

## Rumpled Tights and Flushed Skin

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# Rumpled Tights and Flushed Skin

by [zeerogue](#)

## Summary

Keith was tricked into taking this mission. He doesn't have the power to turn straw into gold. However, a stranger in the shadows does but he's only willing to help Keith out with an equal trade. Keith doesn't have a lot to trade with.

## Notes

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

*Rumpled Tights and Flushed Skin*  
(A Klance A/B/O Fairytale Oneshot)

*By: ZeeRogue*

Betraying the Galra Empire was punishable by death as was bad press against Emperor Zarkon and lying to an official. Keith had always thought it would be the first that found him as he was a trainee in a large rebel group. Times were desperate and something needed to happen in order to begin the fall of Zarkon's reign. Keith knew he was going to go undercover on day, but he had never imagined their leader would send in Keith the moment his alpha mother had left the empire to gather their allies.

Keith was an omega. He knew that left him unable to do as much as he wished for the rebels since Zarkon rationed omega pills and contraceptives to even those in his own family, but he had trained hard all his life. Now, Kolivan was using his presentation to get him in.

Keith had no status in the rebel group or in life. General Sendak was Zarkon's sword. It was a death trap. Someone like Keith couldn't garner his attention without a lie.

The lie: Keith was a druid who could turn gold into straw.

Keith wasn't a druid, he was a fighter. Magic was not in his blood. However, Kolivan had set him up with a small road show to perform a trick he didn't know how to do. His pot of straw became a pot of gold. Guards had seen and so Sendak had learned of it. It was no secret the Empire had begun to lose money thanks to their overambitious tyranny. Sendak had arrested Keith immediately.

In a dark dungeon of General Sendak's mansion, Keith sat surrounded by piles of straw. The guards had stolen him from his home without an explanation and it wasn't until he had been thrown in here that he understood Kolivan's true intent. Their leader wanted Keith to sacrifice his body for their cause, seduce the general with money and strength and then kill him the first chance he got. Then, if he could, escape back to them but that was a slim chance.

An assassination mission with a low rate of coming back alive would have suited Keith just fine in any other scenario. He had no confidence in seduction nor was he comfortable with it. Besides, he had yet to see Sendak.

Keith wondered who in the rebel group despised him so that they put this plan into the leader's head. Keith used to see Kolivan as a grandfather, now he wouldn't see him at all. By morning, he would be beheaded if all this straw wasn't gold.

There was a rustle in the piles of straw. Keith looked up but only saw a mouse run off into a dark corner. He had already tried to check for an escape. He had found none, but even then he had a heavy cuff around his neck connected to a long chain and only one knife he always kept hidden to cut it away with. It would take more days than he had to do such a thing and the collar had magic.

"Are you crying?" came a voice.

Keith tried to locate it, but heard it again from another angle in the darkness.

"No, I suppose you're not, but quite unlucky I see. Spinning straw into gold? Do you know of anyone that can do that?"

Keith did not answer. If this was one of Sendak's men, he could not reveal his lie. "Who are you? Show yourself."

"Oh, are you that eager to see me? I can't deny anything of a cute omega in distress."

A figure appeared from the back shadows. He was tall and lanky, but growing into his frame. His hair was brown and short. He was tanned and stared at Keith with flirty blue eyes. Below them were two blue crescents that glowed softly. Though he wore the basic robes of a Galra citizen, the clothes peeking out from beneath were lighter in color and held a distinct foreign pattern Keith was familiar with only through books.

“You’re not Galra. What are you doing here?” Keith asked.

The stranger held a finger to his lips as if to shush Keith. “Don’t speak too much you’ll waste time. I have my reasons for being here and they don’t have anything to do with you. However, I can’t leave an omega alone without some protection.”

“I have a knife and I can use it. If you want to help me, get this collar off,” Keith said.

“Oh, I would if I could and all, but that’s pure Galra druid magic. It would appear your empire is really in need of gold if their not willing to let even your lie escape.”

“It’s not my empire,” Keith said.

“No? Then I don’t feel as bad making a deal with you.”

“What do you mean?” Keith asked.

“Let’s say I’m here to cause a bit of mischief. However, if I help you, how much mischief I cause will have to lessen. In that case, I will have to have something in return.”

“What do you want?” Keith asked hesitantly.

The man hummed and walked closer to Keith. He reached out and grabbed Keith's face. Keith slapped his hand away only to have his hair grabbed. He gasped and went pliant staring up at the man with anger.

"Ah, a weak spot. Now stay still and let me look at you. I need to make sure you're worth all the trouble."

Keith wasn't. He wasn't. He could only be a fighter for the rebels and now he had been reduced to just meat being thrown at the hungry dogs. Was it another omega? Had Kolivan only put up with his rebellious attitude because of his mother? She had gone against his wishes so many times and yet Kolivan had never kicked her out like this so why Keith? Because she was an alpha? She was still a mother, still carried him for months and bore him into this world. Keith could do the same as her, perhaps with a different variation, but it was all the same.

So another omega? It wasn't like he had ever gotten along with any of them.

"Your eyes are both sad and betrayed, but there's a defiance in them, a stubbornness. You're willing to die, but not for just anything. If you were scared, what would have stopped you from killing yourself by now?" the man said.

Keith stared up at him with surprise before looking away. "Are you using magic?"

"I don't have to to see your good points." The stranger then sighed. "I'm horribly soft for your type."

Keith's cheeks reddened, but he stayed looking away even as the stranger let his hair go. "Then you will help me?"

The stranger moved to the spinning wheel set up in the middle of the dungeon and began to set it up. "One kiss at the start and stop of every pile, how about it?"

“A-a kiss...I...” Keith stumbled over his words. “You won’t like it with me, I have no experience with such a thing. Perhaps something else.”

“You have nothing else. Just your knife which I won’t take and your clothes which, well, if you’re naked it will be dangerous for you once you’re free. I need something you can give me now and kissing such a pretty omega over many hours sounds pleasant.”

“I’m not pretty,” Keith protested weakly.

The stranger looked at Keith then grinned. “No, you’re gorgeous.”

