

Defective

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Defective

by [SamFullbuster](#)

Summary

Being born as a werewolf is an amazing and fun experience. Just...not for one who is defective, like Lance.

Notes

Originally, this piece was meant to be part of the VLD Halloween Big Bang but the main mod canceled it. So! I've decided to start posting for all of you now. My artist is amazing and I can't wait for all of you to see what he came up with. The final chapter will be posted on Halloween along with his art piece, which I will link here and on my Tumblr. I really hope you like it.

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

Chapter 1

It didn't happen often; in fact, it was quite unheard of. Every werewolf from the time they were born could shift. It was like breathing for them. When they were little, pups would stumble all over one another and themselves. It wouldn't be until they were three that they really got the hang of both forms.

That being said, it was rare when a child was born and unable to shift, stuck in just their human form for all their lives. The phenomenon happened so little that it was almost thought of to be a rumor. Then it happened and a pack was forced to deal with it. In some cases, the pup's family would abandon them, abuse them and some outright killed them. It was seen a mercy to the pup, they were a broken werewolf, what use did they have? Of course, not all packs were heartless to do either of those things. Some just saw the defect as something to look past and protect the wolf.

Yes, wolf. Even without the ability to shift, the pup still had all the enhanced senses of another werewolf. They just couldn't shift.

Omega Lance McClain-Iverson was one of those wolves. His family refused to let him feel left out of anything, his older siblings always doing what they could to involve him in their play when they were younger. His parents always being sure to teach him how to use his senses, even if he couldn't shift. Rosa, his mother, taught him how his omega pheromones could be used to his advantage if he manipulated them right. His father, Mitch, taught him how to physically take down an opponent that was bigger and stronger than him.

The McClain-Iverson pack were always protective of Lance, something the omega was grateful for, even if it could be annoying at times. Lance knew that he was lucky for the family he had. They always made him feel loved even though he was defective.

The only times he felt excluded was on nights of the full moon. He'd watch his brothers and sister shift and run with their parents while he was left at home. When he was young, one of his family members would stay with him. Too afraid to leave him alone, but as he grew he told them he would be fine. Lance told them hadn't wanted them to miss out on running free with the pack.

In actuality, he just didn't want them to see him cry. Lance suspected his mother knew, when the family would return she was curl up beside him with her head on his chest, sometimes his dad would join them or he'd just watch over them protectively. Never did he voice how much he wanted to be out there with them. Feeling the dirt beneath his paws, play fighting with his siblings, curling up in the sun to sleep...Lance wanted that. What werewolf wouldn't? But he wouldn't have it.

Because he was defective.

Joining the Voltron pack was one of the best decisions Lance had ever made. He met Hunk and Pidge in college, two werewolves who had become fast friends with. The three of them

had formed their own little pack eventually merging with Pidge's brother's pack that he'd started with his mate, Shiro.

Shiro, Keith, Hunk and Allura made up the pack's alpha, Shiro being their pack alpha, and Adam was Shiro's omega mate. Pidge was the only beta of the group but she was trying to deny her feelings for Allura even though everyone knew they liked each other. Lance loved them all, they were his family.

The best part was that they never, not once, made him feel inferior to them for being unable to shift. Sure they all teased each other, but no one ever made him feel broken for something he couldn't do.

Surprisingly, Keith was the most protective of them all. Even more so than Hunk was. Lance would be lying if he said he hadn't fallen in love with the moody alpha. But he wouldn't do anything about it. He knew he couldn't.

No alpha wanted a defective mate.

* * * * *

It was three weeks to the full moon, which would be on October 31st this month. It was something the entirety of the Voltron pack was excited about. For the supernatural community, it was always an exciting time to have the two line up.

Lance smiled as he watched Adam and Shiro cuddle together on the couch. Full moons always made omega's more affectionate, even Lance felt that way. Packs would always be willing to accept cuddles from the omegas of the pack because they needed it.

