send it you just to be safe.”

“Thanks again.” Mat waved him off and Keith ended the call before he dug into the contacts to find the planet Ikz. His datapad dinged and a quick glance at the message confirmed I’ik’s device had indeed overheated and Allura was asking what was going on. Looking between finding the code and his wife’s message, he typed a reply saying he’d explain everything very soon.

Without hesitation, the moment he found Ikz’s contact details he called them and, after a few ticks, a ruby red Ikzul wearing a golden crown stared back at him through the screen.

“I am Ché, chief of the Ikzul,” he started, squinting at the device before he vanished for a moment and reappeared wearing a pair of golden pince-nez. He cleared his throat then sputtered at seeing Keith, “Hard-boiled eggshells, it’s the Prince!” He bowed, once again vanishing then straightened his spine, “We have been trying to contact you for many pheobs but all we were met with was interference.”

Keith nodded, frowning, “Our attempts at contacting you were diverted elsewhere. I’ik made sure everyone who tried calling were directed to his device.” His eyes darted down to see Allura’s text and he sighed. She was trying her hardest, along with the other leaders, to keep I’ik in the room but it seemed he was proving to be insistent on leaving. “I don’t have long-”

“I’ik?!” The chief squarked out, “My brother is behind all of this?!” He did not look surprised at all, just very angry. “Where is he?”

Krolia stepped forwards, leaning against the console, “In a meeting with the Queen. He’s claiming a sector near you are in dire need of food and a planet was losing its atmosphere.”

Ché sighed, pinching the space on his beak in front of his spectacles, “There are no planets in need of assistance. He wants to be chief and prove it by bringing food to our people...” His vibrant eyes locked onto someone to the side of him and he spoke in a language neither Krolia or Keith understood. “I will be taking our fastest ship to you.”

“How long will you be?”

“A quintent at least.”

Keith’s eyebrow quirked up, “That’s how quickly you can move? I’ik was late by three quintents to the meeting.”

“He was clearly plotting something...” The chief eyed Keith up, “You aren’t harmed are you? My brother wants to marry the Queen and-”

“I’m fine. We’ve arrested his escorts and-”

“R’uk and Ai’it?” At a bemused Keith nodding, Ché groaned, “Of course he’d have chosen them...” His fist slammed onto his own console and the feed shook, “Arrest him, lock him up and tell him his big brother is coming to take him home. Mother would like a word with him too.” And the feed cut off.

A sly smile flitted over Krolia’s face and Keith laughed in disbelief, “I’ik’s the younger brother of the chief and - wow...”

Krolia’s smile only widened as she copied her son touching Kosmo, “I’d like to tell him his mother wants to speak with him. Just to see his face.”

In a flash they appeared before the meeting room doors, startling the Arusian guards and Kosmo huffed, looking down at them. The shortest Arusian recovered then covered their mouth with a tiny hand.

“My Prince, are you okay?”

Keith looked down at himself at his ruined clothes then he turned to his mother, “You go in first with Kosmo, I’ll stay here in case he tries to leave.” Krolia nodded and led the way, letting the guards scramble to open the door. He turned to the Arusian who expressed concern, “I’m fine but I will need you to follow them in.”

Walking up to the table, Krolia stopped a few feet from it and Kosmo sat himself down. The guards spread out on either side of the Galra and wolf, looking a bit confused as to what was happening. Krolia looked around the room at everyone. I’ik was standing, looking flustered and Allura was in the middle of trying to calm him down. The other leaders were equally as agitated; Hoosh had hefted herself up onto the table and was still pointing at the Ikzul and the rest had clenched fists and locked jaws.

“Is this a bad time?” Krolia asked, feigning surprise.

I’ik huffed, “I need to leave-”

Hoosh growled, hackles rising, “You will leave when we know what your contribution to those in need is!”

The Ikzul whirled, slamming a scaly fist onto the table, “I will notify you when I have returned home and will send my own cargo ships to meet with yours to distribute food out!” He turned, bowing to Allura, “Apologies my Queen but I must depart and repair my datapad.”

Krolia raised her hand, stopping I’ik before he had chance to move, “Actually, I have a question for you.” I’ik snorted but nodded, willing it to be over and done with. The Galra suddenly frowned, “Are you aware that your escorts attacked my son?”

Allura was instantly on her feet, suddenly glassy-eyed and a look of worry on her face, “Where is he?” She looked ready to run but Krolia shook her head, clarifying that Keith was alive and unharmed. Allura breathed out a shaky sigh of relief before her furious gaze fell onto I’ik. The Ikzul backed up, suddenly looking surprised and he held his hands up to try and calm the Altean Queen down.

“I assure you it had nothing to do with me-”

“R’uk and Ai’it have very loose tongues when a four hundred pound space wolf is nearby,” Keith announced as he leaned back against the door, purposely blocking I’ik’s only exit. Allura spun on her heel at hearing her husband’s voice but her fury spiking into rage kept her rooted to the spot having taken Keith’s shredded attire in.

I’ik’s eyes flicked to Keith and he looked surprised before his gaze focused on the back of Allura’s slowly turning head. “My Queen-”

There was only one other time when Keith had seen Allura this furious before and that was facing against Haggar in a bunker on a chunk of broken planet nine deca-pheobs ago. He had been seriously injured taking a hit for her and despite her watery eyes as she checked him over she was outraged, both at him for what he did and the witch for attacking him.

I’ik’s words died in his throat and he swallowed heavily at seeing the look on Allura’s face. His throat cleared and he diverted his eyes to Keith, “Where are they being held? I would like to speak to them.”

“The same place you will be by request of your older brother.” Krolia said, motioning for the Arusians to advance towards the Ikzul. A tick passed and I’ik froze as the reality that Keith and his mother knew the truth sank in. Krolia smiled, “Your mother wants a word as well.”

Something inside the Ikzul snapped and he lunged for Allura, spinning her around and holding onto her tightly, claws poised at her throat. The Arusians halted and I’ik smirked. Keith growled low in his throat and his hand flew to his Marmoran blade. Krolia copied him as the other leaders stood in shock.

“Now,” I’ik hissed, “we’re going to play it out like this; I’m going to escape with my future wife and the rest of you will perish as the teleduv overheats from the virus I installed into it earlier.”

Allura was startled by the sudden action but she was not intimidated or felt threatened and she threw her most blood-chilling glare over her shoulder at I’ik. Keith spotted this and his stance relaxed, knowing exactly what his wife was about to do.

“The deal you have implemented will still take place but I will take it for my people. Those planets it’s intended for have no use for it.”

I’ik’s sharp eyes moved to Keith at the door, angered that the half-Galra was so relaxed, “Move aside or I’ll hurt her.” When the hybrid showed no intention of moving I’ik pointed a clawed finger at him, “Or I’ll gut you and do the job my cousins were supposed to do!”

“You will do *no* such thing!” Allura screeched and the Ikzul realised too late that extending his arm was his mistake. Allura instantly grabbed him by said limb and threw him onto the ground, pinning him down with the appendage behind his back and her knee in his lower spine. Her Altean strength was no match for the avian and I’ik whimpered as the Arusians rushed forwards and cuffed him.

Standing up, Allura dusted herself off and paused at the looks of surprise on the faces of the true leaders in the room. Standing tall, she cleared her throat, “I-”

The Girock raised a paw to silence the Queen, “I have to say I’m disappointed.” Allura’s mouth snapped shut and she slowly looked away, shame filling her face at letting her anger get the better of her.

Xarcuvio nodded, “Indeed.” He gestured to I’ik who was being dragged out of the room by the group of guards, “Why didn’t you do that sooner?”

Allura’s head snapped up to gape at the Barbudan, “Excuse me?” Her hand came up to cover her mouth, trying to stop herself from laughing at the other aliens nodding their heads enthusiastically in agreement. She giggled, “Well I sincerely apologise for not acting sooner!”

Papcha, who reclined into his seat, shrugged, “At least someone did.” His old eyes moved onto Hoosh, “I was betting you would bite him at least.”

The Girock huffed and pinched her fingers together, “I was *this* close to doing so!”

Vu’rv bubbled as they stood up, “What about this virus he installed? Shouldn’t we-” As they spoke, Keith had walked over to join everyone at the table and Allura was instantly checking her husband for any injuries. The Elisk shook their heads, trying to hide their amusement, “...nevermind.”

“Allura, stop,” Keith said desperately trying to stop his wife from undressing his upper body. He gripped her shoulders and kept her at arm’s length, “I’m fine.”

Allura looked unconvinced and Keith knew why. The time he was hit with Haggar’s magic he told her the same. When he woke up she looked ready to strangle him, practically screaming she had to use the quintessence the witch had stored to bring him back after expending all of her own in the battle. He still bore the scar that webbed out just below his ribcage.

He swallowed, giving her a soft look, “I’m okay. My armour saved me.”

Still glancing at him suspiciously, Allura nodded but when Keith let her go she embraced him tightly. He returned it after giving his mother a quick glance to explain everything to the others.

“I still want to check you over,” Allura’s soft voice near his ear drowned out his mother, “I do not wish for a repeat of nine deca-pheobs ago.” Feeling her husband shift she tilted her head further against him, “I just want to be sure that you’re okay.”

“Fine,” Keith sighed, “I’ll head to the infirmary-”

“No,” she whispered, pulling back and Keith could tell she would not change her mind about her decision, “you will be checked over by *me* in our room.” Searching her eyes, he saw she was silently pleading him to follow through with her demand and when he nodded she smiled in relief, releasing him.

“-the planets aren’t in need of help. I’ik made it up to gather food for his people,” Krolia stated, gesturing to the holographic image that was still floating above the table. “The real chief is coming to collect him.”

Xarcuvio shook his head disbelievingly, “All of this because he wasn’t first in line for the throne.” He rested his chin on his fist, “Makes me glad I’m an only child.”

Hoosh’s ears flapped with the motion of her own head shaking, “I’m from a litter of twelve. I was the only one who wanted to lead our people after papa retired.” Her eyes fell onto Allura and she smiled, “Since we no longer need to continue, shall we break until tomorrow? We can maybe discuss technology-”

Allura’s eyes widened just then and she looked at Keith, “Oh, the virus!” Keith caught her arm before she had chance to rush away and she frowned in confusion at him, “What?”

“We caught the two Ikzul before they had chance to get into the teleduv itself,” he explained. “Matt says he’ll help Pidge and develop an anti-virus just to be safe.” He chuckled, “Matt also said that the Ikzul aren’t great with coding-”

“Wait,” Allura started, tilting her head to one side with a slight smirk on her face, “was it Matt who caused I’ik’s datapad to overheat?” Keith nodded and she laughed.

“Queen Allura,” Hoosh piped up, her tiny hands on the table, “may we continue tomorrow regarding technology?” The other leaders looked at the Altean in question, shifting in their seats like they were ready to get up. Clearly they were expecting her to say yes.

Allura nodded, “Of course. Maybe we can combine-”

Krolia turned to her daughter-in-law suddenly, “Actually,” she produced her datapad and placed it on the table, “you need some time away.” Keith frowned at his mother, approaching the table to see what was being shown and his eyes bulged in surprise at the image of a fancy resort.

“We can’t! We’re needed here-” He started, then it clicked and his gaze narrowed, “Is this what you wanted to speak to Kolivan about?”

His mother found interest in the tabletop, flicking away a speck of dust, “I don’t know what you mean.” She faced him, folding her arms, “You both need time away and Kolivan agreed. We’ve already booked you a suite and you leave in the morning. Kolivan and I can attend any meetings for the duration for you.”

Allura had taken intense interest in the resort, flicking through the images of the different suites. They were all themed and her eyes lingered on one that gave the appearance of being inside the canopy of a jungle. Vines hung as doors, the only true doors being a rich colour that separated the bathroom from the rest of the suite and the main door into it. Krolia leaned over and tapped the image, “That’s the one you’ll be staying in.”

The Altean royal tore her eyes from the pictures and stared at her mother-in-law, “How long for?”

“Only a movement.” Krolia shrugged, “We couldn’t get it for a pheob like we hoped.” Leaning over she plucked her datapad from Allura’s hands and tucked it away. She turned to face the other leaders, “Kolivan and I will meet you tomorrow morning for the discussion on technology. I’m sure we can provide insights on Galran technology and if you want to know more about Altean tech, I think Coran can provide you with the information you require.”

Keith stood still in shock, mouth agape as he just stared at Krolia. His mother was giving them time to be alone and for him to discuss things with Allura regarding his *changes*. He had roughly half a quintant to figure out how to explain it to his wife before she would possibly see him naked. Allura may not even want to be intimate with him after two years of not even attempting it.

A hand under his chin to close his mouth brought him out of his thoughts and he blinked, finding Allura standing before him. She laughed softly, “You were catching honeyflies...”

He grinned sheepishly at her and when she faced the others in the room he threw Krolia a desperate look. She shrugged at him then pretended to look at her wrist like she was wearing a watch, “You’d better start packing.” Keith glared, knowing she’d picked that up from Shiro but before he could respond and put his foot down on taking this vacation, Allura had grabbed his hand and dragged him out of the room. Looking back over his shoulder he was met with amused smiles and ‘enjoy yourselves’.

When his head returned forwards however he lost all will to deny his wife this break; she was happy with the subtle bounce in her step and the way she held his hand. The beaming smile she gave him made his heart melt and he smiled back softly.

Maybe a vacation would do them good.

-

Keith allowed Allura to lead him to their bedchambers and the Arusian guards bowed to them, opening the doors to let them in. The moment they closed Keith’s datapad dinged and after he fished it out he frowned at the message Krolia had sent him.

Don’t pack clothes. The resort has a strict dress code. Only pick something to arrive and return in.

A tug on his wrist coaxed Keith into walking and with a quick glance up, he followed Allura to the foot of their bed where she made him sit. She sat beside him and looked at the message on his pad.

“I assume they’ll provide the correct attire then if we cannot wear our own.”

Keith nodded, putting his datapad down on the sheets beside him then when he noticed his wife giving him an expectant look, he stood up, sighed and started removing his clothing. Allura’s eyes were roving all over where the claw marks had been on his armour, just checking if they’d punched through.

The armour and tattered clothing were put to one side on a nearby table and the rest of his attire was folded up neatly beside his wardrobe as a reminder to put them away. He decided to just strip down to his boxers as Allura would want to check him over fully. When he turned around he noticed she too had removed her clothing, leaving her in just her front-fastening bra and cotton panties.

Her eyes instantly fell onto the discoloured scar that webbed across his skin then flicked to the light dusting of a bruise on his right pectoral. Keith looked down at himself, wondering why his wife was frowning and he was surprised to see the bruise - it didn’t hurt. Until Allura touched it and he hissed, fighting the urge to back away from her. He knew she was finding out how deep the bruise was and where the broken capillaries under his skin were.

She moved him back to the bed and pushed him down gently to sit where she returned to her spot beside him. Her eyes closed as she felt around the bruised skin and Keith’s head tilted back, a pained grimace on his face.

“You have a cracked rib,” Allura stated, her hands gently tracing the exact spot his injury was at, “I will heal it and you must sleep for a little while.” Keith nodded in response, knowing sleep would help alleviate the pain after being healed by his wife’s quintessence.

A gentle glow that shone through his closed lids told him that Allura was repairing his rib. Ticks passed and the glow died down before Allura’s soft touch drifted to the scar nearby. Keith shuddered, opening his eyes to find his wife staring at him. She smiled softly then gave him a peck on the lips.

“Sleep.”

He made a noise in the back of his throat as he moved himself onto their bed proper, “What will you do?” The answer he got was Allura quickly putting his datapad on her bedside table and shifting to be beside him, settling against his chest. His brow shot up and he curled his arm around her, pulling her closer to him, “Thank you.”

She nuzzled his skin, humming when he purred softly at her action. “You’re welcome.” She said before tugging the covers over them.

-

When Keith awoke he found himself spooning his wife, body pressed right up against hers. Allura seemed to have sensed his waking and her head turned to look back at him over her shoulder. “How do you feel?” She asked, reaching back to thread her fingers through his mullet.

He felt better and told her as such, pressing his lips to her bare shoulder. “What time is it?” A quick glance around their large bedroom did not tell him much - one of the suns was up at least still.

“You were asleep for nearly two varga,” she said, fingers curling into his hair to gently scrape her nails against his scalp. He relaxed against her, rumbling softly and she responded with a hum. “I have gathered what we’ll need for the morning,” her head nodded to the small pile of clothes and a satchel of their toiletries on the table nearest the door, “so we have the rest of today to ourselves...” she looked back at him, slowly grinding her ass against his erection and Keith surmised that that was what alerted his wife to his waking up.

He rumbled again, pressing back against her and, when he felt the largest ridge of his shaft push against his lower abdomen, he remembered she didn’t know. Keith paused for a moment then extracted himself from his wife to sit up and ran a hand through his hair. Allura rolled onto her back, confused and also a little hurt and shame had Keith stand up and move away.

“Keith...” Allura started, slowly pushing herself up as she watched him put distance between them, “talk to me, please?”

His fingers had linked together behind his neck and upon seeing the increasing heartbreak on his wife’s face, Keith immediately knew what she was thinking and he shook his head, “Allura, it’s not you.” He immediately winced; not exactly the most ideal way to start and his stomach dropped seeing her hug herself, like she was trying to hold herself together. He took a step towards her, “You mean everything to me. I love you.” Her expression was doubtful and Keith swallowed, wondering if she’d fallen out of love with him, “Unless...” he trailed off, eyes suddenly misty and downcast.

The heels of his hands came up and pressed against his eyes as he put his back to her. Six years of marriage and he’d blown it, all because he feared she’d be afraid of his physical changes. She had accepted his other changes due to his Galra genetics but this one he feared she wouldn’t. He no longer resembled an Altean male and he had taken pride in that, especially when she remarked that he was much larger than the educational images she’d been shown. His ears picked up her sudden movements; the whispering of the bedlinen and the soft padding of her feet.

Keith exhaled shakily, hands falling to his sides, “I’m so sorry...”

Allura slowly moved to stand in front of him and while shame and regret filled him he was curious as to why she stood before him. The answer he got was her hands cupping his face and pulling him in for a gentle kiss. Her nose brushed his in a nuzzle, “I love you so much. Nothing will change that.”

His hands held her elbows and he nuzzled her properly, pressing a kiss to the corner of her mouth. His stomach was suddenly a knot and he swallowed past everything to whisper, “Nothing?”

A confused frown was thrown at him but Allura nodded all the same, her fingers moving to rest on his shoulders. Her head tilted slightly, “Is this what you needed to tell me earlier?” At her husband’s nod Allura’s hands trailed down to lightly hold his own, “You can trust me.”

Keith looked elsewhere, trying to find the courage to bring it up. In the end his eyes fell to their hands, staring at the contrast between his pale complexion and her beautiful dark skin. His thumb traced her knuckle, "Do you remember when I started *purring*?" He hated that word in relation to what he could do but it was what it was.

Allura's mind ticked over and she slowly nodded, remembering, "That was four deca-pheobs ago wasn't it?" He looked at her and she smiled, "You grew taller and your teeth... well..." she blushed, clearly recalling that one time she let him trace her neck with his sharpened canines. "Was that some sort of maturity your body went through?"

He blinked, completely surprised by her figuring it out, "Yeah..." Snapping himself out of it he couldn't keep the blood from rushing to his face, "Something else changed too..."

His wife just stared at him in thought and the sheer intensity of Allura going through a mental checklist of her husband's appearance made Keith look away. This was it. The moment she'd ask to be shown and she'd be repulsed by it. Her hands released his and his eyes closed when one gently pressed against his chest.

He jolted, feeling a finger trace the outline of his manhood through his boxers. He'd gone flaccid during this conversation and he jumped when her finger ran down him again. She was aware of the thickened skin when the tip of her index skated over it again and her touches were causing blood to flow down there. Her eyes were fixated on the shape of him.

Her thumb curiously massaged the largest of his slowly flaring ridges and Keith's knees almost gave out, reaching out to keep himself steady. He had no idea he had become so sensitive down there and Allura smirked at him. Her hand gripped him fully through the fabric and Keith strangled out a groan, eyes closing from the pleasure. When they opened his wife gasped at seeing his sclerae had yellowed slightly and his pupils were slits. He had hardened in her hand and the fully flared ridges against her skin caused Allura's eyes to widen.

Keith closed the distance, dipping his head to purr into her ear, "On the bed, my Queen." He purposely nipped at the tip of her pointed ear and she shivered. Her eyes met his and the glint of his fangs in the light with the sound of his voice nearly made Allura's knees turn to jelly.

The purr turned into a deeper rumble in his chest as he watched her move to their bed. His tongue flicked out to wet his lips as she sat atop the silk then seductively spread her legs for him, reclining onto her elbows. He admired her beauty from where he stood, his gaze trailing down to the wetness of her arousal through her panties then up to the prominent points of her nipples against the soft fabric of her bra. Keith growled possessively and she bit back a moan, closing her eyes as her legs quivered. When she opened them again, her pupils were blown and she hungrily took in every line of subtle muscle on his body that she could see. His stomach flexed as he growled again and the definition of his abs showed through. She stared, transfixed by his hidden strength but became distracted by the twitch of his heavy arousal straining against his boxers. Allura directed her gaze to his own eyes, beckoning him forward with a slender finger and in two strides, he stood before her.

Keith slowly knelt down, curling forwards to press a kiss atop the waistband of her panties and Allura exhaled shakily, watching him with a bitten lip. He purred, nuzzling her folds

through the fabric before he licked a stripe up, purposely applying pressure to part her briefly. She gasped and he rumbled, doing it again but slower this time. Her body arched up and her toes curled and Keith smirked, knowing how sensitive his wife was and how easy it was to bring her to orgasm. He licked her again, even slower but purposely dragging his tongue over her clit before flicking it off. She was close to her first orgasm with the way her thighs were quivering and they latched around his head when he closed his lips around her sensitive bundle of nerves and sucked. She screamed and her fingers tunneled into his hair, keeping his head anchored between her legs.

He pleased her through her orgasm, sneakily pushing the crotch of her undergarments aside to slide two fingers into her. Upon feeling how ready she was for him he groaned against her and curled his fingers, searching for that spot that really made her scream.

When they had lain together before his change, Keith made sure Allura came at least once before he penetrated her but now his dick had changed he wanted her to be absolutely sopping before she took him, just so she could be comfortable with his new size.

Her thighs shook and he knew her eyes had rolled into the back of her head as she crested again. His mouth moved down to lap at where his fingers were buried knuckle deep inside her and he groaned loudly at how sweet she tasted. Needing more, he removed his fingers and slid his tongue into her where he began thrusting it in and out of her with his laps. His hand covered in her wetness moved down to free his weeping erection and he gripped himself, stroking slowly to spread her slick onto him. His ridges, he realised, were super sensitive when wet and he shivered, pulling back to look at his wife.

Allura was breathing heavily, her irises a thin band of blue around her pink pupils. Her hands moved to the clasp between her breasts and his eyes were drawn to the slow exposure of brown skin and dark, pebbled nipples. Her body arched as she discarded her bra and beckoned him to stand, noticing his arm jerking. She wanted to watch.

Keith stood up, erection still in hand and he saw her gaze lock onto a pearl of white forming at his tip. His hand movements were slow and languid, making sure he was lubricated enough before he mounted her. Her eyes tracked the bead as it shook then traversed down his glans and across his curled fingers just as his fist brushed down, exposing his ridges. He didn't realise until she moaned that her fingers were teasing herself at watching him stroke his oozing cock. With a shudder, he stilled his hand and removed it before dropping his boxers and stepping out of them. Allura's free hand reached down to rid herself of her own panties before she scooted backwards onto the bed, giving him room to climb on and over her.

He wasted no time to kneel onto the bed between her legs and her busy fingers drifted down to dip into herself for a moment. He watched and licked his lips as she spread her folds for him, showing him exactly how wet and ready she was. Before he could crawl over her though she rose up onto her arm and trailed her wet fingers over his erection, spreading both her own slick and his pre over his tip. He panted, eyes tracking her teasing movements before she lightly curled her fist around him. His body jerked when her hand brushed over his ridges and his length trembled as more of his pre leaked out and into her awaiting hand. She coated him in it, twisting her hand across his tip to coax more fluid out before she reached up with her other hand and brought him down over her, her hand still gripping his arousal.

He caught himself on his hands on either side of her shoulders and he shivered as he felt her line him up, legs spreading wide for him. She caressed his scarred cheek and leaned up to kiss him as he felt his tip catch her entrance. She released him and let him choose when to slide in as her hand moved up to tease one of her own nipples slowly, lips gently caressing his. He returned her ministrations just as lovingly and applied a little pressure against her, letting her know he was going to move. Her answer was a light moan that escalated into a shuddered exhale of his name as he slid home in one smooth thrust and her ankles immediately locked around his lower back.

Lowering himself onto his forearms he moved his head to groan into her neck as her muscles fluttered around him. He didn't think he was going to last long like this, feeling how soft and warm she was. He pulled back a little and thrust back into her, shivering at how his ridges stroked along her walls and she clenched him suddenly with a pleased scream that she muffled into his neck. Her hands had trailed down to just above her ankles and she felt his body curl with his gradual retreat only to surge back forwards with his thrust. A hand moved up to cup the back of his head as her temple pressed against his, he rumbled at her and she moaned, "Keith, please..."

