The Different Rules of Summer

by themultifandomnerd

Summary

‘Okay so you think ghosts are fake but totally think that bigfoot and mothman are real?’
Lance scribbled furiously on the piece of paper in total disbelief.
‘Ghosts are total BS, man’ Keith look disinterested.
‘This is why you’re single’

Lance didn’t expect that his summer vacation would be spent at a library arguing with his deaf co-worker about why cryptids totally aren’t real.

Keith volunteers at a library to keep himself out of trouble while his brother works. The worst part of his day? Explaining to some moron why Mothman is definitely a real entity and why the first moon landing was fake.

Funny enough, this is the highlight of both of their summers.
Keith meets one of his co-workers. Their first conversation is... something.
You should do volunteer work for the library' Shiro said.

'It'll be fun ' Shiro said.

Keith felt his eye twitching in irritation as he continued to reshelve the books in the kid’s section of the Altea City Library. The messiest section in the entire place in his opinion. Kids were usually scurrying about the area, taking books out, putting books back. Most often in the wrong order.

And guess who had to reshelve them? Keith.

This was exact opposite of what Keith considered to be fun. He knew exactly what this was meant to be. A punishment. A ‘I don’t trust you enough to not burn the house down while I’m at work so I'm keeping you busy by having you work in the most boring place on the planet’ punishment.

It wasn’t as if Keith hated reading. He enjoyed it.

But he would much rather be reading online articles about Area 51 conspiracies from the comfort of his bed than be stuck reshelving books until 4 in the afternoon.

He had breaks, which was nice, but that didn’t really account for much in the grand scheme of things. Keith was still stuck here until 4PM and timed seemed to move so slowly. There were about three other volunteers aside from himself that he knew of and he didn’t know any of their names. Allura and Coran might have gone over it in their welcoming gimmick, but Keith didn’t remember much of it.

Amazing what displeasure did for your attention span.
All Keith wanted to do was quickly get these books reshelved, sit at a table, and read one of the many books they had on astronomy (even if some of them were dated and probably inaccurate at some points) in the library while there were hardly any patrons here.

Most of which were all on the other side of the library in the young adult novels section, far far away from Keith.

No awkward ‘Let me pause you from talking because you talk too fast and find a piece of paper and a pencil to write back and forth with you to see what you need’. No awkward ‘oh dear, they left because they assumed I was being rude’. No Allura or Coran saving him from customer service as they take them to the book section they were looking for after reading his barely legible chicken scratch.

No awkward ‘I’m deaf’ and the apologetic look he would get afterward like it was the worst thing imaginable that he couldn’t hear.

If Keith could get at least ten minutes of reading done before being bombarded by someone on his break, that would be a blessing.

If he could get through the rest of the day and somehow be lucky enough to be the only volunteer not bothered for some kind of task, that’d be even better. He also made a mental note to grab some paper and a pen and shove them in his pockets as to prevent for at least two of the aforementioned awkward scenarios.

And when Keith was actually able to get the books more or less placed in their correct spots (fucking Dewey Decimal System), he actually let himself think that he was going to get his wish to not be bothered by anyone. He would be able to read and silently plot his brother’s death with a pillow in peace and everyone would be none the wiser.

But of course, that was far too much to ask because when Keith had finally allowed himself to relax as he began to quietly flip through the pages, he saw a shadow move in front of him and when he looked up there was a guy sitting directly in front of him writing on a in an old notebook. Then with ease, the boy set the pen down on the table and slid the paper into Keith’s vision.

‘Hi, new guy’

Keith paused for a moment, nonplussed, and looked back up at…. Whatever this guy’s name was.
He was staring back at expectantly, as if it was the obvious that Keith was supposed to write back on the notebook between them. Pursing his lips slightly, Keith moved his book from in front of him and grabbed the pen instead.

‘Hi,’ Keith stared the one word he had on the line and wondered if it was enough. Then he added, ‘Are you one of the other volunteers?’

The boy seemed pleased with it. ‘Yeah, I’m Lance. Coran told me your name is Keith.’

Keith gave a slight nod, not really sure what else he could do. Did Lance need something? His suspicions must have shown on his face because Lance took the notebook back and wrote next to his previous sentence: ‘He told me you were deaf. Is it alright if I talk to you like this?’

Well considering that this Lance guy didn’t know ASL, it was the best option they had since Keith wasn’t much of a talker. Reading lips was more of an art than an exact science. He’s had speech therapy before, but he got frustrated easily when it came to learning how to pronounce words. For now, he had mixed feelings about it.

So Keith nodded again and Lance grinned before he wrote one more thing.

‘Do you think ghosts are real?’

Keith blinked once as he stared down at the most recent sentence Lance had produced.

Then he looked back up at Lance.

He couldn’t be serious. Keith wrote exactly that on the paper and Lance had an expression that looked offended? Keith wasn’t too sure if it was.

‘Umm, yeah I’m serious. They’re totally real, man.’ Oh sweet quiznak this dude was for real. Despite himself, Keith felt his lips curving into a smile and he had to suck in his lips to stop himself from being seen but it was too late. Now Lance definitely looked offended. ‘Dude, ghosts are totally real! Do you not watch paranormal hunters?’
‘Those guys are fake.’ Lance seriously thought that ghosts were a thing. This was the most amusing thing since trying to watch Shiro dance.

‘So are aliens and you don’t see me calling out the idiots on the History Channel.’ Lance shoved the notebook in Keith’s direction with crossed arms.

Okay.

Now Keith was offended.

‘Aliens are NOT fake.’ He wrote down, pressing the pen so hard into the paper he was sure there would indents on the several pages after it.

Lance was grinning widely and it was frustrating. ‘If aliens are fake there wouldn’t be so many TV shows dedicated to them! Not to mention the fact that we can only see 4% of the known universe and you really want to tell me that there aren’t some form of life out there outside of ours?!’

‘I’m just saying there’s been evidence of ghosts being on earth too. OH! AND YOU CAN’T EVEN USE THE TV ARGUMENT BECAUSE THERE ARE A TON OF GHOSTS SHOWS TOO!!!! GET REKT’

Keith clicked his tongue in annoyance. Lance had a point about the TV thing. ‘Fine. But TV aside, there’s definitely other life out there besides our own.’ There has even been a ton of UFO sightings! You could find a bunch of pictures online and even videos! Keith isn’t saying that exactly everything about alien sightings you find on the internet is real, but there’s definitely got to be some truth to it.

‘I’ve got to see it to believe it’

‘So you mean to tell me you’ve seen a ghost?’ Keith felt a hint of satisfaction when he saw how Lance’s face fell when he read what Keith had written down next. Then the brunet crossed his arms with a sour expression on his face.

Keith had won this argument.
Alright. Fine. You got me there. But there has been stuff like haunted houses, most haunted place in america, and so many people report the same crap about ghosts being there!

‘I’m pretty sure they’re being paid off.’

No matter how someone put it, no one could convince Keith ghosts were real.

Lance scrunched up his nose. ‘You know what, mullet, if you’re this is ignorant to there being inhuman beings on earth then I don’t want to see how you fare in real life.’

Keith could feel a new spark of intrigue being set off and he reached for the pen eagerly. ‘I’m not saying that there isn’t any inhuman beings on earth, I’m just saying that ghosts are bullshit. But Bigfoot and Mothman? Definitely real.’ Keith couldn’t actually vouch for Yetis because he had the sinking suspicion that Yetis had gone extinct, but in the South there were definitely a ton of Bigfoot sightings reported.

Lance stared at the paper for a few seconds.

Then he brought the notebook up close to his face as if he was making sure he was reading it correctly. Come on, now. Keith knew his writing could get messy when he was in a rush but he was pretty sure he had left legible writing on that paper.

‘Okay so you think ghosts are fake but totally think that bigfoot and mothman are real?’ Lance scribbled furiously on the piece of paper in total disbelief.

‘Ghosts are total BS, man’ Keith look disinterested. So Lance apparently thought cryptids were fake too. Should have expected this from a guy who believed in ghosts but not aliens.

‘This is why you’re single’

Alright, there goes another offense. ‘Are you seriously assuming I’m single?’

‘You aren’t going to pick up chicks with all that alien-cryptid talk.’ Lance looked like it was obvious.
If there had been a camera nearby recording this entire exchange, Keith would have looked into it with the most done expression he could make. *I'm gay and I’m pretty sure you’re fresh out of luck on the dating scene if you talk about ghosts.*

*I’m single because I want to be, thank you very much!* Way to sound like Keith’s older brother, Lance. Keith raised an eyebrow at that. *Seriously! Guys and girls alike want a piece of this. I just told my parents I’d focus on myself rn. I’m trying to just… get bi. Get it?*

Aaaaand he makes a pun.

Not only did this Lance person think ghosts were real and that aliens and cryptids were fake but he made puns.

Keith didn’t need to be able to hear in order to know that Lance was laughing, hard. He was clutching at his stomach like he had just made the funniest joke in the world.

Keith skimmed over the page and a half conversation the two of them had had. This was certainly wasn’t a conversation Keith hadn’t been expecting to have with a fellow volunteer literally minutes after just meeting him. This would definitely make for a memorable first day of work. Volunteer work. That had to count in some way, right? Sure you aren’t getting paid but it’s work experience regardless.

When Keith saw Lance make a sudden movement he looked up quickly. His back was turned to Keith’s face so he definitely couldn’t make the attempt to read his lips. But before the annoyance could settle in, Lance turned back around quickly and grabbed the notebook and paper.

*Coran may and or may not have heard me laughing up a storm and he wants to me to help him reshelve the books that have just been returned to the library*’ Lance had a sheepish smile on his face. *Talk to you tomorrow, I guess?*

Surprise made way through Keith’s system. He hadn’t exactly been planning on making a new buddy at his volunteer job.

He looked back up at Lance who turned his head briefly, probably responding to Coran, then he looked back. A flicker of doubt entered Lance’s eyes but had disappeared so quickly Keith almost thought he imagined it.
‘Sure’ Keith wrote at last.

He was overthinking it. Of course they would talk tomorrow.

They were co-workers. They’d probably just be asking for favours and whatnot. Still. This had made for an interesting first day.

Chapter End Notes

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic’s official tag, fic: tdros
Why Does Mothman Have to Have a Six Pack?

Chapter Summary

Apparently Mothman has a six pack and Lance is supposed to just accept this as fact.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Amusement was bubbling just beneath the surface of Lance’s being.

Yesterday was very impressionable.

The day before Lance had spent a good five minutes of his life talking to the newest edition of the volunteer crew at Altea City Public Library. His name was Keith, and so far the only things Lance knew about Keith was that was gay, deaf, and an avid believer in all things alien and cryptid. Oh. And he didn’t believe in ghosts.

Seriously.

Out of all the things Keith could choose to believe in, he picked Bigfoot and Martians.

Lance was no fool. It was like everyone else who was passing in the common sense department said; if Bigfoot was so real, there would have been a body discovered by now. As far as Lance was the concerned, the Southern Sasquatch was a bunch of guys in a suit having too much fun.

Ghosts being real just made sense.

Lance had scoured through all of Matthew Santoro’s Top 10 Haunted Places in the World videos on Youtube, watched all the paranormal hunter shows he could find when he had the time for it, and was a drama kid. Every theatre has a ghost. The lights flashed on and off at his high school’s theatre for a reason, Milan the Ghost had a weird sense of humour.

But nooo, ghosts got the ‘BS Card’ as far as Keith was concerned.
If there was anything that deserved the BS Card it was the picture that was on Lance’s phone. Lance could feel another fit of giggles trying to erupt from his throat but he pressed his lips together firmly.

Lance had gone onto google and when he found a hilarious picture of this Mothman statue, he laughed so hard his Dad had yelled for him to go to bed. But how could he not laugh as hard as he did? This Mothman statue was literally the first ten or so pictures you’d see if you went to google images and searched ‘Mothman’.

“Are you alright over there, Lance?” Allura, one of the actual employees at this establishment, one of her slim eyebrows raised curiously. In her one of her hands she had a cup of coffee and in the other a book.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just waiting for Keith to get here.” The library had yet to open so there wasn’t much to do, so the morning would be the best time to jump Keith with this amazing news he had. Allura smiled at that. “I’m glad to know that you’re getting along with Keith.” Lance gave a grin in return. “I admit, I was worried when we took him in. He had quite some trouble when he was interacting with people asking him for his assistance. Perhaps I should buy him a notepad to carry around him while he works.” It was probably the best option they had for now.

“Don’t worry, I’ll keep an eye on him.” Lance promised. “Anything for a pretty lady.”

“Allura.”

“Sorry, I’ll keep the lines for Gertrude.” Sure she was 77, but Gertrude was really nice and deserved the kindness. “But if it’s any consolation, there’s probably not even going to be a lot of People here today.” If anything, Lance was pretty sure that today was going to be filled with teens filing in to get on the computers and that was alright with Lance. Twas a small workload and usually that meant that the volunteers might get a free pass on leaving early.

Allura sighed lightly. “I suppose you’re right.”

With a grin, Lance puffed out his chest. “Of course I’m right. You’re talking to the champion of being right.”
“Okay then, Mr. Champion of Always Being Right.” Her tone was light, face relaxed. That was probably one of the best things about Allura (no, this wasn’t just the biased one-sided crush Lance has). She knew when to have fun. “Just make sure to keep your volume down. Yesterday everyone could hear you laughing.”

“Haha… My bad.” Lance rubbed the back of his neck, sheepishly. “I made a pun.”

“Pun or not, the library is supposed to be quiet. Not filled with laughter because you made a joke you thought was hilarious.”

Fair enough.

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

“Good.”

With that, Allura left to go to one of the checkout counters and sat in the chair, and began reading. Coran was in the back looking over the video cassettes and DVDs again for the umpteenth time. Aside from himself, the only volunteer here was Alice and she was listening to music on her phone. Lance was going to follow her example. Tumblr wasn’t just going to refresh itself. He already had the notebook he had been using to communicate with Keith ready for when the mullet head got here and it was when Lance was looking over a studyblr’s post on his dashboard did he hear loud knocking from the library entrance.

That had to be Keith.

He could finally get answers about this picture of Mothman he downloaded on his phone.

“I got it!” Lance called out (it isn’t library hours so technically he could be as loud as he wanted). Shoving his phone in his pocket and opening the notebook to the page that had his lovely question written down, the brunet made quick work of running on over to the entrance of the library. It was either going to be Gertrude or Keith.

Fortunately, it was Keith looking oh-so-edgy in this mistake of a cropped jacket. Lance could talk to Keith about his fashion sense another day though.
When Lance opened the door, he winked and just like that, shoved the notebook in front of Keith’s face.

‘Did you know that there’s a statue of Mothman and it has a six pack?’

There was a pause.

There was a long pause until Keith lightly pushed the notebook aside his line of sight (fingerless gloves, dude? Do you do all your shopping at Hot Topic?), his eyebrows furrowed and his mouth open in an expression that could only be read as ‘What. The. Hell?’ Lance gave an obligatory chuckle before moving aside. He probably should have let Keith get settled in first but this was a mystery of the universe that needed to be solved. There would be a proper hello the next time they greeted each other for their volunteer hours.

Keith rolled his eyes before walking past Lance and his notebook and Lance followed without a care. He was getting his answers, Keith.

“Yo, Allura, Keith is here!” It wasn’t necessary, but Lance let Allura know anyway and she politely lifted her head to give a wave.

Keith gave half of wave back in return.

Don’t think you’re getting out of this though. Lance tapped on Keith’s shoulder a few times and Keith sighed before looking around for something and his eyes rested on a nearby pencil ten on one of the checkout desks.

‘Do you normally ambush people with weird questions instead of saying hi?’ Lance snickered as he read the reply.

‘I’ll tell you hi next time, but dude, answer the question.’

Keith narrowed his eyes before snatching the notebook from Lance’s hands. ‘Yes, I know about the Mothman statue with abs. It’s literally a known fact that Mothman has abs.’
'Man, those weren’t just abs! Those were shiny bricks that could blind a defenseless old person and young child.' Lance rose a finger as a ‘hold on’ gesture as he reached into his pocket to grab his phone. A small sound escaped his throat as he looked down at the endless trail of images in his gallery. The fact there was a picture of Mothman as his first image was downright hilarious. This was never getting deleted even if Mothman was total BS and this statue needed to be deleted from history.

It was silver, had large wings, bug eyes, and of course, right on it’s abdominal region were 6 abs that were glistening and well polished. Like, out of all the places to polish.

Lance leaned over and showed Keith his screen.

Keith’s gaze flickered from the screen to Lance then back to the screen again before writing down. ‘I don’t get what’s so weird about it. Everyone knows that Mothman has a six pack’ That he’s shredded.

‘But why???’ Lance underlined ‘why’ several times in exasperation. ‘And why keep the six pack specifically polished?’

‘Anything less would be an insult to Mothman. I actually have this theory about the Mothman statue and Mothman himself.’ Keith’s eyes were glinting. And Lance found a new fact he could add to his small list of Keith Facts. He’s gay, deaf, an avid believer in all things alien and cryptid, thought ghosts were made up, and his eyes were violet. Talk about a rarity.

Oh quiznak this was amazing. Not just because of the eye colour, but the guy had Mothman conspiracy theories.

Complete and utter bullshit? Yes. But this was the funniest thing ever.

‘Seriously??’

Keith nodded, a small smirk on his face. Lance could practically see the wheels turning in his head. ‘Tell me everything but in exchange you’re going to have to watch a video about the most haunted places in the world.’ For a second, Lance wanted to kick himself for writing that down. Would it be offensive to ask-- Lance cut himself off when Keith wrote something else.
‘Does the video have closed captions?’

Oh.

Right.

Closed captions.

‘Matthew Santoro is a pretty big Youtuber. I’m pretty sure he has them.’

‘Then alright. It might take me a while to write everything down about the Mothman statue thing.’

Lance only shrugged. ‘Take your time.’ He wrote before nudging Keith on the shoulder. They had about fifteen more minutes of free time before the library officially opened and all hell broke loose. Keith got to talk about a guy who was a moth and a man and had the abs of a Greek statue of the gods, and Lance got to show off one of his favourite Youtubers talking about the realest shit ever.

Good start of the work day.

Chapter End Notes

And without further ado, here’s chapter 2. (tfw you accidentally made a rhyme)

This time around, we're going through Lance's POV and we get to learn the fact that there is a mothman statue with a sx pack. I'm not even joking. Go to Google Images, type ‘mothman statue’ and you will see the world’s most beautiful statue with glossy abs.

I'm really happy with the reception I got from last chapter and hope to continue impressing you guys. I'll definitely be checking out that fic rec in the comments below!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Of Moon Landings and Photoshop of the Late 1960s

Chapter Summary

Keith wins an argument and is able to peacefully sip his tea as Lance rolls in salt.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Work at the library was constant to change.

There were days where Keith had a ton of books to reshelve, then there were days where the most Keith had to do was make sure that each computer was properly logged out of and shut down. There were occasions where Keith was lucky enough to not be bothered during his service hours, then of course there were occasions where Keith had to whip out his notepad and pen to communicate with whomever needed his help.

And of course, breaks were different.

Keith could either spend it sitting outside and enjoying the fresh air, or was stuck trying to escape Coran and his weird snacks.

Gertrude usually gave him those strawberry candies every grandma seemed to have and Keith has no idea who her supplier is. Probably the Intergalactic Grandma Association. Still, she was super nice and Keith could understand why Lance adored her so much. True grandma material. Plus she had contact with aliens since it was an intergalactic association of all grandmas in the universe.

Allura would give him book recommendations and occasionally ask him to give his brother a message from her.

Alice was… something. But Keith didn’t really interact with her much after her whole talk abnormally slow act. Keith had inhaled deeply before writing down to her that she didn’t need to talk to him like that and that if she was going to talk verbally to him, talking not too fast and not too slow was the best course of action. If that still made her uncomfortable, then she could write down on paper like Lance did because he had a tendency to talk too fast. Alice had been avoiding him ever since.
But if there was one constant to the days he spent at library, it was Lance and their usual debates on whether or not aliens or cryptids existed and forcing the other to partake in theories and videos (as long as the videos had closed captions).

Clearly the worst part of the day.

Keith had been volunteering here for about two weeks and he still hadn’t been able to convince Lance that aliens and cryptids were real. How Keith hadn’t been able to convince Lance of the truth was a mystery but at least Lance was entertained by Keith’s theory that the famed Mothman statue with a six pack was humanity’s peace offering to the mysterious creature and that keeping the abdominal region of the statue well polished would keep Mothman from striking against the humans who have wronged him by destroying the forests he once called home. It was totally a legitimate theory and considering that Lance pointed out how polished the abs were on the statue, the people of Point Pleasant, West Virginia had kept their end of the deal fulfilled.

But that wasn’t even their only debates. They have also fought over a good number of things.

Whether or not coffee was the drink of the gods. Lance was number one coffee stan, Keith hated coffee.

Whether or not pineapple on pizza was acceptable. Lance was clearly a savage if he thought that pineapple on pizza was a mistake. But they could both draw on the fact that the Swede’s weird banana pizza was the true mistake.

Whether or not there was truly an Intergalactic Grandma Association where grandmas passes along their weird but delicious strawberry candies and laughed wickedly in the shadows as everyone wondered where these candies were manufactured. Lance was somewhat able to agree with Keith on that one, but said there was no way it was intergalactic if aliens didn’t exist. But at least all hope wasn’t completely lost if Lance accepted the human branch of the IAG.

Who had the best cat. Blue, Lance’s cat who was apparently a sweet muffin, sounded alright from what Lance had told him with her cuddles and a sleek gray coat. But Red, Keith’s ginger cat, was clearly the superior animal in this debate, because Red was so adorable as a kitten because she would bite his nose and fall asleep on his face. She still does that, funny enough. However that debate ultimately ended as a draw because even if Red was still the ultimate cat in Keith’s mind, cats in general were amazing.

It was something new from day to day, but today was different. Instead of arguing over who was right on certain topics, Keith needed Lance to be a tiebreaker in a fight Keith had with his older
brother who was clearly an idiot if he thought Keith was wrong.

It was break time and Keith, notepad tightly gripped in hand, found Lance in the children’s section, with his back turned to him and looking over a particular bookshelf. Making sure Allura wasn’t around to see, Keith jogged over and tugged on Lance’s sleeve and returned the favour of a couple weeks ago of shoving a notebook in the other’s face.

‘I need you to answer something for me because my brother refuses to say I’m right.’

Lance gave a small nod and Keith felt satisfaction. Good.

Using the bookshelf as support, Keith quickly scrawled down the dilemma plaguing his household. ‘My brother refuses to admit that the first moon landing was fake.’

Lance opened his mouth, closed it, and opened again. Keith had a sinking feeling on what Lance was about to do and if he did it Keith was going to scre-- ‘dude, I’m gonna have to agree with your older brother on this one, why would that be faked?’

Fucking.

Lance.

Keith’s jaw dropped in disbelief. Lance, he trusted you.

Deception.

Disgrace.

Keith knew you were trouble when you walked into his life.

Betrayal.
Lance returned Keith’s shocked expression with a smile and shrugged. This was wrong on so many levels. ‘**HOW DO YOU NOT THINK THE FIRST MOON LANDING WAS TOTAL BS, LANCE?!?!?!?!?!?!**’ This was way worse than Lance not believing in aliens. Actually thinking that the first moon landing was anything but bad photoshop and the government lying to the general populace just like they were about aliens and UFOs was just terrible.

‘There were pictures? A video recording thing?’

Keith could feel himself groaning. Lance was apparently beyond being able to bring to salvation. ‘Those pictures were clearly photoshopped and that video was green screened.’

Now Lance’s eyebrows were furrowed and he held up a hand, neck tilting forward. Keith rolled his eyes. ‘Okay, so you’ve seen the pictures of the first apparent moon landing right?’ As expected, Lance nodded. ‘And you know how it’s all well known knowledge that in space there is no air?’ Lance nodded again. ‘Then how was the American flag flowing elegantly on the moon if there is no air in space?’

Lance blinked once.

Twice.

Thrice.

Then his eye’s widened and his jaw dropped.

He snatched the notepad out of Keith’s hand and wrote in all caps: ‘**WHAT?! NO WAY. YOU ARE LYING TO ME!**’

Keith was grinning so hard and shook his head. He could prove it. Pointing over to where the library computers were, Lance dragged him all the way over to a computer desk and with an air of smugness Keith took a seat.

Lance was right over his shoulder, taking a seat in the chair next to his and pulling it over to be close. His blue eyes stared hard at the screen as Keith logged in and went to Chrome (the best way to get interneting done, fuck you, Internet Explorer) and graciously typed in the google image’s search bar ‘first moon landing pictures’.
Keith clicked on a picture and blew it up, and just like he told Lance:

The flag in the picture looked as if it was flowing magnificently on the moon. Which would be fucking impossible if there was no air in space.

Keith’s cheeks were starting to hurt from grinning so widely as he looked over to Lance who was currently looking as if he was questioning everything he had been told in life.

Perfection.

‘See?’ Keith wrote down on his notepad. ‘Told you that the first moon landing was fake.’ He nudged Lance to indicate that he had something new to read on paper.

‘I need a drink and I don’t even drink alcohol,’ Lance wrote in reply. ‘What kind of bullshit is this?’

‘Photoshop bullshit.’

Welcome to being woke, Lance. ‘So do you believe in aliens now too? Because if you’re able to accept this as fact, you could clearly see that the government also isn’t telling the truth about aliens too.’ It was like back in middle school when Keith got into an argument with his classmates about how the government was tapping into things like phone calls and texts and recording everything they said, and this included calls on the videophones and Facetime.

They all said he was being dumb but then high school came around AND GUESS WHAT GOT FUCKING REVEALED TO THE PUBLIC?! THAT THE GOVERNMENT WAS TAPPING INTO THEIR PHONE CALLS.

So, who was actually being dumb in that situation? Not Keith? He had mentally dropped the fucking mike.

Lance’s nose scrunched up and he shook his head. ‘Nice try, mullet head. You were right about the fake moon landing. Tell your brother he needs to get woke. But this doesn’t prove anything about aliens. And don’t you dare bring up Area 51 again.’
Keith just snickered and gave Lance a playful nudge as said boy rolled his eyes, crossed his arms and looked away.

That’s right.

Be salty, Lance.

Keith 2, Lance 0, Tied 2.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 3 is now here and I can officially say it's my favourite one so far because of the real life elements I took from it.

I love my girlfriend, don't get me wrong, but coffee tastes great and pineapple on pizza is the best thing that has ever happened to pizza in it's long history of being pizza. And by the way, pepperoni pizza sucks. Love you tho, babe~

And the thing about wire tapping came from this interview with The Walking Dead actor and the voice of our dear Galra son Keith, Steven Yeun, who was talking about how he told all his friends about the government tapping into our phone calls.

And for those who don't know what a videophone is, it's like a large smart phone but when a Deaf person gets a phone call from a hearing person it flashes to get their attention and a different hearing person translates the phone call for the deaf person. Usually from what I've heard and seen, it's pretty much for Deaf people who can talk. And talking depends on the deaf person, whether or not they've had speech therapy or if they enjoy doing it. And not all Deaf people can read lips, it's like finger counting. More of an art than a science.

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Tell Me About Deaf Culture

Chapter Summary

Keith gives Lance some insight into the world he lives in and Lance quite enjoys the experience.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

‘Hey, can I ask something?’

Keith looked up at Lance for a few moments grabbed his notepad and began writing down his response. Lance could feel the nerves building up in his stomach as Keith slid it back on over.

‘What’s the question?’

Lance fiddled with the pen briefly in his fingers as he thought of the best possible way to word his question. He started writing something, then he scribbled it out. Then he tried writing something again, but within seconds he was scribbling it out too. He knew that it had been a couple weeks since Keith had started volunteering here at the ACPL. They had talked everyday without a care in the world.

But Lance had never asked about Keith’s deafness before.

Sure he had wondered about it, but the subject had never come up before unless you count when Lance first started his attempts to befriend ‘the new guy’. He knew Keith was deaf, he didn’t know sign language, so writing was his idea of communication.

Maybe he was overthinking it?

Lance felt his eyebrows furrowing and he sighed. I’m definitely over thinking it. He was a few moments away from just writing down ‘nevermind’ when he felt a finger poking at the crease in his forehead. “What?” The word slipped without meaning too, but Keith didn’t seem phased by it. Lance remembered pretty distinctly that Keith told him he could read lips, but Lance had a habit to talk really fast. But on occasions, the talking happened. Just like right now.
Keith pulled the pen from Lance’s fingers and wrote upside down on the notepad before turning it upside up in Lance’s direction. ‘Is it about me being deaf?’

Am I that obvious?

Lance turned the notepad in the right direction. ‘Yeah, I was just wondering how you did things.’ Lance looked it over before deciding to add: ‘I get you do basically do everything the same as me, but I was just wondering about the slight differences. Do you go to regular school or a deaf school and stuff like that. How you learned how to read, etc.’

Keith read over the paragraph slowly before writing a response.

‘Some of my classmates went to a mainstream school, but I’ve never been to anything but a deaf school. I don’t really know how I learned to read and my brother doesn’t either. Mom would read to me in ASL and stuff and they always had the closed captions on. I guess I just picked it up over the years.’

Lance’s eyes rose in surprise. ‘You sound like a hipster. I’m Keith and I’m so emo and hate doing mainstream things’

‘That’s just what we call them, nerd.’ Lance was relieved that Keith seemed more amused than anything.

He gave Keith a small nudge for the nerd comment. Do you ever get to go to the movies?’

‘If there’s closed captions, yeah. Not a lot of movie theaters do it. But sometimes they have showings of movies with captions so the hearing impaired can watch it too. I go sometimes. But to be honest I mostly like to watch things at home. The movies has nothing but overpriced garbage.’

‘Would you like this soda you could probably get for 3 dollars at McDonald’s for 7 dollars instead, sir?’ Lance joked and Keith’s eyes flashed with familiarity as he nodded furiously.

‘Exactly that!’ Keith wrote frantically.
Lance understood the pain quite well. ‘My adventures to the movies usually means I’m only going to watch the movie with no beverages or I’m trying to figure out the best way to sneak in 20 dollars worth of movie snacks in.’ Usually the best way to go was with his mom or his best friend’s girlfriend, they both had the perfect purses for snack sneaking action.

They both shared a laugh at that.

It was nice to know that trying to sneak in food in the cinema was a universal activity between the hearing and deaf.

‘Oh yeah, I noticed you have hearing aids. Can you hear a little?’ They were a shiny, metallic red. Even if red was clearly not the superior colour (because blue, baby), Lance could definitely say that it was a colour that fit Keith like a glove.

‘Really loud background noise. It doesn’t do much but my brother wants me wearing them when I’m out on my motorcycle.’

Lance’s eyes nearly bulged out their sockets. ‘Dude, you have a motorcycle?!’ Lance had just assumed that Keith had been getting driven by his older brother here everyday. This totally explains the biker jacket. Lance kind of assumed that Keith had a shitty taste in fashion.

Keith nodded. ‘Before you say anything, yes, deaf people can drive.’

‘I never said they couldn’t.’ But Lance had the sinking suspicion that Keith’s next sentence would be--

‘You’d be surprised how many people are surprised when they found out. I’m deaf. Not blind. I don’t need to be able to hear in order to know that a traffic light is turning green. But I drive just fine.’

‘Take me out on a spin sometime?’

‘If you buy yourself a helmet first.’
It wasn’t a no. ‘Any other misconceptions I should hear about?’

Keith was nodding again and Lance could feel the intrigue he already had increasing. ‘That deafies can’t enjoy music.’

Lance raised an eyebrow and tilted his head and Keith wrote on a different line: ‘deaf community slang.’

‘Omg that is such a cute nickname, but back to the point. You can??’

‘The vibrations and buzz feel really nice. Some songs are better than other and it’s really cool. I’ll give you a list of songs I really like later.’

Lance could feel the metaphorical lightbulb going off over his head. ‘OH! LIKE AT A CONCERT!’ He’d only been to one before, and the bass had made him feel like the entire atmosphere was about to explode. Lance knew he was more or less on the mark when Keith nodded for what was probably the umpteenth time.

‘And deafies can sing too. I’m not sure how many, but it’s a thing. It’s mostly pitch and stuff you can find articles about it, but I obviously can’t tell you if they’re good at it or not.’ Yeah, Lance figured that much. ‘A classmate would do covers sometimes, you might be able to find it on youtube.’

‘You know I’m going to definitely listen to it and I know for a fact they’ll sound beautiful. And I’ll try focus on the vibration stuff more when listening to music!’

‘I’ll take your word for it.’ Keith gave a small smile back in return.

Lance really liked that smile.

‘You are one pretty cool dude, Keith. Even if you wear clothes straight out of hot topic.’

Keith made a face of mock offense and stood up to leave. He still gave a wave before he gathered his notepad and pen and took off to get back to their job though. So suck it ‘I’m going to try to be mean
for once, Keef’.

Chapter End Notes

Here is a link to a deaf person singing and they are lovely: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Gb0SX9bYyTc

This chapter took a while to get out thanks to this lovely phenomenon I call *whispers* Procrastination. But ha, I still got it out! Like I said, update once a day everyday and I am not going against that personal promise to myself and the readers. As expected, I loved reading the comments.

Shout outs especially to the usernames I see constantly: internetfeet, svoon, Cyber_Star27, NightWings, and ofc I’m happy that my gf reads this too <3. I was really excited when internetfeet left a comment asking about Keith quoting lyrics from movies and songs because I knew I was going to be bringing that kind of think up in the very next chapter, so I really hope you enjoy this chapter, my bro (bro is a unisex term in this instance). But in Keith's case, he wasn't really singing them on the inside. He was just quoting the things he'd read.

I’m basing the information here off of friends I have as far as the Keith learning to read thing and you can google and youtube search deaf people singing.

And fun fact: just like we think in sounds, the deaf think in sign language. Pretty cool, huh?!

I hope you enjoy the chapter, guys!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Bigfoot Did Nothing Wrong

Chapter Summary

Keith has a mini rant about one of his favourite cryptids being hunted down, Lance gives him the cure to his suffering. An ultimatum for their friendship

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Today’s discussion had started with seven words.

‘What kind of shows do you watch?’ Lance had written. ‘You look like the type to watch documentaries and stuff.’

‘Yep.’

TV in a whole might not have been his go to activity during the day, but when he got the urge to watch documentaries, he could marathon for almost a day if he was left to his own devices.

‘Tell me why I’m not surprised.’ Lance had drawn the ‘unamused emoji’ expression next to the sentence. ‘History channels and the aliens?’

‘And animal planet and discovery channel. I like watching documentaries, so what!’ Keith wrote, not defensive at all. ‘You watch paranormal hunter shows and think ghosts are real’

‘First of all, ghosts are real so technically I’m watching unscripted badasses going up against the restless souls of the universe. 2nd I don’t only watch documentaries. Third, you’re literally the textbook example of a conspiracy theory nerd.’

‘I’m just passionate.’ Keith would have stuck out his tongue, but he was going to be the mature one here. The cool one. The one who totally wasn’t a hothead like his brother claimed him to be. He blames it on how last year on his birthday he found out there was a TV show called ‘Killing Bigfoot’ and guess what it was about? Exactly what it sounded like and Keith was horrified. The Bigfoot species was here for how long and people thought that proving his existence to people meant having to shoot one down?!
Fucking humans.

‘Omg really? Killing bigfoot?’

‘Yeah and only a handful of people think that it’s ridiculous because they’ve been here for ages and are probably too scared to actually try and make contact with the human race because who wants to befriend someone trying to shoot you? There should be a kind of petition about this thing. I only watch it now just to keep tabs on what that organization has been up to, but it isn’t really my thing to watch people hunting for sport.’

‘I get it. Give em hell, keithy cat.’

Keith would when he had a proper idea on how to do so. Just sending a letter of complaint wouldn’t work on people who are too stubborn to listen to facts (Lance, Keith is looking at you).

‘But that aside, what do you watch? Garbage tv like bad girls club?’

‘Excuse you, bgc is a problematic fave show, not trash tv. And I only watch it with one of my younger brothers. He’s also a huge project runway fan and we watch that together too.’ From what Keith remembers in previous conversations, Lance was the second oldest out of five kids. Keith wasn’t sure how he did it. Keith could barely handle having one.

‘What’s project runway?’

‘This competition show where amateur designers design new clothes in different challenges until there’s only one person left and they get their own fashion line thing. I think. I can’t really remember what they get in the end. But it’s nice to watch. My brother wants to be a designer too, so I’m supporting the hobby. He really likes project runway junior, which is the exact same thing but for teens’

‘Maybe he’ll be on the show one day.’

‘Maybe’ Lance’s eyes were gleaming with pride.
‘You still admit to watching and enjoying bad girls club tho.’

‘I am going to ignore your attempts to bait me and continue on with saying that I also really like cartoons. Tbh, 80% of the things I watch now are cartoons. And that isn’t even because of my younger siblings, I just really love cartoons.’

Keith started laughing right after that.

He couldn’t really say whether or not he laughed loudly or quietly, but considering he felt Lance tapping on his shoulder, that probably meant too loud.

‘It isn’t funny! So many people our age openly watch cartoons!’

‘I know. I was just laughing at the fact you didn’t use your younger siblings as an excuse for it.’

‘Do you not watch cartoons?’

Keith thought back on it and eventually came to the answer that no, he didn’t watch cartoons. Not unless you counted Disney movies. His favourite movie was Treasure Planet. ‘Not really.’

Lance started gaping. ‘Steven Universe?’

‘I heard it teaches a lot of good lessons and I’m guessing from the title that the main character is named Steven?’

Lance brought his hands to his mouth as if he was praying with his eyes open. ‘It isn’t that big a deal if I haven’t watched Steven Universe.’

‘It is because if you don’t watch it tonight we aren’t friends anymore.’

‘Lance, please.’
‘It comes on all the time on TV, you can find it online, I’m pretty sure that there is going to be closed captions depending on the sites you go to and if you don’t watch it, I’m telling Coran I want you fired.’

Keith rolled his eyes, amused. ‘Alright, alright. I’ll watch it. Tell me about it?’

Lance just gave a big grin and gave his blue gel pen a fancy twirl before slamming down on the notepad as if he was beginning to write a masterpiece of a story.

He had gone on to talk about so many characters that Keith wasn’t really sure who to really keep track of, but he got the general gist.

Steven was a star child whom Lance said needed to protected at all cost.

Amethyst was a love purple rock whom all needed to protected at all cost.

