An Emotion So Deep, Will it Heal?

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Summary

The Voltron Team ventures to a new planet to make allies. The inhabitants of the planet can sense a strong negative 'magic' coming from one of the paladins.

Notes

Just an idea that sparked in my head. This will probably be very cliche. (Just an idea that sparked in my head. This will probably be very cliche. (And unoriginal).
Only The Start.

Lance smiled as he walked out of Blue. A new planet with new people he could learn about. A new place where his walls didn't have to be put up so high. A new place where he didn't have to really hide true emotions. A place where he was free to be whoever he wished. A new beginning, you might say. He was glad for a break on solid ground that had actual dirt and sand on it. He took a deep breath, smelling the fresh air and a sweet scent. It smelled of berries, like raspberries or blueberries. It was a welcomed smell for the Blue Paladin.

He followed the team as they walked through, what Lance would guess, was the market plaza. Many merchants were lined up in rows and rows. Lance bet that if he had an overhead view, it would go for at least a mile. He saw merchants selling various foods, drinks, toys, clothes, and even colored clay versions of the Voltron lions. It brought an even bigger smile on his face.

'These people must be very good sellers. I wonder if the Princess will let me look around a bit.' Lance thought. He continued moving forward behind his team, falling a bit behind due to the big crowds of aliens. He noticed a few that were looking at him funny. Anxious, he moved a bit faster once he locked eyes with one of them. Much to his dismay, however, he ran into someone and fell backward.

"Sorry there! I wasn't looking where I was going and I ran into you." The tall alien man said as he gave a kind smile. The alien stood in front of him, holding his hand out for help up.

Lance froze. He didn't move. He couldn't move. The figure. The stance. The resemblance. He moved back a bit from the man, a quick image appearing in Lance's head. An image he despised and hated with all his being. An image he wanted to leave behind.

'It was an image of his father.

That wretched man. That cold-eyed, abusive, horrible man. The soul bain existence that Lance would do anything to forget. The hand moving forward didn't help Lance either. All Lance thought to do was to back up, cowering in fear. If he was in his normal persona of the 'goofball', he would have smiled and remembered that his father was long gone in a prison cell billions and millions of light-years away, but alas, he couldn't stop the fear and tears that grew in his chest and eyes. His breath was shaky, as he felt something graze his shoulder. He moved away from the feeling and covered his face.

'...That isn't him, Lance. He isn't anywhere near you. He is far, far, away. Breath, Lance. Do what your Mama taught you. Count up by threes... 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18...' That was Blue. Lance always told Blue his past and everything he remembered of his family. He felt so safe in Blue's sturdy structure, that he confided information that no one on the team knew. Even Hunk didn't know the info Lance gave Blue. In return, commonly, Blue would talk of her previous Paladin, Blitz. It was a momentous bond that Lance and his beautiful girl shared... And he cherished it. His problems, guilt, just anything... She was there as a beckon of hope. He loved Blue, just as much as he had loved his family.

Lance scrubbed at his eyes, as he desperately tried to regain his consistent breath. He laughed a bit, putting him into the swing of his 'Loverboy Lance' persona. He looked up at the alien and smiled. He reached for the hand and pulled himself up.

"Sorry, sir. I was just a little shaken. Are you alright?" Lance said, hoping his words could block any suspicion of his first response. The alien male only nodded his head, signaling that he was fine.
He was about to open his mouth as Lance started running off after the group. He fell way too far behind. "Again, I'm sorry!" Lance yelled. And the male just stood there, awe-struck at the aura that was emanating from the Paladin. He wouldn't be able to explain it to the empress, but he needed to tell her that there was a negative magic in the air.

Lance stumbled a bit as he ran towards the Voltron team. They didn't seem to have noticed he was gone, which was probably a good thing since the scene that played only seconds before would definitely have been an embarrassing event. He just walked behind the team, slowly so they wouldn't notice he had fallen behind or similar. They continued to walk for a good 5 dobashes, until coming to the entrance of a tall white castle.

It was made of a mineral that would have been equivalent to marble on Earth. Swirls of gray intertwined with the solid white walls, as windows were scattered across the tall building. The doors were made of the same material, but it was thinner and had carved crests on it. The crest was a picture of materials and cloth, most likely to show that the kingdom was one of expert sellers and merchants.

The team walked up to the castle doors, each making sure they looked alright in appearance. Allura floofed her hair and flattened her dress, Pidge stood up straight to change her posture, Keith moved his hair to the side, Shiro combed his hand through his white tuff of hair, and Hunk tightened his orange bandana. Lance just dusted himself off, since he hadn't done that when he got up from the ground. He almost laughed out loud at the thought of the earlier occurrence.

"It was so stupid of me! My bad... I hope he is truly ok... Lance thought. He probably thought I was rude... Great first impression Lance! Let's hope this meeting is better..."