The problem was that sometimes the others forgot Lance felt those feelings. If he went to curl up with them they would let him but sometimes they didn't. Adam understood, as only omegas could, and not once turned him away but it wasn't the same. Sometimes he needed to surround himself with an alpha or a beta's scent.

An arm snaked its way around Lance's waist and pulled him into a muscular chest. He looked up and a small smile came to his lips when he saw it was Keith. "Hey," he said. "You ok?"

Keith said nothing, just buried his nose in the top of Lance's head and held the omega close. "Long day," he said. The alpha worked with his uncle Kolivian at his private investigator's office. He'd become one of the more sought after PI's at the state. The trade-off was that he had to work with a lot of whiny or stupid clients that got him to work for them because they had a lot of money.

Lance turned in the alpha's arms and pressed close to him, letting his scent wash over the alpha to help soothe the anger and turmoil he was feeling. Keith was the only one of the pack who sought him out for comfort. The fact made the omega feel a little more comfortable with himself. "Sorry," he said, his arms snaking up to wrap around Keith's neck. "Want to talk about it?"

“No,” he said. He pulled Lance down on the couch with him, the omega ending up in the alpha’s lap. “Just want to relax.”

Part of Lance preened at those words, he always did. While no one ever intentionally pushed him aside, Keith always made him feel wanted, like a useful part of the pack. He wiggled around a little until he could curl his legs up and tuck his head beneath the alpha’s chin. The feeling of safety and warmth washed over him just as he knew that his scent had taken on a calming note.

“How did your class go today?” Keith asked, his hand gently rubbing at the base of Lance’s skull.

Lance shrugged, being careful not to dislodge Keith’s hold on him. “It was ok, I did get that course replacement approved. Which means I’ll graduate this December instead of having to take one class next semester.”

“That’s great.”

A quiet hum started in his throat and he closed his eyes as he leaned against Keith. Lance had started his own freelance career and had a pretty decent following. When he was working on commissions he would lock himself in his room and the pack would need to make sure he ate and slept. That plus school had been a lot for him. Graduating early would be a blessing.

“What time is everyone getting here, by the way?” Lance asked. This year, the Voltron pack would be holding a full moon party. The surrounding packs would be flying in throughout the month to attend the party.

“Soon,” Shiro said. “Most aren’t getting here the week before the full moon. Other than your family’s pack that is.”

“That reminds me,” Adam said. “You said your siblings are getting a hotel room?”

“Just Veronica and Marco, Luis is going to stay here with us.”

“Well, we have one empty room your parents can use we just need to put Luis somewhere then,” Adam said thoughtfully.

The Cuban couldn’t keep the small smile off his face when Keith pressed his nose into Lance’s neck and let out a relaxed sigh. “He can stay with me,” Lance said. “We use to do that when my *abuelos* came to stay with us.”

The other omega nodded. “Ok, good. That takes care of one issue. Now we just have to figure out...the other.”

Lance frowned. “What other problem?”

“You know Zarkon’s pack is coming in for the bash, right?” Shiro asked.

Keith growled at the reminder. “Yeah,” Lance said, “I know.”

“Well, apparently Zarkon’s son and a few of his packmates are coming into town early,” Adam said. “Rumor is Lotor is looking to branch off from his father and is looking at the unclaimed land next to ours.”

“Officially, Zarkon wants to send a delegate to check us out since we’re so new,” Shiro added.

“Well, at least it’s not Sendek,” Lance said.

Keith’s arms tightened around him as he held him just a bit closer. The last time they had met with the alpha had not been good. It had taken Lance awhile to talk to everyone again after his visit. “If it were Sendek we’d revoke their invitation.”

“Keith’s right,” Shiro said, “we made it clear that if Sendek were to show up then our alliance would be revoked.”

Lance rested his head against Keith’s. “I know.” And they would. He knew that, but Lance still didn’t think he was worth all that fuss. Sendek had only been pointing out the obvious when he’d come around that one time. Still, he appreciated their concern.

