

your touch

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your touch

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Touch-starved Keith gets a massage and pops a boner 🙊

Notes

massage gone wrong (gone sexual)

Keith glared. Three faces in various states of worry stared back at him.

“*Keith*,” said Shiro, in that particular tone of voice.

“Umm, you good, dude?” chuckled Hunk, nervously.

“He looks more stressed than a elf on Christmas,” commented Pidge. Her eyes scanned him over the edge of her glasses and slowly took in his stiff shoulders, tense expression and the restless energy that seems to roll off him in annoyed red waves. “You should, uh, do something about that.”

“She’s right, Keith,” sighed Shiro. “You do look a little.. Well. You’ve looked better.”

“What’s wrong with the way I look?” Keith asked. Well okay, snapped. Why had he snapped again?

Hunk came to the rescue, trying as always to salvage the conversation.

“You could go for a walk? Get some fresh air?”

“I don’t think pacing corridors is gonna help him. And we’re in space, dude,” mumbled Pidge.

“Oh, yeah, good point- What about exercising? That usually helps me out.”

Keith lifted his eyebrows and looked pointedly down at his workout outfit, stained with sweat, his hair in a matted ponytail. He hadn’t been doing anything but work out since early that morning - but it didn’t *help*. There was this ache deep inside his core lately, like a bruise that itched and demanded attention, but that nothing - *nothing* - would soothe. He’d tried working himself to the utter bone, and it only left him exhausted, not satisfied. He’d raided the closets for something resembling lube and fucked himself sore, achieving climaxes but no peace. He’d read books, looked at the stars, even tried to meditate - nothing.

Hunk looked sheepish. The he lit up with an idea.

“Oh! Massage! You should get Lance to give you one!”

Keith’s expression was apparently transparent enough for Hunk to immediately continue.

“I know, I know; you two aren’t the best of friends and all that. But he’s got magic hands, I swear - used to fix all my knots in high school and he’s experienced with all body types. He’s really gentle too. I promise you it’ll do wonders.”

Keith was still hesitant. He wasn’t one for being touched like that, especially not by someone he was sure would use the situation to make fun of him.

Well, maybe he wouldn’t. He probably wouldn’t. Lance was... a pretty good guy when it mattered. He *knew* that, but the thought of lying bare and vulnerable beneath Lance like that

still made him shift awkwardly.

But then he was getting desperate. Maybe this really was due to a knot in his back he couldn't get out. A simple, psychical little issue that was easily solved.

"I asked him," Hunk smiled and looked up from his tablet. "He says he'd love to, as long as you shower first!"

The room went a little silent as Pidge and Hunk both lifted their brows, curious what Keith's reaction would be. He huffed. Done was done. And Hunk's satisfied beam, proud that he'd helped solve the problem at hand, made it impossible to say no.

"Yeah, uh. Sure thing."

Pidge looked like she'd just received a sweet piece of gossip, and Shiro nodded solemnly.

"It'll be good for you," he said.

"Mhm-mm..." Keith mumbled. "See you, then."

He left for the showers feeling embarrassed, hopeful, and with a nervous tingle of excitement deep in his belly.

"On- On my *bed*?"

Lance rolled his eyes.

"Well *yeah*, dummy, did you expect me to make you lie on the floor?"

"I don't know! Why my room?"

"Uh, *cause* you're gonna fall into a deep sleep after."

Before Keith could protest he went on.

"Nu-uh, you will, I know it, I've had these hands for years, I know their power."

He wiggled said magic hands in the air, dramatically. Keith stared dumbly at him, then glanced at his bed.

Hoo boy.

Okay then.

He started to lay down, and a wave of Lance's stopped him.

“Your shirt!”

Keith blinked.

“What about it?”

“What- You gotta take it off. I’m gonna give you a massage, remember?”

The annoyance in Lance’s voice had faded into a gentle, if slightly exasperated, explanatory tone. He’d probably seen the awkwardness with which Keith moved, the way he felt flushed and dumb and more than a little clueless.

“This your first time?” Lance asked when he finally had gotten his head through his shirt and laid down again. Keith shoved his red face into the pillow.

“Mhmm,” came a muffled grunt, a little high in pitch.

“Sweet. Well, don’t you worry. You’re in good hands.”