If he stayed at his current languid pace, he knew he could last a little while and he wanted this closeness with the woman he loved to last as long as possible. He tilted his head a little and licked her neck, rolling his hips against hers slowly before his mouth sought hers out. Her hands cupped his face as their lips moved together and he groaned loudly, hips stuttering as her tongue flicked into his mouth. She hummed at his reaction and he growled, shifting his legs so he was sat on his heels. His hands moved down to hold her hips and he smirked at her impatient whine which quickly became a strangled gasp as another orgasm hit her. Keith had found that his ridges were perfect for teasing that spot inside her and for a moment he stroked against it, looking smugly at her.

Allura wanted to glare at him but it was incredibly difficult when her body was being overloaded with pure pleasure. She came again, clamping him tightly and his back bowed, shuddering out a groan against her breast. Fully sheathing himself he brought a nipple into his mouth and teased it with his fangs. Her response was to tease her other and she swore softly, head tilting back as he rocked into her.

Releasing her nipple, he moved to the other, nudging her hand away before giving that one the same treatment. His fangs teased her as her opposite hand pinched the one he left and he purred, dragging his tongue over it before curling the muscle around her nipple. He suckled, drawing out what he assumed were Allean swear words from her lips and he smirked against her skin. She flicked his ear upon feeling his smugness and he sat up onto his heels, licking his lips at her.

Both of her hands were now pinching and plucking her puffy nipples as she stared back at him, body rocking with his deep thrusts. She was meeting him thrust for thrust and began to clench purposely with every withdrawal he made. It was something she used to do and it would drive him insane, eventually fucking her like an animal until they both screamed in orgasm. He wasn't going to let it happen this time though, unlocking her ankles and spreading her legs further for him to delve deeper. Her eyes fluttered shut with a particularly deep thrust and her lip curled up into a pleased snarl when he brought his thumb down to

rub her clit. Her body arched and *another* orgasm ripped through her, drenching his cock and becoming even tighter around him.

He growled, noticing his resolve was crumbling at her increased tightness and with a slow withdrawal, he slammed back into her. Allura screamed his name and pawed at the sheets, letting him rest her knees in the crook of his elbows as he leaned over and fucked her senseless. His mouth kissed and bit at what skin he could reach as her shaky fingers darted down between them to work furiously at her swollen clit.

Her body was fighting his ridges, trying to push them flat against his length as she clenched in another orgasm but they resisted easily, finding and rubbing against spots neither of them knew she had. Allura began chanting Keith's name, head thrashing from side to side as he continued his relentless pace. Her voice was starting to give, breaking at different letters in his name and he fought the smirk, his ego taking a huge boost at knowing her screaming his name had wrecked her throat.

Between their pants and moans, he heard the slick sounds of their bodies moving together, felt how soaked she was around him as her softness clung to him desperately but it was when he looked at his wife he knew it was over. Her hair was wild, clinging to her sweaty skin, her eyes were half-lidded with absolute desire and love for him, and her chest was heaving, body glistening under the light of their room. Knowing he was the cause of this had him buckle forwards, clasp her hips with his hands hard enough to bruise and he roared without warning, flooding her with his seed. Allura's eyes widened and she screamed with him, the power of his release triggering another of her own.

Keith's body shook with each tremor of pleasure shooting through him and he gasped raggedly as Allura's body fell into sync with his, squeezing and greedily milking him for all his worth. He fell forwards, barely catching himself before he landed on Allura as he continued to empty into her and she continued to milk him. Their eyes were closed, panting as pleasure overwhelmed them. His hips pushed himself even deeper as he pulsed one last time inside her and he sagged, face falling into the sheets beside her head. Her walls squeezed him one final time before she too became boneless and lay breathing as heavily as he was beneath him.

A shaky hand moved up to lightly stroke his hair and Keith struggled to purr, chest heaving and heart thundering. Allura's hand stilled though when he moved to pull out and they both hissed from being oversensitive. He sagged back against her, finding himself stuck and he found amusement in their predicament.

Allura shifted a little, "Are you...?" He nodded against her neck and she sighed, too blissed out to be annoyed. Her hand moved back into his hair and she pressed her lips to a spot below his ear, "I like this..."

Keith blinked, raising himself up onto his elbows, "I'm not too heavy?" His slight repositioning moved him inside her and they stilled briefly at the sensation.

Allura's head shook then she glanced down curiously at where they were still joined, "I assume this is your change that has locked us together?"

He shrugged, following her gaze, “You’re really tight too.” Despite being two years since they last did this, he distinctly recalled she’d never felt this tight before. His mind ticked over realising it was his changes causing this as he was thicker. A brief sensation of panic fluttered in his mind if they were stuck like this forever and Allura laughed beneath him, catching the fleeting expression on his face.

“I’m sure this isn’t permanent.” The hand in his hair moved to stroke his face and she smiled gently, “Meetings would become interesting if it is...” Keith smiled back, chuckling as he dipped his head to kiss her.

“I’m sure some would mind,” he said as he pulled back.

Allura nuzzled him, humming as he purred and she found herself stroking his hair again, “How long have you been like this for?”

He averted her eyes, settling his head on her breast as he waited *still* to move, “About two years.” His head tilted up to look her in the face, “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner. When it happened all I could think was how I didn’t resemble an Altean down there anymore. We didn’t really have time to be together either...”

Her chest rose with a deep inhale, “Did you honestly believe I love you because of you looking like an Altean male down there?” She stroked his scarred cheek before cupping it gently, “I fell for who you are *before* I knew you intimately. You are an incredible man, Keith.”

The corner of his mouth twitched a little then he inhaled sharply as he finally slipped free from her body. He kissed the valley between her perfect breasts and knelt up only to double-take at how much of him spilled out of her onto their sheets. He rubbed his neck in embarrassment, “Um...”

Allura slowly sat up and also did a double-take at the mess. Her gaze fell onto his manhood after a moment and she admired the slightly darker stripes grouped together running a gradient across his length. They were the ridges she’d seen and felt and she was amazed at how flush they were with his skin.

Keith clearing his throat brought her eyes back up to his and she blushed, having been caught staring. His face was also red but he was smiling at her lovingly. Shuddering at feeling more of him drip from her, she got onto her own knees and embraced him, tucking her head under his chin. He rumbled softly, returning the hug, “I love you.”

She hummed back lightly, smiling, “I love you too.” Pressing a kiss to his collarbone she smiled, “Would you like to join me in the shower?” How quickly he nodded caused Allura to giggle which became a squeak when he scooped her up bridal style.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

This took me longer than I wanted to get done. Mixture of RL and trying not to spoil the prequel too much delayed this chapter.

Morning sex had been something they never did enough of and Keith's trail of thought halted when Allura slid slowly down onto him. Her taking him in was teasing but he knew she wanted to feel each ridge breach her. His jaw clenched, his hands held her hips and his head tilted back slightly against his pillow.

Eyes clamped shut, a groan rumbled past his lips as she worked herself on the first couple of ridges and Keith's blood boiled at how incredible it felt. His fingers tightened on her skin and he just *knew* she was smirking down at him triumphantly.

Her hand touched his chest, giving herself more leverage as she rolled herself more onto him. Another ridge slid into her and her eyes fluttered shut before she took the rest of him in, savouring how every inch of him felt inside her with a pleased sigh.

Hips flush, Allura stilled above him and bit her lip as her head fell back.

The urge to absolutely wreck her burned in Keith's veins but he resisted, wanting his wife to ride him at her own pace. His eyes - now slit pupils - roved over her gorgeous body and his mouth watered as her back arched slightly, pushing her breasts out.

A light sheen of sweat made her skin glisten and he wanted to touch her everywhere, but then she did that *thing* where she worked her muscles around him and he groaned. Throwing his head back with a low snarl, his hips rolled up on instinct and both of her hands snapped forward to catch herself on his chest, body buckling forwards at his deeper penetration.

Keith smirked at her and, despite her body quivering at the delicious sensation of him pressing deep, Allura playfully glared at him and clenched in response. He moaned through gritted teeth, fingers tightening on her skin, "You're making this really difficult to behave myself..."

Allura straightened up as she raised herself a little, "I'm not expecting you to." Her sinking back onto him was not as quick as Keith would have liked so he responded by bucking up slightly into her. She gasped then giggled, shaking her head as she leaned back to secure her hands on his thighs, "My point exactly."

He swore his eyes were focused on her face but as she began to raise and let herself fall back onto him they fell onto her jiggling breasts. Shifting her legs so she had a bit more leverage, Allura started building up her pace until she was fucking herself on his dick. Her head fell

back again and her eyes closed as she moaned. Keith rolled his hips to meet her movements, eyes watching their joining.

Allura pulled herself almost off him completely and Keith's jaw went slack at seeing his ridges glistening with her slick. The very tip of him remained inside her and, panting, his wife rotated her head to meet his gaze. Her pupils were wide, her body was quivering and when his hips slammed up into hers she screamed.

He held himself buried deep inside her as she quaked through her first orgasm and that action alone nearly triggered his.

When he was in control of the depth and speed, Keith could last a while. It was her teasing his ridges that brought it on quickly and her astounding breasts heaving with every breath she took. The look of pure pleasure on her face that he caused had his jaw clench, fighting his orgasm.

"Allura..." he warned, fingers twitching against her skin as he lowered their hips back onto their bed.

Hearing her name Allura leaned forwards, moving her hands to his chest. "Sit up," she said and he did. Wrapping his arms around her waist his fingers gripped her ass cheeks. Her hands cupped his face, brushing her lips against his as she raised and lowered herself onto him slowly, "Like this?"

He shuddered beneath her, groaning at her walls embracing his ridges and caressing them with each flutter of her muscles. "I'm... not gonna last," he strangled out, burying his face into her neck.

Allura held him, her movements languid as she took him deep, "That's okay." And he knew it was - she'd finish with him.

No matter how many times she orgasmed she would always crest when he did. It was to do with their quintessences combining and her sensitivity to his pleasure. Apparently it was an Altean thing with mating for life but he didn't ask too much about it. He couldn't as she explained it as she was riding him a few years ago and his mind was elsewhere. All he knew was that if she was in the middle of an orgasm when he came, she'd scream as another, much stronger one wracked her body and she'd regain consciousness a few ticks later.

Keith slid impossibly deeper into Allura and he screwed his eyes shut, desperately fighting his release. His wife sensed this and brought his face up to kiss her as she teased his ridges again. That did it and he tore his lips from her to howl, hips surging up as he emptied himself into her. She tightened in response, moaning and gripping his length greedily with each wave of pleasure that shot through her body. Her temple rested against his, whispering praise into his ear as he pulsed and shook, feeling her squeeze every last drop of his essence out of him.

His orgasm had been powerful and he fell backwards, every fiber in his being humming with satisfaction. Allura remained sat astride him, her hands stroked his chest as she panted, quivering in the aftershocks.

“I’m sorry,” Keith started after getting his breath back, but Allura silenced him with a finger to his lips.

“Don’t apologise,” she smiled back, settling down to cuddle him. They didn’t try to separate knowing his ridges had locked them together again. Their second round in the shower before they slept had proven this.

In the stall, Allura had said she liked this intimacy his change had encouraged and Keith agreed as he held her to him, her back pressed into the tiles and her legs secured around his waist. They took that time to wash the other’s hair before he slipped free of her, then they cleaned and dried themselves off and went to bed, after changing the sheets.

Keith smiled, utterly enamoured of his wife and his eyes twinkled, purring at her. Allura hummed in reply, nuzzling his chin with her nose then leaned up to press her lips to his. A hand to her nape deepened their kiss and her fingers curled around his neck to toy with his hair. Tilting her head, her lips caressed his and his other hand settled on the small of her back where he shifted them to lie on their sides. Allura’s legs rested high on his hips, unable to do anything else with them until he could withdraw.

Allura pulled away slightly and smiled at her husband, “Shower again?” She giggled when he nuzzled her neck, nodding and rumbling.

Then their bedroom door opened and Keith picked his head up to blink at his mother, who was engrossed in her datapad. Allura turned herself as best as she could and her eyebrow quirked at the sight of Krolia before she exchanged a glance with her husband.

Thinking quickly, Allura cleared her throat.

The Galra woman looked up from the information she was reading and stopped mid-step. Her eyes widened in surprise at the sight of her son and daughter-in-law lying naked on the bed directly in front of her, and their positioning told her exactly what they’d been doing. Krolia spun on her heel and left the room without uttering a word, closing the door behind her.

Moments later Keith’s datapad dinged and, after Allura retrieved it for him, he laughed, “Mom says she’ll knock in future.” He watched his wife’s shoulders shake with mirth, “She also says we’ll be late if we don’t move soon.”

Allura frowned, “How long did we sleep for?” She groped for her own device and checked the time, double-taking when she realised they had less than two varga to get ready. Her hips moved, testing to see if her husband had softened but they both grunted instead and she huffed.

“I’ll carry you to the shower,” Keith said, scooping her up and shimmying to the edge of the bed to stand. Allura giggled, finding amusement in her positioning but also marvelling in her husband’s strength as he cupped her thighs to hold her to him.

Halfway through cleaning, Keith slipped out of her and set her down where they finished washing. All the while, the Altean royal had a look in her eye that stated she wanted to be taken against the wall again and Keith smirked at her, rinsing shampoo from his hair.

“We *will* be late if we do...” He stated, watching his wife pout and nod as she started massaging shampoo into her white locks. Closing the gap between them, he washed her hair for her but he stilled when she pressed herself against him. Keith grunted, his eyebrow quirked at her innocent expression over her shoulder back up at him.

“Something wrong?” Allura asked, feigning innocence and placing her hand against the shower control. Her body was pressed flush against his as she turned the water off. Turning to face him her eyes darkened at seeing his sclerae yellow slightly. His wet hair clinging to his face made her knees wobble and she bit back a moan at feeling him hot and hard against her.

“We don’t have time,” he purred, dipping his head to brush his lips against her throat. She shivered, fingers gripping his shoulders as his hands slid round her body to hold her. “We’d need to clean up again as well...” His tongue flicked out, skirting her pulse and her knees buckled as he picked her up, pressing her against the wall, “so I guess we’ll need to be quick.”

Allura’s voice died in her throat at feeling him position himself to slide into her. Her body quivered in anticipation before a deep breathy moan escaped her lips when he sank into her smoothly, feeling each ridge breach her. His teeth grazed her neck, stuttering out a ragged grunt when he hilted himself.

She exposed more of her throat to him, fingers losing themselves into his hair. Her head tilted back against the tiles as she swore softly, feeling his stance alter so he could begin thrusting. His hands gripped her thighs, spreading her wider and his erection dug deeper. Allura moaned.

Keith thrust shallowly, testing to see if he could move and when he looked into his wife’s eyes, she was daring him to not hold back. He responded with a slow withdrawal and a sharp snapping of his hips back into her. Allura stifled her screech, bottom lip caught between her teeth and her hips bucking against her husband’s. Her walls kissed his ridges and Keith’s body shuddered, groaning but his pleased noise was muffled when her lips sought his out, dragging him into a hungry kiss.

Her hands held his head, thumbs brushing his jawline as her tongue flicked into his mouth and that action alone had her husband’s pace speed up. Fighting the urge to just succumb to the pleasure and let him ravage her - his new ridges were causing an internal war inside her own head - Allura quivered, humming a little when Keith’s tongue brushed hers, fingers tightening against her skin. He brushed a spot inside her and her brow shook, trying to stay focussed on kissing the man she loved with every fiber of her being. Another spark of pleasure from that same spot had Allura’s resolve crack slightly and she tore her lips from his, resting their foreheads together.

Keith adjusted his grip but paused in his movements when he felt a ‘fuck’ ghost across his lips. He stared at his wife for a couple of ticks until she looked back at him and a slow smirk broke across his face. He loved hearing her swear in private, *especially* when he was the cause of it.

“Very well...” His hands moved from her thighs and caught hers where he pressed them against the wall near her head. His wife’s eyes widened when she realised what she had said

and her ankles crossed behind him instinctively, knowing she needed to hold on.

Despite her body thrumming in anticipation, Allura's eyebrow quirked playfully at him, "I thought you were going to behave yourself." Her fingers laced with his, using her own Altean strength to support him as he withdrew from her until his tip remained inside her.

His lips brushed hers, smirking, "You weren't expecting me to, so fuck that." He pushed the first of his ridges back into her and feeling Allura shudder, body arching and her breasts pushing into his chest, made him growl, head dipping to lap at her neck again. Her pebbled nipples felt amazing against his skin as he teased a spot inside her. Her breath caressed his ear, panting slightly and he rumbled at her.

"No," she whispered into his ear, "fuck *me*." And her voice escalated into a scream when his body bowed, slamming to the hilt inside her again in shock at her words. Her walls clutched at his length, fluttering against his ridges as an orgasm shot through her. Keith's body shook with hers, trying to recover from her demand.

She'd never done that before and his mind spun from it. He looked at her, watched her pant and desperately grip him before her eyes opened, pupils blown.

Letting her hands go, Keith moved to unlock her legs around him and Allura made a noise in protest, clinging to him in the aftershock of her climax. His eyes met hers and he heard her inhale sharply, letting him withdraw completely and set her down. Pupils now slits and fangs on show he growled softly at her, knowing exactly how to give her what she wanted.

"I want you bent over the counter," he murmured into her ear, glancing through the wet glass wall at the bare countertop beside the sink. The mirror that hung above the basin had steamed over, but the foggy shape of Allura moved herself around the wall separating the shower from the rest of the room, and slowly rested her hands on the cool marble. Her head turned to glance back at her husband who was leisurely walking towards her, pupils dilating as she slid her palms to bend herself over the countertop and spread her legs in invitation for him.

Keith rumbled at her, leaning over her back as his hands touched her skin, fingers curling around her hip bones. Nosing her long hair to the side, his mouth trailed kisses between her shoulder blades and every peck made his wife shiver. Her body wiggled beneath him, impatience building and, altering his stance slightly, Keith lined himself up and gently pushed into Allura's plush warmth. He swore softly at the new angle he was penetrating at, watching his wife's fingers tighten against the marble as a groan pushed past her lips. His own fingers pulled her more onto him and Allura gasped, feeling him hit a sensitive spot deep inside her.

He exhaled deeply, tilting his head back as her walls caressed him, embracing his ridges and length. Allura moved a little beneath him, head turning to look over her shoulder at his face but when his hips bucked into hers, her hands shot up to brace herself against the wall and mirror, a gasping breath pushing out of her lungs. It escalated into soft moans when he began to thrust shallowly, allowing them both to get accustomed to this position.

Glancing down at his hands, Keith briefly splayed his fingers out away from Allura's skin, checking if he had grown claws yet. He hadn't, but knew this position always triggered a primal side to him and growing claws for the duration of mating was very common. He

would have to be careful, despite claims that his wife enjoyed the little pinpricks of his sharp claws against her skin. He didn't want to hurt her and his eyes roved over the counter, spotting a few scores in the masonry he'd caused many, many years ago. A small smirk tugged the corner of his mouth up realising he'd be adding to the marks after today.

His shallow thrusts gradually lengthened but he maintained a reasonable pace, enjoying watching Allura pant beneath him, fingers trying to grip onto whatever she could as he thrust deep. A finger brushed her swollen clit and she seized up, fluttering around his length in orgasm. Her digits tightened on the tiles and tiny cracks formed from the pressure she was applying to them but she was oblivious to her strength, moaning his name.

Keith never gave her chance to come down from her orgasm. His grip tightened on her body and his hips began to surge into her, shaking her with each powerful thrust. Allura was trying her best to meet his movements but she soon stopped at a particularly strong climax, letting him absolutely wreck her.

Allura's toes curled, hips tilting back and allowing Keith impossibly deeper. A strangled noise escaped her when she felt his tip kiss the opening to her womb and she realised he was much larger than before. Their previous couplings in this position had never had him reach that far inside her, and that thought, accompanied by the idea of feeling him finish at this depth and locking them together, had the Altean clench in climax again.

The Prince swore loudly, curling forwards until his forehead touched her shoulder. His hips stuttered in rhythm, trying to maintain his relentless pace but she was so tight, so wet and so soft he realised his release was imminent. It took one more thrust before his body tensed, pushing in deep where his ridges suddenly locked him inside his wife and he came. His hands shot out to prop himself up on the counter just as claws erupted from his fingertips and dug into the marble top.

Allura let out a scream, a second orgasm overpowering her as her walls squeezed him. Her body sagged suddenly and Keith knew she had passed out but he couldn't move until he'd finished emptying into her; his muscles working on ejaculating and fogging his mind with the pleasure of it. His knees threatened to buckle and he gripped the counter harder, flaking away a few layers of cut rock. He shook with each spurt and pulse of his dick, gasping with each convulsion.

He was still releasing when Allura regained consciousness ticks later but all she did was quiver and moan softly at his filling her. Keith was panting, mind briefly concerned about how much he was giving her until he felt his release somehow push past his ridges and drip down from between her thighs onto their legs.

Allura kissed him suddenly, torso twisting just slightly to give her the angle to do so and Keith realised she was blissed out on feeling him finish. She was breathing hard through her nose and her touches were gentle and loving which was a huge contrast to her greedy walls working furiously to get everything from him. She probably didn't realise the mess between their legs and Keith wondered if her encouragements was making his orgasm last longer. Or it was his Galra genes - he didn't actually know.

Slowly, Allura pulled away but her hand remained on his face, stroking him tenderly through his final spurts. He stilled, shook once then fell boneless against her, chest heaving as a loud satisfied groan left him.

Then he remembered they had a time limit, were stuck together until he softened and they needed to shower again. Rather than lifting his head to give her an annoyed look, Keith let his hands wander to Allura's sides where he danced them across her skin.

His wife, stuck to him, could not get away from his tickle-attack and she flailed beneath him, laughing loudly.

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Krolia looked up from the last few bites of her breakfast and the corner of her mouth quirked up at seeing her son and daughter-in-law beaming as they entered the room, dressed in casual light-fitting clothes. She checked the time and shook her head, the other corner of her mouth mirroring its opposite.

"You're nearly late," she said, sipping an orange drink. The royal couple reddened, sliding into their seats at the oval-shaped table. Krolia's smile softened, but amusement danced in her eyes, "And be thankful it was me who walked in and not Coran."

Keith jolted in his seat and stared at his mother in horror. Sparing a glance at Allura who was helping herself to a few slices of Altean pastry his gaze slid to the tabletop, face burning. Coran would have done a *lot more* than just about-face and leave. Pinching the bridge of his nose, Keith tried to rid himself of the thought of the elder Altean cheering and making a fuss about possible heirs before leaving to share the news. Allura was on birth control though and would be until they were both ready for children. His wife's cheeks were tinted pink as well, clearly sharing the same thought as her husband but busying herself to take her mind off of it.

A swirly and speckled Altean bagel slid in front of him, distracting him from his thoughts and a fruity paste oozed from where it had been cut open. Keith looked up at Krolia, watching her stand and pushing her plate and empty glass into the central divot of the table where it lowered to the kitchens beneath them. She moved to stand beside her son and ruffled his hair. Keith groaned loudly in annoyance and tried to swat her hand away, head ducking in an attempt to escape.

Krolia stopped, chuckling, "I'm afraid I won't be able to see you two off. The meeting regarding technology starts in a few doboshes and I need to locate Kolivan." Her nose wrinkled suddenly, "And decide the punishment for our avian guests when Ché arrives."

Keith's head shook and he tried to fix his hair, frowning all the while, "It's f-" He was cut off when his mother bent down and gave him a hug. He smiled, returning the gesture.

Pulling away from Keith, Krolia walked round to give Allura a hug as well, "I have scheduled an escort to your shuttle." She moved away and looked between the two, "You have thirty doboshes before they arrive at your room." A stern expression fell on her face and Keith swallowed audibly as his mother threw it at them both, "Do not be late." With a quick salute, and Allura telling her *again* to stop doing that, Krolia about-faced and left the room.

When Allura turned to face her husband she frowned and placed her hand over his on the table. Keith stared at the food before him, his mother's comment about the Ikzuls' fates swirling in his mind.

Fingers in his hair made him look at his wife and he sighed.

"It's the death penalty isn't it for them?" He didn't need to add in that he was referring to I'ik and his cousins; it was the only case they had regarding assassinations.

The stroking of his scalp stopped and Allura's bright eyes searched his for a moment, "We cannot act on anything until his brother arrives, but yes," she worried her bottom lip, brow reflecting how uncomfortable she felt about this, "it would be the death penalty..."

Making an attempt on the life of a royal was an automatic death sentence on the assassin but with the Arusians preventing such threats, no one had ever had to be executed. I'ik's *escorts* however had tried to harm Keith - the denting of his armour was proof - and he threatened everyone else in the castle with an explosion, but because the order to have I'ik locked up from his older brother was issued, they could do nothing until Ché arrived. And if he were executed before the Ikzul leader landed, that would lead to relations collapsing and neither royal wanted that.

Keith wondered if Ché knew about the death penalty on Arus. He also wondered if Ché would try everything to overturn the ruling against his younger brother, or accept it as law and let it happen. Somehow though, Keith doubted Ché would just let his sibling get executed; sure he was mad but he wouldn't want him disposed of.

Besides, the true leader of Ikz asked for I'ik to be locked up in order to be collected. The punishment his own mother would give the Ikzul would be far worse than death and Keith suddenly had an idea.

"How old is that law?" Keith asked slowly, a thoughtful frown on his face.

Allura glanced back, "This was in place when my father was king. When we married Galra and Altean laws also combined so-"

"Can we change it?" The long stare off his wife didn't deter Keith's train of thought and he continued, "What if instead of the death penalty for what they did they're just locked up? Or punished by other means?"

Allura frowned at him in concern, "But that would make it seem acceptable to plot either of our demise."