Adam, after detangling himself from Shiro, started towards the kitchen. “I’m going to go grocery shopping. We’re going to have a lot of people to be feeding even *before* the actual party. Lance, could you make something tonight? Hunk is out with Shay.”

The younger omega nodded. “Yeah, I can cook.” It took a little tugging but he managed to get himself out of Keith’s arms to make his way into the kitchen.

Keith grumbled at having to let go of Lance but relented. “Will you make that chili again? The one you made after your finals in May?”

Lance smiled and nodded. “If we have all the ingredients, sure.” He knew how much Keith liked that chili but Lance tried not to make it too often. If he did then it would lose its appeal! At least, that’s what his mama said when she taught him to make it.

The grin Keith tossed at him had Lance smiling back in return. A warm feeling bubbling up in his chest. Lance quickly squashed that down before scurrying off into the kitchen.

Adam followed Lance into the kitchen to look in the refrigerator for anything that they needed that Hunk hadn’t put on the list. “Is there anything special your family would want?”

“My brother has a bit of an obsession with Twizzlers,” the younger omega said. “Mind getting a couple packs of those?”

The older omega smiled. “Yeah, I can get it.” As he walked by, he gently squeezed the back of Lance’s neck. The effect had Lance letting out a contented sigh and leaning into Adam’s hold. With Adam being the mate of their pack alpha, his touch and presence were immediately calming to anyone in the pack. Any omega was like that really but Adam had a higher ranking so he had more of an effect on people.

Lance was sure if he weren't broken he'd have a better effect on his pack too. He didn't like that Adam had to carry the burden of the pack's drama himself.

Adam gave another affectionate squeeze before heading off. "Be back in a couple hours."

* * * * *

Sometime late, Shiro and Keith were playing some video game when someone knocked on their front door. Keith was the one who paused the game (no it was not because he was losing, thank you very much) to go answer it.

However, he didn't get to the door before Lance who opened the door to be greeted by an alpha with pure white hair.

Lotor smirked down at the shorter man. "Well, hello again, omega."

Keith growled and gently pulled Lance away from the other alpha to stand behind him. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Keith!" Lance yelled. He tried to tug out of the alpha's hold but he only tightened his grip. "Be nice, he hasn't done anything to us."

Oh, Keith knew that, and he also knew that Lotor had stood by and *sneered* at Lance when Sendek had been making those remarks. "You're early, not supposed to be here for a couple more days."

Lotor shrugged. "We caught an early flight out here that had a cheaper price."

"We?"

"My pack mates, Acxa, Ezor, Zethrid and Narti." Keith glanced behind the alpha but didn't see anyone with him. Lotor chuckled. "I am not stupid, they are back at our hotel waiting for me. I knew it would not be...well received we're I to try and come here with all of them to announce our arrival."

Keith was about to make a snide comment when Lance finally wiggled his way out of Keith's hold and placed himself between the two alphas. "It's good to see you again, Lotor," the omega said. "Please come in."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Here's the next chapter!

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

“So let me get this straight,” Shiro said. “You came early because the realtor said that the land is getting another offer.” They’d moved into the kitchen where they could all work. Lance had finished making his chili and was

“Yes,” Lotor said.

“And you couldn’t do this over the phone?” Keith growled. He had one eye on Lance as the omega worked behind Lotor, his annoyance growing each time the other alpha looked at the Cuban.

“Well we could have but doing a land purchase without seeing it isn’t good business,” he smirked at the angry alpha. “I would have called but we had to board the plane rather quickly.”

Lance came around after checking the chili once more and leaned against the took the seat next to Shiro. While he wasn’t the pack omega, he was an omega in the pack so his presence would keep the situation calm. “The wolves you’ve brought with you, are they all alpha?”

“No, not all. Two of them are alphas, Acxa and Zethrid, and the other two are betas, Narti and Ezor.”

No omegas. Keith couldn’t stop himself from moving to a protective position behind Lance. While Lotor and his wolves were part of the Galra pack, they were still looking to branch away. Meaning they would be on the lookout for an omega to balance them all out. Lance would be one of their first options because he wasn’t mated.