Such words passed by Keith as if they weren’t for him. Perhaps he wasn’t ugly, but he had scars and a rough personality. Still, omega or not, how could one not wish for such compliments.

“You must be quite desperate,” Keith responded.

The stranger chuckled. “Yes I am, we all are, but not for what you think. If I slip up on my own mission, I want to remember something nice.”

Keith stayed silent. He didn’t know this man. From here, he couldn’t smell his presentation or see more than that he wasn’t galra.

“I’ll cut you a deal, the first pile can be one kiss since it’ll be your first. I will make it good for you, too. A good memory. Even if I turn this all to gold, it may not be enough to save you.”

The stranger spoke truth. Keith slowly made his way to the spinning wheel. The scent of an alpha was very light. If he wasn’t so close to heat, he would not have picked it up. It made him hesitate, but the stranger’s words hit Keith hard. A good memory. He would like one before he had to sacrifice himself for the sake of his people. The ones he had of his younger

years grew fainter and fainter with each night that passed. All the memories he held now were full of training and Zarkon's tyranny as he began expanding his empire to other lands.

"You're an alpha," Keith said as he stood by the stranger.

The stranger reached a hand out and took Keith's hand in his. "Does that scare you?"

"I fear everyone, but there's a difference between alphas like you and General Sendak. You'll make me a deal to get what you want, they will just take it."

The stranger sighed and pulled Keith into his lap. "You're right, but that doesn't make me sound like a decent person, does it?"

"I could say no," Keith said, but settled into the alpha's lap. The light scent he carried was nice, calming. Though nothing like his mother's or Kolivan's, it didn't make him feel like he needed to be on alert even if his heart pounded faster being so near.

"I would let you, of course," the alpha said and held Keith close. "I think this means yes."

"Yes," Keith agreed.

The strange alpha lifted a hand to tilt Keith's face up. He was handsome, Keith decided, in a calm charming way. He looked playful as he leaned in, but there was a sadness Keith knew well, the sadness of war.

When lips touched to Keith's he felt his breath stolen. A pleasant warm tingling traveled from their place of contact through Keith's body and he felt himself move closer if only by a hair. The alpha moved his hand from Keith's chin to his face and then curled them in his hair tugging once more, but this time it was soft and meaningful. Keith's lips parted in a small gasp. Instantly, his mouth was invaded by the strange alpha's. It touched spots in Keith's mouth that made him shiver sweetly and urged him into a dance, wet and hot.

Keith's face was flushed, eyes clouded as the alpha pulled back. He smiled at Keith, rubbed his hand against his cheek careful of the heavy metal collar on his neck where his scent glands were. Keith wanted to beg him to touch them, to scent him, but knew that was a bad idea and it was only his instincts acting up. After all, this was his first kiss and with such a strange and alluring alpha.

The stranger kept Keith in his lap and picked up a handful of straw. With long fingers, he began to feed the straw into the spinning wheel. Keith watched in amazement as it produced long strands of pure gold. He looked up at the stranger to see his marks glowing bright. There was a strange foreign aura around him. It was familiar in the same way bedtime stories were. Keith stayed silent and watched.

It took hours before the alpha finished the first stack and moved to the second. The room had four full ones and scattered bits across the floor. The alpha worked diligently, only stopping to take his kisses from Keith. The longer they went on, the more eager Keith found himself to give them. Sometimes they were sweeter, sometimes a mess that reminded Keith he'd be in heat soon and these kisses would be what he used to get him through whatever miserable place he found himself during that time.

He fell asleep before the last stack was finished cradled in the stranger's hold and woke upon a pile of gold just as the dungeon's doors opened on the next day.



Keith lied before General Sendak. They brought him and his gold to Sendak's main hall where he sat like a king on a throne. He was surprised by Keith's accomplishments and asked for the secret. Keith said he didn't know. Not a lie. They took that as it was a power only Keith had. So, the great and powerful general demanded Keith to do it again and if it was not done, he would behead him the next day.

Keith's heat would come that night, how could he do it even if he knew how? Keith would be completely useless and at Sendak's mercy if a guard didn't find him first and have other ideas. If he was with the rebels he would have his pills and tonics and proper clothing to stop the scent so he could power through, but he had nothing.

So, he lied.

“I need three days. Make the pile larger if you must, but I need energy before I can do it again. After some rest, a larger pile can be done in three days.”

The empire needed gold so Sendak agreed. Keith was thrown into a larger dungeon with twice as much straw and left to nest in it. He got as comfortable as he could.

Without an alpha, three days was cutting it close, but it would be long enough for Keith to be sane. The guards still hadn't found his dagger. If he had to, he'd end himself.

As Keith laid there, he cursed his comrades. War made them desperate and as the most capable omega without a title, they'd thrown him to the beast. Then, as his body grew warm, he began to curse the stranger for remembering his kisses made Keith yearn for both the alpha's salvation and his touch.

“To never know another's touch in heat before death was a blessing until now,” Keith said and began pulling up his skirt.

“Are you determined to die already?”

Keith immediately scrambled into a protective position in his haphazard nest. He stared into the dim light of the dungeon until he saw the shifting of a figure moving closer. The voice was familiar, but one day's worth of hearing it did not mean Keith trusted it. It was the smell that calmed Keith down.

“You're here again.”

The stranger chuckled. “So are you. I was wondering what all the commotion was about, but now I understand it's you. The Galra Empire is truly running out of gold if they are relying on

one omega with a questionable ability.”

“That’s not my concern. I just need to get through these next three days,” Keith said. In this state, he couldn’t make a plan of escape or figure out how to integrate himself into Sendak’s house to have an opportunity for assassination.

The stranger sighed brokenly. “You’re in heat.”

“Yes.”

“And you’re surrounded by straw again, much more straw.”

“Yes,” Keith confirmed.

The stranger took a step away from Keith, his scent disappearing with him. “How do you expect to turn straw when you’re in heat?”

“I asked for three days in exchange for more straw,” Keith said.

“So in three days when they come to get you and all this straw is still here, what will happen?”

Keith reached for his dagger and stroked it where it lay hidden in his skirts. “I should be in the right mind to pull my dagger.”

