Dysfunctional

by fckbordem

Summary

The Galran soldier wasn’t budging. He didn’t let a single useful word slip past his fanged teeth. The whole ship, bar Lance, interrogated him and it seemed that diplomacy was not working. They had to force it out of him and it seemed the only one willing to do that was Lance. To say the team was surprised, was a severe an understatement.

There might be swearing, so if that makes you uncomfortable just don't read.

Notes

To be honest, this is just a self indulgent fic because I have so many ideas and to little works. Also I’ve looked for fics like this everywhere and only found a select few, so I decided to do things myself.
Hope you like it, it is pretty shit to be honest too don't expect much.
First Meeting

Chapter Summary

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Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Allura sighed, running her hand down her face. Nothing was working. She looked in the ‘interrogation’ room, really it was just an old, dusty testing room which was used for new inventions that just happened to have a one way mirror because apparently the old Alteans liked to spy on their scientists.

Currently it was Coran’s turn to try and coerce the captured Galran soldier into spilling some upcoming Galran plans. Usually if they caught a rogue soldier they would deliver them to The Blades and let them decide what to do with the traitor. But thanks to Pidge’s observant eye, she spotted the markings on the Galran’s uniform and confirmed he was a high ranking officer in that sector. Meaning he was informed on plans and maybe even knew the location of Lotor. The hard part now was getting him to speak.

Coran came back out of the the interrogation room, copying Allura’s earlier sigh and face palm. Apparently dancing and threatening to feed the soldier food goo didn’t work. Thankfully Shiro decided to have some idea on what to do as he stood up straighter in the middle of the room and cleared his throat gaining everyone’s attention.

“Well team I know this isn’t going as easily as planned”, a collected groan sounded through the room, “And to be honest, I’m thinking we should just hand him over to Kolivan. He’d probably know what to do”. Lance’s eyebrow perked up at this.

“You know Shiro I haven’t spoken to him yet. I bet I could go in there and get in him to gives us details in under 20 dobashes.” Lance said with his signature smirk. This got him a few deadpanned stares from the occupants of the room.
“Lance this is no time for joking” Shiro sighed, the stress was really getting to him. “You may go in there and try to get him to talk and if he doesn’t in the next varga I’m contacting the Blades, stat.”

Lance grinned, he was going to get this soldier to talk one way or another.

The soldier in question looked as if he was holding in an internal sigh as Lance walked into the room. All the paladins including Coran and Allura were watching intensely since that was basically the only response they’ve gotten out of the soldier this entire time. Well except the little flinch he gave when Keith hit the table out of anger.

“Look, I’m not going to give you any of the plans we have to locate quintessence or the location of Lotor no matter how many of you they send in” The Galran sat a little straighter “I swore an oath to both Zarkon and Lotor tha—

“Blah, blah, blah you swore an oath to psychotic dictators not something to brag about” Lance stood up and walked over to the chair the soldier was handcuffed to and leaned into his face “You may not have told us anything yet” He cocked his head to the side and let a grin spread over his face “but you did just confirm that you have exactly what we’re asking for.”

The castle’s residences were impressed so far, if not a little confused, because the Galran soldier actually talked for the first time and Lance pointed out something none of them noticed all in about 5 dobashes. Pidge looked at the rest of the team.

“What on space ship home is he doing?”

“I have no idea” Keith said gazing down at Pidge, “but I think Lance may actually have a good idea for once.”

Shiro looked around the room “let’s just hope this works.”

Allura couldn’t agree more.

“I didn’t me—

The soldier went to protest but Lance roughly grabbed his hand.

“Tell me your name officer or I’ll chop of this little finger. Right. Now.”

The soldier looked a little frightened in the quick turn of events and Lance noted that change in expression, now he’d be able to tell when the Galran’s scared. He made a mock disbelief sound and gave a pathetic little laugh.
“You’re a paladin! Saviour of the Universe and all that. Protector of all beings. You wouldn’t do such a cruel thing.”
Lance could tell he wasn’t sure of the situation since he reframed from giving an aggressive and set comeback. That little laugh he gave before underestimating Lance may just be the downfall of his ongoing un-cooperation. So he decided to play into that unsureness and break him.

“Oh, maybe you’re right” The Galra was about to give a smug grin but Lance pulled out a blade from god knows where and held it just above his purple middle finger “Or maybe you’re not, are you really willing to risk that?” Lance raised the blade over his head.

The Galran gave in, most likely because the knife was less than an inch away from his finger.
However, Lance was far from finished. He opted on sitting on the table corner turned towards the Commander. Lance may not be gifted in maths and science like Pidge was or mechanics and engineering like Hunk but mind games and word play? He was practically a prodigy in the works. Plus he was only resorting to violence as a last option.

