Just Because I Can't See You, It Doesn't Mean I Don't Love You
by words_are_like_colors

Summary

There is no real easy way to summarize this little little little one shot but basically it is just Keith talking about falling in love.

*I keep on adoring him. I couldn't stop, every time I looked at him or heard him speak, I get speechless. He is beautiful, so beautiful that it hurts me to think that he has never seen himself.*

Notes

I wrote this September of 2016 so yes, it's really really old. My friend convinced me to post it so I did! And just in time for Keith's birthday. He's lovesick for Lance.

See the end of the work for more notes

Its surprising how easy it is to fall in love. First, you meet someone. You can't fall in love with someone you have never talked to. It may be just a simple “hello” or “excuse me” but you first start by meeting them.

Second, you admire them. Yes, the second might happen before the first but that's ok. You may admire their strength or maybe their looks or even admire the way they tap their fingers against the table. There is something about this person that you can't help but watch and love about them.

Third is getting close. If you don't get close to them, you may never know how it feels to be in love with them. Usually getting close to them is by helping them out or inviting them for dinner but it's
fine if getting close means stalking them-- but that's not my cup of tea.

Fourth, keep admiring them. Why do you love them if you don't admire or don't like any aspect of them? Some people admire eyes, smiles, or even the way they make coffee in the morning. There is endless amount of things to love about a person.

And last but not least, make the both of you happy. What is the point of an relationship if you're both miserable? There will be bumps along the way and that's understandable. Just remember, if you love them, then treat them like you love them.

These steps had happened in a rush for me or at least it happened faster than some people’s do. The first had came with me falling onto him when trying to order my coffee. It was my fault for slipping on the wet floor and landing on the guy in front of me. We both had laughed together for a moment after he had helped me up.

The second had happened right after. What had caught my eye was his smile. It was full and bright and it had almost made me fall again. It was dazzling just like his nice laugh. He introduced himself as Lance but I was so out of it that I didn't hear him the first time.

The third, well… I could go into detail but that would take too long. After the slipping accident, he has offered to buy my coffee for me. We had sat down at a nearby table and talked. Halfway during the conversation, I noticed that he was blind. He didn't act like a normal blind person would, he acted like he could see. I thought that was amazing. I've never seen a blind person before (and a blind person has never seen a seeing person) but this kid had kept smiling along, talking about how busy walking traffic was today and how he had barely got down to the coffee shop because of it. I had accidently blurted out I've never seen him at the shop before. Lance let out a chuckle and said something that made me laugh too. He doesn't draw any attention to himself because he was so use to this lifestyle, being blind and all, “but it has its perks,” he had said, “being like this isn't too difficult if you know your way around things but there is always that drawback by not knowing what things definitely looked like.”

Step four never stops happening. I keep on adoring him. I couldn't stop, every time I looked at him or heard him speak, I get speechless. He is beautiful, so beautiful that it hurts me to think that he has never seen himself. Lance always calls other people beautiful or pretty when he talks to them. It's just what he does. He thinks that everyone is beautiful and that he doesn't need to see them to know that and that he could really care less about what he looks like. He only cares when mean people sneer at him and call him hopeless; those are the ugly people. Lance called me handsome and beautiful once before we had started to date. I asked why he said that (it's not like I'm disgusting or anything but still) so he just shrugged and said that I am nice to him and that he thinks my voice is lovely. I almost had ran off at that, scared that he had discovered my puppy crush that had started when I fell onto him but I stayed because he had started to laugh. His alluring laugh made me stay as he tried to choke it back and say that could pretty much smell the blush wafting off of my cheeks.

The last and fifth step on the list came quite easily to the pair of us. It's hard to fight with Lance; there is no real reason to fight with him. Yes, there is the obvious bickering about favorite bands or whose turn it is to go up to the counter and buy coffee but there was no disagreements that turned nasty. Even before and after we become boyfriends, we stayed happy.

I didn't need to kiss or make love with him to know that I loved him. Love isn't as simple as the steps above outline. It's more than that. As the dictionary defines it: “an intense feeling of deep affection.”. This definition describes it in a way that other people can understand it but the only way to really know what love is, is being in love. To me, the definition of love is Lance. There's
nothing else to it. Just Lance. He is every definition for whatever love is. Yeah this sounds sappy but it's true.

At first, I didn't understand how love really worked. I thought it was just this feeling that you get towards a family member, friend or just this person you meet. The only definition I had known was that romantic love equaled lust. That's what most media or gossips promotes that love is only possible when you have sex. Maybe that's where the term “making love” came from. I had struggled with this thought in my head during the time Lance and I were only friends. I had butterflies in my stomach and I went into a blushing mess a lot of the time I was with him but I had assumed that it was just because I “liked” him, nothing more and nothing less.

The only time I had really got the idea that love can be a fluffy sweet thing was Lance and I had first kissed. He was the one who came at me. Midway through the kiss, I had pushed him away saying that how could you kiss me if you don't even know what I look like or know what you're really kissing. Lance had looked at me in surprise before shaking his head with a small smile and saying, “Just because I can't see you, it doesn't mean I don't love you” and “do I really need to see what you look like? Does it really matter? I don't need to see you. I already know what I'm kissing. I'm kissing Keith. I don't need to read a label to identify what I'm in love with, I just need to know who is loving me back”. I still remember what he had said. Word for word. To be quite honest, I should've expected this. It's Lance. He is a flirty, goofy, sweet guy. I shouldn't of put it past him to think that seeing was believing. It's believing is seeing.

End Notes

Should I write a multi chapter fic for this? Please comment!!!