Keith shrugged, "As it is currently they don't stop-" He reached out to grab his plate only to touch a soft furry thing and he stopped mid-sentence.

He jumped and turned to see Kosmo lay before him, paws bracketing his now empty plate and the fruity paste from the bagel was plastered across his maw. The canine's tongue flicked out to clean it from his lips but his master noticed and his ears flattened instantly, the tip of his tongue poking from his mouth.

Admittedly, Keith wanted to be annoyed at his wolf but the smile he gave at seeing his pet trying to act all innocent made him change his mind. He reached out and stroked the fur atop Kosmo's head, ignoring the indignant look Allura was giving his comic pet.

"He's on the table," she said, staring at the space wolf like she hoped he could take a hint. Kosmo shuffled a little closer into Keith's hand and her expression softened.

The smile widened on Keith's face, knowing why Kosmo had turned up, "How did you sneak in without me knowing?" His wolf had a strong bond with him and knew something was up, like he was aware of their sudden vacation. It was his way of saying 'see you later' and getting some final pets, but Keith wished it could have left his favourite Altean breakfast pastry out of their farewell.

The thumping of the wolf's tail against the table hastened when Allura slowly reached over to pet him, "I'm afraid you cannot come with us." Kosmo sighed heavily in response and then whined, attempting to look sad and make his eyes bigger. The Queen shook her head, chuckling, "And that look does not work on me." He'd learnt how to do it off Bae-Bae when she was begging for food and it *always* worked on Pidge.

Kosmo's pleading expression turned to his master but Keith's gaze was elsewhere, being a huge sucker for his wolf's puppy-eyes. Kosmo didn't do it often which was probably why Keith always caved and Allura got annoyed at him. The wolf huffed and slapped the tabletop with his large paw, almost like he was demanding Keith to look at him and let him join them on their time away.

"He is far more intelligent than we think he is," Allura remarked, finding amusement in the wolf's behaviour and playing with one of the canine's ears. Kosmo's annoyance evaporated, hind leg twitching when her finger caught *that spot* he liked.

"Careful," Keith started, turning his head to smirk at her playfully, "or I'll think you're starting to like him."

He knew she loved Kosmo. He'd even seen her play fetch with him and he was only angry at the fact that the wolf refused to do that with him. Kosmo preferred it if the item was thrown far and Allura's strength enabled her to do so and the canine would blip across the room before catching it.

Allura's nose wrinkled in fake disgust but before she had chance to respond, Kosmo huffed loudly. He realised she had stopped rubbing that amazing spot behind his ear and he snuck a glance at the pastries on the Altean's plate. He licked his lips hungrily and the Queen's eyes darkened dangerously, daring the canine to try it. And all the cosmic wolf did was vanish, reappear with his feet on the floor and head on the table, nose touching the plate in question then disappear again. Allura's food went with him.

The Prince Consort warily watched his wife take a deep calming breath and her eyes met his. He could see her annoyance and anger at his pet but she smiled at him nonetheless, "Sometimes I do."

The journey towards the resort was quick, taking less than a varga but Keith believed the shuttle - a mixture of sharp Galra and smooth Altean tech - had been modified specifically for them to travel quicker. He didn't have to man the controls either; punching in the coordinates for their destination and the vessel moved on its own, cloaking when needed and boosting through gaps in an asteroid belt.

They were dressed in Marmoran suits, an idea Krolia brought up to keep their getaway hushed and Allura rejoiced in being able to make herself taller and tint her skin purple. A mask had to be fitted to cover her face however as she lacked the genes to activate her suit.

Keith had wanted to wear his old commander suit but Krolia explained people may recognise him and he instead wore one that was very form-fitting. It wasn't until they boarded the ship that he discovered how it defined his ass cheeks by his wife voicing her appreciation. It also explained why she insisted he walked ahead of her.

The resort was on a peach-shaped moon orbiting an oddly shaped planet resembling a banana. Allura thought nothing of it but Keith blinked and, recalling the information he gathered about the place, believed the shapes to be rather apt. The resort was called 'Together in Paradise' and Keith somehow knew that his mother and Kolivan just looked at the title and did no further research before booking a suite.

Or they did in fact do research and Keith shuddered, not really wanting to contemplate that further.

Either way, the resort was used for couples who wanted to get away for a while and be uninterrupted in their bedroom antics. It made the half-Galra wonder why there was a dress code and the more he thought about it, the more he convinced himself the dress code was being in nothing but birthday suits. And if that was the case, he'd be in trouble watching his naked wife walk around the room as he constantly stood to attention.

There was a designated spot for their shuttle to land and the moment they stepped out of the vessel a short and pudgy alien, dressed in almost nothing, approached them. They were alone in their allocated place and Keith took in how garish the building looked, wrinkling his nose at it. The surrounding area was constructed out of wood but every single piece of timber looked freshly cut and shaped together. The flora was huge and dwarfed the large piece of architecture and it was then Keith realised the obnoxious colours camouflaged the building against the giant flowers arching proudly into the sky.

It truly was a place to get away and not be found.

Without speaking, the alien gestured for them to follow him, leading the way around a massive leaf that hid a door. He stopped before it, palm pushed against the wood and smiled as he produced a clear card from *somewhere* on his person - Keith didn't want to dwell too much on it considering the alien had no pockets.

"The instructions of how the place operates is on the table," the alien garbled, slipping the key into Allura's hand. His smile became a grin, "Enjoy yourselves your Highnesses." His fingers snapped and the door swung open to reveal the suite they had seen on Krolia's datapad.

They were ushered inside and the door locked shut behind them as a gentle yellow glow from around the walls illuminated the large room they were standing in.

A quick glance around, noting that the main entrance was a mahogany door - the same door directly opposite hiding the bathroom if memory served him right - Keith realised their suite's main room was this odd kitchen-diner-lounge combination. There was no fridge as he eyed up the vibrantly coloured counter set into the wall to his left and three bar stools sat tucked away underneath it. There was a strange device protruding from the wall that reminded Keith of a faucet and a button beside it. He guessed it was the water supply for the kitchen, a word he was now using loosely.

The diner section located directly in front of him in the middle of the room was a very sturdy-looking table, also mahogany but decorated in thick curly leaves that wound down the legs and flared out at the feet. The leaves beneath the table were soft like a fern and Keith's mind registered that the miniscule leaves were in fact the equivalent of a carpet. The two chairs were also sturdy-looking, the cushions made of thick leaves and he wondered if they were comfortable.

Allura stepped towards the table, spotting the instructional pad atop it and Keith turned his head to look at the waxy-leaved sofa a few steps down. It was dark, almost black in colour and the half-Galra doubted it would be comfy as his nose wrinkled at the thought of sitting on it. His eyes moved to his wife as she leant over the table, reading the contents the pad provided as she shrunk to her normal height. Her Marmoran mask lay beside the device as her finger carefully scrolled the writing and she inhaled sharply.

Keith was beside her instantly, worried, "What is it?" When Allura looked at him, her face was red and her lips were pinched together, eyes wide. He frowned in response at her, but when she gestured to the pad he picked it up and scrolled through it.

There were instructions and requests to keep the place in the state you originally found it in and Keith understood that, making a note to try and control himself lest he destroy furniture. Another paragraph explained room service would dash around the main room whenever they were asleep and whilst bathing, their bedroom would be cleaned - solely for hygiene purposes and to ensure bedsheets were changed regularly. Food would be delivered through a hatch in the wall above the counter in the kitchen and when Keith scrolled further down he almost dropped the device.

His expression mirrored his wife's as he stared back at her. The dress code was displayed in pictures of featureless humanoid mannequins and the text beneath the images announced it was waiting for them on their bed. And while it wasn't complete nudity it may as well have been given the pieces of silk they had to wear; both of which covered their lower halves like a loincloth attached by a single piece of fabric. No footwear, no shirt and no underwear.

Just the silk.

Only the silk.

Swallowing thickly, Keith set the device down and despite having seen his wife naked before he felt nervous like it was their first time all over again. Allura seemed to be feeling the same

way as she averted her eyes to the leafy carpet, toeing it with her cloven boot.

“I did not realise the dress code was as extreme as that...” his wife started before taking a deep breath and looking at him. “But I assume it’s to do with the nature behind this resort.”

Keith glanced at her, completely red in the face and he nodded. He knew now after reading through the instructions and he swallowed again, “I know mom had good intentions but we could have spent the next few days in our room...”

Allura nodded slowly before reaching out to hold his hand, “Perhaps it’s to ensure we won’t be interrupted.” She stepped closer to him, finger drawing circles into his palm, “I do not believe we’d have enough time back at the castle to make good use of every surface in our bedroom and bathroom.”

There was a lot to do following I’ik’s true intentions and as Keith mulled it over he realised they would have had very little time for each other. He looked at her properly and gave her a smile, lacing their fingers together.

Ten doboshes later, after Allura had led him through the hanging vine door to their bedroom, they stood in only their loincloths, having divested themselves of their Marmoran gear. Their disguises were hanging in the only wardrobe provided and it locked shut as a timer counted down on a display over the mechanism in a language neither royal understood. The instructional device had explained their clothes would be returned after their vacation was over before they left.

Their bed was plush and the duvet too soft but the mattress underneath the sheets was firm and it reminded Keith of the memory-foam ones at the Garrison. He looked forward to sleeping on it to test his mental theory of it distributing his weight and to see how well it took to their couplings. Their bed at the castle in comparison was high-tech and made memory-foam feel like concrete.

Allura had her arms folded over her bare breasts, suddenly feeling modest and a blush tinted her cheeks. Her eyes flicked to the naked torso of her husband as he tried to make the loincloth he was given actually fit. The thin fabric acting as a tie was a little too long and he was grumbling, muttering that he wished he brought his knife and Allura rolled her eyes at that, smiling in amusement.

As he swore and tied up the fabric as best as he could, Allura let her eyes wander his body.

Three major scars stood out on his torso: one that he’d received in the trials of Marmora in the meat of his right shoulder ending below his collarbone; the second was on his left side above his hip from a stray piece of debris in space following an explosion, and the final scar was the webbing Haggard had given him beneath his ribcage on his left hand side.

Keith jumped when he felt a softness touch the scar beneath his ribs and he nearly undid the knot he’d just tied from the motion. He looked up and saw his wife staring at the marring on his skin, fingertips tracing the webbing until it faded into his normal pale complexion. His expression softened at the look on Allura’s face, clearly remembering when he’d been hit and thinking about the day before when assassins had attacked him.

He said nothing, letting her touch him because he knew she needed it.

It was just after their first kiss - more of a surprise kiss on his part - nine years ago when he'd been hit. Haggar was livid and aimed a shot at the Blue Paladin but he pushed her out of the way. He remembered feeling Allura kiss him and his mind had cleared, like a fog had been lifted. Then the only thought that followed in his head when she pulled away was to protect her; she was the only one strong enough between them both to take the witch down.

The blast had blown him back a bit and he hit the floor hard but he moved to show that he was alive after hearing Allura *scream* his name. His undersuit had been burnt where the magic had struck him and he told her he was fine.

But he was far from it.

The witch's magic had a quick effect on him and he blacked out. He'd died, and remembering the range of emotions on Allura's face when he opened his eyes had Keith step towards his wife and dip his head to press his forehead against hers lightly.

Maybe it was because assassins had actually attacked him that brought this reaction from her, like it was just occurring that there was an actual attempt on him. The Arusians had always stopped plots before they happened but Keith walked right into that one on his life.

"I'm here," he whispered softly, hand raising to lightly touch hers on his skin. Allura inhaled shakily, fingers drifting up to lay over his heart and the solid beat beneath her palm had her exhale in relief. Keith's other hand rose to cup her cheek, catching a lone tear trailing down with his thumb before he caressed her skin gently.

Her watery eyes met his and she sniffled, "I'm sorry," she began, catching the hand on her face with her own, "it just..." She trailed off, swallowing thickly before her eyes shimmered with more tears, "I almost lost you." The 'again' remained unsaid and it explained her touching his webbed scar.

Closing his eyes, Keith nuzzled her and pulled her closer, rumbling softly. The noise worked in soothing his wife and she returned the gesture, humming quietly. His arms wound around her back and embraced her, her soft breasts pushing into his hard chest.

Allura's fingers touched his shoulders then wrapped around them, holding him close. Her breathing was still hitching slightly and she pressed a kiss to his jaw before tucking her nose against his neck.

"No one knew I'd planned that," Keith said, rubbing soothing circles into Allura's back, "if I had known, I wouldn't have chased after his cousins." Or he would have taken more guards with him. Then if they had known, the Arusians would have insisted Keith remained behind them so they could do their job and protect the royal couple. He suddenly chewed his bottom lip wondering what Klaizap would think knowing the Prince had been attacked and made a mental note to send a message to the Arusian.

Allura pulled back to stare into his eyes and she smiled a little, "No one knew his true intentions but you picked up on his missing cousins." The corners of her mouth fell a little as

her gaze drifted down his face, “I dare not think what would have happened if you hadn’t noticed...”

Keith shrugged, “Everyone’s safe, that’s all that matters.”

Her eyes narrowed, “But you were hurt.”

His head dipped down to nuzzle her, “I’m okay.” He rumbled again, holding her close, “Someone amazing looked after me...” Keith smiled softly when his words sank in and Allura cuddled back, feeling her smile press into his skin.

They stood like that for a moment and when Keith started purring Allura giggled in response.

Then without warning, she stiffened, “Klaizap was harmed as well.” Without another word, Allura groped behind her husband to find her datapad and she moved away, hastily typing a message to the Arusian. Keith merely blinked at her.

“Let him know I’m okay too; word must have gone round that I was attacked.” At Allura’s nod Keith made his way to the vine door, “I’m gonna check out the bathroom.” Another nod and Keith left, turning and striding towards the mahogany door.

He froze when he opened the door and gaped at the size of the bath inset into the floor. It was full with water, steam hung in the air and a steady stream trickled into the bath. A toilet and wash basin were in a separate cubicle with its own door and Keith homed in on it to empty his bladder - the sound of water not at all helping.

As he was washing his hands Keith looked up into the cabinet mirror above the wash basin and Allura’s reflection stared at him. He started, turning to face her and she gave him a playful smile, holding up their toiletry bag as she ushered him out of the room.

Keith left the bathroom and fetched his datapad from atop the bed before he strode back into the main room and homed in on the couch. To his surprise the cushions were soft and he reclined with a small sigh, thumb scrolling through a bunch of notifications.

Then a call came through from Pidge and Keith’s mouth pinched, eyes widening as he was not going to be able to explain why he looked naked. With a grimace he accepted the call and the Green Paladin appeared on screen. Pidge gave him a quick glance over and smirked.

“Is this a bad time?”

Her view of him was of his shoulders up and Keith frowned at her in response, mouth pulling down at the corners. His view of her was near enough her whole body sat on the sofa. Her brown hair had grown longer and was tied back in a high ponytail, her brother’s glasses were still on her face and a green pullover covered her bump. Lance’s head appearing over her right shoulder stopped any retort the Black Paladin was going to say. He was in a blue button down shirt.

“Well,” Lance started, quirking a brow with a shit-eating grin on his face, “is Allura just out of sight?”

Keith sputtered at the implication, turning red and movement in his peripheral indicated Allura was moving around in the bathroom now. His gaze returned to the Green and Red Paladins, both of whom were grinning and nodding at each other.

“We’ll make it quick then,” Pidge said, trying to bat her husband away as he brought his arms around to cradle her baby bump. She smiled softly and turned her head to look at him, “Lance, please...” Lance held her, smiling broadly and Keith found himself grinning with him.

“How was the ultrasound?”

Katie opened her mouth to respond but Lance beat her to it, “Perfect!” He buried his face into his wife’s hair and he smiled, clearly drunk on love, “They’re both perfect.”

Keith’s brow rose up, “Both?” He had no idea how they could deal with another set of twins and his mind reeled, wondering if it was normal for humans to have two children per pregnancy.

Pidge huffed but let Lance cuddle her, her hand moving up to stroke his short hair, “He means the bean and I.” Her shoulder shifted, prompting Lance to give her space to move. “Anyway, I’m calling to let you know Matt and I translated the entire tech you sent me.”

“Virus?”

A nod and Keith sighed, running a hand down his face. Pidge’s shoulders started jiggling, “It wasn’t a very good one either. At most, the virus would have caused a small buzzing before your anti-virus cleared it.” Her gaze directed to the side, “I’ll send you an anti-virus I made with Matt just to be sure-”

“Send it to Coran.” Keith interrupted, causing Katie to look at him questioningly. He grinned a little sheepishly, “Mom sent Allura and I away from the castle.” At the rolling of the short woman’s eyes Keith cleared his throat, “It’s somewhat for our safety - assassins attacked me.”

Both Pidge and Lance stared at him in shock before they both opened their mouths, “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. Allura fixed me up...” At the mentioning of his wife’s name, Keith’s eyes deviated to the bathroom doorway where she stood, arms folded and rubbing her arms a little. She smiled at her husband and wandered over to the counter in the kitchen section. His eyes homed in on her ass, barely covered by the silk.

“I think he’s *more* than fine. Wouldn’t you agree Lance?”

Keith shook his head to snap himself out of staring at his gorgeous queen’s backside, “Sorry.” His face turned red but it eased when he recited information about I’ik and his plans. Then the plan his mother put into place to get them away and how very few people knew they were in the resort.

“Coran knows you’re here doesn’t he?” Pidge mused, tapping her chin, “I don’t want to cause a panic attack slash search-and-rescue mission by contacting him.”

“He’s well aware of our location, Pidge,” Allura called out from her place in the kitchen and Keith’s neck twisted to catch his wife scrolling through the informational device and pouring herself a drink from the faucet in the wall, “so you are free to contact him.” She turned, holding a second glass and homed in on her husband’s location.

Keith reached up and accepted the offered beverage, giving Allura a wide smile as she rounded the couch and settled next to him. She pressed up against him, thighs touching and he blinked slowly, realising she felt cooler than normal. He watching her sip her drink and he noticed the mild goose bumps on her arm. Steam was drifting off her beverage and he frowned.

“Just be aware that he may not be the person to answer when you do call. So just inform them that you wish to speak with Coran,” Allura said, turning Keith’s wrist to bring her head into frame. “Unless you contact him privately, providing you have his details.”

Lance nodded, cuddling his pregnant wife some more, “We do.” He shifted against Pidge and his head tilted a little to mutter something into her ear. She responded in soft Italian and Keith exhaled through his nose, taking that moment to hand Allura his datapad, set his drink down and relocate her to his lap, back against his chest.

“You’re cold,” he whispered into the shell of his wife’s ear, wrapping his arms around her. Allura tilted her head back against him and sighed in relief at the warmth of her husband. He tucked his chin over her shoulder, “Are you okay?”

“Just a little chilly,” she responded, turning her head slightly to look him in the eye. “I think the dress code may take a little getting used to.”

“What dress code?” Lance asked, genuinely curious. His mind ticked over as he looked between Keith and Allura and he smirked, “Are you at ‘Together in Paradise’?”

Allura sipped her drink, settling against Keith’s chest as she looked back, curious, “You stayed here as well?”

Pidge adjusted her glasses, “We did. Our suite was beach themed per Loverboy’s request and, well, the twins happened. We were here a month and it wasn’t until near the end of our stay when I realised I missed my cycle,” Her hands rose to touch her husband’s arms, letting Lance stroke her baby bump, “We had a dress code too-”

“Not like it was needed,” Lance finished, pressing a kiss to Pidge’s cheek. “Though it did take some time to get used to wearing clothes again when we got home.” He threw Keith a quick look, “How long are you there for?”

“A movement,” Keith panned, sipping his drink, “Mom wanted us to stay for a pheob.”

“Probably booked up,” Lance stated. “It does get busy, especially when the-” he stopped, hands ceasing their rubbing on Pidge’s belly and he gaped. His wife’s face scrunched up in

slight pain before it turned into annoyance. Lance looked overjoyed and he scrambled out from behind his wife to kneel before her, his hands cupping her bump, “Did you feel that?!”

Pidge nodded grimly, huffing, “I did, *and* the kick to my bladder...”

The Cuban’s grin faded, standing up with his hands out to help Pidge stand, “Oh.”

Before Pidge stood up however, she looked at Keith and Allura, shuffling to the edge of the sofa, “Yeah, I’m gonna need to cut this short before I’m kicked again and, well...” She made a sweeping motion with her fingers down below. “We will call Coran though and pass the anti-virus to him.”

Keith and Allura nodded, bidding them farewell and ending the call. Allura handed Keith his datapad back and he set it on the small table beside him, next to his drink. He resumed cuddling her, “Still cold?”

She shook her head, turning slightly to kiss his cheek, “I’m getting warmer, thank you.” He rumbled in reply, securing his arms more firmly around her and he shivered when the softness of her breasts brushed his forearm. The contrast in their temperature had pebbled her nipples and she settled more into him with a soft sigh, “I do hope it’s just the lack of clothing and not falling ill that’s causing this.”

Keith nodded against her, pressing a kiss to her shoulder, then her neck. A small noise escaped his wife and she wiggled her hips against his. He grunted slightly in response, feeling himself respond, “I can look over the instructions and see if there’s any heating we can use.”

Allura sighed, “There isn’t any.” She raised her drink up, “It’s why I have this.” And with that she took a sip of it, slowly becoming aware of her husband’s arousal. Her eyebrow rose a little, turning her head to glance at him, “But I won’t turn down other ways to warm me up.”

Exhaling in amusement, Keith cuddled his wife more, “Not if you’re sick.” He felt her wiggle against him again, trying to get comfortable and he made a small noise, muffling a ‘sorry’ into her shoulder. When she twisted a little he kissed her skin, “I can lie back if you want?”

After a brief moment, Allura nodded, “Let me finish my drink.”

A few doboshes later, Allura stood and set her empty glass on the table and Keith manoeuvred himself to lie flat on the sofa. He settled with his head on the armrest and opened his arms for his wife. Allura wasted no time climbing onto her husband and getting herself comfortable with her nose tucked under his chin. Her palms were flat on his chest and their legs tangled together.

“Sleep if you want,” Keith rumbled softly, his hands holding her gently to him. When he received no reply he dipped his head a little to see Allura had nodded off from his warmth. Their position had stirred his arousal again slightly but he knew it was because of their lack of clothing. He closed his eyes, knowing it would settle down and focussed on his wife’s gentle breathing.

They snapped open when a thought came to him and, slowly, he reached up to grab his datapad from the table behind his head. Allura's fingers twitched against his chest and he glanced down, rubbing his thumb in a soothing circle against her skin.

Datapad in hand he began typing a message to Coran, intent on looking over the laws as he recalled his interrupted conversation with his wife that morning. But the response he got was an orange moustachioed yelmore emote scowling back at him with the order to enjoy his time away and not do work. Hastily writing a reply to emphasise he had nothing to do for a while as Allura slept led to another yelmore popping up shaking a finger at him.

Keith's mouth pulled into a thin line and he exhaled through his nose; *fine*, he wrote.

A yelmore beaming back at him with its tail wagging was the reply. Then a response from Pidge which consisted of a peach and banana together had the Prince immediately send her an emote of Kosmo vanishing - he knew she was conversing with Coran, and the Altean had probably told her what he had tried to do to pass the time.

Somehow the Green Paladin reversed it in her reply with the comment of 'hey, you're back' and Keith proceeded to have emoticon wars with her, and eventually Lance, for the duration of Allura sleeping.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

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

Keith woke to the sound of his datapad ringing. He grumbled, yawned and slowly pulled himself away from spooning his wife to sit up. Allura mumbled in her sleep and snuggled further into the covers, tugging the plush duvet further over her naked body.

After letting Allura snooze yesterday for a few varga, Keith had helped her to the table with a hand to her lower back and sat next to her. They ordered their meals and ate all the while Keith was watching his wife shiver but it wasn't until before they went to bed that the Queen of Galtea stated she felt better. While she was not one-hundred percent, she knew she'd feel normal again the following morning.

Another ring from his datapad made the Prince Consort grab the device and accept the call from Pidge. He rubbed an eye and yawned again, shifting to put his back against his pillow.

Pidge, clad in a pair of green pyjamas and sat on the edge of her sofa, opened her mouth to speak but paused as she took in the Black Paladin's groggy appearance. She smiled sheepishly, "Sorry. I forgot it was early for you."

Keith waved his hand, grunting and glancing at his wife beside him, "Allura's still sleeping so give me a moment to-" he took a second to yawn, shifting across the bed to stand up, "-move to a place where we don't have to whisper."

"Oh, sorry," Pidge whispered, finding amusement in watching a groggy Keith function. The vine door brushed some of his hair back from his face and she snickered at seeing the dark strands sticking up oddly, "I've never seen you this groggy."

Setting himself down onto the sofa, Keith pinched the bridge of his nose, yawned *again* then tried to tame his hair, "It's probably the deepest sleep I've had in years."

The smile fell from Katie's face, "You really have been overworking yourselves haven't you?"

With his elbow on the arm of the sofa, Keith rested his scarred cheek on his fist, "I'm blaming I'ik for it with his demand for us to be in meetings. We had a lot of things to sort out before then too..."

An eyebrow was raised at him, "Did you even go on a honeymoon after you got married?"

Yawning, Keith shook his head. "The morning after, we had to go to a meeting and then we were on a mission for a month." He rubbed at his eye again, "'m sorry, I'll wake up in a tick."

"I'll wait then before I tell you this." Despite Keith looking at her in curiosity, Pidge didn't elaborate, instead she smiled at him, "Think this is your honeymoon instead?"