The stranger sighed, this time disappointedly. “The cosmos must have sent me to keep you from making a fool of yourself. Three days is cutting it short.”

“It’s all I could do. I was out of rations for a medicated heat and I had just changed clothes when Sendak’s soldiers came for me,” Keith explained.

“Hey, omega, what’s your name?” the stranger asked suddenly.

“What’s yours?” Keith responded.

The stranger coughed on a chuckle and took two steps back. “Fair. However, if you can’t trust me enough to give me your name then I suppose I should leave you here.”

“I…” then Keith paused. He shouldn’t have expected the strange alpha to simply rescue him once more. “Is my name what you want in exchange?”

“Your name? Oh, omega, that won’t be enough. If you want me to not only take three days to spin your straw into gold instead of doing my own job, but to do it in the presence of an omega in heat, your name won’t be enough.”

Right he was in heat and the stranger was an alpha. Keith moved farther into his nest.

“You certainly have had training to restrain yourself,” Keith shot out at him.

“Restraining is for emergencies. Otherwise, you avoid. And that’s for omegas I have not had the pleasure of spending a whole day kissing. I find you attractive which makes it dangerous for me to stay here much longer. If I could get you out of here, there would be no problem, but I can’t, so what shall I do?”

Keith’s breaths were coming faster and he was hard beneath his skirts. His rebel uniform held his heat better than normal citizen clothes, but they didn’t feel quite as nice as the fluffy tulle beneath his knee length skirt. Quickly, Keith shook his head as his mind began to wander.

“What do you require?” Keith asked. “You can leave or you can stay, but if you stay, what can I give you?”

Slowly, the stranger began to approach Keith’s nest once again. “What do you have? The only thing is your body. I want to lay with you, spend your heat with you. A heat spent with an alpha will end quicker and then I can spin the straw into gold for you. Or I could leave, but...I don’t want to be the reason you take your own life.”

Keith lowered his head. He was heat addled, surely that was why he had an agreement on the tip of his tongue, but he bit it back to consider. Instincts told him to trust this alpha, to entrust this alpha with his entirety. He had always trusted his instincts, but this was heat.

He was in heat and it may be his last.

Keith lifted his head and reached out a hand towards the stranger. “My name is Keith, spend my heat with me, alpha.”

The stranger reached out for Keith’s hand and brought it to his lips. “It would be my pleasure.”

Keith moved back and reached for the buttons at the front of the dress he wore. It was common for omegas to dress in frills and soft fabrics with cute cuts. And skirts hid leaks better so even alpha women liked to wear them. Outside of rebel work, Keith had never minded the fashion even if he didn’t think it suited his more muscular build.

“Wait, I’ll do it. All you have to do is enjoy,” said the stranger.

It was a bit odd to Keith, but he sat on his straw nest and waited. If he could avoid being naked in front of the stranger a bit longer then it was fine by him. Instead, the stranger began to strip himself.

“What are you doing?” Keith asked.

“I can’t have my clothes smelling like your heat and I can wash yours for you since I know how to sneak out and in.”

“You’re...are you planning to act like my alpha?” Keith asked.

“That’s what it means to spend a heat with an omega,” the stranger explained. “Anything less and you’re just taking advantage of them.”

Keith couldn’t help but smile at those words. Certainly this alpha was taking advantage of the situation, too, but at least he was willing to take responsibility as well.

Once naked, the stranger knelt on the straw and began to approach Keith. “May I come closer?”

“I’ve already invited you.”

The stranger easily slid between Keith’s legs and met him face to face, not touching. Their breaths mingled and Keith took in the alpha scent coming off him. He definitely had blockers, though mild, for the alpha’s scent not to be potent.

“Any requests before we begin?” the stranger asked.

“It’s my first with someone,” Keith said. “Can you treat me gently?”

The stranger grinned, his blue eyes burning staring into Keith. “I’ll make you feel like royalty.”

Keith didn’t have the greatest idea of royalty, but he understood the sentiment as the stranger leaned into him, lips finally meeting. The kiss was sweet and slow. The alpha pulled away

with each kiss like a rolling wave leaving Keith to catch his breath only to steal it from him again. He nudged Keith's face up and kissed down his neck, or what he could get at with the thick heavy magic collar chaining Keith to the dungeon.

The stranger pushed Keith back into the hay and moved his hands to the front of Keith's dress where small buttons held it closed. His long fingers moved swiftly opening it up down to Keith's belly button and spread it apart to reveal his chest. Keith's cheeks were flushed from his heat, but he felt himself blush more being revealed to the handsome alpha. Would he still find him attractive when Keith was naked?

The stranger's hand moved to one of Keith's pecs groping it, the thicker part of his palm pressing onto Keith's erect nipples. His eyes moved to meet Keith's and the blue burned with lust that made Keith moan.

"Your body is a godsend," the alpha said. "It's so toned, but so tempting. Your pecs are so big, you won't need to grow them when pregnant. And your nipples are bigger than most males. They're so inviting."

Keith had never allowed someone to talk about him like something to be bred without getting a punch to the face or planning their murder a million times in his mind. However, this alpha's words felt different to Keith. Most likely it was because Keith was in heat and perhaps because he was attracted to this alpha. The stranger's words sounded endearing, sexy, seductive.

Keith's thoughts were cut off when he felt the stranger's lips close over his other nipple and lap at it. A sweet feeling shook his body and he finally moved his hands to touch the alpha back. He placed one hand on the back of his head and the other on his shoulder. He didn't pull the alpha away. Keith's fingers actually itched to press that mouth harder onto him. His fingers curled in the alpha's hair when he took the nipple between his teeth and the other between his fingers.

The stranger left Keith's nipples aching when he pulled off. Keith grabbed at his senses no longer bombarded with the pleasure to such sensitive spots, but the sweet kisses the alpha trailed down his stomach made it difficult not to give in to his more instinctual needs. The alpha spent a long time kissing at the waist of Keith's dress where the buttons stopped, even lapped at the skin and nipped it once before pushing himself up to hover over Keith.

“You smell so good, do you know that Keith of the Galra?” the stranger said.

“I-I’m nothing special,” Keith protested and looked away from the alpha’s stare.