Pearl also needed to be protected at all cost but had her moments of flopping between being straight up mean to understandable.

Lance was predicting Garnet to be Keith’s favourite character (but then he added that Garnet was apparently everyone’s favourite lowkey. But apparently he thinks Garnet would be Keith’s favourite favourite).

Connie was a precious sweet bean whom needed to be protected.

He had wrote this all down quickly, half neat and half sloppy, his enthusiasm showing in the way he wrote everything. But Keith would be lying if he said he hadn’t been a little excited on his way home when Coran told them could leave early today.

It was hard not to catch onto Lance’s enthusiasm, Keith really appreciated it sometimes.

Like with the other day when Lance had asked about him being deaf. Keith hadn’t been surprised
about being asked about it. It had come with the disability. Keith tried not to be annoyed about it. Usually if he ran into hearing people they asked him how he coped with it. Or that they would freak out about the fact he drove a motorcycle and would bring up all the what ifs. It had actually taken a while for Keith to even get his motorcycle. Shiro had been apprehensive and told Keith he would talk to Mom and Dad about it.

TLDR, Keith ended up getting the motorcycle after passing the tests, but it was an unending test when it came to those who had their own assumptions as to how the deaf lived.

For Keith it was just normal. But what was really nice about the occasion with Lance was the fact that he got the point that Keith was just like him, they just had to do things slightly different when it came to certain things. Like talking on the phone, enjoying music, etc.

‘Take me out on a spin sometime?’ Lance had asked.

Keith would definitely do that if Lance really meant it. Keith kind of hoped that he did. Keith had meant it when he said that he would watch this cartoon, so Lance could keep up his end of the deal of getting his own helmet.

When he got home things were more or less typical of what normally happened.

He text Shiro he had returned home, Shiro texted back he’d be home in an hour, Red and Black (Shiro’s cat and Red’s sister) came to give him a greeting.

But Keith added one more thing to his routine.

[Lance really wants to me to watch this cartoon called Steven Universe and basically said if I don’t at least watch the first season by tonight that he’d disown me as a friend and I found it on addic7ed.com. Want to watch it when you get back?]

[Sure thing, little bro. Anything to save your friendship]

Chapter End Notes

And the next day Keith went to the library to end their friendship because of all the new
su feelings he had. Rip their friendship.

I wanted this chapter out several hours later but I wasn't really sure what to do with it or cut it out, but I decided to keep it to express how Keith feels about Lance's chillness about him being deaf so far. Not to mention the fact that I'm pretty sure if Lance was given the opportunity to shove steven universe down someone's throat, it would be Keith, and Keith would be suffering eternally because he thought that cartoons were supposed to be cute and not sad. And that website mentioned it a website I know some friends of mine will go to have subs for the shows that they watch that are in english.

This chapter just might be a dead in comparison to the first four, but I hope you guys enjoy reading it even if it's just a little.

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Book Recommendations and Accidental Spoilers with Keith

Chapter Summary


Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

- Adventure Time.
- Over the Garden Wall.
- The Amazing World of Gumball.
- Regular Show.
- Gravity Falls.
- Miraculous Ladybug.
- Star vs The Forces of Evil.
- Teen Titans.
- Avatar the Last Airbender.
- Sym-Bionic Titan.

Those were but ‘a few’ of the shows Lance had recommended the next day after Keith had came to Lance with large paragraphs explaining that he was into Steven Universe, Lance had been right
about who his favourite character was, he had a crap ton of fan theories, and he had demanded more recommendations since he had a sinking suspicion he had been missing out on good shows.

And Lance had been happy to oblige.

Sure some of them might be hit or miss in terms of likeability, but it was fun enough being able to share shows you could talk about with friends. Especially Adventure Time and Sym-Bionic Titan. Sure there hadn’t been a point in talking about how for the longest time Lance and his best friend, Hunk, had been arguing about whether or not Finn sounded exactly like him (sure Lance disagreed but even he had to admit that Jeremy Shada had an uncanny likeness to his own voice). But Sym-Bionic Titan?

Lance had nearly spit out his cereal when he saw Lance. Lance the cartoon character from Sym-Bionic Titan.

He looked dead on like Keith and admittedly, had the personality to match. Lance couldn’t vouch if Keith would get into a fight on his first day of school, but he sure seemed like it sometimes.

Keith had rolled his eyes when Lance explained that to him, but sure enough when Lance pulled out the pictures of the character on google, Keith’s nose scrunched up and he crossed his arms as he pouted.

Lance scores another point.

‘I hate you.’

‘Love you too, keith my boy’

Man it felt great being right about your friend having a clone in cartoon form.

‘So what about you. You got any shows you can recommend to me?’

Keith looked thoughtful for a moment. ‘Unless you count all the documentaries I watch, no.’ Fucking Keith. Only Keith would indulge in the ‘I have zero shows to recommend you’ life.
Lance sighed and tapped the pen against the page they were currently on in Keith’s notepad. So TV shows were out. ‘Alright, well what about books?’

Keith squirmed a little before writing. ‘I don’t judge you for watching cartoons so don’t judge me for the series I’m about to recommend.’

Geez.

What could be so embarrassing to read that Keith had to ask for the ‘No Judgement’ Card? ‘No judge zone with me, dude.’

Lance’s mullet having companion took a deep breath. ‘Back when I was a kid, I really got into this book series called Warriors by Erin Hunter. It goes down by generation to generation from the prophecies begin to the new prophecy to the power of three. Etc. But I still really like it and collected all the books, there are still books being written for it.’

The name Erin Hunter sort of rang a bell in Lance’s mind, but he wasn’t sure where he had heard it. ‘I think I might have heard of the author’s name but idk where. What’s it about?’

Keith’s face flushed a little. ‘Talking cats with four separate clans that compete over territory.’

….  

Well then.

Lance definitely hadn’t been expecting that.

No wonder the name sounded familiar. It was the books with the animal covers over in the kids section of the library. Lance had seen them quite a number of times, but he’d never actually picked them up to read. Talk about a surprise that Keith really liked the series.

Keith gave his shoulder a light punch and Lance held up his hands.
‘Okay, O W. Second, I’m not laughing inside or out, I promise!’

Keith gave him narrowed his eyes, but sat back down in his chair. ‘I promise, Keith my boy. It’s like cartoons. It’s for everyone of all ages.’

‘Good. Just as long as we understand each other.’

‘So it’s a book with talking cats? That’s pretty cool! I wonder if the first book is still checked in so I can ask Coran if I can check it out.’

‘The first book has Firestar on it and it’s called into the wild.’

‘Firestar?’

‘Well, his name was Rusty first. He was a kittypet, which is what the Clan cats call house cats. But he decided to leave home and join ThunderClan. He eventually becomes the leader of ThunderClan.’

Lance leaned back, offended. ‘D U D E. SPOILERS.’

Keith blinked once, mouth in a tiny ‘o’ shape. ‘Oh, My bad. Sorry. Forget I said it?’

‘I CAN’T JUST FORGET THAT, I HAVE A GOOD MEMORY!’

‘QUIT YELLING AT ME ON PAPER.’

‘IT IS JUSTIFIED CAPS LOCKING, SPOILER PERSON.’

‘I SAID THAT I WAS SORRY.’
‘UGH. I’M GONNA GO FIND THAT FIRST BOOK AND PURGE THIS FROM MEMORY.’

Despite the accidental spoiler, which was a little annoying, Lance didn’t mind so much. ‘Wait here, I’ll go and see if they have it, real quick.’ Just as long as Keith didn’t do it again. Everyone deserved at least one freebie when it came to accidentally spoiling things. Sometimes you got too excited and something slipped out.

It didn’t stop Lance from acting like a total drama queen and pettily bringing it up in future arguments.

Sorry not sorry, Keith.

It didn’t take long to find the bookshelf that had the Erin Hunter books in it. The selection wasn’t the largest in world, but it had a variety of character portraits on the spine. Cats, dogs, and bears. This person must be a huge animal lover. Lance could definitely relate. He loved his cat so much, he wasn’t sure what he’d do without her sometimes.

He got her on his 10th birthday. Blue was nothing but a fluffy gray kitten then who had been the jewel of the McClain household and now she was sleek-furred with large blue eyes and was super friendly, probably because she had grown up in a house with so many people. However, Lance knew undoubtedly that he was her favourite human and she was his favourite cat. Lance would also like to add that Blue is still the crowned jewel of the McClain household.

Keith probably loved this series a lot because he was a cat dad too.

Lance skimmed over the spines of the book and was pleased to say, he found the Into the Wild book Keith was talking about. Thank the gods of convenience.

When Lance got in Keith’s line of sight, he waved the book and saw Keith’s eyes light up. Yep, he got the right one.

‘Bingo?’

‘Bingo. You have to read it or else I’m the one who is going to be unfriending people.’
Lance snickered at that. ‘*Would it be weird if I asked for you number then? Just so I can give you proof that I'm actually reading the book?*’

‘*You want my number?*’

‘*You don’t have to give it out if you don’t want to.*’ But Lance lowkey hoped that he would. It wasn’t as if he’d been wanting to ask for a while now or anything like that. He just got bored sometime wondering about whether or not ghost stuff is happening and wanted to spam Keith with pictures of Blue. Maybe ask Keith what was going on in whatever cartoon he happened to be watching since he had a whole list of recommendations now.

‘*I do. I just don’t get asked that a lot.*’

(Okay… Lance found that a little fake considering that Keith was objectively very good looking and probably got asked out a lot, but if Keith says so.)

Lance had whipped out his phone to let Keith enter his number into it and within seconds Lance was sending Keith a text. *[Sup]*

‘*I’ll definitely be texting you about this cat book tonight, Keef.*’

Chapter End Notes

Lance: thank the gods of convenience
Me: You’re welcome

And the two of them exchange digits.

Thanks for the comments from yesterday, you guys are literally filling me up with feels. If I could give you all hugs and fist bumps, I would. It’s really encouraging reading them all and I hope to keep you all interested in the fic until it’s end!

It has now been confirmed that Keith is a Warriors fan boy and no one can fight me on it. He would uphold all the rules of the warrior code. He hunts for the clans. He’s a total nerd, but at least his brother says he’s cool. I would also like to add that even though I still kept the original last name from the 80s Voltron series that I’m not whitewashing Lance. As a poc, I’m as anti-whitewashing as you can get (can’t speak on behalf of all pocs, since I’m only a representative of the black community). He’s still Cuban, has been confirmed as Cuban since that episode the castle had that explosion, and always will be Cuban. I know plenty of latinx people who don’t have spanish sounding last names.
I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter and look forward to the next!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
You Use Too Many Emojis

Chapter Summary

You ever have that one friend who practically talks in emoji? That’s Lance.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

*How many emojis can someone possibly use in one text message?* Keith wasn’t sure if he was truly surprised when he saw that Lance had been actively sending him text messages throughout the day. But apparently, Lance could send a shit ton.

That simple ‘Sup’ from earlier when Lance texted him the first time as to let Keith save his contact info, had nothing on this.

Since then, Keith had received at least a gazillion texts and most of them were just pictures of Lance’s cat.

[Lance]

Yo keef! Check out this lovely picture~ it’s my baby, Blue ( ^=3ω=^ ). Isn’t she adorable? You don’t have to say anything, I know she is ( ▓ ▓ ) don’t you dare say that my daughter isn’t cute or I’ll fight you (■□■).

4:20 BLAZE IT InMillis(te) * * * ( instantiate ) how is there not an a japanese emoji for dabbing???

[IMAGE SENT]

Another picture of blue but this one is her as a kitten

You know what, imma just send a crap ton of them because I know I told you she was an adorable kitty but it just doesn’t do her justice to explain it all in words ( ^o^ ) ( ▫ ▪ ▪ )[IMAGE SENT]

[IMAGE SENT]

[IMAGE SENT]

[IMAGE SENT]

Me

How many texts can you send someone while they’re driving?!

Lance

I didn’t want you to be all emo when you got home and checked your phone only to see your wonderful coworker never sent you a text <3 <3 <3 <3 ( ☁️ ☁️ ☁️ )]
Keith rolled his eyes. Four hearts in one text. Each a different colour from the next. Red, Blue, Green, and Yellow. How charming.

He looked over at Red, who was sniffing curiously at his phone. She was probably wondering what’s up with the nerd who had sent so many texts. *That’s Lance, Red.* Keith thought, pretending for a moment he and Red could communicate telepathically. *He thinks he has a cuter cat and speaks emoji.*

Despite himself, Keith could feel the corner of lips turning upwards slightly.

At least he knew that texting Lance would never be boring.

*[Me]*
*Have you started reading into the wild yet?*

**Lance**
Not yet I’m waiting until I get home. I’m out with my friends rn
TTYL, i have to win this plush toy for my friend on the crane. I’m a master at the crane <(ˈəʊ)>
*You can keep texting me if you want to tho]*

Keith considered replying for a brief second, decided against it, then decided to go ahead and send it.

*[Me]*
*Have fun getting your money stolen by that clearly rigged game
Let me know when you start reading into the wild]*

After that, Keith decided to keep himself distracted until Shiro got back and Lance texted him again. He had a list of shows recommended for him and he wasn’t going to let them go to waste. But he’d watch them after indulging Red and Black in cat treats. Then he’d also let Shiro know that he gave Red and Black treats and that he better not give them extra treats behind Keith’s back like he always does.

*[Shiro]*
*Sure thing, Keith
I won’t give them cat treats at all*
Me
Shiro I am so serious. You’re going to make them gain weight

Shiro
Fat cats are adorable so it wouldn’t be the end of the world
I’ll be home soon, I’m picking up something for dinner
What are you doing?

Keith scowled. It didn’t matter if fat cats were adorable, Shiro. The vet would give them judgmental looks if Red and Black gained a few pounds. But fat cats are adorable and I guess it wouldn’t be a crime….

[Me
Lance gave me an entire list of shows to watch so I’m gonna check them out

Shiro
Don’t watch steven universe without me
And did you tell your boyfriend hi for me?

Me
I won’t and I didn’t because Lance isn’t my boyfriend

Shiro
(°_3°)

Me
I will watch steven universe without you so fucking fast takashi shirogane

Shiro
You wouldn’t

Me
(°_3°)
Keith didn’t. Even if it was very tempting to go ahead and start watching the second season without Shiro’s presence, there was some kind of unspoken rule that if they started a series together, they finished it together. So no going ahead. It probably derived from the fact that when they lived with their parents, their mom and dad had done that all the time.

You don’t just watch episodes of Chopped on Netflix without the whole family when you started watching Chopped with the whole family.

But that rule might change if Shiro kept up this whole boyfriend talk thing. He’d been jokingly referring to Lance as his boyfriend since yesterday and it was annoying.

[Shiro
Okay. He isn’t your boyfriend.]

Keith smirked in satisfaction.

[Me
Glad to know you get the point

Shiro
But only because I remember when you were seven you said the only guy you’d ever date was spiderman and I said you weren’t allowed to date until you were 100]

Keith just turned his phone upside down so he could go and get his laptop and notepad so he could start trying to watch the shows that Lance had recommended. He needed a new older brother. Over the Garden Wall, here we go. Red was sleeping on his back, Black was curled up in the chair by his desk, all was good in the world.

Admittedly, Keith found the cartoon to be interesting and had gotten two minutes into the fifth episode when he finally started getting texts from Lance, his phone vibrating for at least ten seconds straight before falling silent.

[Lance
First of all, the crane game might be rigged but I HAVE HACKED THE SYSTEM

LOOK AT THE CRAP I WON HUNK AND PIDGE AND TELL ME I’M NOT A MASTER
[IMAGE SENT]]
….. Well shit.

Three alien plushies, a dinosaur, and a Mickey Mouse.

[Me
…… How??

Lance
A true magician never reveals their secrets
And second of all, I'm on chapter 6 of into the wild and all i can say right now is: Firepaw, Graypaw, and Ravenpaw are all my sons (๑•̀◡•́๑)(๑•̀◡•́๑)(๑•̀◡•́๑)
Longtail got his ass kicked ＃(๑´•ᴗ•)’
Sandpaw and Dustpaw are being dicks
And Tigerclaw, meet around the block so we can fight because I DON'T TRUST YOU, FAM (๑´•ᴗ•)’

Keith laughed so hard he could feel Red jumping off his back in surprise.

Sorry, girl. Keith thought as he gave her an apologetic look, but Red just gave him a disgruntled look and went to curl up next to her sister.

[Me
I hope you know that you're flipping off a fictional cat

Lance
He is an asshole of an imaginary cat and I hope that he gets his ass kicked by Firepaw one day

Me
No emojis??

Lance
(๑•̀◡•́๑)
Keith snickered at that.

[Me
I started watching over the garden wall
It’s nice so far. I really like wirt

Lance
I figured that you would. He’s angsty, dramatic, likes to spoil the fun

Me
Is this about that spoiler I gave you earlier because I said sorry for that

Lance
Never said that I would ever let you live it down tho]

Keith was in the process of sending a reply when he finally noticed someone breathing over his shoulder. And it wasn’t a cat.

This time, Keith was jumping up and sending a fist in the direction of the person only to miss and see that it was Shiro.

Fucking.

Shiro.

Who was currently laughing his ass off like it was the funniest thing in the world to sneak up on his adorable younger brother.

“Hi, Keith.”

Keith made a thumbs up sign with his right hand and tapped his ear two times with the base.
“ASSHOLE.”
“Wow.” Shiro signed, mouth in a look of mock surprise. “Nice to see you too. I was just letting you know that I was back with dinner.”

Keith furrowed his eyebrows in disbelief. “By staring over my shoulder to look at my texts?”

“I was just wondering why you were giggling.” Shiro explained. “Every time I passed your door, all I saw was you hunched over and--” Shiro stopped signing and did an over exaggerated giggling face, raising his shoulders up.

Keith already knew where this was going. “I don’t giggle.”

Shiro looked like a living lenny face as he made an ‘S’ hand and bended the wrist into a few nods. “Yes.”

Keith shook his head rapidly, using his right thumb and quickly bring it under his chin and moving it under until it was back in the open. “Not.”

His brother only shrugged. “Dinners on the table.”

Keith growled. He was definitely going to get a new older brother. One that didn’t make fun of him or read his texts.

[Me
I have to go and eat dinner. Talk to you later?

Lance
Sure, later Keef (´▽`)ﾉ
I’ll keep you posted on my into the wild adventures~ ]

Keith rolled his eyes a little, but he was still amused. Lance was going to be in for quite the adventure with this book series.

Chapter End Notes
Lance and Keith have finally begun their texting adventures and I got more detailed with the texting since the way I was doing it before would be confusing af if I did in this chapter. So I hope you guys enjoyed that!

And finally, some ASL has entered the story and the broganes. May Keith have mercy on his brother's soul because he is now ready to fight him and replace him with someone else. Lance should have recommended the replacements so Keith could google if someone made a company based of the cartoon XD. Also, I feel like Blue would be the kind of cat who wouldn't mind if her belly got rubbed, but Black and Red fall under the "most cats fucking hate if you touch their stomach and will claw the living hell out of you if you do it". Anyone else agree?

I hope you guys enjoy this chapter!

This might be six chapters late, but hmu on tumblr themultifandomnerd and i'll be making this fic's official tag fic: tdros. So if you guys are wondering if a chapter might be late or smth, there it is. I'm going to go back and add that all to the previous chapters soooo, yeah.
Chapter Summary

Lance learns about deaf karaoke and Keith's taste in music.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lance set down *Into the Wild* with a groan.

He had just finished all 25 chapters of this book full of fictional cats and it had been a wild ride, and to think this was only the first book in the series. So far, the only Clans Lance has really been able to get to know is ThunderClan and ShadowClan, but from personal bias of being an avid water lover--Lance got the feeling RiverClan was going to be his favourite. According to Keith, who thankfully didn’t accidentally spoil anything, RiverClan was the only group of cats that enjoyed swimming.

And speaking of Keith….

[Me
I friggin hate you (´A´)]

It took all of five minutes for Lance to finally get a reply.

[Keef the Spoiler
What exactly did I do to warrant hate from you?]

Me
1 OAO What are you doing up so late?? And 2 this freaking cat book!

Keef the Spoiler
Oh, you finished it already?

Me
Yes and don’t think that you’re getting out of my first question. Why are you awake?

Did Lance have any room to talk? Absolutely not. Wasn’t going to stop him from asking. He’d just use the excuse of finishing up this book in order to tell Keith if it was really his thing or not. Not to mention he was enjoying having his room to himself. He had a lot of siblings and that usually resulted in sharing rooms. Plus there was the fact as the self-proclaimed favourite brother, he usually was the one who subjected to a lot of bed sharing when his youngest siblings had nightmares. (Lance would also like to add the fact that he loves his younger brother Jacob, but on occasions he wants to smother him with a pillow because everyone assumes that Jacob is the older brother of the two because he’s the tallest.)

But it was summer and his parents were more lax with the rules of staying up late. “You can stay up until you start falling asleep. Or else I’m sending you directly to bed,” Lance’s mother would say. Best rule ever. And since he could still hear the distant sounds of Star Wars and nobody coming back to the room, he was assuming that everyone was awake. Or Benji and Ambar, the youngest of the McClain kids, fell asleep and everyone wanted to carry them silently to their beds after the movie ended so the kids could wake up feeling like the Mr. Krabs meme, wondering how they got in bed when they fell asleep in a blanket fort.

Ah. Childhood memories.

[Keefer Spoiler]
I’m up because we don’t have to volunteer tomorrow, mom. Did you like the book?

Me
Do you mean ‘lance, did I sufficiently make you want to fight every dark brown tabby you see’ because, yes. Yes i do (ノಠ益ಠ)ノ璟juries I CAN’T EVEN EMOJI PROPERLY BECAUSE OF THIS

Keefer Spoiler
I’m going to just take that as a ‘yes’

Me
I could be in the living room trying to show my sis Laura who’s the boss in DDR but nooooooooooo (ノಠ益ಠ)ノ璟juries, I was like ‘keef rec’d this book 4 me, i have to finish it’ and now I’m over here pissed off about dying fictional cats because rip Lionheart. I demand an apology!!!!! (‘A’)(‘A’)


Keef the Spoiler
(°_°) I’d say I’m sorry but I don’t believe in lying]

Lance just gasped, placing a hand on his chest.

Rude.

[Me
I’m just letting you know that I changed your contact name from keef the spoiler to keef the asshole

Keef the Asshole
…
I’m in your phone as keef the spoiler?

Me
Keef the Asshole now

Keef the Asshole
Why?

Me
I wasn’t just going to put you in as keith. that has zero creativity and I always come up with great nicknames for my friends

Keef the Asshole
It’s nice to know that I mean so much to you that I have a crappy name in your contacts list, lance

Me
(aporan) It’s all your fault for getting me into this book series! It’s only made worse by the fact that I’m pretty sure that the second book isn’t in the library. They only had five warrior cat books OTL */3 */3

So thanks a lot for the eternal suffering, Keith. Lance really needed this in his life. He finished a book and had zero access to the sequel book and Blue, angel of his life, was somewhere else in the house that wasn’t by his side. Either the living room because she loves the kids or sleeping in his
Mom’s purse.

Slow, lonely suffering.

[Keef the Asshole
I /do/ have the entire series, yknow. I can bring back the fire & ice on Monday if you promise to bring it back exactly the way you received it]

Enter Keith, our lord and saviour.

[Me
<3  ■  ■  (*≥z≤)φ ;* ;* ;*
You literally just became the light of my life, my sunshine
You have just become keef the saint
I will protect book2 w my life

Keef the Saint
It’s funny how your love is conditional

Me
My love has and always will be unconditional, keef]

Laughing lightly, Lance was pretty sure Keith was rolling his eyes.

[Me
So whatcha doin’ other than texting me?

Keith
Reading and ‘listening’ to music

Me
OAO]
Lance could hear a light bulb.

[Me]
I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER SOMEONE SAYING THEY WOULD GIVE ME SONG RECS

Keef the Saint
I hope you know when I said that I was going off songs I really like because how the bass feels, not because I can hear it. Right? That /some/ of these songs are simply based off the fact I like the lyrics? I’m not going to make guarantees on whether or not the song /sounds/ good.

Me
Yep, yep \(^o^)/
Song me

Keef the Saint
And I have my hearing aids on underneath the headphones and have the song at full volume??

Me
Shhhhh song me (◕‿◕✿)

Lance grabbed his ear buds (at least, he think these are his. Jacob had a pair the exact same colour), and got them ready. He had already got the jist of the song list thing that Keith said he would give and he had promised to start feeling the song more than listen to it.

He’d done it for a few of the songs, but sometimes it was easier said than done because unlike Keith, having the song on full volume made his ears hurt like hell from the volume. I'll work something out with that. Lance decided. *Find the perfect compromise level of ‘yep, I can hear the bass’ and ‘this won’t make my ears bleed’. Another light bulb went off. I should buy bass amplifying headphones!* Lance, you are genius.

Several long minutes seemed to pass before Keith had finally sent him the aforementioned song list he had promised and Lance…. Was tickled.

“Okay,” Lance heard himself saying out loud. “I was pretty sure I expected some of these songs just based off appearance but…..”
IS THAT A TSWIFT SONG???

There it was, right in between Teenagers and I Write Sins Not Tragedies was basically all of Taylor Swift’s old country songs with the exception of Shake it Off.

[Keef the Saint
….. No

Me
I’m not blind Keith, and I know darn well that ‘our song’ has shit bass and so does ‘you belong with me’

Keef the Saint
….. Your point?

Me
……….. WAIT ARE THESE THE SONGS THAT YOU JUST LIKE BECAUSE OF THE LYRICS?

Keef the Saint
I JUST THINK THEY’RE SWEET BECAUSE THEY AREN’T ALL BREAKUP SONGS

Me
KEEEEEOF’S A SWIFTIE KEEEEOF’S A SWIFTIE YOU’RE LIKE THE STEREOTYPICAL BAD BOY THAT CAN PROBABLY RECITE ROMEO AND JULIET WORD FOR WORD AND LOWKEY LOVES ROMANTIC POETRY. CAN YOU???

Keef the Saint
I’M GOING TO BED NOW, LANCE

Me
KEEF WAIT I HAVE SONG RECS DON’T LEAVE ME YET]
(There was no time for emoji’s if Keith was going to just up and abandon Lance.)

**[Me]**
I really like this musical called hamilton and at least 80-95%ish has really really good bass like The Schuyler Sisters and I think you’d really like the feel of it!! So I’m just gonna link the entire playlist onto here so you can check it out

**Keef the Saint**
…….. alright

**Me**
Hey, can I ask one more question? I won’t even bring emojis into this. Do deafies go to karaoke?

Maybe it was a dumb question to Keith, but it was one that needed answering now that Lance thought about it.

**[Me]**
I’m asking because a while back some friends and I went to karaoke and one of the songs we sang was shake it off (which i sang brilliantly btw) and I was wondering if there was karaoke for the deaf?

**Keef the Saint**
Yeah there is. But we sign instead

**Me**
Ooooh! That’s cool! Did you sing anything?

**Keef the Saint**
No but my brother did. Before you ask, shiro isn’t deaf. He can hear just fine.

**Me**
I am more upset with the fact you didn’t choose to sign out one of these songs you have sent me. Don’t you want to participate?
**Keef the Saint**
I’m not really an activities person

**Me**
So you don’t ever wanna do it?

**Keef the Saint**
Idk]

There was a pause in the conversation as Lance thought over the best thing he could say. It wasn’t as if Keith had to join in the deaf karaoke. It’s all his choice. Lance was smart, so he could say for sure that he could tell that Keith was a lot more introverted than he was. He might be super into talking to Lance about aliens for hours a time, but even he needs his breaks and has his limits.

**[Me**
Sorry if I seem pushy

**Keef the Saint**
It’s alright. I just never really had any song that I wanted to just sign to my heart’s content in front of people.

**Me**
If its about the tswift thing, I’m pretty sure no one would care if the guy dressed up like a mcr fanboy wanted to sign you belong w me. I have proudly sang single ladies by beyonce because I’m #1 beyonce stan

**Keef the Saint**
Tell me why I’m not surprised

**Me**
Laugh it up, mullet but I also did the dance as I sang so your words have no effect on me. Or is it affect in this case? I hate words.

**Keef the Saint**
…. I honestly don’t know. Google it
I’m actually starting to get tired now. I’ll talk to you later
I’ll check out these snogs too

Me
I can definitely tell you are tired if you’re starting to typo on me. Rest it up, Keef ;*

Keef the Saint
Night

Me
Night]

And with that, Lance’s texting spree with ended and Lance decided that instead of being by himself in his room, he would join his family in the late night movie marathon. The Prequels were on, Dad was nowhere to be found so he must have went to bed, and Mom patted down softly on the spot nearest her. Lance was right when he guessed that Benji and Ambar were asleep and he, Laura, and Jacob had shared looks of mischief. The kids would be Mr. Krabs memeing when they woke up tomorrow.

All was well in the world when Lance finally decided to go to bed, lifting Benji up in his arms and announcing he would be clocking out after laying Benji down. Sleep seemed to find Lance easy that night until his eyes suddenly shot open.

WAIT A MINUTE, THAT LITTLE TURD NEVER TOLD ME WHETHER OR NOT HE WAS ROMANTIC BAD BOY!!!

You win this time, Keith.

Chapter End Notes

how i picture keith's hearing aids
This fic is dedicated to my gf who got depressed over the fact we won’t be able to talk for the few days because she went on the trip where she’ll have no phone connection, she’s adorable, cute, and we both like to joke about Keith lowkey liking Taylor Swift. And Lance is #1 Beyonce stan, fight me on this.

And shout out to the people who are an older sibling but look so young that one of their younger siblings look older than them OTL. I am one of those people.

Here we have some more deaf culture aspects being introduced in that of karaoke, so
hopefully you find that tidbit interesting! This might be the longest chapter so far, holy cow! With the texting it came out to 8 pages. And I stopped italicizing it because despite how many times I re-italicized something in the previous chapters with the texts, it never stuck and stayed plain. So why fight it *long sigh*. Next chapter with have bees. Read, Enjoy, and Review because I love rereading the comments throughout the day <3.

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros (tfw you've tagged at least 3-4 things with your fic's tag and only 1 post shows up when you go to the search. uuuuugh, fuckin tumblr)
Of Late Nights and Bee Movie Memes

Chapter Summary

Keith is bombarded with bees at 3AM and he ruins the second greatest movie known to man with logic. Thanks, Keith

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Keith had always been a light sleeper.

Call it a curse, call it a blessing for if there was ever an emergency in the house and Keith woke up at the nick of time, but it’s been that way for as long as he could remember. He’d always been sensitive to vibrations. Vibrations from the extremely loud alarm he’d constantly have in the house because if something happened the vibrations and flashing lights would let Keith know what was going on, one of the cats knocking something over in a random part of the house, the bratty kids that ran upstairs because Shiro just had to get an apartment that was downstairs instead of up.

Vibrations from his cell phone were no different.

Keith groaned as he stretched out his hand to where he last remembered placing it. It had been buzzing and buzzing over and over again for the past five minutes.

This had either be the most important series of texts, or Dad is buttdialing me by accident. Again. His dad was one of those few people that still had one of those easy to purchase nokia phones, so buttdialing someone was a piece of cake for him.

Even though he was prepared for it, Keith instantly regretted lighting his screen up to see who was messaging him. Awful mistake! Awful. Mistake. Next time he was going to turn on his room’s light to just hurry up and get the pain over with much faster instead of allowing his phone to nearly blind him.

It took a few minutes of blinking and forcing himself to adjust to the light, but Keith eventually was able to check and see what was really going on with his phone.
He was getting texts.

And these texts were from Lance.

*LANCE MCCLAIN IF THESE AREN'T FUCKING IMPORTANT AND LIFE CHANGING MESSAGES I AM GOING TO SUFLOCATE YOU WITH THE BOOK I'M LETTING YOU BORROW!*

IT WAS THREE IN THE FREAKING MORNING.

WHAT WAS SO FREAKING IMPORTANT THAT LANCE WAS UP AT THREE IN THE MORNING SENDING--

A picture that said ‘when you flirt with a human to save your species and she actually falls in love with you’?

Another series of pictures talking about how a kid named Freddy Benson was related to a bee named Barry?

Keith felt one of his eyes twitching.

He should have known that tonight wasn’t going to be a night of full rest because Red decided to sleep on his pillow instead of partially on his face. He had a slight crook in his neck because of how Red had taken up basically all the space on his pillow, he nearly went blind because of his cell phone, and now Lance was texting him when he should be sleeping.

Lance, be lucky it is now Saturday.

[Me
Can you please explain the bees?

Lance
Young man, what are you doing awake?!
Me
You texted me pictures of bees and people and photoshop

Lance
....
Whoops <3????

Me
Emojis will not get you out of this, let alone a heart emoji

Lance
Do I get points for making it red?

Me
No

Lance
Worth a shot
I was on tumblr and was going through the bee movie tag ]

Keith sighed.

[Me
Go to sleep lance. It’s still night time

Lance
Actually, it’s morning ;*
So you can’t get all mad at me for being awake.
Sorry 4 wakin u up tho ]

Well, Keith was up now and he wouldn’t be going back to sleep anytime soon. Might as well text Lance to pass the time.
Care to explain the bee movie memes?

Lance
D:< don’t tell me you’ve never watched the bee movie! Only the greatest movie known to man! ..... Actually, second greatest. I almost forgot shrek existed

Me
Wait are you talking about that movie with the bee that was suing humanity over honey? ]

Keith had only seen bits and pieces of that movie. It looked so ridiculous he could never watch it all the way in one sitting. So apparently, the bee main character had a human girlfriend. You’ve gotta love Dreamworks. First Shrek, then bees.

[Lance
Yep :D that’s the one
I totally agree with the conspiracy that freddy is barry’s son. It makes total sense

Me
You’ll believe that a kid’s dad is a bee but you refuse to accept that aliens exist? Or the intergalactic grandma association?

Lance
Yes and I agreed with the grandma association, just not the intergalactic part ;*

Me
When aliens finally come here I’m going to tell them you suck and believe in ghosts
That movie makes no sense anyway

Lance
Suing humanity for honey isn’t wrong

Me
But it’s an american movie taking place in america and as far as I could tell from the bits I saw, only america was getting affected. So I sincerely doubt that this movie deserves that much praise
Lance
…. Why do you have to ruin the bee movie for me keef?
You’ve hurt me
I’m changing your contact name

Me
To what?

Keith could feel himself smiling a little. Sure he rolled his eyes at the fact Lance kept him in his contacts in a weird title, Keef the Something, but it was a little amusing. Only a little. Not a lot. Just a little.

[Lance
I don’t know yet, but you aren’t keef the saint anymore >:P

Me
I’m not as affected by these not as creative emojis as you’re using rn

Lance
I’M TOO LAZY TO WHIP OUT THE KAOMOJIS RN KEEF
DON’T JUDGE
Btw have you listened to the hamilton soundtrack yet?

Me
You change topics really fast. And i haven’t. I’ll do it today

Lance
Good. I’ve been listening to the stuff you sent me
I’m gonna call you keef the romantic bad boy ]

Keith could feel his face flushing.

Why did he even include those Taylor Swift songs in there?! Lance was never going to let him live it down. Did this count as a score for Lance? Keith wasn’t going to count it for now.
I'm going to leave now

Lance
You wouldn't leave me here by myself right?
Alone
The only one awake in my house??

Me
Goodnight lance

Lance
Keith
Keeeeeith!!!!!!
……
This is not how you friend, keith
I hope you know I’m about to force myself to go to sleep and listen to some more of your song recs.
Because I care
Niiight ]

Keith waited a full three minutes before finally texting back.

[Me
Night, nerd ]

Maybe Keith would change Lance’s contact name too.

Chapter End Notes

*dabs* And /today's/ chapter is brought to you by.... PROCRASTINATION AND TUMBLR.

I literally had the tab for google docs on, but I was going through the svtfoe tag, reading fanfiction i saw mentioned on tumblr, and literally watching svtfoe evil all day. I have zero reason as to why this chapter took so long other than pure procrastination. BUT I STILL GOT IT UP!!! MUWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA I AM VICTORIOUS! I'll be making an outline tonight for the next chapter in order to not let this happen again, but tbh lbr, this just might happen again. But I'll still make the attempt to keep updating once a day every day. I'm not starting the skip posting one day today! SUCK IT,
PROCRASTINATION.

Next Chapter: Hunk and Pidge notice that Lance has a new obsession with his phone.

Enjoy (I apologize for any typos, I just wanted to get this published before it was too late because I know me. But I will go back and fix any that I see later.)

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
The Beyonce-Inspired Pop Ballad as to Why Lance Can Never Text Keith in Front of His Friends Ever Again

[[Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
I hate this stupid cartoon. I thought it was supposed to be silly and entertaining!
Not supposed to make me go crazy with theories

Me
UwU

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
This isn’t funny lance

Me
In my defense, gravity falls is a conspiracy theory show

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Doesn’t help
My theory: grunkle stan or soos wrote the journals. Soos is… weird
!! But then that thing at the end of the first episode with grunkle stan going into that weird secret room!

Me
When you signed the contract to be homies with me, you should have read the fine print: will recommend cartoons that start off all sweet and silly but will eventually turn around and slap you in the face with feelings and theories ]

Lance chuckled lightly under his breath. *Sorry not sorry, Keith.* He thought when Keith sent back a ‘I want a refund and a new contract’.

He was currently at Pidge’s house.

It was kind of a thing.
If Lance wasn’t going to spend his time lounging at home, he was going to take off and spend time with the greatest people you would ever meet. They could either spend time together somewhere in Altea or what they were doing now. Chilling in one of their houses. This time, it was Pidge’s.

After the whole 3AM bee movie meme thing, Lance had fallen asleep listening to the song recs Keith sent him. He never did get an explicit confirmation on whether or not Keith was the ultimate romantic, but considering the fact Keith had never actually denied any of the accusations-- Lance was going to go ahead and take that as a ‘yes’. He woke up, ate breakfast, then he headed over to Pidge’s house.

Pidge supplied the couch, Hunk brought the snacks, and Lance supplied his charming personality. (And his ATLA DVD set.)

Lance had laughed here and there because of Team Avatar’s antics, especially Sokka’s. Sokka was like, his long lost brother who happened to be in a fictional cartoon (even Lance’s parents, who’s seen some of the episodes, agreed with that statement).