Keith tried his best to calm his pulse while Lance got ready, trying for deep breaths but failing to get enough air from his pillow hideaway. He turned his head right as he heard the click of a bottle cap.

A bottle of fucking *lube*-

He squeaked, sitting up in a rush and feeling warmth spread thickly down his face and neck.

“Wha- wait, wait, *Lance*, fuck, I-“

“Huh?”

Lance looked calmly and questioning at him as he poured the golden liquid into one palm and started rubbing his hands together, creating slick noises.

“Massage oil,” he supplied helpfully. “To make my hands glide easier.”

Ooooooooooh god. Okay. Of course it was massage oil. Or at least that was the use Lance had found for the nondescript bottle of alien lubricant he’d found in a closet. Keith, on the other hand, had gotten a little more intimate with the product. On several occasions. The last one, let’s see... that same morning.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Lance smiled. “It’s safe for humans! I use it on myself all the time.”

“Oh... *yeah*. That’s, uh. Fine then.”

Face burning and his mind having a minor breakdown, he sheepishly laid down on the towel-covered mattress again.

“Cool. You’re just gonna, uh. Massage me. With- with oil. Yeah, that should work. Nothing, hmm, weird.”

He heard a poorly stifled snicker behind him, and the mattress shifted as Lance came closer.

“Okay, you ready? It should be an okay temp now.”

Keith sucked in a breath.

“Do it.”

“Kay... Touching you now.”

And he did.

Lance’s hands felt big, even though he knew he was just oversensitive to the touch. They were warm, warmer than he’d expected, as if the point of contact between the two made something ignite and heat up. Keith could feel two palm prints burning on his shoulder blades.

“Feel okay?”

He let out his breath. Wet his lips.

“Um, yeah. S’fine.”

“Cool...”

He started moving. Light, small circles of movement, the smooth oil smearing out over his shoulders. It felt strange. The touch felt weird, tingly, almost as if a charge was building up between them. The oil had to have some unintended effect, because he never felt this way when he scratched his own back. This was - electric.

“Hey, buddy... Breathe, yeah?”

The murmur pulled him up from his musing, had him shakily even out his breathing, embarrassed.

“Sorry.”

“This is supposed to be relaxing... So let it. Just- try to let go of the tension, all right?”

When Keith’s nod was small and jerky, he shifted his tone into something gentler.

“It’s just me. Trust me, ‘kay? I’m good at this.”

As the hands picked up their rhythm, he tried his best to relax. Actually, truly relax. Not brace-yourself-but-keep-up-a-calm-front relax. He took a deep, nice breath and let it out, let his body loosen into a comfortable resting position. He tried not to care that his cheek was squished against the pillow and that he was probably still blushing.

And it... felt nice.

Really nice.

As Lance's hands dared to venture further down his back, caressing over the muscles and all the soft and hard ridges of his body, slick and smooth and easy, he had a hard time remembering why he'd ever thought this would be uncomfortable. Because Lance's hands on him felt like the best thing ever. The hardness of his palms pressing into certain points had the air in his lungs slip out, his mouth hanging open with the way it felt when skilled fingertips ran up between his shoulder blades and rubbed in circles by the sides of his neck.

"How much pressure?"

"Hnn."

It was hard to talk. Lance's voice got an edge of mirth.

"Little more?"

"Hmf."

Obediently, the hands settled around his shoulders and *squeezed* - slow, careful, but *firm*.

"Mmmhm-"

He had not just made that noise. He ignored it. So did Lance, who only repeated the complicated motion of pressing his palms into dips of muscle while his thumbs circled upward.

"Haah...hmm..."

Hands moved lower again, light presses down his body and thumbs dragging along his spine on the way back up, and then the journey continues to his shoulders and neck, kneading into the nape and mussing up hair before squeezing his upper arms firmly. It was continuous, contact never being lost between them as the paced caresses continued, touches rolling into the next.

"It's an art, you know..." Lance hummed. "You gotta know how to touch someone. Where, how hard... You gotta read the body."

He kneaded his thumbs in a way that made Keith whine out another pleased noise.

"It's pretty fun," he added. "I'm a hands-on kinda guy, people included. It's like you can say things with touch that you struggle with otherwise, you know?"

That somehow felt like an important statement, but Keith couldn't gather his thoughts to answer with more than a hum.

He was busy not feeling his body. His skin had dissolved and his corporal being had melted, become shapeless on the mattress and poured down the sides of the bed.