The stranger laughed. “General Sendak seems to think you are.”

“It’s all a lie. You’re the one that’s amazing.”

With a sudden firm grip, the stranger took hold of Keith’s face. He forced Keith to look at him, to look at the lust and true admiration in his eyes.

“I would never risk myself for just any omega.”

And then the alpha was kissing him again. It was hard and Keith was easily lost in it. He placed his hands above his head and clawed at the straw as the stranger ravaged his mouth. He felt a haze in his mind when the stranger pulled away and only snapped out of it when he heard a tear.

Looking down, Keith saw his legs spread wide and the skirts of his dress pulled up. Tights were like second skin to Keith. They reminded him of his rebel uniform and so he often picked those though it was more common for male omegas to wear hide breeches beneath their dresses. The tights were also cheaper. Though he couldn’t see it through the fluffy petticoats of his underskirt, Keith could feel the coldness that suddenly penetrated his more intimate parts. The alpha had torn his tights perfectly at the crotch.

“Wh-what are you doing?” Keith asked.

The alpha didn’t answer with words, but grabbed Keith’s legs and lifted them on each of his shoulders bringing everything Keith kept covered to be on full display before his face. Even in heat, Keith found himself embarrassed again.

“You’re beautiful here, too. I’ll make you cum until you’re gaping for a dick.”

Keith gasped as he felt the alpha’s tongue maneuvering around the string of his soaked undergarments to get at his omega hole. He lapped at the folds and Keith felt himself tighten then release a stream of slick. The stranger did it a few more times before pushing his tongue in. It was hot and strange and Keith felt sick to his stomach.

Everyone in the rebellion was given multiple ways to take their own life if they weren’t willing to use their sexuality for the betterment of the galra. Before being sent into such missions, there was a briefing. Any situation requiring an omega to get close to the enemy should have had a briefing where such items were provided, but Keith didn’t consent to this one. The best outcome would be General Sendak taking him as a mate and Keith killing the alpha in bed.

There was this heavy darkness in Keith’s chest. There was no way Kolivan would have forced Keith into such a situation. Who had convinced him that Keith would sacrifice that much. He had a mind of his own. He wasn’t an emotionless robot. Hadn’t he saved many comrades who everyone else would have left for dead? Of course, he’d gotten yelled at for it. The rebels didn’t want to risk more people than they had. Kolivan couldn’t show favoritism if the other rebels were fed up with Keith. Maybe Kolivan didn’t favor him at all.

“Are you okay?”

Keith pulled himself from his thoughts and looked at the alpha who had his legs on his shoulders, whose tongue had just been in Keith’s more untouched parts. He felt confused. The alpha had stopped.

“What? Why did you stop?” Keith asked.

The stranger narrowed his eyes. “Your mind went somewhere else and I don’t mean that sweet candyland of hot needy sex that comes at the height of a heat.”

“That doesn’t exist,” Keith said.

The stranger grinned. “No? Well if you stayed focused on me and what I’m doing maybe I could take you there.”

That darkness in Keith’s chest was covered in a blush of heat. “This is all embarrassing.”

“You can unagree to it. I don’t have my dick in you yet. However, you should say so before it gets closer. You’re so sexy, I want to fuck you more than any of those in my wildest fantasies.”

Keith suddenly laughed. “Is this how you get omegas into bed? Such honest dirty talk is supposed to be sweet?”

The stranger shrugged. “I have your slick on my tongue, you tell me. Ah, but I’ve never had an omega in heat. Actually, it’s been a long time since I’ve had an omega. My last relationship was actually with an alpha and that ended a few moons back. I’m pretty pent up.”

“Oh,” Keith said and stared at his legs where his slick was soaking the parts of his tights from the messing way the alpha had eaten him out. “Um...you can...you can keep going. I agreed to this after all. It felt...it felt so good I thought I’d be sick from shame.”

The alpha turned his head and placed kisses along Keith’s knee and thigh over his tights. “Don’t be ashamed, you’re beautiful and brave.”

With those words, the stranger leaned back in and continued to lap into Keith’s hole with his tongue. Keith tried to focus on the feeling this time. It was strange, naughty, but he kind of loved it, wanted to push the alpha’s head further between his legs. The want made him wiggle his hips. The stranger let him for some time before pulling away and holding Keith’s hips still.

“I’m going to lick something else now, alright,” the alpha said.

He reached for the top of Keith’s tights. He pulled them down his hips enough for Keith’s cock to spring out. It was hard and angry from having been confined in the tights until then. Keith watched in surprise as the alpha took it in his mouth. During heats, Keith was more familiar with pleasuring his cock than his hole feeling it was safer. The feeling of the stranger’s mouth on his dick was more than he had felt using his own hand. He reached up and took hold of the alpha’s head as he began moving up and down.

After a few moments, Keith had gotten used to the stranger’s mouth enough to make out each sensation. When he got to the tip, the stranger would suck at it and when he went back down he would stroke his tongue along Keith’s sensitive flesh. The ministrations made Keith tremble, his insides coiling almost to bursting.

The alpha shifted and then there were fingers at Keith’s hole. They stroked the lips before pushing in, first one, and then two, scissoring him open. The longer such attention went on, the more Keith wanted to scream. The fingers got deeper and the stranger’s mouth moved faster and Keith got wetter. Before Keith realized it, he felt an explosion from his body.

His mind went blank.

Would death be like this? No, this felt good, freeing. He wanted it again.

A cough brought Keith back to reality. He blinked the haze away and looked at the alpha between his legs who was wiping his mouth.

“Wh-what?” Keith tried to ask.

The stranger grinned at Keith. “You came from both ends. I didn’t expect you to the moment I found your sweet spot, but you did say you were a virgin. That deep, huh? I’ll remember.”

Keith's eyes widened upon hearing that and he tried to close his legs. They felt wet. He could feel slick running down to his back at the angle he was being held. "Did you...swallow it?"

The stranger took Keith's legs and lowered them down onto the hay spread out on either side of him. He crawled over Keith again. With one hand, he reached out and pushed a lock of Keith's frazzled hair behind his ear smiling. "Do you want to taste and see if I did?"

That was gross, Keith thought and said, "Yes."

