

To Know Is Not Enough by Otlal3
Chapter 13: The Game

Author's Chapter Notes:

Rated NC-17 for an explicit, yet tasteful sex scene.

The team hovered over the prone princess whose breath was forced and constant under the mercy of machines. The doctor had found one external injury aside from scorched fingertips: a U-shaped burn where the base of her helmet met the top of her neck. However, internal injuries placed her in critical condition.

“She has suffered a severe electric shock. Her body could deteriorate into renal failure, but I have her on a drip that may help. If all else fails, she will have to undergo a kidney transplant.” Dr. Gorma broke the news with a straight face, but his eyes were downcast and burdened.

“Thank you, Dr. Gorma.” Coran’s voice was heavy. “I will request that Bandor and Romelle of Pollux be tested for a match. They are distant cousins.”

“That’s a fine idea, Coran. In the meantime, the princess needs peace and quiet.” The doctor looked at the boys sitting at her bedside and matched quaking eyes with Lance. The lieutenant quickly looked away in a vain attempt to avoid the truth he saw in the doctor’s expression. It had been hidden in his inflections and gestures when he spoke, but Lance knew without having to hear the words that her injuries could be fatal.

Lance rose from his seat in a rush and walked to the door, slamming his hand against the cold metal surface as it slid open. He hurried through the extensive hallways of the castle with a fierce expression. He was on the war path and each poor soul he encountered gave him a wide berth, hoping that they were not his target. He stormed into Castle Control and scanned the room.

“Has the commander returned yet?” he barked at the young guard keeping watch over the main computer.

“Yes, sir. About thirty minutes ago.” The young man had never seen the lieutenant appear so frazzled and humorless. He looked taxed and wrought with frustration... he looked like Captain Keith.

Lance turned from Castle Control and trotted toward the Voltron Force wing, making blind turns at a careless pace. He stopped in front of room VF-100, the numbers a bold black against the metallic door. He punched in a code on the keypad and entered. No lights flickered on when he stepped inside, and he strode purposefully to the lounge chair by the window where he landed with a sigh. The chair sighed back at him with the burden of his weight and Lance rubbed his tired eyes, digging at the pounding in his head. Although he had been seeking his new commander, he instead found himself taking refuge in the empty quarters of his captain and friend.

“Where did I go wrong?” Lance questioned. He breathed rapidly, his body accosted by fury. He jumped out of the chair and paced the room, looking for answers in the darkened desk lamp, the rippled curtains, and the large chest of drawers. *If you were here, you’d tell me EXACTLY where I went wrong, wouldn’t you?* Lance thought as he looked at Keith’s empty bed.

“Either that or you’d take the blame yourself. You didn’t tell me being in charge is a no-win scenario, Keith.” Lance continued his thoughts aloud, his words hitting the walls and reverberating into his ears. A laugh caught in his throat as he heard his own voice chiding his absent friend. “Well I’m a complete fuck!”

Lance fell into the lounge chair once again and rested his head against the seat, a lazy arm draped over his eyes. *What I need is some booze.* He sat bolt upright and smiled broadly, a hopeful glint in his eyes. His hand pushed under the seat cushion and searched around until the coolness of glass met his fingers. Lance knew that Keith liked to hide things under cushions and mattresses, so this was a logical place for his birthday present – tucked deeply into the plush cavern of Keith’s favorite chair. Lance pulled at the obstruction and his eyes twinkled as a small bottle took shape in his hand. He held it up to his face and let out a laugh – moonshine. A small card hung from the neck and Lance read the clean, angled print he recognized as Keith’s: *In case you actually miss me while I’m gone. Happy Birthday! Keith.* It was a long standing tradition that Keith would procure the finest alcoholic specimen from some unknown region of the galaxy as a gift to Lance on his birthday. In his moment of desperation, Lance had once again counted on Keith to deliver, and he had done just that. Keith’s gesture sank heavily upon Lance like a woolen blanket, eliciting both comfort and regret from his gut. He HAD been a complete fuck, especially to Keith.