“How about this Commander Ruxal, you tell me where and when you plan on getting this quintessence and we’ll hand you over, injury free, to the Blades. Who will give you a nice and cosy cell to rot in hmm?”

Commander Ruxal looked at Lance like he was insane. “You’re not the most convincing being I’ve spoken to” He tried to put on a blank face but Lance could still see a twinge of hesitation and fear from earlier. It was clear though he saw the offer as a bad one. Lance frowned at this.

“I said injury free, do you not want that?” Lance waited. Silence. “Guess not, you’ll still be going to the blades either way. I’ll be back soon, don’t get too lonely while I’m gone.” With that he stood up he gave the commander a smile and swiftly left the room.

Hunk watched as Lance came out the room with an amused look on his face. He was speaking for the rest of the castle, who were handily behind him to give their input, when he approached Lance.

“Erm.. Lance? Buddy? What exactly are you planning to do to that soldier? I-I mean the information isn’t that important….No need for violence. Right?”

That wiped the amused look off of Lance’s face and he turned directly towards Hunk and everyone else.

He took in all their faces. Some were confused like Allura and Pidge whilst the others had the look of shock and slight fear for the same reasons as Hunk. Except Keith who seemed to be in understanding of Lance.

“Not important? Hunk I love you but you’re being irrational right now. Not only does he know exactly when and where loads of important Galrans are going to be for the extraction of quintessence, their power source but also knows the location of Lotor. This is the biggest lead we have ever had to Lotor and I am going to get that information out of him, I never said you had to
watch.” He walked away.

Keith sighed turning the attention of the room to him “I hate to say this but Lance is right, you don’t need to watch and this information is insanely important Hunk. Plus, I’ve never seen him so serious, there’s no way you can talk him out of it.”

Hunk knew Keith and Lance were right but he didn’t want his friend to have such a horrible thing on his conscience. Lance has always been good with words and when needed violent but before this space war he would never hurt anyone physically. He looked around the room for allies but it appeared to him that they were all being convinced by Lance and Keith. He was brought out of his head by a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

“I’m afraid I have to agree with the two of them Hunk. We’ll make sure Lance doesn’t do anything he’ll regret tomorrow if you want to leave.” Allura said, giving Hunk a reassuring smile and a shoulder squeeze.

Hunk thanked her but decided to stay, he had to be there for Lance. Who speaking of, just came back into the ‘interrogation’ room with his bayard and his black training belt. Which could hold multiple tools or weapons at once.

He smiled at Commander Ruxal, sitting down directly across from him. Feeling the stares of the castle's residences through the mirror. That both added pressure and excitement. He placed his unformed bayard on the table

“Let’s get started then shall we?”

Chapter End Notes

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=nkFPlw400bk
This song is called Dysfunctional and it's reason I changed the name of the fic :)
Chapter Summary

Time to bring out the big guns- or rather blades.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: There will be blood and swearing in this chapter so don't read if you find that uncomfortable :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The Commander looked down at the bayard and back up at Lance in what seemed to be shock and amusement. He leaned back in his chair and opened his mouth, showing two large rows of fanged teeth. He was laughing, hard at Lance. For what? Lance had no idea but at least he knew that that Ruxal’s mouth was now a no-go area and that apparently his fear from earlier was gone. Lance was sitting up straight in his own chair, hands clasped on his lap. His eyebrows raised at Commander Ruxal, who was still laughing about something. Once said Commander saw that Lance had no idea what he was laughing about, he decided to inform him.

“Blue paladin I am a high ranking Commander within the Galran ranks.” He chuckled and wiped his tearful eyes, “Meaning I know everything available to know about the paladins, including what weapon their bayards form into.” He gestured towards the blue bayard facing him on the table, “I know that this here is a long range sniper and blaster, if it was used against me in such short range it would kill me instantly.” He smiled showing his teeth at Lance which was odd behaviour for someone talking about their own death.

“Therefore you wouldn’t get any answers and I can die the honourable death I deserve.”

Ah, that made more sense. Years of being conditioned to think killing innocents and reign over their planets was honourable and quite hilarious to Ruxal. Lance would almost feel bad that the Galran had to be raised in such an environment but he remembered that some of the Blades are fully bred Galrans that were raised in the same situation and they came to their senses. If Lance hadn’t worked on his connection with his dearest Blue, the Commander would have been right in his observation but Lance had found a way to unlock multiple weapons of his choice. His favourite was the lance for obvious reasons but he only used it on the rare training session. In fact, the team didn’t even know about this recent upgrade, so he decided now would be the perfect time to show them all.