The alpha leaned in to kiss him. Keith didn't really taste anything. How sweet it felt made him feel sweet, sweet and hot. Their tongues danced together and the stranger moved his fingers back to Keith's hole, this time three. They barely grazed over Keith's more pleasurable areas which made Keith feel desperate. He rocked his hips and moaned into the kiss, not realizing he was begging until the alpha pulled away and his voice was released.

"Please~~~."

The stranger grinned. "What a sweet begging voice you have. Let me hear it again. What is it you want, Keith?"

What did he want?

Mate. Mate. Mate. Mate. Mate.

He felt hot, he wanted a release from the heat. And he wanted this alpha to give it to him.

Keith had lost to his heat. It was fine. He had an alpha to make him feel good.

"Fuck me, with your knot, alpha," Keith moaned.

“As you wish,” the alpha said and suddenly there was something hard pressing into him.

It didn't hurt like Keith had always feared, but it didn't just slide right in like the alphas chatting on the street corners said it did. There was a strange pressure that made Keith nervous the further it went, but he also liked the friction that came with it. The alpha didn't move fast, but he didn't wait too long. It was a slow push that, once the alpha was fully sheathed, felt too slow. Having this alpha's dick inside of Keith made him feel like it should have always been there and he wasn't sure if that was just the heat or pleasure.

“Move,” Keith whispered.

The alpha leaned down to kiss Keith, his lips pulled into a smile as he did. As their tongues danced together, he pulled out to the tip then rammed back in. Keith tasted blood as he nipped the alpha's lip trying to pull away from the kiss so he could yelp in surprise. The thrust had teased his deeper spots, his sensitive spots, and Keith whined wanting the alpha to go deeper.

Slowly, the alpha built his thrusts until Keith was sure he was hitting his womb. He wished he had taken a moment to look at the alpha's dick. It felt huge and long and he could feel his balls slapping against his hole. Having sex during his heat should help settle it sooner. Perhaps he could return the alpha's favor during his more lucid moments.

“Move your hips with me,” the alpha said. “Give me a bit of wiggle. You need to be a bit looser.”

Keith thought he was plenty spread. Then he remembered the knot. They hadn't discussed Keith being knotted in full, but there was no way this alpha could get at his neck with the collar on so knotting wouldn't be as big of an issue especially if Keith found this heat to be the last good experience he had.

Keith moved his hips.

The friction, the rocking, the heat in the alpha's blue eyes, everything built up and Keith arched feeling himself cum again just as he was filled to the brim and plugged up. He laid

there boneless in the hay watching the scrunched up face of the alpha above him as he tried to steady himself locked inside Keith. Keith could feel the thick shots of cum in his hole, could feel the alpha's dick twitch every time more came out. He wiggled a little causing the alpha to hiss.

This stranger.

Keith chuckled and lifted a hand to lightly stroke the alpha's cheek. He opened his eyes to look at Keith and his look was adoring.

“Show me more, whatever you want, show me this heat,” Keith said.

The stranger moved his lips, but ended up only nodding.

He didn't need to say more, Keith thought. They had three days to find words.



On the third day, Keith sat between the alpha's legs sucking his cock. Indeed it was long and just thick enough to be intimidating. It made Keith's mouth sore, but not as sore as both his hole and his ass. He had been completely heat addled until early the third day in which the stranger had stopped fucking him and agreed to their current situation. They were both naked, clean clothes set aside. During Keith's napping periods, the alpha left however he had come back with food and drink and Keith's clothes washed and mended. His tights were still a mess, but Keith didn't need to look too tidy. That would be suspicious.

The weight of the alpha's dick in his mouth was good. The sound of the loom spinning straw was good. The soreness in his body was good. The ache in his chest was a warning.



At the end of the third day, Keith was found dressed and alone. Every strand of hay had been spun into gold. The guards pulled Keith out in less of a rough manner than the last time and presented him before General Sendak. The Galra alpha stared down at Keith with a sinister smile. He even bothered to reach out and touched Keith's face, holding it in his large handed grasp.

"You look so tired even after three days. You should be proud. You've done your kingdom a great service. However, I need you to do so once more. Only half as much as the first time will be put in the dungeon. You have one day to do it. If all of it is gold then I will take you into my harem."

Keith wanted to throw up. Sendak had many mates in his harem. None of them were bitten, but when you collared them all, who could bite them? There were rumors he only spent the wedding night with his mates and then lost interest. He could definitely fight Sendak off, but that would only encourage this kind of alpha to pursue further. Keith wasn't inexperienced anymore, though. Sendak might not like that.

One day then.

"It would be an honor," Keith said.

Lying had become easy.

The guards were gentler this time as they pulled Keith back to the dungeon. Inside was half the amount of hay he had seen on his first day and a spinning wheel that looked shiny and new. Keith stared at it and sighed. He walked over to a mound of hay and made himself a bed. Sendak was right, he was tired. Perhaps he could sleep until tomorrow.

As thoughts of hopelessness filled Keith's mind, he heard the shifting of metal somewhere in the far shadows of the dungeon. His heart skipped in anticipation. Softly, footsteps echoed closer and closer to him. Keith sat up and turned his head. He stood when he saw the shadow of a figure. When they stepped into the light, Keith ran.

The stranger's arms wrapped instantly around Keith and lifted him up. Keith wrapped his legs around the alpha's waist and met him in a fierce kiss. Their tongues moved desperately against each other, words trying to escape, but desperation making touch worth more of their time. Keith found himself back in his hay bed. His clothes were ripped from his body. He didn't mind. His hands were just as desperate pulling the alpha free of his shirt. The stranger pulled away for only a moment to remove his pants giving Keith a good look at him.

Keith had seen the stranger during his heat, but now he had the mind to truly commit it to memory. He was lean, but strong and tall. He was tan, with both darker and lighter scars across his body. Some were worse than others. It didn't bother Keith, he wasn't unmarred himself. His hands reached out to touch the alpha and urge him back closer.