“I really needed this, Keith. Thanks,” Lance said as he uncapped the bottle and took a swig. The powerful concoction stole his breath and he looked at the label – *Desert Honey Spirits, Gavia Region, Planet Arus, Year 2209.* “Holy shit! This stuff is 80 years old!”

He drank a second taste slowly, savoring the bite of liquor and the sweet glide of honey down his throat. Alert lips lingered on the mouth of the bottle as he closed his eyes and thought about the hell that had become his thirtieth birthday. Immediately, his thoughts returned to Commander Waters. Lance knew that she was officially in charge, but he couldn’t shake the feeling that she wasn’t capable of making the decisions that needed to be made. It was clear he had to step in during this most recent battle, much to the chagrin of his commander. Something wasn’t right though. Her flight pattern had been keen and sharp at first, and her evasive maneuvers were fine, almost acrobatic in fact. Perhaps too acrobatic. But she gave orders that made no sense at all. And not forming Voltron was sacrilege as far as he was concerned. Lance needed answers and he capped the bottle then placed it gently on Keith’s desk. He had full intentions of sharing the rest of that beverage with his friend when he returned home.

Castle Control was eerily quiet when Commander Waters emerged from the transport portal. Only one soldier sat at the main computer, his eyes focused on the glimmering sky where the robeast had once been. Waters assumed the others were at the infirmary and she made her way in

that direction. As she neared the medical wing, she stopped mid-step, uncertain if she was prepared to face the team. She thought about the anger boiling in her, and the petulance of her lieutenant. Surely a battle of words would ensue with his temper, and hers was on edge as well. What she needed and wanted more than anything was some bourbon and a hot bath - some time to calm down. Waters turned on her heel and jogged to the quiet of her room.

Within minutes of entering her room she had drawn a bath and lowered her aching body into the tub, skin tingling with the warm embrace of the steaming water. The commander hadn't known the tension in her muscles until the moment she sank deeper into the soothing water with a heavy sigh. Skin softened quickly with the added bath oils and their floral scents floated into the air around her. Trying to relax even more, she massaged her tired legs up to her hips where a spider-webbed abrasion stretched downward to her buttocks. Her hands continued up her stomach and over her breasts, pausing at the soreness in her ribs where Black Lion's controls had rammed into her during her free fall. She wondered how differently her body would feel after such a battle if she were younger than her 40 years. A pained frown marked her face as she instantly regretted getting such a late start at her dream to fly in combat. No matter, here she was and she had worked hard for this opportunity.

Waters felt her hip pop as she bent her knee and the sting of irritated nerves radiated down her leg. In an effort to distract herself from the pain, she closed her eyes to the images of the battle that lingered in her mind. It had been a sensational feeling to fight and to triumph, despite the inappropriate behavior of the team. She wanted more battles, and she needed more triumphs.

In the distance she heard a quiet rapping and she lifted her head to hear better as damp edges of hair curled around her ears. It came again and she groaned, knowing exactly who was calling on her and exactly what it was about. She rose from the tub and grabbed a towel, wrapping it loosely around herself. As she padded across the floor, moistened feet left trace prints and then disappeared as though remnants of a ghostly visitor. She reached the door and it slid open to reveal her disheveled lieutenant standing in wait.

Within seconds, Lance stood in front of room VF-105, several doors down from Keith's quiet chambers. His muscles tensed, despite the warming of moonshine in his blood. He raised his hand and knocked loudly. On his second sting of raps, the door slid open and Commander Waters greeted him.

"We need to talk, Waters," Lance said as he stepped inside. She stiffened at his intrusion and didn't move when he breezed past her. She hadn't invited him in, but it was futile at this point to deny him a conversation.

"What's on your mind, Lieutenant?" Waters turned to face him as she held the towel tightly under her arms.

