"Hey, I'm Lance, I've seen you around. Hephaestus kid, right?" Lance said, breaking the silence between the two. Keith was glad he was there to save him from being awkward. He nodded at the tan boy.

"Yeah. Keith."

Lance smiled. "Keith," he tried out the name "cute name for a cute boy."

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Lance is the son of Aphrodite, Keith is the son of Hephaestus. Basically just a lot of pining and fluff. background adashi and hunay
Keith always liked the sunset.

He liked the way the colors stretched across the sky, reds and yellows mixing. He liked how for him, looking at the sunset, he could relax for a little while. He lets his thoughts wander wherever, and escape for a few minutes.

It was something he did a lot in his childhood. He'd go to the biggest window in the orphanage just to see it. Sitting here brought him back when he needed an escape. It calmed Keith down before going to bed.

It eventually became a routine for him. Everyday, when he could, Keith came to the lake to watch. Sometimes there was someone else on the beach, but most of the days he sat there alone. He thought today was going to be one of those days.

He sat on the fence by the lake, watching the sunset as usual when he heard the familiar sounds of footsteps behind him. Keith ignored it at first, but to his surprise, the footsteps got closer until a boy sat down beside him on the fence.

He looked over. He suddenly got anxious when he realised who it was. He had messy brown hair, and blue eyes the color of the ocean contrasting beautifully against his tan skin, which was basically glowing in the sunset.

Keith felt butterflies in his stomach. He'd seen this guy around with his two friends, and thought he was really cute. He'd liked him for a while. But it wasn't until now Keith got a closer look at him. He looked back out at the lake when he realized he had been staring for a few seconds, his cheeks turning pink.

"Hey. I'm lance. I've seen you around. Son of Hephaestus, right?" Lance said, making conversation. Keith was thankful that he was there to save him from being awkward.

"Yeah. I'm Keith," he responded simply.

A small smile - or rather a smirk spread across Lance's lips. "Keith," he tried out the name "Cute name for a cute boy."

Keith feels himself reddening, rubbing his hand against his face as if that would make his blush disappear. His brain scattered for something to say, to flirt back, but he could only mutter an awkward thanks.

"I.. Thanks.. Lance is a cool name. Like the weapon."

Keith internally yells at himself for saying something so dumb. To his surprise, the ocean eyed boy just lets out a small laugh. The noise sends butterflies threw Keiths stomach. Even his laugh is gorgeous.

"Yeah. Like the weapon." Lance flashes a smile at him, scooting a bit closer and putting his hand on Keith's, only making the raven haired boy blush deeper.

"I don't know why I find you so interesting.. Maybe it's your eyes. They're almost like, a purple color. It's beautiful. Or maybe it's your innocent nature. But probably the eyes. They're really pretty."

He smiled softly at him.
Lance looked back out to the fading sunset as he talked. It was starting to get dark. Lance moved even closer to Keith's deeply blushing face now. Keith moved in at the same time, looking into his eyes. Just as their foreheads were almost an inch apart, Lance leaned in and kissed Keith on cheek, giving him a small smile. Enough to make him blush but not show any hidden intentions.

The sun fully set now, leaving them in darkness. Lance seemed to notice this, and just as Keith opened his mouth to say something, he jumped off the fence. "I have to go now, but I'll see you around, right babe?"

Lance flashes another flirty smile that leaves Keith a blushing mess. He nods as Lance kissed his hand, cliche prince style then runs off, leaving Keith staring into the dark lake, blushing and wondering how the heck he got the guy he had a small crush on to magically start flirting with him. He must've gotten really lucky.
Chapter 2 - teasing

btw: this fic is also on Wattpad under the same name n stuff.
i didn't actually check ao3 in a while and didn't realise this fic was actually getting some attention?? so i was posting on Wattpad first but ill be sure to update now

Lance was pining. Hard.

Ever since last night, whenever his thoughts weren't distracted by something else, he found his mind wandering to the ravened haired boy with those eyes that seemed to gleam purple. Even sitting here, in the noisy pavilion with his two friends Pidge and Hunk, his thoughts were on Keith.