They kissed again, hands moving everywhere. The stranger didn't leave a single inch of Keith's skin untouched, unknissed. Keith was already soaked for the alpha by the time he started stretching him. Three fingers widened him and then pulled out and flipped Keith onto his hands and knees. Keith didn't mind. He inclined himself and got ready to take it all in. Each bit more of the alpha he took was a bit more Keith got to enjoy in life.

The alpha was rough, but so were his kisses. He laid them across Keith's back and shoulders with frustrated moans. His teeth grazed Keith's neck below the collar and it took everything in Keith not to ask the alpha to bite him then and there. To make him his. He couldn't give this alpha a mate he would lose tomorrow.

Each thrust of the alpha shook Keith, but he rocked back into it. When he felt the alpha's knot breaching his hole he widened his legs and stilled. It breached his lips and buried deep. Keith thought he could feel the alpha's tip against his womb as he came spurt after spurt. The thought had Keith cumming both from his cock and his hole. After a few moments catching their breaths, they both collapsed onto the hay still connected.

The alpha held Keith tight. He kissed at the side of his face. Keith turned his head to kiss back, a hand reaching back to graze the alpha's face.

"You came again," Keith said.

The alpha took Keith's hand and kissed each finger. "I heard what was to be done with you. I can't let you die so easily."

Keith laughed. "You would rather I be bedded by the general?"

The alpha growled. With his long legs, he scooted his pants close enough to grab them and pulled out two vials from his pockets. He handed them to Keith. "The red one is a resistance potion. Drink it no more than twenty-four hours before you take the blue one. The blue one you must make sure General Sendak drinks. They're shaped easy enough to hide in places...in places no one can touch."

Keith blushed but took the vials and examined them. "I understand. What will the blue one do? Will it kill him?"

"No, that would mean your death. It's just for any night he tries to spend with you. I hear he drinks at parties. It will make him pliable and then he'll fall asleep. Do what you have to to make him think he's had you, but this way he won't."

"Th-thank you," Keith said.

The alpha continued to kiss at Keith's face as his knot deflated.

Keith put the vials down and looked at him. "Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why are you doing this? Why do you keep helping me?"

"Many reasons," the alpha said then sighed and turned to look at the wheel. "Keith, I'll spin your gold for you one more time, but there's something I want, something you have to promise me."

Keith had very willingly just had sex with him, so it couldn't be that? His heart, did he need that?

“What is it?” Keith asked.

The alpha turned back and looked Keith up and down then moved his hand to Keith's stomach. He rubbed it a few times before meeting Keith's eyes. “Your first born.”

Keith's eyes widened. “What?”

“I will spin your gold for you for a third time and in return I want your first born.”

Keith didn't quite understand, but nodded. It wasn't as if he'd get pregnant once Sendak figured out his new mate hadn't been mated or had lied about the gold.

“I'll give you my first born.”



The next morning, Keith woke alone in a pile of gold. Guards entered and escorted him out bringing him straight to the harem's tower where Sendak's other omegas got him ready for his mating ceremony. Not long after sunset, Keith found himself alone in Sendak's chambers with the general muttering words in a drunken and vulnerable state that would have scared Keith had he no other thoughts more important to him.

He should kill Sendak here and now. It was the best shot he had and what Kolivan must have hoped to happen. But, would that really end the tyranny the galras faced? This was just one powerhouse. Besides, Keith made a promise and that was far more important to him. If he was going to assassinate Sendak, it couldn't be obvious who killed him.

The next morning found Keith playing the perfect victim and he lost favor with the general.

A month later, Keith was called by Sendak.

“My sweet omega, I have a job for you. I’m going to have twenty chests of hay brought to the harem and a nice new spinning wheel. Please work your magic and make me gold. I’ll make sure to look favorably on you if you do,” said Sendak.

“I can’t,” Keith admitted. He hadn’t seen the strange blue eyed alpha since he entered the harem. Keith couldn’t count on him coming to save him once more.

“What do you mean you can’t? You’ve rested for a month already, you should have plenty of energy to do such a spell. Twenty chests isn’t a lot. It’s for your Empire after all.”

He couldn’t, he couldn’t! Keith needed a reason why he couldn’t.

Keith went on his knees before Sendak and bowed. “My alpha, that magic is too much for me in this state. I fear what it may do to the unborn child I carry.”

“A child? What nonsense do you speak?”

Keith lifted his head only a bit. He stayed looking small and weak. “For many days I’ve woken up sick to my stomach and I’ve...I have missed my heat.”

“It’s impossible you’re pregnant,” said one of Sendak’s advisors. “It’s rare to get pregnant without a bite.”

Keith bowed his head back down and talked more frantically. “My alpha’s seed must be strong. Should I not have had a heat by now otherwise? I know it is rare to get pregnant even in heat without a bite and rarer outside, but Alpha Sendak is certainly strong enough. I do not lie when I say I carry a child.”

Part of Keith hoped it wasn't a lie for he had been sick recently. The other half just hoped Sendak bought it so he could have just a little longer.

“Have the physician check my omega's health. If it is true then I can not risk the loss of the child. Certainly, you must be carrying an alpha if it could be conceived under such rare conditions. It will be my first heir.”

The physician didn't take long to confirm Keith's words. Keith was both twice as terrified and more happy than he had ever been over the following months as his stomach grew. Other than being given his own room, Sendak did not bother with him. It was said the general became much more enthusiastic about getting his other omegas pregnant as well. They needed a larger force, they needed a future force.

They needed help.

Through Keith's tower window, he watched as more and more of the Galra Empire came crashing down. The money the stranger had spun disappeared over time, more than they had spent which caused paranoia among Sendak's men. The trick Kolivan had set up for Keith was just a misplacement trick where you switched the straw for the same amount of gold and it slowly switched back. Keith's door was given a lock so keep him safe as he was the only one that could repair such a loss or so they thought.

On the day Keith gave birth, he did so alone and quietly. His child, dark haired and blue eyed, most likely an alpha, cried quietly as if he knew the longer it took for them to be found the better chance they had of living. Keith was thankful that he was only half galra and could use that as an excuse for the colorations on his child.

A few days later, they were found when the physician came to check on them. He was upset Keith hadn't screamed for help, but not enough to care beyond that. It was one month after the child's birth that he saw Sendak again and he led both Keith and the child to a party room to celebrate the birth of his first son.