Simultaneously, he was hyper aware of each body part that felt the press of a palm against it. Lance was unmaking him and making him again, unraveling the coils of muscle and shaping them as he wished with the push of a palm.

Overdramatic, sure, but when you're touched intimately for the first time that you can recall, it's a lot.

A Lot.

The kind of a lot that makes your so body deliriously joyful that it's being touched (touched!! *touched* by someone!!!) that it starts to celebrate in the wrong ways.

Keith's breathing, which had finally evened out, was staring to pick up again. He hid small, quiet pants into the corner of his pillow. Whenever Lance squeezed hard, he couldn't help but let a shaky moan slip out, and whenever his fingers danced lightly across skin, he couldn't stop the shudder.

He was undeniably , unacceptably, unbearably turned on.

Maybe it was the sounds that clued Lance in. Perhaps the color of his face, or the expression - slightly pained, mortified and so obviously horny.

His voice was still gentle.

"Hey, Keith... You okay?"

"Yes," he breathed, willing him to go on. He didn't. Instead he leaned a little back, broke the contact between them with a cold snap and suddenly the situation was clear and impossibly embarrassing.

"You seem--"

"I'm fine!"

He sat up abruptly, back crouching as he tried to hide the god damned *arousal* in his pants, tried to hide his stupid face, tried to *hide*.

"I just- I'm not. I *swear*- I gotta--"

"Hey, hey, it's okay! Calm down."

"Fuck, I'm *sorry*--"

"Keith!"

He shut up but didn't dare look. He felt awful for messing up this peaceful moment, for being horny and *gross* while Lance was just helping him out. And his stupid, stupid body sent another pulse of need through him as Lance shifted closer to him again.

"It's okay. Really. These things happen."

So he had seen. Cool, totally cool.

“I’m serious, Keith, it’s not a big deal. I know you don’t get touched a lot. It’s natural. Pretty expected, really.”

“I didn’t mean to,” he got out. His voice sounded small.

“I know. I’m not bothered, okay?”

“Why not?”

Of all things, Lance chuckled a little.

“Well... Stuff like that don’t embarrass me. It’s just bodies. And I guess... I take it as a compliment?”

That made Keith finally look back at him.

“A compliment.”

“Yeah? I mean, you obviously enjoyed the massage.”

Lance winked and wiggled his fingers in the air.

“Magic touch, I warned ya.”

Embarrassment seeped out of him, little by little, and he deflated where he sat, shirtless and oily and horny at the edge of his bed.

“Yeah. Totally,” he breathed.

Lance flashed a grin.

“So the way I see it, we have a few options. I could finish up the massage, then leave you to your business, ya-know-what-I-mean. Or we could call it a night and pick this up at a more, ah... appropriate moment.”

He hesitated. His eyes, suddenly very blue, dipped down Keith’s oily body before snapping back up to meet his.

“*Or* -“ he breathed, “I could keep going. And keep going. And-“

“And?”

His mouth felt dry. Lance dragged a hand through his hair, looking for words. He grimaced as he realized his hand was still sticky.

“And, well. Help you out. Fix you up. Give you a happy ending. Get rid of the problem. Squeeze it away. Jerk it off. Milk it-“

“Would you *please* shut up! Ohmygod.”

Keith buried his head in his hands. Lance laughed sheepishly.

“Well, you can always say no.”

“I didn’t say no,” he said muffled behind his hands. And oh no, when had his brain decided to say that? Certainly not just now.

“Keith... Would you look at me.”

It wasn’t voiced as a question, so he did it. Lance was looking at him weirdly. Which meant not angrily and not jokingly. Instead he looked serious, kind, and slightly flustered.

“Lay back down.”

Keith swallowed. Lance held his gaze.

“You don’t have to. But if you want to, then lay down.”

Slowly, he shifted to turn on the bed. Lance put a hand on his bare chest, stopping him.

“No, this way.”

He didn’t push. Keith laid down on his back by his own will and the hand followed - although it didn’t feel like his own body moving, but rather an otherworldly magnetic force pulling him down, pulling him in, leaving him helpless to resist. *Want*, he realized. *I want this. That’s what making me do things I normally wouldn’t dare.*

When his back hit the towel and dipped into the mattress, Lance was over him. The same expression lingered in his features as he reached for the bottle of lubricant with his free hand - as if he didn’t want to break away with the other; laid directly over Keith’s thundering heart. The coldness of the thick liquid made him gasp as a long strip of it was poured down his chest and stomach.

