partners in crime

by hiuythn

Summary

“If I die,” Lance whispers, “I’m blaming you.”

Notes

day 2 prompt: failed mission

See the end of the work for more notes

“If I die,” Lance whispers, “I’m blaming you.”

From his position halfway up the lounge room wall, balancing precariously with one foot on a ladder and the other on the doorframe, Keith turns around and practically slams a finger to his lips. This is the seventh time Lance has spoken aloud when Keith told him they absolutely cannot wake Shiro up.

Lance rolls his eyes, but gets back to taping another ridiculously large picture of Slav on the opposite wall.

On the couch between him and Keith, Shiro snores in his sleep, arms crossed and a leg thrown onto the back of the couch.
Here’s the thing: two weeks ago, Keith got out of the shower, went to his dresser to get clothes, only to find that every pair of underwear he owned had been replaced with what Coran called, “traditional Unilu jewellery” but just looked like bad bondage gear to Keith. He didn’t even need to think to know exactly who did it; Shiro pulled this shit all the time back at the Garrison.

So now here he is, struggling to pin down a poster of Slav big enough that he has to use his sword to press down on the adhesive at the edges.

Between him and Lance, they have nearly the entire surface of this room taped down with Slav’s face, and there’s only one or two blank spaces by the couch. There’s posters of all sizes, each depicting a different picture of Slav: Slav eating, Slav crying over math theorems, Slav yelling, Slav staring into the camera like he’s on The Office, Slav winking—Shiro is going to combust.

Keith and Lance spent an entire week gathering those photos with a camera they bought at the space mall. They also enlisted the help of Coran, who had been confused, but kind enough to dust off the industrial printer lying forgotten in one of the castle’s rooms. After printing and hiding them all in Keith’s room (ugh), there was nothing to do but wait.

When Keith walked into the lounge room this afternoon to find Shiro taking a nap, he spun right around and bolted off to find Lance. It was time.

“At least promise me you’ll make them use my anime playlist at my funeral,” Lance says, hushed. He’s walked over to stand by Keith’s ladder, and holds his hand out. “Also, I ran out of tape.”

With a muffled grunt, Keith finally gets the last corner pinned down. He deactivates his bayard, stuffs the tape into his pouch, and climbs back down. “No way. Your mom would punch me and then she’d reach into your coffin to punch you,” he replies just as quiet, with a quick glance over at Shiro. He’s still dead asleep, so Keith feels safe enough to turn back to Lance with a teasing smirk. “And don’t pretend like this was all my idea. Who’s the one that has experience pranking five siblings?”

Lance rolls his eyes, but his mouth twitches. “They’re my siblings—annoying but harmless. This is Shiro; he’s one-hundred percent more terrifying to piss off. Are you going to give me the tape or not?”

“I’m not exactly stopping you from taking it.” Keith crosses his arms, raising his eyebrows.

“Oh,” Lance says, low, “okay. So, it’s like that, huh?”

Keith just smiles, and takes a deliberate step back.

Lance follows, matching him step for step, their shoes scuffing softly on the floor—a lazy dance they know well. “I thought we were supposed to keep quiet.”

“Who said anything about getting loud?” Keith murmurs. He tilts his head. “That’d be gross, my brother’s right there.”

Lance is staring at his mouth. “And who said anything about being gross? I’m just taking the tape.”

His hand drifts to Keith’s side, but lands on his hip instead of the pouch hanging there. His fingers absentlie slide under the shirt, and he backs Keith up against the doorframe with another hand to his chest.

Keith’s back meets hardened metal with a dull thump, air leaving his chest in a quiet ‘oof.’ He looks up and finds Lance already leaning in, eyes half-lidded. Keith feels that delicious pressure that comes
every time Lance closes in on him like this. Somewhere during all this, his arms had uncrossed and
settled around Lance’s shoulders, pulling him in, replacing the air between them with heavy
anticipation.

“Go ahead then,” Keith whispers against Lance’s lips, and he can practically taste the answering
smile.

His eyes slip shut.

He opens them.

“Lance?” He stares incredulously at the crown of Lance’s head, his boyfriend’s forehead pressed
into his collarbone. “Dude?”

“I’m sorry,” Lance says, muffled. “I’m sorry, I just—I can’t. Keith, god, I can’t. Not—not like this, I
—”

Keith grabs him by the biceps, shaking him slightly. “Babe, you’re scaring me. What’s wrong?”

A single, manicured finger rises, trembling, to point over Keith’s shoulder.

He turns.

“It’s just so horrible,” Lance half-whispers, half-wails. “How can I kiss you when he’s staring right
at me like that?!”

Keith remembers taking this picture. Right now, he wishes he had asked Red to spit fire at it.

It’s a headshot of Slav, taken straight-on as he looked up from his calculations right when the shutter
went off. Keith admits that he went a little overboard with the zoom function, and coupled with
Slav’s wide, bloodshot stare; drooping moustache-things; and the unidentifiable sauce on his face,
make it the stuff of nightmares. Just looking at it for longer than a second makes Keith feel like he’s
six and scared of the dark, again. He fixes his gaze back on Lance, trying not to think about the fact
that he’d been pressed up against that poster only a second ago. He shivers.

“L-let’s tape down the last two posters,” Keith stammers, “and then we get the hell out of here.”

Lance shudders. “Okay—”

“Lance? Keith?”

Together, they turn their heads fast enough to hear cracks, arms instinctively tightening around each
other. The blood drains from Keith’s face when he sees Shiro rising onto his elbows.

He’s squinting, the furrow between his eyes pronounced, and a hand scratches vigorously at an itch
on his neck.

“S’going on?” he slurs, groggy and slightly annoyed. His eyes start to open.

In the end, Keith and Lance can only watch in a fascinated sort of terror as Shiro takes in the newly-
redecorated room; as he freezes, skin going deathly pale and jaw locking; as he creakily turns his
head to take in all the posters, jumbo-sized and wallet-sized and everything in between.

It’s so silent that Keith thinks he can hear Lance’s heart falter.

And then Shiro opens his mouth and roars, “KEEEIIIITHHHH!!!!!!”
“Fuck fuck *fuck* abort mission, *abort mission!*” Keith yells, slapping a hand to the door panel. He hauls Lance through the doorway before it even fully opens and they go pelting down the hallway, still holding hands.

Behind them, there’s a great smashing, metal-screeching noise and Keith doesn’t dare look back, but he’s pretty sure Shiro just blew the door off its metaphorical hinges. A bark of laughter escapes him before he can stop it.

A hysterical guffaw answers him and when he looks over, Lance has tears streaming down his face, petrified but grinning. His cheeks are red, either from laughing or crying, and Keith swears he has never been more in love.

“I am filing for a divorce,” Lance gasps through his hiccupping laugh-sobs. “I am divorcing you.”

Keith makes a high, whistling sound, completely involuntary. “Babe, please just run—”

“KEITH KOGANE LANCE MCCLAIN I AM GOING TO DROP-KICK THE BOTH OF YOU INTO HAGGAR’S CLOGGED TOILET,” Shiro howls, suddenly so much closer than Keith thought he was.

Without a word, the two of them speed up, legs pumping that much harder. It’d be smarter to let go of each other, but Lance’s grip doesn’t slacken, and Keith just holds on harder, grinning madly.

End Notes

my fav klance thing is how they would totally switch between calling each other 'dude' and 'babe'

comments and kudos are appreciated!!!!

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