Keith never once let go of his child. When it seemed the general might be interested in another with him, he mentioned the heat cycles of his other omegas and agreed to start

making gold again starting the next day. It wouldn't matter, Keith would run the moment he had a chance tonight, run with his son.

Keith's plans were interrupted by someone appearing suddenly in the middle of the party.

In a dazzling display of smoke and lights, a masked figure appeared in a strange costume. He danced and twirled as he avoided guards coming at him and stopped on the table before Sendak.

"My great general, I am here today to collect a debt owed to me," said the stranger.

"Who are you to appear suddenly?" roared Sendak.

"Someone who can make or break your line of tyranny for I know many secrets such as where all your gold has gone and when the next army will attack. But, first, I must collect what I'm owed?" said the stranger.

"No one here owes you a thing," Sendak growled and swiped at the stranger.

The stranger dodged the action and landed before Keith. Keith's eyes met his piercing blue ones. They almost hurt to look at seeming colder than Keith had ever seen, but they softened when they fell on the babe in Keith's arms.

"I was promised this first born in exchange for great power, isn't that right, omega?"

Keith's eyes widened. He felt betrayed, but what could he do? He had made such a promise and it would be better to give his son to the stranger, wouldn't it? Keith had been counting the days for too long already.

Before Keith could hand his son over, Sendak pulled out a sword and placed it between Keith and the stranger. "What powers are you talking about?"

Keith lowered his head and moved closer to Sendak in hopes it made him look weak and scared. He felt weak and scared, but he also wanted this man to let down his guard. He wanted to play Sendak into the ground, or at least that was what he should have been doing. Honestly, he just wanted it all to end.

“There was someone in the shadows that helped me with that spell and I did make such a promise to them in exchange. However, that was so long ago I’ve forgotten,” Keith said. “Besides, who could be serious about taking someone’s child? Only someone with bad intentions. He can’t be much of a threat to you, alpha.”

That seemed to placate Sendak and he laughed. “That’s right, such a promise is trivial if made before you knew if you could even bare. What harm could you bring to me? One man with a few tricks? You’re nothing.”

The stranger stepped away. “Alright then. I came without the intention of forcing you today. But, a promise is a promise. You can’t break the ones made to me. In three days, I shall return. Since it was the omega that promised me his first born, he must be the one to do this. Name me. If you can do that then I will leave peacefully, otherwise, the wrath of my people will be upon the Empire and that child *will* be mine.”

In another puff of smoke, the stranger was gone.

Keith held his child close and fell to his knees. Was he angry? Did he hate him? Had Keith imagined those adoring looks back in the dungeon? Perhaps all alphas looked like that when knot deep inside.

Keith’s chest hurt.

He didn’t know the stranger’s name. The stranger was going to take his son and then what would become of Keith?



“What’s his name?” a guard asked Keith for the hundredth time that hour.

“I don’t know,” Keith answered again. He could tell Sendak was losing patience each time he gave the answer sat in his usual chair overlooking the interrogation.

If it wasn’t Keith who held the future of Sendak’s only known heir he would have been beheaded by now.

“You’ll be tried for treason once we catch that strange man if you don’t answer truthfully,” the guard warned.

“I was just a desperate omega worth nothing. He came from the shadows and offered to help me with spinning straw into gold in exchange for my firstborn child. I didn’t expect that trick to actually end up with me as part of Alpha Sendak’s esteemed harem. He never gave his name,” Keith explained. It wasn’t completely a lie as he avoided specific words that would make it so. That alpha had come from the shadows and Keith hadn’t thought to make it this far because of the help he received.

Keith rocked his son in his arms. They hadn’t forced the baby away from him yet.

“Think hard about who he could be. If you can’t then, after we’ve won against whatever small army he thinks he has, you will find yourself back in the dungeons and won’t ever see my son again, understood,” Sendak said. He stood and left the room.

Keith didn’t cry, but the baby did. He rocked him harder and waited to be led back to his locked tower room away from the other omegas.

As the baby slept, Keith stared out his barred window and thought of what he knew of his strange alpha. He was definitely a druid. It was likely he was at least part Altean if not

associated with them with the marks below his eyes being an indicator. However, that was a powerful kingdom far too far away to be concerned with the Galra Empire. The rebellion had tried for years to ally with them only for negotiations to fall through every time.

There was the Garrison, a free country not yet fallen to Galra rule. It was mostly likely next on Emperor Zarkon's list. They might send spies to the empire, but they weren't known for magic.

Keith went through every possible official he could think of then made a list of all common names he new for male alphas in those countries. The list was short. Working as a rebel left him little time for schooling and he hadn't been high born enough to have to memorize people outside of the empire.

On the third day, Keith strapped his son to his back and came before Sendak with his short list. The general took one look at it, crumpled up the paper and threw it back at Keith before turning to his officials.

"Any news?"

"No, sir. There is no record of any officials being absent from their posts in other countries that match his description."

Sendak growled softly then stared at Keith. "Take my son away from him."

Keith fell into a deep bow before Sendak. "Please allow me to hold him until after I've made my guesses. This is the only thing I ask of you, alpha. After that, I will hand him over myself, I promise on my life."

It would be his life. If his son ended up raised by such people, it would be because Keith couldn't save him from it.

Sendak scoffed but agreed. "Fine, perhaps he'll be lucky and you will guess it. Now, when is this guy suppose to show up or is he a coward?"

"I'm not a coward, I was simply waiting for you to invite me in," said a voice from the shadows.

Like a cat, the stranger slinked into view and stood in the midst of them all. He bowed to Sendak before turning to Keith with a steady cold stare.

"My, omega, don't you look tired. Were you worried about your child or worried about losing your place beside the general?"

Keith frowned hearing those words. He never wanted Sendak. The stranger knew Keith would marry the general, though, when he made the promise of his firstborn.

"Am I to guess your name now?" Keith asked.

"Yes, and only you can do so. You only get three guesses, though."

"You didn't say that before," argued a guard.

"Does it matter? They're my rules and I don't want to dally. Go ahead, omega."

Keith took in a deep breath then sighed. "Is your name Isamu?"