As the marble doors opened, they walked into a grand-looking ballroom. It was rather bland but still pretty. You'd of thought it would be full of various random objects since the planet was a thousand acre mall. But nope. Just beautifully cleaned and polished, little furnishing, and a few exotic flowers here and there. The real glory was the throne, however. It was a colored gold, black lining the inner parts. It contrasted so much with the room, that even in pure darkness, the difference could be seen.

A collected sound of aweing and oohing could be heard from the paladins as they continued to walk towards the thrown and the person on it. The queen, as Lance would have guessed, was very pretty. She had beautiful light purple skin, with a lovely sky blue dress that went to her feet. Her eyes were greener than a Cuban field during harvesting season.

Lance's heart hurt a bit with that analogy, but he acted as though he was completely normal. Allura, being the responsible representative, walked forwards a bit towards the queen, making sure she wasn't getting too close.

"I am Princess Allura of Altea, and these beings behind me are the Paladins of Voltron. We have come here to ask for your assistance and alliance against the Galra Empire." She stated, very business-ly (as Lance thought). "Your help and your people's help would be greatly beneficial for both of us." She finished saying.

The queen stood from her chair and walked towards Allura. Her expression was colder than a blizzard, and she didn't blink as she walked forward. The team tensed a bit, mostly Shiro and Pidge, ready to protect the princess if necessary. The queen walked straight past Allura however. Everyone watched her as she moved towards someone else. Lance's eyes widened as she walked up to him.
Her eyes looked even greener as she inched closer.

"Are you the paladin who ran into one of my subjects earlier, Blue one?" She said, emotions unreadable. Her words were sharp and precise, like a robot or something like that.

Lance paused for a minute to regain his composure. He bowed his head, as to not be disrespectful, and nodded. "Y-Yes... " He said, stuttering. Great job Lance. You ruined a perfectly good alliance because you weren't fast enough. What if this causes us to lose? What if this was the alliance that could save Earth, and I ruined it! Everyone on Earth's gonna die... And it'll be my fault. Please don't let me have slipped up so badly. He thought. His mind was spewing out nonsense, a common thing he did when he was close to an anxiety attack. "I'm so very sorry if I hurt anyone or anything! I wasn't looking where I was going and I didn't mean any harm." Lance said, in a rather panicked tone. His team looked at him, surprised that Lance was acting so anxious all of a sudden, and unaware of what was happening. When did he fall behind? He was behind them the entire time, wasn't he?

The queen gave a kind smile. "My apologies for causing you to be so anxious. I was told by my subjects that you seemed rather...Off, I suppose would be the correct word." She said.

"Off...? Whatever do you mean?" Allura asked. She didn't get it. No one did, really.

"Ah, nevermind. I accept the invitation, but I would like to discuss everything before its finalized. Is that alright, Princess of Altea?" The queen asked. Allura just simply nodded her head once, and still looked confused. "You all are welcome to stay here in the castle, so we can discuss details as soon as possible. Guards, please take them to their rooms, and prepare a feast for tonight's dinner!"

She ordered.

The queen dismissed the team and princess, having the guards take them to living courters. They were rather pretty rooms, color-coded to the Paladin. After the guards left, Lance pondered whether or not he should find the subject he ran into, and ask for forgiveness. After thinking it over a while, he decided that he might see the subject tonight at the dinner and that searching for him in the marketplace would only get him lost. Just as he decided he would look around the castle a bit, he heard a knocking sound on his baby blue door. He walked over, opened the door, and smiled to see Keith at the door.

"Can I help you, bud?" Lance asked. He moved to the side and motioned for Keith to walk in and sit on the bed.

No matter how many times Keith and him fought, he loved spending time with him. He loved spending time with all of his team. Even when they were at battle. Or bickering. Or just in each others presence. Very simple things made Lance happy since they reminded him of his old home. The one where he didn't need to worry about his siblings getting hurt. The one where he didn't need to help his mother with a new bruise. The one where he could just sit on Varadero beach, and enjoy the sunrise and cool water in the growing heat of the day.

Lance loved when he could breathe without a hesitation.

Lance loved when he could braid his sister's hair and sing songs or play volleyball with his brothers.
Lance loved when he helped his mom cook a dinner for a birthday, or help the younger children of the family create nifty crafts.

He loved when he could sing to his grandma and they would have conversations about her past.

Lance loved when his family was smiling, waving at him when he went to the Garrison.

Lance loved when he would talk with them after every few weeks, and he would explain how things were going.

Lance loved when they said they loved him everytime they ended the voice calls.

But what did Lance hate back then? He would answer that easily.

He hated that he couldn't save them.

He hated the way it happened.

He hated how he couldn't save them.

He hated everything.

He hated himself for not saving them.

He hated himself for not doing enough.