Lance hummed in mock understanding as he picked up his bayard pretending to observe it.
“You’d be correct there my friend.” He clasped his bayard in one hand and closed his eyes, picturing a BC-41 type of blade but more advanced. It formed into just that, a sharper edge to it with blue Altean electricity wrapping around white blade. The handle was bright blue and the tips of the knuckle where much sharper than on the earthen blade.

“Yes, you’d be correct if I hadn’t done some training with my beautiful Lion after I considered the exact same thing. I couldn’t go around killing every rogue Galra soldier I ran into could I? So I opted to go for this beautiful blade and a few other choice weapons.” He was idly playing with the knife that the Commander was gawking at with eyes as big as dinner plates. Cleary Ruxal underestimated him too much.

“Actually this is like the showcasing of my upgrades! My teammates haven’t seen them yet either and I’ve only ever used them on a training dummy, so it’s nice of you to volunteer yourself to be a flesh subject.”

Lance cringed at his own words, he was simply trying to get inside the Commander’s head and if that meant he had to pretend to be a sadist then so be it. He would continue with mind games to see if he could scare the Commander into talking but he had a feeling this would end in a bit of bloodshed. He sighed, looking to the mirror on his left. He definitely looked a little insane to the ones behind it. Lance held in a snort as he thought about Keith, he was probably the only one who wasn’t surprised by this. Lance had showed him his array of blades after Keith had caught him slashing a training dummy with them. They had definitely grown closer after that and their bickering matches were more just teasing each other rather than jealousy from Lance and a sense of superiority from Keith.

He looked back at the Commander wiping the fond smile off of his face and going back to staring coldly at him. The fear was definitely back in the Commander’s eyes and Lance counted that as a step on the stairs of breaking this Galrans will to be silent.

He stood and waltzed over slowly to Ruxal, blade in hand. Sitting down on the table corner like earlier, he opened his black training belt and pulled out a thick blue fabric. He set it down in front of Ruxal neatly spread out. Time to lay down some rules.

“You have ten minutes to talk. First minute of silence I put this blindfold over your eyes. It may not seem like much of a threat but psychological... persuasion is just as important as physical.” Lance let the Commander think for a moment before continuing, “Next minute of silence I put the handle of this blade to use, I’ll start with your hands seeing as with messed up hands you will never be able to handle a weapon again. 3 minutes of silence? I’ll go easy on you and after that, not so much.” He pulled a stopwatch that he brought from Earth off of his belt and set it to 10 minutes. “Start talking now or regret it for the rest of your sad, little life Ruxal.”

Lance had to give a bit of respect to the Commander as he bit his lip to stop himself from whimpering. He really was one of the most loyal beings Lance has met, unfortunately his loyalty was misplaced. He gazed down at the watch and huffed, it was nearly at the one-minute mark. Deciding to lay out all his weapons for future use in front of Ruxal was a perfect mind game for when he could still see.
“Y-You paladins are insane! I know Alteans have machines that can look into mindscapes and you still choose torture!” Ruxal managed to say, eyeing all the 8 weapons on the table. “I-I-I’ll never talk!”

Smiling, Lance looked down at the stop watch. It’d been one minute. He paused it to tie the blindfold around the Galran’s head. Unpausing the stopwatch, he placed a fond hand on the Galran’s cheek and leaned down whisper into his ear.

“You just did Commander Ruxal.”

The other side of the one-way mirror was in a tense silence. Everyone, bar Keith, was assessing the situation. They have never seen this cruel, cold Lance before. Was it an act? It had to be right? They knew he was going to hurt the Commander but they had expected a punch in the face and maybe some shouting. Not a calm and collected ‘persuasion’ session, and why the fuck did Lance know about psychological torture? The silence was cut short by Keith’s breathy chuckle.

“That bastard has a good way with words doesn’t he? He’s doing a good job at making himself sound fucking insane that’s for sure. Smart move with blindfold too, taking away his vision will add to his fear factor.” Pidge looked at him in disbelief and scoffed.

“Keith we’re talking about Lance here. Mr. I never have any comebacks. He’s usually not good with words or intimidation but yes, you’re right. He is making himself sound fucking insane.” Pidge smiled a little when Shiro didn’t reprimand her for use of ‘bad’ language. But frowned when she saw that he was clearly deep in thought. “Shiro? Any idea?”

He looked up a little surprised and sheepishly rubbed the back of his neck.