It took everything Keith had to keep from growling at the thought. Like hell he was going to let Lance be taken away from their pack.

From the look on Lotor’s face, he knew exactly what the other alpha knew what Keith was thinking.

“We would have really preferred you at least send us a courtesy message,” Shiro was saying. The pack alpha completely ignoring the posturing both Lotor and Keith were attempting to keep to a minimum. “Nevertheless, I understand the rush you must have been in to get here. We’ll accept your presence here under the understanding that you will follow the rules set forth earlier.”

Lotor dipped his head in understanding. “Yes, that will be doable. We will be viewing the land in the next couple of hours, however, so I must prepare for it. When we leave the property, I will be sure to notify you of our location.”

Shiro nodded his head. “Thank you.” The two alpha’s stood, Lance remaining seated just as Adam would if he were there. “If there is anything you need while you’re here, please do not hesitate to ask us.”

Lotor’s eyes slid to Lance for a split second before looking back at the other alpha. “Believe me,” he said, “I won’t.”

Keith felt a growl bubbling up in the back of his throat. It took everything he had to not launch himself at the other alpha. Lotor needed to keep his eyes *off* of Lance. If that prissy alpha even attempted to put his hands on the omega, Keith would rip his—

Lance stood up and smiled at the other alpha. “Would you like to take some of the chili with you? There’s plenty here I could pack up and send with you and your pack.”

Keith’s eye started twitching.

“As appreciated as your offer is, I believe Acxa made reservations for us at one of the restaurants in town. We will be going there after meeting with the realtor.”

The smile never fell away from Lance’s lips. “Of course. Here, let me walk you out.”

Keith went to follow but Shiro stopped him with a hand on his arm and a slight shake of his head. “Hold back, Keith.”

“But—”

Shiro narrowed his eyes at him and Keith sighed.

“Fine.” He stayed in the kitchen to wait for Lance to come back. His ears trained on the front door as his packmate and Lotor chatted. Thank the gods for wolf hearing. He could keep an eye on what that bastard said or did to Lance.

“You know,” Shiro said. “If you like Lance, you just need to say something to him. He likes you too.”

Keith’s eyes widened. “The fuck you talking about.”

“I’m talking about how you like Lance.”

“I-I don’t!”

“Really?” Shiro crossed his arms. “Then why are you so protective of him?”

“Bec-because he’s a packmate!” Wasn’t that enough? Lance was an omega in their pack. He deserved to be protected just like Adam did. There didn’t need to be any special reason.

“Keith, you pulled him into your lap earlier.”

“S-so?” He crossed his arms.

“Keith—”

“Look, everyone ignores him. You all forget he’s an omega too and he needs the affection,” he snapped. Not even realizing this had been bugging him until now. “Other than Adam and I touching or hugging him he gets pushed off to the side and forgotten about. I feel so bad for him so I make sure to give him attention. That doesn’t mean *I like him* .”

“So...you pity me?”

Keith spun around, eyes wide. There stood the omega with sad, slightly wet eyes, and Lotor standing right behind him. “Lance...I didn’t...Lance, you heard all that?”

Lance reached up and wiped his face. “Of course I did. You weren’t exactly quiet and besides, I might be *defective* but I still have enhanced senses.”

The alpha winced. He hated it when Lance used that word to describe himself. “Lance, I’m sorry. I, I misspoke I don’t pity you.”

Shiro attempted to step in then. “Lance, please. Keith didn’t mean—”

“Save it,” he snapped. “I-I’m going out for a bit. The chili is ready whenever anyone wants it.” He spun on his heel and stormed out, the front door slamming closed a second later.

Lotor stood up straight and turned to leave once more. “Well, this has been entertaining, but I do not believe that we should allow for your packmate to go off like this. I will do what I can to smooth things over with him.” Then he was off as well.

Keith stared at where the two had just been. “Fuck.”