He hated himself for letting them burn.

He hated himself for being so useless.
What Happened..?

Chapter Summary

The party is soon, and the team is on edge about Lance. What had happened? And what did the queen mean?

Chapter Notes

WOAH. A SECOND CHAPTER HAS RANDOMLY APPEARED.

Hey guys! I started writing in a bit of a different style... I'm trying to find my unique style of writing so I'm sorry for any inconveniences it causes. Hope you enjoy this new chapter! (I'm bad at notes if you can't tell OwO)

TW: Mentions of self-harm, mentions of blood, blood warning, implied anxiety/panic attack.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Keith moved forward into the blue paladin's room. He moved slowly, as though he was afraid that if he moved too fast, Lance would get his wind knocked out of his lungs and die. That's a rather harsh hyperbole, but it's what it felt like. The air felt rather dense in the room, so even if it's only how Keith would describe it, he would deem it harshly true.

After the teams meeting with the queen, they were on edge about Lance. They didn't understand what the queen had been talking about. But from what they had heard, Lance fell behind the group and was trying to catch up, ran into someone, and caused an inconvenience for them. They hadn't even known it had happened, and no one asked where Lance was the good minute he wasn't there. Keith was the most worried, however.

Over the past ever so long time in a castle together, with no outlet, Keith and Lance had actually started getting along and becoming friends. Of course, they still had problems here and there, but it was far better than before. Maybe it was all because of the so-called 'bonding moment' that put them closer. Both friends and a team. So when Lance hadn't explained it fully to the team or to Keith, Keith only felt it natural to worry for Lance's well being.

"So... what was the queen talking about earlier? She was kinda vague about it." Keith questioned, deciding that it was just easier to get to the point. Lance froze, Keith took note; and his chest seemed to tighten.

"Well, I said what happened. You just weren't listening, were you?" Lance smirked, trying to recover from his reluctant answer. He tried to give off his normal annoying and challenging vibe with Keith, to drive the conversation away from earlier. That didn't work since Keith knew better.
Keith moved a bit closer to Lance as they stood in the room, the air still dense.

"Look, Lance, if you didn't want to talk about it, you don't have to. I'm not going to force it out of you." Keith said, trying to keep his annoyance down. Lance's smile dropped a bit but brought it back up to keep on the persona.

"Aww, but does the all-powerful Red Paladin actually care about me??" Lance said, maybe pushing a bit too hard on Keith's buttons. He wasn't exactly trying to annoy Keith, but he was sure as hell not taking any chances of the conversation going back to earlier. Lance didn't need to stress that any more than he was.

"Quiznak, Lance," Keith started. He cut himself off, trying to keep himself from yelling. "I was just worried, alright? You don't need to mock me anymore," Keith was losing his patience. "Do you even realize that when you do that, it can actually hurt my feelings? You put yourself oh-so-high on your cloud nine that you don't seem to understand I'm only trying to help you! I don't even know why I bother helping you! You very apparently don't need it!"

Lance's smile fell.

It fell with the little comfort in the conversation that seemed to end there. The room felt darker in a matter of seconds, like a fire on a field of dry grass. It felt as though a shadow engulfed the room, submerging it in despair and pathetic sorrow.

Lance felt like crying. His eyes stung and burned as tears threatened to spill over, but the tears wouldn't surface. He couldn't cry there. He's a paladin of Voltron! A freaking defender of the universe! Those people on team Voltron shouldn't cry! They have to be strong through everything! Not crying or breaking apart. Not remembering their past and mope in self-pity. Not fighting with another teammate. Not acting like a complete fool in front of an important alliance.

_Not acting like Lance._

"I don't know why either, Keith..." Lance mumbled.

"Wha-?"

"I don't know why you try and help me either, Keith!" Lance snapped. This was something new. Lance never snapped at anyone, ever. "Its crystal clear I don't ever need help, isn't it?! I-I'm just this perfect human being that is above every other damn person! I don't care about anyone or anything and I sure as hell don't need help from someone like you, right?!" Lance was growing louder, his voice quaking and clear to see he was hiding something. It was heavily laced with sarcasm too, which was something Lance rarely used.

"Lance, that isn't-"
"No Keith! You don't get it, do you!"

"Lance, please just listen to me!"

"Get out."

"Wha-"

"I said; Get. Out. And leave me the hell alone."

Keith, unsure of how to respond turned on his heels, and walked towards the door. He opened it, looked back quickly and shut the door behind him.

Lance sat down in the small bathroom that was attached to the room. It was bubbly, different colors of blue laced in the gray paint. It felt darker than a world without light, though. Cold, dark, and just... empty. He curled into himself, hearing himself repeating in his head 'useless.' Over and over and over. He wanted it to stop. To do anything to just make it stop. But the longer he sat there, the louder it became. More voices added to his own, as they started to tell him how useless he was. Describing it to him to make him understand what he was and who he would never be.