“Maybe? Mom and Kolivan organised it.” He propped his cheek up on his fist again and glanced at the door to see if Allura had woken up. There was no movement and he made a noise of annoyance when he yawned *yet again*. “Mom said we needed a break-”

“And you do. Being in meetings and going on missions all the time can wear you out if you don’t take breaks.”

“I think the longest we had to ourselves was a day or two between meetings.” There was movement behind the vine door and Keith’s eyes tracked it, making out the shape of his wife as she put her loincloth on. He then realised he neglected to put his own on. Swallowing heavily, he looked back at Pidge, “We may have spent the first day just sleeping.”

“I’m sure you did.”

The annoyed frown on the Prince’s face made Pidge grin but before he could retort Allura parted the vines and smiled at him in greeting. He smiled back at her and chuffed softly, watching as she walked up to him and rounded the back of the sofa, humming lightly. She leant on the waxy leaves making up the back cushion then ran her fingers through his hair.

“I’m sorry,” Pidge started, looking confused but also highly entertained at seeing Allura’s hand appear from nowhere and disappear into Keith’s mullet, “what noise was *that*?”

Allura, still smiling, looked at the datapad, “Good Morning Pidge.” She stopped stroking her husband’s hair and shuffled into view, trying her best to hide her naked upper body. She flushed slightly, seeing Keith redden at realising his chuffing had been heard by someone else.

“That was interesting,” Pidge was beyond amused and judging from the look on her face, wanted to share the news with Lance. “I knew you purred, but that noise was something else.”

Keith glanced at Allura, “I...” his face was bright red, “it happens whenever I first see Allura after waking up.” He looked off to the side when he saw Pidge just staring at him, “It’s a Galra thing; we greet our spouses with that noise.”

Pidge’s head tilted slightly, “Private thing then. Got it.” She straightened herself up, ignoring the grateful looks her friends were giving her, “Anyway, now you’re awake, I found something you’d be interested in.”

“We’re not supposed to be doing work, Pidge.”

“I know, but this is kinda important.” Rummaging around, Pidge picked up another device and held it up close to the camera, “See this?” Keith and Allura squinted to see what was on the smaller screen and it was revealed to be rows and rows of text and strange symbols. “It’s the code I hacked on one of the planets we lost contact with a few months ago.”

Allura’s eyes widened, “Wait, I recognise it! It’s similar to the virus I’ik showed me.”

Pidge nodded, pulling the device away to look at it herself, “That’s because I’ik wrote it.”

Keith almost dropped his datapad and he scrabbled to hold it back up to his face, “Wait, what?”

“I was having a sense of déjà vu with the virus you sent me and since the bean wouldn’t let me sleep, I figured I’d go through some of the recent codes I cracked.” She nodded to the device in her hand, “Same pattern except the planets he picked had little to no anti-virus. So it worked on them.”

“But if he’d tried it on the castle,” Keith began, memory flicking back to what Pidge had told him the day before, “it wouldn’t have done anything.”

The Green Paladin nodded, “It’s probably why he was so cocky all the time; so far nothing could best his virus.”

“Does anyone else know about this, Pidge?” Allura asked, her brow furrowing in concern. When Pidge shook her head, the Queen sighed in relief and Keith looked at her questioningly.

Pidge answered for her, “All of the codes I’ve gone through so far have been written by I’ik. It’s a lot of planets and if word gets out that he’s the culprit, there will be a price on his head and there’ll be demands for him to be sent and tried in front of courts. Everyone will want a piece of him and his cousins.”

Keith understood, “So they’ll try anything to get him? Even if it compromises others’ safety?”

“Yeah; that won’t matter to some planets so long as the perpetrator is brought to justice. He’s in the castle right now and a group of assassins could break in and kill anyone who tries to stop them. Including you.”

Allura moved round the sofa to sit in her husband’s lap, taking the datapad from his grip so he could embrace her from behind. She sighed, “I fear that because there was more than one Ikzul involved, the planets affected may wish to punish the innocent, just for being Ikzul.” Her head turned to look Keith in the eye. “They do however need to know that their communications were targeted on purpose so they can prevent it from happening in the future.”

Keith’s lips pulled into a thin line and he lightly rested his chin on his wife’s shoulder, “The leaders of the planets do need to know.” His fingers were drawing patterns into the skin on her stomach, “But at the same time there are laws in place on a few planets where the punishment is death... and, like you said, the innocent might be targeted.”

And it wasn’t like they could just approach the leaders and request they review the punishments, having done it just once to one planet and within doboshes they had to rush to the lions and escape.

Apparently, according to Coran, it was the will of their great deity to punish the crimes that compromised the planet’s safety with death. And blasphemy fell into that category as well, for they believed their deity was protecting them and going against their will would lead to the planet’s demise.

They spoke over video link now with that planet.

He exhaled through his nose, shifted his head back and looked at Allura then at Pidge, “His brother should be in the castle by now dealing with what to do with I’ik. Mom said she’d be sorting that out so you could tell her and she’d pass that onto Ché.” He shrugged, “Ché can then decide what to do with the information and we’ll respect his decision on what he does with it.”

Pidge stared at him, nodding then frowned, “Why can’t you tell Krolia?”

Keith grimaced, “She’s refusing to talk to me in case I end up doing work on my vacation.”

Her eyebrows shot up, “Oh, well I won’t tell her I spoke to you two then.”

“Thanks,” Keith smiled in appreciation and Allura giggled.

Pidge leaned forwards, “One other thing before I forget that I think you should know, and it’s related to the resort.”

“It’s nothing bad is it?”

There was a long pause and Pidge smiled sheepishly, “Well... not really. Though it can be a surprise more than anything.” Keith’s face was showing he was not looking forward to hearing this so Pidge sat upright and adjusted her glasses, “Even though Lance and I had talked about it, and had planned to start a family a few months after our vacation, I’ll say when we were at the resort we weren’t really trying.”

“But weren’t you on a form of birth control?” Allura’s eyebrow quirked up, her own expression looking a little concerned.

Pidge nodded, “I was, *but* I think it was the length of time we were here mixed with either the atmosphere and/or the food and it made my birth control useless. I should have had a cycle near the end of the month staying but I didn’t; my pill stopped working after a week.” Her face reddened slightly, “Our boys are fraternal twins because of it.”

Both Keith and Allura tensed up, faces a mirror of shock and surprise. Pidge noticed this and she made a face, “You’re still on that weird implant thing aren’t you?” At Allura’s nod, Pidge nodded back, “You may not be affected then. I think the resort just has countermeasures against oral contraceptives.”

Keith felt Allura tense up again and when he looked at her he saw she looked uncomfortable. His brow pinched in worry, “What is it?”

Slowly, her head turned to face him, lips pinched into a thin line. She shuddered in his arms and Keith took a moment to register she did not feel cold. Her skin felt warm but, despite that, goosebumps rose on her arms.

Gesturing for Keith to take his datapad back Allura excused herself, shifting out of her husband’s lap and out of view of Pidge. Keith watched her, moving himself to the edge of the sofa in his worry.

“Is Allura okay?”

Keith locked eyes with Pidge briefly before he nodded, returning his gaze back onto his wife as she moved into the bathroom. “Yeah,” he started, frowning, “she... bathroom.”

He needed to follow her to make sure she was okay but before he could bid his friend goodbye he spotted Lance creeping up behind Katie. Keith just stared, finding amusement in Lance’s hunched over form and overexaggerated steps. Pidge, who became confused by his fixation turned and then jumped a good few feet in the air at seeing her own husband mere inches from her.

“LANCE!”

Lance, in a pair of blue pyjamas, snickered and slid himself beside his wife. His arm went around her waist and his thumb stroked a patch of exposed skin beside her bump. Pidge huffed and glared at her husband but tucked herself into his side at seeing his bedhead. She was hiding her smile from him and ignoring the amused expression of Keith.

Lance pressed a kiss into her hair, “She keeping you awake again?”

Pidge nodded, “Yeah.” She gestured with her head at Keith, “I had some information to pass on as well that I’ll fill you in on when I speak to Krolia.”

Allura was moving in the bathroom but instead of leaving, she walked further in and for that split second that Keith saw of her, he noticed her body language was closed off. His worry returned and he stood, knowing something was wrong.

“Keith, buddy? You okay?”

His attention was brought back to the Holt-McClains, mirroring his expression. He swallowed thickly, “Yeah.” Gaze moving between the bathroom door and his two friends he gave them a weak attempt at a smile, “Allura’s still cold and uh...”

Keith knew the moment the call ended Pidge would tell her husband that Allura had spoken to her then left suddenly, but they nodded all the same and bade him goodbye. He returned it and ended the call before dropping his datapad onto the sofa and slowly walked towards the bathroom.

Allura’s loincloth had been folded neatly onto the floor just before the steps leading into the huge bathtub and as Keith walked in, he spotted his wife waist deep in the hot water. Her back was to him and her whole body was wet as she was pulling her hair back, sweeping it behind her shoulders.

He cleared his throat, announcing his presence before he stood at the top step leading into the tub. Allura turned slightly to look at him and, after a moment, she gave him a weak smile but it did not reach her eyes. Her arms folded and he spotted her right hand very lightly run the backs of its fingers along the inside of her left bicep. He frowned slightly, stepping into the water.

“Are you still cold?”

As he waded over Allura’s arms unfolded and she looked away. He stopped moving closer but watched her hand rise to touch her bicep again, his eyes following the motion of her fingers tracing something under her skin.

His mind ticked over, trying to figure out what was there as he saw no bruising and she did not flinch away from her own touch. Something was wrong though; she wouldn’t stop touching that area in particular.

He knew that was where her implant was located but Pidge said oral contraceptives weren’t very effective at the resort. But the look on his wife’s face was a mix of worry and realisation.

What she realised though he had no idea.

“Allura?” he stepped forwards only to stop again when she turned to face him. The fear was back in her eyes but it was joined with a whirl of other emotions he couldn’t quite identify. He swallowed, “What’s happened?”

Allura’s arms folded again, fingers digging into her biceps but her gaze did not fall from him. Her eyes closed, her back straightened and with a deep breath, she opened them, “It’s my cycle.” Her gaze drifted to the side, “I should have realised yesterday that it had started but I didn’t.” Her eyes met his again and her body turned slightly, one arm unfolding to hang limply, letting her hand dip into the water, whilst the other maintained its grip above her elbow. “Alteans become far more sensitive during copulation...” she trailed off when Keith’s face showed he understood what she was saying.

That explained her multiple orgasms and Keith couldn’t ever recall a time when she had done that before. He tilted his head to one side, trying his best to calm his racing heart but the surprise showed itself on his face and his eyes trailed down her body to the soft swell of her belly.

Then the thought that they had created life made Keith’s stomach somersault and he looked back into his wife’s eyes almost instantly, flushing when she raised a curious brow at him. He cleared his throat before he spoke, “I uh... how? I thought it lasted for years.”

In the nine years they’d been together, Keith had only known Allura to have her implant replaced once and she wasn’t due for another replacement for at least three years. Something bumped into Keith’s hip, redirecting his attention, and he glanced down to swat the floating dish away.

When he looked back at Allura she was smiling at him sheepishly, and the hand not holding her arm rose to rub her nape, “When I threw I’ik down I broke my implant...”

Oh.

Oh.

“It should have registered when I felt cold; it’s been deca-pheobs since my last cycle but it is perfectly normal to feel a slight chill. It happened all at once though; it’s supposed to be gradual...” At this, Allura shivered again despite being half submerged in hot water and her teeth grit together, scowling at nothing in particular.

Keith knew she was mentally kicking herself and he needed her to know he did not hold her at fault. Steadily, he waded over, gently pushing a few buoyant dishes aside before pressing his forehead to her temple when he was close enough. Allura’s head turned to look up at him and upon seeing the softness in his expression she leaned into his chest, tucking her head under his chin.

One of his hands rose to gently hold her shoulder and his other linked fingers with her when her arm lowered into the water. He rumbled softly, giving her shoulder a light squeeze. She hummed weakly in reply.

“It’s not your fault,” Keith started, thumb stroking her skin, “you weren’t expecting this to happen.”

Allura’s head shook slightly under his chin, “Still, I should have recognised the symptoms.” Exhaling softly, Keith’s hand in hers was pushed against the skin beneath her belly button and she applied a little pressure, sighing in relief.

Curious, Keith glanced down and that was when he felt a difference in temperature directly beneath his palm. He moved to be behind Allura, sliding the hand on her shoulder down to meet the other on her lower belly and the slight noise his wife made at the additional heat had him rumble in reply, resting his chin on her shoulder.

His rumbles became a gentle purr when her fingers started stroking his forearms and he felt a kiss to his cheek. Then he realised their positions were very close to expectant parents and he reddened when Allura’s hands moved down to hold his own.

Keith swallowed thickly, fingers twitching against her skin, “I uh...” He paused to clear his throat, “Are... are you...”

He knew what her cycle meant, having had it explained to him a couple of times; the first by Allura herself after he expressed concern about knocking her up so soon into their relationship, and the second by the doctor changing her implant a few years ago.

She was fertile. For how long though he couldn’t recall, and it meant there was a chance she could become pregnant.

And they had had sex twice the day her cycle started.

And twice the night before.

Allura was still for a moment before she shook her head. Her hands pressed his palms into her skin a little more and she exhaled shakily, “It happened all at once; my body had no chance to react but it will soon. When my core temperature normalises to what is expected of

a cycle there is a chance I...” she trailed off, pushing against him as a shudder racked her body.

Keith pressed himself further into her back, sharing his heat with her and he watched as goosebumps rose slightly on her skin. The peaks of her breasts pebbled and she wiggled against his groin. He let out a warning growl, alerting her that he was responding.

She stilled in his arms, her fingers tight against his hands, “Apologies,” she panted, shivering as another cold wave shot through her body, “you are so warm.”

Her shoulder was slightly cold beneath his lips, “I don’t like how cold you are...” And his arms tightened as best as they could around her, keeping his hands fixed over her womb. “You said you were feeling better.”

“And I do. However, a few more varga will need to pass before this normalises.” Allura stated, hands moving up to stroke his arms again. “I believe this to be the end of the worst.”

Keith nodded in understanding and purred at the light touches on his skin, then grunted when her hips ground back into his arousal when another cold wave shook her. Her grinding was something she had no control over as the moment she seemed to realise she was doing it, she stopped and apologised again. He kissed her shoulder and nuzzled her.

“Are you in pain?” he whispered.

“Slightly.”

Looking behind them, Keith spotted a wide shelf through the clear water and slowly, he moved Allura with him as he reversed. When the backs of his knees hit the edge of the shelf he sat, spreading his legs slightly to give his wife room to sit between them. His back reclined into the side of the oversized bathtub as Allura settled herself against him and then leaned back into his chest, sighing in relief.

Without thinking, Keith lay his hands back over her lower stomach and he hooked his chin over her shoulder again, looking down her body to see the water gently lap at the underside of her breasts. Looking through the water he saw where his hands resided and a small smile tugged at his lips, thumbs lightly stroking the skin there until Allura’s own hands lay over the tops of his.

The smile faded after a moment though; the thought that they didn’t have time reminding him that they could not have a child just yet. It would not be fair and they’d be back at work again in meetings and on missions when they got home.

The stress their work would cause would not be good for Allura or a developing baby and Keith wondered if Blue would even let Allura pilot her. Then his mind flicked to his Queen arguing with the lion, an angry pout on her face and her arms folded over the swell of her baby bump.

Keith shivered, finding he liked that mental image, and the excitement at seeing what their future child would look like shot through his body. One of his hands rose to pinch the skin

between his eyes, grunting a little and Allura shifted in his arms, feeling her turn to look at him.

“Sorry,” he said, lowering his hand back down and returning her gaze. Tiredness was slowly sinking in at being warm and cuddling his magnificent wife and he surmised that that was the reason for his paternal side to show itself to him.

Allura seemed to notice this and she gave him a soft smile, reaching up to stroke along his jaw, “Pidge did call early.”

Keith grunted, jaw tensing to stifle a yawn and his wife chuckled at his failed attempt. He threw her a playful glare, “I didn’t check what the time was when I answered.”

“The Terran equivalent was three in the morning when I woke up.”

Before Keith could curse his mind ticked over and he blinked at her. “Why did you get up?” he asked out of curiosity then he looked guilty, “I’m sorry if my talking woke you. I tried to be quiet.”

Allura shook her head, smiling, “It was not that.” She pulled her hands up out of the water and seeing her fingers had started to wrinkle up, she slowly stood. Turning, she looked down at him, “My source of heat relocated and I wanted to know where he’d gone.” Keith just grinned sheepishly at her and she giggled.

Keith stood up also when Allura moved to give him space and he rumbled at her, seeing a flash of discomfort flit across her face. “We can stay in here longer.”

But Allura shook her head, “I shall be fine until we return to bed.” And with that, she gently took his hand and led him out of the bath and towards the bedroom.

When Keith awoke again he was once more spooning his wife and their bodies were pressed tightly together. His chin was resting on her shoulder and one of his hands had joined hers and settled onto the soft skin of her stomach.

He liked this, softly purring until she shifted against him and he had to swallow the moan bubbling in his throat, feeling his morning wood rub deliciously against her backside.

Allura moved again so she could look at him but just enough to not disturb their embrace. Automatically Keith chuffed at her and she responded by humming, rolling her hips back against his. His fingers tightened on her stomach slightly and he shivered.

“Do you feel better?” he choked out, fighting the urge to rock his hips against her just in case she was still in pain.

His wife nodded, stopping her motions, “My cycle has normalised now.”

Despite his pupils had blown in arousal he managed to convey his curiosity and she slid his hand lower on her belly. Resting above her womb she applied a little pressure and he felt the

difference in temperature had lessened but it was still there. His fingers flexed against her skin, “Is it painful?”

“Not any more, but I am aware of it.”

He nodded against her shoulder, rubbing his thumb beneath her belly button until the thought that the beginnings of life could be present beneath his palm had him grinning like an idiot. He realised a little too late that Allura had seen his smile and caught onto what he was doing.

Heat rushed to his face and he cleared his throat, removing a hand from her to rub his nape. “Sorry,” he said, mentally berating himself for feeling paternal; it had to be this place for making him feel this way. Allura had even told him their first four joinings would not result in a child. Maybe he was still tired and he contemplated getting up to fetch his datapad from the sofa to distract himself.

A kiss pressed to his unscarred cheek derailed his thoughts however, and Keith blinked owlishly before locking eyes with his wife. Allura was chewing on her bottom lip, looking unsure as she searched his eyes but when she reached up to guide his hand back to her lower stomach, she did so with certainty.

“Would-”

Then her datapad started singing in Altean and both Keith and Allura jolted, heads snapping to the device before a loud huff escaped the Queen. Shimming forwards, she reached out and grabbed the pad but smiled when she saw Coran’s name as the caller ID.

Keith watched as she quickly brushed her messy hair back then answered the call, leaning back against her pillow and ensuring the duvet covered her up just in case her grip slid the camera from her face. He leaned into view as Coran appeared on the screen.

The elder Altean was garbed in a white and various shades of blue tailcoat suit, with a golden yelmore brooch pinned to his lapel. His orange hair had been combed neatly and his moustache was styled to curl up slightly at the ends.

“Good morning Coran!” Allura greeted, smile wide.

“Mornin’ Coran,” Keith grunted, shifting forwards to rest his head on Allura’s shoulder.

Coran saluted them, crossing his fist over his chest, “Good morning my Queen and Prince Keith.” He glanced between the two and folded his arms, arching an eyebrow at them, “I do hope I wasn’t interrupting anything-”

“Just a good sleep,” Keith said almost immediately, eyes flicking to the profile of his wife as his mind tried to complete what she had been about to ask. His attention was redirected to the action of Coran stroking his moustache.

“As sorry as I am to interrupt this *good sleep* of yours-” Keith frowned, realising Coran didn’t believe him, “-I was given some information to pass onto you by request of Krolia.”

At Allura's nod, Coran moved to pull a small datapad in front of him, "Pidge had discovered that I'ik was the cause to our losing connection with a few planets over the past few deca-pheobs."

"Was it that virus he developed?" Keith stared at Allura and he then remembered they were supposed to not really know about this. The look he got off his wife told him to play along and he chuckled quietly.

Coran looked up just as Keith's expression became serious, "Yes, actually. He was testing it on others before putting it to use on the Castle."

Keith zoned out after that, nodding in the right places as Coran recited the same information Pidge had given them earlier. He tuned back in when his mother being informed was mentioned.

"What has she decided to do with the information?"

"She is currently passing the information onto Ché, feeling it best to notify him and let him choose how to handle this rather than keep it quiet."

Allura and Keith nodded then Allura spoke, "What of I'ik? Has anything been agreed?"

"Ché has stated he will take his brother back home with him as well as the other two. His punishment was to be locked up but I believe it will be far worse with-"

"PECK!"

Coran's eyes widened and he glanced back over his shoulder when a door whooshed open behind him. He stood upright, "Good morning Ché-"

"By the Ascended above, I apologise but are the Prince and Queen on call?"

At Coran's nod, the Altean was promptly replaced by the ruby coloured Ikzul, pince-nez pinched across his beak. Ché bowed and when he straightened he looked livid, "Your mother has informed me that my brother targeted other planets to test his virus. Peck him."

Keith's eyebrow quirked up, realising that 'peck' was the equivalent of 'quiznack'. He nodded, "He didn't realise we have an anti-virus."

Ché inhaled deeply then breathed out slowly, crest fluttering with his barely contained anger. He shook, hand adjusting the large golden necklace resting on his chest, "I have decided I will share the information with the planets he targeted, but only after I have spoken to you when you return regarding our safety." Ché glanced at Coran, "I will require a full list of all planets I'ik targeted. Was it Fledge who had it?"

"Pidge."

The Ikzul's leader nodded, then he sagged, looking terrified, "We will need protection; a couple of planets Krolia mentioned are not forgiving."

“Talk to Kolivan,” Keith said, shifting up a little and angling the datapad a little more towards him. “The Blades of Marmora will help you and provide the protection you need.”

Allura sat up also, being mindful to keep herself decent, “If the other leaders are still present, talk to them as well. The Elisk have astounding defensive technology and the Girock excel at guarding and protecting.”

Ché looked away for a moment but Coran’s hand on his shoulder made him look back, “I will consider the second option-*not* because we do not need it but because of what my brother has tried to do to them. They will be asked to protect him and I cannot do that to them after that threat on their lives.”

“You are protecting your people; the others will understand if you explain it to them. I’m sure they will help.”

Ticks passed before Ché sighed and bowed, “I will consider the second option.” He turned to Coran, “Which one is Kolivan?”

“Was he not with Krolia when she spoke to you?” At the shake of Ché’s head, Coran moved into full view of the screen. A thoughtful frown was on his face, presumably going through a mental checklist of where the Blade leader could be, “Apologies my Queen, my Prince-”

“Kosmo can help find him,” Keith said then almost regretted it, wondering if the Ikzul would be fine in the presence of his space wolf let alone be teleported across the castle.

There was a flash of light and the canine appeared beside Coran, clearly having heard his master say his name. When Kosmo saw Keith on the screen he barked happily and placed his paws on the metal beside the console controls, tail swishing.

Keith smiled, “Hey, boy.” If he wasn’t careful, his wolf would accidentally turn the call off before he could give instructions. “Kosmo, down.”

After a slight tilt of the head, Kosmo obeyed and lowered himself back onto the floor before he sat. There was a slight rhythmic thumping and Keith knew Kosmo’s tail was still wagging.

“Can you help find Kolivan? It’s important.”

The wolf vanished and came back ticks later with Kolivan in tow. Keith blinked, realising he should have specified taking Coran and Ché with him. Luckily, the Blade leader was dressed in his full uniform but he had been sat, judging from his posture, before he fell to the floor.

Picking himself up, with aid from Coran and Ché, Kolivan straightened to his full height and looked around the room, “If the cosmic wolf is being used to disrupt meetings, I can only assume it is important.” His head tilted down to see Ché.

Keith grimaced, “A meeting?”

Kolivan calmly turned to face the screen, “Yes. With the other planet leaders.” He looked back at Ché again, “You are the Ikzul’s eldest sibling.”

Ché nodded, “I am. I am the leader of Ikz.” He bowed, “I was advised to speak to you regarding protection.”

Instead of answering, Kolivan held his hand out in the direction of Kosmo and the wolf closed the distance between them, brushing his body against both the Galra and the Ikzul. They vanished, leaving Coran alone in the room.

“Well,” the Altean began, twiddling his moustache as he stepped into full view of the screen, “I shall take that as my cue to leave you to your *good sleep* and check on the meeting.” The twinkle in his eye gave away that he was teasing but Keith still found himself rolling his eyes. Coran’s mouth curled into a soft smile, “Keith, Allura, enjoy the rest of your holiday.”

The call ended and Allura moved to set the datapad onto her bedside table. When she moved back Keith was still sat up, legs partially crossed as he recalled she wanted to say something to him before they were interrupted.

“What were you going to say before Coran called?”

Allura’s cheeks flushed red suddenly as she rose into a seated position. She glanced at him sheepishly but it was quickly replaced with confidence, moving herself onto her knees before him as she pushed the duvet aside.

Gently, she took his hands, “I took a while to fall asleep when we returned to bed and as I was waiting to get comfortable my thoughts wandered; I was thinking of things I believed I wouldn’t for a few deca-pheobs at least. But the more I thought of them, the more I realised it could be possible.”