Chapter End Notes

Catch me on [my Tumblr](#)

And here's [the Tumblr](#) to my artists blog that's will be doing the piece for my fic. You should really check out his work out. It's fantastic!

A final note! I run an omegaverse [discord server](#) where we just share headcanons, fics, AUs, etc. If any of you are interested you can come join us! Please know it is 18+ only.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Ok...so this was meant to only be a short little chapter fic. Turns out this is going to be a series. akhfdhfjfhghsg I need to be stopped. The last chapter of this fic will still be posted on Halloween!

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

Lance didn't know where he was going. He just knew he needed to go.

Why was he even shocked? He was a defective omega, of course, Keith pitied him. There wasn't an alpha, hell, there wasn't a wolf in the world that would want to be with him.

Even knowing this, the hurt didn't stop.

The broken omega ran for as long and as hard as he could. While not able to shift, he still had the endurance of a normal wolf so he got pretty far when running.

So far, in fact, he wasn't sure where he ended up. Lance had never had a reason to go very deep in the woods surrounding his pack's home because he'd never needed to. The desire to run and explore was not there for him so he'd never taken the chance to learn the area very well.

Just another reason for why he was so fucking useless.

Lance hadn't noticed that he was crying until he couldn't see past the tears. His foot caught on a root and he went sprawling across the forest floor. The omega made no move to get up. What would it matter? He'd just have to go back and face Keith and he didn't want to.

Hell, he didn't ever want to see Keith again.

Snap.

With a gasp, Lance sat up straight only to find a barrel of a shotgun shoved in his face. When he went to scramble back he came into contact with a pair of legs behind him.

"Lookie what we got here," the one with the shotgun said. "A wolf omega-bitch wandered into our little trap."

Hunters. These guys were hunters. There had been talk of them passing through the state a few weeks ago but Lance had been sure they would have been gone by now.

He was so fucked.

“A pretty little bitch too,” the one behind him said. Rough human hands reached down and grabbed him under the arms to yank him to his knees, the barrel of the shotgun following his movements.

A whine tried to claw its way up Lance’s throat but he didn’t let it out. He wouldn’t give them the satisfaction of hearing his distress. Had they been wolves, they would have noticed the change in his scent as it went from hurt and upset to downright terrified.

The first hunter pushed the gun further into Lance’s face. “What? Got nothin’ to say?”

Lance gasped and turned his face away. “W-we have a treaty. I haven’t done anything wrong.” Hunters and the magical community had made a pact years ago where clear rules were set out. If one were broken then the community would handle it; if they didn’t or were unable to then hunters would take care of it. That didn’t stop many hunters from attacking random magical creatures when they were out on their own.

Like now.

“Oh we know you haven’t,” the one holding him said. His hand moved from his arms and ran down his body. “You know what found out the other day?”

Lance shook his head and tried to jerk away from the man’s hold but the threat of the shotgun going off kept him still.

“We heard you ain’t nothin’ but a broken omega bitch,” the gunman said. “Can’t shift like the normal ones can but can still be breed.”

“We want to find out if it’s true that fucking an omega is as good as those alpha’s make it out to be.” The hands holding him slid down his sides and gripped his pants.

Fear flooded the omega and he tried to jerk away but the gun was back, pressing even closer to his face. “Don’t try to run,” he snarled. “This is loaded with silver bullets laced with wolfbane, you won’t get far.”

Lance whimpered and held completely still as the hunter holding him worked his pants and underwear down and off. Bile rose in his throat as hands moving to rip his shirt off his shoulders. He wasn’t ashamed of his body, no werewolf was ashamed of being naked in front of others, but he didn’t want them looking at him. He didn’t want these hunters touching him.

“Look at ‘em, Billy. Tight body and tiny cock.” One hand reached and grabbed Lance’s dick.

“Please,” he whispered, “let me go.” He shouldn’t have run so far.

Billy laughed and lowered the gun just enough that he could step closer. “Not until we have our fun with you.”

A large white blur flew out of nowhere and crashed into Billy. The hunter went down with a scream and blood spurted across Lance’s face.