There was a voice louder than them all. A voice Lance knew well. That horrid man again... That devil who witnessed his life fall apart.

Look at you. You pathetic waste of space. You're grieving for something you caused, while you should be out there saving the lives you already lost. You're just selfish.

You'll lose all of them. Every last person who cares. They'll all leave and you'll be alone. You'll die alone. And no one will care.

You'll make the same mistake of being too late. They'll all die again. And again. And again.

Remember their screams? Remember the feeling of the warm air in your face while you watched them burn?

It'll happen again. And you'll make the same mistakes. 'Oh, poor Lance McClain. Lost his family and his friends. The title of Mr. Lonely will be your prize.' Hope you're proud of yourself, Lance.

Because you'll never escape this nightmare you made for yourself.

Lance's eyes poured, burned with the salty water of tears. His breath was short and sporadic, suffocating him. He was gasping for air, as more tears fell. But he deserved it, right? He deserved to drown in the water that poured over. He wanted more than anything to cry enough tears to drown himself. Drown out his sorrows. Drown out his pain. To make him go numb and feel nothing
anymore. To just kill the voices in his head and just be quiet. God, if only he could drown.

He would swear he didn't mean to do it, though. He didn't mean to grab the closest sharp object he could. He didn't want to move his jacket sleeve up and place the object on his wrist. He didn't. But he did. And it felt so good to release the pain. To watch the crimson liquid fall from his arms. And to just go numb to everything. To just watch the room fall black, and to be at peace.

The people of the kingdom felt all of this. The corrupted Blue Paladin who was acting as though everything was fine and putting on fake smiles to help others when he too was suffering was now in danger of scarring or bleeding to death. Lance was drenched in a dark aura. Soaked in sorrow, guilt, and grief.

"Adults and children of the planet could feel other's emotions, making them a very successful race. When something was wrong, they were quick to fix the problem, and if someone was sad, other would do their best to cheer them up." Coran stated before they had left the castle. He wanted the paladins to know that the planet's inhabitants might act strangely around new people and beings with new emotions.

No one on the planet was ready for such a corrupted entity. It wasn't only the blue paladin, either. Everyone on the Voltron team had similar auras. Corruption, loneliness, homesickness, and anxiety was woven into each of the paladins personalities... It was just that Lance's was different. Darker, colder, and livelier. More reoccurring. It was as though no matter how good things were for him, it would stay just as bad and get even worse. It was apparent that the common population wasn't used to people with anxiety disorders or depression. So with this new feeling of such sadness, the whole kingdom was in shock and fear.

The shock and fear turned to worries and concern for all the paladins. They understood their roles were important. They're fricking saving the entire universe for hell's sake! But the planet's people also took into consideration that almost all of them are just kids. Teenagers who were forced to save the universe and save millions of billions of lives. The people on team Voltron didn't want to be on the team, but they decided to stay so that other's lives wouldn't be lost.

All of that concluded that the alliance was finalized and that the people and planet would help Voltron in any way they could, and that meant they would help the paladins, Allura, and Coran's lives out as well.

Keith walked, moving aimlessly through the halls after he left Lance's room. He was thinking about what Lance said. Something was definitely wrong, Keith decided. He was close to Shiro’s door and decided to talk with Shiro. Their leader would surely know what to do. Keith knocked on the door, followed by a faint 'come in.' As Keith opened the door, he took note of the dark purple shade it was colored. It looked like Lance's, but with different designs and colors.

"Shiro, somethings wrong with Lance," Keith affirmed. "Something bad has to have happened..."

"How do you know? Did you just talk to him, Keith?" Shiro replied.

"Yeah... And he snapped at me... I thought we were past this dumb rivalry! He wouldn't even listen." Keith expressed, clearly troubled. "And he literally told me to 'get out of his room.'"
"Did you pick a fight with him?"

"Nope."

"Do you know what he's doing right now? Maybe I can talk to him... Or maybe the whole team can meet and discuss." Shiro suggested. Keith shook his head to say 'no.'

"Lance might just want to talk one-on-one with someone. Bombarding him with multiple people might not be the best option." Keith reasoned.

"We can still have the rest of the team talk together though. We can discuss what might be happening, and how to solve it."

"I guess so..." Keith said, slowly and full of doubt. "You want me to go and gather the team?"

Shiro nodded his head yes, and walked into the hall with Keith. They split up to gather the team (not including Lance) and finalized they would meet in Keith's room.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading the second chapter! I hope it isn't that bad...

Anyway, as always, please give constructive criticism and opinions.

Also, I can't come up with a name for the queen, so if you would like, you can put it down in the comments, and I'll choose the most unique of them all.

Thank you! And stay tuned for Chapter 3!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!