"You need to tell me what the fuck happened out there tonight," Lance replied as he looked Waters in the eyes, his rage finding a new direction.

“I’ll tell you what happened. You went against my orders and we got slammed.”

“Well your orders were completely inappropriate!” Lance fumed and he turned away from the commander with disgust. His back still to her, he asked the question that had been lingering in his mind all evening. “Have you ever flown in combat before, Commander?”

“My credentials are of no concern to you, Lieutenant. I am here by order of the Galaxy Alliance. That should be enough.” Waters delivered her words calmly, but she knew it wouldn’t be enough for Lance.

“You sure as shit better believe I am concerned about your credentials. You flew good lines tonight, Commander, but lines and acrobatics rarely win wars. And the decision of *when* to form Voltron has always belonged to the captain, but the decision *not* to form Voltron is up to the team. That’s how we operate. I find it hard to believe Keith didn’t tell you all this.” Lance’s speech came in rapid punches from the far end of the room as he once again turned to her with vehemence.

“It doesn’t matter what he did or did not tell me. What matters is that you were insubordinate,” she replied. Residual bath water trickled down her neck and she haphazardly raised a hand to wipe it away, faintly aware of the seductive nature of her gesture. At that moment she noticed with slight disappointment that Lance hadn’t raised an eyebrow in interest at her nearly naked body.

“No, what matters is that you fucked up and now the princess could be... she’s - ” Lance looked away from the commander, unable to say that Allura was near death.

“We’ll have to get someone to fill in for her. I’ll call Galaxy Garrison for a replacement. In the meantime, Lieutenant, you’ll have to be satisfied with the fact that we won our battle.”

Lance gazed out the window at the night sky and the faint words spoken to him by a familiar voice lingered in his mind, *I’m dying. Save her*. His hands trembled and he quickly seized the vase of roses atop the dresser. With a powerful heave it smashed against the far wall, sending splinters of porcelain to the floor amid splayed flowers.

“Shit,” he whispered as his head fell into his hands.

“Lieutenant, it’s evident that you have strong feelings for the princess. Might I remind you that romantic involvement with a teammate is in direct violation of Alliance Ordinance GA4C-499, Section A?” Waters ignored the shards spread out before her and walked over to Lance. She felt a prickling of jealousy in her stomach as she recalled seeing him drape his arm around the princess on the balcony several weeks ago. They hadn’t known she was watching, and since then she had closely monitored their interactions. “You aren’t allowed to fall in love with the princess.”

"I'm not in love with her." Lance lifted his head and looked directly at Waters. He took note of the white towel against her bare skin, golden brown in the dimly lit room. He felt his insides stir as her muscular thigh slid out from under the towel with a step in his direction.

"Your actions might prove otherwise, Lieutenant." Waters saw that her apparel had finally grabbed Lance's attention, and a faint smile met her lips. She was now close enough to smell him, and she felt a rush. This was her second battle of the day, and she was about to triumph yet again.

"My actions? Oh, was that you who walked in on us screwing in the broom closet?" Lance mocked her, his mouth twisted into a crooked frown. He couldn't decide whether he was annoyed at his commander or really turned on by the half-naked woman toying with him. He was on to her, aware that some charade was being played. But in that very moment, part of him wanted to be on top of her, exploring this woman full of guile. "My actions... you have GOT to be kidding!"

"Lieutenant, I am having trouble deciding what to do with you."

It was an invitation, or more aptly, a dare. He remained still and quiet, wondering if there was more to it, listening closely to her breathing. It had changed. Her chest lifted and fell more rapidly, and her hands fell by her sides, leaving the towel to rest precariously on her breasts. A single word came to Lance's mind... *minx*. Lance had known plenty of women in his lifetime, and this one was oozing with seductive control. She was seeking something from him and he felt his hackles rise with alertness, and his desires scream out. It was overt and Lance was very aroused. No more words were spoken and he stepped closer to the commander. Placing his hands on her face, he lifted her chin and pulled her into a fierce kiss. The conquest had begun.