But then all of a sudden Keith had started texting him and Lance had been balancing texting Keith and watching season 1 of Avatar ever since. Keith had started watching Gravity Falls today and was a big box of fan theories.

Lance’s personal favourites was Grunkle Stan or Soos being the author of the journals, Lil Gideon was the show’s true antagonist that was really a demon in a human body, and that Gravity Falls the town was in the middle of a weird rift between the supernatural and the world of the natural. That last one then started a debate about how Keith should totally believe in ghosts now because of it, but then Keith said something about how ghosts are nothing but works of fiction and that he was talking about the cryptid aspects of the show.

Yep, Lance chose the right recommendation. *I shoulda told him to watch Gravity Falls first.* But whatever, he’s watching it now.

**[Keef the Romantic Bad Boy]**
Bigfoot and Mothman better show up in this
Do they show up?

**Me**
(๑ ₃ ๑)
Lance was snickering all over again.

“Okay, that’s it.” Lance jumped and tore his eyes from his phone and in Pidge’s direction. Their arms were crossed, eyes squinting in suspicion.

“... Um, what?” Lance looked over at Hunk to see if the big guy would help him understand what he did that made Pidge look like a mom that was dressed in a robe and hair rollers, but Hunk was staring at him as well with his fingers curled thoughtfully around his chin. “What?! Did I miss something?”

“Lance, we all wanted to watch Avatar together.”

“Yeah, and that’s what we’re doing.” Lance raised an eyebrow not knowing where this was going.

“No.” Pidge chided. “We’re watching Avatar! You’re watching your phone! It’s been going off a mile a minute since we got to episode 5!”

Lance’s mouth dropped open. “I can multitask!” Pidge’s face read ‘bullshit’. “Hunk!” Lance looked to his ultimate bestie for defense. “Tell her I can multitask.”
Hunk shot him a slightly apologetic look, “Sorry, bro. Pidge has a point. You’ve been giggling and texting since we got to episode 5, and you love episode 5.”

“I doubt he even knows what episode we’re on!”

“I do too!” Lance rolled his eyes. …… What episode were they on? He remembered seeing the Kiyoshi Warriors. It’s only been at least four episodes. Right? Lance attempted to glance at the screen to see exactly what was going on, but it was currently paused on the opening theme. Damn it. “….. Jet?”

“Eeeengh.” Hunk and Pidge objected.

“We’re on the Blue Spirit episode now.”

Oh. Wow.

Lance’s surprise but must have shown on his face because the next thing he knew, he was having a chip thrown at him. Fuckin’ Pidge. “Told you he wasn’t paying attention to us!”

“Oh my god, you’re being a drama gremlin.”

“Lance!” Hunk gasped, mouth covered by his large hands. “How could you call this sweet angel a gremlin?!”

Pidge sniffled, ‘pained’. “Can you believe it? I get upset he was over here texting someone during Avatar time and he calls me a drama gremlin.”

“There, there, Pidge.” Hunk soothed.

….

“Pff!”
Within seconds, they were all laughing without a care in the world for a solid minute until it tapered off into pleased sighs. “Aaah. But seriously, who’re you texting?” Hunk started up again, leaning onto Lance’s side of the couch.

Lance shoved his phone into his pocket. Sure there was no way Hunk could crack in the nonexistent passcode onto Lance’s phone. But Hunk was the nosiest person in the universe, Pidge has a lock on her diary to prove it because of the several times Hunk had read it. Sweet teddy bear, but nosier than a Bloodhound. “It doesn’t matter because we’re totally done texting.”

Then Lance’s phone began dinging to indicate that he had a new text message. Lance gave a nervous grin while Hunk and Pidge shared a look before looking back at him.

Total bullshit.

“Is it that girl that we saw at the arcade who was playing DDR?”

“Plaxum and I are just buddies.” Dance Dance Revolution buddies. And swim buddies whenever they were at the local pool together. Plaxum was an amazing swimmer. If there was any cryptid Lance believed in, it was mermaids, and he strongly believed that Plaxum probably was a mermaid in a past life. Or in a completely different universe.

Multiverse theory was one of the many things he had discussed with Keith.

“Rolo?” Hunk was looking stern. He didn’t like Rolo at all. Matter of a fact, Lance doesn’t think Hunk has approved of any of his past crushes before. Which was unfair considering how much support Lance had for Hunk’s relationship with Shay.

“Nope.” Lance’s popped on the ‘p’. “I’m just texting Keith. You know, the guy I volunteer with that doesn’t believe in ghosts and wanted me to read that book with the cat on it?”

“... You mean that guy you’ve been talking about nonstop? You got his number?!” Lance was offended by the fact his friends didn’t think he could numbers.

And second, “I don’t talk about Keith that much.”
“He’s literally all you’ve been talking about lately, it’s kinda cute but also really annoying. Keith blah blah bigfoot and Keith blah blah cartoon recs.” Pidge mimicked Lance’s voice, swinging her hands here and there with faux sass.

Lance cringed. “I don’t sound like that. And I only bring Keith up a little and you’re just trying to make it seem like a bigger deal than it is.” Which it wasn’t. “You guys would like him. He’s got this bad boy who shops straight out of hot topic look, but he’s actually pretty cool. Owns a motorcycle, likes cats, I got him into cartoons. He has a mullet though. But other than that, he’s pretty cool.” Lance broke off as he suddenly remembered-- “He looks a lot like that character from SBT! Lance, literally, Keith looks like his twin. I’d ask him for a selfie for a pic comparison, but he’s still in total denial about the similarities and why are you looking at me like that?”

Hunk and Pidge had wide grins on their faces, like they had just witnessed someone spilling major tea. It was honestly creepy.

“No reason~” Hunk sang.

“We’re just, listening to you. Talk about Keith.”

Lance opened his mouth, suddenly feeling defensive, then closed it. He wasn’t going to respond to this. “Just press play so we can watch this episode.”

“Okaaay~!”

Lance rolled his eyes as he settled into his spot again, reaching for a handful of chips to munch on. Oh yeah, Keith’s text.

[Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
I will get my revenge when you get further and further into warriors ]

Okay, so Lance snickered one more time.

[Me
Bring it on mullethead ]
Chapter 10 has finally arrived with Hunk and Pidge being weird trolls! (And my girlfriends back~)

Might I add that the comments I got recently have really been the highlights of my day, and shoutout to ProtectYuriPlisetsky2k17, an actual deafie who commented on this fic this morning. I'm really glad I've been able to accurately portray a deaf character and hope you continue reading the story until the very end! And shoutout to those who have commented on my commitment to update everyday, because it is difficult to push these out but I find it good practice and it fills me with determination! (whaddup undertale reference!)

We're now officially 30 chapters away from tdros ending. *samara voice* 30 days.

Enjoy today's chapter everyone!

hm @ thumultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Chapter Summary

Keith's mom accidentally brings up some insecurities Keith has been shoving down for the past couple of weeks.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Keith had a decent relationship with his parents.

They had your average conversations, the average arguments. Tried to kill each other when they all played Monopoly, the typical things.

He loved his parents. But that hadn’t stopped him from begging them to move in with Shiro when Shiro was finally moving out the house. It had taken a lot of convincing and begging, both his parents and his brother, but eventually they had said yes as long as Keith promised to keep his grades up after he moved out.

Keith had always been close to his brother. When Keith got in trouble, which happened a lot when he was younger, Shiro was usually the one to coax him into talking about what happened. He’d been there to play with Keith when none of the other kids wanted to play tag with him because had always pushed too hard. Shiro had also been a good makeshift interpreter when Keith needed one at the most inopportune of moments. Not to mention, if Keith was living with his brother that meant a slight increase of freedom.

Not much of an increase because for the heavy hitter questions like ‘can i get a motorcycle’ were always referred to their parents, but it was a slight increase and it was good enough for Keith.

He could stay up later, even though he usually fell asleep early regardless, and he could have a cat. His dad was allergic so Keith’s dream of getting a cat would have been stalled forever.

It was a perfectly good set up since Shiro had just gotten his car and was getting a two bedroom apartment and Keith had given his parents a wave, a hug, and was out of there. With the promise of keeping his grades up as mentioned before and doing things like this: Facetiming one of his parents in order to prove that yes he is taking care of himself, no he isn’t smoking, and no he isn’t dating anyone. This time, it was his mom and this summer, his parents had been volunteering at a deaf
“Hi, Mom.”

“You look handsome.” His mother smiled, her right hand stroking her left jaw then the right. Obligatory parent talk, but Keith had lowkey pride in the fact that he looked more like his mother. His dad was cool and all with his one eyebrow that had a cut on it, but Keith’s mom was the ultimate badass in his mind who got him into motorcycles in the first place with her old stories of being in a biker gang.

It was the ultimate mom goals in Keith’s opinion. (But if there were any features Keith was sure he got from his dad it was his eyebrows.)

“Glad that school is over for a few months?”

“Yes.” Keith wasn’t the most pro school person out there. Did he know it was important to get an education? Yes. Didn’t mean he had to like math though. (How Lance liked math, Keith would never understand.)

He could see his mother laughing and Keith smiled in return. She probably just thought that Keith was being a stereotypical teenager.

Keith cupped his hands into arches and rolled them back until they were upward then pointed at his mother. “How are you?”

“I’ve been good!” She went on about how she had just gotten off a hike and that his father had been helping with the kayaking. Deaf camp had always sounded fun to Keith, but it wasn’t ever his true thing. Too many people. School was one thing, classmates were unavoidable. But willingly letting himself spend x amount of weeks with a bunch of over the people he didn’t really want to interact with just because he wanted to spend time with nature? As if. Keith could do the exact same thing but with the comfort his immediate family at a later time. “But how have you been? Your brother told me you’re volunteering at a library! Is it fun?”

That’s a word for it.

Keith scrunched his face before making a ‘so so’ gesture. Keith wouldn’t necessarily call the
volunteering itself fun. “*I have to write back and forth a lot.*” He said. It was to be expected, but it
didn’t exactly make anything easier. He needed a new notepad. But at least he was finally getting the
hand of the Dewey Decimal System, so that’s a bright side.

His mom gave a sympathetic look as she rotated a closed hand on her chest in a clockwise motion.
“I’m sorry.”

Keith shrugged. It was always going to be something he would deal with. “*Don’t worry about it.*”

There was a pause before she her face brightened. “*Takashi told me you had someone you were seeing!*”

….

If Keith had ever stated in a previous conversation that he considered his older brother to be the best
brother in the universe, he took it back.

If Keith ever stated in a previous conversation if Shiro were to ever be kidnapped by aliens he would
gladly get himself kicked out of a space exploration program to try and find him, he took it back.

If Keith ever stated in a previous conversation that Shiro liking sweater vests wasn’t a big deal, he
took it back because those sweater vests were hideous.

He took it all back!

“*HE IS JUST A FRIEND.*” Keith interlocked his index fingers a bit more aggressive than necessary,
but he needed to emphasize the point.

“A boyfriend~?”

“*MOM.*”

His mother was laughing all over again. This is not what Keith signed up for when he promised to
Facetime with you today, Mom.

He could hang up.

He could always hang up.

Sure that would only mean his mother signing so fast Keith would fear for his life, but it was the impulse talking.

“He’s just my friend who I got into warrior cats.” And got Keith into cartoons. Even Sym-Bionic Titan, even if he still lowkey disagrees about any similarities between him and cartoon character Lance. “He doesn’t even believe in aliens, mom. I have requirements in order to date someone and believing in aliens is one of them.” Not really, but it would be a nice bonus.

“Is he deaf?” She asked, completely ignoring everything Keith just told her. Then she shifted to her left and made an “h” hand and had it bounce twice from left to right. “Or hard of hearing?”

“Hearing.” Keith answered. “He’s kind of strange but he’s nice when he isn’t sending me memes of the Bee Movie at three in the morning.” Keith would probably suffocate Lance with Fire & Ice if he did that again, no bluffs. “Before you ask, it’s this movie where this bee tries to sue humanity over honey. And he has a human girlfriend.”

There was a long pause as he saw his mom trying not to smile. “He sounds like quite the person. What’s his name?”

Keith could definitely agree with Lance being quite the character. It isn’t every day you start volunteering and the first thought someone has to introduce themselves is to jump right off the deep end and ask someone if they believe in ghosts. Then proceeded to get into an argument with the person about why ghosts are real when the other person doesn’t states they don’t believe it.

Friendship.

One of the weirdest things in the universe. Sure a lot of shows like to make it seem like becoming someone’s friend is a process that’s a big deal that starts with something dramatic, but sometimes it could literally be set off by just talking about the fact you like the same kind of music.
Keith had plenty of acquaintances, but this was his first actual friend. And literally just because Lance had the initiative to ask a stranger about ghosts.

“Lance.” Keith fingerspelled.

“No sign name?”

Keith shook his head as he brought his index and middle finger down onto his thumb twice. “No.”

“Does he know sign language?”

Keith paused for a second before saying ‘no’ again.

Keith hadn’t ever really… thought about asking Lance to learn sign language.

Alright, that’s a lie.

That had entered his head a good two or three times since he started his constant conversations with Lance. Sure writing on paper might be easier for Lance than to learn how to talk with your hands, but it was certainly doing a number on the paper Keith used to do his job when interacting with people. Not to mention his hand cramped a lot when writing excessively.

He didn’t want to say that he thought that Lance seemed like the type to say that he didn’t want to learn sign language because it was hard, but to Keith, Lance had always seemed like the type of person to show initiative on something.

If he wanted to learn sign language, Lance would have been bragging about how he just learned how to fingerspell a crappy pickup line.

But he hadn’t and there had been no indication that Lance was interested in it.
Maybe Keith was just overthinking it.

It wasn’t like they had to write down on paper all the time now. They had exchanged numbers. And it wasn’t as if they had conversations with a bunch of Lance’s hearing friends on a daily basis so it wasn’t as if Keith was the sole person at a table getting lost in a sea of fast moving mouths and wondering which way the conversation was going and feeling like a third wheel.

He was definitely just overthinking it.

Chapter End Notes

AND TODAY'S LATE CHAPTER IS SIMPLY SLOW WRITING AND GETTING CAUGHT IN CONVERSATIONS WITH NEW TUMBLR BUDDIES, please follow cryptideriss on tumblr. His deaf/hard of hearing voltron hcs are the best and he is hilarious. And shoutout to ihendrikb aka hendrik-art.tumblr.com for telling me they wanted to do art for this fic! I've never had fanart done for one of the fics I've written so I lowkey screamed for at least a solid ten minutes then walked around the house with an unknown swagger as if I had just became the first black female president in the white house lol.

Uh oh, I have spotted a somewhat emo Keith in this chapter. #SorryNotSorry

Any typos you see, I'll probably go back and fix because I always find typos someway somehow even if I think I'm clear of them all OTL. Fuckin Google Docs and Fuckin Google Chrome.

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
You've Been Hit By, You've Been Struck By, a Smooth Strimal

Chapter Summary

Lance asks Keith out. To watch a movie. Online. As bros.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lance McClain was going through a dilemma.

You ever send someone a text and then immediately regret it two hours later? Yeah. That was the situation he was going through right now.

[Me
Yo keef, wanna stream a movie together? ]

Rabbit was essentially one of Lance’s favourite websites to hang out on when family and friends weren’t within movie watching distance. Lance had already checked the various sights he went to for online movie watching and was pleased to notice that they had closed caption options. One hundred percent considering on Keith’s end, might he add.

And things had been going pretty chill as of late so Lance figured he might as well pop the question of joint streaming.

Being striminals.

Living it up and being able to hang out and lowkey watching movies totally for freaking free and relaxing.

What ended up happening instead was that Lance sent that Keith at 1PMish and it’s almost 4 o’clock now. Lance didn’t want to say he was panicking, but he was kind of sort of actually panicking and unlocking his inner Keith. Theories upon theories of why Lance hadn’t gotten a text back yet.

Theory one, Keith was busy. Very likely.
There had been many a time when Lance had noticed that he had gotten a text, but the timing wasn’t the best. Maybe he was in the cinema, it was school time and he got a text in the middle of a class he knew wouldn’t have any golden opportunities for in class texting, he was way too tired to respond and he fell asleep before pressing the send icon. So what ended up happening? Lance had to hit that person up way later than originally intended.

Theory two, Keith was unaware Lance had texted him in the first place. This option was the most likely.

There was no guarantee that Keith had his phone on him when Lance sent that text. There was no guarantee that Keith had his phone on him often. Therefore, Keith could totally be blissfully unaware that Lance sent him a text and was watching that Killing Bigfoot show he told Lance about back in the library. Keith couldn’t know he had a text if he couldn’t feel his phone vibrating in his pocket if his phone wasn’t around in the first place.

Theory three, Keith blatantly ignored Lance’s text. The least likely theory of the three but still something to consider.

Keith could have been a bad, not texting someone mood and decided that he wouldn’t be talking to anyone for the rest of the day, Lance included.

One, two, or three?

Which one, which one?

Lance picked up his phone again to see if maybe he’d received a text of some sort during his mental theorizing. He tried not to be disappointed when he saw all he had in the notifications of his phone was that someone reblogged a post on his blog.

Peachy.

“Uuuuuugh.”

“Oh my gosh, Lance, please.”
Lance looked over across the room and gave his sister a squinted look that reminded him of that one gif of Fry from Futurama. “Laura, can you not?” He wanted to lament over the lack of a text message from Keith in peace. He hadn’t even complained to Hunk, Shay, and Pidge in their group chat because he’d probably get some kind of barrage of texts about how he mentions Keith a lot. Which he didn’t. “I’m trying to be theorize why the universe chose now to make Keith be slow at replying to texts.”

Laura rolled her eyes and Lance stuck his tongue out at her.

Four years older and Laura thought she was the queen of the house. Blue had already filled in that job, sis.

“You’re being over dramatic.”

Lance raised an eyebrow.

Nothing but an incorrect assumption.

“That’s literally impossible because I never overreact over anything?”

Laura raised an eyebrow of her own. It was a family talent. “Lance,” her voice was steady as her lips curved up into a smirk. “yesterday you complained for a solid 30 minutes because Blue wanted to sit on Dad’s lap instead of yours.”

“I know not to what you are referring.” Lance stuck his nose into the air and looked far off from his sibling.

He had complained for at least two minutes and his defense, he had give Blue a cat treat before she decided that sleeping on Lance’s dad was the best option instead. Turn coat.

Laura threw a pillow at him. “Just distract yourself!”
“Easy for you to say!” Lance retorted as he threw the pillow back. “I hope you know I would spin kick you for 60 cents.”

“And this is why I’m the mature one who is well loved by everyone in the house while you are the troll of a relative who will get a house with a billion cats.”

“Please, Blue is the only cat for me.”

The banter between them tapered off into a comfortable silence. Sure Lance had his petty arguments with his family, but they were as tight knit as ever. It was rare to ever be alone in his house, and Lance appreciated that. He wasn’t the type of person who could be alone for long. He might not admit to his friends, but he was crazy about his family. They drove him mad, made him happy, made him sad, and they were all his and he wouldn’t change that for the world.

…. So did Keith text me back yet? Lance’s face scrunched up in dismay when he saw there was no new texts.

Fucking Keith.

“Distract yourself~” Laura whispered. “Distract yourself~”

“There’s nothing to do though.” Lance whined. “I finished that book, I wanna listen to music but nothing’s the right song, and there’s nothing on TV that I want to watch.” Nothing was worse than wanting to do something, having a lot of options, but not having anything to do with said options. Being a teenager was difficult.

“Eat something?”

“Not in the mood.”

“Paint your nails?”

“I’m out of my favourite shade of pink.” Glittery hot pink and Lance ran out it out of nowhere; not gonna name any names -- Benji and Ambar. Jacob too, probably.
“Skin care routine?”

“.... I guess I could do that earlier than usual.”

If there was one thing to thank for Lance’s smooth skin, it was the large variety of skin care products he kept hoarded in the bathroom. Facial scrubs, pore cleansing, one of those spinning spa brushes to wash your face, and an overnight face mask.

It was an intricate process Lance had been doing since middle school when he got his first pimple ever and his cousins pointed out in the middle of a swimming pool and popped it. Lance screamed and the entire ordeal had been traumatizing, no matter how much people said it was an overreaction. Never again. Lance had been extensive in how he took care of his skin ever since.

His routine of skin care would definitely distract him, even if it was for a little bit.

And by a little bit, Lance meant a lot a bit.

He left no part of his face unchecked and was thorough with each activity until he had reached the point in which he could spread on his face in an even coat. It was mostly just guess and spread, but Lance had applying face masks to his face down to a mathematical science. Math had always been Lance’s best subject. Who would have thought you could apply that same principle to not putting too much overnight mask on your face for your skin care routine?

Certainly not Lance.

But he wasn’t going to question it.

“I am one refreshed king of the world.” Lance said announced. He would have grinned, but he wasn’t taking the risks in cracking it.

“Hey, king of the world, you got a text while you were gone.”
Aaaaand that’s the story of how Lance almost cracked his face mask because he nearly made a look of pleased surprise. He paid no mind to how loud Laura had laughed when he zoomed over to his phone. Lance wasn’t going to get his hopes up because it probably wasn’t even-- It was Keith.

Lance visualized the ‘it’s been 84 years’ gif in his mind.

It had been long enough, Keith.

[Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Sorry about that, i was talking to my mom but can i ask you something?
Lance?
Nvm, it isn’t important ]

Lance could feel his stomach sinking.

“Oh no.”

“What?”

“I missed three texts and he had something to ask me but I took too long to respond so, he hit me with the ‘it isn’t important’ card.” Which usually only emphasized that it truly was an important question but because it wasn’t responded to within x amount of minutes, the other person tried to backpedal and do damage control.

Lance could feel his sister leaning over his shoulder. “Has anything big happened between you or something?”

“Unless you count TV and book recommendations, no.” Lance grumbled. They had never had an actual serious argument, they referred each other to things they each enjoyed, and had easy breezy conversations at the sleight of hand. The only serious conversation they ever had was when Lance asked Keith what it was like being deaf. “You don’t think I offended him with one of my questions do you?”

Laura looked thoughtful. “I’m not sure, it depends on what you asked.”
“.... I didn’t think I asked anything too serious.”

“Okay, okay, just-- nonchalantly ask him what was up and explain what took you so long.”

“Are you sure?”

“...... Send a selfie for proof.”

“Great idea. Should I use emojis?”

“Read the tone of his messages, Lance.” Laura snapped. “This is clearly too serious for emojis to be included.” Yeah, she was right.

[Me
Sorry bout that, i was doing my skincare routine
[IMAGE SENT]
But what’s the question? ]

It felt like decades had passed until Lance finally got a message back.

[Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
It’s nothing. Funny picture. You look like a duck ]

“.... I’m not sure how I should be reading this.”

“He isn’t hinting that he’s been offended by anything from before, is he a guy who beats around the bush or is blunt?”

Lance was confidently able to answer, “Blunt.” Keith could give Pidge a run for their money in terms of bluntness. It would be awful to see them both in the same room.

“Sprinkle in a little humour and go from there because if he’s blunt and you ever did something to
offend him, I think you’d know by now.”

His sister had a point.

[Me
I don’t look this good because of zero effort keef. But really, what was the question? If it’s something important you can always ask

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Really, it’s nothing. Let’s watch a movie.
What movie did you want to watch?

“... He isn’t budging, sis.”

Laura clicked her tongue in annoyance. “Damn.” She leaned up into a standing position, arching her back. “I guess you aren’t in trouble though. And he wants to watch a movie so that’s a plus.”

“... Yeah. I guess so.” Lance wasn’t entirely sure on that, but he wouldn’t push it if Keith clearly didn’t want to talk about it. But Lance had an intuition, he’d figure it out eventually or Keith would come clean. He wasn’t sure which would happen first.

“So cheer up.” Laura gave him a hard pat on the back. “I’m going to the kitchen to get something. You want something?”

“Nah, I’m good.”

“Lance, look at me.” Laura gave him a hard look, her hazel eyes sharp. “Are you sure you don’t want anything?”

“Um, I just said I didn’t.” Typical Laura.

“Dude, if I come back here and you make the attempt to eat some of my food, I am going to get pissed. Are you sure you don’t want anything?”
“100%, sister.”

“Good.”

He was totally going to eat her chips when she got back.

Chapter End Notes

Wabam! Here's chapter 12, back in Lance's POV as per usual and Laura makes a proper cameo as that brain trust you have with friends when you are getting mixed signals from bae-- I mean, your bro.

Funny tidbit, that pimple thing is based on a true story with me and my cousins. My cousin Jade had never had a pimple before and one day we all went swimming and me and her sister Jasmine were just like... "Jade, girl, is that a pimple???” She screamed so loud you would have thought we just told her that her favourite character in a tv show just died smh. She hasn't had a pimple since. I wonder why... And yes, Lance. You are a total drama queen.

Enjoy the chapter, guys!! (in the unisex meaning of the word)

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
I Fucking Hate Rabbit

Chapter Summary

Their attempt to watch a movie on Rabbit fails and Keith laments on being a chicken.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[Lancelot
I fucking hate rabbit so much rn ]

Keith smiled a little, feeling slightly empathetic.

It took them ten minutes, but the two of them had eventually settled on a movie of Keith’s choice. Treasure Planet, a childhood favourite of his. It had aliens, adventure, space pirates, and when Keith was 10 he had a major crush on Jim that Shiro never live down but that is besides the point.

But there had been more pausing and refreshing the page than actual watching Treasure Planet.

It was kind of annoying, but Lance couldn’t help the fact that his WiFi had chosen now to start acting up, so Keith had taken control of the Rabbit remote and pressed pause in order for Lance to try literally anything possible in order to get his internet under control.

So far, there hadn’t been much luck and Keith was pretty sure that the chances of Lance’s internet properly working was about as slim as his hope for humanity.

[Lancelot
Keeeeeereith
I hate my internet so much rn
I have tried everything
Refreshing
Restarting
Giving Rumplestiltskin the rights to my first born child]

Keith almost choked on his lemonade. One of those attempts weren’t like the other.
[Me
Sorry?

Lancelot
\(\text{TT^TT}/\text{ ME TOO000}\)
I HATE THIS MEME FORSAKEN SIGHT (ノЩ益Щ)ノШШ

Me
It’s ‘site’

Lancelot
AND FUCK YOU TOO AUTOCORRECT
I don’t think we’ll be able to finish the movie keef OTL I’m sorry

Me
It’s fine

Lancelot
Uuuuuugh no it isn’t
We were having our first movie night and it was a movie you really liked and the gods of internet chose to conveniently choose now to go ‘lol, you should have a stressful rabbit time with your buddy’ ]

Keith closed the tab keeping Rabbit alive and closed his laptop before crashing down on his side, curled up into a comfortable position.

It was probably for the best that Rabbit decided not to work. Keith had been more than a little distracted. With a grimace, Keith scrolled up to the conversation that was being had previously before he had been subjected to Lance’s rant texts.

[Me
Sorry about that, i was talking to my mom but can i ask you something?
Lance?
Nvm, it isn’t important
Lancelot
Sorry bout that, i was doing my skincare routine
[IMAGE SENT]
But what’s the question?

Me
It’s nothing. Funny picture. You look like a duck

Lancelot
I don’t look this good because of zero effort keef. But really, what was the question? If it’s something important you can always ask

Me
Really, it’s nothing. Let’s watch a movie.
What movie did you want to watch?

Keith facepalmed and almost wished he could be shoved into space without any form of protective or oxygen. Why did he chicken out?!

Lance doesn’t text him back within five minutes of sending a text and he chickened out.

Just perfect.

My sign name should be coward with a ‘k’ instead of grumpy with a ‘k’. Keith had literally been that close in figuring out whether or not Lance was secretly learning sign language or wouldn’t mind learning sign language, and he just chickens out.

Keith groaned and just decided to finally send Lance a reply before the brunet assumed Keith was irritated with him.

[Me
It’s fine, drama queen

Lancelot
You and my older sister would get along. You both think I’m a drama queen for some reason
Me
I wonder why
But really. I still had fun with the 15 minutes of the movie we were able to watch

Lancelot
Awwww <3 keeeeeeith!! You do care <3 <3 <3 <3

Me
Please stop with the hearts before I decide to take back my attempt to make you feel better

Lancelot
Too late
It is already engraved into our conversation thread
Even if you delete it, I still have the evidence on my phone and I can always just resend screenshots of it
Not to mention shove my phone in your face tomorrow as extra proof

Me
Speaking of which, I’m bringing you that book tomorrow.

Lancelot
And I’ll bring it back the way I found it, promise

Me
Good
…. Quick question. How many languages do you know?

Lancelot
2 why? ]

Would you like to make it 3? Keith bit his bottom lip.

Now would be a good time as any to ask Lance about the ASL thing, right? Lance was in a better mood, there was a constant flow of texts going on at the moment, Keith would no longer be a considered Coward of the Year…
[Me
Lance, have you ever thought about learning as --

Keith instantly began deleting the sentence. He was just going to stay Coward of the Year.

[Me
No reason. I was just curious. ]

Mothman would not be pleased.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 13 is here~ and I'm only partially freaking sleep deprived so this chapter was a lot shorter than originally planned but ooooh boy am I excited for these next 3 upcoming chapters. *lenny faces* Not that I'm implying that things will be happening, but things will definitely be happening. So please stay tune >:D.

Y’all, please pray for our son, Keith. He needs help. A lot of it. Chicken. Oh yeah, and do thank my buddy cryptidcriss.tumblr.com for the ideas on Keith's sign name. Criss is a ton of fun so do check out their blog!

But me trolling and Keith being a chicken aside, I hope you guys enjoy the chapter! And to whomever was the anon that messaged me yesterday to tell me they liked the story, I am sending you virtual hugs~!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros

Edit: BECAUSE HOLY SHIT YOU GUYS I GOT FIC FANART BY THIS SWEETHEART CALLED partlycloudii on tumblr!!!!!!!!
Lance usually liked to consider himself very intelligent.

His family have told him he was intelligent.

His friends have told him he was intelligent.

His teachers have always told him he was intelligent, especially Ms. Zales his most recent math teacher.

Lance just knew he was an intelligent guy and that wasn’t just him trying to brag about it. It was just a known, personal fact.

He typically made intelligent choices, he had a great sense of morals, he had a plan in life (well, a plan in life for the most part).

But if there was his one achilles heel, his one chink in his armor of fortitude-- it was being clueless to hints. Call it a stereotype of the male subgroup of mammals or not, Lance could definitely admit that he was slow on the uptake and had many stories about his obliviousness to situations. Those times your parents want you to do the dishes and make it sound like you have an option even though you clearly don’t?

Lance honestly had trouble with that until he was about 14 and it finally just clicked with him that ‘you can do the dishes… if you want to’ actually meant ‘yeah, i want you to do the dishes but i’m making it sound like you have a choice in the matter just to sound nice love you bye’.
Psssshh, mindblown.

He was once oblivious to the fact that this girl named Lisa had a crush on him all year in grade 9 when he too had a mutual crush on her, but despite her many hints that were obvious that she wanted more than friendship-- it went right over Lance’s head.

There was once a time when Lance was completely oblivious to the fact that his teacher wanted him to do an assignment for a grade, but in Lance’s defense it sounded like an extra credit assignment and Lance already had enough on his plate so he figured why not skip a chance to overachieve for once.

There was also a time when Lance was oblivious to the fact someone needed his help on a certain matter but because they never said anything, it flew right over his head.

But in all honesty, this incident of denseness, really took the cake.

It should have been the obvious thing to do when he first started interacting with Keith. You know, Keith his deaf co-worker/co-volunteer with a mullet.

How Lance honestly let it go on for this long, was a complete and utter mystery and it all came rushing down on him a fateful Thursday, a good four or so days from the ‘Why isn’t Keith replying to my texts of 1979’. Lance was on book 4 of Warrior Cats: The Prophecies Begin thanks to him being a fast reader, he and Keith had yet to finish watching Treasure Planet on Rabbit, aaaaand--

It was the typical day at the Altea City Public Library. Lance reshelved books, helped people find certain books sections, sighed in annoyance when he saw books being put in the wrong place by people. But one thing went astray with his daily life as a library volunteer: talking to Keith on break.

For one thing it was the fact that they now had each other’s numbers, so texting when they were on complete opposite sides of the library was quite nice.

[Me
[IMAGE SENT]
Keeeeeeth, is2g if i see one more book in the wrong section I am going to scream

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
I don’t think Allura or Coran would be pleased
Me
Well considering it’s extra cash for them to rearrange things properly, probably not ugh ]

The other thing? When Lance and Keith’s breaks finally came up, Hunk just so happened to show up.

Hunk, lovely teddy bear, cherished friend, and would definitely read your diary without batting an eye-- showed up at the library.

Part of it was sinking suspicion that Hunk just wanted to see Keith in person, but Hunk claimed it was because he wanted to borrow a new cook book.

Things went more or less downhill from there.

“Hunk, this is Keith, my new buddy I was telling you about.” Lance had said with ease. “Mullet hair and looks like a cartoon character from a show that got canceled but was still cool.”

Hunk gave a polite wave and a mischievous glint was twinkling in his eyes, but Lance paid no mind to it. His best friend was meeting his…. Well, maybe not second bestie because, Pidge, but Lance could definitely see Keith working up to best friend number 3 pretty soon. And if he was lucky enough, he thought at the time, maybe all his besties would become besties. Hunk and Pidge were already aware of the fact that Keith was deaf so that was always a total bonus.

Keith’s face seemed neutral to this and he had written down, ‘Nice to meet you.’ Standard, polite, Hunk was fine with it.

‘Should I write down on paper too?’ Hunk replied and Keith hesitated a moment before eventually writing down:

‘You can talk normally. Just not too fast, not too slow.’

‘You’re sure?’
'Yes, I’m sure.'

And that seemed to take care of it. Or at least, that’s what Lance foolishly thought thanks to what he calls his Curse of Obliviousness.

“Soooo, Lance tells me that you usually have debates on stuff? Like aliens and ghosts?” Hunk leaned forward to a comfortable distance, a sturdy attempt to make sure Keith could see his mouth at all times.

‘Yeah, He’s pretty convinced that they exist but the only thing that could possibly exist on earth that is otherworldly are cryptids.’

Hunk laughed. “Yeah, Lance told me about the Mothman theory that you had.”

“I still say that it was made by people who had too much time on their hands, but if Keith wants to say there’s a giant bug man around, he can. I shalt have no part of it though because ghosts.”

Hunk rolled his eyes. “Lance, ghosts being real is about as likely as the Loch Ness Monster being fake.” And that statement only led to another debate, one that Lance was pretty sure he and Keith could both roll their eyes at in turn.

“Dude, Nessie is fake. Right, Keith?” This was really the first time Lance had ever fluidly talked verbally around Keith and was hoping that he’d been doing alright.

Sadly, it wasn’t the case as Lance could tell from Keith’s look of discomfort, ‘Could you repeat that?’ And Lance, with an apologetic ‘My bad’, repeated what had been said. And of course when Keith finally got it he wrote down that he agreed with Lance that Nessie was literally just a piece of driftwood.

‘Could you repeat that?’

If there was anything that had been written down by Keith the most throughout their entire conversation, it was that sentence.
‘Can you repeat that?’

Can you repeat that?’

‘Can you repeat that?’ And it was wall written with looks of growing frustration, even if Lance could tell that Keith was trying to hide it, it was starting to be as obvious that Keith was getting frustrated.

The only time there was some kind of pause in the conversation was when it involved Keith, not that Lance was blaming Keith in any way, shape, or form. Either he and/or Hunk talked too fast for Keith to understand what they were saying, Lance and/or Hunk forgot to make sure to face Keith, or Keith had a lot to write down.

It got awkward.

And even the most oblivious person in the world could tell that while it might have been awkward for the two hearing people in the conversation, it was mostly awkward for Keith.

Lance could tell.

Hunk could tell.

And Keith most definitely could tell and that was made Lance feel the worst when Keith just eventually got up with his attempt of a poker face, pointing at a sentence at his notepad that said ‘I’m going to go ahead and see if Allura needs anything.’

After that, Lance nor Keith exchanged any texts. And it wasn’t like it was the worst job in the world because one usually didn’t have any sort of pleased expression when they were reshelving books. But Keith, Keith just looked upset. Not ‘I want to cry’ upset but a kind of ‘I’m frustrated at myself and the world’ kind of upset.

Lance didn’t need a degree in common sense to know that it was him that caused it.

Which eventually lead up to a brief, but awkward goodbye and a person to person texting
conversation.

[Me
I’m really sorry about break, Keith ] Lance had sent, guilt easily flowing through him as Keith’s phone buzzed.

Keith gave a shaky attempt of a smile of reassurance in return.

[Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Don’t worry about ]

But Lance was worried about it.

While he had made the attempt to make sure Keith wasn’t excluded in talking with Hunk, he made a pretty shit attempt at making conscious efforts in the area of conversing. So Lance did the most acceptable thing he could think of:

Sit on a swing like he was some lonely anime character at a park while he texted Hunk and occasionally observe the kids on the rest of the playground.

[Hancome
Really sorry about earlier

Me
Yeah me too
Keith said not to worry about it but I still fill bad
*Feel fucking autocorrect

Hancome
I’ll just write next time ]

Lance sighed as he sent back a ‘same’. 
The awkwardness of your first ‘not actually a fight but still a negative moment’ situation with a new friend. Those were never easy.

Lance thought about texting Keith, but then decided against it and opted to look over old texts between them.

Most were just his own reactions to whatever things were going on in whatever Warrior Cat book he happened to be reading, others were Keith’s reactions to the cartoon recommendations he had received from Lance, and the miscellaneous texts were usually about their on going debates. And of course, Lance had to scroll up far enough to see the texts from what he referred to as ‘Why isn’t Keith replying to my texts of 1979’. He wasn’t sure he chose that particular year, but it sounded catchy.

[Me
It’s fine

Me
Uuuuuugh no it isn’t
We were having our first movie night and it was a movie you really liked and the gods of internet chose to conveniently choose now to go ‘lol, you should have a stressful rabbit time with your buddy’ ]

Lance smiled a little at that one. Rabbit may have been the only website he went to for livestreaming, but it was as shitty as it came.

[Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
I wonder why
But really. I still had fun with the 15 minutes of the movie we were able to watch

Me
Awwww <3 keeeeeeith!! You do care <3 <3 <3 <3 ]

With a few swipes of the thumb, Lance was able to scroll up to the part of the thread that still bothered him.

[Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Sorry about that, i was talking to my mom but can i ask you something?
Lance?
Nvm, it isn’t important ]

To this day, Keith had never brought up the oh-so-unimportant question he had. Lance didn’t mention it, Keith didn’t mention it, it was like it was a vaguely ominous message that was just swept under a rug to be forgotten and avoided. But Lance hated avoided things.

He sighed and scrolled back down for anything else that might have aided him in his search.

[Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Good
…. Quick question. How many languages do you know?

Me
2 why?

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
No reason. I was just curious. ]

Lance was a pride bilingual. Spanish and English. It was something he didn’t constantly brag about, but if it ever came up in the conversation, he was usually apt to talk about the way he grew up with both languages in his daily life.

It was a part of his heritage. What made him, well, him.

And it was no biggie that Keith brought it up and didn’t lead onto a conversation before once again dismissing it as nothing, it was just kinda… off considering the way Keith had been messaging him that day.

Before Lance could think more on it, he was thrown off by a text from Jacob.

[Jake-ob the Dog
Mom wants you to buy more cereal on the way home
There was no use lamenting on it, Lance had thought as he gotten off his swing. He spared another glance at the playground jungle gym with a small smile. This was the park he grew up at and took his siblings to. A placeholder of great childhood memories. And starting today, the thing that made it all click together.

‘Why?’ some unknown entity in the universe might be thinking?

Well, it was because of the medium-sized board that connected to one of the slides. But instead of it being one of those boards that had a fun game to play that was similar to an abacus, it was a board that had hands and letters on them.

It was a board that was giving knowledge on fingerspelling the alphabet.

The six words: *You are a complete oblivious idiot* were the first thing that came to Lance’s mind when he saw it. Within minutes, he had dragged out his phone and had practically paced in place until Hunk finally picked up.

“Dude.”

Chapter End Notes

*more cute fanart from partlycloudii <3*
Chapter 14 has finally arrived and so has Lance's intuition. Congrats, Lance, you have reached the awakening. Praise be to the heavens.

And also, finally a chapter that is back out on the times I usually had them up! I am fully awake this time so don't worry, I'll attempt to take better care of myself. No guarantees tho *nonchalant whistling*. Thanks for the comments on the previous chapter and I look forward to more! Have a great day, guys!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
“So, are we going to talk about what’s wrong with you?”

Keith should have figured that Shiro was going to initiate the conversation. Shiro always had to initiate these kind of conversations. The deep, ‘something is clearly bothering you’ conversations that Keith typically wanted to avoid thanks to being the socially awkward progeny of the universe. Keith wasn’t the best when it came to ‘talking’ or ‘channeling’ his emotions, but if there was one thing he was known to do from time to time—

It was moping.

Keith could mope for hours if he was in the mood and he was definitely in the mood to mope for hours.

His worst nightmare had been confirmed. Well, not his worst nightmare. The worst nightmare he had was confirmation that aliens and cryptids were fake, but this was definitely a close second.

Being left out of a conversation with Lance when one of his hearing friends was in it.

It wasn’t necessarily that he was left out of the conversation, but he definitely held it back. Lance or Hunk (Keith sincerely doubted that ‘Hunk’ was Hunk’s actual name, but it was a pretty accurate nickname. Keith isn’t blind to good looks) either talked too fast or they didn’t look in Keith’s direction at all. It was only natural to want to face the person the person you were talking to. So in a conversation of three and there was a person who wasn’t talking, it was bound to make you focus on the other person was.

And that’s exactly what happened during break until Keith eventually couldn’t take it anymore and
just decided to leave and let Lance enjoy his conversation with his best friend.

Lance had eventually apologized when they had both been ready to leave and while Keith had said not to worry about it…

Keith knew that that entire situation could have been entirely avoided if he had simply just went to Lance and said ‘I would really like it if you started to learn ASL’.

But Keith chickened out.

Twice.

Keith sighed and shoved his face into one of the couch pillows before deeply inhaling. Keith had always been called the ‘Impulsive One’ and the ‘Brave’, ‘Instinctual One’. And usually, that was exactly the traits he would exude. Keith had no filter, said what was on his mind. But for some reason when it came to one particular person, brave and impulsive went right out the window.

Lance could go ahead and start learning sign language but what if he found it too difficult and got frustrated and they just had to go back to the way they communicated beforehand?

What if Lance did learn sign language but then when Lance’s hearing friends still came into a scenario and they found it troubling that Lance and Keith communicated in sign in front of them?

For all Keith knew, asking Lance to start learning sign language could mess up everything. Hearing-Deaf relationships were usually difficult depending on how it was oriented and the abilities of each of the persons in it. If it was Hearing-oriented but the deaf person wasn’t the best at talking or lip reading, they could easily be left out when hanging out with the friends of their friend/partner. And if it was Deaf-oriented but the hearing person didn’t know sign language, they would feel left out hanging out with the deaf person’s friends because they didn’t know what they were saying!

Keith didn’t have a lot of friends regardless of them being deaf or hearing, so where did that put him on the spectrum if he wanted to interact with Lance’s friends? Something that was oriented to Lance’s hearing. And Keith did want to interact with Lance’s friends because those were people that meant a lot to Lance and Lance was usually really happy when he talked about them and Keith didn’t want to throw things--
Keith’s pessimistic thought process got caught off when he felt a hand tapping on his shoulder.

Oh.

Right.

Shiro was still here, waiting.

Reluctantly, Keith brought his face up from his Pillow of Despair and Wallowing.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Shiro’s face was patient and empathetic and it lightened Keith’s nerves a little. His brother could be a total shit but when push came to shove, Shiro always tried to be there for him with good advice, bear hugs, and hair ruffles of affection. A troll, but a good one.

Keith took a deep breath before he set the pillow aside and lifted his hands. “What would you do if there was something you really wanted to ask someone, but you kept backing out of it before you could ask?”

“Is this about Lance?”

Fucking Shiro being a mind reader. Keith nodded begrudgingly and Shiro gave a knowing smile. “I knew it.” The older brother wasn’t done yet. “He doesn’t know sign language.” Shiro’s eyebrows weren’t raised. It wasn’t a yes or no question.

“No.” Keith shook his head as he brought his right index and middle finger to his thumb a couple times. “I want to ask, but then I don’t.”

“Why?”

Keith squirmed a little. “What if he doesn’t want to?”

“Then I wouldn’t call him a friend anymore.”
Well, yeah. That would probably be the most obvious thing to do. But how do you avoid someone you unfriend if you volunteer at the same library? Quit? But then it would be obvious to him and Lance that the reason Keith quit was because Lance was there.

“This is so funny.” That caught Keith’s attention right then and there. His brother was laughing. This isn’t a funny situation, Bro. So in retaliation, Keith used his foot to shove Shiro’s own leg. Older brothers. They act nice one moment and then they decide to laugh at your pain. “You’ve never been this weird about a crush before.”

“It is not a crush!” Keith moved his hands aggressively.

It was totally a crush.

The Nile was not Keith’s favourite river in Egypt.

Keith didn’t get crushes often and when he did, they were short-lived or he got over them quickly because they rarely interacted. (Unless you count the time in grade 4 when Ricky H. touched his hand in Physical Education and Keith flipped out so badly he accidentally punched him. He got a week long suspension). But Keith interacted with Lance almost every single day whether it be in person or on the phone.

How do you escape that?!

You don’t.

At all.

“It’s a crush.”

“Shiro, don’t be an asshole or that will become your new sign name.” Keith would do it so fast. Dick waffle.
Shiro only stuck out his tongue. “But seriously.” Ugh. Seriousness. Keith didn’t want a serious conversation about his feelings and how gay they were. “If this guy really likes you, he’d learn sign language to communicate with you better and know more about you. And he just might already like you since he texts you all the—”

Shiro didn’t get to finish that sentence because Keith throw a pillow at him.

Chapter End Notes

UUUUUGH IT’S LITERALLY ALMOST 10 O CLOCK OVER HERE HOW DID IT GET SO LATE?!?!?!?!?!?!

I’m really sorry guys! I was pretty busy today even if I didn’t even leave the house because COLLEGE AND CREDIT TRANSFER RESEARCH AND FUCKIN EVERYTHING ELSE. But that mini rant aside, here is chapter 15 starring the Broganes! Shiro wasn't a total little shit for once but was totally embarrassing with his Dad Speeches and Keith couldn't deal. So he got the Pillow Treatment. Good times.

But it has finally been definitive on Keith's end that he has a crush on Lance. Congrats, Lance, you didn't accidentally get punched by 'Bad at my emotions' Keef.

I wanted to be more descriptive with the signing, but I just wanted to get this chapter out before it was too late.

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
When You're Group Leader You Just Get the Right To Call Last Second Emergency Meetings, it's Just a Right, Pidge

Chapter Summary

Lance remembers why he loves his best friends so much.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“So, remind me what this ‘emergency friend meeting’ is about again?” Pidge had a disgruntled look on her face, not that Lance blamed her. She was halfway through a boss fight on Killbot Phantasm 1: The First Journey to the Depths of the Demon Sphere when Lance got off the phone with Hunk to call her. She ended dying pretty quickly but before she could begin a rampage of a rant, Lance cut off to say she could do it later but they had to meet up at the mall quickly for life changing news. “And this better important, Lance.” She gave him a pointed glare, pushing her glasses up her nose.

I don’t even know why you wear them if you don’t even need them. Lance wanted to grumble, but he knew better than that. “Well, Pidge, if you weren’t so impatient, I would have gotten to that. But we’re still waiting for Hunk and Shay.”

Shay was the primary reason Lance and Hunk agreed that the mall was the best place to have their emergency group meeting. Shay worked in the cinema attached to it and she would be getting off her shift pretty soon. So Hunk was going to get her and bring her back to the food court while Lance and Pidge waited.

Pidge groaned loudly and sank further into her chair. “I could be trying to beat the KH version of Sephiroth but noooooooo~”

“I’ll make it up to you when I finally get Kingdom Hearts 3.”

“You found the release date?” Pidge perked up immediately.

Lance’s nose scrunched up. “No. But we got a Playstation 4.” Kingdom Hearts might have been a favourite game series for him and Pidge alongside Final Fantasy, but the way Square Enix (or as Pidge likes to call them: Squeenix) went to avoid the number 3 was annoying. Lance has been waiting for this game since he was 9!
Pidge slumped right back down in her seat, squishing her face between her hands. “Man, I sure hope they actually release Kingdom Hearts 3 this year and not by the time I have grandchildren.”


“Acceptable and I want a Kartana.”

“Celesteela.”

“Deal.”

“Deal.”

The fist bump of agreement was exchanged; #GamingBuddies.

Pidge now appeased she whipped out her handy laptop she affectionately referred to as ‘Oscar’ (definitely a reference to that Disney cartoon, Fish Hooks, in Lance’s opinion…) and Lance tried his best to keep his foot tapping quiet.

Thirty minutes ago he had his magical awakening as to why Keith had been acting weird that one day and what had probably been going through his mind.

Wanting Lance to learn sign language. American Sign Language to be specific, a quick google search and trip to Wikipedia had taught Lance that sign language was different all over the world and that ASL was primarily used in the States and anglophone Canada, plus some other countries-- but still. Not all sign language was the same and even if it wasn’t much, it was definitely an eye opener and an interesting fact to learn.

*I kinda just figured it was a universal language, but the more you know instead of just assuming!* Lance thought, eyes skimming from the direction he knew Hunk and Shay would be coming from.
There was French Sign Language, German Sign Language, there was even Spanish Sign Language!

Just reminding himself of that fact made him feel more unsettled. He was nervous, excited, nervousited.

“Fidgeting isn’t going to make Hunk and Shay move any faster, dweeb.” Pidge sang.

Lance gave her the side eye, “Did I ask for all that information? No. Your quiznak? Can you shut it??”

Pidge paused from whatever she was even doing on her phone to give him a weird look. “Coran says that all the time and I literally have no idea what that means. What even is a quiznak?”

“I think it’s his code word for ‘fuck’.” Lance’s proof? He saw Coran stub his toe a while back when he started his volunteer services and instead of swearing to the heavens he said ‘quiznak’ a gazillion times.

It was definitely a code word of censorship.

Lance got a satisfied nod from the gremlin. “Again, acceptable.”

“You should expect nothing less from Lance McClain.” Math genius, smooth with the ladies, had his first girlfriend in grade 7. No he isn’t referring to his imaginary girlfriend he made up to make this guy named Victor jealous.

Lance was really glad Hunk and Shay appeared to pull Lance away from the embarrassing memories he had of middle school. Victor and Angie (his first not fake girlfriend, obviously) needed to stay in the past.

Way, way, way in the past.

Lance waved his friends down and was pleased when they sat down. “Hunk, Shay, sweet angels from above, glad you could make it.” He winked and was hit with the instant satisfaction of Hunk and Pidge groaning while Shay shook her head in amusement.
Never gets old.

“Hiii, Lance.” Shay smiled, not put off at all. Lance liked Shay. She and Hunk had started dating back in grade 9 and now they were in the summer before grade 12, their last year of high school. Shay was nice, took her time in making judgements, taller than Hunk and Lance both, and her arms? Let’s just say Shay never skipped Arm Day and that Lance would never take a selfie flexing his muscles if she was in the picture.

Darn you Shay for having great muscles.

“Hey, Shay, light of my best friend’s life, glad to know you could make it for our emergency friend meeting.” Lance exchanged a look with Hunk and was pleased that Hunk seemed to have same sense of excitement coursing through Lance’s own body. “It was last minute, but there are just some emergency meetings that can’t be done on the group chat.”

Pidge finally set her phone down, if only for a moment. “Yeah, what’s this meeting thing about?” She adjusted in her seat. “You haven’t even hinted anything and this is you were talking about.”

Rude.

“Um, Hunk is the one with the inability to keep secrets, not me.” Then it finally dawned on him. “Hunk, I swear if you told Shay anythi--”

“I didn’t!!” Hunk raised his hands up defensively as if he trying to physically shield himself from the accusations. “Shay, tell him I didn’t!”

Shay laughed. “He didn’t.” Lance raised an eyebrow in disbelief. Hunk keeping a secret was like a Blue not sleeping on his mom’s purse. “I stopped before he could say anything.”

Lance smiled, satisfied. Shay was the best.

“If that’s the case, I guess we can proceed.” Lance took a deep breath, ready to get this on the move on. “So you guys remember my friend Keith?” When Shay and Pidge’s eyes glittered and they began forming near identical smiles, Lance wanted to shudder.
“Oh we remember him.” Shay started.

Pidge then took the job of finishing it, “It isn’t like you talk about him all the time or anything.”

“And by that we mean it’s a daily occurrence in our lives to hear you talk about Keith.”

Defensive Mode, activate. “I do not mention Keith that much. At all. Only sometimes.” He was going to ignore the all around looks of ‘that is total BS’ he was getting around the table.

“No offense, Lance, but we hear a lot about Keith.” Pidge said. “He believes in aliens.”

“And cryptids.” Shay added. “You mentioned something about a Mothman statue theory too.”

“You ranted for 15 minutes one day because you were talking about Keith liked pineapple pizza.” Hunk counted off on his fingers, now apparently on Keith Fact number four. “I think you mentioned only a gazillion times he looks like this Lance guy from SBT, which I can now confirm because I’ve seen Keith in person and thought he was a cosplayer.” Lance’s ears definitely weren’t burning. So maybe he talked about Keith from time to time, no need to pull out the receipts.


Alright, here was where he could bring the conversation back to the point. “And you can!” He was practically bubbling on the inside. “So, considering I apparently throw out random Keith Facts, you probably already know this but Keith is deaf. And it kinda came to my mind that he would really like me to learn ASL considering our daily interactions together. And Hunk and I were thinking it would be totally cool if, drum roll please, Hunk.”

Hunk gladly obliged the drum rolls before cutting off dramatically to point a pair of finger guns at Lance.

“What if we all learn it, together! Tada~ whattaya think?”
It was slightly out there.

It was a total spur of the moment thought.

It was brilliant.

Keith hanging out with Hunk, Pidge, and Shay was inevitable. Whether it be hopeful thinking it or being naive, Lance would like his friends to hang out with another friend of his. And with his awakening to the thing Keith was badly hinting at, Lance pretty much realized that the old system of writing and texting would be utterly flawed.

Keith could easily get ignored without even meaning it to happen.

How did Lance know this? The proof was in the pudding of what happened earlier today at the library.

Keith was either left out or needed things to be repeated.

“Look, I get it, I’m asking you guys to add on learning a completely new language to your repertoire of abilities, but I know that Keith would really appreciate it. He’s kinda awkward sometimes and he’s got no filter, and he can be a little shit too but he’s actually really cool (don’t tell Keith that Lance said that. At all.) I was looking and there’s a bunch of tutorial videos available and even apps for teaching it!” There had been so many to choose from that Lance wasn’t sure which to go for and download already. “And it’s a lot easier learning a new language when you have people to practice it with, so… Hunk and I, well, mostly me, thought it would be pretty cool to make it a group thing so Keith wouldn’t feel left out.”

That concluded Lance’s speech he had came up with on his excited sprint to the mall.

Learning sign language together as a group for Keith.

There was no pressure to do it, no ‘you have to or I disown you as a friend’ thing. Lance knew learning a new language was tough and could be especially tough on the person so if one of them wasn’t interested, Lance would just volunteer as interpreter once he got good enough. But it was still a complete mystery as to what his friends could potentially say to this. Sure he already knew what Hunk would say since Hunk was completely pro the idea. But Shay and Pidge? They could be total
wildcards.

“Sure.”

“Which app do you think I should download?”

Lance blinked.

Twice.

Then thrice.

Well shit. That was easier than expected.

Hunk laughed heartily. “It isn’t like you were asking us to join a one way trip to Mars, man.” If there was another group of people Lance loved just as much as his family, it definitely had to be his group of friends.

These guys were the best.

Chapter End Notes

IT'S 4 IN THE MOOOOORNING~ and I'm up late literally running on nothing but pure determination. It is now Saturday therefore even I would be sleeping right now, I wanna make up for uploading chapter 15 so late yesterday even by my standards. Like, I've uploaded a chapter late, but it wasn't ever /that/ late. Soooooo, since I was up! I was like 'why not publish ch16' super early? Badaboom Badabip, this chapter was born and I still keep my record of updating everyday once a day. Whoop whoop *dabs* and who knows, I might catch some new readers by posting at this time and see comments from unfamiliar icons (AND CAN I GIVE A HUGE SHOUTOUT TO THE REVIEWERS WHO COMMENT EVERY CHAPTER? YOU GUYS ARE FREAKING AMAZING)

Lance and the Squad are all getting ready to freaking learn ASL together and Lance was exposed on the fact that he talks about Keith a lot. Freaking Nerd.

Hopefully you guys enjoy today's super early chapter! Tata~ cuz I should really get
some sleep n' ommg it is literally 4 something AM over here OTL

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Shia LaBeouf It

Chapter Summary

Keith gets to the library ready to Shia LaBeouf it, but life has different plans apparently.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[Me
Hey, I’m almost by the door. Come let me in

Lancelot
Sorry keef, I’m not gonna be at the library today
I can text Alice to let you in tho ]

Keith wasn’t going to panic over this.

It was day after the ‘Hearing Friends’ Incident and the ‘Embarrassing Crush Speech’ Incident and Keith had finally been ready to talk to Lance about the sign language thing. In person. During break. A serious, face to face conversation that would have ideally ended with the two of them still being friends and Keith helping Lance with learning ASL like a good person who has a crush on their friend.

But with Lance not here, that plan went completely out the window.

Great.

Just perfect.

Keith wasn’t going to let this bother him at all.

After work, Keith and Lance hadn’t texted each other at all. Probably on behalf of how awkward it had been afterward. How do you initiate any kind of conversation after that?
Keith had considered it when he saw that Killing Bigfoot was on TV again and he needed someone to rant to, but he saw the last two messages between him and Lance and decided against it. He’d talk to Lance first thing tomorrow morning, the air between them would be settled and at break, Keith would set down his ultimatum.

Now his stupid crush wasn’t even here to let him in the building with that infuriatingly cute eyebrow raise and smirk he had because he was ‘first’ to work.

[Me
Ooookay…
Are you really not coming to work at all today?

Lancelot
Yeah! Something big came up at home last minute so it is my job as one of the older kids to be there
]

Well… That made sense and was very responsible

[Lancelot
And don’t worry allura and coran already know I’m not going to be here today
And this doesn’t count as you showing up first

Me
It kind of does and thanks for letting me be bored today
But in all seriousness, is everything okay?

Lancelot
Awww <3
Keef, you care <3 <3 ;* ;* but don’t worry, it isn’t a kind of super worrying thing. We’re just having one of those lame family meetings is all

Me
…. So it isn’t about yesterday?

Lancelot
Nope, don’t worry about that at all. We’re still cool right? You didn’t do anything wrong, that was my bad so don’t get your mullet in a twist keef
Try not to get all salty at my absence

Me
I doubt I will

Lancelot
Pff, yeah right
You’ll miss me (btw, Alice is comin to open the door in like a minute now) ]

…..

Impulse.

Keith had always been known for impulse. And standing right there in front of a glass door seeing Alice head on over to let him in, Keith just decided to go for it.

To Shia LaBeouf it.

To just do it!

[Me
She’s letting me in, talk to you later. And I guess you’re right about me missing you, it gets pretty boring around here without you around ]

There.

He did it!

It wasn’t as romantic and flirty as he was aiming for but he fucking did it!
Fanart by the lovely Hendrik on tumblr and i freaking love it so much!!
Chapter 17, aka what might possibly be the shortest the chapter I've done for this fic. Wowzers. But that's mostly because this was just filler and I wasn't able to debate whether or not I would give Lance an extra chapter or not, but I decided to go ahead and just keep Keef's.

I'm really happy with all the comments I've been getting lately about people enjoying learning about deaf culture and even being inspired to learn sign language or do more research on their own time, as well! I hope you guys enjoy Keith being a dork and his attempt on flirting on purpose.

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Chapter Summary

Hunk, your girlfriend has no chill.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

A last minute family meeting.

“Can you rewind that last part? I missed it.”

“This is why I told you not to go to the bathroom in the middle of the video.”

That’s what Lance told his Allura and Keith, but in reality? His family was completely fine and Lance was at Pidge’s house. Her house was the best due to the fact the amount of distractions would be slim.

Her dad? At work at his job as an astronomy professor at a university. Her mom? Teaching a math class for summer school. And Matt, Pidge’s older brother? He was a university student doing summer classes. So aside from them, the only living thing in the house was Gunther, Pidge’s dog. But he was chilling out on the floor with no concern for what the humans of the house were doing since he had been taken on a nice walk earlier.

Which meant the gang could focus on what they planned on doing all of today; learning sign language.

Which was so much easier when it was just fingerspelling and that introductory ASL video they found on youtube.

Now they were moving onto family terms and somehow got to the terms you use when you were helping a deaf customer at a store. I can’t believe you have to worry about eyebrow placement as well as how you make your faces. Lance thought as he broke down what he was seeing on the screen. Left hand, flat and palm facing upward. Make a thumbs up with the right hand and place the base of it on the left. Bounce it forward with your eyebrows upward. “Can I help you?” So Like:
“My name is L A N C E (Lance), can i help you?” It would be pretty useful if he could sign that to someone at the library.

Don’t look apologetic when you sign ‘sorry’ and you might as well be wearing a shirt that says ‘I am a sarcastic shitstain who doesn’t mean what i am saying’.

For a yes or no question, you had to raise your eyebrows to emphasize the fact you are questioning someone.

And Lance was pretty sure there was a lot of things he was going to have to have to fingerspell.

Lance groaned, but he wasn’t going to take a break just yet. (Mostly because Keith had broken an hour ago when Lance was walking to Pidge’s house. Thanks a lot, Keith. You ruined a perfectly functioning Lance for five minutes in the middle of the street.) “Sign language looked so much easier when there were captions for it on Switched at Birth.” This cool show he started watching on Netflix when he read a review mentioning there were deaf characters in it. What better way to see a language in action than by watching a show about it?

“We probably shouldn’t be trying to jam pack all this stuff in our heads at one time.” Hunk groaned as well. “I’m still trying to get the hang of signing ‘hello, it’s nice to meet you, my name is hunk, what is your name?’ fluidly without having to think about it first. It’s like studying. You have to do it in little bits and review a little from time to time. So we should probably actually practice introducing ourselves?”

“This is why Hunk is the grandpa friend. Full of good ideas.” Pidge paused the video with ease.

“And we should probably have a snack for brain fuel.” Shay added, her smile ever so kind. Lance would have spin hugged her if it weren’t for the fact that he couldn’t even lift his younger siblings without feeling like he was about to break. Let alone a girl as tall and buff as Shay.

Lance took a sip a bite of one of the freshly cut oranges that were laid out on a plate on the table.
“Thanks again for agreeing to this, guys.”

Shay waved nonchalantly. “We already told you, if it’s important to you it’s important to us. I really want to meet this Keith guy too. He sounds interesting.”
Pidge the troll grinned lightly, “Probably because Lance likes to talk about him so much. Keith Facts are a daily part of our summers now.” She took no notice of the salty look Lance gave her. “And speaking of Keith Facts, does he happen to know what we’re doing?”

Lance shook his head. “I told him that I was stuck home because there was an important family meeting.” And then Lance got a text back from Keith who said he’d miss him at work today. Lance couldn’t have stopped the dopey grin on his face even if he tried. It was just nice knowing that he would be missed for the day even if they’d probably just text each other later. And to be honest I haven’t checked to see how he’s been since then. Keith probably didn’t want to text Lance during what was probably the ‘important family meeting’, so maybe Lance could text him now.

Just to check in on him and rub in the fact that he is being missed right now.

“Ahem.”

With that, Lance’s train of thought was cut off. “What?”

“Your face.”

More like their faces. Lance wasn’t enjoying the fact that his friends were looking like living Lenny Faces.

Pidge poked his him. “You’re literally grinning like a fool. Did something happen with Keith?”

“Um, no?” Lance looked incredulous. “I haven’t even talked to Keith since I told him that I was having a family meeting thing.”

“Anything more than that?”

“Pff, no. Why would there be anything more than that?”

The fact that right after that it was Shay of all people who made her right hand look like a rock sign and placed her right arm over her left arm with her left hand opening and closing rapidly automatically felt like an insult. “.... I know you’re insulting me, but translate it.”
“Bullshit.” Shay the sweet angel with no chill.

Chapter End Notes

Uuuugh, another late chapter and it was because I literally had writers block all day today. You'd think i'd have a lot of content for this chapter but my mind literally blanked and I had to force myself to write something. So a short and late chapter OTL. I have shamed my ancestors and I apologize for what is probably the shittiest chapter I have produced so far.

I'm just going to hurry and publish this and go and rewatch Big Brother Canada s1 and suffer silently over this. (You Canadians have me so weak. Everyone thinks you're so nice and I'm over here like 'have you guys seen the Canadian versions of Big Brother and The Bachelor? They have no chill'.)

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Hello, My Name Is Keith and Welcome to Regretting Impulsive Text Sending
With Keith

Chapter Summary

Keith enjoys a small texting session with Lance.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Keith may have gotten in his little flirtation in the beginning before his shift, but in all honesty, he had expected that break would truly be boring.

Keith’s breaks usually began and ended with Lance.

It’s been like that ever since he started working here at the library as a volunteer. Whether it was a debate or having a discussion about whatever book and show they’ve gotten each other to, Lance was usually there in some way even if Keith had pretended that it was some kind of hindrance. But if anything, those 30 minute conversations were the highlight of the day when he was at the library.

Yes, mostly because he had a crush on Lance that developed over time due to the fact he was funny and nice. Simple reason, happens to a bunch of people on a daily basis.

You don’t need a good reason to have a crush on someone, even if crushes are pretty shallow.

But Keith wasn’t blind, he had functioning eyes and Lance was very, very attractive and Keith wouldn’t be lying if he said he didn’t have a thing for tall, broad-shouldered boys with a big smile. And Lance was a generally cheery person, speaking with an unabashed enthusiasm about things he found interesting and believed in.

So getting to spend time with that everyday was a great incentive for continuing to come to the library. (Other than the fact that Shiro was stern in making sure Keith wasn’t getting into some kind of trouble or just lazing around the house all day.)

But today, much to Keith’s dismay, Lance wasn’t here.
Flirtation or not, Keith did mean it when he said he’d miss having Lance around since it *would* be a lot more boring if he wasn’t here.

Keith only really interacted with Gertrude when she initiated things, and Alice was someone he basically didn’t interact with at all save for their first meeting and the fact Lance texted her to let Keith in. (Keith made a mental note to nonchalantly ask Lance why he had Alice’s number. Not that Keith was slightly jealous or felt threatened or anything.) Allura and Coran, not so much communication with them either.

They were great and all, but it wasn’t exactly the best thing to spend your break talking to your superiors. That was basically just a setup for them giving you extra work and you’d be in between a rock and a hard place because you’d be obligated to say ‘sure’.

So now Keith was sitting at what he referred to as his ‘usual spot’, with a book and debating whether or not he should text Lance to see if he was still in that last minute family meeting.

Keith sighed and tried to focus on his book again. He wasn’t even really sure why he picked up this book talking about quantum physics, it was just the first thing he saw. He didn’t even like regular physics, let alone quantum physics.

*I’d do anything to have Lance making a Mean Girls reference right now*. But Keith didn’t want to be that guy texting Lance in what was probably a lot more important than what Lance was saying it was.

Just because someone said not to worry about it, it didn’t mean that it wasn’t a serious situation. It could probably be super important and Lance just didn’t want anyone to worry about him. Keith didn’t have to be a wizard to know that Lance was a family-oriented person. He was one of the few people in the world who could admit that he was crazy about his family, Keith on the other hand would disown his brother for picking him up from somewhere while wearing a sweater vest and trying to dab in public.

It was sweet.

….. *Maybe one text wouldn’t hurt. Just to check.*
So…. is everything really okay with your family? ]

Keith took a deep breath and tried to ignore his phone until he got a text back. It wasn’t good to be all freakishly attached to your phone when you pretty sure that they wouldn’t text back in-- all of that went out the window when he felt his phone buzzing in his jacket pocket.

[Lancelot
<3 you know it’s cute when you’re worried about me (˚˘³˘)♥
But yeah, everything is fine. It was just one of those things we really are okay, so don’t worry. I’m not just saying it to make you feel better
Pinky promise ]

That was both the most infuriating but reassuring series of texts Keith had ever received from Lance. The fact Lance could make Keith feel both of those things at once wasn’t all that surprising.

[Me
Pinky promises are for toddlers

Lancelot
Yeah well, the rules are different for summer

Me
Different rules?

Lancelot
Different rules
I was just checking on you to see if you weren’t dying from boredom
Seeing as you miss me and all ;)

Me
….. Are you flirting with me? ]

FUCK.

DAMN IT.
WHY DID YOU SEND THAT?!

Keith wanted melt into the floor of the library. He hated himself so much right now. He was thinking it, sure, but that didn’t freaking mean he had to send it! And Lance wasn’t even responding as fast as he normally did so that clearly means he was offput by this and Keith completely fucked up.

Someone kill him.

He wants to know if reincarnation is a thing and if it is, he promised to not come back as the most socially awkward flirt in the universe.

[Lancelot
Yesndfknkdjsng kjdfnkjdsb KB JIKB KJBKJ
FUCJ NKJNBKJNJKD FSD S
DNM
THOSE WERE MY FRIENDS, I’M SO SORRY ] Came Lance’s response a total of five minutes after Keith had questioned whether or not he could slowly suffocate himself with his jacket sleeve.

Keith’s face was hot. Great. Lance’s friends were there and witnessed all that too. Was Hunk there? They were probably either cringing or laughing at Keith’s pain. Or both. Keith was pretty sure it was probably a mixture of both.

He wasn’t going to reply and just hoped that Lance forgot all about his existence. You don’t accidentally flirt with someone by texting out the fact you were wondering if they were flirting with you.

He needs to make a show.

Welcome to Bad Life Decisions with Keith. In today’s episode, he impulsively sent another text without thinking about the consequences when in reality, Keith would have been completely fine with never knowing whether or not Lance low frequency flirted with him in a text.
[Lancelot
So um, I mean, well-- I guess you could consider it flirting in a sense ]

And great, a text from Lance that wasn’t vague at all. Totally not vague. Thanks, Lance.

[Me
Okay

Lancelot
But I mean, I definitely think you’re really cute!
And I have been told many a time that I have been responsible for the swooning of many people in the world
And I wouldn’t be opposed to actively flirting with you ]

Keith was shoving his face into his arms right now. Lance didn’t even send him any emojis so it had to be serious.

Thanks, Lance.

[Me
I believe in you making someone swoon when I see it

Lancelot
This is not how to get me to flirt with you again ]

Keith almost choked. So that was flirting?!

[Me
……… So it was flirting?

Lancelot
……… Maybe
Nothing Lance, Keith was just lowkey swooning on the inside. So Lance may and or may not have been flirting earlier, and Lance was doing it either because Lance was genuine or being egged on by his friends.

Keith wasn’t going to get too excited for now.

Nothing
Do your friends believe in ghosts too, btw?

They too are sadly blind to facts like you
Hunk still refuses to agree with us that nessie is driftwood tho
By the way…. Can I ask something

Is it a bad something?

No no but um, this weekend do you wanna meet up? Like outside of work. I wanna show you something on…. Sunday ]

…. So it wasn’t a date but it was a thing.

Where exactly are you trying to meet?
…. I actually didn’t have a location in mind. Wow. Uhh…. You know that mall? Oak Faire something?

Me
Yeah?

Lancelot
Well there’s a park about a twenty minute walk from it. It’s the best place I can think of I’ll come up with a time later, it’s still up in there air

Me
….. Alright. Then can I ask you something?

Lancelot
…… So is your thing a bad something ]

Keith took a deep breath.

[Me
Not really. I just had something I wanted to talk to you about in person and since I won’t see you until this weekend…

Lancelot
Deal!

Me
Deal

Lancelot
So…. I actually have to go again, no you don’t need to worry. But it was nice talking to you, even if my friends are total trolls Ttyl? Talk to you later, for mullets who don’t understand emojis

Me
I hate you, but yeah. Talk to you later ]
With that, Keith put his phone back in his pocket. He did it. He was going to ask Lance to learn sign language.

Then Keith’s face burst into flames. He also learned the fact that Lance was possibly flirting with him earlier, was down to flirt with him, and that Lance thought he was cute.

So maybe Lance made him swoon a little bit today.

Chapter End Notes

OOOOG THIS HUMAN SHAY THIS PERSON DREW FOR THIS FIC IS ADORABLE! And of course pining Lance is always a joy to look at!
Chapter 19 has arrived people and it has arrived at a decent time and is actually decently sized for once! And a much better quality! Lance and Keith are both taking a new step in their lovely friendship, an actual meet up on Sunday and it looks like Keith has finally gotten the resolve to ask Lance to learn sign language. And he's a lot gayer than he thought lololololol.

Also, finally watched the first episode Canadian version of the Bachelorette and all I could do was constantly lean back in shock from the drama that went down and I think I called a majority of the guys 'fuck bois'. Except for the tall dude with the cats, I squealed cuz I love cats OTL. I need a life. I also spent like a crap ton of time on the UBC [University of British Columbia] website because I want to transfer to that school for their Astronomy program and needed to check out the prereqs for to start mapping out my community college game plan. WISH ME LUCK, GUYS CUZ I'M AIMING TO TRANSFER BY NEXT YEAR FOR THE SPRING TERM.

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Lance and his homies talk about a meet up time

Okay, guys. So we’re definitely all 100% sure that we’re going to be able to make it on sunday?

I’m in the clear

As long as I walk Gunther before then, my parents won’t care.

Everything should be good for me too

Great! /(^-^)/?
I got Jacob to do the breakfast and lunchtime dishes for me that day in exchange for being the only one cleaning the room for a week OTL but no time to focus on the laments of the past

If anything we should talk about why Hunk’s nickname is based off the lyric of a song but it is incorrect. It’s Fergalicious definition

And I say it’s shut the heck up, pidge!

My nickname on the chat sounds like a disappointed grandma…
**HunkaliciousDefinitious**
And lance I think your hamilton and bee movie obsession has gotten too far if your nickname on the chat is LanceLaurensInThePlace2Bee

**Me**
I didn’t come here to be attacked about the fact I changed everyone’s nicknames last minute. It is a final decision that suits everyone. Shay has received shame because she did that bullshit sign the other day, hunk is a hunk, and pidge plays way too much pokemon and it was a much more fitting nickname than batmanandpidgeon

**ShaymeOnYou**
I make one move to be like the cool kids and I get shamed for it. *sniffle* I thought you were understanding lance D’:

**HunkaliciousDefinitious**
:o lance you made my girlfriend cry!

**Pidgeotto**
If anyone should be called shameonyou it should be you lance laurens

**HunkaliciousDefinitious**
You are not in the place to bee

**Me**
Omg you guys are drama queens

**ShaymeOnYou**
Lance, do you want to really say that to us when you’re literally the queen of being dramatic?

**Me**
I am not a drama queen!!
And this is besides the point! We’re supposed to be talking about how and when we’re going to meet up with keith!
I still haven’t given him a meetup time and I need to come up with one soon. What works for everyone?
**HunkaliciousDefinitious**
I think we should meet by st elmo’s fire tbh

**ShaymeOnYou**
….. What are we going to do with them pidge?

**Pidgeotto**
I at least think they can guest star on one episode of conan

**Me**
Okay, jokes about great songs aside
When is the best time to meet up so we can get this thing ready?

**Pidgeotto**
I vote 2 o clock

**HunkaliciousDefinitious**
Yeah, 2 might be the best time for me to do it. If I’m a little late, it’s because I didn’t want the cupcakes being anything less than perfect

**ShaymeOnYou**
Your cupcakes are always perfect <3

**HunkaliciousDefinitious**
Baaaabe!!! <3 <3 <3 not in front of the kids!

**Pidgeotto**
Ugh
Couples
Old people stuff

**Me**
Old people, in their natural habitat pidge. It isn’t fascinating?
I tell Keith to get there 10 minutes after 2 then, just to be safe
Pidgeotto
Got it

HunkaliciousDefinitious
You said his fav colour is red so I’m making a lot of those fyi

Me
Good, good, I am pleased

ShaymeOnYou
Make sure to practice before bed!