“Sorry,” mumbled Lance.

“That’s okay,” said Keith.

The hand slowly inched its way down from his rapidly rising and falling pec, the friction warm and dry and euphoric. It met the oil where it pooled by his ribs and the glide turned smooth again as Lance silently spread it across his chest. Palms brushed repeatedly over his nipples and Keith closed his eyes, toes curling. Hesitantly, a thumb repeated the moment, pressing down over the sensitive nub of flesh. Keith squirmed, mouth hanging open. Both hands now abandoned the rest of his skin to circle and pinch at each lube-slick nipple, the movements shifting from careful and exploratory to explicitly erotic. Waves of arousal were sinking down his body, settling in a pool of heat between his thighs, which were uselessly rubbing up against each other.

“Aahn- hha-“ he panted, back arching as Lance’s skilled fingers made him feel good. And it did - feel amazing, that is. He’d probably never been as turned on in his life.

A thought he had to take back the moment those hands left his chest to venture down his abdomen, to run a knuckle up and down below his bellybutton and to slip questioning fingers

beneath his waistband. The suggestion in the air was enough to make him bite his cheek hard to keep from creaming his pants immediately.

Click. Ziiiip.

He opened his eyes at the sounds and met Lance's eyes as his pants were pulled down.

If he wasn't beyond horny he'd be shy about his dick - looking sad and needy and red - flopping up against his belly, begging for attention. As the situation happened, he *was*, and he didn't curl up. Instead he let his thighs fall a little apart, his hips lift in a silent plea.

Lance nodded, as if the request had been heard. His hands gathered up scoops of warm slick and brushed it down, down, rubbing across hip and inner thigh and *oh* -

His thighs trembled as fingers slid smoothly over his taint, massaging into him. A hand cupped his balls gently, rolling them as a fingertip teasing up the underside of his cock.

"Ohh... Hah- Lance-"

"That good?"

Lance's voice was a little lower than normal. *So that's what he sounds like turned on*, a voice observed in his mind. Yeah... He approved.

"Yes," he breathed. His body was leaning into the touches without thought, seeking more, his skin drunk on the sensation and quickly getting addicted. Lance obliged - his hand slid up and wrapped wonderfully around his length, warm and tight and somehow feeling a thousand times better than his own lonely fist. He started moving his wrist slow, almost lazily flicking it up and down, up and down... and it was already too much. He was gonna come in three seconds.

Lance noticed. His hand slowed, pausing a little. Immediately Keith's limbs got a mind of their own and started to look for more of that honey-sweet pleasure, needing to soak in it. His hips lifted, thrusting shyly against the gentle hand that held him. Adjusting to his movements, Lance's hand shifted into a light hold of fingers, a ring which he could fuck into at his own pace.

He moved tentatively at first, needy little jerks of hips that had him gasping. Lance's free hand was silently encouraging him, still moving over his thighs and tracing the shape of his ass.

Keith's hands tightened into the sheets. His eyes fell shut. Then he began rolling his body, slick cock dragging back and forth through the tightening hold. His hips lifted off the bed, limbs shaking a little as he supported his own weight and fucked up into Lance's fist, over and over until he was making a continuous stream of sounds high in his throat. So good, so *good...*

He was so lost in it that he never considered the scene from Lance's eyes, how he'd been sitting still and letting Keith take over, let him *use* his hand to get off. He slit his eyes open

and found Lance looking reverently at him. Like he was looking at something he found beautiful.

Keith's hips stuttered.

Something in Lance's gaze made him feel so watched, so *seen* and appreciated, that he had no choice but to let the reality of the situation shudder through him - Lance's hand, Lance's touch, *on him*. The obscenity of it, the noise- It was too much to stay in control of anymore, and it all rushed over him.

The sight of something thick and white dribbling down the darker skin of Lance's hand - cum - *his cum* - *his cum on Lance* - he was dizzy with the thought - had another weak spurt shoot from his dick. He moaned shakily.

Slowly, almost hesitantly, Lance let him go. A messy string connected them for a second, before snapping.