"What if I went too far? What if the flirting made him uncomfortable?"

Lance complained to his friends, putting his head down on the table with a groan. His cheeks were tinted pink just from thinking about the last night and worrying about embarrassing himself.

"He's really, really cute. And I've liked him for so long, I can't fuck this up."

He complained again, ignoring his food. Pidge sighed, putting her fork down on the table. "Gods Lance, he didn't ask you to stop, did he? That means he was okay with it. Stop being gay for five minutes and let me enjoy my breakfast."

Lance let out another dramatic groan and turned his head to the side, glancing at hunk for some kind defense. To his disappointment, Hunk just kept stuffing his face. When he noticed Lance was looking at him, he stopped and shrugged. "She has a point, buddy. I'm sure it'll be fine."

Lance sighed. He sat up properly from his seat, and just on time, he noticed Keith walk in. The boy was glancing around for somewhere to sit. Lance sat up from his chair, waving his hand at Keith.

"Hey, Keith! Come sit with us."

The boy turned to look at Lance, a soft smile drifting across his lips as he started walking towards their table. "Aaand confident Lance is back. Thank god." Pidge commented, smirking at Lance. Lance just blushed lightly, not looking away from the table. "Shut up Pidge. He's coming." He muttered to her.

A second later, Keith sat down across the table from Lance, beside Hunk.

"Keith! These are my friends, Pidge, and hunk, who you probably already know." At the mention of her name, Pidge pushed up her glasses and smiled at Keith, while Hunk have a small wave. Keith nodded in response. They were both in the Hephaestus cabin, and Lance knew from Hunk Keith and him had talked a few times.

"Uh, nice to meet you. I'm Keith." the boy introduced, looking at Pidge.

"Oh, I know, Lance has told us a lot about yo- Ow!" Pidge smirked, holding her fork in between her two fingers, then dropping it onto the table as Lance kicked her shin under the table, blushing.
Keith seemed to notice this as he let out a breathy laugh, blush dusting his cheeks. That little laugh made Lance's chest feel warm. He's adorable, he thought.

"Anyways, Keith! I have something to show you! Come on," he stood up from his table, grabbing Keith's hand and pulling him away from the table. "Uh, okay, bye guys," Keith said as Lance dragged him away from the two, still blushing. He pulled Keith out of the pavilion, walking towards the forest.

Soon they entered, and Lance slowed down to a normal walking speed. It was peaceful there at the moment, the morning sun leaking through the branches and warming their skin. Lance realised he had never let go of Keith's hand. The thought made his cheeks warm again, but he didn't want to let go. So he didn't.

"So, um, where are we going?" questioned the pale boy, looking around as the two entered the forest. Lance looked over at Keith, who seemed to be unphased about their hand holding. Thank gods. Lance was always afraid he'd move too fast, and scare him away. He doesn't know Keith that well yet, but he already was quite fond of him.

"Just to a special spot I like to hang out at normally. You're not afraid of heights, right?"
Keith gripped the branch above him as his foot almost slipped off the narrow one he was sitting on. The rough edges of the bark dug into his skin but he still held on to it for dear life. He looked down at the branch beneath his feet. Keith didn’t want to admit it, but this height did make him nervous. He wouldn’t let Lance know that, though.

“Are you sure this branch won’t break, Lance?”

He looked up at the cuban boy who was sitting two branches above him, feet dangling down and almost touching the branch Keith had a death grip on. “Pssh, I’ve done this a ton of times, you’ll be fine.” He waved his hands dramatically, motioning that it was no big deal. Keith took a deep breath as he stood up, putting his foot on a nub of a broken branch beside him and pushing himself up to the next one. Quickly he moved up another one and sat down beside Lance.

“See, I told you it’s really not that high up once you get here.” he said, looking out over the forest. Lance was right. It seemed higher up when he was looking at the branch from the ground. Still, it made him a bit nervous. But being up here with Lance made it better. Keith nodded in response. “So, you come up here sometimes?