Keith quirked an eyebrow at her, wondering what it could be she had been mulling over. It had to have been something huge as she looked unsure again and he found himself rumbling, pulling her closer. Her knees bumped his shin but before he could stretch his legs out or cross them further, she rose up and shimmied into his lap, sitting with her back to his chest.

“You can tell me,” he said softly, giving her a nuzzle and letting her manipulate his hands and arms so he embraced her middle. The gentle squeeze he gave her brought a smile to her face.

Allura nodded slowly, turning her head to press her temple to his, “I was wondering if I should explain my thought process that led to this.”

His arms held her closer, rumbling again to soothe her, “Only if you want to. If it helps you tell me then do it, but don’t feel you have to.” Feeling his wife move, he relaxed his arms a little and looked down at her. She was staring into his eyes and he saw a softness to her gaze when she nodded.

Gently, she took his hand resting near her leg and rubbed her thumb across his knuckles, “I was wondering what kinds of meetings we would be greeted with on our return, but I realise now that I’ik was the cause of them and the missions. And because of him, we had no free time. Our presence was required constantly but now...” She trailed off, turning his hand so she could place his palm to her lower stomach. She held him there and Keith’s eyes flicked from between her face to where he was touching her and back again.

Allura's cheeks darkened slightly, "Now, your mother and Kolivan can attend meetings in our stead, providing we're not required to sit in of course. Missions meanwhile cannot be helped; if Voltron is needed-"

Keith smiled, his fingers splaying out over her skin as he interrupted her with a kiss to her cheek. He nuzzled her, unable to contain the grin on his face, "If you're asking, my answer is yes, I do. But I'm sure Blue won't want you flying for the duration."

Allura just stared at him, mouth hung open slightly from when he cut her off. When his words sank in however she huffed, "Well, Blue and I will need to exchange a few words then."

"You won't change her mind," he replied, shoulders shaking with mirth. His grin only widened when his wife brought his other hand down to press against her lower stomach and he touched his temple to hers, nuzzling her again.

Nuzzling back, Allura turned slightly, indicating she wanted to move and when Keith let her she turned and straddled his lap. Her smile was bright, reaching her eyes and he watched them glisten with unshed tears of what he knew to be happiness. His hands moved up to her cheeks at the same time she cupped his face and she leaned in, pressing a loving kiss to his lips.

Keith's fingers trailed down her body to hold her hips as they parted only to grunt when she pressed herself against him. He looked into her eyes and stroked his thumbs over the swell of her hips, "Now?" Her answer was a swirling motion of her hips and a small smirk and he swallowed thickly. "I know you said you were better but shouldn't we?"

"You won't hurt me," Allura clarified, lightly pressing her forehead to his. Her hips moved back, giving his growing arousal room before her hand moved down to stroke his ridges.

His eyes fluttered shut and he exhaled shakily, erection twitching in her hand until he felt her let him go. Cracking an eye open he watched as her fingers disappeared inside herself, pumped for a moment then returned to his shaft, glistening with slick. And the moment her hand touched him again, Keith gasped then grit his teeth, lowering his gaze to watch her stroke him and slick him up.

A finger to his chin tilted his head up and he growled softly before Allura pressed her lips to his. It started off chaste but quickly ramped up when Keith moaned at a particular stroke and Allura's tongue flicked into his mouth. Her free hand gripped his head, losing her fingers into his mullet and his own fingers flexed against her hips, trying to coax her into riding him.

When he actually tried to pull her onto his erection Allura broke their kiss and shook her head, slowing her stroking down. Keith growled and slid one of his hands from her hip to tease two fingers against her wetness. Her grip tightened on him a little and her mouth fell open when he pushed the digits into her fully and curled them *just* right.

Her hand started moving again along his length and he matched her pace with his fingers. Her body quivered when he touched a sensitive spot and the sheer pleasure on his wife's face made Keith bite back a moan.

“Allura...” he warned, trying to convey that if she didn’t stop soon he’d finish in her hand. Especially when she teased his ridges in such a way that his hips bucked.

Her eyes opened revealing her irises were nearly consumed by her pink pupils and she looked down at her hand working him. There was fluid beading at his tip and she looked back up at him, spreading the pearl with her thumb over his glans before reluctantly releasing him. Keith took that moment to pull his fingers from her and wrapped them around his erection just to add to the lubrication, being careful to avoid his ridges and let himself calm down a little.

Allura moved off of him and turned to face the headboard, gripping it with both of her hands. As she bent herself over it and presented herself to him in the process, Keith realised his hand was moving quicker than intended along his shaft and he had to stop himself before he got carried away.

Her stance widened and he saw that she was dripping, staining the sheets beneath her and Keith couldn’t help but watch for a moment until temptation won out and he moved onto his knees to swipe his tongue along her slit. The swipe turned into another and before he knew what he was doing, he was lapping at her, feasting on her nectar that tasted a lot sweeter than before and he told her as such. Allura laughed which turned into a moan when his tongue breached her and she quivered at his attempts to tease a sensitive spot inside her.

His arousal was weeping and becoming painful and his hand moved back down to stroke himself again, giving himself some form of relief. His movements were slow but he found enjoyment in how his ridges sent shocks of pleasure up and down his spine. With a shudder, realising he was dangerously close to finishing, Keith moved his hand away with the intention of using it to play with his wife’s clit, except his fingers brushed hers and he felt her roll the bud between the pads of her digits. She came with a scream.

Giving Allura a moment to recover, Keith wiped his chin on the duvet before his hands found her hips and stroked the skin there. Panting, his wife looked back at him, pink pupils blown and her skin glistening with sweat. Her hair was a mess; a mixture of bedhead and her free hand threading through the locks as he ate her out, but she swept it over a shoulder and arched her body more for him, tilting her hips in a clear invitation to mate.

A growl escaped his throat as he rose to his knees behind her and he watched the hint of goosebumps form on her skin, body shivering in delight. One of her hands vanished beneath her, but it was when Keith angled himself to push into her wetness that he found she had parted her folds and he slid in so smoothly his head fell back with a long, loud moan as he bottomed out almost instantly.

Allura echoed him, both hands clutching the headboard at the feel of his ridges brushing every sensitive spot inside her. She bit her bottom lip, focusing on the sensation of him alone making her feel so full and she exhaled slowly when his hands held her hips.

Keith was panting, trying his hardest not to give into temptation this time and wreck his wife. He closed his eyes, tipped his head down and made himself watch his thumbs trace her skin as his blood came down from its boil. Then her walls embraced him suddenly and he bucked on instinct, upper body curling to press his chest to her back.

Bucking again into her, Keith felt Allura push back and he grunted. His stance altered slightly and a hand moved from her hip to grip the headboard beside her own, his other following suit. His motions caused him to move inside her and Allura's head tilted back onto his shoulder, eyelids fluttering as he slowly withdrew and languidly sheathed himself back inside her. She moaned.

Pressing an open-mouthed kiss to her throat, Keith groaned when she fluttered around him but his movements stayed at their slow pace. His eyes closed, just enjoying this slow love-making and he purred when her fingers dived into his hair, feeling Allura roll her hips back against him in time with his thrusts.

Then he remembered this wasn't just love-making. They were actually trying for a baby and the thought that he could get his wife pregnant over the next few days had Keith's hips stutter. He stilled without warning but moved one of his hands down to tease Allura's clit. His other gripped the mahogany headboard tightly; he was on the verge of blowing and trying his hardest to hold back.

A kiss was pressed to his cheek and he hid his face in her shoulder, "Sorry," he mumbled. He hissed when Allura clamped him in orgasm and his hand between her legs shot out to grip the headboard. He was on a hair-trigger and the gritting of his teeth, the scrunching of his face and his heavy breathing as he tried to hold back told Allura everything.

His head was angled by her fingers as she pressed a kiss to the corner of his mouth, "Keith?" He locked eyes with her and she smiled, panting as she came down from her second orgasm.

"I-I'm sorry," he said, hissing when Allura shifted her hips against his and one of his hands moved down to keep her still, "I'm really close."

He was coaxed into a slow kiss and he reciprocated, focusing on the softness of Allura's lips. His grip on her hip eased off and he realised that that was a mistake too late when Allura thrust back against him once, taking him as deep as he could go, and he was done for.

Keith shuddered, groaning into his wife's mouth as he released and Allura followed almost immediately after, her walls embracing him as he shook with each spurt and she moaned his name into his mouth. Her body arched under his, tilting her hips and that action pulled their lips apart. They were both panting, bodies covered in sweat but it didn't stop Allura from sliding his hand from her hip to beneath her belly button.

The difference in temperature was almost non-existent and Keith just blinked down at his wife, unsure of what this meant; was she actually pregnant from this or was this normal? He shuddered when he finally stopped emptying into her and took a moment to regulate his breathing.

She seemed to have read his mind and she hummed in satisfaction after getting her own breathing under control, "This is no indicator that I am with child, it just means you have warmed me up. My temperature here will fall again soon however."

As Keith was about to ask what she meant by warming her up he became fully aware that very little of him had leaked out of her. His brow shot up in surprise and he leaned to one

side, looking down their bodies to see the only wetness on the bed was from Allura herself. Her hips were angled in such a way that gravity was aiding in keeping himself inside her and when his eyes met hers again, she smiled. Keith could not help but return it, nuzzling her softly and purring.

His hand stroked the skin of her lower belly and he kissed her cheek just below her marking, “When will you know?”

Allura looked away slightly, a thoughtful frown on her face before she cleared her throat, “Usually by the time I should have another cycle.” She pressed her temple against his, “So in about three pheobs.”

Keith’s hand stilled but his thumb moved back and forth across her skin, “Do Alteans have symptoms of being pregnant?”

Recalling everything Pidge had said about her own pregnancies; swollen feet, strange cravings, morning sickness, aches and pains and many other things, Keith hoped Allura would have something to signify she was expecting sooner rather than wait three months.

Allura shook her head however, “I fear Pidge may get envious but every Altean is different.” Her body moved forwards to test if his ridges had gone down but they both hissed instead. “We do not go through what humans endure when with child. What does happen though, I cannot say for certain.”

Keith smiled, chuckling a little at the thought of Pidge being jealous. He pressed another kiss to Allura’s cheek, “And if you’re not?”

Allura smirked at him, “Then in three pheobs, we are unavailable for a movement.”

Chapter End Notes

So, this took ages and I'm sorry. It was a mixture of life kicking my ass, rewriting this chapter *twice* before settling on this version AND editing my overall plot to make this work that caused delays.

Also, you know that thing where you write something and you end up doing a little bit of research to make sure it's an actual thing? I spent a few hours one time accidentally going on a reading spree. That was fun.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

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

Kolivan's report regarding the meeting he had been in yesterday was lengthy, especially after he had been accompanied by Ché, but Keith still sat and read through it as he ate his breakfast.

Ché had agreed on the other leaders helping him - with the Blades as a form of back-up - when the news about I'ik's virus was to be shared amongst the planets he had targeted. Initially, Ché was hesitant to disclose the information but upon the kind words of the others in the room, he lay it all out before them. Hoosh immediately offered her finest guardians and Vu'rv was instantly on communications with their home planet about constructing a forcefield generator for Ikz.

Ché declined all offers on the basis that they were protecting their attacker and Xarcuvio had scoffed, refusing to take no for an answer. He told the leader of Ikz that they wanted to protect everyone; why should one individual affect how others are treated, he'd asked.

Trade routes were negotiated, being protected by Barbudan fighters, technology was discussed and the conversation turned light when Papcha voiced concern about the gestation period of a human child and whether Pidge would get his gift in time. By the end of the long day, Kolivan had said that Ché seemed happier and far less stressed.

Allura leaned over, dabbing at her mouth with a napkin and quickly skimmed through Kolivan's report at Keith's offering. She nodded then looked up at her husband, "Does this mean you will be joining the Blades for a pheob?"

Keith shrugged, sipping his red drink, "The Blades may not even be needed considering how much has already been agreed upon protecting Ikz." He set his glass down, "But I will volunteer if we are needed."

Allura opened her mouth then closed it quickly, pouting, "I was going to suggest helping them with Voltron, but Red and Green refuse to fly currently."

"Blue might not as well in a few months."

At this, Allura smiled and chuckled a little, "I suppose she is one way to tell; my quintessence will be different if I am." She reached out to her own glass of red liquid and sipped it, "But if you do go, will you be as Keith or undercover?"

Keith drummed his fingers on the tabletop beside his plate, his eyes locked onto the place where he'd taken his wife yesterday when they decided to not wear their loincloths anymore. The table was sturdy and his eyes trailed over the gouges in the wood from his claws. Exhaling, he shook his head, "With the Blades being there everyone will know of our involvement. It would help relations with them knowing I'm there but it would also make me

a target.” He looked at Allura and his nose wrinkled slightly, “Maybe I should go undercover; I have a spare suit now and only mom knows about it...”

Sipping her drink again, Allura hummed and set the glass down, “I must admit I do like your spare suit.” When her eyes moved up to meet her husband’s she saw the huge smirk on his face and she gave him the most innocent look. Keith just folded his arms and quirked an eyebrow at her. Allura huffed, “I refuse to elaborate. Besides, you know why.”

Keith’s datapad pinged with a new message and, chuckling, he opened the window up, took one look at the message and photo and slid the device over to Allura. As she looked the image over that Krolia had sent, Keith’s resolve cracked and he started laughing.

The photo was of Ché holding up an Altean bagel, grinning widely and there was a huge blurred mass behind him. Zooming into said blurred mass revealed it to be a very excited Kosmo, but Keith knew just from the colours alone. The photo accompanied with the message of ‘guess what happened’ was what set Keith’s laughter off.

Allura’s hand went over her mouth and Keith knew she found it funny by the way her eyes revealed her mirth. She cleared her throat, shaking her head, “I swear to the Ancients your wolf will incite a war.”

Keith chuckled and gestured to have his datapad back, “He won’t.” Another image pinged through and, glancing to see that Ché was now giving his cosmic canine belly rubs, he held it up to show Allura, “See?”

Putting the datapad back down, Keith finished his breakfast but there was a question now burning in his mind. When he relocated his empty plate to the counter he turned to his wife, ignoring how she admired his naked backside, “Do you think Kosmo will tell if you’re pregnant?”

Allura paused with her fork in her mouth as she stared at him. She blinked, pulled the utensil from her mouth and chewed on the final bite of her food.

As he waited for her reply, Keith cleared her plate away and leaned back against the counter, arms folded.

Her drink was fascinating to her for a few ticks as she tapped a finger against the wood of the table. Her eyes flicked to his, “It may be possible but I do not know how good his sense of smell is.” She smiled and spoke before her husband could say anything, “And I do not think locating where your stash of goodies are counts.”

Keith scowled, remembering how many places he’d hidden bars of Altean and Terran sweets only to find ripped packages and a comatose Kosmo nearby. He snorted, “If you have hormone changes he may be able to detect them. Pidge and Lance’s dog won’t leave her alone.”

Bae-Bae did too but in her old age now she just resorted to curling up next to the expectant mother. The new dog meanwhile tailed Pidge and was either on her feet or positioned in such

a way that his head was nestled over her bump. Keith suspected the former happened when Pidge spoke to them the last few times.

Allura pursed her lips, "I suppose only time will tell." She slowly stood, downing the rest of her drink and made her way to the counter. "The mice will know without a doubt I'm sure."

"But will they tell you?"

Keith watched his wife pause in setting her glass down. "Probably not. They will want me to discover on my own." She then gasped, "If Kosmo knows, then the mice will ask him to not give anything away!"

Keith laughed, watching Allura go through several stages of anger and annoyance before she settled on pouting. He reached out to her, "Looks like we'll have to see if Blue can tell us."

Still pouting, Allura let her husband pull her close, "Providing the animals haven't already agreed on something with her." She hugged him and Keith closed his eyes, resting his cheek atop her head.

"Isn't there a law against withholding information from a member of the royal family?"

There was a long pause then Allura started shaking in his arms and within ticks he heard her laugh. She pulled away a little, "I'm positive that does not apply to our four-legged friends or a Lion of Voltron." Her arms slid up from his torso to around his neck, "Besides, a pregnancy is private and it would be down to us to share that information."

Keith smirked at her, hands holding her hips, "Are you saying you want to give Pidge and Lance a taste of their own medicine?"

Allura laughed again but shook her head, "As tempting as it may be I will not be able to hide it as well as Pidge can."

"So when you start showing..."

"Everyone will know. My wardrobe is not exactly loose-fitting." She then tapped her fingers in thought against his nape, "But I won't start showing until I'm four pheobs through so we can keep it quiet until then." She smiled at him, running her fingers through his hair, "It depends entirely on the size of our baby; they could show later if they're smaller."

Keith couldn't help but return her smile and he nuzzled her. Allura giggled then started laughing when playful kisses were dotted down her cheek and neck. She feigned trying to push him away but hummed when Keith drew her close and embraced her again, purring softly.

"I love you," he said, dipping his head slightly so his lips brushed her cheek.

Allura's hands slid up into his hair, "I love you too," and she closed the gap between them.

Their kiss was slow and gentle and when he lightly tilted his head to run his tongue against the seam of her lips, Keith felt Allura's fingers tighten into his mullet. She moaned, letting

him in and slid her arms back around his neck. His own hands trailed down her waist and gently touched her thighs before applying a little pressure against them.

Allura pulled away from his mouth with a tiny moan at feeling his hips move against her suggestively, his hardness hot against her skin. She nodded at the table in question but he shook his head, posing his own query by gently raising one of her legs to rest against his hip.

There was a pause for her answer then a shake of the head and when he let her leg down, she led him to the table where she sat on the edge. Keith watched her curiously, licking his lips when she leaned back, raised both of her legs up and spread them, exposing her wet folds to him. He closed the space between them and Allura adjusted herself to balance onto her elbow, taking one of his hands and placing it flat against the tabletop, bending his arm in the process. He caught on when Allura rested the inside of her knee into the crook of his elbow and he mirrored it with his other arm.

Keith put more of his weight onto his arms, shifting his hands up the table and causing Allura's legs to bend higher, where he stole a quick kiss and pressed his erection against her. She shivered, gently gripping his shoulders and pushed her wetness back against him.

"Like this?" he asked, gently moving his shaft between her folds to stimulate her clit.

Allura exhaled shakily and her legs quivered. "To start with," she breathed, eyelids fluttering when he moved into position. The head of his erection kissed her entrance before he *slowly* pushed in. Her body arched beneath him and her head tilted back, exposing her neck.

As he bottomed out, Keith gently pressed kisses to her throat, turning into light nips when he felt her hand in his hair. She sighed softly and he began to rock his hips, grunting into her skin when he sank into her again. Her fingers tightened against his head and he moaned, feeling her clamp down at his withdrawal only to embrace him when he pushed back in.

Tilting himself just so, Keith shuddered when a breathy moan pushed past his wife's lips and her body arched further into his. Her breasts brushed against him and, after establishing a steady rhythm with his thrusts, he dipped his head to lap at a nipple and then took it into his mouth when it pebbled.

Allura groaned and he moved to her other breast, giving it the same level of attention all the while he rolled his hips against hers. He felt her hand hold his nape and upon feeling her fingers relax a little he smirked, pinching her nipple with his tongue. Her grip tightened almost instantly and he released her breast with a pleased sound, feeling her squeeze his length at the same time.

He slowed, pumping his hips leisurely to let Allura feel every inch and ridge of him and Keith exhaled shakily when her walls caressed him. Whenever he hilted fully, her body quivered with every withdrawal, voicing her pleasure at the action and again when he sank back into her, brushing every sensitive spot inside.

With trembling fingers, Allura threaded her hands into Keith's hair and pulled his head up where she pressed her lips to his damp brow. His hips stilled, buried fully inside her as he pushed himself up onto his hands, feeling the muscles in his wife's legs twitch in pleasure.

“You want to change?” he asked, very slowly starting to rock his hips again. The action caused her breasts to bounce and his eyes flicked to them briefly but Allura responding redirected his gaze. She gripped his biceps and her body arched, biting back a moan when he tilted his hips just so.

“I-” she began, shivering beneath him, but she threw her head back and cooed in pleasure, legs shaking. “Do not stop. I had hoped for you to lift me up but-”

Keith responded almost immediately and shifted himself into a better stance. He brought her arms up and she caught the hint to wrap them around his neck as he cupped her buttocks. He hauled her up against him and turned to use the table as a form of support against his own backside as he held Allura gently, letting her get used to being bent almost in two. Her legs were spread further than before and her knees nearly touched her shoulders. She gradually let her arms relax and gently put distance between their upper bodies.

“Is this too much?” Keith asked, watching her face closely and making sure his grip did not relent on her just yet. Allura nodded and took a moment to breathe then purposely clenched around him and he hissed, sliding her down onto his erection a little in surprise.

Her back straightened and she gasped, eyes widening as she stared into his own. Keith smirked back and, after reestablishing his grip, pulled her up slowly until just his tip remained in her and he sank her back down again, feeling his ridges slip back inside her warmth. He didn’t let her down too far though but just enough to let her get used to this position first before he properly wrecked her.

Every time Keith let Allura back down onto him, he pushed just a little deeper with each slide until his wife’s jaw had gone slack and her eyes fluttered shut as a moan - that was in fact his name - was forced out of her mouth. He shuddered, looking down their bodies and he pressed himself in completely where he stilled, taking a moment to relish how tight his wife was.

Eyes closing, Keith swore softly and his fingers twitched against Allura’s skin. But it was when he felt a dainty finger brush hair away that his eyes reopened and he stared into the blown pink pupils of his wife. She cupped his cheek and with the slight tilting of his head, he nuzzled her palm, pressing a kiss to the inside of her wrist.

Allura leaned forward and kissed him, like she knew it was the only time she could before he started moving. Keith reciprocated, humming appreciatively before slowly pulling her up his erection and just as slowly letting her slide back down. His hips twitched ever so slightly and Allura tore her lips from his, feeling a ridge tease a spot just right. Her breathing quickly became pants when he found their rhythm, using his arms to raise her up and letting gravity drive her back down onto him again.

The table he was leaning back against began to groan in protest and Keith took a deep breath before standing upright. He steadied himself with a small stance alteration and then he started thoroughly wrecking his wife. As she slid down onto him, his hips surged up into her, pushing deeper and deeper until she orgasmed twice, screaming his name.

Knowing his legs would give out when he finished, Keith turned them so he could sit Allura on the table. He let her legs down but they wrapped around his waist instead as his hands

gripped what he could of the furniture. His pace was brutal but his wife writhed in bliss, moaning and pawing at his chest as she orgasmed a third time. It triggered his own which in turn brought on her fourth and she fell limp beneath him.

Keith's own vision had whited out but he had enough sense to catch himself before he could fall onto his wife. Instead, he rested his forehead against her collarbone, placed his forearms on either side of Allura's chest and he caught his breath back, shuddering as he continued to empty into her. Ticks passed and he felt Allura lift his head up to meet her own dipping to kiss him. He moaned softly against her lips, shook one final time and then sagged against her.

Neither moved for a while, even long after his ridges had released them and he had slipped out of her, Keith remained lying atop of Allura. It didn't help that her arms were around his shoulders and her fingers were playing with his hair. He breathed out through his nose in contentment, head resting on her chest as his thumbs stroked the skin of her thighs.

Then he became aware of the stickiness between their legs and he grunted, moving his hands to prop himself up and look down their bodies. He felt Allura shift as well, stretching her legs out and causing her hips and knees to pop. Keith grimaced, giving his wife a look but she smiled at him and gestured for him to move away a little.

Supporting herself by gripping his arm and shoulder, Allura let her husband walking back slide her off the table onto shaky legs. Keith's own hands steadied her and he looked apologetic. Allura exchanged a glance with him.

"Don't," she said. "I asked for it and I do not regret it." Though a tick later she shivered, nose wrinkling and Keith immediately knew she was aware of the stickiness between her thighs, and was probably feeling him leak out of her as well. She puffed her cheeks out, eyeing up the bathroom door but before she could even think about moving, let alone speak, Keith swept her up into his arms and held her bridal style where he carried her into the bathroom. He walked over to the bathtub and stepped down into the water, lowering her gently onto a step in the process.

Keith ignored the annoyed look from his wife as he pressed a kiss her forehead then left the tub to use the facilities in the cubicle, having found a washcloth supply the day before. He cleaned himself off as best as he could and wrung the washcloth out before placing it in a small designated cleaning basket behind the door.

After washing his hands, Keith dried them on the fluffiest towel in existence before reentering the bathroom. Allura was now standing in the water, doing some gentle stretches and using the rim of the tub to stabilise herself. Her head tilted a little and she smiled brightly at him. He returned it but left her to have some privacy as she bathed knowing he'd swap places with her when she was done.

The next morning, Keith woke up alone.

He knew where Allura was though as he could hear her bare feet padding around the bathroom next door but just as he was about to check his datapad, his bladder decided now

was the best time to get him to move.

Grumbling, Keith swung the duvet off him and made his way to the cubicle, purposely giving his wife privacy by not looking at her.

After relieving himself, Keith took the opportunity to brush his teeth and quickly remove the stubble growing on his chin.

He had been asked why he hadn't grown a beard by a few leaders and his response was that it just didn't suit him. In actuality he did try and found his beard was asymmetrical from the scar on his face and, because it was a burn, no hair grew on the scar tissue.

Keith washed his face off and checked his jawline in the mirror for any missed spots before dabbing his skin dry and leaving the cubicle. As he walked he glanced at his wife and what he saw made him stop in his steps.