"Wait-" he gasped, feeling almost choked up at the thought of Lance's touch leaving him already. "Don't *stop*... Please, just- A little more?"

Lance was looking at his open hand. He seemed to snap out of it at his pleading.

"Huh... oh. Yeah."

Thoughtfully, his hand returned to Keith's belly to rub small patterns into the mess of semen and oil.

"Turn over again."

Eager to please, he did. He curled up against the pillow, a little shy now that the glory of orgasm had died down. But as soon as he felt a touch on his thighs he sucked in a sharp breath, ass lifting a little subconsciously, silently asking for it.

This was *it*, this was what he'd been craving, it was *touch*, and now he couldn't get enough. Delirious, he leant into each slide of hands on his thighs, his ass, his hips; drunk on the feel of skin on skin and the warmth of another person. And not just a pat on the shoulder or the choke hold of a sparring session - this was *intimate*. Pleasurable, yes, but also with a deep sense of closeness and vulnerability. He'd never trusted Lance more than he did right then.

"Can I...?" Lance whispered. Keith wasn't sure what he was asking, but he *wanted it*.

"Yeah, *yeah*-"

He breathed in, sharply, when Lance's thumbs hooked into the meat of his ass and pulled it apart, spreading him open. Then he huffed out a brave little puff and bowed his head down, putting his mouth over Keith's entrance.

It was obvious that he had not done this before - it was as gentle as a lover's first kiss; shy and exploratory. But each lick and each press of lips gained confidence and direction based on his reactions. His first shocked little grunt had him slow down. His gasp when Lance

dragged his tongue slowly up and down had him repeat the movement until his toes were curling hard. And the way Keith bit into the pillow when Lance's mouth sucked kisses around his rim had him smiling in between each repetition.

Involuntarily, his hips were grinding back onto Lance's face, wanting to stuff his face deeper into his ass and feel the thrust of his tongue pass his rim and fuck into him. The small grinds had Lance grunt and wrap his arms around his hips, yanking him closer and holding him still by his grip. Keith made a strangled noise.

As if hearing his thoughts, Lance pressed a last noisy kiss to his entrance before lifting his head, replacing his mouth with his fingers. It was mortifying, but his session this morning and the lube and the eating out had the two fingers immediately sink inside with only a little sting. Keith shuddered, whining into the pillow. The embrace of Lance's arms kept him from moving, so he just lay there on the mattress as the fingers gently moved in and out, feeling the resistance and taking their time to spread him apart.

As Lance massaged his insides he found himself wondering if this was something he ever did to himself - there was less hesitance, though he still moved carefully and gave him a second in between each new twist of fingers, as if to see how he'd react. He hooked his fingers expertly, and Keith cried out. The third finger slipped in.

A hot tongue found its way back to circle around his rim as he was fucked open, the occasional kiss being pressed to the inside of a cheek. Lance was mapping out his body thoroughly, playing him like an instrument and making him sing.

"Please," he found himself gasping.

"What do you need?"

The response was immediate, hoarse and soft and ready to please.

"Fuck me, *fuck me*-" he whined, ass lifting when Lance pulled a little back.

"Like, uh-"

He thrust his fingers in a little harder, punching a sound out of Keith.

"Not like this?"

"Nooo... *Fuck* me, Lance, *please*," he pleaded, not caring how he sounded, he needed it.

"You mean, uh. Actually fuck you. With my dick."

Keith looked over his shoulder in exasperation.

"Yes, Lance, with your dick! Please!"

"Oh- I. Okay."

Lance, bless his heart, looked genuinely surprised at the suggestion. There was a flush high in cheeks. From the look of it he'd been so lost in the enjoyment of touching, of giving pleasure, that he hadn't even considered giving himself any relief. He was rock hard in his jeans, but he was flustered at Keith's suggestion.

My god, this confident sex god was somehow the most pure hearted person he'd ever met.

"C'mon... I want it," Keith breathed, shaking his ass a little back and forth for encouragement. It worked, and Lance mumbled a curse as he unzipped himself and scrambled out of his jeans.

He slicked himself up with the oil covering Keith's ass, the both of them gasping at the contact as his cock slid between Keith's ass cheeks, hard and heavy. Fuck, he was pulsing, twitching a little as he let himself thrust loosely back and forth over his ass. He had to be painfully hard.

"Do it," Keith whispered.