"No," the stranger answered.

"Is your name Leandro?"

“No,” the stranger responded, a grin growing on his lips.

Keith hesitated on his last guess. Would it be better to guess it correct or not. It wasn't like there was truly any hope of him getting it right anyways.

“Come now, Omega. You'll never guess, so you should get this over with quickly,” said the stranger.

Keith sighed and looked up. He met the stranger's gaze with his own determined one. He knew it was hopeless, but he wanted the stranger to understand. He was a parent now and his son needed to be protected even if Keith couldn't be there with him.

Was this how his mother had felt every time she left him for a mission?

Was this how she felt every time she failed him?

“Your name, is it Lance...celot?”

The stranger's eyes widened almost impressed, almost in fear. Then, he laughed maniacally.

“Oh, omega, good guesses, good guesses, truly. However,” and he turned to General Sendak, “you didn't name me so that means I'll take my prize. Will you hand it over willingly, General?”

Sendak growled, “Never!”

Immediately, the guards moved forward. The stranger was quicker, though. He turned and ran for Keith.

Keith tried to grab his son, to make it easier to hand the child off to the strange alpha. Instead, he felt arms around his waist and a puff of smoke surrounded them. The next he knew, he was in a back alley near the general's castle, his son whining softly, and an out of breath alpha beside him.

The alpha removed his mask and fanned himself with it. Then, turned and grinned at Keith. "I had only expected to teleport with the child, but I guess the rumors were wrong."

"Rumors, what rumors?" Keith asked shushing his son.

"That you enjoyed your life as part of Sendak's harem."

Keith's eyes widened. He had thought the stranger seemed a bit colder than before. "The only time I was ever happy as part of the harem was when I was alone with this child."

The stranger chuckled, but it sounded sad. "Yeah, a child really can make a shitty situation better, but I didn't take you for someone that would willingly raise that man's child."

Keith frowned and looked down at his son, at his blue eyes. Nine months apart. And they'd had less than a week together.

"I never laid with Sendak. I lied to him. I lied to him every chance I got. I played the perfect omega victim and lied," Keith said then held the baby towards the alpha. "Look at him, look at his eyes. You were the only one who I ever let inside. I spent my heat with you. The only happiness I had locked up in my own personal lavish cage was the one you gave me. You wanted my first born, but he's always been yours, alpha."

The alpha stared sadly down at the baby then slowly reached out a hand. There was a question on his tongue, but it was interrupted by a loud whistling noise and then something heavy smashed down on Sendak's castle.

“Oh, I forgot to give the signal,” the alpha said.

“What’s going on here?” Keith asked.

The strange alpha lifted up a finger. “You almost named me. When you realized you had it, you changed it. Name me now.”

“Lance,” Keith said.

The stranger, Lance, smiled and moved a step closer to Keith. “Yes, I am Lance. I am the Garrison Ambassador to Altea. Or at least one of them. I have a large family and we keep secret which one is actually the ambassador. Altea and the Garrison thought it was about time to do something about Zarkon’s tyranny so I’ve been here as a spy. And then I met you and you ruined all my work.”

“I’m sorry,” Keith said.

Lance shook his head and reached out to gingerly touch Keith’s face. “Don’t be. This fight needed to happen no matter how much Altea didn’t want it. I would have led the Garrison myself if it meant saving my mate from another man’s hands. But, when I got here, I lost confidence because of the rumors.”

Keith reached up and placed his hand over Lance’s. “I know you couldn’t bring me with you because of the collar.”

“That damned collar. I would have bitten you if it wasn’t there, but I also didn’t want to leave you without a mate so soon. I didn’t know what kind of fighting I would have to do.”

“I would have fought with you,” Keith said.

Lance chuckled. “No, you were pregnant. Ah, but I heard your mother was the same.”

“My mother?” Keith asked. “Have you heard from her?”

“It seems your little rebellion group went to Altea as well to convince them once more to help. When I went back, I met her and told her about you. She was furious, mostly with me, when I said I’d met you. After that, I used a favor the princess owed me to get this fight started. She understood all too well when I said I found my true mate and I wasn’t letting him go.”

Mate. “I want to be your mate, Lance. I’ve wanted it since I met you.”

Lance smiled and moved closer to Keith, but paused and looked up as another flying object came hurtling towards Sendak’s castle. “Come, we shouldn’t dawdle here for long. I need to get you back to your rebels. They’ll get us safely out of here.”

“Alright,” Keith agreed.

Lance didn’t move right away, his eyes going to the baby. “Can I...can I hold him?”

Keith smiled and held the baby out. “Of course, he’s your son.”

“What’s his name?” Lance asked as Keith placed him in his father’s arms.

“I haven’t given him one.”

Lance rocked the baby and started to walk. “What was the first name you guessed?”

“Isamu?”

“Yeah, how did you come up with that one?” Lance asked.

“I guessed you were either from the Garrison or Altea and that’s a rare name in both kingdoms. As for the others, Altea likes names with Ls in them.”

Lance laughed. “You guessed my name so easily with just that much knowledge? I suppose it is a pretty common part of people’s names. How about we name him Isamu.”

“If you like it,” Keith agreed.

“Isamu, do you like it little one?” Lance cooed at the baby and the baby cooed back.

Keith paused. He stood still staring at his alpha and his son as they walked down the alleyway. It was dirty and the sound of war was not far off and yet Keith felt like this was a dream. Everyday had just been another day of hanging on, but this felt like the future.

Lance turned and looked at Keith curiously. “We really need to go, Keith. Sendak might be getting pummeled, but someone’s going to send the guards into town and they won’t hesitate to injure anyone who puts up even a little bit of a fuss.”

That was true, but, selfishly, Keith felt like something else was more important.

“I love you, Lance,” Keith said.

The stranger, Lance, his alpha looked at him like they had when they made love, but there wasn’t the same held back sadness in those blue eyes. They were just cool and adoring. He walked back up to Keith and grabbed his chin bringing their faces close.

“Keith, I’ve loved you since the first kiss and I’ll love you until our last.”

Then he kissed Keith as the Empire began to fall.

## End Notes

What are some positions or kinks you want to see? Inspiration is always good.

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