There was a soft blue glow coming from the walls and, almost like he was hypnotised, Keith stepped up to the edge of the tub and slowly sat down on the top step, letting his feet dip into the water to rest on a step lower down.

The water lapped at the skin beneath Allura's navel as she lathered herself up with their soap that smelled a lot like fresh peaches. He watched her hands as they moved, tracing every curve and inch of skin. The soapy bubbles that slowly trailed down her gorgeous body accentuated the shapes of her breasts and hips and he could not help but lick his lips.

Allura's ear closest to him twitched and she turned to face him, lowering herself briefly into the water to rinse the soap off. When she stood up again her brown skin glistened beautifully and the question Keith had on his tongue died instantly.

He was suddenly speechless, eyes wandering her body before they locked onto her face. She raised a hand and beckoned him to her, smiling softly.

Swallowing thickly, Keith slowly stood and became fully aware of his state of arousal as he carefully stepped further into the tub and waded towards his queen.

Allura's arms rose as he stopped just a foot from her, placing her hands on his shoulders. Her smile made her eyes dance before closing the distance between them and embracing her husband.

He chuffed gently, settling one hand between her shoulder blades and the other just shy of her buttocks. He shivered when his erection was trapped between their bodies but said nothing, enjoying just holding his wife.

Gentle fingers played with the hair at his nape and he felt Allura smile against his chest. She pulled back a little to look up at him and ran a hand through his hair, "I'm sorry if I woke you up. I tried to be quiet."

Keith chuckled, "You were quiet. I just needed to get up." He leaned into her touch and purred when her nails started lightly scratching his scalp. Her body moved slightly against his

to position herself better and he felt something drift past him. Looking down, he saw a floating dish carrying their shampoo and soap pirouette around then bump into his hip.

Allura gave him a look and he knew what she was asking without her saying. He nodded, stepping back as she picked up their shampoo and he dunked himself completely. When he stood up he stooped slightly so she could wash his hair as he rubbed the water from his eyes. Once his vision was clear he smirked and stood upright fully, taking Allura's hands with him and pulling her body flush against his.

Standing on her tiptoes, his wife threw him her best unimpressed look but the corners of her mouth twitched up regardless, fingers still massaging the shampoo into his hair. He chuckled, surprising her with a quick kiss then stepped back and dunked himself again when she indicated he could wash the suds out.

Surfacing, Keith swept his hair back and squeezed it into a loose ponytail to wring out most of the water. Rubbing his eyes again he felt Allura step closer and when he lowered his arms, her hands touched his chest. The smell of peaches tickled his nose as she rubbed their soap over his collarbones and pecs, taking her time to feel his skin and the slight definition of muscle. He quivered slightly when she brushed a ticklish spot on his stomach, and the amusement on her face at his response she did not even attempt to hide. He narrowed his eyes at her playfully and turned so she could wash his back, snatching up the soap as he did, so he could scrub his lower half properly.

He lowered himself up to his neck in the bath after Allura had lathered him up and as he rubbed the soap off of himself, he felt Allura's hands touch his back to get to where he couldn't reach. When he turned and stood up, he saw that her eyes were on him the entire time, watching the water trickle down his chest and stomach. Her bottom lip vanished behind her teeth when a particular droplet ran along his collarbone and slowly danced down his skin, losing itself in the trail of hair beneath his navel. Her pupils slowly dilated, noticing the blue light emphasised the musculature of her husband and she reached out to lightly grasp his hands.

He stared down at her then blinked when she coaxed him to follow, walking backwards towards the lip of the tub near the wall.

Keith moved after her, catching on to what she had planned but before he could act, Allura cupped his face and pulled him into a languid kiss. He returned it, resting his hands on her hips and pulling their bodies flush together. She gasped into his mouth, feeling his hands slide round to hold her close to him and his flagging arousal hardened against her.

They parted albeit briefly, lips meeting again to kiss slowly after Allura backed into the lip. There was a ledge that she began to lower herself onto, hoping her husband would follow. Keith paused for a moment, spotting what she wanted to do and he instantly moved to kneel on the very edge of the wide shelf. The water reached the bottom of his ribcage and lightly lapped at the underside of Allura's breasts as she settled down, reclining slightly and, after sweeping her hair back over her shoulders, spread her legs for him.

Keith's hands rose out of the water and gripped the rim of the tub on either side of his wife, moving in as close as he could to her. Allura gasped when she felt his arousal brush against

her, spreading her legs even further for him and causing her knees to fully break the surface of the water. Her fingers gripped his upper arms, tilting herself into the angle they needed and when his hips rolled into hers again, his tip caught her entrance.

She cupped his scarred cheek in her hand and, with a light pressure from her fingertips, coaxed him to lean in and kiss her. He adjusted his grip on the tub's rim, tilting his head to kiss deeper as he pushed slowly into her. Allura shuddered, lips tearing away from his to moan and her legs bent a little more, feeling her husband shuffle closer until his thighs touched the backs of her own. His knees widened a little, allowing him to bottom out and when he did, he exhaled shakily, allowing Allura to pull his head down until their foreheads were touching.

For a moment they just stared into each other's eyes, enjoying this closeness until Allura's head tilted just so and rubbed her nose against his. He rumbled in reply, starting to rock slowly into her as he returned the nuzzle.

His pace remained languid, hips rolling steadily and Keith watched her face, altering his grip on the tub's rim as he pressed just a little deeper and Allura's lids fluttered shut, head tilting back with a breathless moan. Her fingers flexed against his biceps and her legs rose higher, body curling with each of his thrusts.

The blue light lit Allura up from all sides and she looked absolutely stunning. When her eyes blinked open and met his, Keith had no control over himself. His head dipped down and he kissed her slowly, whispering against her lips how beautiful and amazing she was and how much he loved her. Her response was to cup his face, pressing her lips against his before coaxing his open with a gentle flick of her tongue.

With a small groan, Keith opened his mouth, hips hitching slightly when her tongue sought his out and, unconsciously, he found himself speeding up a little. His grip tightened on the rim when Allura moaned beneath him, body arching up into his beautifully as her head fell back again. He felt one of her hands slide down between them and he shifted to give her fingers room only to hiss when she clamped down onto him *hard* the moment she brushed herself.

Keith choked out a noise, slowing his movements and his body shook when Allura crested beneath him. His name was a mantra falling from her lips and he screwed his eyes shut, stilling his hips in a bid to prevent his own orgasm, but the way she was caressing his length and ridges inside her was making it difficult.

His eyes opened, feeling her hand stroke his cheek and he pressed his face further into her palm. Their gazes locked and he exhaled slowly, trying to calm his boiling blood. Her other hand was lazily working at herself and she squeezed him again, just as he started moving once more.

Her hand sped up when his thrusts began to dig deep and when she fluttered around him, he came with a shout, burying his face into her neck. Allura arched beneath him again, moaning and panting through another orgasm. Her fingers tangled into his hair, pressing kisses to his temple whilst he shook in her arms.

Hips twitching, Keith found himself pushing deeper with each movement and it occurred to him that while his ridges didn't allow withdrawal, they permitted him to bottom out completely. It did mean however that their position was permanent until he softened and he couldn't help but chuckle between pants, lowering a hand to gently stroke the skin of Allura's leg bent over his hip.

Allura's head tilted back against the rim of the bathtub, shoulders shaking a little with mirth. A giggle erupted from her mouth when Keith nibbled her neck and she arched up to try and push him away. His new target was her collarbone, nipping her lightly before soothing it with his tongue and she watched him, one hand in his hair and her other tracing a small circle into the back of his on her leg. He lapped further down, stopped, then pressed kisses back up to her mouth.

Shifting ever so slightly, Keith moved them so he was sitting on the ledge with her astride him and he rumbled at her softly. Allura hummed back, hands stroking her husband's face as she smiled, leaning in to kiss his forehead when he nuzzled her palm. His knees were supporting her back, having bent his legs to keep them in as close to the position they were locked in as possible, and his hands held her hips, trying to prevent her from moving at how deep he was inside her.

Allura's fingers drifted up into his hair, combing it for him and he could not help but purr. Her smile widened, "I think we need a bath like this at the castle."

Keith's eyes closed, relaxing into her touch, "I don't." When he felt Allura's fingers stop he cracked an eye open and gave her a small smirk, "We wouldn't leave it if this is what we'll do."

Her arms folded, trying to fight a smile at the truth to his words, "It's no different to what we do in the shower."

Exhaling in amusement, Keith shook his head and rubbed his thumbs against the skin on her hips, "We can do a lot more in the tub compared to the shower..."

More than a varia later, Keith squinted at his datapad, ruffling his hair with a fluffy towel after bathing again and picked it up when he had a hand free. His attention was diverted when Allura stepped out of the bathroom, as naked as he was, on shaky legs. Without thinking he moved, holding his hands out as if to steady her.

"I'm sorry," he said, letting Allura touch and then bear weight onto his arms. She quirked an amused eyebrow at him and he smiled sheepishly, "I got carried away."

They ended up having sex three more times in the bath, steadily escalating from love making to full blown fucking and the rim of the tub had a few cracks in it from both of their grips. He had sent the owner of the resort a message apologising that they'd caused damage and was waiting for a reply.

“I’m not complaining,” his wife responded, kissing his cheek and trying to step past him to get a drink. She wobbled as she walked, throwing him a glance over her shoulder, “Though I may later on.” A few steps later she gave up and sat herself at the table, huffing.

Keith shook his head, looking at her with a soft smile on his face as he moved to the faucet in the kitchen wall, placing the towel down on the table in the process, “What did you want? I’ll get it for you.” The informational device was still on the counter and Keith navigated through a menu to get to the drinks dispenser options. He quickly flicked through, “They have milkshakes.”

Glancing up, he saw his wife tap her chin in thought then lower her hand to lightly drum her fingers against a gouge in the wood of the table. Chewing on her bottom lip, she eyed up the scarring in the furniture, “Do they have chocolate?”

Keith’s finger froze against the screen and he just stared at Allura, mouth slightly agape. He blinked and stood upright, “Are you sure? You know what it does to Alteans and we may not be in this room when it happens.”

Allura nodded, getting herself onto her feet before slowly making her way over to her husband’s side. She pulled the device in front of her and tapped away in the search bar for chocolate. Many options popped up and Keith stared between the profile of his wife and the variety of chocolate breakfast options on the screen.

“We can share so the effects are not as severe,” Allura stated, scrolling through the menu.

Chocolate was something that Allura had discovered for the first time in the form of a cake. Hunk had baked it for an anniversary - which one it was though Keith could not recall - and everyone had been served a generous slice with a swirl of whipped cream to top it off. A while later Allura had dragged her husband away to the nearest empty room, locked the door and they did not leave until a quintant had passed.

Then there was the time when chocolate was served as dessert and Keith found that certain types of seafood from a particular planet made his libido spike. The guest room they were staying in became a wreck overnight and when the servants and guards checked on them in the morning at their missing breakfast, it started a rumour that Allura was pregnant or soon-to-be pregnant. Chocolate boosted fertility in Alteans apparently - according to their host at the time - and *everyone* took note of what the Queen of Galtea had had for her dessert that evening.

“You’re not wanting chocolate to boost your chances of conceiving are you?” Keith asked, “Because you know it was just someone trying to make us parents early on in our marriage.”

Allura chuckled and shook her head, “Ancients, no; I just crave chocolate but I don’t want it to lead to what happened the first time I had some. Also, I do not believe it boosts Altean fertility - they produce chocolate on that planet and were just trying to increase their sales by targeting me.” She paused her browsing to look Keith in the eye and she smiled, “But what I do know is that if not this movement, then most definitely during my next cycle we *will* start our family.”

Keith returned the smile and dipped his head to nuzzle his wife. In all honesty he'd be very surprised if she wasn't pregnant by the end of this movement with the amount of sex they'd already had. All he knew was as long as his wife was kept warm internally, she was more likely of becoming pregnant and so far, Allura hadn't complained once about her womb being chilly.

A ding from the table had Keith look up and he saw his own device was lit up. He walked over and saw he had a response from the resort owner. They were instructed to leave the room for a few varga, but Keith wasn't sure if this being a normal occurrence for couples was something for the owner to really mention.

A training room nearby was recommended to spend those varga and Keith glanced up at Allura, who had seemingly settled on breakfast and was waiting patiently for their food. He cleared his throat, grabbing his wife's attention for a moment.

"We're gonna need to move to another room for a couple of varga whilst repairs are going on." When Allura nodded, Keith responded to the message saying that it was fine and asked where the room was exactly.

The owner pinged through a map almost immediately with the room highlighted in green and Keith blinked when he realised it was next door.

Having eaten, and making sure he ate more of the chocolate pancakes than his wife did, they dressed themselves in their loincloths, unlocked the front door with the clear card the owner had given them and stepped outside.

The huge leaf obscuring their doorway also covered the door to the training room and both Keith and Allura relaxed, having feared they would be spotted by other people. News would travel quickly about their vacation and Keith stopped his train of thought right there before his mind could think up of potential things that could have happened.

There was a small holographic keypad beside the metallic frame of the door that the owner had given them a very long-winded code to, and it took Allura more than a few ticks to put in before the door beeped open. The room was pitch black but when Allura took one step forwards a huge array of bright lights turned on making both of them flinch and squint.

After their eyes had adjusted, Keith spotted a vast quantity of weapons lining the shiny white walls in racks and he immediately wondered why there was a training room of all things in a place like this. Then he saw the pamphlets and decided not to touch anything that was advertised to 'liven up one's love-life'.

Allura had picked up one of the small booklets and instantly put it back when she realised this room was a form of foreplay to some species. She suddenly seemed grateful that she had eaten very little chocolate.

"I was going to suggest sparring but..." Keith trailed off, wrinkling his nose at the pamphlets then at the weapons. "I'm not sure I want to touch anything."

His wife shuddered and she made a small noise of disgust before looking around the brightly lit room, “We can do laps if you would like? This is large enough to jog in.”

“We’ve just bathed though...” and Keith didn’t want to get back home with skin issues from overbathing. He started walking, trying to find something to do for at least a while until he heard Allura catch up to him and lace their fingers together. He looked down at their hands then into her eyes and he smiled before she coaxed him into following her around the room.

Dobashes passed and after learning about different weapons and their meanings in different alien cultures - because this room doubled as a mini museum of all things - Allura spotted something that had her speak.

“We should think of names.”

It took Keith a moment to understand what she meant before he spotted the panel above a sling. The words had been engraved into the metal and said the aliens who owned this type of item embossed their children’s names into the fabric.

“If we have a boy we can call him Alfor,” Keith said without a second thought. He glanced at his wife but Allura did not look back at him. Instead, she was staring at the sling and he knew she was thinking about something, and quite intensely as well by the pinch of her brow.

Allura sighed in frustration suddenly, making him jolt then she shook her head in apology, “I tried combining the names of both of our fathers but they end up the same.”

Keith took a moment to run the variations through his own mind then laughed, “Sorry that Pop was called Connor.”

She groaned, covering her face with her hands, “And trying another way sounds like a Terran tree...”

Keith snorted loudly and put his arm around his wife’s shoulders. He brought her close and kissed her temple, all the while he was trying not to laugh louder when the name of *Confer* swam around his head. “We’ve got at least ten pheobs yet before we need to pick one.”

Allura grumbled but leaned into his embrace, “I suppose...” Keith noticed her fingers move to touch her lower belly and he nuzzled her gently, placing his larger hand over hers.

Chapter End Notes

This took a while to do and I'm sorry. I'd had it done for nearly two weeks but I got really busy with life again since my last upload. I even spent the entire last week pecking away at editing this and I've decided to just post it before I go crazy looking at this for the millionth time.

I have a Twitter and a Tumblr that I forgot to mention last chapter.

Twitter= Dargorian_
Tumblr= Dargorian

Next upload may take a bit longer as I have a new job and I want to get settled in there.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

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

When they returned to their suite Keith immediately noticed that something seemed... *off*. The main room felt a little cooler and, after walking past the table that had been replaced with an identical one, Keith found out why.

Out of all the things to be hidden behind a removable wall, a pool was the last thing Keith thought he would see. Then again, he did wonder why the entire suite seemed larger on the outside and just assumed someone else was next door.

Keith blinked when he spotted the gaping hole beside the kitchen and he stepped through to be met with a moderately-sized pool, two large wooden sun loungers and a round table lit only by the stars above. A bottle of champagne stood atop the table with two wine glasses flanking it.

His jaw dropped, “How did we miss this?”

Allura, who had followed, turned to face him and instantly let her loincloth drop. As it fell, Keith’s eyebrows rose higher and higher but his surprise was cut short when his wife giggled and stepped towards the edge of the pool. She tied her hair up before sitting on the edge and lowered herself in.

Keith watched her wade for a moment before his hands tugged his own clothing off and let it fall beside his wife’s. When he was sure Allura was a safe enough distance away, he took two mighty strides and threw himself into the water. His wife shrieked and he surfaced with a huge mischievous grin on his face. Allura stood, arms folded and scowled back with her hair dripping.

Widening his smile to show he was playing around he got no response from her and his face fell, brow pinching in worry that he may have actually upset his wife. He stepped forwards and that was when she splashed him back. Sputtering, Keith staggered back a little and wiped the water from his eyes to find Allura returning his earlier mischievous grin. He blinked at her then shook his head, smirking.

“Is this the chocolate kicking in?”

Allura flicked water at him, “You’ll know when it does.” She splashed him again and then squealed when he jumped after her, diving into the water to grab her.

His wife was quicker. Arching backwards into a twisting dive she swam away from him, undulating her whole body to keep up her speed. Keith followed her, trying to anticipate where she was going to swim to but she was as fluid as the water she was in and always twisted away at the last tick.

Keith surfaced and gulped down air all the while his eyes followed the form of his wife in the water. He turned, head locked onto her only to sputter when she vanished suddenly and in a panic he looked around, trying to locate her.

There was a quiet sound behind him and when he whirled to face it the only signs he had of Allura being there was a disturbance in the water's surface and a distortion in the water that melted away back into the depths. He shook his head, now understanding that she had camouflaged herself, taking on the dark colour of the pool floor. He took a deep breath before sinking to his knees underwater.

Eyes open, he scanned the width and breadth of the pool, hoping to find that telltale distortion of his wife but the water also causing that same effect had him realise he had to rely on his other senses to find her. He stood up, rubbing the water from his eyes and swept his hair back.

Then he jolted when a hand slowly encircled his manhood and gave him a languid stroke. His knees shook and the touch moved away, leaving him to know now that the chocolate had kicked in.

The quiet sound from before happened again and Keith's eyes just managed to catch Allura take a deep breath and go back under the surface. He decided not to pursue her, letting her have fun with him.

The touch returned on his length, already starting to harden at her slow strokes and he growled low in his throat, feeling her body press against his legs. When he looked down, he saw his wife had made herself visible and her other hand moved around to lightly cup his balls.

He shuddered, fingers flexing in the water and when he was fully erect and aching Allura released him, swimming towards the ladder in the corner. She threw him a look that immediately had him follow and he crowded up to her as she tried to leave the water.

His hands touched her hips and she let him position her so he could rub his erection against her slit.

Her head tilted back, exposing her neck to him as her hands clung onto the top two rungs of the ladder. He teased her with his tip, just barely entering her before he withdrew and kissed her throat.

“Out of the water, My Queen.”

Allura took a moment to recompose herself then hauled herself out of the pool and waited for her husband to follow. She took his hand and led him to the loungers where she moved him in front of her and coaxed him to lie down onto the closest one, after draping a huge towel over the wood. He watched as she walked to the end of the lounge and slowly crawled onto it, teasingly towards him.

His dick throbbed at the sight alone of his gorgeous wife in such a position; her skin glistening from the water still clinging to her and the loose strands of hair that fell from her

bun framed her face perfectly. He growled lowly at her, holding his hands out if she wanted support to straddle him.

Instead of straddling to ride him as he'd originally thought, Allura pushed his legs apart and knelt between them, eyeing up his leaking cock. She reached out, leaning forwards and encircled him with her hand, licking her lips.

Keith immediately knew her intention but he still gasped aloud when she lightly ran her tongue up his hard shaft to tease his slit where a pearly bead had formed. She ignored it, favouring lapping the underside of his erection before she dared to trail her tongue along one of his ridges. His dick twitched in her hand, causing the bead of pre-cum to roll down and get licked up by his wife.

One of Keith's hands gripped the edge of the lounge tightly, cracking the wood whilst his other shakily reached down to gently hold her head.

"Don't-" Keith began but cut off to moan when his tip was taken into Allura's mouth. She suckled lightly, bobbing her head before releasing him to tease his ridges some more. He could see she was smirking and Keith wondered if she'd let him talk.

Exhaling shakily, he tried again, "Don't let me finish in your mouth." Allura threw him a questioning look, using both her thumb and tongue to rub along his ridges. Keith needed a moment to focus, biting back a loud groan poorly as his head fell back and his hips bucked.

He swallowed thickly when Allura eased off on her ministrations and he rolled his head to look down at her, panting, "Ridges. You'll choke."

Allura meanwhile shook her head and stroked him slowly, swapping hands with her other that was coated in her own slick, "I shall make myself bigger if I do." Her head dipped to lap up more of his pre leaking from his tip.

Keith couldn't speak as she suddenly deepthroated him and swallowed. He yelled and both of his hands snapped to hold her head in place, hips jerking uncontrollably; he forgot she had no gag reflex. She swallowed again and Keith had to push her head away as a warning that he was very close.

She did not let off and Keith grit his teeth together, trying to hold back when she started bobbing her head again and swallowed at every deepthroat. He was on the cusp and as a warning, he met her eyes desperately.

That got his wife to move, but she kept his tip inside her mouth as he orgasmed from just a flick of her tongue to his slit. Keith's head was thrown back and he groaned, spilling himself into Allura's mouth.

He shook through it and realised this orgasm felt different from all the others he'd had these past few quintents. When he finally stopped, he just slumped onto the lounge.

Allura slowly pulled off him and made sure to maintain eye contact with her husband as she knelt up. She tilted her head just so and made a show of swallowing before licking her lips.

She wiped at the corners of her mouth with her thumb and took joy in seeing Keith's pupils dilate.

After getting his breath back, Keith glanced down at himself and discovered he was still hard and his ridges had not flared up. Slowly, he sat up with every intention of examining his erection but Allura took him into her hand again. He hissed, feeling oversensitive, but she was gentle.

Slowly and carefully, she worked at his shaft and Keith sneakily moved one of his hands to slide two fingers into her wetness. She shivered, moaning softly.

Her other hand secured itself into his hair and pulled him into a hungry kiss. Keith shuddered and growled, returning it with equal fervour. He felt her tremble when he curled his fingers just right and she pulled away a little to moan, rocking her hips against his hand.

Keith's head dipped, pressing his mouth to her jaw then trailed further down with gentle nips. Allura exposed more of her throat to him and when she stroked him, the spark of pleasure that coursed through his body made him bite her. Her head fell back with a small hiss that turned into a whisper of encouragement as he lapped apologetically at the mark he left on her skin.

He felt her walls clench his fingers when he scraped his teeth down her throat and when he crooked his fingers as he withdrew them, his wife orgasmed with a breathy moan. Her hand left his aching erection to grasp his bicep, eyelids fluttering.

A small smile crept onto Keith's face when Allura's eyes refocused back onto his but before he could make any sort of remark, his wife pushed him onto his back and straddled him. Keith's eyes almost popped out of his skull and his breath caught in his throat, feeling her hands grip his wrists and pin them to the lounge.

Allura licked her lips, wriggling to get herself comfy and Keith hissed in pleasure, hips bucking up against her at feeling her hot wetness against the underside of his cock. She squeaked, bouncing a little from his motion.

When she settled, the response he got back was a look that dared him to do that again and when he did, Allura pushed her hips down onto his, restricting his movements. Keith exhaled shakily, blinking up at his wife as she lowered her upper body against his and slid her hands off his arms, framing his head instead with her forearms.

He stared into her eyes, purring softly when she began to play with his damp hair. And then she began to rock her hips. Slow and gentle were her movements and after a moment, Keith's hips began to move as well, just as gently. His hands held her hips, thumbs stroking her skin as Allura leaned up and kissed him.

They continued moving against one another until Allura pushed herself up onto her knees and reached down to hold his erection. He watched as she angled his length and then very slowly lowered herself to envelop him in her warmth.

Keith's jaw went slack and his head fell back, hands just touching his wife's hips as she took him in at an agonisingly slow pace. His breath hitched when he bottomed out only to groan when he felt her flutter around him and, unconsciously, his hips rolled against hers.

Allura gasped and placed her hands on his chest to keep herself upright, trembling.

"S-sorry," Keith stuttered, but his wife shook her head at him, smiling.

"It's all right." Her hands drifted a little further down his front, digits splaying over his abs when her bottom lip sucked into her mouth to quiet herself at her changing angle. She shivered, tensing up at the stimulation, "I-I just need a tick..."

Keith nodded, gently taking his hands from her hips to rest his elbows on the towel beneath him. He waited patiently, fingers stroking her knees until he felt Allura relax and her eyes met his, smiling lovingly at him. Unable to help himself, Keith found himself smiling back and he raised his hands up a little in invitation for her own to hold onto.

Steadying herself, Allura laced her fingers with his and with a calming breath, raised herself up a little and sank back down. She shook at her own descent and he inhaled sharply, fighting the urge to buck when her grip tightened on his hands.

When he was seated back inside her Allura shivered and shook her head, "I should not have had chocolate..."

His blood was boiling, willing him to move, but Keith steeled himself and swallowed, "Does it hurt?" He was ready to stop if it was too painful for his wife.