Me
There’s the grandma we love ]

Chapter End Notes

Here’s chapter 20 in the place to be, two pints of water adams but i’m working on three~ (the songs were being referenced were don't stop believing by journey and st elmo's fire by john parr)

And holy cow, I think this is the only chapter so far that is solely just texting. Achievement Unlocked. And I hope you enjoyed the chat nicknames, I had too much fun making those XD. Mostly because I was listening to Aaron Burr, Sir on repeat while I wrote it. Oh! And another achievement has been unlocked because this is officially the halfway point until tdros is over. 20 more days until the final reckoning...

Also, huge kudos to the comments from yesterday and today, they made feel all fuzzy and djnfkdjnfdska! You guys are seriously super sweet!

Enjoy the chapter!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
This is... the Time of My Liiiiife~

Chapter Summary

Keith gets the a big surprise.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[Lancelot
So keef, 2:10 sound good to you?

Me
Yeah, I can make that ]

Keith was ready.

He had been mentally preparing himself since he told Lance he would meet up with him the other day when Lance wasn’t at the library for once.

He had already checked out the directions to get the park Lance had been telling him about (which he had to check over several times throughout the past couple of days. Keith was shit with directions if he didn’t thoroughly read through the instructions given to him from the oh-so-trusted google maps. Keith’s family had often joked that if Keith were left to his own devices without a map or thoroughly read directions with mnemonic devices, Keith would probably end up in a different country by accident. Thankfully that has yet to happen.)

Keith had no idea what it was Lance had planned for him today, but Keith was definitely sure of the fact he was going to finally ask Lance the big question.

Keith had already had it planned.

His new notepad was packed into his backpack.

He had a pen that was half full of ink.
And there was a page that already had the big question on it.

Throughout his motorcycle ride Keith had envisioned the moment perfectly. More or less.

Keith would show up, easily taking off his helmet like one of those corny 80s movies. Lance would probably see him and wave excitedly before coming over, gesturing to Keith’s pretty cool ride. Then the exchange of writing or texting would ensue until Keith eventually wrote, ‘So that thing I wanted to ask you, can I go ahead and get that out of the way?’ And when Lance said yes, Keith would whip out his notepad and go to the page he had-- ‘I want you to learn sign language. I could teach you, if you want.’

And from there, there were only two possibilities.

Option A) Lance wasn’t too pleased with the idea because he didn’t feel like learning a completely different language

Or

Option B) Lance was enthused by the idea and jumped on the bandwagon and everyday from that point on, he’d learn more and more sign language as the days went by and they got closer.

Keith was really hoping for option B to come to reality because that would mean that Lance was not only a good crush, but a good friend. Good friends would do this kind of thing to communicate with you better. To make you feel more comfortable.

A caring guy like Lance surely would understand that principle and option A really wouldn’t be something to worry about.

Or at least, that’s what Keith thought until he finally got to the park and saw Lance…. Chatting with other people Keith could only assume were Lance’s friends.

He didn’t see that Hunk guy, but what he did see was a pretty black girl with curly hair and large earrings and another girl with short brown hair and large glasses tapping away at her phone, occasionally moving her lips. Lance looked pretty happy talking to them as well.
This was basically the Hunk thing all over again. *Perfect.* Keith grimaced, lips pressed into a thin line as he waved lightly at Lance who saw him already. So escaping back into the busy streets of Altea City wasn’t an option. Keith didn’t need to be able to hear to know that a motorcycle was loud and easily noticeable. He could tell from the vibrations of it. So he was stuck here.

With Lance.

And his friends. Keith turned his motorcycle off in disdain before hopping off of it.

His entire plan just went out the window, but it wasn’t as if he could go ‘Hey, Lance, when you said *let’s meet up outside of work, I figured you meant just you and me. Not you, me, and your friends*’. Maybe it was Keith’s fault for assuming, but Lance literally more or less admitted to flirting with him before he had asked Keith if he wanted to--

Keith held back a groan.

*I think I might be a lot delusionally gayer than I thought.* So Lance was platonically flirting with him or that was just a case of the wishful thinkings.

For now, Keith was going to go with it being a case of wishful thinking.

[Lancelot
Look who finally decided to show up five minutes past the deadline~ ]

Came Lance’s text accompanied with that typical bout of lance-casm, laced in it. Keith tried to hide his lack of enthusiasm. Lance was texting and walking towards him at the same time. There was definitely no escape now unless he wanted to be labeled as that jerk who came to meet people in person and left despite seeing them.

Plus, he was already off his motorcycle.

[Me
I took a wrong turn. I can get pretty bad with directions
Lancelot
Pff really?
Cool motorcycle btw! Let me drive it

Me
…. You’re funny

Lancelot
I was actually being serious

Me
You’re funny ]

Lance rolled his eyes and finally stopped in front of Keith with a look of mock offense. It would have been a lot more satisfying if he was offended, Keith thought briefly but he shoved the bitterness down. Getting mad wouldn’t make the friends disappear. It wouldn’t make the inevitable repeat of what happened back in the library with Hunk stop either.

Maybe I need to just… rethink things.

It was a little awkward for a moment before Keith gave looked pointedly over Lance’s shoulders at the two girls that were still sitting on a bench located conveniently in the shade. They looked back at him curiously, but there were small smiles on their faces. Keith wasn’t sure how he felt about that and was happy he got a new text from Lance so he could look away from them.

[Lancelot
Those are two of my friends
Do you mind if they’re here or not?
Hunk is coming too but he’s running a little late and won’t be here for about four… five minutes? ]

Keith really really had to hold back that groan.

[Me
Yeah, I don’t mind. So… what are we all doing here?
Lancelot
Uuuuuuh, how about you tell me what that important question is first? ]

Keith bit his lip. The important, ‘I have to ask you this face to face’ question Keith had told Lance he was going to ask him today. The important ‘I have ask you this face to face’ question Keith was no longer going to ask.

[Me
It’s nothing. Don’t worry about it anymore
What are you and your friends talking about? ]

Lance didn’t text anything back for a moment but Keith stared down at his phone screen expectantly anyway.

[Lancelot
Are you sure?
It seemed pretty important

Me
Well it isn’t ]

Keith hadn’t meant the text to come off as… brusque as it did, but c’est la vie. He wasn’t going to dwell on it.

[Me
Should I just sit on the bench with you and your friends?

Lancelot
Yeah, we’re just waiting for hunk to get here
Don’t mind them at all, btw, they’re just having a debate about kinder surprise eggs and pidge keeps on using her phone like it’s the best way to win an argument

Me
Kinder surprise eggs?
Shay has this new penpal from Canada and has been shoving fun facts about it down our throats for the past month and a half. Apparently Kinder eggs are hollow chocolate egg candies that have prizes in them. They’re banned here in the states tho cuz candies with toys in them are considered choking hazards and Pidge says they should be legalized because there is no way a kid is that dumb but Shay is like the grandma with occasional sass and the beautiful curly hair who says otherwise.

Keith nodded tersely, but didn’t text back, and that was enough to have the two to mutually decide that they should just walk over to the bench where Lance’s friends were. So Shay was the girl with curly hair and Pidge was the shorter one who was probably in grade… 10 or about to be in grade 10, if Keith was being generous.

But surprise, Keith wasn’t sure how to interact with them past a polite wave. He just sat down, helmet placed on the table in between the bench seats and looking in the direction of the playground. Keith wanted to groan again for the third time that day when he saw that there was a fingerspelled alphabet board right by the slide.

It was literally as if the universe was taunting in his face that he was being a coward. And a grouch. And immature. One thing out of place and Keith decides to shut down. He was well aware that Lance and his friends were probably happily chirping away without a care, probably ignoring the fact that Keith wasn’t really able to easily insert him into the pre-established debate about Kinder surprise eggs.

Keith just wanted Hunk to hurry up and get here because the faster he arrived, the faster Keith could wave and then find a good timeslot to leave early.

Very early.

And contemplate his established friendship with Lance because you’d think that after what happened with Hunk, Lance would have figured that having his one deaf friend and his tons of hearing friends interact with each other was a bad thing. None of them knew ASL and Keith was the black sheep again. The wolf in sheep’s clothing. The odd man out.

It felt like it had been 84 years until Hunk had finally arrived, and when he did, Keith wanted to sigh in relief.

Within that time he had devised the best plan: text Shiro, then fake surprise and text Lance that he
needed to go because one of the cats back home was laying in a pool of its own vomit and blood. Definitely not the most common excuse of a cat owner ever.

It was simple, original, definitely not bullshit.

Everyone was talking quickly, wide smiles on their faces as Hunk arrived with a yellow box and a proud grin on his face. Keith wasn’t sure what was in it, but he was guessing donuts. He didn’t want your shitty donuts.

Keith was already, nonchalantly, whipping out his phone to tell Keith he was heading back home early when Lance tapped on his shoulder.

This time, Keith was holding back an eye roll this time and instead opted for raising up his eyebrows as if he was truly curious to know what his possible-no-longer-friend-and-possible-crush-he’d-have-to-get-over-this-summer wanted.

Lance was grinning widely and Keith had to force himself to not be swept away by the charm of it.

[Lancelot
Okay, so there was actually a reason I dragged you out here to meet all my friends at once

Me
Oh really? ]

Keith raised an eyebrow, that would have been very lovely to hear before Lance decided to shove this big surprise in his face. Couldn’t he at least have given Keith a couple days to prepare mentally for this?

No?

Keith noticed.

[Lancelot
And I knoooow you’re definitely the type who probably doesn’t like surprises
Me
.... You’d be correct tbh ]

Lance smiled sheepishly.

[Lancelot
Glad to know for future reference but this is really really something that had to be a surprise

Me
.... Well, thanks I guess. Did you want to introduce me properly with them all here or something?

Lancelot
YES buuuut we kind have a big twist here on it and I really apologize in future reference for the bad grammar because we literally started this last minute ]

Keith blinked at his phone screened then looked at Lance with a cocked eyebrow, dark gaze sweeping over Lance’s friends as well who all had big smiles on their faces. Weird. It was like they were in a weird, visible formation of sorts, waiting for Lance to do something. Lance was probably the group leader, Keith guessed. It made sense. Lance had an undeniable charisma that would probably sweep anyone away with his antics whatever antics or surprises that may be.

And what was this surprise?

A cheer formation spelling out their names?

Keith doubted it, but it was wor...th... the-- what.

Keith’s mind seemed to blank as he followed the movements going on here.

Lance’s hands were moving. As in, moving. In sign. Badly, but it was sign nonetheless.

Lance’s right hand was in a closed fist, rotating clockwise on his chest. “Sorry.” Then he brought
that same right hand to his right ear and opened up his middle finger, index finger, and thumb.
“Other day.” He then pointed at his right shoulder then his left then held out his left palm and used
his right in a pulling motion to his forehead. “We have been learning A-S-L.” Then sloppily, Lance

Hunk's hands were full but that didn't stop Shay from signing a neat 'Nice to meet you' and Pidge
from signing 'My name is Katie' with a playful eye roll and gesture towards Lance.

Hunk quickly scrabbled with the yellow box with the presumed shitty donuts Keith didn’t want only
to reveal they were cupcakes.

17 vanilla cupcakes that were covered in red frosting with a blue letter on each one.

**[WE WANT TO BE YOUR PAL]**

Keith stopped working.

For a few seconds. No, a minute. No, ten years.

Keith had no idea how long he had stopped working. He was in a blank mind set of processing
information. Lance had just been signing and so had his friends. The grammar was shaky here and
there but... it was actual ASL.

Lance's smile was falling and he was sharing a look with his friends and chattering super fast with
them, lips moving so fast that Keith definitely didn't have a chance to catch and see what he was
saying.

But Keith found that for once that it didn't matter that he'd normally get annoyed at that kind of
behaviour. Mostly because he couldn't see it anymore. He was too busy hugging the living daylights
out of whom he could definitely start calling a good friend and the greatest crush he's ever had.

Fucking Lance.

Chapter End Notes
DUN DUN DUN, LATE CHAPTER ALERT. This chapter is brought to you by 'I had the chapter outline done by like 12 o clock noon but chose to keep procrastinating until 7:49pm' productions.

Haha, but today's chapter finally includes the scene you guys were definitely not surprised to have– Lance and the gan hitting Keith up with the surprise of a lifetime. And homemade cupcakes, Hunk isn't going to be rude enough to buy the store bought ones if he has the time to bake. He was ready. All his life choices had lead up to that moment. Cupcakes bearing good greetings.

Enjoy the chapter, guys!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Chapter Summary

How many times can a person say 'thank you' before it's enough?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[Me
Soo…. was today a good surprise?

**Keef the Romantic Bad Boy**
Yeah
It was really nice ]

Lance smiled to himself, mostly ignoring the pitter patter of what he called his heart. (A part of him definitely knew he was failing at that, but whatever.)

[Me
(^3^) good~

**Keef the Romantic Bad Boy**
No really, thanks for that. I’ve been trying to ask you about it for days now and kept chickening out and you went ahead and dragged your friends into too

**Me**
Awww, they wanted to do it!
Trust me, I can’t force my friends to do anything they don’t really want to do
So if they wanted to learn sign language, it was because they wanted to be your friend too
And get used to your phone buzzing all the time now, we group chat a lot and you’ve got to remember that you’re officially in the squad now

**Keef the Romantic Bad Boy**
Do I really need to be keeftheswiftie in the chat btw?
Me
No, but I thought it would be cute

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
……
Thanks

Me
Oh don’t worry about it, I give everyone epic nicknames in the chat ]

Even if Hunk, Pidge, and Shay all disagreed with that statement and were already staging a coup by planning to change their nicknames at some point. Unfair, deceitful, but Lance would get over it as quick as the wind blows in all honesty.

[Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Not that, that nickname sucks. I’m changing it later
I was talking about the fact that you and your friends all learned sign language and actually tried to make it a big surprise

Me
Keeeef you seriously don’t need to say thank you every two minutes! You’ve signed and texted a thank you all day today
You’ve said thank you, we said no biggie
Hunk made some killer cupcakes
We even hugged

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
It’s a biggie to me
I didn’t really know what to expect if I were to ask you about it. I guess I kinda figured that you’d either say no because you’d just want to keep writing or that if you did say yes, it would just be you. In both of those scenarios it didn’t involve your friends because I knew they didn’t know anything about asl and it would be weird if we all tried to hang out and someone would always feel left out. But then you went and got them all to do sign language over the weekend and tried to make some cool welcome speech and made cupcakes. I still have some and I’ve been trying to fight shiro off for them because I gave him one and he wants more. And now we’re supposed to be meeting up throughout the week when we’re all free for asl stuff and…. I think that’s really nice of you guys. It made me really happy. So thanks. It means a lot ]
“Uuuuuugh!” Lance groaned and flopped over onto his side, ignoring the fact that Jacob told him to shush because ‘Project Runway Junior is on’. “Jacob, I’m trying to heal. I have a friend who has zero filter. Allow me to process this information.”

“Then do it in the living room where everyone else is.” Jacob grumbled, not too peeved from what Lance could tell. Dealing with the noise of other people was just a common thing in a house with a bunch of people. You learn to tune them out. Or throw pillows at them. Or just tell them to hush. Or quietly get revenge by eating that other person’s fries even though the exact weight and number of fries in the box was written on the covering. Not that Lance is speaking from experience.

Lance shrugged. “I’ll try to keep it down, dearest brother.”

“Don’t let Benji hear you say that or he’ll start singing about how he’s gotta go his own way.”

“Pfff. Riiight.” Gotta love that sibling drama. “But yeah, I’ll be hush hush while you watch your show on your laptop. Even though you have headphones you could be using. I’m just in a good mood.” Lance’s blue eyes skimmed over Keith’s most recent text. A very good mood.

It was to be expected, but the day’s plan to surprise Keith was a success at the park.

There was a minor scare when it seemed like the surprise was way too out there, because Keith did confirm that he wasn’t the surprises type. But then the next thing Lance knew, he was being hugged so firmly that he wasn’t sure what was going on.

It was a brief panic, looking widely at his friends --who are all now definitely confirmed trolls because they offered no assistance in the situation-- until ultimately deciding on giving a hug back. Lance was super lucky that Keith couldn’t hear his heartbeat. Not that you really need hearing to know if a heart is beating fast because you can feel it too and you know what, I’m going to stop now.

It was awkward for a first hug and for a hug Lance was involved in, in general. But they could work on it. Lance was mostly caught off guard by the fact that he received the hug to begin with.

Keith didn’t seem like the hugging type.

At all.

But that hug literally lasted a full minute with Keith’s arms snugly wrapped around Lance’s waist.
and Lance’s arms getting their rest on Keith’s shoulders. The benefits of being a walking lamp post and hugging a shorter person, right?

And now, it was official. Keith was going to be their unofficial sign language instructor. (Can Lance brag about the fact that he and Keith spend their working time together? So that’s like, extra learning time advantage.)

[Me
Weeeell, you’re welcome
Boom! No more you saying thanks all the time! Or else I’m changing your chat name to keef the romantic bad boy

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Is that still my contact info in your phone?

Me
(°_5°)

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
You are such a turd

Me
Is that anyway to talk to your number one pupil?! D:<

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Mr number one pupil, you’re signing is sloppy at best. You need help with grammar placement

Me
….. Wow rude
You cut me real deep, shrek

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
;)
But really, you guys are doing pretty good so far for beginners, so that’s really nice
Me
<3 why thank you keef
We’ll try to get a couple days sorted out to have our big meetup sessions so you can show me your naruto level signing

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
….. I’m going to go now

Me
Keeeef, you wouldn’t leave me because of a naruto reference would you? ]

‘Keef’ didn’t text back for about 30 minutes.

[Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Thanks a lot for the surprise, lance. I really appreciated it ]

Chapter End Notes

LOLOLOLOLOLOLOLOL I think the biggest motivation to push this chapter out early is because my gf hasn't read ch21 yet and I tricked her into thinking Keith suffers in it.

Sooooo, I thought about doing a direct follow up chapter to what happened in ch21 but sadly, I couldn't think of anything so... I used my favourite technique: Mini time skip no jutsu (#NSFW=Not So Fast Weeb). OTL really sorry for those who wanted a direct follow up chapter but I literally couldn't think of anything and the first thing that popped to mine when brainstorming was 'oh, lance and keith texting for a majority of the chapter', so then this chapter was born. I don't think it's the crappiest chapter I have produced, but it certainly does shine dully in comparison to yesterday's chapter OTL. C’est la vie.

Enjoy the chapter! #thirsty4commentsproductions #ignoreme

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Signing Lessons with Keef

Chapter Summary

Keith isn't necessarily the best for teaching, but patience yields focus. Or something like that.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Going to Pidge’s house was a constant in this group of friends, Keith learned.

According to the group chat, Pidge’s house was empty the most so it made for easy hang out sessions. Or in this case, ASL lessons. It was agreed upon that Wednesdays and Fridays were going to be the agreed upon days of meeting up together for Keith to ‘school’ everyone in American Sign Language. The first of many. Weekends for now were up to discussion, but they all seemed to be fine with having their weekends spent doing review for what they learned throughout the week. (It was like Lance had said in the group chat. “Keith, it’s summer. We have no lives outside of work. This is a blessing in disguise to do something productive like review a language we’re all learning on the weekends.”) There were snacks, there was a laptop named Oscar, and there was also Keith trying to keep his patience.

It was easy to offer being the makeshift ASL tutors for your new group of friends. But actually being a teacher when you weren’t exactly the most equipped for teaching?

It was a completely different matter.

There was a lot of right hands moving in an arc until touching the palm of the left hands. “Again.”

There was also a lot of open palm right hands moving in a clockwise motion on chests. “Please.”

And there was definitely a lot of right hands sliding up the forearms of their left arms. “Slowly.”

In other words, there was a lot of “Can you sign that again, slowly?”
Keith held in a deep sigh of annoyance. This what probably happened when you were used to talking to people who already knew the language well.

His new friends were all beginners, therefore him getting upset about things they didn’t catch onto fast, wasn’t a smart thing. And if Keith really needed a good reason to keep his typically perfect poker face in tact, it was the fact that they didn’t have to do this. So Keith would gladly hold in all his annoyed sighs and eyebrow twitches. Keith could be impatient, but he wasn’t an asshole. But I do look forward to being able to have conversations that don’t completely consist of a lot of fingerspelling and occasional writing or texting when we’re all in person.


An immediate reply didn’t come as Keith saw them all exchanging looks to see if they were all getting it right.

“This ‘sister?’” Hunk’s eyes rolled off to the side as he fingerspelled out the question.

Keith held out his left palm and pretended to scribble on it as if he was holding a pencil. “Write it down?”

“NO.” Hunk shook his head vehemently. “Fingerspell.”

Pidge on the other hand gladly wrote something down on a piece of paper. ‘We’re trying to avoid getting into a writing habit, so fingerspelling is our fall back, man.’

That definitely didn’t make Keith have a happy twinge in his chest. (It did.)

He looked over at Lance and Shay and they were nodding in agreement.

Okay. A fall back onto fingerspelling it is.

That seemed to make it a better process. Small chunks. Repeat them several times.

Shiro had been very pleased when Keith had came home last Sunday with a box of somewhat mushed up cupcakes and a happy expression. He was full of ‘I told you so’s and was a definite cupcake thief who literally left Keith half a cupcake to wake up to on Monday morning. “Sorry, Keith.” Shiro had said. “I tried to resist.” Shiro said. Well, Shiro was a dirty liar who had betrayed Keith’s trust and was never getting another Hunk cupcake for as long as he lived.

But Keith’s salt aside, he was still internally saying ‘thank you’ as he went down more basic vocabulary.

Car.

School.

High School.

College.

Library.

Cinema.

Dog.

Cat.

Toilet.

Hearing.
Keith couldn’t say he knew 100% what he was doing and whether or not it was the right way to go, but building up their vocabulary for now was his priority. It would be easier to just chunk everything and teach them basic phrases that they could use to swap out with different words. Kind of like when he got so used to seeing ‘I want ___’ being signed by his parents when he was younger that he naturally started signing things like ‘I want juice’.

*I just hope I’m doing this right.*

He grabbed the marker and whiteboard on the couch. *['I’m going to sign ‘I’m going to the bathroom.’]*

At the very least, his teaching was better than nothing.
right the heck out. It was meant to be longer but.... ugh, I guess I really wasn't feeling it
today. But hey, a part of a growth challenge like this means seeing the good and bad
chapters. Posting once a day everyday doesn't necessarily ensure 'automatic good
chapter', but at least it shows I'm trying to produce something.... So that's always a
bright side...

Ugh, sorry for the shitty mess of a chapter today, guys OTL you deserve better

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Keith the Little Shit Makes a Lovely Cameo

Chapter Summary

Keith is a little shit sometimes.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Excuse me, do you know where I can find the movies? My girlfriend swears that she saw this Denzel Washington movie ‘John Q’ here and she wants me to borrow it.”

“So on the…. Left hand side of the where the checkout desks are there is a section of books called new releases, if you go behind it, you should find a smaller case right next to it. But it’s full of movies.”

“Thanks, man.”

“No problem.” Trollface who didn’t need to hint at the fact he was doing this for his girlfriend for what is probably a date night. Just rubbing in the fact that I’m painfully single.

Okay, so maybe Lance was just jumping to conclusions, but surely he isn’t the only person who has felt like someone was rubbing it in. Like that time Lance went to a corner store to buy a large tub of chocolate ice cream and the cashier smiled coyly and said, “All alone tonight?” Like, who even?! The cashier’s name was Joy and all Lance could think to himself that day was that Joy did the exact opposite of her name that day.

It has been two years since then and Lance was still at least midkey salty about the encounter.

Fuckin’ Joy.

But that aside, Lance’s break had ended about ten minutes ago and now he was back skimming over various bookshelves to reshelve recently returned books. And occasionally read the summaries. He originally had been intending to find a new series to read because he had just finished reading The Prophecies Begin part of the Warrior series, but then he learned from his trusty friend Keith that there were more and he was now reading Bluestar’s Prophecy at home. So far, it was lit.
It was a huge book dedicated completely to Bluestar and her life from kit to leader of ThunderClan and so much had been going on. Moonflower was dead, Thistlepaw was another cat to add to the list of reasons why Lance wanted to fight gray-and-white cats on sight, and he was on the fence about Goosefeather (Bluestar—well, Bluepaw right now,’s uncle). Did Lance mention the fact that he liked to think of his own cat, Blue, as Bluestar? Blue was a gray cat with blue eyes, like, come on. It was too easy.

And plus, Lance found out there were other giant books like Bluestar’s Prophecy. Books about the other cats in Firestar’s life. Yellowfang, Crookedstar, and Tallstar. Lance was definitely taking a break from the mainstream storyline to read up on that. So he was pretty impatient to get home.

*Just a few more hours, Lance. Just a few more hours.*

Lance could reshelve books for a few more hours and then bounce back home with the powers of speed walking.

*Though it would help to have some entertainment to make time pass faster.*

Music was out and Lance wasn’t going to hum under his breath his favourite deleted disney songs like he did last week. And while he could read a couple chapters of Sophie Kinsella’s Can You Keep a Secret (okay, he might check this one out because it was a big favourite), it wouldn’t do good if Allura was making her rounds and saw him reading on the job.

*Uuuuuuugh! Darn you-- wait, why am I even complaining. I can literally just text Keith.* Lance rolled his eyes, quickly making sure Allura was no where near by before pulling his phone out of his jeans. Coran was more lax, so Lance didn’t worry much about him.

[Me
Keeeeeith
I’m bored
Help me ]

It didn’t take long for Lance to get a swift:

[Keef the Romantic Bad Boy]
You get stuck with the reshelving and a majority of the books are from the adult and young adult sections. I got stuck with the children’s section. Again
If anyone should be asking for help, it’s me ]

Lance snickered under his breath, but he quickly replied with a swift ‘get rekt, keef’ before continuing putting books back into their proper places. He understood the disdain of the children’s section. That section was the worst. Lance may have liked kids, but the horrors of the library-- he wouldn’t wish upon a 100 years of children’s section duty on his greatest enemies. Not that Lance had any.

[Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
If I ever have kids, they will know how to treat their books better than this

Me
Saaaame~
You know, one time I saw this tumblr post where this person cut out art from book pages and I nearly shit myself because DAMAGED BOOKS. Hold on, I have it saved somewhere on my phone because I sent it to the group chat waay back
Just gimme a minute….  
[IMAGE SENT]
[IMAGE SENT]
[IMAGE SENT]
[IMAGE SENT]
[IMAGE SENT] ]

Lance was pretty sure he heard a loud gasp of horror coming from where the children’s section was and was 200% sure that was Keith.

[Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
WTF IS THIS LANCE

Me
My worst nightmare

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
THE DOUCHEBAG WHO MUTILATED THOSE BOOKS DESERVES A PUNCH IN THE ADAM’S APPLE
Not that Lance blamed him. He remembered seeing that post for the first time and wanted to gouge his eyes out. Lance even remembered showing Allura and Coran the next day and they definitely took exception to the photos.

That wasn’t art.

It was cruel and unusual punishment. On books and humanity.

Literally the first thing in that crossed his mind after calming down from his rage was ‘what was the name of all those books that could never be freaking read because someone just had to chop it up to look like a dragon boat thing?’

The world may never know.

Oh.

Lance was sure he felt the metaphorical light bulb go off over his head. That was another word he could google later or ask Keith. ‘Book’.

[Me  
I’m pretty sure I’m gonna be a pro at asl one day, keef and i’m gonna be able to be broaden my flirting abilities with my pickup lines ;)

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy  
At least get to a point where you can hold a fifteen minute conversation before trying to woo me over with pickup lines

Me  
Well who said the lines would be for you?

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
You haven’t explicitly said ‘no’ yet

Me
…. I don’t like you ]

If Keith was laughing at Lance just sent, he was pretty quiet about it.

[Me
Aaaaannyaway, mind answering something that’s been buggin me for the past two weeks???

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Depends on the question

Me
What’s with that weird thing you do before you fingerspell your name?

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Oh that?
It took you two weeks to finally ask
It’s my sign name
Grumpy. But with a K. My family really gets a kick out of that one.

Me
OAO
What the what?!

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
I guess I never told you about that

Me
No, no you haven’t!

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
It’s just a specific sign to identify someone. There’s a bunch of ways to do it. In my case, defining character trait but with the letter of my first name
Me
Seriously!?! I don’t have to fingerspell my name anymore!?! I have a sign name!?! What is it!

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
You don’t just get a sign name. I have to give it to you. So for now you’re stuck fingerspelling and so is hunk, shay, and pidge

Me
…. Seriously?

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
That’s actually a rule, yeah. A deafie has to give a hearing person their sign name :p

Me
So like a rite of passage. Do I get one when you deem me worthy, master?

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
I don’t really think there’s a specific time for it. But I guess when I think you guys are hardcore enough, you’ll get yours. But I haven’t really thought of any that I like for you

Me
Just make sure mine is the coolest ever

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Just because of that I’m making sure yours sucks

Me

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Drama queen ]

Why does everyone keep saying that about me? Lance rolled his eyes. It was completely untrue. If
anyone was a drama queen it was Keith for saying Lance was a drama queen. Nailed it.

Lance then returned to reshelving books with vigor and determination. (What up, Undertale reference! Yes, it still counts as a reference even if the only word used in said reference was ‘determination’. It’s law.) He was keeping Can You Keep a Secret on hold because he was planning to check it out and then he saw the beauty that is one of his favourite book series that he has at home.

[Me
Yo keef, you ever read the sisterhood of the traveling pants? Because do I have a book recommendation for you and have all the books at home. They’re technically Laura’s but, they’re mine.
Or you can get all of them from the library! It’s just 4 books, actually there’s a 5th one but, we’ll cover that later. 4 books of awesome

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
…. I don’t I have any room for all of those books to fit in my backpack

Me
Oh yeah, your backpack did look like it was engorged from going to an all you can eat buffet
What’s in it??

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
A surprise ]

Oh you little shit.

[Me
Dude
Tell me

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
And ruin the surprise?

Me
KEEEEEITH
24 is here and y'all seriously got me all fluffy in the feelings for saying last chapter wasn't as bad as I thought! (I mean... I still think it's complete and utter shit but....) Thanks, guys!!

Chapter 24 is longer than last chapter and Keith is a savage. But on the bright side, Lance got to learn about sign names today!! So that's really nice, and of course Lance is highkey in denial about being a drama queen. And boom, highkey lowkey flirting at each other again. F**kin flirtationships, amirite homies? And also, book recs and movie recs of the day (not that i've ever done that before)

Can You Keep a Secret by Sophie Kinsella is a novel about this lady named Emma who, after getting drunk on a plane during turbulence, spills are her embarrassing life secrets to a handsome stranger on a plane. She wasn't expecting that man to turn out to be the owner of the company she works at.

The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants by Ann Brashares (aka the books are fucking better than the disappointing movies) is a series told in summers about a group of friends [Carmen, Lena, Tibby, and Bridget] all of varying sizes and heights that can miraculously fit the same pair of jeans. So they decide to share the jeans and mail them to each other over the course of their summer vacation in hopes to have some memorable adventures.

Aaaaand for the movie, a classic fav that will give you massive feelings (seriously, bring tissues) is John Q. A movie starring Denzel Washington and is a huge hitter on the shit stain that is the American healthcare system but is actually based off an event that happened in Canada. John (Denzel) a father and husband whose son is diagnosed with an enlarged heart and finds out he is unable to receive a transplant because HMO insurance will not cover it, but despite his efforts he is unable to get the money or help from anyone. So.... he takes the hospital and its staff hostage in order to force them to do it. I highly recommend this movie and you can watch the trailer here on youtube. And if there's anymore of an incentive, the actor of the heart surgeon did the voice of Hades from the English version of Disney's Hercules.....

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Not Being Able to Hear Has Nothing to do with my Ability to Drive. I Just Ignore Traffic Laws

Chapter Summary

Keith reveals his own big surprise to Lance. Lance wasn't ready.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Keith waited patiently outside for Lance, one arm carefully holding on to his backpack which wasn’t heavy at all considering what was in it.

It was 4:10, the work day was finally over. Yeah, the library was officially closed at four, but Lance usually stayed behind to help put things away or talk to Coran. Or on the particular occasion, check out a book after an agreement to skim over to see if there were any stray books out of place. Thankfully, there weren’t many and Lance was able to check out Can You Keep a Secret while Keith went ahead to wait at the entrance of the Library’s glass door.

Keith had thought about it, but ultimately he decided against checking out that book series Lance had been telling him about. Yes, he realized that after taking out what he had brought with him that the books easily would have fit in, but he was too excited to rationalize things. Keith was an impulsive sort of guy.

Decisions, decisions.

When Keith made a decision, it was usually the first thing that came to his mind and he went with it.

So no book for now. Besides, Lance did say he owned a copy of the entire series. He could just ask Lance to bring it for him to borrow sometime later.

Keith felt his right pocket buzzing.

[Lancelot
Yooo keef, where are ya? I wanna say goodbye in person and complain to you about not telling me what’s up with your backpack
Me
Come to the front, nerd

Lancelot
I feel like Keef the Romantic Bad Boy has been your contact name for too long and that I now need
to change it in order to match the amount of disrespect I’ve been receiving from you

Me
And I’ll just change yours from Lancelot to Drama Nerd

Keef the Romantic Bad Boy
Awww <3?? You think I’m a knight at a round table?? Keep it the same ]

Keith snorted, amused and with a light smile as he looked over the message. Figures that Lance
would be the type to compare himself to a knight at a round table.

[Me
Does king arthur know you’ve been slacking off your knight duties to volunteer at a library?

Lancelot
OAO HOLY CROW DID YOU MAKE A JOKE??

Me
Hurry up and come outside before I change my mind about this surprise thing

Lancelot
YOU WOULDN’T ]

Well, he wouldn’t. But Lance didn’t need to know that.

Consider it karma for the surprise that Lance did. A great surprise, but Keith hated surprises
nonetheless and was ready for his vengeance. It was a law of the universe, as Lance would probably
describe it. Karma always came back to haunt someone.
And in this case, Karma decided revenge was served best cold with a side of ‘Unlike Hunk, I can keep a secret’.

Keith could almost clearly see the sour expression Lance was making right now.

He had been trying to play the guessing game all day with Keith constantly sending Lance a Lenny Face in return.

Cake?

Next.

Books?

Nope.

A gaming system?

Not even close.

Are you ever going to tell me?

Not at all.

Whenever Lance and Keith had encountered each other from a distance, Keith could only snicker when he saw Lance giving him a dirty look.

It was definitely really hilarious to see Lance get this crazy over a relatively small secret. A surprise. Keith felt a little washy about it since this couldn’t necessarily match up to the surprise of someone gathering their friends to learn your language in order for everyone to communicate with each other and not feel left out but… It was the best Keith could do and he really hoped Lance liked it.
Okay this isn’t one of those things where you have a bunch of boxes in boxes that gradually get smaller and smaller until you get to the last box and it’s literally a hersheys kiss?? Because that literally happened to my mom last christmas and it was hilarious watching it as her son, but like, I will be angry at you forever if that’s exactly what is going on right now

Me
….. Just hurry up and get outside, Lance

Lancelot
Yeah yeah imma about to open the door ]

Finally. Keith thought to himself as he turned around and stepped back a little, smirking lightly. Lance honestly had no idea what he was up to.

“What’s up?” Lance signed, with an extra lift of his shoulders. It wasn’t exactly necessary, but it was a nice touch. And Lance would like to add the fact that he lifted his eyebrows. He nailed facial expressions.

Keith pointed both of his index fingers toward himself then tucked his index fingers back into a fist and released both of his thumbs and pushed his arms out to his right side. “Come follow me.” Then without giving Lance a proper chance to respond, Keith headed towards the parking lot where he kept his motorcycle parked.

His heart was beating a little fast, he blamed the nerves.

This was it.

The time was coming for Keith to make good on his mentions of a surprise. He could definitely do this without dying. He and his crush were just going to be in close proximity of each other and it would only be the two of them.

It was perfect.
It was perfectly plan.

Only last week did Keith suddenly ambush Lance with a question during break.

“What’s your A-D-D-R-E-S-S?”

And with a quirked eyebrow, Lance had texted in return (not that Keith blamed Lance in that morning. Fingerspelling your entire address wasn’t exactly ideal when you were a beginner at ASL):

[Lancelot
282 Hudspeth Lane
Why? ]

Keith had more or less appeased Lance with the explanation that he had never been to Lance’s house before because they usually just went to Pidge’s house. Lance had seemed to buy it at the time and Keith was just going to go with the hopeful instinct Lance hadn’t figured it out.

He had spent days memorizing the streets to get to Lance’s house beforehand on google maps/direction. It would be take Keith at least ten minutes.

When the two of them finally reached Keith’s motorcycle, Keith turned to face Lance abruptly and they almost bumped into each other.

Right.

Note to self: give a better indication that you are going to turn around or try not to walk right in front of Lance next time when attempting to reveal a surprise.

Duly noted.

“Sorry.”
Lance shrugged with his nose scrunched slightly and a hand waving lightly as if to say ‘don’t worry about it.’ It quickly passed over as Lance darted back and forth between looking at Keith and looking at Keith’s motorcycle.

Once.

Twice.

Thrice.

Before finally settling on Keith.

Keith took a deep breath and let his backpack slide off his arm and lightly onto the ground in order to unzip it. He wasn’t going to say anything.

Lance was a super intuitive person.

He’d have to get it.

Without further ado, Keith grabbed the two items lodged in his backpack with an earnest look. Each thing in one hand.

Two helmets.

Motorcycle helmets. Keith had seriously lucked out when he found his spare helmet somewhere in the mess he called a helmet. And when he did, his automatic thought went back Lance’s response after finding out Keith had a motorcycle.

‘Take me out on a spin sometime?’

Sure, Keith had said that Lance needed to buy his own helmet first. But what’s the point of that if Keith already had a spare?
Lance’s eyes lit up immediately, jaws dropping. “WHAAAAT?” He was shaking his hands side to side like crazy, in total disbelief.

Keith just grinned and shoved the helmet in Lance’s chest before putting on his own. Safety first. Helmets and hearing aids. Backpack zipped and back on his back.

He wasted no time in sitting down on his ride and looking back at Lance expectantly who was giddily making the final adjustments to his helmet. Then Lance paused and pointed at Keith’s waist before making a hugging motion.

Keith nodded. Lance would fly off if he didn’t hold onto Keith’s waist and they didn’t need an accident happening.

Lance finally hopped on, a firm but gentle grip around Keith’s waist and no Keith wasn’t internally sputtering and wondering what he was even doing with his life. But come on, holy hell his crush had his arms wrapped around his waist and they had this weird kind of thing going on and fuck it, Keith is just going to turn his motorcycle on.