Lance didn't have a chance to see who it was that had saved him because a second later the man holding him suddenly knocked him to the ground as he lunged at the wolf.

Not use to the violence that was being displayed, the omega curled up on the forest floor and covered his head with his arms body shaking and tears mixing with the hunter's blood on his face. He couldn't help but release a distressed whine as the screams faded into the garbled sound of someone dying.

It was quiet once again as the wolf, an alpha from the smell of him, pressed his cold nose to Lance's cheek. A soft *woof* leaving him as he attempted to get Lance to look up at him.

The omega looked up and his eyes connected with the wolf's concerned once. Take away the blood and dirt and his fur would be pure white like Allura. When he sniffed the air, he identified it was ink and cinnamon. "Lo-Lotor?"

The wolf pressed closer, his nose finding Lance's scent gland to press into.

"I-I'm ok," his whispered. "Yo-you got here in time." Lance wrapped his arms around the alpha and buried his face in his fur. "You saved me."

Lotor let out a small whine and pressed his muzzle to the back of Lance's neck. His teeth pressing against the back of his a light nip marking the omega. It wasn't a claiming but it was calming, something only alphas did when they cared about an omega.

His father and Shiro had been the only ones to ever show that kind of affection. Shiro only really doing it after fully accepting Lance into the Voltron pack.

Whining again, Lance couldn't keep the tears from falling. "Do-don't do that. Pl-please," he cried.

Beneath his fingers, he felt fur melting away to human skin. Arms wrapped around Lance and pulled him close to a strong chest. "Don't cry, little wolf, I do not like to see you so sad."

Lance pressed his face into Lotor's neck. "Please don't call me that," he whispered. "I-I'm not a wolf. Not a real one."

A growl sounded in Lotor's chest. "Do not say that. You are a wolf in every sense of the word. Just as I am. It does not matter if you can take the form of your animal side or not. You are still a wolf at heart." Gently, he pulled Lance's face from his neck. "You are a kind and caring omega, you are not broke, you are not defective."

"B-but I—"

"No!" Lotor pulled Lance's face from his neck so they could look at one another. "You are whole, you are kind, you are Lance." Then the alpha pressed his lips to Lance's.

A soft sound of surprise left the omega before he melted into the older wolf's hold. Lance felt his eyes stinging with unshed tears. The kiss, soft but demanding, felt so good. It felt *right*. Shaking arms reached up to wrap around the alpha's shoulders.

Lotor began to pull away but Lance pressed himself closer. “N-no! Do-don’t stop.”

The alpha chuckled and kissed him again. “I love you, Lance. I have since we first spoke when our packs met all those years ago. Our letters back and forth since, they have meant so much to me.”

The omega whined and leaned his head against the alpha’s chest. “I-I didn’t think you would care so much about them.” He took a deep breath. “I...I love you too.”

The arms around him tightened. “You have meant so much to me, Lance. It is why I have brought my pack here, to be close to you. Please, if you do not wish to be part of the Voltron pack any longer be a part of mine. No one will harm you or look down on you for being unable to shift. ” Lotor pressed his lips against Lance’s forehead. “Be my mate, my beautiful omega.”

It felt as though Lance’s heart was beating a mile a minute. The pain he’d felt for so long melting away. Lotor felt safe. “Yes, yes, I...I want to be with you, I want to be your omega.”

Chapter End Notes

Catch me on [my Tumblr](#)

Join the [Lance Protection Squad](#) on Discord!

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Happy Halloween everyone! It's the final chapter of Defective! The next fic will come...when I have time. XD

Also! There's fanart of this fic! The link is in the endnotes.

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

Keith paced back and forth on the front porch the next morning. Lotor had called and said that he would be taking Lance back to his hotel for the night to rest. There'd been more but Shiro had refused to tell him what it was. It was driving Keith up the wall. He just wanted Lance to come home and be safe.

The alpha just wanted to apologize. He'd royally fucked up and he had to tell Lance that. With a growl, he angrily ran his hand through his hair.