“Uhh.. I-uh.” He stopped talking and cleared his throat, “I think we should let Lance continue and not underestimate his skills like Commander Ruxal did, it does seem like his methods are beginning to work. He clearly is using violence as a last resort since he gave the Commander many chances to talk and didn’t jump straight into hurting him.” He said this with confidence but Pidge could tell he was just as perplexed with the situation as everyone else.

Pidge didn’t think she could stomach the thought of Lance hurting anyone out of a dire situation - like escaping a Galran ship. She used to compare Lance to a clear sky and Hunk to the sun but now she was more leaning on Lance being the sea; unpredictable, calming yet wild and dangerous.

Pidge was brought out of her thoughts by a yelp coming from the interrogation room. She snapped her head to the glass and saw Commander Ruxal gritting his teeth, tears were coming out through from the bottom of the blindfold. There, just below his knuckles was the handle of the blade completely embedded into his skin, there was blood surrounding the entry points and some splashed
along the blade too.

Looking over to Lance she got a look of guilt on his face rather than the emotionless look from earlier. However, it was only there for a split second and if she wasn't looking directly at him, she would have missed it. Okay, so maybe he wasn't secretly a serial killer like she originally thought but who can blame her? It's not everyday your friend's personality does a complete 180 whilst flipping you off. She was having a hard time believing it was just an act judging by how easily he got into the character, it was more like peeling off a mask than putting it on. Maybe she'd be willing to do the memory exercise Coran keeps blabbing about if it gives hers answers on what the fuck is going on with Lance.

Lance looked at the Commander’s face. Tears were visibly falling down through the blindfold and he felt guilt claw its way into his chest and mind. Before he backed down and surrendered to the overwhelming sensation, he thought of where he came from and his extensive training that has been drilled into his head from the tender age of 5. The guilt was gone quickly then and he couldn’t believe he even felt it in the first place over a simple interrogation; sure it sucked when he had to resort to violence but it’s not like he didn’t already have galran and human blood on his hands.

Ripping the blade handle out of the galran’s hands, he sighed. He was tired and he knew the others were too. He wanted the interrogation to be over with and thank the stars this galran didn’t seem to have a high pain tolerance because that mixed with loyalty is a recipe for a stubborn fighter. He was sure his flawlessly made interrogation plan is about 10 times harder to deal with in space due to much harsher and well-made versions of earth weapons. Lance had Veronica to thank for the plan though since she helped him think of the methods. She was always more adapt than him when it came to people and social interactions but she also had 5 years more experience than he did in the field given that she was his older sibling. They designed it so that people with low pain tolerance would last between minute 2-4 and the breaking point for most would be 8, if they lasted to minute 9 and 10 they either ended up dead or close enough to it that they killed them anyways. Of course Lance wouldn’t lay out his whole plan off the bat because it may look like it was already calculated – which it was – and the team didn’t know anything about where he came from except him being Cuban and a cargo turned fighter class pilot in the Garrison.

Lance shook his head, he was getting sidetracked again. Putting the blade into his right hand he stabbed the galran’s other hand with the handle spikes and left it there. He looked at the stop watch and saw that he had about 30 seconds left until minute 3 – he felt a little bad for telling the Commander he would go easy on him since it was quite the opposite. He decided to stretch his legs for 20 seconds and walk around the pristine room. Blocking out the galran’s painful moans, he pondered how bored a mind could get staring at these walls for hours on end. Maybe he could try that method in a situation were they didn’t need answers ASAP.

Checking that it had been about 20 seconds he walked back over to the Commander and swiftly took the handle out of his hand. The Commander screamed as Lance broke through untouched skin.
"You have 10 seconds until minute 3. I suggest you speak now, I may have lied about going easy on you."

The Commander shut his mouth and set his jaw, obviously not going to talk anytime soon. Lance sighed, *great* this is going to take forever if he doesn't break after minute 3.

"Alright then Commander, as an apology for lying about the level, how about I take off the blindfold after 30 seconds? Yeah I'll do that."

Lance reached down into the belt and pulled of a metal-like cylinder. Pushing one of the buttons, a sharp blade about five inches long stuck out. Pressing on another button the blade started to heat up, in about 10 seconds it will be capable of giving second degree burns.

"W-What's that smell!? Is that..burning? No- no no no, don't put that anywhere near me! Please, please no." The Commander barely whispered out that last bit and if they had not had a microphone in the room no one would've heard him.