_Hold on._ He thought, not that Lance could read minds.

(Lance honestly had initially been excited when Keith whipped the helmets out his backpack like some kind of magic trick. Holy shit, he was going on a freaking motorcycle ride. He got to wrap his arms around Keith’s waist, at a respectable firmness, of course. Things were going to be great. Lance swore he shivered when Keith finally turned the motorcycle on. He was going on an actual motorcycle ride for the first time ever in his life and it was going to be amazing!! Keith clearly new what he was doing when he slowly got them to the exit of the parking lot and looked to see if he had enough time to make it out before the next car came BYYYYY HOLY FUCKING SHIT, KEITH.

Lance has no idea how fast Keith was driving. But it definitely wasn’t according to the speed limit.

_Make it stop, make it stop._

For the remainder of his ride home, Lance was pretty sure that he could hear himself screaming as he just tightened his grip on Keith’s waist each time Keith turned on a corner.
He was going to fucking die.

RIP Lance.

It was all Keith’s fault.)

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 25, Lance dies. Thanks, Keith XD. He wasn't ready.

So there you guys, go! Keith's big surprise~ I am also embarrassed to say I wrote for 3 pages straight in Lance's POV when I suddenly remembered that this was Keith's POV and had to rewrite a bunch. But I was too lazy to delete anything, so I wrote around it. So if anything looks slightly weird and out of place. That is why OTL. I apologize.

Alllso, I'd like to add that I think my writing speed as increased since starting this little project of mine. It used to take me like 2 hours to write a chapter, but now I finish chapters in one hour or an hour and a half depending on my quick trips to other tabs to watch videos or write to someone on fb messenger. So #GOIMPROVEMENT. And holy cow, with ch25 out, this officially means there's only 15 chapters of tdros left and then it's over. In 5 chapters there will only be 10 chapters to go. Guys, we have come a long way *inspirational music*. I'm not sure if I'll do another 40 chapter once a day everyday fanfic, but I would like to do that! What do you guys think? Hunay or shallura, 40 day update challenge? Let me know in the comments as well as your thoughts on today's chapter! Thanks for reading!!

EDIT: With the staff being vague with Allura's age, for now I don't think I'll be doing shallura 40 day challenge fic considering how the fandom is rn.

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
So.... Lance Survived the Ride But Can He Survive the Storm?

Chapter Summary

Lance's mom is like a storm when it comes to making decisions.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lance was pretty sure that when Keith finally pulled into the driveway of his house, the reason he was still latched on so tightly to Keith was because his soul had flown out of his body and needed to catch up.

Lance could literally feel his soul returning to his body.

He was frozen solid, eyes a blinking and mouth opened wide. And his throat was sore from all the screams of terror.

Keith had speeded the entire time and had even almost drove through a red light.

Before Lance could even release a shaky breath, he tore his arms away from Keith and leaped onto the grass right next to the driveway.

“Land! Land!! Oh my gosh, land!!” Never again. N E V E R A G A I N. He ripped off the motorcycle helmet, inhaling the sweet tasting air.

Keith drove like a maniac who just robbed a bank was in the middle of a police chase. All that was literally missing was the bags of cash, police sirens, and someone yelling the iconic ‘You’ll never catch me alive, coppers!’ line. “I am never taking nature and the land of the living for granted ever again!” Lance was definitely not being over dramatic, no matter what anyone said. Lance was fearful for his life. It felt like he had committed a heinous crime and was trying to escape to freedom with his shit-at-driving partner-in-crime, Keith.

Keith.
His ex-friend.

Unfriended.

Deleted.

Blocked.

Keith who was currently laughing his ass off.

The sound was muffled because of the helmet still over his face, but it was pure and unadulterated laughter. He was clutching at his stomach and hunched over, and Lance could almost see the large grin Keith probably had on his face. (And now that Lance was hearing it loud and almost clear, he was getting a Glenn from The Walking Dead sounding voice. Holy crow. But that’s besides the point.

“That is not funny, Keith!!” Lance yelled, his right thumb brushing out from under his chin then he brought his index and pointer finger and brushed them off his nose. He had a sinking there was no point in the signing what he said while he yelled his outrage, Keith was hunched over so far forward he probably didn’t see it. At least it made for good practice.

Even if Keith was a little laughing turd who didn’t deserve the trust Lance had previously bestowed upon him.

“I am literally never asking you to take me out on a spin ever. You drive like a maniac! You said you were a great driver! I have been betr--”

“Lance, is something wrong? Who are you yelling at?”

Oh.

Right.
Yelling at Keith right outside of his house.

“Er, hi, Mom.” Lance picked up the helmet Keith let him wear and shoved it at Keith who’s loud guffaws tapered off into a small chuckles. “Ahem.” Lance already had his hands ready. “Keith, this is my mom. Mom, this is Keith.” Bam. Perfect introductory sign language with Lance McClain.

That was enough to make Keith fumble. He took off his own helmet and placed it on the seat and quickly signed with a, “Hi, nice to meet you. I’m Keith.”

Mrs. McClain blinked in surprise and turned to Lance. “You never told me that you knew sign language!” She waved politely at Keith a second later. Her smile was gentle, but Lance could see her panicking on the inside. “Is he the boy you’ve been talking about?”

Aaaand Lance isn’t opening that can of worms.

And luckily, even if Keith had any idea of what Mrs. McClain had said, Keith patted Lance’s shoulder. “I’m going.” The mullet head made quick work of putting the spare helmet back in his backpack and his own helmet back on.

It was probably for the best. Lance’s mom didn’t know sign language and he didn’t want her talking to him the whole time instead of directly talking to Keith. He read about that on google. Rude thing to do, even if it’s on accident. Lance would rather have his mom well equipped for the situation than let her go in blind and accidentally insult Keith. She’d feel guilty about it for days. “I’ll see you later.”

Keith nodded in return before giving Mrs. McClain one as well.

Then with a turn of the keys in his motorcycle’s ignition, Keith sped away. Lance shuddered.

Stupid loud motorcycle sounds. He would definitely be walking tomorrow.

Keith was not the friend to trust.

“Lance! Honey, that’s the Keith you’ve been talking about?!” Mrs. McClain got his attention once
again. “He’s very handsome!!”

Well…. His mom wasn’t wrong. “Yep. That’s the guy who’s been getting me into cat books and thinks aliens and cryptids are real. Clearly a total dweeb, but he’s the newest squad member of the….. I have no idea what our squad is called. But he’s a part of that. We’ve all be learning sign language to talk to him.” A tough struggle, but it’d be worth it in the end when they were all having epic conversations with each other without having to fall back on fingerspelling.

Mrs. McClain gasped lightly, eyes bright. “I’ve raised my son well.”

Lance grinned. “Well yeah. And it doesn’t hurt that I’m incredibly good looking. I should be on Conan to brag about it.” Good looks just run in the McClain family, why wouldn’t he boast about that on live television?

“We have to invite him over for dinner this weekend.”

“What?”

“Your friend. We’re inviting him to dinner this weekend. Can you text him and ask him?” Mrs. McClain's eyes were gleaming and Lance knew that gleam. It was the ‘I’ve already made my mind and we’re going to have a family dinner discussion about this’ gleam. “Where have you been learning sign language so far? Youtube? There’s so much to be done! Why didn’t you tell me sooner?!"

Like a storm, Mrs. McClain was gone and back in the house and Lance could hear rambling to herself.

Oh boi.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 26 is here and look at that, Lance lived. WOOOO~

But now his mom wants to invite Keith over for dinner. Will he say no? Will he say yes? Come in tomorrow for the next critical life juncture in the ongoing saga that is TDROS. Today's chapter is a short chapter and I'm not going to talk about why, but real life is being an ass right now as far as family drama. Ugh. But enough of that, at least it's
over for now and I got to update on schedule. Finished in hour again whoop whoop! Seriously, if this isn't a challenge already for anyone reading this who is a fic writer, I definitely recommend doing your own little personal 40 chapter update once a day everyday fic series. Since the chapters are only 3 to 6 or 7 chapters long, you end up wording things different to not make things too wordy and your writing skills increase! Your writing speed will increase too and it helps with self discipline issues. I seriously have a problem with finishing fics, so I started this challenge in order to do that and got a lot more out of it!

So if it isn't a thing already, @fanfic writers: do a 40 day fic challenge where you update everyday once a day! It seriously helps!

hm @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Yo Keef, Is It Weird My Parents Want You to Come Over For Dinner?

Chapter Summary

In the shortest chapter ever, Keith gets a heads up from Lance.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[Lancelot

So… my mom wants you to come over for dinner this weekend on… friday. She’s already making the my dad and siblings learn basic asl. She is prepared to initiate you ]

Keith’s eyes were as wide as saucers.

[Me

…. What?

Lancelot

I know
I tried stopping her
But my mom is pretty stubborn
But there is literally no pressure to this, if you don’t want to come over for dinner on friday she’ll understand. My family can be pretty overwhelming to the unprepared]

…. Dinner with Lance’s family.

Keith definitely wasn’t expecting that when he first saw Lance’s mom. Mrs. McClain definitely gave Lance her looks if you didn’t count the fact her eyes were brown. Maybe Lance got his eyes from his dad.

But that aside, Keith knew that Lance had a big immediate family (and a large family in general). Lance was the second oldest of five kids, whose names were more or less permanently etched in Keith’s memory from the many times Lance talked about them.

Laura, Jacob, Benji, and Ambar.
Lance said he barely had any privacy, he had no snacks of his own, and he rarely ever had a good amount of time for his ‘critical skincare routine’. “But even if things get hectic and I have to share a room and stuff, I wouldn’t really change it. My family’s great.” Keith had received many a selfie from Lance who was in the middle of a family movie night again or was about to prank Ambar by pushing her into the pool in their backyard.

It sounded fun.

Not something Keith would be sure he’d be used to if he and Lance ever switched places since Keith has only had Shiro his whole life. And Shiro was a considerable amount of years older. It didn’t stop Keith or Shiro from occasionally being a little shit to each other. But four siblings would be totally new. Keith wasn’t sure if he was envious or relieved he only had one brother.

Maybe a bit of both, but Keith was satisfied.

But wow.

Dinner.

With his crush’s family.

This is completely skipping over dating for a while and then meeting the family. Keith thought, bemused. Or maybe that was because they just assumed Keith was just Lance’s friend. Which… they wouldn’t exactly be wrong about. Keith wasn’t exactly sure what they were. But for now things were going nicely, they had a great motorcycle ride together. Keith never thought that his tendency to speed while he drove would make a great wingman when offering to take Lance home.

[Lancelot
[VIDEO SENT]
My mom getting her asl on lol
But seriously, don’t think so hard about it. It’s all good if you say no, I’m just glad I have more people to practice with and be a temporary teacher to
Don’t try and say I wouldn’t be a temporary good teacher just because I’m a total beginner btw. I have the keef advantage]
Keith chuckled to himself.

What harm could a dinner four days away do?

[Me
Tell your mom I’ll be there, want me to give you another ride on friday?

Lancelot
First off… NO THANKS and second, my mom is doing her happy dance now that she knows you’ll be coming
No take backs ]

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 27 is brought to you by, my creative streak ran dry and this is the result of that OTL. Another shit chapter. But here you guys go! Still keeping on my streak of actually updating once a day. Sooo even with the shit chapters, I keep in mind that not all of them could be winners.

Thanks for reading!!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
“So… funny story, Hunk. Keith is going to be coming to eat dinner at my house on Friday.”

Lance could hear Hunk spitting out something on the other end of the line. Yeah, it was probably a surprising conversation starter. “What?!”

Lance sat back in the porch chair, half paying attention to the sound of crickets in the background. “Yeah, so, Keith actually took me for that spin on his motorcycle. Which was a big mistake, Hunk. Dude, I saw my life flash before my eyes. He drove I don’t know how many miles over the speed limit. When they say the whole your life flashes before your eyes thing, it’s definitely true. I am very lucky I am alive right now.” Fuckin’ Keith and his reckless driving. “But anyway, he takes me home and after laughing at me for centuries-- his laugh kinda reminds of Glenn from The Walking Dead--my mom comes out and is like ‘Invite him over dinner’ and I did and he said ‘sure.’”

Hunk was quiet for a moment. “.... He’s already having dinner with your family?”

“You know my mom, Hunk. She’s a wild card who loves adventure and doesn’t listen to anyone once she’s made her mind.” Typical parent stuff. She kept on reminding Lance to ask Keith the kind of stuff he liked eating too. “But yeah. He’ll be here on Friday for a good old McClain dinner.”

“Okay, but, what about how he’ll communicate with your family?”

“Everyone’s already on the American Sign Language train, so that’s no major problem.” Which was a huge relief. Lance didn’t need a repeat of what happened the first time Keith and Hunk interacted happening at a dinner with a bunch of people. It would suck for everyone but especially Keith. “Unless you count for the fact there will be a lot of fingerspelling, I think the biggest problem will be my mom wanting to show off our photo albums.”
That got a chuckle out of Hunk. “That kind of thing happens only in movies, Lance.”

“Watch your mom do that to you one day, Hunk. I will laugh so hard.”

“If anything, I expect you to show off my baby pictures. And you’d show off your own pictures anyway.”

“Hunk, we were adorable babies and that fact needs to be shared with the world.” If you have cute baby pictures because you were an adorable baby, you were supposed to show them off. That was probably a major law of the universe that no one knew about. Except for Lance. He was a genius.

He could practically hear the fact Hunk was rolling his eyes. “You’re the only person I know who would be fine with his parents sharing his baby pictures.”

“The baby pictures. Just not the ones of me doing dumb things like…. That time I dressed up as Sailor Venus for Halloween and being photographed in mid-falling action because I couldn’t fit my mom’s heels.” Lance got a twisted ankle that Halloween. He is debating whether or not it was worth it. I wonder if my buddy Keef has ever had a crazy Halloween story. “You know what, I’m going to ask Keith that.”

“What?”

“Nothing, I was just wondering if Keith has a funny Halloween story.” Lance replied, briefly putting his phone on speaker in order to text and talk at the same time.

“Oh. Riiight. Keith.”

Lance didn’t appreciate the tone.

But yeah. Keith.

Which reminded Lance of something. “Um…. Hunk, wanna hear a funny confession?”
He could hear Hunk adjusting himself as if he was physically leaning in to hear a secret.

“Well… I think… I have a crush on Keith.”

Lance was usually pretty adept with his knowing how his own inner workings clicked but it didn’t really seem to click with him until he heard Keith laughing today. He didn’t need the helmet to know that Keith probably had a huge grin on his face with his eyes scrunched up and Lance only wished he could have seen it. And then the butterflies hit him full force. Yeah, sure. He always considered Keith really attractive but a lot of people have attractive friends without being personally attracted to them and Lance just figured it was one of those things. But then again he remembered getting butterflies this one time Keith had to correct the handshape of his hand and--

“That’s it?”

Wow, rude. “What do you mean that’s it?!?”

Hunk chuckled lightly. “No offense, Lance, but it was super obvious to anyone with a working pair of retinas that you have a crush on Keith. Have you not seen your face when you talk about him? Pidge and I have known about this crush thing since when we found out you had his number and were texting him during our ATLA marathon.” Hunk only paused to take a sip of some drink. “Lance, you took the initiative to start learning a new language for this guy and even inspired your friends to want to do it because you cared that much about him feeling comfortable interacting with other people you care about. I’d say that us knowing you have a crush was obvious the whole time.”

Lance could feel his face heating up. “.... That obvious?”

“Yeah. But I think the funny part is the fact that you took this long to figure it out. You’re usually right on the mark with your fast and furious crushes.”

“.... I guess so.” But that was only because these were people Lance were actively trying to pursue. “But I wasn’t trying to find a new boyfriend or something, I just thought he looked kind of… lonely on his first day. So I wanted to at least see if he wanted the company.” It wasn’t necessarily pity or sympathy, it was just Lance’s people instincts.

Sure, he knew now that Keith was more introverted on the scale of things, but Lance knew that the guy initially had a rough time in the children’s section and Lance would be lying if he said he hadn’t saw the exchanges Keith had with hearing visitors at the library.
It made Lance feel bad. It wasn’t the new guy’s fault that he didn’t go walking around with a sign that said ‘I’m deaf, fyi’. But people were judgemental tool bags if they didn’t understand something within the first few seconds.

So Lance decided to make that first move and befriend him. Even if the whole world is against you, it’s nice to have at least one person on your side. Or maybe Lance watched too many corny shows about friendship.

“Well, I think that’s a good thing!”

Lance raised an eyebrow even if Hunk wasn’t there to see it. “You do?”

“Oh don’t sound so skeptical.” Hunk laughed. “I think it’s a good thing because you’re usually super eager to rush into a relationship and it’s rare that you start with trying to be someone’s friend before trying to ‘make the moves’. Friendship stuff is important too, Lance, and if you just so happen to catch feelings afterward, that stuff is okay too.”

…. And people said teenagers couldn’t say profound things.

Lance could feel himself smiling. “Thanks for the little speech, Big Guy.”

“Anytime, Lance.”

Chapter End Notes

Here is chapter 28 and a salty author because I have been receiving clown shit all day because the new It trailer dropped and everyone thinks it’s funny tormenting a person with clown phobia OTL. My friends and family are awful and I can only trust my girlfriend because she too hates clowns.

But my fears aside, I have mixed feelings on the end result of this chapter but I wanted a chapter that properly addressed Lance’s thing for Keith that wasn’t super dramatic. At least, I hope this isn’t super dramatic. Let me know in the comments. And thanks for all of last chapters comments! You guys are really nice and helpful in terms of critiques!

Enjoy the chapter!
hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tros
Chapter Summary

Lance and Keith debrief the plan.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[Me]  
So what exactly is the plan?

Lancelot  
What plan?

Me  
About me coming over for dinner tomorrow, nerd

Lancelot  
I’m not a nerd first of all. I’m a talented young mind and ghost enthusiast, don’t say crap about them being fake, and I’m probably a cool waterbender in another life

Me  
…. Suuuure, sokka with waterbending. Sure  
I was just wondering how we’re going to do this thing

Lancelot  
Well I’m definitely walking home tomorrow

Me  
Pfff  
Too afraid to go on another spin?

Lancelot  
¬_¬  
Not funny
I feared for my life

Me
Sorry

Lancelot
No you’re not

Me
You’re right
But got it, you’ll walk home.
I’ll probably show up later then because I have to facetime my parents

Lancelot
Tell your ma and pops I said hi

Me
Sure

Lancelot
o(^▽^)o

Me
Oh
When are you having dinner again? I keep forgetting

Lancelot
7:30
My mom wants to know if you’re sure that you’re okay with eating whatever she makes??

Me
I’m not a picky eater, so I’m sure I’ll be fine with whatever she makes

Lancelot
Good \(^o^)/
My mom is a great cook!
It’s a mcclain family trait

What about your family?

Me
…. Microwaveable dinners are my life with shiro

Lancelot
(OoO)
Keith

Me
And cereal
And everyone can make eggs and rice and toast for breakfast. And pancakes

Lancelot
No nononononononononono nononono
That is not nutritionally balanced!

Me
You ate two bags of potato chips today

Lancelot
Okay but I still eat actual meals
You are eating an actual meal tomorrow and you’re going to enjoy it
You got that keith?

Me
Sure thing lance ]

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 29!

This chapter was super rushed today, so my apologies on the sloppiness of it OTL. But as a whole make up for the family drama thing, my mom and I were going to hang out today and get some errands done and I have no idea how long that would take and
considering the time length it takes for me to write a chapter, I didn't want to risk coming up super late and having to pull my hair out.

Sooo, sorry for this rush job of a chapter. I had other things planned, but it would have taken too long for me to write considering I'll be heading out soon. Therefore, you guys got a text chapter. But tomorrow I'm not going anywhere and have all the time in the world to develop a much better chapter!

Enjoy and comment!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Chapter Summary

Lance's sister tells him to relax.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lance was nervousited.

Nervous.

Excited.

A good mixture of both emotions.

Why, you might ask? Because it was Friday.

The last day of the work week for most people Friday and the Friday Keith came over for dinner Friday.

Lance inhaled deeply, he was in his own room but he could smell the fried plaintains and chicken his mother made. His mouth was watering. No, he was trying not to throw up. No, he was trying to not jump out his room window and run away to a friend’s house. Maybe it was a mix of all three?

I’m honestly just panicking over nothing.

‘Just have your mother make whatever she’d normally serve at dinner with you guys there’, Keith said.

‘I’m not a picky eater.’ Keith said.
‘You guys don’t have to be nervous.’

*And I’m definitely not nervous.* Lance told himself. *Lies.* He thought two seconds after.

He had been in his room still trying to pick what shirt he was going to wear for dinner. Every three hours he would check the time only to realize only two minutes had passed since the last time he checked.

Life was hard when your crush was on his way to eat dinner with you and your family for the very first time. Especially after recently coming to a full realization that your dear buddy was in fact someone you were crushing on.

It wasn’t as if it was some grand bisexual awakening or anything. Lance had come to a stark realization a long time ago that he was attracting to girls and boys. It was nothing dramatic either. Lance liked to think he had a pretty good understanding of the whole ‘LGBT thing’ when he was a little kid. He had two aunts on his mom’s side (one aunt being related by blood and the other being married into the family) and they lived relatively close by to him growing up. So he knew there was such a thing as liking people of the same gender.

Then the he turned seven and suddenly got hit with the fact that the butterflies he got around Hunk wasn’t the ‘I really want my friend to like me’ butterflies if those butterflies were even a thing. It was the ‘holy cow my best friend is super cute’ butterflies. Lance lowkey avoided Hunk for about a day until his best friend confronted him about it and Lance had to go ‘I’m going to make things weird because I have a crush on you so I’m waiting for it to go away!’

Awkward times.

It was a kind of mutual crush??? But it was a short-lived relationship and they ended up to just be friends afterwards.

But this was different.

This was Keith.
Keith who was acted like a badass but was actually a nerd who believed in aliens and Mothman and was super sensitive deep down and was a romantic bad boy.

Hunk has known Lance and his family their whole lives and Keith had only heard snippets and saw Lance’s mom for a few minutes. Hunk grew up with Lance’s siblings just as much as Lance grew up with knowing Hunk’s older sister, Vanessa. Keith hasn’t even seen Lance’s siblings. He only knew the bare minimum that Lance had mention before in his many stories about his family! Jacob was a budding fashion designer, Ambar wanted to be a singer one week and a doctor singer the next, Benji was a little comedian who wanted to travel around Europe, and Laura was his older sister who was well on her to becoming valedictorian of her university and whom he has got into a fight for and even suspended from school for a week because someone talked shit about her being trans (Lance still got grounded because he automatically punched the guy without thinking and it turned into a big fight before school even started with everyone egging him on and Hunk having to pull him off Evil Bigot, but his parents were glad he defended his sister nonetheless. Keith was still surprised. Apparently, Lance didn’t look like the type to get in fights at school. Well, when it was about his family and friends, that went out the window).

Now, he was about to meet all of them at once.

Sure they were all practicing ASL as best as they could right now considering how last minute everything was but that still didn’t stop Lance’s brain from casually going ‘Hey, I just thought this might be the perfect time for me to remind you that…. It might not. Byyyyyee~~~’ every three minutes.

“Uuuuugh!!!” Lance shoved his face into one of the shirts he was trying to choose from. “I hate my brain so much right now.”

“Pfff.”

Lance could already feel his lips turning into a straight up frown. “Laura. Do not. Start.” He whipped around to glare at her. “I am trying to be dressed decently tonight.”

“You’re already dressed?”

“This baseball tee is too basic.”

“It’s fine.” Laura stepped closer to grab the shirts in Lance’s hands. “You just need to relax and let
Lance sat on his bed and crossed his arms. “I am perfectly calm and relaxed, Laura.”

There was pause before the both of them said at the same time, “No you’re/I’m not.”

Lance sighed deeply. “I’m nervous, excited, both? Mostly nervous, though.”

Laura sat next to him and Lance felt about 2% better when he felt her arm wrap around his shoulder into a brief hug. “Come on, Lance. You’re going to make yourself go freak out more than you need to if you keep panicking every two minutes. Your clothes are fine and we McClains are blessed with naturally good looks at birth, so if Mom pulls out the baby pictures-- We’re all good.”

That honestly pulled out a little chuckle out of Lance. “We were super cute.” Maybe it was the fact that her and Laura were the first the oldest two siblings or maybe it was the fact that Laura came out to Lance first out of everyone in the house back when he was 10 and she was 14, but Lance and Laura have always been close. She cheered him up with ease, was his hero, and usually had a more chill approach of making him relax. He was still really nervous, but he did feel a little better now. “I just… really really like this guy and I don’t want to accidentally scare him off before anything actually happens.”

“Lance, the worst that could possibly happen tonight is Dad trying to dance.”

“Pfffff!!!” Now that one actually did get Lance to actually start laughing. Lance’s dad honestly couldn’t dance to save his life and seeing him attempt to do the entire Whip and NaeNae song dances were a nightmare. “I guess you’re right.”

Laura’s eyes twinkled as she grinned. “Lance, I’m always right. I taught you almost everything you know. I had you doing calculus before you knew what calculus was.”

“That was grandpa, actually.”

“Lance.”
“It was totally you, sis.”

“That’s better.” Laura giggled and ruffled his hair.

Lance backed away with a cringe. “I do not need the bae seeing me with ruffled hair because my sister wanted to be a troll.”

“Ambar’s the troll.”

“Ambar is my little sweetheart and you’re just jealous she said I’m her favourite sibling.”

Laura looked unamused for a few moments before finally standing up. “Just relax. I’m gonna help Benji put away his legos because he and Ambar always miss picking up ten of them and it always causes an accidental death.” Death by stepping on legos. Happened to Lance at least twice a day.

“Kaaay.”

“And Lance,” Laura fixed him with a stare. “You’re baseball tee is fine.”

“.... You’re right. I’ll put this stuff away.”

Keith was going to be here any moment.

And things were going to be fine. Perfectly fine. Keith would eat beans and rice with chicken and fried plaintains and love it because it was an actual meal for once (and Mrs. McClain made extra because he told her that Keith’s brother would probably need the nutrients). Lance would impress Keith with his…. Something. Lance wasn’t sure what, but he was going to impress Keith tonight somehow.

Just… Don’t jinx him right now, Karma.

Chapter End Notes
Pretty late update, but finally a longer chapter to make up for the recent trail of short chapters I've had recently and today marks Chapter 30! TEN CHAPTERS LEFT!! And I want to thank you guys for being understanding with all the shorter chapters recently! *hugs* you guys are the best! (And kudos to xXHetaliaXAmericaXx who thought it would be a great idea for Lance to worry about the broganes eating habits XD)

We get some nervous Lance this chapter and we get more Laura because Laura is great and I love her. Also, the thing about 14 year old Lance getting into a fight at school over her is vaguely based off real life. Only difference is I didn't get suspended because the teachers weren't paying attention and I luckily had enough self control to just throw something at my particular Evil Bigot's face because if it was my hand, it would have been an entirely different story and I didn't even care if the guy was 6ft2inches. I'd still kick his ass because my trans mom is precious. So like, mini projection onto 14 year old Lance. A true hero to us all, the blue son. (like... if anyone wants to draw more fanart of laura.... tag me.... i'll love you forever. Or message on tumblr to talk about the beauty that is Lance and the other space children. I'll love you either way.)

Also, I got my buddy Ambar (total inspiration for tdros Ambar's name) into Voltron today. Like Lance, she's Cuban and I literally went well 'blah blah the voice actors are, and hunk is samoan, lance is cuban and--' and she was like 'I'M IN'. Plus I sent her the 'we had a bonding moment' clip. She's watching the first ep rn so irl Ambar, this is for you.

Enjoy the chapter!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Dinner with the McClains pt 1

Chapter Summary

Keith finally officially meets the McClains.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Keith was standing outside of the McClain taking a deep breath.

He was finally here.

Outside. He just arrived moments ago, his motorcycle parked beside a car in the driveway of Lance’s home. Motorcycle helmet tucked under his shoulder as he waited for someone to let him in. He was pretty sure someone heard his knocking because he knocked pretty heavily. He was a heavy handed person.

Keith’s biggest deal here was the fact that he was nervous. He was nervous despite all the talk earlier that he wasn’t nervous at all. Shiro did call bullshit on that. Not that Keith would ever let Shiro know. Shiro deserved to be knocked down a couple pegs by being wrong for once.

But the competitive need to prove his older brother wrong at all times aside, Keith was definitely nervous at the prospect of dinner with Lance’s family. A prospect that was quickly turning into reality as he waited outside for someone to open the door.

This was actually happening.

Holy quiznak.

All Keith could think about as the days got closer was how this night would go. Would it go good? Bad? Just because Lance’s family had decided to learn ASL like Lance’s friend did, it didn’t mean that dinner would automatically go well.

The funny part, Keith couldn’t even really think of a possible way that the evening could horribly
wrong. It wasn’t as if he could pull the ‘It goes horribly because I’m deaf’ scenario out because--Lance’s family seemed to inherit the extreme kindness Lance had in taking initiative to do something. (Well, technically it was the other way around.) Shiro had kept telling Keith that he the night would go fine, and Keith, of course, rolled his eyes because ‘he didn’t need the pep talk if he wasn’t already nervous’. But still.

Keith was panicky for no reason. Keith knew he was panicky for no reason. But apparently the ‘meet the family’ dinner jitters hit even those who had nothing to really worry about.

There was no real worst case scenario for Keith to worry about. It was already taken care of. The closest Keith was sure he’d get to a worse case scenario is having to be patient when Lance’s family fingerspelled things. And that wasn’t even bad. It was progress. Keith already knew that he was probably one of the luckiest deaf people on the planet that he had a group of friends who went ahead and learned ASL to talk to him.

A majority of those friends didn’t even actually know him at the time!! And then Lance’s family decides to do it too after Mrs. McClain meets him once?

Keith couldn’t possibly find fingerspelling an awful scenario.

*Just stop being a baby.* Keith told himself, right when the door suddenly pulled back and revealed Mrs. McClain’s face.

Keith tried to make his best smile and attempted to give a small wave before he found himself being pulled into a bear hug. Oh wow. Keith’s eyes were wide. He didn’t normally hug strangers but… Mrs. McClain was very cuddly. “....” Keith awkwardly gave her a small pat on the back. He wasn’t expecting her to be this affectionate right off the bat.

The smells of the house were delicious, Keith pretty sure he at least smelled chicken clearly. And he couldn’t help peering into the house.

The house was bright, well-lit. And he could see two small children. About the ages of five and seven. A boy and a girl. Definitely Benji and Ambar, not that Keith knew them from personal reference. But Lance talked enough about them that he knew them by at least a vague appearance. Ambar gave Benji a small nudge with a look of excitement and they both waved at him eagerly.

*Oh. That’s for me.* Keith pressed his lips together before giving a small smile and waving back a
A few more seconds past before Mrs. McClain finally let him go. She was calling back over her shoulder to talk to a tall man with mustache who suddenly appeared from a hallway, her lips still visible but Keith was only really able to catch ‘hugger’. They were probably talking about her hugging him. Mrs. McClain was apparently a hugger.

Keith could definitely tell.

Mr. McClain gave him a small wave of his own and Keith felt an odd sense of satisfaction when he was able to confirm that Lance did, in fact, get his blue eyes from his father. Keith nodded in return. He got the feeling he would be giving people small smiles here and there for a while.

“They’re sorry,” Mrs. McClain got his attention when she began to sign. “I am happy.” Her smile was large. “Happy you are here.”

Keith inhaled quickly. So kind. And her hands moved uncertainly, but she was definitely giving her all. “Thank you.” He brought his right hand to his chin and sent it towards the matriarch. “I’m happy to be here. You have a beautiful home.” He tried to keep the signs as simple as possible.

Mrs. McClain beamed as she pulled him into the house and went to close the door. He was in.

Keith was automatically bombarded by Benji and Ambar. Their eyes excited and wide as they fingerspelled their own names.

A slightly bigger smile was on Keith’s face now. “Nice to meet you, Ambar. Benji.”

Ambar gave a small bounce before she pointed to herself and made a small small rotation over her lips with her right hand. “I’m hearing.”

Keith smiled even wider. “I’m deaf.” Okay, apparently what Lance said about his youngest two siblings being terrors with legos were false. So far, they were both sweethearts.

Then Keith’s attention was brought to someone else and Keith was now face to face to a much taller
boy. Oh. Jacob. “J-A-C-O-B?” It had to be. He distinctly remembered if there was one other thing Lance mentioned about Jacob other than the fashion thing, it was the that Jacob was tall. Taller than Lance tall. The ‘everyone thinks he’s older at first because he’s taller than me’ kind of tall.

The boy grinned and nodded. “You K-E-I-T-H?”

Keith nodded back.

“Nice to meet you.”

Then Jacob was gone, heading over to the kitchen area leaving Keith with Benji. Wait. Where did Ambar go? Keith shrugged mentally before looking at Benji whom he gave a smile too.

Benji smiled too and grabbed his hand to bring him towards to dining table. Kids. Straight to the point just like Keith himself was. He enjoyed the simplicity.

…. Where’s Lance? Keith looked around, but Lance was nowhere to be seen. Was he in the bathroom? Probably. Or was he in his room? Was he nervous too?

When Keith and Benji began to cross pass the hallway, Keith looked down it and saw another tall person…. But it wasn’t Lance. It was a tall, pretty girl with curly dark brown hair and hazel eyes, her lips curled up into a smirk.

Keith stopped walking and Benji stopped as well, tugging at his hand until the girl shooed him off. She looked, more or less, exactly like Lance. This had to be Laura. “I’m Keith.”

“L-A-U-R-A. Lance is C-O-M-I-N-G S-O-O-N.” As is to emphasize that, Laura turned around and either she was looking back at something or saying something. Keith wasn’t sure. Maybe she was calling for Lance?

“You look a lot like Lance.” Keith fingerspelled when she turned back around. When Laura’s eyebrows furrowed, he repeated himself slowly.

Laura’s face then scrunched up and she shook her head fiercely. “I’m beautiful.” She signed, hand
flowing dramatically over her face.

Keith couldn’t stifle a chuckle. Older siblings were always the same no matter where you went. Always trying to one up the younger sibling in someway possible. All the time. Nice to know that Laura was no different. Her face was dotted with a lot more freckles than Lance had on his and her ears were adorned with large earrings. She definitely seemed to exude confidence as well. He could see why Lance looked up to her.

He hoped to get along with her.

Everyone in fact.

And he especially hoped to see-- Keith leaned over over to look over Laura’s shoulder when he saw a tall shadow moving. A tall shadow with a waving hand and a face with a large grin.

Lance.

Keith’s smile widened.

There he is.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 31~ late again and coming in parts!

Keith finally meets the McClain family and he seems to be enjoying himself so far as he gets to meet the various people in Lance's life. And I brought in a canon quote lol. Mrs. McClain is as cuddly as an arusian, guys. Confirmed. Also confirmed, my irl buddy Ambar's fav character is Pidge. She is now officially in Voltron Hell. Let's make sure she never leaves.

Hopefully I can make next chapter a lot longer. I originally was going to do the whole dinner in one chapter, but the parts take away the pressure of it *sighs*.

Enjoy the chapter!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Dinner with the McClains pt 2

Chapter Summary

Keith finally has dinners with the McClains.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

All Lance could really hope for was that there would be no awkward silences.

Lance could tell immediately when Keith finally arrived at his home.

With his door wide open, there was nothing to block off the loud sounds of his his mother being excited that Keith was here and his father telling his mom to give Keith some time to adjust before being hugged. Hugging ran in the family. Lance could only imagine the whirlwind of introductions that Keith was going through but because he hadn’t heard an awkward silence, he was assuming that everything was going okay so far. Especially after he could hear Laura shouting for him to hurry up and ‘get down here because we have company’.

With one more deep breath, Lance forced his legs to start moving forward. He wasn’t going to chicken out before anything began.

It was simple.

Left foot.

Right foot.

Left foot.

Right foot.
And so on and so forth.

A simple walk down the stairs to where everything was going on and he was going to have an awesome dinner with friend and family. For the first time ever.

Laura was already at the bottom of the steps that lead up to the hallway and there was Keith.

All right. Lance braced himself. Just do anything. But do it with confidence. It was like the ancient saying went: fake it til you make it. (Lance’s motto if he was being honest with himself. Like.... 95% of his confidence and swagger was as fake as his self-proclaimed status as a ladies’ man. Fake as hell.) So Lance just grinned and gave a cheery wave over Laura’s shoulder at Keith who was smiling back.

He wasn’t wearing anything outstanding. He had on a plain black tee, black jeans, that ridiculous biker jacket of his, and some outdated boots. And he looked absolutely perfect, even with the mullet. Especially with the mullet and Lance didn’t even like mullets but Keith made his look really nice.

Laura made herself scarce quickly, nudging Keith’s shoulder before taking his helmet from under his shoulder.

Laura. Ultimate wingman or accidentally being the ultimate wingman. Did it really count as wingmanning if she was just leaving them alone to put Keith’s helmet somewhere? It does now.

“Hi.” Casual and nonchalant on the outside, dying on the inside. Lance was pretty sure his heart was beating 90 beats per minute. “You okay?”

Keith nodded, smile not waveri

Puffing his chest out with pride as he made it completely downstairs, Lance gave Keith a smug look. His family were the best at being nice. Lance was really glad that Keith thought his family was nice. Lance quickly brought his right hand up to his lips then brought it back down onto the open palm of his left hand. “Good.”

“Benji and Ambar are nice and Laura is funny.”
Lance really wished he knew how to sign ‘That’s only because you don’t live with them. They’re torcherous demons when you aren’t here.’ Instead, Lance settled for moving a C hand down the middle his chest then pointing at Keith with his eyebrows raised. “Are you hungry?”

“Yes.”

Perfect.

‘Just wait until you taste my Mom’s cooking’ was another thing Lance needed to add to the list of things to say in ASL when he was finally fluent.

Laura was definitely right when she told him he was being too panicky. Mrs. McClain was the best cook Lance knew, and that wasn’t just personal bias because she was his mom. Everyone in his family were good cooks to some extent. It didn’t even have to be anything fancy. Simple cooking was the best kind of cooking in Lance’s opinion and even if he was slightly distraught about it earlier, he was glad his mom went for what a typical dinner would look like if it was just them.

It looked like they weren’t trying too hard or that ‘normally we don’t do this but because we have a guest …’ type of things. Beans and rice with chicken and fried plaintains was a homely kind of meal.