Her head shook again, "I am just more sensitive." Moving against him again she moaned softly only to hiss a little when he was balls deep once more. "I may need more time to adjust..."

The angle she was taking him also probably didn't help her sensitivity and Keith gently coaxed her to lie on him, pressing her chest to his. She did so, leaning on her forearms around his head again and when she rocked her hips, she nodded minutely breathing out that it felt much better like this. His hands held her thighs, feeling her muscles work as she gently rode him.

A few ticks passed and Keith's own hips began to buck in time to her movements, unable to stop himself. Toes curling, he felt his body tense, feeling every ridge of his length get teased and stroked. Despite orgasming recently, he felt the beginnings of this one starting to form.

Allura seemed to feel him react and gradually, she stopped moving, contenting herself with just sitting astride her husband with his cock buried deep inside her. Keith's breath rattled out of his chest and he looked at her questioningly but she smiled and carefully moved to kiss him.

He reciprocated, only to grunt when she began to move again and when he felt his orgasm building up once more, she slowed to a stop.

This carried on for doboshes but Keith did not say anything about it. He knew this was his wife adjusting to her chocolate-induced sensitivity and he was not going to rush it for fear of hurting her - his ridges would cause her immense pain when he finished if she was not prepared.

The last time this had happened, Allura had ridden him within an inch of his life and, after so many years from it happening, he was still reeling from it and he supposed Allura was too; neither of them could walk very well for a few days. This time though, his wife did not move from her position atop him, stroking her fingers through his hair as she set a gentle rhythm with her hips.

He rolled his own against hers, being just as gentle and he lost himself in her eyes, winding a hand up to cup her cheek. She leaned into his palm and her smile made her eyes sparkle before tilting her head just so to press a chaste kiss to his lips.

“Would it help to swap?” he asked when Allura stopped again, shuddering.

Trying to regulate her breathing, Allura shook her head, “It is getting easier.” Her own hand moved to stroke his cheek, fingers running over his scar, “Is this painful for you? I have stopped far too many times.”

She meant his halted orgasms but Keith kissed the heel of her palm and smiled, “I’d tell you if it was.” A purr escaped him that turned into a soft rumble and he nipped the skin of her wrist when her hand moved into his hair. Her fingers tightened when she took him deep suddenly and her hiss slowly became a gentle moan.

Her pace gradually began to quicken but Keith, groaning her name out, placed his hands on her hips and encouraged her to move slower.

“Sit up.”

And she did, automatically reaching for his hands to lace their fingers together. He placed his elbows onto the towel and let her use his arms as leverage when she began to roll her hips against his.

Keith had no idea how long Allura spent riding him, teasing him and fucking him, but all he knew was that when he finally came, bringing his wife over the edge as well with him, it wasn’t like the usual explosive sensation he had expected. It was a slow build, almost like waves lapping against the shore.

Allura tensed above him, her walls tight but it did not stop her from gently lowering herself to press the softest of kisses to his lips. Her hands let his go to hold her upper body up as she panted with him, palms pressed to the towel by his head. Keith could feel how hard her heart was beating through the inches of air between them, matching the rhythm of his own.

When he had somewhat got his breath under control, Keith found his hand wandering down to lightly run his fingers below her belly button before just holding his palm against her skin. Allura exhaled and looked at him curiously then smiled and moved her hand down to gently lay over his own.

“Alfor.”

Keith blinked, mind a little slow still before it figured out she was talking baby names. He blinked again when he realised there was no ‘i’ in Alfor or Connor but when he went to ask her she pushed his sweaty hair from his face and kissed his forehead.

“He’ll be named after the three greatest men we’ve ever known; Alfor, Connor and you.”

The backs of his eyes suddenly burned and Keith swallowed thickly. With his vision blurry, he reached up with both hands, cupped Allura’s face and pulled her into a soft kiss.

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There were many activities Keith and Allura could do at the resort for their remaining couple of quintents and they felt spoilt for choice with what to do.

The idea of spending a few varga in the spa made Allura’s eyes light up and Keith was inclined to use another training area that didn’t double as a foreplay room - the only exercise he’d gotten was bedroom related after all. But the fact that not many people knew they were here had them reconsider.

Instead, they contacted the resort owner for any recommendations where they didn’t have to interact with anybody. A flood of places came back as a response and half of them they could do at night where no one would use the facilities.

One they could do during the day was play something similar to tennis except the balls were sparkly and the aim was to hit targets in the opponent’s half of the court. The sparkles on the balls would stain the targets to indicate a hit and points were tallied that way.

What wasn’t disclosed was that it would also stain *anything* it hit and Keith was not at all happy to have a splatter of glitter on his left pectoral, even with Allura stating she liked sparkly things.

He got his revenge however.

After getting hit twice more on his torso he threw his bat down, vaulted over the strange floating net and chased her into a bear hug, smothering her in the glitter that covered him.

That night there was a light display that they could see from a hidden vantage point on their room, the stairway leading up to it tucked away in the swimming pool area. The smaller room they stepped into was shrouded in leaves and had a domed roof. There were soft chairs facing a large window which they were told was one-way so their privacy remained theirs and, with drinks in hand, Keith and Allura settled themselves into the chairs and waited for the lightshow to start.

The display was mesmerising. Whoever was in charge of the lights and holograms was a technological genius as a dragon and other creatures twisted into the dark sky. Music, that sounded like it was coming from a form of string instrument, began to play and the creatures seemed to settle down, like they were under a kind of spell.

The dragon swooped down, landing gingerly on a raised platform and Keith realised it was holding a large device that looked like a cross between a violin and a harp. A small chair materialised behind the dragon and with great care, it sat, adjusting the violin-harp into position. It plucked at the harp strings that curled underneath the wood of the violin's body with its claws and the creatures moved to bow low before the dragon.

A melody began to play out from the violin, the dragon's tail doubled as a bow whilst the claw of one wing swapped with a hand so the strings of the instrument could be held down.

Something seemed familiar about the tune but Keith could not pinpoint from where he had heard it before. His focus deviated from the dragon to just listen to the music but after a few ticks he gave up and looked at the creatures who were now dancing.

It was a slow dance, almost teasing with how close the creatures were from their respective partners. They would brush their equivalent of hands together but no prolonged touches as they circled the other, twirling and gently moving their arms.

After a few ticks of movement one of the creatures from each pair swept forward and wrapped their partner up in their arms, securing a hand on the waist and the opposing hand in their own. Then the lights dimmed and when they brightened up again each creature had been replaced with a humanoid wearing outfits similar to ballroom attire.

The melody slowed more and each couple swayed until the violin picked up and every pairing began to hasten their movements, twirling and gliding across the platform.

Keith glanced at his wife and noticed how bright her smile was, hands clasped together as she swayed in time to the music, humming in tune with the violin. Looking back at the show Keith realised Allura recognised the melody as well but it was when a few particular notes played out that he remembered where he had heard it before.

Instantly, he began to look around the room, assessing how large the place was before he stood and pushed his chair to the wall. Allura stared at him, baffled by what he was doing but when he grinned at her and offered his hand she understood and she too cleared space in the centre of the room.

Standing with but a foot between them Keith chuckled, "Hope I remember this right."

Allura giggled, "Maybe it'll come back to us? We did have to practise it for pheobs up until that day."

"It was six deca-pheobs ago. We haven't done this since our wedding," Keith grinned, following Allura's lead by raising his own hands to press his palms against hers. For a moment he just stared, reminded of how small her hands were compared to his now from when they first did this.

Allura looked up at him, moving herself to stand almost next to him, facing the opposite direction and she chuckled, "You were much shorter back then too so I doubt we can do much of the steps now." Her hands held his in line with their hips.

A quick glance at the low ceiling had Keith nod, "Maybe not in here." He moved with his wife, feeling her press her hip against his and they began to slowly turn in a small circle.

As they spun, more of their upper body touched until Allura stopped, let one of his hands go and twirled out with his other until both their arms were fully outstretched.

With bright, amused smiles, Keith gently tugged her back in and she spun until her back was to his chest, catching his free hand in her own and laying both of his palms over her lower belly.

There they swayed in time to the music and Keith pressed a kiss to her shoulder, feeling Allura swap which of her hands held his.

"At this part you would lift me up..." she trailed off, sliding his hands to her hips as she looked at him over her shoulder.

He nodded, remembering, "Into a throw wasn't it?" His fingers tightened against her skin, "And then I'd catch you?"

Allura smiled, "I cannot remember but I do know that was part of our story." She looked down at his hands and moved them back to below her bellybutton, leaning into his chest. "I wonder if what we'd done was even in the correct order."

Keith chuckled, "You remembered more than me." With a soft purr, he dipped his head to nuzzle into her neck, cradling her lower belly as he recalled his wife suggesting they call their son Alior. His mind had wandered to what if they had a daughter instead and for the entire duration of washing the stupid glitter off of his body earlier he was focused on thinking of names.

Kyra and Melia were what his brain had conjured up and he recalled hearing Kyra before from *somewhere* and liking the name. Melia meanwhile was an attempt at combining Melenor, Krolia and Allura's names together but it sounded more like he just took their mothers' names instead.

Allura kissed his scarred cheek and her hand gently stroked his hair, "Keith?"

He leaned into her touch, "I was thinking of names after you suggested Alior for a son." His thumbs stroked against her skin, "What if we had a daughter? We need names for both..."

His wife's other hand reached down to stroke his arm and she looked at him curiously, the fingers in his hair becoming a gentle scratch. Keith purred, pulling her even closer to his front.

"I tried combining names like you did but it just sounds like I missed you out," he sighed against her shoulder, shaking his head lightly. "Melia is one name I thought of and Kyra is another. I couldn't decide on just one." His eyes flicked to what he could see of her face and he saw she was thinking them over, her thumb tracing a very faint scar on his forearm as she did.

Allura turned a little in his arms to look at him properly, “Kyra... I think she was on a mural in the temple we had our ceremony at.”

Keith shrugged, “I couldn’t remember where I heard it. I just like the name.” He smiled when Allura tucked her head under his chin and started to sway. “What do you think?”

“Kyra and Melia...” she started, wrapping her arms around his middle, “I like them too. I can understand why you couldn’t decide on one.” Letting out a gentle hum, she nuzzled his neck, “I hope we have two daughters, just so we can use them both.”

Keith smiled, also liking that idea. “But what if we have two sons?” Upon asking, Keith felt her smirk against his skin and he immediately knew what she was going to say, letting his hands slowly drift down to her sides.

“Then he’ll be called Confer.” Her voice quivered, feeling the pads of his digits rest against her skin and Keith purposely delayed the inevitable, looking down at her with a raised and unimpressed eyebrow.

Allura smiled up at him sweetly, trying to step away but that was when he started to tickle her and she squirmed against him all the while laughing loudly.

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The music had ended long ago and the lightshow was coming to an end but the royal couple did not care, joined together at the hips.

Allura was on Keith’s lap, legs spread wide and back to his chest. Keith’s hands gripped under her knees, keeping them raised and open as well as helping to hold her body in position. Her own fingers were lost in his hair and clung to his thigh, holding his head to her throat where he had nipped at her skin during their vigorous lovemaking.

He was panting against her skin, heartbeat matching that of his wife’s and he shuddered, feeling the last of his orgasm wash through him.

Allura went limp above him but her grip did not relent so he knew she hadn’t passed out. He hooked his chin over her shoulder and let out a soft rumble, lightly pressing his temple to her own. A light hum was her response, pausing to catch her breath before she pushed back gently.

Slowly, Keith let Allura’s legs down, being mindful of how they were locked together to prevent their joining from causing either of them any discomfort. He felt her hand in response release his thigh and watched as it moved to above her womb where she stroked her own skin.

She was thinking, judging by the gentle tapping of her index finger and then she tilted her head to look at him.

“I am starting to think we cannot hide my pregnancy from everyone. Even if my wardrobe was altered in secret.” At Keith’s confused frown, Allura chuckled. “Some of the people we

see have gone through pregnancies and will *know*. Your mother for instance-”

“You’re altean though, so unless they themselves are altean they won’t know.”

Allura tapped her chin in thought, “That is true. We do not see many alteans around the castle and Romelle has not had any children yet. Coran may be able to tell as he had a son... and he may regale me with stories of his wife’s pregnancies when he finds out.”

“He’ll also be a grandpa to our kids.”

There was a long pause and Keith watched as a soft look fell onto his wife’s face. She nodded and cuddled into him as best as she could regarding their positioning.

“He’ll want to be called Grandpop Coran,” she laughed, wiping away a tear. “He’ll spoil them and he’ll love them so much.”

Keith nodded, smiling at the mental image of Coran getting emotional at being told he’d be a grandad. He nuzzled his wife gently, placing his hands over her own against her lower belly. “I think Mom and Coran should be the first to know since they will be our kid’s grandparents.”

“When we know, we’ll host an important meeting. And I would like to have pictures to show them as well.” Allura leaned her head back onto Keith’s shoulder, “But I don’t know anyone who will keep quiet about...” she trailed off only to smirk. “Colleen Holt can help us.”

Keith was about to question his wife’s thought process but Colleen had indeed kept Pidge’s first pregnancy quiet. He nodded, chuckling, “She’ll be pretty smug knowing before anyone else.”

“She is the only one I know who can work an ultrasound machine.”

“What about Ryner? The Olkari can come here and do it for us in private. Pidge’s mom will raise suspicions with human tech involved. Plus we can get moving videos with Olkari technology.”

Allura laughed in glee, “We can then send them to Coran and Krolia’s devices for them to keep.” Her grin widened. “We can pretend we have some information to show them and when they see the video on their devices...” She laughed in excitement and Keith chuckled with her.

“We’ll have to talk to her and see if she’s fine with doing that for us first. Ryner’s smart so she’ll come up with some reason to see us that no one will suspect anything.” Keith hissed as he slipped free from his wife and Allura shuddered before stretching and moving to stand up.

She wobbled, squatting down to hang onto the edge of the plush sofa. She laughed, “As much as that position was enjoyable, I must ask we do not do that again for a while - my legs are not agreeing with me currently.”

Keith chuckled, stood and with a gentle touch, scooped his wife up into his arms. He carried her from the tiny room and down the stairs to the pool room, “That’s fine; my arms aren’t

agreeing with me either.”

Allura’s eyes narrowed at him then at the pool, “I swear if you so much as think of-”

He laughed, stepping through the gape in the kitchen wall, “I won’t. I’m taking us to the bathtub. My arms can hold out until then.”

Chapter End Notes

So this is much later than I had wanted and I had a chunk of this chapter removed to start chapter 7 rolling (and it sounded better as the next chapter anyway).

Life kicked my ass really hard and then I had writer's block. I spent most of my time working on the plan for the prequel to this so maybe expect that to be worked on after I'm done with this story.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

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

There was an endless void around him but as he let his eyes adjust, Keith recognised this place almost instantly.

It was inside an old, exploded planet with just enough artificial gravity to keep oxygen in the atmosphere and his feet on the platform. Hexagonal shielding branched the gaping holes where the planet's crust was missing, providing protection from the nearby star. The area was vast and illuminated by the huge ball of quintessence floating out in the middle of a raised circular platform.

He also knew to follow his orders: stop anyone from ending the ritual.

He could do that.

Watching carefully, he dropped down from his perch in the blackness overhead, driving both of his swords into where the blue paladin had been standing. She cried his name out, asked what he was doing but he ignored her, glaring as she stood from her roll and manifested her bayard to her side. Her helmet was missing, having removed it before the long chase into the room.

As long as Haggar could complete what she wanted to do, then he had done his job.

Allura's whip slashed the floor by his feet but Keith didn't react. He knew she couldn't hurt him - she wouldn't dare to. So that made it all the more easier to move closer and slash at her with his sword. Sparks flew from where it impacted the floor.

The princess rolled away again, flinging out with her whip and when she spared a glance at the witch, Keith stood up, tightened his grip on both his Mamoran blade and bayard and rushed towards her, taking advantage of her distraction.

Except she reacted quickly, ear twitching at hearing his movement and her bayard dissolved back into the internal storage of her armour. Her eyes met his before she twisted, catching his wrist holding his blade and her other hand curled up to hold the back of his head.

He stared at her, taken by surprise at her actions and then she leaned up, lips pressing against his and the fog that had shrouded his mind started to clear.

A clatter sounded out as he dropped his bayard and Keith felt himself respond. He slowly pushed back, regaining control over his body again. But then she pulled away, sliding her hand from his hair to his unscarred cheek and she smiled.

There was a sudden flash of darkness, zipping out from the corner of his eye. The sound of her armour shattering rang in his ears and Keith felt the hard floor hit his knees as he fell,

catching Allura in his arms. She gasped once, feeling the dark magic the witch had fired ravage her body.

Her bright blue eyes looked up into his and he watched in horror as the life quickly drained from her.

His heart stopped. His lungs froze. He gently tried to shake her, as if hoping she'd open her eyes and smile at him but her arms fell limply from where she had grasped at him. The backs of his eyes suddenly burned.

“Allura?”

She was silent.

He lay her down carefully, trying not to look at the break in her armour where the magic had struck her.

He was shaking, trying to contain the anger surging through him but when he looked over and saw the satisfied smile on Haggar's face, he summoned his bayard back into his left hand and his grip tightened on his Marmoran blade in his right.

Keith had moved too late to save Allura and he didn't know if what she had done to clear his mind would last long enough to avenge her. He stood, fighting back tears and wasted no time rushing towards the robed figure.

Haggar didn't move at first. Just watching him run to her with murder in his eyes. But it was when he was mere feet from eviscerating her that she calmly raised her hand and he felt himself crumple.

His legs gave out and his weapons both clattered to the floor. The moment his knees hit the metal, the witch's voice crawled back inside his mind.

“Your quintessence is *mine*, Black Paladin.”

Keith's eyes snapped open. Sitting bolt upright, he saw the suite's bedroom in a soft blue glow and he exhaled shakily, letting himself sink back into the covers.

His heart was pounding and his lungs burned from his panting. The backs of his eyes ached as well; almost crying when he saw his wife alive and asleep next to him. Though he had to watch her chest rise and fall a few times to actually confirm that she was alive before he sat up. Shaky hands ran through his hair as he slowly slid out of bed.

Creeping out of the bedroom he homed in on the sink in the cubicle of the bathroom and when he looked at himself he winced.

His face was paler than normal, his hair was messier than usual and his pupils had become slits in his distress. Checking his teeth he saw they were slightly sharp and a quick glance at his hands clarified his fingernails were normal.

Filling the sink up with cool water Keith bent down and splashed it over his face.

It had been years since he'd last had that nightmare and longer still for Allura to have had one similar where she failed to bring him back. She lived in her nightmares though whereas Keith always perished with her in his.

Because it had been so long he felt himself shake and he didn't realise he'd been gripping the edges of the sink until he heard it cracking under his white-knuckled hold. Slowly, he relaxed his hands and gently pried his fingers from the rim of the basin.

Then he heard movement and when he looked at the doorway to the cubicle he saw Allura standing there, one hand against the doorframe. All it took was one look at him for her to understand. He didn't chuff in greeting either and that only ever happened after a nightmare.

Slowly, she closed the space between them, picked up a dry cloth and gently dried his face.

She made sure to keep one hand on his face as she ran the cloth over his skin. Keith stared down at her, eyes wide and shimmering with unshed tears. Lightly pressing the fabric under his eyes, Allura coaxed him down to press his forehead to hers where she whispered that he saved her. They were both safe; Haggar was no longer around.

Keith's shaky arms snaked around her body, pulling her to him and his face found her shoulder. "I saved you. You brought me back. We're alive."

His wife hugged him back just as tightly, "We are alive."

Letting the sink empty, Allura was careful in guiding him back to the bedroom, keeping herself facing him with a gentle smile. She let his wrists go, crawling onto the bed and laying down on her back, and when she opened her arms to invite him to cuddle he didn't need to be asked twice. He crawled onto the bed over her and pressed his ear against her chest, where her beating heart helped soothe his anxiety further; he did save her all those years ago. She knew what he needed and he lay the rest of himself against her, his hands sliding under her body to hold her to him.

Her fingers tangled into his hair and he sighed softly, gradually relaxing in her hold. Then he felt her nails lightly scratch his scalp and without thinking, he began purring.

Allura's legs shifted but Keith didn't move; he'd know if she wanted him to give her some room. He felt the covers being pulled up over them and he closed his eyes, falling asleep in his wife's arms.

When he woke up again he found himself still in his wife's arms but his head was tucked under her chin and they had rolled onto their sides. His arms were loosely wrapped around her.

His hair was being stroked and, shifting back a little, he looked up at her. Her gorgeous blues stared back at him and he chuffed unconsciously, turning into a soft rumble, then a steady purr when her nails started touching his scalp. She stopped too soon for his liking and Keith exhaled softly when her hand slid down to cup his scarred cheek and caressed it with her thumb.

He leaned into her touch, closing his eyes. She was doing everything that she could to confirm she was alive and with him, like how he would do the same for her. Feeling her finger tilt his head up slightly he cracked an eye open to see her lean in and lightly press her lips to his. He reciprocated, pulling her impossibly closer and letting his hands wander up and down her naked back, just feeling her.

There was a light pressure on his shoulder and Keith complied to the silent request, rolling to lie on his back. Breaking the kiss briefly, Allura settled over him then reclaimed his lips, one hand in his hair, the other over his heart.

Keith found his fingers undecided about where to touch her; her back, her face, her arms and her buttocks were all held for a moment until he settled on curling the digits of one hand around her thigh, and tunnelling the other into her own flowing locks.

His palm against her leg encouraged Allura into slowly sliding her knees over his own thighs so she could straddle his hips. She brushed his morning wood accidentally and muffled an apology against his lips when he grunted. His response was a slight shake of the head, pulling away just enough to lick his lips as he chuckled, saying it was fine.

Both of her hands were in his hair now and Keith smiled at her, linking his fingers around her lower back. "Thank you," he said. His wife shook her head and she was smiling back at him. He knew what she was about to say so he nuzzled her, "You're with me; you'll always be with me and you'll always be there for me." He gave her a gentle squeeze, "And I'll always be there for you."

Allura's look softened and she leaned up to press a chaste kiss to his lips, "Always."

There was a ding and Allura sat up curiously, her palms spread over his abs to keep herself upright. She glanced at her datapad, back down at her husband and gave him an apologetic look as she climbed off of him to grab it.

He moved to sit up as well but his own datapad dinging had him blink and reach out to swipe it off the bedside table.

It was Lance and he had sent a few attachments. Along with a few emoticons that Keith had learnt to associate with Lance being a proud father. He smiled and rolled his eyes, knowing the images would be of Luis and Marco.

Allura sighing in relief made Keith glance at her and as she typed a reply she spoke, sitting herself down beside him, "Pidge can't sleep. So she's been awake thinking things over and she's remembered a conversation we had many deca-pheobs ago about 'cycles'." She looked at her husband, "I had been worried when I saw blood on her person once; I feared she had been cut below the waist but she explained to me the menstruation cycle humans go through. I... then told her about the altean fertility cycle and we compared them."

Keith just frowned initially, nodding along but when his eyes darted to the conversation Pidge had started on the screen his brow shot up. "Oh." There was a chance Pidge may have figured them out. She would then tell her own husband, who would then in turn start telling everyone else.

“But,” Allura interrupted, going back to reading what Pidge was typing, “as we have always told everyone that we were going to wait before we started a family, she believes we’re using other methods to warm me up. And she wants to check on how I’m doing.”

Keith visibly relaxed, sighing in relief. “And if we hadn’t decided now, what would have helped warm you up?”

Allura lay down, shuffling to get into a more comfortable position on her back. She gave up after a tick of wriggling however, moving to press the length of her body into her husband’s instead as Keith settled back down into the sheets. “Hot beverages, hot baths and heat patches would have worked. They wouldn’t have been as effective as copulation, but it would have made the chill more manageable.”

Pidge pinging through another message redirected his wife’s attention and Keith chuckled at seeing Allura ask how the Bean was. He outright laughed when Pidge started telling her about how Sofiya was kicking her dad earlier when he put his hands on her bump. And the twins had been talking to her, telling her about all of the things they couldn’t wait to show and teach her.

Keith shook his head, smiling fondly, “That explains the photos Lance sent me.” He felt Allura rest her head on his shoulder as he brought up the images.

One of them looked like a weird ritual where Marco and Luis were positioned around their mother’s bump, all four of their hands touching. Pidge, sat on the sofa, looked done and was glaring at Lance behind the camera, presumably halfway through threatening him not to immortalise this moment. Their dog, a tri-colour bull terrier named Peanut-Butter, courtesy of the kids, had his nose nudging what he could reach of Pidge’s stomach.

Allura blinked at that photo in particular and then burst out laughing at the following image where a cushion obscured most of the screen. The next one Pidge had somehow got hold of the camera and the photo was of Lance being pinned down by Peanut-Butter and getting tickled by their kids. Pidge’s hand was off to the side giving the view an approving thumbs up.

The final photo Lance had said he didn’t realise the kids had taken. It was of him pressing his ear to his wife’s bump and he was talking, head tilted up just enough so he could see his wife’s face. Pidge was looking back down at him, running her fingers through his hair with the softest smile on her face. Her other hand had twined her fingers with his, gently pressed to the side of her bump.

It was a tender moment but what made Keith and Allura laugh hard was the icon of a face, sticking its tongue out in disgust at the bottom of the photo. The twins had probably figured out how to do that by accident.