Waters boiled and she kissed him back, and yet her instinct was to fight. This was a duel after all, and she pushed her hands against his chest, at once trying to break free while craving more. But the more she pushed, the tighter he held her and the more deeply his tongue reached into her mouth. The dexterous muscles of his lips sucked at her and his tongue slid against hers, slippery serpents in a dance of power. His hand left her face and slid across her damp shoulder then down her back. Finding the curve of her waist, Lance pulled her body against his and Waters felt the full strength of his reach.

The sweetness of skin soaked in the oils of Arusian queens met Lance's lips as he pulled from her mouth and sampled his way down her neck. She had bathed in the richest of waters and it made her supple under his touch. He greeted her collarbone with a nibble as his hands felt the heft in her biceps. She was a strong woman, and Lance grimaced between kisses. *This is going to be interesting*, he thought.

Long fingers tucked under the towel and slid up her thighs, pausing at her hips. Lance felt the abrasions on her skin and adjusted his exploration to avoid aggravating their inherent burn. The instant he used her injuries against her in this game, he was bound to feel the ache of his own unknown wounds. It was better to leave them be.

He glided a hand to her front, brushing the crispness of hair between her legs. A mischievous grin stretched across his face, and watching her expression, his fingers lingered in her growing moistness. He was in control. Her eyes widened and she threw her head back with a moan. Lance latched onto her exposed neck with his mouth as the towel finally fell to the floor of its own accord. As the effect of lust mixed with moonshine woke every nerve in his body, he waited no longer to roam over her.

Waters shuddered as Lance pulled his hand from between her legs, and in her complete nakedness she needed to feel his youthful vigor against her. With speed borne of their amassing struggle, she pulled off his shirt, buttons popping at her frantic efforts. Her hands fell on his hairless chest and slid to his back as she pressed her breasts against him. An awakened hardness pushed against her abdomen and she fumbled with his belt to free it from the woven confines of cotton.

Their breath was rapid as Lance reached a hand down, certain he could break free of his pants faster under his own efforts. Waters batted him away and he instead found her breasts, their weight revealed in the gravity of her urgent movements. Waters finally released the button of his pants and the zipper fell slowly under the pull of her fingers, spreading apart like the cocoon of an emergent insect. A warm hand slid into his underwear and he breathed in sharply as it made contact. As though on cue with his desires, Waters pulled Lance free of his pants and he didn't care that she was now in control – he wanted her to be.

There they were, naked and standing in front of one another. Their breath came rapidly and mingled in the small space between them. Fists clenched in perpetual battle, their lust became succinct and concise. Lance didn't hesitate, grabbing Waters' arms in a tight grip and throwing her onto the bed. He lowered himself over her and settled onto his forearms, finding her lips forever resistant, yet full of a deep yearning for contact. It thrilled him to be subduing this powerful woman one minute, and the next to be subdued by her. His mind ached to know her deepest secrets, and all the realms of her body.

Waters moved her hands to Lance's back and scraped her fingernails down its flexing ridges, once again meeting the foothills of his buttocks. She felt him push on her hip and then slide against the heat between her legs. A low moan vibrated in her throat as he touched her, and she clung to his rear, directing his motions with a solid grip. Pressure came against her knees and she resisted his forceful coaxing. Then she heard him whisper her name, her real name. *Percina*. It was cruel and so very effective, the sound of her own name softly breathed into her ear. When the pressure came to her knees again, she opened.

With his path widened beneath him, Lance adjusted his hips and thrust into Waters. There was no need to be gentle, as this was a game. He couldn't help but smile at the groan that came from her as he entered. She was satisfied and that made him all the hungrier for more, and made him aware of his own power.