Like it was just supposed to make Keith feel right at home because of the nature of it. It must have been a family thing. Once you’ve been marked with the stamp of likeability by Lance’s parents, you were part of the family.

Family didn’t get the type of food you made for guests. They got the food you gave to family.

McClain family policy.

Lance didn’t really think about it in the moment when he nodded his head towards where the dinner table would be and latched a hand onto Keith’s wrist. It was dinnertime, time to get their grub on and actually know that Keith is eating something fulfilling tonight.

(Or at least he didn’t until he started physically dragging Keith over to where the table was. Holy shit was he doing!? Keith knew how to walk! But at the same time…. this was almost technically holding hands. That was a big enough step as it is as far as putting the moves on Keith. Whatever. No one would totally notice.)
(Jacob and Laura definitely noticed when Lance and Keith got close enough and Lance let go of Keith’s wrist in the most nonchalant way possible.)

Not really knowing any signs for it, Lance gestured at the chairs. *Pick any one that you want. Preferably next to me but...* Lance wasn’t going to get his hopes up. Benji and Ambar would definitely want Keith to sit by them. So Lance went ahead and just sat next to Jacob who was still giving him a pointed, shit-eating grin.

“Have fun holding your boyfriend’s hand, big bro?” Jacob whispered, brown eyes twinkling.

Lance’s brows furrowed as he gave his brother a pointed look. “Don’t start.” He whispered back.

“That roman-- ow!”

Lance snickered and retracted his hand. He was the master at pinching.

“Lance, Jacob.” Mr. McClain looked at them with an eyebrow raised in amusement. He was sitting down already right next to Laura.

Both brothers pointed at each other. “He started it.”

“Well finish it.”

Lance then stuck his tongue out at Jacob who rolled his eyes in return. That aside, Lance looked over to where Keith was. As expected, Keith was trapped right in between Benji and Ambar who were both vying for Keith’s attention. *Look out, Hunk. You’ve got competition for Benji and Ambar’s attention and his name is Keith.* Not that he blamed them. Keith was pretty cool.

They were mostly just seeming to have a competition for asking Keith to teach them new words. ‘How do you sign [blank]?’ One of the first things Lance had taught his family when Mrs. McClain enforced her sign language learning policy. Lance didn’t think that would give his youngest siblings the power of asking Keith a bunch of questions.
“How do you sign ‘dog’?”

“How do you sign ‘butterfly’?”

“How do you sign ‘Cuba’?”

“How do you sign--”

Okay. So maybe Lance did know that he was basically giving Ambar and Benji a box labeled ‘superpower’ with that one. But it was still one of the ASL basics that went a long way.

Keith looked pretty flustered and Lance couldn’t help the small chuckle exiting his lips. Sorry not sorry, Keith.

As if he knew, Keith looked back at Lance for some kind of help, eyebrows raised and eyes wide. Lance just shrugged and feigned helplessness. Keith scowled in return. There was probably going to be some karma from this. Lance didn’t care.

“Okay, I’m back!” Mrs. McClain announced with a wave. “I had to go to the bathroo-- ah!” She cut herself off quickly. “Bathroom.” She made a T with her right hand and shook it side to side as she repeated the word. Automatically, Lance’s eyes darted over to Keith who gave a nod of understanding. Lance could see a hint of relief in those dark eyes that Keith possessed.

Everything is going to be fine. Lance said to himself.

His family had this down.

It was probably the corniest thing that would ever leave the crevices of Keith’s mind but holy crow there was a party going on in his mouth.

Lance’s mom and dad could cook.
He wasn’t sure if it was because he was hungry when he got here or if it was because he had been so deprived of an actual homemade meal that everything tasted beyond what Lance described. This wasn’t just a great tasting meal, it was a fantastic tasting meal. Someone tell him that this wasn’t super tasty because it was simple. He would fight them all.

Keith tried to keep himself from stuffing his face. This wasn’t something he could just easily obtained if he was back at his home with Shiro.

Shiro couldn’t cook if his life depended on it. Shiro couldn’t cook if Keith’s own life depended on it. The first night Keith officially moved in with Shiro, his brother tried to make some dish he found off of youtube and Keith distinctly remembers that thing catching on fire and Shiro rushing with a pair of oven mitts to dunk it in the sink. And Keith didn’t have much room for shit talking because Keith couldn’t boil water without accidentally setting off the fire alarm in his apartment.

The Broganes, as Shiro jokingly referred to them as, could not cook. At all.

Would Lance mind if Keith decided to trade his own brother for at least one of Lance’s parents? Probably. But Keith couldn’t find himself caring. If Shiro could try this, he’d understand why.

Sucks he can’t have any~.

Keith set down his fork and licked his lips as he swallowed the mouthful he had. He hadn’t exactly done a good job in communicating with them after he started eating. It had mostly just been the McClains signing at him and Keith nodding or shaking his head in response.

The Mister and Mrs. were currently talking to each other. Keith decided to just wave his hand and hope to get either of their attention. But when he felt a small hand on his shoulder, Keith looked to Benji whose lips were moving. Oh. Then Benji turned to Keith and gave him a thumbs up. Keith smiled and gave him a thumbs up in return before looking back to Mr. and Mrs. McClain who were giving him pleasant looks.

“This is good.” Keith’s right slapped down adamantly onto his left. This was the best thing he’d tasted in a long time. Keith used to roll his eyes during the few days before this dinner happened and Lance kept bagging on how Marie Callender’s and Stouffer's tasted like trash. It’s just his personal bias of hatred against microwaveable, frozen foods. But now… Keith was seriously grimacing on the inside because tomorrow he knew he was going to be eating a Marie Callender’s turkey dinner with the little cranberries and frozen veggies.
Fuck his life.

Mr. McClain looked like he was laughing and Keith cocked his head to the side. What was so funny? He looked at Lance looked as if he was having trouble holding in his laughter as well. Lance just made a circle with his right hand then scrunched his face up into a sour expression.

Keith’s face scrunched up immediately in return.

It wasn’t his fault that he made funny grumpy faces. He was going through the drama of thinking about his future meals for reference.

*Now I’m just being over dramatic.* Apparently eating like you were Lance McClain meant being over dramatic like Lance McClain. Over dramaticness was contagious. Thanks, Lance.

Laura tapped Keith’s shoulder reaching and tapped his shoulder. “**M-O-R-E food?**”

Keith shook his head trying to be as polite as possible. He was full. When his head hit his pillow tonight, he was going to be lights out. Marie Callender’s and Stouffer’s had nothing on this. He gulped down his cup of water, slightly regretting the fact he just made his stomach feel heavier than it already was.

“**Are you okay?**” Jacob signed from across the table and Keith nodded. He did a lot of that tonight. He was just seriously full and was stuck between wanting to eat more simply because of the fact he would be going back to microwaveable meals and needed his stomach to have the meal he had tonight on reserve. But he wouldn’t.

He would definitely rub the fact he had this tasty meal in Shiro’s face though.

Shiro who was probably eating a microwaveable dinner right now or watching Cupcake Wars. Possibly both.

But still, smugness aside, Keith was going to have to head home soon. It was going to get late soon. He glanced over at Lance, wondering if he could telepathically communicate this fact to him, but Lance was too busy in the kitchen doing something so all Keith could really see was his back.
Lance had really broad shoulders.

_Curse you, gay thoughts._ Keith growled, this time he made sure to keep his poker face in tact. He was not going to be caught checking out Lance’s shoulders in his house in front of his immediate family. But they were extremely great shoulders and Keith had a thing for guys with broad shoulders and man Lance had some nice--

Keith snapped out his train of thoughts when he caught Mrs. McClain waving a hand in front of him.

Fuck.

Please don’t tell me she caught any of that.

Luckily, it seemed that someone up there was listening to him because Mrs. McClain was just smiling kindly and handed him a small piece of paper. ‘_We figured you’d want to leave soon since it is getting late so we’re packing extra containers of leftovers for you and your brother._’ It said.

If he was that sensitive a person, Keith is pretty sure he’d be crying.

This deserved a hug. So…. as awkward as he felt, Keith stood up and gave her one. It wasn’t a long one, like the one he had received when he first got here, but it was a hug nonetheless.

“_Thank you._” He meant it a lot. Even if it meant not being able to rub in eating a great meal in Shiro’s face, it was nice to know he and Shiro wouldn’t have to go microwave something for the next day or so all depending on how they portioned everything. And he’d have to make a mental note to not forget to return the plastic containers.

Now that he was standing, he could clearly see the large plastic containers that Lance was packing the food into and he put three of them into a plastic bag that he then put into a beige tote bag.

After that, things had gone through in a softer blur with alot of hugs.
Mrs. McClain had hugged him again and that turned into a bear of group hug with Mr. McClain and Benji and Ambar (who got extra hugs because they wanted individual hugs). Jacob swooped in fast and ruffled Keith’s hair, rubbing in the fact that he was taller than Keith most definitely. Then came Laura with her her hair tickling Keith’s face. Numbers had even been exchanged. Keith had four new numbers in cell phone now and already had a text from Mrs. McClain that said ‘My son tells me you drive like a maniac, please drive carefully.’

*This is a really kind family.* Keith thought as he gave them one more wave before Lance closed the door. Keith had his tote bag full of leftovers and his helmet under his arms, keys in one hand. Like Keith originally thought, he had been paranoid for no reason. The McClains were a great family. Bigger than what Keith was used to and definitely very extroverted, but it was nice to be around them even for a little while (Keith still needed his introvert recharge though).

Keith looked over to his right and Lance had been keeping pace like a champ even if there wasn’t that much of a distance from his front door to Keith’s motorcycle. It was nice to be walked to it. Kind of like it was some kind of date.

*Thanks, gay feelings. Not now.*

Maybe later when he got home.

Definitely when he got home.

Home with his brother and their two cats who were already predisposed to his pining.

It was pretty dark save for a few streetlights dotting the area they were in. So there wasn’t much lighting to really talk clearly, but Keith was going to take the attempt to communicate somehow anyway. He gave Lance a light nudge, giving a small turn of the corner of his lips into something that was half small smile and half slight smirk. He wondered how well Lance could see it though. But it didn’t seem to be so bad because Lance’s face seemed to be making a smile before he attempted to nudge Keith back. Keith stopped walking and just allowed Lance to nudge into air then laughed at how indignant Lance seemed to look afterwards.

Keith would say sorry, but he didn’t believe in lying, Lance.
That was when they reached Keith’s motorcycle and Keith sighed a little. The night had to end eventually and this was it.

He gave Lance another look, a little surprise Lance was already looking back at him. *I had fun.* He was thinking. And when Lance actually gave him a small nudge, Keith knew that Lance got the memo.

They would have to do this again.

Keith wasn’t sure when but sometime eventually, he wanted to come over to Lance’s house again. It wouldn’t be weird if he told Lance that later, right? They were friends and his family knew him now. Numbers had been exchanged. He was… a part of the McClain family now, right? Or was that now how it worked?

Apparently the rules were different in summer so he’d just have to ask Lance about it later.

Okay.

He should probably go home now instead of having a practical staring competition with Lance and his face.

*Okay but you should kiss him.* Keith’s gay thoughts were whispering. Just go right for it and not look back. Right here, in the moment where it was just him and Lance looking at each other as Lance waited for Keith to head on home. *On the cheek at least.*

So that’s what Keith did.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 32 is brought to you by it's 10pm in my time and Keith's impulsive ass decisions~

This chapter took me longer than I was expecting because it was nearly 9 pages long. Tbh, that ain't long by normal page standards but considering the highest I've ever gone with this fic is barely 7 pages-- this makes ch32 the longest chapter in tdros. It's also the first chapter in tdros where Lance and Keith both have one chapter with both their povs in it. I thought that was a little fun to write. Over all, I had fun writing this chapter
(mostly because in the bg I was listening to old episodes of Conan that had Steven Yeun on it) and I am more or less satisfied with the end result. Now I get to post it and dab because it's only 10pm my time and thus, right on schedule.

Enjoy the chapter!

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the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Chapter Summary

Lance accepts the fact that he is, indeed, a drama queen.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It had happened so fast Lance wasn’t really sure how to react at first.

The dinner had gone great.

Lance’s family loved having Keith over, numbers had even been exchanged. There were so many hugs, that the Care Bears would have been jealous of this affection fest. There had been nothing to worry about. Dinner went on smoothly and it was all thanks to his parents and siblings being attentive to Keith’s needs.

They understood it.

Accepted it.

Were perfectly fine with it.

Keith even got to go home with leftovers for him and his brother. Keith had just become an honorary McClain tonight. He was part of the team; family.

The evening was slowly coming to close as everyone realized that Keith had to take off and Lance was going to inch his way onto being a lowkey gentleman by at least walking Keith to his motorcycle and watching him take off. Then he was planning on calling Hunk for little while because he had to let his bestie know how the evening went.

He and Keith just shared a bonding moment! Playful nudges, even though Keith was a tiny little shit with moving out of the way at the last minute on one of them. It was basically the perfect ending to a perfect dinner.
So why was Lance.exe not working again?

Lance wasn’t so sure, his brain wasn’t exactly working and he could feel his eyes drying out surely and had to blink here and there to keep the discomfort from getting too unbearable. Lance.exe had definitely stopped working and he needed to be reset.

Either he was fuller than he thought and he got hit with the itis or Keith’s lips had actually touched his face for ten seconds of his life.

Lance really wasn’t sure. It was like his brain was like an old PC from the 90s, slowly processing everything on Internet Explorer.

*Keith….. Just kissed me…. On the face.*

Lance blinked again. He was looking at Keith, but it felt like it wasn’t. He was used to the Keith that seemed to ooze confidence and occasional apathy, unabashed in his actions and lack of filter. Not the Keith who was currently avoiding looking at his face, staring at his motorcycle helmet like it was the most interesting item in the universe.

*Keith. Just kissed me. On the face.*

Holy quiznak.

The information hit him like ton of bricks being dropped onto an egg. But instead of yolk, this egg was spilling feelings. Lots and lots of feelings. It literally felt like Lance’s heart was beating 90 beats per minute. No no, per second.

**“Ooooooh my god!”** Lance immediately turned around and clutched at his mom’s car, jaw hanging wide opened as the information just played over and over in his brain. His crush just kissed him on the face. The cheek. A body part. A part of his face. Whatever you want to call it. It was fast, but there’s no way you could fake the firm press on the left side of his face. His face. Lance’s face. Which currently felt like it was on fire. “You can’t just-- You-- That-- GAH.” With a slam of his head and fists onto the side of the car, Lance was currently sure of the fact that he wasn’t prepared for this.
He was extremely, emotionally unprepared for this.

He was also generally unprepared for his mother’s car alarm to go off with loud honking and flashing lights.

Lance leaped back with a loud scream, barely missing Keith who had to scramble out of the way.

That’s when the McClain family front door slammed wide opened, Mr. McClain’s features barely visible with how the light from the background kept made him look more like a shadow standing in the middle of the door. “Lance! What happened?! What’s going on!? Why is Keith still here?!” The middle aged man’s silhouette looked tense and his hands held the keys and the alarm silencer which, after a few frantic clicks, silenced the car.

Lance blinked once without saying anything.

Twice.

Thrice.

Oh right. He probably needed to talk.

“I… um…” His eyes darted from his dad to the car several times. “… I tripped.”

The edge left Mr. McClain’s form immediately. “Lance.” Lance didn’t need to be able to see his father’s face to know that his father looked extremely unamused right now. Behind him, Lance could see his mother peering through the door.

“Honey, what’s wrong? What set the alarm off?”

“Lance tripped, apparently.”

Lance cringed. He got the feeling he would be getting talked to when he got back inside. “We were nudging each other around and I uh…. Kinda tripped and hit the car. My bad. My feet slipped.”
There was a long pause before Lance’s mom sighed. “Just, have Keith leave soon. It’s getting late, so you get back inside soon too.” And with that and some waves at Keith, the door shut and left Lance back in a tense silence.

Suddenly, he wished for the car alarms. Right now, all he could hear were crickets and the faint sound of the TV being played. It was almost comical, like a scene in a movie where things between the main characters got awkward except this time-- Lance was one of the main characters and the other one was Keith.

Keith.

His crush.

The guy who just kissed him. On the face.

Lance’s face was on fire all over again.

He shuffled his feet. Crap. Suddenly his feet felt sweaty in his shoes. They were probably going to smell now. And that meant the smell would creep out his shoes and into the air and Keith would smell it and that would make shit worse and-- Fucking quznak I really am being a drama queen. The ultimate drama queen. The drama empress.

Lance took a deep breath.

He just needed to calm down, right?

Right.

That was it.

He just… needed to calm down.
And breathe.

He inhaled again, exhaling from his mouth. His face felt a little cooler now. That was good.

And now… he just had to actually look at Keith.

His friend, crush, alien conspiracy theorist extraordinaire. The guy who made mullets look good even to those who thought they were cringey. Maybe it was because Keith had the emo mullet sub-grouping of mullet. Okay. Not the thing to really focus on here even if it would relieve some of the tension.

Lance just had to do this like he was ripping off a band aid. Count to three and turn.

One.

Two.

Three.

When Lance made immediate eye contact with Keith, his face immediately felt an increase in temperature again. So much for feeling cooled off.

His heart felt like it was beating even faster now too.

This wasn’t fair.

Even with the lighting he was getting from the streetlight close by, Lance couldn’t tell if Keith was embarrassed or not. Was Keith even happy? Did he mess up because he immediately began to flip the hell out over a little peck? A peck he would have welcomed full-heartedly had he known it was coming. It was just hard to read Keith sometimes. Keith was impulsive. He wouldn’t hesitate to zoom on yellow light’s because he automatically figured ‘if I speed, I can make it’. And now, Keith was being even harder to read.
Keith looked at the ground when Lance’s eyes eyes met his, eyebrows furrowing. Either he was mad or in deep thought.

Oh shit.

What if he, like, took it back? That was a thing right? Pulling the ‘oh shit, you didn’t react well so I should just take it back or something’.

Okay but what if you’re being super arrogant right now in assuming that this is what you thought it was. Jacob platonically kisses a lot of his friend’s cheeks and just because I happened to be bi and Keith happens to be gay it doesn’t automatically assume that Keith is even into me in the slightest. Lance wanted to cringe at this behaviour.

Way to be a great friend, Lance.

Lance reached into his jean pockets to grab his smartphone. He was more or less right in front of the streetlight, there was no way Keith was going to be able to understand anything he signed or said. It would be too dark on Lance’s end to do any of that stuff. So texting it was.

Lance would fix this.

He could fix a bunch of things if he tried hard enough.

They don’t call him The Tailor for no reason.

[Me
I’m really sorry I just-- ]

A hand pushed Lance’s hand down and Lance looked up with a small jolt. Keith’s eyebrows were still furrowed and he was biting his bottom lip as his eyes drifted off to the side. Like he was struggling with something internally. Lance wasn’t sure whether or not he felt even more nervous. He also wasn’t sure it was a good thing if he couldn’t tell whether or not he was nervous. He hates being a big ball of nerves right now and it’s all Keith’s fault.
Keith finally removed his hand and Lance could feel a sinking feeling in his chest. Definitely not a good thing.

Then Keith took a deep breath, exhaling shakily and considering the lucky he was having, Lance honestly thought Keith might leave wordlessly. Take off on his motorcycle and go. But then Keith took in another deep breath and oh fucking shit Lance just needed some kind of action to happen already!!

“Ah... Aye… lige yew.”

Lance.exe most definitely had to stop working at some point. No no, he was dreaming.

There was no way he was actually listening to Keith t--

But he did it again. “Lansh, aye lige yew.”

“A laht.” And again.

Keith actually looked like he was shaking, helmet held in his hands tightly. “Aye lige yew.” His eyebrows practically looked like they were becoming one from how deeply he had them furrowed into each other. “A laht…”

I like you.

Holy fucking quiznak.

Chapter End Notes

*slides in earlier than usual* guess what's here? Chapter 33 of tdros. And fun fact for the day, while the meanings are inter-changeable at times, tulips in the language of flowers mean 'declaration of love'. Good chapter title for once, amirite homies? And for bekdebek, you were right the first time :) my pronouns she/her.

Sorry not sorry for dat cliffhanger from last chapter. And this one >:D. I was super nervous writing this chapter though tbh but I ultimately thought this was like the best possible end for this chapter because I had no idea what else to do after that. Heavily
dedicate this chapter to the homie on tumblr, beckology. He was the one who gave the #backup on the idea and even verified it for me. And if his crops are flourishing and his skin is clearing, my nerves are lowering. Slowly, but surely.

Not Lance's tho~

Enjoy the chapter and let me know what you guys think in the comments!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Chapter Summary

Lance.exe completes with the resets and he finally is able to give Keith a response.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Keith was staring at the ground now.

It was probably because Lance had said anything yet, but can you blame him?! This wasn’t anything Lance.exe had been prepared for tonight.

Dinner? Yes.

Spontaneous cheek kissing and a love confession? Not so much.

Lance.exe really wasn’t prepared for any of that.

I like you.

Keith just told him ‘I like you’!

Romantically.

He said it.

Verbally.

And Lance couldn’t believe that.
It wasn’t like Keith had sent him a text or signed it out for him. He actually said it out loud for the whole world to hear.

For Lance to hear.

And quiznak, Keith’s voice was amazing. So so amazing. Was it corny if Lance thought Keith had the prettiest voice he had ever heard?

Probably.

Lance didn’t care.

And it was when Lance didn’t care about how corny his thought processes were when Lance.exe finally got into real time. Keith just told me he liked me. Like, like-like me. (Way to not sound like a kindergartener, Lance). And I haven’t. Said. Anything!


Keith was over here probably panicking mentally because Lance had been silent for quiznak knows how long, and here was Lance. Admiring Keith’s voice. Wrong time, wrong time. He could admire Keith’s voice later.

*But right now, I need to say something!*

Lance brought his phone back up into his line of sight and began immediately erasing what he had originally planned on sending. He had to send something fast.

[Me
Keith I like y-- ]

“JUST KISS!!”
The sound of clacking came from Lance’s phone because he just dropped it.

Fuck.

His.

Life.

Lance’s head whipped to the direction of his house and there they were. Asshats 1 and 2; Laura and Jacob. Their heads were sticking out of the window of Lance’s shared bedroom, eyes intent on the situation.

“What are you assholes, doing?!” He really hoped Keith didn’t notice-- well fuck, he’s already looking in the direction Lance is looking in.

“Just kiss him, Lance!” Laura shouted angrily.

“We have speakers, bro!” Jacob added, unhelpfully Lance might add. “The mood setting music!”

“We you assholes stop peeking in on my love life and do something else before I get mom and dad!”

“Mom asked us to look, idiot!”

Uuuuuugh.

This.

He was going to try and be the mature one here. This was his freaking romantic moment with his crush and they were ru-- well, to be fair, Lance was kind of already ruining it so he couldn’t get too
mad.

But still.

“Just go please!”

It took a few moments but the window did eventually close and Lance was going to pretend they closed the blinds all the way instead of just leaving all small sliver open to still peer outside at Lance failing at romance.

This was definitely going to be a memorable story.

Lance looked back at Keith.

Keith still wasn’t looking at him.

Great.

He was probably embarrassed. Keith wasn’t stupid, he probably knew why Laura and Jacob had been nosy. Then to top the cherry on top of the cake, Lance hadn’t even said anything and Keith was probably thinking ‘great, I fucked everything up’ and that was far from the case.

And if I just go over to get my phone then things will just get awkward because I have to bend over and get it and I don’t even know if it would even be as awkward as I am making it in my head right now. Lance held back a groan of frustration. He was overthinking things. Again. Lance glanced down at his feet.

That was another thing to add to his list of weaknesses. Lance was a huge overthinker. On everything. That was something to envy Keith on, the guy didn’t bother thinking. He acted on his feelings and thought about things later depending on how things went. Did Keith need more impulse control? Yes. But the guy never paused and that was actually something to admire.

To do instead of try, like Old Man Yoda said.
Maybe that was why Lance’s luck in romance never got anywhere past flirting most times. The ones he really liked he never acted on anything.

Just kiss, his siblings said.

Lance looked back at Keith who looked highkey like the textbook definition of embarrassed and upset.

You know what?

Fuck impulse control.

It wasn’t that good of a first kiss (not necessarily as in an in general first kiss, but this was the first kiss he and Keith ever had). Lance hand’s latched onto Keith’s shoulders and he sent his lips crashing down onto Keith’s so hard that their teeth clacked against each other. Yeah. Definitely not the best of first kisses at all.

Thanks for fucking up his kiss, impulse control, Lance thought vaguely with a hiss of pain as he and Keith leaned back from each other.

Lance was embarrassed all over again.

He tries to physically reciprocate Keith’s confession and he makes a first kiss a collision course. Perfect.

Lance was vaguely aware that his fingers tightened around Keith’s shoulders, but he blamed the nerves. What was the statistics on how fast attraction dropped when a first kiss turned out to be awkward and shit again? Lance couldn’t remember. But considering the fact that Keith’s mouth was hanging slack jaw, Lance was going to be that Keith was thinking he was a shit kisser, he lost any chance to redeem himself, they were going to go back to being just friends.

Lance was never going off of impulse control ever aga--
That sentence was short circuited as Lance felt Keith ramming his own lips against Lance’s this time.

Oh wow.

It was an awkward, close-mouthed kissed that felt more like Keith was trying to be passionate in the moment but considering the Tooth Clash of the First Kiss of this Evening, it was a much better improvement and why was Lance even thinking right now instead of kissing back? He needed to be kissing back right now. He was going to kiss back now.

Lance sighed and slid his arms into a much more comfortable position around Keith’s shoulders.

He was vaguely aware of the loud cheers and screaming coming from his house.

He was also very aware of a grouchy old man yelling: “WILL YOU IDIOTS ACROSS THE STREET SHUT UP?!”

Lance could do nothing but laugh after that, the butterfly wings in his stomach beating a mile a minute when he heard Keith joining in.

Chapter End Notes

So someone drew a cute sketch sequence of Lance flipping out over Keith kissing his cheek and I love it?
HOLY COW I GOT A LOT OF COMMENTS LAST CHAPTER I AM CRYING.

Chapter 34 is now here and boom, we have Lance's proper response, Laura and Jacob are the dream squad, and Keith can finally stop wanting to rip his mullet apart. #ThankYou4NotControllingYourImpulseLance, we appreciate it. Today's flower language inspired chapter means 'your love is reciprocated' ;). This chapter was a bit difficult to write because for the longest time I was like 'oh shit, what do i write now???' But I think I was able to make a chapter I am satisfied with and that's good enough for me.

Also, pray for Lance's cell phone screen. We shalt know the damage next chapter.

Comments are appreciated, love you guys!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Of Scratched Phone Screens and Grinning Idiots

Chapter Summary

Fuckin Lance.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Keith stepped into his room and slumped onto in his bed, hair still wet from his shower.

He’d been home for around thirty minutes now. Shiro was downstairs eating a portion of the leftovers Keith received from Mrs. McClain. Red was shooting him a dirty look from her spot on his pillow and Black was somewhere in the house, probably sleeping. With the exception of the leftovers, this was the typical night in the Brogane apartment hold.

Key: in the Brogane household.

The things that had happened outside the Brogane household however, was anything but Keith’s ordinary Friday night and thinking about it got Keith’s heart racing again. He couldn’t not think about it.

Like-- wow.

That actually just happened.

He could feel himself starting a losing battle with keeping himself from smiling. Keith hadn’t been this giddy about something in a while. A long while. It wasn’t just that weird fluttery feeling you’d get in your stomach, it was a weird flurry of bubbles of excitement that were hot to the touch.

Tonight was the night that he told Lance he liked him and Lance liked him back.

Keith flopped over to his side, scrunching up into a ball (Red would hate him forever if he accidentally kicked her by flailing all over the place).
He actually told Lance that he liked him!

For once, impulsive decisions were on Keith’s side! He wasn’t even embarrassed at the fact he knew Lance’s family had been snooping on them the whole time (though he would probably feel that embarrassment when his giddiness levels went down. If they went down).

Keith had been a grinning mess the whole motorcycle ride home.

He was a grinning mess when he actually made it home.

He was a grinning mess in the shower.

And Keith was still a grinning mess right now.

Would it be bad if he texted Lance right now?

Keith’s impulses didn’t care because he was already grabbing his phone, sitting up against the wall and shivering slightly at how cold it felt through his shirt.

Keith quickly found himself an even bigger mess when he saw he already had a text from Lance though.

[Lancelot
Did you get home yet? ]

This guy. Keith needed to hold onto something but Red was on his pillow. He settled for bunching up his knees to his chest. Good enough.

[Me
Yeah sorry for not texting you when I got here, my brother ambushed me and then I took a shower?
Lancelot
Pff
Ambushed you? Was it the leftovers?]

No.

Shiro’s reason for ambushing Keith the moment he stepped through the door was the fact that Keith was later than usual getting home. Probably from the… delay after dinner at Lance’s. But that turned into a whole new kind of ambush when Shiro noticed the ‘dumb grin’ on Keith’s face which turned into a ‘is it about that Lance guy? Did you kiss him?!’ type of interrogation.

The leftovers were but a humble distraction and Keith bolted to his room right afterwards.

Keith narrowly escaped alive.

[Me
Yeah. I haven’t asked what he thought yet but I’m pretty sure he likes it, your parents are great cooks

Lancelot
It runs in the family ;) ]

They were talking normally, that was really good.

[Me
I haven’t tasted anything you’ve made yet so I’ll believe it when I taste it

Lancelot
If this is your way to bait me into bringing you lunch on monday, it is working

Me
Good ]

There was a pause and every passing second felt like minutes. Years even.
He reached over to run his fingers through Red’s fur. Keith knew he was being overdramatic, but still. Considering the events that had gone on today, Keith wasn’t in the most patient of moods. So the buzzing he got in his hands after what felt like 30 years, Keith felt instant relief.

[Lancelot
Is it corny if I say I’m super happy right now? ]

This. Guy. Keith wanted to scream.

[Me
No I’m super happy too
You kind of… had me worried there for a while

Lancelot
^_^; sorry about that I was kind of starting to put myself in an early friendzone and I might have overreacted

Me
You always overreact to stuff

Lancelot
My bi heart is fragile keef
F R A G I L E
You can’t just kiss a guy on the cheek and suddenly hit him with a love confession and expect him to work properly!
I was dying on the inside, alright!
Quit teasing! I got, like, 3 scratches on my phone screen for you

Me
So was I, jerk. You wouldn’t say anything and I thought it was supposed to be your rejection process

Lancelot
Shhhh rejection and keef don’t belong in the same sentence

Me
But I’m still a little surprise too. I get that it happened, but it kind of doesn’t feel like it

**Lancelot**
I know what you mean! It’s a ‘holy shit is this happening’ thing and the trolls aren’t letting me live it down

**Me**
Laura and Jacob sent me a lot of texts already, so I know

**Lancelot**
You liiiiiike me ]

Keith’s face slowly started rising in temperature. This little shit.

[Me
Don’t start

**Lancelot**
You kiiiissed me too~

**Me**
You kissed me first
Badly

**Lancelot**
I am a much better kisser when I’m not running on impulse alone

**Me**
I’ll believe that when it happens :)
And there went Keith’s high giddiness levels.

Thanks, Lance.

[Me
What’s the question?

Lancelot
Are we……… boyfriends now? Like, official romantic boyfriends? ]

And on second thought, Keith was feeling an increase in butterflies. Wow. Butterflies. He was actually using the term butterflies for once.

[Me
I’d like that]

The next buzz to indicate a response from Lance didn’t go to the thread he and Keith had going on. It was in the group chat and Keith’s mouth dropped a little at that.

[LanceLaurensInThePlace2Bee
HOLY SHIT KEITH AND I ARE BOYFRIENDS NOW YOU GUYS
HUNK, SHAY, WE’RE GUNNING AFTER YOU GUYS FOR CUTEST COUPLE ]

Fucking.

Lance.

The flood of replies after came rushing in like they were a waterfall.

[HunkaliciousDefinitious
SERIOUSLY?
CONGRATS GUYS
<3 <3 <3 #PurpleLuv
IfMattMakesMePlayHimOnRainbowRoadOneMoreTime
Well that was faster than I was expecting. I thought you guys would take at least 50 years to get to this point but nice
Take care of lance for us keith

LanceLaurensInThePlace2Bee
Excuse you
I’m the one taking care of keith?? He thinks tv dinners are an acceptable source of nourishment?

Shayonce
[GIF RECEIVED]
Tfw your friends finally become a couple when you’ve been calling it ever since lance used to have mini swooning sessions about keith

Lancelot
Pfff nice

HunkaliciousDefinitious
But my cupcake and I have no interest in giving up our title to you and your boyfriend
Find a different title

Lancelot
You really think you can out petname me?

-- keeftheswiftie has been changed to HoneyMuffin;*<3-- ]

Keith was going to implode.

[Me
LANCE

LanceLaurensInThePlace2Bee
Hiii, keef~

Shayonce
Congrats, keith! You two are really cute together already!

**HunkaliciousDefinitious**
Not as cute as me and shay thooo~

**IfMattMakesMePlayHimOnRainbowRoadOneMoreTime**
Can we agree that you are both going to be very corny couples and keep the grossness out? I’m am but a small child ]

So was Keith.

Keith wanted to melt.

He wasn’t surprised because this was Lance but Lance was also the reason that he was screaming on the inside.

*He made my nickname honey muffin. It was gross. It was corny. (And Keith fucking loved it and he would never let Lance know.*)

There was still a lot of buzzing coming from the group chat but one buzz in particular came from the private thread he had with Lance.

Figures he’d be the type to easily keep up a conversation with four people at the same time in both one chat and another.

**[Lancelot]**
Do you…
Want to go on a date tomorrow? ]

Keith was pretty sure his face going to hurt from how much he was trying not to smile right now.

**[Me]**
Yes ]
Chapter 35 has arrived on AO3 before 10pm for again whoop whoop! And with chapter 35 up now, this officially means we are 5 days from ending and getting to the last chapter. Holy crap this has gone a long way!

Lance and Keith are officially a couple and Lance seems to have no shame in letting the world know. That's the Lance we know and love. And Keith Kogane? More like Keith the Hopeless Sap. Romantic Bad Boy Keef is definitely a thing guy, even with the awkward first kisses.

I hope you enjoy the chapter!

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the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Too Excited to Sleep So Let’s Text

Chapter Summary

Lance and Keith are up late being excited and nervous dweebs.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[Honey Muffin<3
Hey are you awake?

Me
Believe it or not, yup
What’s up?

Honey Muffin<3
Nothing. I couldn’t sleep that’s all

Me
Haha same here
I’m too excited for our daaate~

Honey Muffin<3
Yeah me too

Me
JNDJKFDF NDKJFNDSD KEEEEITH DON’T JUST CASUALLY AGREE LIKE THAT MY HEART

Honey Muffin<3
I was just being honest, drama queen

Me
I will change your contact name back to Keef the Asshole
Honey Muffin<3
….. Do I even want to know what my contact name is now?

Me
Honey Muffin<3 <3
It’s cute like you

Honey Muffin<3
….. I don’t like you and your attempts to be smooth

Me
You’re just mad that I am smooth and you’re probably lowkey swooning ;*
But don’t worry, babe
I know you have a sappy side you don’t want to reveal to me
That’s fine

Honey Muffin<3
I will change /your/ nickname if you don’t stop

Me
Make it something cute and corny because I love pet names

Honey Muffin<3
Now I’m definitely not doing that

Me
D:
I ask you out on a date and you reject my pet name idea

Honey Muffin<3
Poor baby

Me
Okay but technically I’m your baby/babe so like, smooth line
Honey Muffin<3
Why are you like this?

Me
Because I’m awesome??

Honey Muffin<3
….. Somewhat true

Me
<3
Btw, 7:30pm right?
For our date? I’ll pick you up?

Honey Muffin<3
You drive?

Me
My mom’s car and I got the stamp of approval
I don’t drive like a guy on a police chase, so I’m picking you up and I need your address

Honey Muffin<3
2249 Thompson Drive
And I drive just fine

Me
Okay mr fast and furious

Honey Muffin<3
I am not amused

Me
Neither is your impending traffic ticket
#datroasttho
Honey Muffin<3
You are such a nerd
I can’t believe the guy I like doesn’t believe in aliens or cryptids

Me
I can’t believe that the guy I’m dating doesn’t believe in ghosts, so we’re even ;*

Honey Muffin<3
Not as effective as your japanese emojis

Me
I am too tired for those
I had a big day tonight, well, yesterday. You see this guy I’ve liked for a while kissed me and agreed
to become my boyfriend and we have a date now?

Honey Muffin<3
Where /are/ we going for that btw?

Me
Surprise surprise

Honey Muffin<3
…. Fine

Me
And don’t bother asking hunky bear
I didn’t tell him because he can’t keep a secret

Honey Muffin<3
Damn it

Me
YOU WERE ACTUALLY GOING TO ASK HIM?
Honey Muffin<3
It was an option I was considering…
But it’s still kind of weird
Being called someone’s boyfriend

Me
You aaaaare my boyfriend tho

Honey Muffin<3
I know
I just didn’t think I’d actually be dating someone is all, you’re kinda my first boyfriend

Me
OAO WHAT?!

Honey Muffin<3
Don’t act that surprised. I told you that I didn’t really get asked for my number before

Me
That doesn’t insinuate you never having a boyfriend before this
I am determined to be the best first boyfriend you ever have
How am I doing so far?

Honey Muffin<3
We just started dating, lance

Me
I was just curious :3
You’re not my first boyfriend but, so far I think you’re doing good even if the stuff you did was before we actually started dating
I usually do the asking out and stuff so it really made me feel nice

Honey Muffin<3
Oh

Me
Yeah <3
It’s a scene forever recorded in my heart and mind rn

Honey Muffin<3
You are so weird

Me
Weirdly sweet, I know

Honey Muffin<3
…. Did my voice sound weird? You can be honest if it was

Me
Dude your voice is perfect and I love it
And I’m not just over exaggerating
It’s got this husky and soft vibe to it and it was soothing even if you gave me a brain reset with your sudden confession of crushing

Me
….. You still there?

Honey Muffin<3
Yeah, I’m here
I was just happy. A little. Yeah. Thanks for that

Me
<3
You’re really cute, you know that? I’m still dying over here and you’re being all sweet and sappy
How am I supposed to sleep now? I’ve been having a hard enough time as it is. I’m too excited

Honey Muffin<3
Me too

Me
Wanna….. Watch a movie on rabbit and fall asleep on it?
Chapter End Notes

Chapter 36 is now up! 4 days until the final reckoning...