Fuck, he's really screwed up yesterday. He needed to apologize.

Not able to continue pacing, he dropped down on one of the chairs they kept on the porch. Shit, when Adam had gotten home and heard what happened, what Keith had *said*, he'd been so pissed off and had lectured Keith for two hours. None of it had been less than what he'd already been thinking.

He dropped his head into his hands. He needed to tell Lance the truth about his feelings or this would only get worse.

Or Adam would kill him.

Even if Lance didn't feel the same way he had to tell him. Keith couldn't let Lance think that he pitied him. That couldn't be further from the truth! He admired Lance for being such a fantastic and positive person in their pack. Even when Shiro and Adam had a fight, he managed to defuse it within a few seconds. Hell, he had the ability to get Pidge to go to bed when she got so engrossed in her work. Sometimes even better than Allura could.

How could Keith pity him when Lance was so amazing?

He let out a frustrated breath and pressed his fingers into his eyes.

Keith had really fucked up. But, Lance would forgive him, right? If he just explained himself then everything would be ok. Even if he didn't feel the same way as Keith did that was fine. The alpha just needed to tell Lance how sorry he was.

Gravel crunching under a tire reached the wolf's sensitive hearing and he was up and out of his chair again. He recognized the sounds of the car as the one Lotor had been driving the day before. Keith hadn't seen him come back with Lance but he'd heard the two of them leave in the car. Shiro had needed to hold him back from going outside when they returned.

The car, a fancy BMW, came to a stop at behind Keith's motorcycle. After a moment, the driver's side opened and Lotor stepped out of the car, his eyes narrowing when they landed on Keith. "Lance does not wish to speak with you," the alpha said.

Keith did his best to keep his growl in. "I want him to tell me that." He looked at the passenger side where he could see Lance through the windshield. He just...he just needed to smell Lance. Needed to know that Lotor hadn't hurt him. Lance had never been able to hide anything from him.

He watched as Lance took a deep breath before opening the car door and stepping out. The way the wind blew instantly had the omega's scent flowing towards him. Seawater and pomegranate never seemed like something that would work together but it did and Keith had become so accustomed to it.

What he wasn't accustomed to was how Lotor's peppermint scent clung so close to the omega's. Then his eyes zeroed in on the bit on Lance's neck. A growl sounded in the alpha's throat and he launched himself at Lotor. "You *bastard*."

"Keith!" Lance screamed. "Stop!"

But Keith wasn't listening. Both he and Lotor shifted just before their bodies collided, teeth and claws out as they fought.

Distantly, he heard Lance yelling at them to stop but Keith was too angry. *How dare* Lotor mark his Lance? How dare this piece of shit try to take him away when he was hurting. There was no way Lance would want to be with this fucker if he wasn't hurting.

"Keith! Stand *down*."

The black wolf immediately followed his pack alpha's command and backed away from the white wolf. Growls still sounding in his throat as he glared at the other wolf. He turned his gaze away from him to look at Lance only to see the omega being held tightly by Adam as he cried. A frown marred his face and he whined as he went to step closer to him.

Lotor shoved himself between Keith and the two omegas, his growl sounding much angrier than Keith's had.

"Keith, leave Lance be. You've done enough."

The wolf turned to look at his alpha, a confused whine leaving him.

Shiro only glared at him, eyes taking on a slight alpha glow as he did until the younger alpha dropped his gaze to the asphalt.

Lotor shifted from wolf to man and stood up to face Lance. “Little wolf, don’t cry. It’s ok now.”

Lance sniffled before launching himself into the alpha’s arms, his face pressing into the alpha’s neck as he trembled. “Can-can we go n-now?” he whispered.

Lotor looked at Shiro. “As we told you on the phone earlier, Lance has chosen to join my pack. We will gather a few of his things for him to stay with me at the hotel. Once the house and plans are settled with the realtor we will be back for the rest of it.”

Keith shifted and stood up straight. “Lance, y-you’re leaving?” He hated how he sounded.