His thrusts were steady and deep, their bodies moving across the surface of the bed with each motion. They glowed with sweat and Waters pulled Lance down, her tongue dipping into the salty ocean his body had become. He responded by lowering himself to her breasts, tasting the

base of each mound and ascending to the ripened peak of flesh. He felt replenished and his pace quickened. The feel of her surrounding him and his body pressed against her, inside her, renewed his struggle to trust her. He moved faster, groaning at the pleasure in his body and the ire in his gut. Waters exploded with a muffled scream and writhed, her hips rising to meet his. Lance paused briefly as she shuddered and clenched him in her climax. With her muscles tight around him, he thrust in rhythm with her flexing. Like the ebb and flow of tides on a shore, he pushed and pulled until the crest of his grinding wave released into a crescendo against her walls. His hips pushed deeper until he could do nothing more but collapse.

The pair lay quietly next to each other, tired in the aftermath of their ferocity. They were a good match for each other, athletic and forceful in their approach to life as well as sex. Although physically satisfied, their mental battle was still brewing. Waters turned to Lance and watched his breath come and go, marked by the slow fluttering of the cotton sheet that had found its way across his chest. She needed to assert her authority, just to make certain he knew his place.

“You understand that if you have romantic relations with the princess, one of you will have to be grounded?” she said, her voice hoarse and stretched.

“Waters, let it go. I love her too much to be in love with her. It’s that simple.” Lance sat up and placed his feet on the cold floor.

“Fine. As long as I know where you stand.” She turned her back to Lance and closed her eyes. It was nearly morning and her fatigue was finally sinking in.

Lance rose and walked toward the bathroom where he was greeted by the sweet scent of bath oils. His eyes followed the wisps of steam as they danced like tiny spirits in the air above the gray water. It was apparent their interlude had been fast as he plunged a hand into the tub to feel the temperature... yes, fast and without love.

The bathroom light flickered off when Lance exited and in its extinguishing flash, his eyes caught a reflective sheen on the commander’s desk. Curiosity piqued and frustration still intact, Lance walked to the desk and stared at a picture encased in a glass frame. In the second it took to recognize the image frozen in time, all the pieces fell into place and Lance had finally figured her out. He saw her dress uniform hanging near the door and he walked to it, his fingers pulling at the lapels to reveal the array of medals pinned to the chest. Despite the dark, they shimmered and Lance was easily read the insignias: Ground Marksmanship Honor, Martial Arts Grade A, Humanitarian Award, and so on. Not a single award of valor, Purple Heart, combat medal or battle stripe like the many that decorated Keith’s uniform or the few that decorated his own. Lance’s eyes narrowed and in a smooth motion, he threw the picture frame still in his grasp at the wall. Waters sat up and turned to see Lance’s naked body coming toward her, once again laced with rage.

“This picture was taken last year, Waters!” He stood over her, gripping the wrinkled picture in his hand.

“Yes it was. So what?” she responded, pulling the sheet protectively around her chest.

“You’re not a combat pilot, are you? You’re a fucking stunt pilot!” Lance glanced once more at the photograph, yet again finding the image of Waters holding a trophy under a banner that read “Interplanetary Space Acrobatics Fly-Off”.

“I’m a damned good pilot, Lieutenant! I’ve been trained by the best and have taught at the Academy for years! Your superiors hand-picked me!”

“You’re the fucking bottom of the barrel, as far as I’m concerned! And I don’t like it! You’ve compromised the safety of my team, this planet, and you may have even killed its only living ruler!”

“I’ve done nothing but my duty. If you have an issue with my appointment here, bring it up with the Alliance!” Waters was sick with rage, her gut twisting and bubbling with fire. She jumped out of bed and pushed Lance aside in her determined path to the bathroom. It was time to wash herself of this incessantly defiant man.

“Oh worry not, my fair lady. I have full intentions of seeing your ass off this planet as fast as my little fingers can dial Earth. This game isn’t over, Percy,” Lance screamed at her as he stepped into his pants and gathered his clothes. “You’re about to know what it feels like to lose!”

He rushed to the door and without looking back, ran toward Castle Control.