Lance and Keith's date hasn't happened yet, but it'll be coming eventually. One of these upcoming chapters... *sips tea of mystery*. This chapter was another text chapter and as you can see, Keith's contact info has also changed in his and Lance's private thread. Such romance.

Enjoy the chapter, guys!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Chapter Summary

Keith reflects on his lack of a love life and Shiro is a turd who is definitely lying to Keith's face right now.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Keith rubbed at his eyes groggily.

He hated waking up in the morning, even he could sleep in, mornings were awful. Scratch that, it wasn’t morning.

It was almost 2 in the afternoon and Keith woke up to no Red, a black laptop screen, and his phone at 30% of a charge. He definitely fell asleep on Lance last night.

Keith was going to blame his lack of being able to fall asleep last night. This morning. However.

Admittedly, Keith was finding it hard to fall asleep. He had a new boyfriend, they were going on a date today, Shiro was out cold. So, Keith decided to only thing to do there was to find someone he knew who was going through the same pre-date jitters as he was and sent Lance a text at 2:15 in the morning. But Lance was up and after some texts were exchanged, Lance suggested they watched a movie. The movie that was chosen? Atlantis.

Really nice choice in Keith’s opinion.

The next thing Keith knew, it was hard to keep his eyes open. A struggle, really. So eventually at some random part of the movie, Keith can’t remember which one, he stopped struggling and closed them.

Now he was here.
Awake again and hating life. The feeling would probably rub off with some breakfast and a very tall glass of icy water. Breakfast in his home was a simple affair. Something instantly thawed in the microwave or toaster, something from a fast food restaurant, or cereal. Keith wasn’t in the mood for something savory and took forever Lucky Charms it is. (With almond milk. Keith is lactose intolerant and he isn’t messing with his system today.)

Keith just wanted to have a nice and peaceful morning.

But then Keith came into the living room/dining room area of the apartment and saw Shiro was there, and that possibility went right out the window. Shiro had later shifts on Saturdays.

There was no way to avoid the impending interrogation. Shiro was already up and at em, grinning like the jerk face he was deep down inside. All older brothers are to some extent. Shiro was no different.

“Are you and Lance dating?”

Keith was unamused.

What ever happened to ‘good morning’ or ‘how did you sleep?’

So with a deep sigh, Keith went ahead and said “Yes. We have a date today.”

Keith might as well have told Shiro that he won a million bucks in the lottery because Shiro was doing a victory dance. Keith cringed and just went to the kitchen. Shiro did not have the ability to dance. Shiro and dabbing, didn’t belong in the same sentence. Keith needed nutrition.

Yes, this was his first ever date, but Shiro was being over dramatic.

“You actually are going on a date and I am very happy! Where are you going?”

“He said it was a surprise and I want to eat now.”
I really hope he isn’t here when Lance picks me up. Shiro would be the exact definition of embarrassing older brother.

It was almost like talking to Lance.

Lance who believed the fact that Keith never having a boyfriend until now wasn’t plausible. But believe it or not, it was.

Keith wasn’t actually the best people person. He got awkward around them and he was hard to approach since he constantly looked like he would fight anyone who would dare talk to him. The closest Keith had ever gotten to a friend before this, outside of family, was whoever he got stuck working with on group projects at school.

They don’t count either.

And let’s not forget the time Keith actually punched one of his crushes from the past. So it was safe to say that Keith wasn’t exactly the most lucky in love.

Finding a boyfriend also wasn’t exactly high on Keith’s list of priorities.

The first was to find Mothman, the second was to find Bigfoot, then third was to make contact with aliens, and fourth…. Probably find a boyfriend? …. *I don’t think finding a boyfriend was on my priority list to begin with.* Keith had enough things on his plate without having to add relationships to it.

Relationships were hard enough as it is.

But patience yields great boyfriends because even if Keith didn’t give him an answer when he asked, if Keith counted the things Lance did before they started dating, Lance was shaping up to be a pretty good boyfriend.

Deaf-Hearing relationships weren’t exactly the easiest thing in the world, not that relationships were easy in general but-- Lance still learned a whole new language for him. And they weren’t even dating yet. Keith was just some guy with a thing for tall guys with broad shoulders and things eventually reached this point.
Alright, Keith needed to stop his train of thought before he started smiling out of nowhere.

“Just don’t embarrass me when he gets here.” Keith gave Shiro a stern look when he noticed Shiro was still lurking around, victory dance over with.

“He’s coming over tonight?”

“He’s picking me up.” Keith wasn’t sure if it would do any good, but he still tried to give his brother his best death glare.

“I need to leave soon for work.” Shiro said. “I’ll be on my best behaviour.” He said.

Keith found that to be complete and utter bullshit.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 37.

Uuuugh, this chapter was super hard to write. I was pretty tired the whole time and kept yawning super hard to the point that my eyes would get super watery. You won't believe how hard it is to write something when your brain is barely functioning OTL.

So yeah... a pretty low quality chapter today.

Hope you guys still enjoy it mostly though!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
Chapter Summary

Lance meets Shiro.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Lance took a deep breath.

This was it.

This was officially it.

The big day.

Saturday.

The day he took Keith out on a date. Holy cow, that warranted another deep breath.

Lance was right outside of Keith’s apartment complex. It wasn’t too big or too small, but it wasn’t as if he knew exactly what building to go to. ‘Just text me when you’re outside, I’ll come to the front of the building’ is what Keith had told him earlier before Lance hopped into his mother’s car.

Keith also sent an obligatory ‘Don’t text me while you’re driving text’. He was a sweet guy.

But that wasn’t the point.

The point was the fact that Lance was taking Keith out on a date and he was planning on wowing him. He could already see it now. Keith would be swooning and Lance would earn, like, a bazillion boyfriend points. *And I have to have a redemption kiss.* Lance cringed a little. *Our first two kisses weren’t exactly… something I’d want to brag about.*
So yeah.

Take Keith out on a date and wow him, and a redemption kiss would be great if the moment was just right.

But ultimately, he wanted Keith to enjoy himself and have fun. And hold Keith’s hand.

Okay okay, let me stop stalling and finally send him that text. Lance grinned a little to himself. He was going to blow Keith away with a date this awesome.

[Me
Honey~ I’m parked outside the complex. Remember, silver lexus with the cute guy in it
I can’t wait for our daaaate (˚˛˚)♥ ]

Lance whistled as he waited, thumbs drumming on the steering wheel. Keith had him whistling Taylor Swift songs, it was almost laughable. But whatever, Lance could enjoy some T-Swift on occasions.

It seemed like millions of seconds had passed until someone remotely resembling Keith came into Lance’s line of sight.

Except this guy wasn’t Keith.

It was a tall guy with an undercut and frosted bangs and…. Was this supposed to be Keith’s older brother.

Possibly Shiro waved a little, “Lance, right? Keith is still getting ready, so I was wondering if you wanted to come inside for a little?” Alright then, this guy was now Definitely Shiro.

Lance slowly got out the car before closing and locking all the doors in one swoop. “Yeah... “ Was he supposed to give Shiro a handshake in this instance? Probably. A firm one. He couldn’t look like a wimpy jerk in front of his boyfriend’s older brother. “I’m Lance and it’s nice to meet you. You’re... the cool older brother Keith was telling me about right?”
“Pfff!” Shiro only laughed at that. “If Keith ever called me cool to his boyfriend, I’d be worried he was replaced by some weird clone.” Shiro lead the way to his apartment.

Oh thank goodness he’s nice and cool and not like those weird over protective brothers. Lance would have let out a sigh of relief if it weren’t for the fact he was still trying to make a good first impression. “Well, he mentioned something about you were crazy for not believing the first moon landing was fake.”

“Ugh, he told you about that? Please tell me you’re smart and don’t believe that conspiracy theory.”

Lance made a face. “Er… well…. He presented such a good argument?”

Shiro rolled his eyes. “You and my brother. I guess birds of a feather truly do flock together.”

The apartment that Lance stepped into was decently sized. Looked like a two bedroom and--“Cats~” A ginger and black one lounging on the couch, both shooting him a look before they both took off. “Are these Black and Red? Keith told me about them when we got into this fight over who had the better cat.”

“Oh, you have one?”

Lance beamed. “She’s a beauty named Blue. I named her during the time I thought every gray cat I saw was automatically a Russian Blue, but she has blue eyes. I regret nothing.”

Shiro nodded, “I think I did the same thing. Red and Black are a little shy around strangers.” He gestured to where the cats exited the room. “But they are very sweet when you get to know them. If you want, you can sit on the couch.”

“Blue’s the friendliest cat ever.” Lance wasn’t lowkey bragging. He was just…. Lowkey bragging about his cat. “I think that’s only because I have such a big family though. And kudos to you and Keith for having cats named after colours.”

“And kudos to your parents for being amazing cooks.” Shiro replied. “Seriously. Bring more of your leftovers to this home.”
Lance chuckled at that. “I think my parents might be well on their way to doing that. They’ve heard the horror stories.” TV dinners were no laughing matter, but still. Keith and Shiro were living an awful life if that was part of their daily consumption. “So… you said Keith was still getting ready?”

“Yes, I’ll let him know you’re here in a moment.” Shiro then gestured to the couch. “Go ahead and sit down while you wait, though.”

*Don’t mind if I do.*

Lance had no idea why he was so nervous to meet Keith’s older brother. Shiro was super nice and even if Keith would probably deny it if he mentioned it, Lance could definitely see the similarities between Keith and Shiro’s features. Strong eyebrow game, darker eyes (even if Shiro’s eyes were on the black side and Keith’s were more of a violet), and Shiro was basically Keith with a more developed jawline. But still, eyebrow game was the most important thing. *All of my friends have bigger eyebrows than me and I suddenly feel offended and left out of the strong eyebrow game club.*

That needed to be fixed later.

Lance skimmed the coffee table and was immediately delighted by the photos on them. *Oh my quiznak.* Lance couldn’t have stopped that smile even if he tried. “Keith had a bowl cut as a kid?!” *Cuuuuute!*

“I put them up the moment Keith left the living room.”

“I am going to respect you forever because of this.”

This was amazing.

Keith had bowl hair as a kid. Lance wasn’t letting Keith live this down later. You know, when Keith actually got in here. *Is… his brother going to go and let him know I’m here soon?* But Lance wasn’t going to say that out loud. But Shiro was still in the living room, his arms crossed and expression thoughtful.

“…..”
Lance decided to just stare at the pictures again as he waited for someone to make a move here.

“So…. about last night,” Shiro started up. “Did you kiss Keith last night?”

Well shit.

Lance’s head whipped over to Shiro, eyes wide. Did he seriously just asked that? “Umm…..”

But Shiro was completely serious. “Did you?”

“....... Well…. Yeah. I did.”

“I see.”

Lance wasn’t sure if his opinion on Shiro being cool lowered or not, but it was getting there. “..... Yeah.”

Shiro nonchalantly made his way to the couch and say beside Lance. You know that dark and sinking feeling you get in your stomach sometimes when you got sensely nervous or knew some shit was seriously about to go down? That was what Lance was feeling right now. He wasn’t sure whether or not to make eye contact.

“So.”

“.... So?”

Okay. Apparently, Lance needed to keep eye contact.
“Lance, has Keith ever told you that we used to do mixed martial arts?”

Well, Keith had mentioned it when Lance asked Keith what kind of hobbies he had growing up a few weeks ago. “Um… He might have mentioned it.”

Shiro’s blank gaze was unwavering. “Well we did. It was a brothers thing when he got old enough to do it.” He then added, “I was pretty good at it. A third degree black belt. I even do some classes as a teacher in the dojo too, if our old teacher asks.” Lance could feel himself nodding slowly. “I’ve still got the metals around. Still go to the gym.” Lance could tell. “But I’ve definitely been out of practice in putting someone in a kimura.”

Lance had no idea what that was, but it sounded terrifying.

“The fact of the matter is, Lance,” Shiro laid down a hand on Lance’s shoulder, grip firm. “I really care about my younger brother and this is his first actual relationship.” The still hand suddenly turned into pats on Lance’s shoulder and Lance was inwardly wincing at each one. “I’d hate to have to use you as a practice dummy for one of the most painful submission holds I can think of. Do we understand each other?”

“............” Lance actually forgot how to use his mouth muscles.

“Do. You. Understand?”

“.... Yes, sir.” Lance wasn’t sure what was more embarrassing. The fact that he was super close to pissing his pants or the fact his voice actually cracked or both.

Lance was so happy when he heard footsteps coming towards the living room. Shiro was no longer threatening him but instead pulling out Keith’s phone from his pocket.

Keith’s phone!?

* I fucking swear. Older siblings are the. Worst.*

Keith had finally entered the scene, looking annoyed. His hands were moving quickly when he saw
Shiro but came to an abrupt halt when he saw Lance.

Then Keith looked back at Shiro who was handing out Keith’s phone, a sheepish smile on his face.

Shiro definitely wasn’t the chill, not over protective brother. Of that, Lance was certain.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 38 is here! Just /two/ more chapters left, guys! OAO 2 chapters left. I can't believe it tbh, we hast come a long way.

But that aside, Lance finally got to meet Shiro and has learned what true fear feels like when you look a painful submission hold in MMA dead in the eye. Pray for the blue child because Keith accidentally saved his life. But hey, at least Shiro is showing how much he loves Keith so.... Bright side?? *dabs* Oh and just in case it wasn't clear enough (because honestly, I had no idea how to make it look obvious without explicitly stating it), Shiro stole Keith's phone and that's why he came out instead of Keith.

Tomorrow's chapter is gonna be fun because that's finally the infamous date chapter. I have no idea how long that chapter will be, so I'll probably stay up a little to plan it out bit by bit. It'll hopefully live up to everyone's expectations OTL #donotpressureyourself@me.

I hope you guys enjoyed today's chapter!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
The Big Date pt 1

Chapter Summary

Lance and Keith kick off on the big date.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

What happened after Keith came out to discover the scene unfolding in the living room was a blur.

Lance knew Keith was undoubtedly pissed but Lance quickly found himself being dragged out the house by Keith, having the door shut in his face, and what immediately proceeded afterwards was the sound of what Lance was guessing to be Shiro getting beaten with a pillow. “Oh come on, Keith! Keeeith!” And a bunch of laughter on Shiro’s end.

And Lance…

Couldn’t argue with it.

The guy went from Rick to Shane real quick on that couch and Lance never knew what it was like to feel true fear until this day.

Iconic.

Pretty soon, Keith stepped out of his home with an annoyed look on his face and a door slam. And that was that, Lance was guessing.

He wasn’t exactly sure what to say, though.

What exactly does one say when their boyfriend’s brother threatened to end them?

Thankfully, Keith broke the tension with an apologetic look. “Sorry.” Then he whacked the side of
his head with a closed fist.

“What?” Lance shook his hands before arching his right hand into his left palm. “Repeat that.”

“Shiro is dumb.”

Keith fingerspelled.

Oh.

I’ll try to keep that sign in mind. Lance decided. Or Google it. Maybe both. Probably both. Lifeprint.com had become his life recently. And it’s probably on the app I have.

Giving a dismissive shrug, Lance smiled. It was probably just an obligatory older brother thing to try and be a jerk to whomever your siblings were dating. A rite of passage. Lance was definitely waiting for his turn to happen for any of his siblings. #BringItOn.

But that was besides the point.

Lance proceeded to make the sign for ‘nice’, made a ‘v’ hand under his right eye, and brought it forward. “Nice to see you.” He pointed at Keith, swept an open hand in front of his own face (without rolling his fingers, mind you), then Lance flicked his chin a couple times. “You look cute.” If Lance knew the sign for adorable, he would have used that instead because Keith actually had his mullet in a ponytail.

A ponytail!

A small one!

A cute one!

The cutest one Lance has ever seen!
No, I'm not exaggerating. Lance thought to whatever person could possibly be reading his mind at the moment. Externally, Lance just snickered when Keith started to scrunch up his face. The guy never knew how to take a compliment without getting embarrassed to some extent.

Keith’s response was to give Lance a light shove with his shoulder. “You too.” He added quickly.

“Thank you.” Lance replied, totally not grinning smugly to himself. (Jacob may and or may not have helped him with his wardrobe choice, though. Not that Keith needed to know that.) Lance gestured in the direction of the complex entrance as if to say ‘ready to go?’ and was pleased when Keith nodded.

And it seemed like right when they started walking together that Shiro suddenly popped his head out the door and said, “Bring him back at a reasonable time, Lance!” before shutting the door.

Keith’s brother.

The guy was a peach. (Or at the very least, that was a word to describe Lance’s overall experience in meeting him.) Lance was going to have to ask Keith what exactly was Shiro’s sign name because if it wasn’t the sign for ‘scary’ or something like that, Lance would be severely disappointed.

The walk to the car was short.

There was no real exchange of words, but Lance will admit that if there was one person he was talking to, it was himself. Not that it mattered. The time Lance spent debating whether or not it was worth going in for the grab of holding Keith’s hand during such a short walk or not was completely wasted considering they got to the car in what was practically a minute and a half.

Damn it.

This is what happens when you hesitate, Lance. Lance sighed inwardly as he unlocked the car doors. It didn’t help that Keith took the fun out of having Lance open the door for him by going ahead and taking a seat.

Oh well.
There would plenty of time for hand holding later on their date.

“Music?” Lance asked when he settled down, seat belt on because safety first. Within a matter of moments and a thumbs up from Keith, Lance was pulling out of his parking space and blasting Bruno Mar’s (That’s What I Like) loudly for the bass to vibrate through the car. *I midkey apologize to everyone I drive past who hate when people drive with insanely loud music, but I’m doing this for my boyfriend. On our date.*

Which Lance had been keeping pretty hush hush on.

Say it was because the whole idea of having the date itself was pretty last minute but, Lance likes to think it was also because of the fact he hadn’t told anyone.

Not Laura.

Not Jacob.

Not Shay.

And definitely not Hunk.

Sure this was a last minute date idea that Lance had scrounged up after looking up affordable places to take Keith on a high schooler’s salary, but Lance still wanted it to be special. And affordable.

Affordable, special, fun, and easy to do on a Saturday.

An ice breaker for the worlds of dating that wasn’t a stuffy dinner or the movies. Though admittedly Lance did try and see if Altea City actually had movie theatres with movies with closed captions, Altea was not such a place.

But even if it was, Lance doubts he would have taken Keith to the movies anyway. There’s not much you can do because you want to focus on the movie.
So anything besides dinner and a movie.

So that’s when it finally hit Lance in the midst of everything.

Tada! Thought as he did some jazz hands, hoping it was impressive.

They finally arrived at their designated date location: an ice skating rink.

A literal ice breaker! Lance was dabbing in his mind at such a brilliant pun.

There was literally no better way to kick off a relationship than by getting embarrassed together and falling on their asses. On their ices. Shitty pun intended. And that in itself was a pun. I am on fire today. Hunk would be proud. But the puns aside, with the heat of summer, this would be a nice way to cool off together. And Lance was pretty sure he had placed extra jackets in the trunk(boot) of the car, so if it did get cold: boom, prepared boyfriend.

Not to mention this was definitely a great time to hold Keith’s hand. Or try to. If he wasn’t falling over.

Keith blinked in surprise. “I have never done this.” He fingerspelled, twice.

“Me too.”

Even better, they could be definitive noobs together, too.

At least, if Keith was cool with it. “You like?”

It took a moment before Keith finally nodded and Lance was glad that Keith genuinely looked interested. A total relief. Lance didn’t accidentally just start off a date with something Keith didn’t want to do.
Before today, Keith had never gone ice skating and right now, holding onto Lance’s arm like his life depended on it, he felt like he was starring in Bambi on Ice.

*How do figure skaters use these things?*

Keith felt as if he was literally just learning how to walk again but this time with an actual working conscience as he saw kids that look like they were seven gliding across the ice like they had been doing this their whole lives. Like it was actually easy!

Keith’s eyebrows furrowed despite himself. Lucky, shrimps.

Keith’s eyes looked over to Lance who was currently using one hand to hold onto the edge of the rink. Probably the only thing keeping them from falling right over and potentially twisting an ankle.

The plan for now was to attempt to get the hang of the steps before actually joining everyone else. It was more than likely going to fail since each step was a near death experience.

Screw it. Keith was going to hang onto the edge and find his balance before trying to pick up speed. He wouldn’t try anything fancy, like those jumps you’d see watching winter Olympics videos on Youtube, but he at least wanted to make a full circle with zero results of him eating it. Would he more than likely fail? Yes. But was that going to make Keith quit? Not at all.

If there was one thing Keith Kogane liked, it was a challenge. So this was the perfect start to a date.

And you know what?

Screw the edge of the rink!

Keith was going for it now.

Keith slowly released one hand’s grip on Lance’s shoulder as he adjusted his positioning. He was going to skate to the other side of the rink. No stumbles.
He had this.

He was going for it.

This is probably going to be just like rollerblading. It’s kind of the same. (At least, that’s what Keith hoped.)

With as hard as a push he could give, Keith almost thought he was going to make it.

Then he got a quarter of a way before his leg got wobbly and he fell forward onto the ice.

Perfect.

So much for no stumbles and not eating it. Keith thought grumpily as he moved gingerly to get onto his knees and turn around to sit his ass on the ice. The ice was constantly vibrating from the movement of skates. Keith was pretty happy to see that one of the movements were, clumsily, coming from Lance who was currently wobbling over to where Keith was sitting.

Keith couldn’t resist a snort at that. Lance was moving like he was a penguin. Wobbling over with arms out to balance himself.

It was admittedly kind of cute.

Keith had no shame in admitting he had a cute boyfriend. He just probably wasn’t going to mention that to Lance’s face considering Lance would get a big head about it.

When Lance finally reached him, there was a funny look on his face like he was trying not to laugh as he extended both of his hands out for assistance.

Laugh it up now, but just wait until you start falling over. Keith grumbled as he accepted the offer. Hopefully, getting up wouldn’t be that much of a--
Keith soon found himself and Lance on the ice. Both were lying flat on their sides, cold seeping through their clothes.

Fucking.

Fail.

A huge fail.

But Keith couldn’t stop the laughter rising in his throat.

They really fucking sucked at this.

The repeated falling continued for another thirty or so minutes before they finally got too sore and cold to want to continue. So that ended Bambi on Ice.

But that did build up Keith’s appetite.

“*I’m hungry.*” That was thankfully a sign Lance already knew so Keith didn’t have to fingerspell this time.

“Same.” Lance replied before rubbing one of his arms on the side he fell on the most in particular.

Yeah.

Keith had always figured skating was difficult, but he is pretty sure his respect for the athletes who did the sports increased by a thousand. Keith was going to stick with just riding his motorcycle instead.

That aside, it was pretty convenient that this ice skating rink was right by a shopping center and the closest store they could see food-wise, was a diner.
They were so on that.

It wasn’t Mr. and Mrs. McClain’s cooking, but it would do for now.

The diner itself was small, readily looking like something out of a movie. But it wasn’t so bad, despite the gaudy lights. Very retro. The menu wasn’t anything to necessarily brag about either, but at least the burgers were something that looked decent. And the taste wasn’t too far off the mark either.

Then Lance got up to go to the bathroom and it was taking him forever to get back.

Keith sipped at his lemonade, which was mostly just ice and water at this point, trying not to be that person who was constantly badgering their partner to hurry up and come back but…. Lance is pretty sure it doesn’t take nearly ten minutes to use the bathroom.

Should I send a text? Just in case?

Keith was going to send a text, just in case.

Maybe Lance had food poisoning or something and that’s why he hadn’t come back yet.

[Me
Are you alright? You didn’t get food poisoning did you? ]

Keith was a little embarrassed at the fact he was practically glaring down his phone as he waited for Lance to text him back, but he blamed his impatience.

[Lancelot
Yeah, yeah! I’m on my way back
I just spotted something super cool! Just wait there <3 ]

Well…
That was intriguing.

Chapter End Notes

Everyone say that I pushed it really close with this update, keep it going. (No seriously, it's almost 11pm OTL).

This chapter was pretty low quality like last chapter in my opinion, but I got caught up in a bunch of stuff so I couldn't make it as detailed as I would have liked without pushing time into midnight. Therefore, going overtime. Therefore, fucking up my once a day everyday schedule. So I blame real life and myself for not having a potential backup plan for running short on time so @readers, sorry for the shit chapter. I'll have a lot more time to write tomorrow, so hopefully that'll be a lot better for you because I wasn't trying to make a two parter, but I guess these things are unavoidable sometimes. Ugh.

Sorry for dat low quality.

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros
The Big Date pt 2

Chapter Summary

Lance and Keith continue having their big date.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lance was good at crane games.

Call it the fact he was purely lucky or rigged the game, but after failing so many times as a kid at this game, you pick up a few tricks of the trade.

But it also just might be luck and pure determination and right now, Lance was full of both because he saw a crane game in the corner of the diner by the bathrooms.

And if there was one thing he wanted, it was that Cookie Cat plushie. It was cute, it looked soft, it was pillow-sized, and most of all-- it was the perfect present for Keith.

It was date etiquette, if you want to make a lasting impression: win them something in the crane game.

Obviously rigged, but Lance was the master.

And it would only take him at least two, maybe three, maybe four, times for a plushie that big. And so far, it was turn number three. Lance’s strategy for larger items? Move them slowly but surely towards the item drop thing until finally-- it was an easy win. But small items? Lance was a crane master at those since they were so light.

It was a talent.

So the moment he had been done using the bathroom, he automatically got change for a five dollar bill and was going ham and cheese on the crane machine.
Needless to say, that Keith probably got a little offput by the fact that Lance had been taking his dear time in getting back from his bathroom break. But Lance still thought it was sweet for Keith to ask if he had food poisoning. *I totally have to win this plushie now. Lance Mcclain has been filled with determination!* No, Lance wasn’t lame for making an obscure Undertale reference, he was awesome.

[Me
But yeah, like I said. Almost done with this cool thing
Don’t worry, babe, I’ll be there in a moment

Honey Muffin<3
I think that is literally the worst pet name you have called me

Me
I can say honey muffin instead

Honey Muffin<3
No thanks

Me
I’ll call you both, you love it deep down bad boy romantic ]

With that, Lance put his phone back in his pocket and took a deep breath.

He needed to concentrate on winning this thing for Keith.

It was a Steven Universe plushie and Keith freaking deserved to have it.

Lance inserted another couple quarters, this was the big finish. Lance had a pretty keen eye (picked up from months of practice and fails by thinking he was right at the plushie he wanted only to realize that it wasn’t right on top of it) and he carefully edged it along the course he mentally mapped out for it.

This was pretty close to the prize drop thing and Lance wasn’t going to mess this up after he told
Keith he found something cool.

You don’t mention you found something cool only to not bring something cool in return. Because one of two things happen, 1) the other person feels left out or 2) they think you were faking it. There was probably an in between but Lance wasn’t going to delve into it because he was now lowering the crane and was about to start living on a prayer.

_Please make it. Please make it. Make it, make it, make it, make it. Please don’t be one of those times where you almost got it but it drops at the last second aaaaand IT MADE IT!!!!_

Karma was finally on Lance’s side.

“Hasta la later, crane game.” Lance said after doing a victory dance. Who cared if he was doing a victory dance in the middle of a diner?

Lance was forever living in a no judgement zone.

With a pleased grin, Lance pulled the Cookie Cat plushie out of the machine and snuggled into it. You are possibly going to make Keith really really happy. Lance thought. Even if you can’t be a pet in his tummy like your commercial jingle goes. Lance then shoved the plushie underneath his arm so he could text Keith.

[Me
Cool thing obtained
I’m omw

_Honey Muffin<3_
Alright ]

From there, it wasn’t a long walk back to where Lance and Keith had been sitting. If anything, it took a less than two minutes.

So Lance graciously took a dramatic slide into Keith’s line of sight with the plushie in place of where his head would be. _Tada!_ Keeping in mind of the food still on the table, Lance gingerly gave Keith the plushie.
Keith blinked and looked at Cookie Cat then looked at Lance then pointed to himself.

Lance nodded with a grin. “P-R-E-S-E-N-T.”

Keith felt around at the plush cat head for a few seconds before smiling. “Thank you.”

Lance sat down with a sheepish grin. Steven Universe-themed presents, worked every time. It was no alien plush toy like Lance was hoping he’d find (yes, he knows that aliens are total BS, but Keith loves them so it would have been really nice). But Lance knew that this was another thing that Keith liked.

So that was good enough for him.

After about ten minutes or so, it was decided that dinner was done with.

For now, they were walking around.

Window shopping around stores was apparently a hobby they both shared. They weren’t going to physically go in the stores, it wouldn’t exactly be smart with the plushie they had now. But they still had the the display windows. It was fun. Seeing items way out of their price range, feeling the cool breeze of the air conditioner inside the buildings when they passed an automatic door. And the people in the stores.

“Shiro and I used to play this game when we were kids where we would make up stories about random people we saw on the streets. Where they were going, who they were going to meet. It’s pretty stupid, but it was fun. I usually said someone was a secret spy.” Lance remembered a distinctive text he got from Keith one day.

Now it was something he was currently partaking in.

*And now I need to increase my vocabulary so I can join in and bring that game back.* But for now, Lance could pleasantly admit that he and Keith were in the middle of a comfortable silence.

Usually, Lance hated when a conversation ran dry of things to say. But right now, it didn’t feel so
Streetlights were coming on left and right, the stars barely visible. And while that would normally warrant about about five minutes of complaining from Lance about light pollution, Lance had a different concern on his mind. Keith’s hand in between them? It was free. And Lance wanted to hold it.

Sure he got to hold it while they were skating (and Lance meant that in the loosest sense of the word). But that doesn’t necessarily count if you’re doing that to avoid falling on your ass does it? Lance thought about it for a moment. Let’s just call that a gray area. He decided.

Fact of the matter was, Lance wanted to hold Keith’s hand.

What if your hand is sweaty? Lance wiped his hand on his jeans.

What if your other hand is sweaty? Lance wiped that hand on his jeans too and that wasn’t even the hand he would be holding Keith’s hand with!

What if you’re just overthinking it? Again. Lance… could see where his conscience was coming from.

Overthinking was Lance’s forte.

Lance took a deep breath. Just go for it, Lance. Just go for it. This is your boyfriend. You can totally hold hands without making a big deal out of it.

When Lance finally clasped Keith’s hand in his, Lance decided to be oblivious to the fact that his face was heating up by several degrees.

There.

He did it.
He was holding Keith’s hand.

Lance peeked to see if Keith was looking back at him and gave a shaky grin. The lighting wasn’t good enough to see if Keith was blushing or anything, but at least Lance could see Keith give a small smile back. *I officially adore the living hell out of this guy.* Not that it wasn’t official before, but this time-- Lance felt like saying it. He had an adorable boyfriend.

He used to have a bowl cut, his eyes were violet, he had his hair in a ponytail, and his right arm held a Cookie Cat plushie to his chest.

Adorable might as well have been Keith’s middle name.

Lance couldn’t help but lean a little closer to Keith a playful nudge.

Keith nudged back.

Fuckin’ nerd. (Lance was pretty sure his fondness for Keith increased by, at least, 2%.)

*Maybe I’m just tooting my own horn, but, I think this constitutes for an overall good first date.* Even if they spent the first half of it falling on their asses.

Overall, Keith was considering this a good first date and was glad he didn’t ask anyone to spoil the surprise for him.

He didn’t have any other date to compare it to, but Keith didn’t care. He had fun today.

And… Keith looked at his new plush toy. He had something to commemorate it by.

A Cookie Cat plushie.
Keith already had the sinking suspicion that by tomorrow morning it would be covered in claw marks and cat hair, but Keith couldn’t bring himself to care. Keith wasn’t even a plushie kind of person, but it was still sweet that Lance got it for him.

He was keeping it.

Keith was currently in Lance’s car being driven home, date almost over and Keith spent most of his time staring at the window at the passersby and glancing at Lance. Lance was a careful driver. Figures they’d be opposites in driving style too. It fit Lance’s character. And Keith liked Lance’s character.

Someone was actually here to balance out his recklessness.

Shiro should appreciate that more than trying to terrorize Keith’s first ever boyfriend. Keith was probably going to kick Shiro’s ass some more when he got home for that.

That aside, Keith had a good day.

He fell on his ass a lot, but that’s probably what made it more fun. Considering the mishaps yesterday when Keith told Lance he liked him, Keith was pretty sure they were well past the stage where they avoided being embarrassing around each other.

Their first conversation was literally an argument over Keith not believing in ghosts while he believed in aliens and cryptids and an Intergalactic Grandma Association. That wasn’t exactly something straight out of an epic love story.

But Keith wouldn’t change it.

The one time Lance decided to take initiative without hesitating resulted in a decent summer where more than likely, Keith would be stuck in doors all the time and occasionally grace the sun with his presence.

*I guess Shiro was right when he said that volunteering at the library would be fun.* After all, it resulted in Keith getting a boyfriend and three new friends. And another four if you counted Mr. and Mrs. McClain, Laura, and Jacob. And Benji and Ambar. They were very enjoyable to hang out with, even if it was a little overwhelming with how quickly they would ask him questions on how to sign
And all because some random guy asked him ‘Do you believe in ghosts’.

That probably would have been a completely different story if it was in the middle of the school year. There was no real obligation for Keith to be polite towards strangers at school unless they were involved in a class project. But in a library he would be volunteering at all summer with several other people? Keith would at least try to be polite in an attempt to end the conversation as quickly as possible considering how volunteers and actual employees at the library didn’t go around wearing name tags.

So Keith was glad this didn’t happen in the middle of the school year, where Keith was more rigid and less apt to talking to those he didn’t know.

But Keith guessed it was just as Lance said on that one occasion about summers. Summers were just different.

When the car suddenly stopped, Keith jerked out of his train of thought.

They were outside of his apartment complex.

Great.

There was that feeling of not wanting the date to end. Keith sighed. Time to enter the hell of prying older brothers asking for every single detail of the date Keith had to offer. To torture Shiro or not to torture Shiro, that is the question. Keith would decide when he actually got inside.

Keith looked at Lance who had turned on the car light. “I had fun.” Keith said after adjusting the Cookie Cat plushie.

Lance smiled and made a ‘y’ hand and slid it back and forth between them. “Me too.”

Good.
There were no words exchanged after that, but Keith could tell Lance was reluctant to walk Keith to his door too. Lance was that guy who’s facial expressions were never hidden from the public. It was nice. Made it easy to tell what Lance was thinking. Most times.

And this was the part of the date where you kissed at the end, right?

Keith had no shame, alright.

He was going to lean forward and hoped Lance was thinking the same thing and Keith sighed a little when Lance actually leaned over to kiss him as well. It wasn’t anything hot and dramatic like how it was portrayed in movies, just plain and chaste and Lance’s lips were soft and there was no awkwardness to it like the last couple kisses they had.

*We’ll work on it.* Keith thought as they broke away briefly.

They had a lot of time to do so.

The slow walk to Keith’s apartment took place after that and Keith was happy to say that they were holding hands again.

Maybe the weird tension to reach out and try and hold each other’s hands drifted away when the date was over. Keith liked it. This was more comfortable.

But it was surprising when Keith unlocked the door and saw that while the living room light was on, Shiro wasn’t in the living room. *I guess Shiro wants to respect my privacy after all.* Keith decided that was the best answer to go with.

And this just meant, an extra moment with Lance who was doing nothing but pointed at his lips expectantly.

Keith chuckled, but gave Lance a small peck anyway. “See you later.” Lance’s face was light and friendly. Keith could appreciate that.
Soooo, he guess he could give Lance his own little surprise in return for the date. He adjusted his plushie to his left arm. “L-A-N-C-E.”

Lance tilted his head curiously.

Keith rolled his right fingers in front of his face, “Beautiful.” Lance was totally blushing, but Keith didn’t stop there. He repeated the process, but instead of rolling his fingers, he made an ‘L’ and rolled that instead.

Lance’s jaw dropped and Keith closed the door and instantly started laughing to himself, his phone started buzzing in his pocket instantaneously.

[Lancelot
KEITH KOGANE YOU CANNOT JUST GIVE ME MY SIGN NAME IN A DRAMATIC FASHION AND THEN CLOSE THE DOOR IN MY FACE YOU LITTLE TURD GET OUT HERE AND GIVE ME A PROPER GOODBYE!! ]

Keith only laughed harder.

This was his summer.

He met a guy at a library, got a crush, then got a boyfriend.

Crazy shit.

All because Lance just had to ask him if he believed in ghosts. Talk about serendipity.

Now...

Keith was grinning like a madman.

To torture Lance and pretend he didn’t get this text, or to not torture Lance.
That is the question.

Chapter End Notes

EDIT: cute fic art of keef alert! more cute art and it's of ch40!!!
Aaaaand that's it. This is officially the very last chapter of The Different Rules of Summer after 40 fuckin days of updates. I can't believe I actually got all the way over here. (I am so fuckin treating myself after this because that was a struggle full of both good and bad updates OTL). And can I once again make a shout out to beckology on tumblr because I got the idea for Lance's sign name from him and it's freaking perfect. Beautiful but with an L.

And get rekt, Lance. Keith is still deciding on whether or not to properly say goodbye after that bombshell trolololololol. I made an open ending for you folks, so you guys get to decide.

This was a huuuuuge project for me because typically you'll see a 30 day drawing challenge or a ship week so you just have to try and write for 7 days if you have the time to prepare, but this is 10 days over a 30 day challenge and 33 days over a ship week. But I'm glad I did it, mostly for personal growth and because this is the second multi-chaptered fic I've ever written and actually completed. Which was the point of tdros happening anyway because I had such a hard time with finishing fics after starting them. I should do this again sometime (^o^). But holy cow this is going to be so weird now because I won't have a tdros chapter to update OTL. I'm going to miss writing this. I got a lot of comments over these past 40 days and even fic art which was super amazing because I've never gotten those before! *sniffle* I'll miss you guys!

So if you have a tumblr, you guys definitely have to hmu! Like, if you ever happen to make tdros headcanons on a tumblr post, tag me in that. random stick figure doodle, tag me in that too. You guys were really awesome in this whole 40 day update challenge thing, so a huge kudos to the consistent commentors, a huge kudos to the people who took the time to bookmark this, and a huge kudos to everyone else in between. You guys were great!

Enjoy the chapter!

hmu @ themultifandomnerd
the fic's official tag, fic: tdros

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!