Lance leant down and pressed a kiss between his shoulder blades. Keith shivered. Then Lance adjusted the head of his dick against his entrance and sunk in.

He paused for a second. Then he mumbled a curse and yanked his shirt over his head so that he could lean down and press his body against Keith's, bare warm chest meeting oil slick back and an arm wrapping around him to keep them close. Keith whimpered at the contact, face burning.

Lance's hips rolled into him in short jerks, his breath hot against his neck. The tension in the air felt saturated, taut, the slide between their bodies charging it up and making it harder to breathe. Keith was sucking in little gasps, sharp *ah*'s being punched out of him with every thrust. He was so sensitive, nerves balancing on the edge between pleasure and overstimulation. He didn't care; he wanted to drown himself in Lance's touch.

Close, close-

He fucked his hips back against Lance with small desperate wriggles, and Lance groaned into the nape of his neck, hold tightening.

"Keith- ah, *Keith-*"

Gasping sharply, he pulled out and worked himself quick until he came, the warm spunk hitting Keith's lower back and gathering in the dip of his back.

Keith waited patiently until he'd gathered his breath again, body trembling right *there* on the verge of climax. Lance didn't disappoint. He breathed out a "Whoooh! Okay." and dipped his head dutifully down to work Keith's rim with his mouth again. The feeling of tongue there after being fucked was enough to make that heat pull in shockingly fast, tightening in his belly until he groaned and came into his fist.

He was thankful for the towel as he collapsed on his mattress, keeping the mess of liquids away from his bed. He felt weak, liquified, his body wanting nothing but deep, undisturbed sleep. He tried to convey this through a worn-out groan into the pillow, and Lance eventually got up, leaving him. The room felt very empty.

A few minutes later he was back with warm towels, and silently began wiping down Keith's back and thighs, being gentle around his rim and hesitating for a second before wiping away the mess he'd left on Keith's lower back. He tapped his shoulder to get him to turn over, and he did, groaning pleasantly.

Keith felt warm and soft and sleepy as Lance cleaned him off, his mouth tugging into a smile at the focused expression Lance had as he wiped down his lover's dick.

"You're such a gentleman..." he slurred. Lance sent him a look, but he was smiling a little too.

"Just doing my job..."

When they were clean and dry and in fresh underwear - Lance has borrowed fresh castle-manufactured red boxers he had no right to look this cute in - there was a second of hesitation where Lance looked like he was caught in some serious decision-making. Then he made a resolute expression and promptly plopped down on Keith's now made bed, pulling him into a spooning position.

"Goodnight!" he said, sounding determined. Keith blinked drowsily. It felt nice being held.

"Night, Lance."

When he woke up, he felt heavy and pliant and deeply, utterly satisfied. The soreness in his body felt *good*, a sweet ache that made him hum happily and run his hands down his body in satisfaction.

But he was also by himself.

Some quick investigation of the room and a few steps on wobbly legs revealed a note on the door:

Left bc I thought you might wake up embarrassed. Don't be! :) It was nice. Hope you think so too. Wouldn't mind helping you out again if needed. I like touching you.

xx Lance

Yeah, he blushed. So what. It was a dumb note.

He walked into the kitchen for breakfast feeling weirdly... at ease. The itch was gone, the jitter in his legs soothed, the unnamed need taken care of. He smiled at Hunk, nodded at Pidge, and sat down with a pleased sigh at the sight of the food.

“How did you sleep?”

Lance’s voice was light, expression neutral but Keith could see a flicker of nervousness in his eyes. He looked like he half expected Keith to pounce at him in anger or leave the room in embarrassment.

“Good,” Keith said. “Thanks.”

His lips curled into a little grin, cheeks heating without his permission. He found it hard to care that much. Especially when it had Lance visibly easing up, returning his smile.

“Aw, you’re welcome. I’m glad it helped, buddy.”

“See, I told you! *Magic!*” Hunk said, wide-eyed.

Shiro looked between them, clearly impressed with the improvement of tone.

“Well damn. Maybe I should get one of those massages too.”

“*No!*” Keith flushed harder. Shiro blinked. “His arms are probably tired,” he mumbled, looking away.

“Mhm, they kinda are,” snickered Lance.

“Shut *up*.”

Pidge rolled her eyes while shuffling food onto her plate.

“Well, it was nice while it lasted.”

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