"Are you going to talk then?" Lance said simply as if a man wasn't begging for his life just a second ago. He was met with silence though. He made a clicking noise with his tongue aso the Commander wasted time and let the blade heat up, making his own experience much more painful. Lance stared at the Commander for at few more seconds, unmoving as to throw him off and quickly stabbed the galran’s thigh. The Commander's scream was almost deafening.

Lance was true to his word and took the blindfold off 30 seconds in. Ruxal looked at him with tearful eyes, he then gazed down to his thigh and held back a sob. The smell of burnt flesh and steel blood filled Lance's nostrils and honestly Lance couldn't say he wasn't familiar with it. Lance loved alien weapons so much. He'd have to show Tony all of the different kinds when he got home seeing as he was the weapon handler of the family. He was sure Ruxal could've bared the blade for the whole minute if it didn't heat up every ten seconds. Ruxal cried out again at the sudden raise in temperature.

"I-I'll talk, I'll talk! P-please just *stop*, make it s-s-stop!"

Lance whooped in the air.

"Fucking finally Ruxal! God you were wearing me out man! Alright, let's talk."

Lance bent down and turned off the heat in the blade. It would still be burning but it wouldn't get any worse. Informing Ruxal that he would take out the whole thing once he told him about Lotor and the location of the quintessence extraction.

Hunk got sick. Multiple times.

As soon as Lance put that heated blade in the Commander Pidge and Shiro did too. Keith was even shocked at the cruelty of Lance. Coran was silently watching his favourite paladin act like a completely different person- a *cruel* person. Allura however seemed to be a bit grossed out but proud, she did have the most will power and drive to destroy the Galran Empire and her 'goofball' of a paladin had just went in, showed his true potential and got the answers they were looking for. She wrote down the time and coordinates of the location the Commander gave, Lotor would be attending the extraction so she only had to write down one location.

"Allura? Coran?" A tired voice called, "can we do that memory exercise you guys were blabbling on about? I wanna know Lance's past as soon as possible."
"What d'ya mean Pidge?" Keith asked turning to the girl who was a little more pale than usual after throwing up.

"What she means Number 4, is the memory exercise of course! Whoever wears the helmet will have their most prominent memories displayed on a big screen for all the others to see. We used it to see into criminal's minds back in the day to catch them red handed!" Coran helpfully informed.

"Princess, I think that would be very helpful to us. I would like to understand Lance better as I feel I don't know him as well the other Paladins." Shiro said, adding to their conversation. Trying to hide the now present curiosity of how Lance's life was back on Earth.

"Well if you all think it is a good idea and it will help you grow stronger as a team, I don't see why not! I suppose Coran and I can set it up after we finish this current mission." Allura said thankfully agreeing to the exercise. If she were to be honest she was extremely curious as to Lance's past as well and just as eager as the others to find out were he got this act from. If it was an act that is.

Speaking of Lance he just came out of the 'interrogation' room smiling like he'd just seen his family on Earth again. He walked over to them and put his hand on Keith's shoulder whilst turning to Shiro. Neither of the two would admit the rise of their pulses in that moment.

"What did I tell ya Shiro? Less than 20 minutes! In fact, I was only in there for 4 minutes and 17 seconds."

The rest of the team blanched, because really? It had only been 4 minutes and 17 seconds and it felt like an eternity, how long must have felt for the Commander? They shuddered, not wanting to think about that.

"Oh Shiro, I contacted The Blades by the way and they said they will be happy to 'take in' Ruxal and said that they would meet us at the extraction point. Call later for more details or something like that - oh! And Keith, Kolivan said hi!" Lance said cheerily.

While the team was wondering when the hell Lance called The Blades, said teen left the room claiming he was 'gonna hit the hay.' After he had given the helpful knowledge that Commander Ruxal would probably need urgent care if they wanted him to even make it into The Blades hands.

"Yeah, we are definitely doing that memory exercise." Hunk said staring at the door Lance just walked out of. " He wasn't even slightly bothered about what he did! I wasn't even in the room and I could smell.. it."

There was a murmur of agreements that sounded throughout the room. Everyone disturbingly staring at the same door. The question went through all of their heads, even if they denied it. Just who in the hell was Lance McClain?

Chapter End Notes

If you were confused about all the mentions of Lance's past, think of this fic like a prequel to a series. I'm planning on writing a few fics on an au I like but I feel like it would be ood to just rush into it so here you go.

Also I wrote a lot of this on my phone and my auto correct is terrible so there might be a few mistakes.
If you have a microscope and 20/20 vision you might spot a bit of Klance in between lines.

I hope you enjoyed this dumb ass fic! I had fun writing it and hopefully it's my first out of many. Thank you for the Kudos and comments, it made my day :) I

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