Pidge’s next message made Allura tilt her head slightly before her shoulders dropped and she pulled a face. Keith felt her movement and glanced down. Then his eyes flicked to the conversation and he understood. Sofiya was getting sent gifts from various people across the universe. But it was the mention of someone offering to be a nanny that caused Allura to react as she did.

When the rumours about Allura being pregnant started spreading a few deca-pheobs ago, they too had been offered many things along with congratulations. A handful of which were wetnurses, nannies and bodyguards.

Allura had said to her husband that even if she was pregnant, she'd still decline. The guards they had were already the best anyone could offer and Klaizap knew that on a daily basis. Nannies were not needed; Allura intended on spending as much time as possible with their future children, with Keith also wanting to do the same. And alteans breastfed for three years, something Allura planned on sticking to, ignoring the wetnurse offers from particular queens claiming that it was beneath royalty to feed offspring in such a way.

Keith's eyes flicked back to the word 'nanny' and his nose wrinkled. He too had been sent messages offering up the same as his wife had been getting, but it was the spouses of the queens telling him to discourage breastfeeding that had him set up an automatic reply to decline and state that the rumours were false. The claim was that in order to maintain a queen's dignity, he must accept the offer of a wetnurse from someone otherwise everyone else would think poorly of her. When he asked them what Allura had said to the same offer they went quiet and he knew they were desperate if they thought he would comply.

He rolled his eyes back then and he unconsciously rolled his eyes now at remembering it. And he grumbled a little at realising they'd be getting them again when they felt ready to share that their family of three (Kosmo counted) was expanding.

His own device pinging brought his attention back and redirected his thoughts to his mother sending him a schedule for their return.

He blinked. Blinked again and had to nudge his wife to clarify he wasn't just imagining things when all he saw was one thing booked.

It was a meeting. First thing when they got back but Keith understood it was to talk to I'ik about his punishment.

Dressed up in their disguises, the owner, who they found out through Pidge was called Saf, met them outside the door still wearing next to nothing. He had a smile on his face and Allura adjusted her mask as she made herself grow taller, "We thank-"

"I apologise for our furniture not being able to keep up with your demands and causing you many inconveniences as we repaired them. The next time you visit, Your Majesties, we'll provide a room with more suitable furnishings." Saf didn't even blink, holding his hand out for the keycard.

Allura had frozen, halfway through handing the card over and her voice stopped. Keith didn't need to see her face to know she was embarrassed; Saf had been alerted about half a varga before that they had broken the bed after all.

He heard his wife's mouth click shut through her mask and she nodded. "I was not sure if we could come back considering..." she trailed off.

Saf chuckled, plucking the card from her fingers and shook his head, “This happens all the time. We know that stronger materials are needed should you want to come back.”

Keith activated his own mask to hide his reddening cheeks. “Do you want money for the repairs? We, uh... broke a lot-”

A hand waving cut him off and the owner grinned, “It’s already been taken care of.”

Nodding, the prince consort felt a little better. He cleared his throat, “Thanks for the accommodation. We’ll be sure to come back when we can.”

Allura folded her hands together and leaned forwards in a small bow, “Yes. We thoroughly enjoyed our stay and will return in the future.”

Saf bowed low to them and when he straightened he led them to where their ship was located and watched them board. He waved, promising not to tell anybody that they had visited as per Krolia’s request.

As Keith was getting himself into the pilot’s seat, Allura removed her mask and spotted her husband tense up suddenly.

“Something wrong?”

Keith’s own mask deactivated and he looked back at his wife, “Mom and Kolivan paid for this and they’ll get the bill for everything we broke.” Allura’s hands shot up to her mouth but before Keith could say more he saw her shoulders shake and he rolled his eyes instead, going back to the controls.

“We can just give her the money back,” Allura said, trying to stem her giggles. She walked over to her husband and wrapped her arms around his shoulders, stooping a little so she could press her cheek to his own. He smiled.

“I-” A ding from Keith’s pocket cut him off and, when his wife backed off so he could retrieve his datapad, he groaned loudly at the message he’d just recieved. At the quirk of an eyebrow from Allura, Keith turned his device so she could see the screen and he looked off to the side, embarrassed.

I see you had fun.

When another ding echoed out, Keith just let Allura read them, far too embarrassed to see for himself. He busied himself with getting the ship ready to take off and set the coordinates in to return to Arus. Glancing at his wife, he saw she was typing away and getting messages back in quick succession, a look of bewilderment on her face.

That wasn’t what he was expecting and curiosity won out. “What did she say?”

Allura shook her head in disbelief, “I told her we were willing to pay her back but she has refused. She has also refused to share how much it came to just in case we try to buy her something of equal value.” She smiled slightly, “As long as we are happy then that is all that

matters’.” She turned the device back to Keith and showed him the exact quote from his mother.

Their ship rumbled to life as more messages came through from Krolia; when they were leaving, the plan to sneak them back into their room and the story to tell when anyone asked where they had been.

Allura chewed on her bottom lip. “Kosmo’s meeting us in the hangar.” She glanced up at her husband and Keith groaned, dropping his head into his hands.

“He’ll recognise us straight away!”

“Your mother said she’s got it covered though?” At this, Keith uncovered his face and just stared at his wife in confusion. Allura shrugged, wondering what Krolia could have done.

As they landed, they checked and double checked their disguises before signalling they would disembark the ship. When the ramp lowered they were met with a sight.

Kosmo was waiting for them as Krolia had said, but he didn’t yip or get excited at seeing them again. He was more concerned with the booties on his paws, trying desperately to remove them. Teleporting didn’t work and he sighed, seemingly coming to accept that this was his life now.

Keith had many questions; why, how, when and what, but trying to keep stoic behind his mask was proving to be more of a priority at seeing his wolf shake his paws in an attempt to free them.

Allura was faring no better, clearing her throat frequently to hide bouts of giggles.

Realising they were spending a little too long to move, they started their descent and Kosmo paid little attention to them, taking to chewing on the straps. Stopping before the wolf, they didn’t need to speak but had to look away at how he scooped round so his butt touched their legs.

A flash of light changed their surroundings and Kosmo teleported away, leaving them alone in their bedroom.

As much as they wanted to relax until their meeting, they had to change quickly as Krolia was going to see them in ten dooshes and Kosmo was going to be with her just to get his excitement out of the way. They didn’t want anyone wondering why the wolf was so happy to see them if they’d been allegedly cooped up in their bedroom and private garden for the past movement.

Keith stripped himself off as he hopped towards his wardrobe, hearing Allura dash into the bathroom to organise their toiletries; he had offered to do it but Allura stated he’d get their shelves wrong. Truthfully he had in the past and he was the one who suffered - Allura’s shampoo made his hair incredibly glossy and ridiculously poofy to the amusement of his wife. Kosmo had taken offense and teleported away upon the sight of his stupidly big and shiny hair. Keith had learnt his lesson after that but it didn’t stop him from trying to help.

Wrenching the doors open, he took care in hiding his disguise behind an array of suits, as ordered by his mother, before picking up an undersuit that went with his galtean body armour.

He was halfway through getting dressed when his wife reappeared in just her underclothes, her own disguise rolled up under her arm whilst her other hand was tucking her hair back behind her. She was back to her normal size and she smiled at him, disappearing into her walk-in wardrobe before either of their gazes lingered for too long.

Just as Keith was finishing dressing himself Allura walked back out in her galtean-styled form-fitting dress, the hem lightly brushing her flat shoes and she homed in on her vanity just a few feet from her wardrobe.

Keith had his own mirror in his wardrobe door and he twisted his body repeatedly to make sure his commander sashes were on correctly. Happy that they were, he reached into his wardrobe again, pulled a hair tie out and started tying his hair back into a low ponytail.

There was a bright flash in the corner of his eye and he knew who it was. Finalising the twist of the tie, he closed the doors and turned to see his mother and wolf in the centre of the room. Kosmo was missing his booties now and when he finished stretching out, like he was relishing the freedom, he looked around the room and saw his master. Keith had barely enough time to react as his wolf bounded over, whimpering in absolute joy and jumped at him, tail wagging a mile a dobosh.

Catching Kosmo's front paws with his arm, Keith wrapped his other hand around Kosmo's huge head and started ruffling his fur, letting his wolf rub his head all over him like he was trying to squirm further into his hold.

Allura was fixing her hair, tying half of it back out of her face and braiding it as she looked at her husband and his wolf in the mirror. She giggled only to glance down at her dressing table when she heard a series of squeaks.

"Oh, hello my little darlings!" she said, freeing a hand up to give the four altean mice a series of chin scratches. She beamed down at them, giggling when Platt, the yellow mouse, started telling her a story. The other three mice scampered up her arm and dove into her hair, fully intent on helping her.

Feeling the little tugs of their tiny paws, Allura gently released her hair and froze when she saw Krolia behind her overseeing the mice.

Krolia chuckled, "I see you two had fun."

Fighting the urge to whirl round and give her mother-in-law a hug Allura nodded, feeling heat rush to her cheeks. "We definitely needed it, thank you."

There was a bit of a scuffle behind her and Keith calling Kosmo an asshole was quickly muffled. Allura saw his reflection had been squashed by his very happy wolf. Kosmo's tail was a blur and she had to look away, afraid her laughter may ruin the braid.

Gentle fingers plucked up a few strands that the mice lost and handed them back over. Krolia then reached over the queen's shoulder and procured a sparkly clip, passing it to the mice, "Don't feel like you have to be here all the time. You are allowed breaks too you know." She smiled, "Kolivan and I can sit in for the both of you."

Allura nodded appreciatively. "It wasn't too difficult in our absence was it?"

Krolia shook her head, watching her son's reflection wrestle Kosmo off of his body. "Astoundingly, with I'ik no longer around to insist on being the centre of attention, it could not have been smoother." She looked between what she could see of Keith's head and her daughter-in-law, "Kolivan said he'd been sending you regular reports."

Keith's muffled squeak of a 'yep' made his mother smile. Kosmo had taken to sitting directly over his master's torso, tail slapping Keith's face happily as the wolf stared at Allura through the mirror. Kosmo's mouth was open, tongue lolling out and he was looking very pleased with himself despite his huge paws being dangerously close to his master's groin. Keith poked his butt and the wolf adjusted his weight, sliding off into a roll onto his back.

There was a gentle click of the hair clip and the mice ran out onto her shoulder, squeaking at Platt. The yellow mouse looked over Allura's hair and he gave them a thumbs up, happy with what they'd done. Allura waited for them to be on her dressing table before she thanked them, stood up, turned and gave her mother-in-law a hug.

Krolia laughed, giving her a light squeeze. She moved away, watching her son struggle to sit up with Kosmo pawing at him for more pets. Her hand patted her thigh, "Kosmo, come."

Kosmo's ears fell and his eyes seemed to get bigger, lowering his head towards his master's mother.

"That doesn't work on me. I need you to teleport me out and Kolivan can take you for a walk after we're done with I'ik."

That got the wolf moving. Pushing off Keith with both paws he trotted over.

Keith took that moment to stand up and fix his clothes, grumbling all the while about how much he loved his wolf but he was still an asshole. At least Kosmo got his excitement at seeing him again out of his system. Keith paused suddenly, "Wait, you're not walking with us?"

Krolia shook her head, sliding her hand into Kosmo's fur when he was close enough. "Kolivan and I are escorting I'ik as he needs to be present for his hearing. His cousins will be informed via live feed." She gave the wolf a quick scratch, "Klaizap will walk with you. He should be here any tick now."

With a quick salute, she disappeared with Kosmo in a flash of light just as the doors to their room opened up and Klaizap marched in, tiny spear in hand.

He stopped before them, bowed to Allura and saluted at Keith, "Great Lion Goddess and Prince Angry, the Mother of Blades has requested that I, the bravest warrior, escort you to

your meeting.”

Sharing a quick look, Keith and Allura nodded at each other before the Prince stepped closer and held his elbow out. Allura smiled, linking her arm with his and pulling him close.

As they walked, Klaizap spoke about a few things that had happened in the castle, and he was saying them in such a way like he was reminding them rather than informing them. Keith was pleased to learn that the vents had been altered so no one could sneak through them again. The arusian also kept glancing back at the royal couple and Keith wondered if it was to either check they were still following or to see if they were unharmed. Or both. Klaizap wouldn't have taken it well if they'd been harmed away from his protection.

The first thing Keith noticed when they entered the meeting room was the large vacant side of the table closest to the door and he immediately realised that that was where I'ik would stand. The other leaders were situated on the opposite side, leaving two spaces directly in the middle for Allura and himself. Hoosh and Xarcuvio were on Allura's left, Vu'rv and Papcha on the right. Ché was at the end of the table, the closest he was allowed to be to his sibling without encroaching on the bare side.

Hoosh's ears pivoted on her little head and when she looked at them her tail started wagging. “My Queen!” Hopping up onto the table the corgi-alien bowed, “And Prince Keith.” She straightened up, watching them slowly walk around the table to their seats. “How was your time away?”

“Let them be seated first Hoosh,” Xarcuvio chuckled, inclining his flat head at them in greeting from where he was sitting. “A pleasure to see you again, Your Majesties.”

Vu'rv nodded their heads at Allura, Papcha gave her a tiny wave and Ché stood up, fanning his fingers out under his beak. “Queen Allura and Prince Keith.” His pince-nez stayed still on his beak as he bowed and straightened. Pressing his scaly fingers onto the table he leaned on them, red feathers flattened, “By the Ascended above I apologise for everything my brother has done.”

Allura shook her head, sitting herself down as her husband seated himself in the chair directly to her left. Klaizap stood behind them. “It is not your fault Ché; you did not know he would do any of this.”

Ché sighed, nodding, “No one did. He does regret what he's done, now fully realising what his actions have inadvertently caused for the ikzul.” The chief smiled wryly, “He tried to apologise to me as well but it's not just me who needs it. Everyone in this room, the planets he targeted and our own ikzul kind.”

Hoosh piped up after climbing back down into her seat, “Will he change his tone learning his punishment isn't death?”

Sighing again, Ché shrugged, “I hope not - this is the first time I've ever seen him look so apologetic. He may want to try and help protect our people, but he might target someone else instead realising his life was spared the first time. They may not be so kind as to give him a

chance to redeem himself again and that is my main worry; he won't learn from this and I will lose my brother. I... don't know if I can help him again."

Xarcuvio shifted in his seat, leaning forwards and lacing his fingers together. "Hopefully when it's explained to him he'll understand and won't try it again in the future."

Allura nodded, "If he should try it again however, do not be afraid to contact us. We will help you in any way we can."

The main doors suddenly opened up and Krolia along with Kolivan walked in. Behind them, I'ik followed, head low and hands cuffed together in front of him. Kosmo took up the rear.

The only noises in the room were the steady footsteps of the two galra and the clicking of I'ik's and Kosmo's claws as the ikzul was led to the table.

Waiting for Krolia and Kolivan to flank the avian, Keith merely looked at Kosmo and the wolf obeyed the silent command, teleporting to sit behind his master. I'ik's head lifted slightly and when he locked eyes with the cosmic canine he lowered his gaze again quickly, seeing the sharp teeth bared at him.

Krolia and Kolivan crossed their fist over their chests and bowed. "Queen Allura, we have brought Goldfeather I'ik as requested to be tried."

"Thank you, Commander Krolia and Commander Kolivan." Both galra bowed again and took several steps back, leaving I'ik alone before the mighty leaders. The ikzul maintained his gaze on the floor, his crest flat and his shoulders slumped.

Allura slowly rose in the corner of Keith's eye and he readied himself to follow suit.

"I am Allura Kogane, Queen of the Galtean Empire. I speak for myself."

Using her full name instead of just her title alone almost made Keith nearly forget to stand. He swallowed, trying to hide his surprise and cleared his throat, "I am the Prince Consort of the Galtean Empire. I speak for myself."

One by one, the other leaders stood in turn.

Hoosh, "I am the Grand Duchess of the Girock. I speak for myself."

Vu'rv, "I am the Speaker of the Elisk. I speak for myself."

Xarcuvio, "I am the Emperor of the Barbudans. I speak for myself."

Papcha, "I'm the Great Shaman of the Kroat. I speak for myself."

Ché slowly got to his feet. "I am Ché, Feathered Chief of the Ikzul. I speak for myself." I'ik flinched at Ché's words but raised his head when everyone sat back down except Allura.

"Goldfeather I'ik," she began and I'ik averted his gaze. "You understand why you are here, do you not?"

Keith watched the ikzul carefully as the avian nodded. He seemed conflicted, like he was holding something back and that set the prince on edge. He shifted slightly in his seat just in case he needed to react quickly.

“You have been charged with attempted genocide, attempted regicide, attempted kidnapping, vandalism of altean property and assault. Do you deny these?”

I’ik looked deflated but he shook his head. “I... no, I do not, but...” he took a deep breath, stood tall and stared at the table in front of him. “After reflection on my actions, I have realised what I did was wrong and for that I am sorry.” I’ik looked at Ché, ignoring the frown on his brother’s face, “Talking to my brother helped me understand that my selfish wants have impacted the outside view of the ikzul. It didn’t occur to me that that would happen. My intention was to lead us to greatness. To prove I was the one they needed all along by providing food, wealth and a strong bloodline. I didn’t stop to consider the consequences.

“All because I was jealous I have sentenced my own kind to death. Some of the planets I infected all hold the death penalty to anyone who compromises their safety. They will think all ikzul act in the same way I did and will hunt them down as punishment. Only I behaved in that way therefore I should be the one who takes this punishment.”

Looking around, I’ik held his wrists out, “Can... can you uncuff me? I need to do something and my arms must be free.”

Keith watched as Ché leaned forwards, like he had an inkling as to what his sibling was going to do. Everyone looked at the ikzul chief and when Ché nodded, Krolia stepped forwards to uncuff him, reversing back to her spot when I’ik’s hands were free.

Kosmo stood up, ready to pounce and both Krolia and Kolivan subtly moved themselves to intercept in case the ikzul tried anything. Even Keith shifted his legs more, positioned so he could launch himself in front of his wife to protect her.

Rubbing his wrists, I’ik nodded at Krolia, “Thank you.” He turned to face the leaders, spaced his legs apart a little and held himself tall, hands by his sides. His hands crossed over his chest, fingers splayed out and with an exhale he threw them back out behind him. As he did this, he lowered down onto his knees. Sitting on his scaly feet, he pressed his forehead to the floor, curling his beak to his chest.

Ché stood up instantly, hands on the table. He looked ready to rush to his sibling but was fighting to hold himself back. “I’ik, are you sure?”

Papcha raised himself in his seat to look down at the blue ikzul, “What is he doing?”

“He is no longer Goldfeather. He has clipped his wings and... I’ik, are you sure?”

I’ik’s voice was slightly muffled but he spoke without hesitation, “You’re telling everyone about what I’ve done and a member of the Goldfeathers would cause a war, threatening all ikzul. A member of the Fallen would not. The lowest ranked ikzul will be seen as a mere pest trying to gain something they have never had or experienced. That is what I am.”

“I’ik, please stand.”

“Spare our cousins. It was all my idea and they shouldn’t die with me. I should be the one to pay the price and I have accepted my fate. Let them free.”

Allura stared at the ikzul for a long moment. Her gaze travelled to Ché and her expression softened at the turmoil the chief was in by I’ik’s decision. Glancing at her husband and the other leaders she nodded at the red avian and Ché wasted no time in rushing to his brother’s side.

“I’ik...” The blue ikzul flinched at the hand to his back but allowed his brother to bring him up to a kneel. I’ik ignored him and Keith wondered if that was part of being a Fallen. He was so far down the ranks that even looking at someone of higher standing was forbidden. Ché swallowed, throwing Allura a pleading look, “Queen Allura, if you please.”

Allura nodded, clearing her throat. She looked at everyone around her, “May we please pass judgement.”

Everyone stood and their voices rang out with the word ‘guilty’. I’ik started shaking, his gaze not moving from the table in front of him.

With everyone sat again, Allura watched the ikzul, “I’ik, we have found you guilty of all charges pressed against you.”

“I understand.”

“And, after a lengthy discussion with everyone in this room, we have concluded that no one will pay for this with their lives. You are to be sentenced by the Grandfeather as we feel her punishment will be more suitable than being locked up in our dungeons.”

It took a few ticks for I’ik to process this information and his brow furrowed. Looking at everyone in the room except for his brother he saw they were serious. “But why? I threatened everyone’s lives here. I’m guilty!”

Ché cleared his throat, “I’ik, look at me.” When his sibling refused, Ché sighed, “It’s because I asked them not to. Mother wants to speak with you and she can’t if you’re no longer with us.”

I’ik tensed up, “Mighty Ascended forgive me...” He looked his brother in the eye, “If I survive everyone else will pay for my actions. The ikzul will be wiped out because of me and I won’t allow it.”

“See, that’s where we come in,” Hoosh started, clambering up onto the table. Keith watched I’ik do a double-take at her, clearly wondering what she was talking about. “While we were talking about your sentence we spoke about other things.”

Ché adjusted his weight so he was sitting beside his brother. “I told them everything that would happen because of this. Some of the planets you chose are not forgiving and everyone here wants to help us protect our people. And you.”

Xarcuvio slowly stood up, stopping I'ik from interjecting. "Barbudan fighters are set to patrol our quadrant in the next half-quintant, merely ticks after your brother has shared what you have done with the planets. They will also defend trade routes."

I'ik's beak clicked shut and Hoosh pulled out her tiny communicator, checking it briefly. "My guardians are almost at your planet." She grinned, showing off her small but sharp teeth, "If anyone slips past the ships and through the elisk shielding, they'll have to mess with girock guardians."

A strange warbling sound echoed out from Vu'rv and it took everyone a moment to realise they were laughing. Hoosh turned to them, tail wagging and they yelled out, "And no one messes with the girock!"

It seemed to be an in-joke that both Keith and Allura were missing out on, judging by the amused looks on the other leaders in the room. Vu'rv, chuckling, turned both of their heads to I'ik, "Your entire planet is being fitted with generators powerful enough to withstand many armies attacking. Our shields do not crumble easily."

I'ik seemed overwhelmed; confused and surprised at the same time. But when Keith rose and told him the Blades of Marmora will be their personal bodyguards was the moment the blue ikzul collapsed into quiet sobs. Ché tugged him into his arms.

"I'ik," Ché started, letting his brother shift to look at him, "you are my brother. Despite what you've done I can't let anything bad happen to you. You understand what you did was wrong. There are consequences to your actions and you want to make it right. If you hadn't, even my intervention would not have spared your life. You deserve another chance. Reinstate your position and stand by my side."

I'ik was silent for a tick before he shook his head. "I won't take my title back." Ché opened his beak to argue but I'ik stood up, "I don't want to be just given that position of power. I want to earn it. I think that's where my jealousy came from; you're older so you were given a higher power over me when you were of age. I realised when I was locked up that you worked for your title and I want to work to becoming Goldfeather again. Let me earn my wings so I may ascend and be by your side."

Ché closed his eyes and sighed, "I would be more than happy to have you do that; you would learn as you earned your place again. But Mother is the one deciding your fate." He shook his head, "She will not be as forgiving as everyone here."

As I'ik nodded, Ché gestured to Krolia to hand the handcuffs over and Krolia did so without question, also giving him the device used to unlock that specific pair.

I'ik looked between the cuffs and his brother before extending his wrists out. He nodded and Ché looked a little relieved. He clicked the cuffs onto his brother, "Until the Grandfeather has decided on your fate, you need to remain in cuffs as per galtean law. R'uk and Ai't it too; they'll be punished at the same time."

"I understand," I'ik said. He turned and bowed low to everyone at the table. "Thank you, for sparing my life and giving me another chance. I won't let you down."

Slowly, everyone rose and in perfect sync they bowed back to the ikzul. When Keith straightened his spine he saw the avian shake, overwhelmed once again.

Allura excused everyone and when both ikzul had left the room, escorted by Krolia and Kolivan, she left her seat, rounding the table to head to the door. The other leaders vacated their places too and Keith walked over to his wife.

“Will you be needed to wormhole everyone away?”

Allura nodded, “Yes. I will need to recharge the quintessence storage as well but I shall see you at lunch. We won’t be needed immediately and we need to give Ché enough time to relay the information to the planets anyway.”

“Do Lance and Hunk know they might be needed?” Green wouldn’t fly, even if Voltron was desperately needed. There had been times where all five lions were required but seeing four of them and pretending the green lion was cloaked was enough.

“I believe so but can you contact them just to be sure?”

There were teleduvs on Earth and the Balmera so Hunk and Lance could wormhole over very easily. “I will.” Keith leaned down to press a lingering kiss to his wife’s lips. She pushed back, reaching up to hold his nape. When he pulled away, she was playfully glaring at him but it melted into a smile. He beamed back, “See you at lunch.”

There was a noise behind him and, turning, Keith watched as Xarcuvio handed Hoosh a handful of GAC. The girock looked up, tail wagging and she smiled brightly, pocketing it.

Keith’s eyebrow quirked up and his arm slipped around Allura as she rested her head against his chest. His question was silent but the girock understood.

Hoosh laughed. “I just bet you had a good time away,” she said sweetly, shrugging nonchalantly, but Xarcuvio’s expression told Keith it was more than a ‘good time away’.

Chapter End Notes

I'll be honest, I thought I had this chapter done twice.

I rewrote this chapter many, many times over the past few months and finally settled on this where I'm happy with it. The nightmare scene was something I'd had planned from chapter 3 and I had so much fun writing it, which coincides with a drawing I did in April and can be found -> https://twitter.com/Dargorian_/status/1250826155764191233 <-

I hope everyone is well and keeping safe.

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