The omega peeked over at him before casting his eyes downward. “I want to be with Lotor. Y-you, don’t have to like it, Keith.” His fingers tightened around where Lotor’s biceps.

“We’ll miss you, Lance,” Adam said. He placed a hand on the other omega’s back. “It won’t be the same without you.” Lance turned and threw himself back into Adam’s arms. A relieved sound coming sounding in his throat. “Come on, I’ll help you pack some of your things.”

They walked into the house where Keith could hear Pidge and Hunk milling about as they tried to find out what was happening. They knew Lance and Keith had fought and that was why he was spending the night with Lotor and his pack. After they heard what Keith had said they were pissed, now they would for sure want to kill him.

Keith wouldn’t blame them.

“Would you like to borrow some clothes, Lotor?” Shiro asked. “I have some old sweats you can take with you back to the hotel if you need it.”

“No, I have a bag in my car,” the alpha said. Most wolves traveled with extra clothing for situations like this. The offer was more a courtesy than anything else.

Shiro nodded, then looked at Keith, his eyes narrowing. “Inside.” He looked at Lotor again. “Lance’s room is upstairs forth door on the left.”

Lotor nodded and grabbed a bag from his closet. “Thank you.”

The younger wolf felt a whine building in his throat but he forced it down. He fucked up, he knew that, but he wasn’t going to show weakness. Not now.

He followed Shiro into the house and to the living room. He could hear Lance upstairs talking to Adam in low tones. Loud enough that he could hear them but not make out what they were saying.

“Shiro—”

“Quiet,” the alpha growled. “Sit down.”

Keith dropped on to the couch, eyes on the floor.

“Do you have any idea what you could have done out there?” The alpha asked. “If Lotor wanted to he could take you pouncing on him as an act of treason. Not to mention that you’re terrified one of his pack members, *who also happens to be his mate.*”

“But Lance is a member of our pack!” Keith argued, his stubbornest shining through.

“No, he’s a former member of our pack. Once he mated with Lotor last night his pack bonds changed. He will always be part of Voltron as a family member but he’s not one of my wolves any longer.”

“But...wh-what if Lotor forced him?”

Shiro narrowed his eyes. “He didn’t, you saw how Lance acted with him, I would not let Lance leave this house if I thought his mating with Lotor wasn’t something he wanted. They’ve been friends for years, I know Lance will be happy with Lotor.”

“They’ve been friends for years?”

The pack alpha nodded and sat next to Keith on the couch. “Yes, for a very long time. Lotor and Lance have been exchanging letters, phone calls and even video chatted for a while. I am not shocked they have decided to mate.”

A whine did break free then. “Oh...why didn’t he tell me?”

“I suspect that it was because you were very obvious in your dislike for him whenever his name was mentioned.” Shiro put a hand on his brother’s shoulder. “Look, give Lance some time and apologize. It’s not like we won’t see him again, their pack will be taking the land right next to ours. We’ll see him all the time.”

Keith dropped his head in his hands. “I really fucked up, didn’t I?”

“You did, but you can fix it.”

* * * * *

Keith stood at his bedroom window watching the driveway. Lance hugged each member of their pack tightly, a smile on his face. There had always been something tense about him but here and now he seemed more relaxed.

Maybe Lotor was good for him.

Lance hugged Shiro last before going to Lotor’s waiting arms.

Keith turned away from the window. He couldn’t watch Lance leave. It was his own fault, but he couldn’t watch it happen. If Lance was happy and safe then Keith wouldn’t stand in his way.

That didn’t mean he had to like it.

Chapter End Notes

Catch me on [my Tumblr!](#)

The link to my artist's [piece](#) for it!

End Notes

Catch me on [my Tumblr](#)

Oh! And here's [the Tumblr](#) to the artist blog that's doing the piece for my fic. You should really check out his art. It's fantastic!

A final note! I run an omegaverse [discord server](#) where we just share headcanons, fics, AUs, etc. If any of you are interested you can come join us! Please know it is 18+ only.

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