“Yeah, every once in a while. Hunk is too scared to come up though, and Pidge doesn't really like the outdoors so it’s normally alone.” Lance said, rubbing the back of his neck. Keith looked over at him. Cute. He thought as he gazed at Lance, before realising he was staring and looked back out at the trees, light blush on dusting his cheeks. There was a short comfortable silence between the two for a few seconds, before Keith spoke again.

“How long have you known them for?”

“Hm?”

“Pidge and Hunk.”

Lance looked back at Keith as he realised. “Oh! Uh, well Hunk and Pidge were friends before me, and when I arrived Hunk and I started talking and he eventually introduced me to Pidge. Crazy to think that was like, two years ago.” Lance smiled lightly thinking about his friends. “How long have you been here?”

“Three years.” Keith awnsered simply. He hadn’t gotten much sleep the previous night, and after climbing up the tree he felt a bit tired. Without thinking properly, he scooted closer to Lance and rested his head on the boys shoulder. When he realised, a blush spread across his face, and was about to sit up and apologize when Lance relaxed into the touch and wrapped his arm around Keith’s waist.

After a moment of just sitting there, Lance spoke again. “So, um, I heard your good with your
Keith moved his head slightly, looking up at Lance but still not moving from the position he was in. “What?” Lance suddenly blushed deeply.

“I-I didn’t mean it in a weird way! I just meant, I um.” Lance stopped talking, pulling out a few mechanical parts from his pocket. “I mean, this used to be a pocket watch. I had a… Incident… With some water nymphs. Do you think you can fix it?”

“Oh,” Keith sat up properly, taking some of the parts from Lance’s hand. He examined them. “Yeah, sure.” Keith pockets the pieces, careful not to lose any. His brain was already thinking of ways he could fix it for Lance. Motivated to do a good job and impress him. “Um, if you don’t mind me asking, why didn’t you just ask Hunk? He could probably fix it faster than me.”

“Oh.. Well.. You know how I said I had an ‘incident’ with some nymphs? Hunk kinda.. Told me not too. And I’m not giving him the satisfaction of being right.” Lance said, rubbing the back of his arm. He threw a leg over the branch and leaned against the log, facing Keith. The dark haired boy chuckled softly. He looked over at Lance and smiled, just looking at him for a second. He really wanted to lean in and kiss him. But he knew he couldn’t. He really liked Lance. And he definitely didn’t want to scare him away by moving too fast.

Chapter End Notes

their conversation with continue more in the next chapter btw. it was just getting to the normal length of my chapters at least so i decided to cut it in two more. if that makes sense.

sorry this is basically my first proper fic i have no idea what I'm doing
“Oh, it was a gift from my grandfather.” Lance answered after Keith ends up asking where he got the watch. “He always said it was good luck. I don’t know if it’s worked on me, though.”

He looks over at the pale boy, who’s smiling softly at him. He nods at Lance’s response, letting a peaceful silence fall between the two for a few seconds.

“What about you? You have any good luck charms?” Lance looked across the sky again as he spoke. “Oh, well, I uh, have this knife. From my mom.”

“A knife?” He said curiously. He’d heard of people with all sorts of charms; but never a Knife. Judging by what Keith said next, he seemed to take Lance’s curiosity the wrong way. “Is. Is it weird?” Keith turned to Lance, looking embarrassed.

“No! Not at all. Just unexpected.” Lance rubbed the back of his neck and smiled sheepishly. “It suits you.”

“How does a knife suite me?”

“I don’t know, it just does. You’re a knife boy.” Keith laughed, and Lance tried his best not to stare. “That makes no sense, but okay.”

Lance watched as Keith smiled down at his lap, before reaching down to his side and pulling a knife out of a pocket on his belt Lance hadn’t noticed until now. It seemed to fit into Keith’s hand perfectly. It looked like the usual blade, but what really stood out to Lance was some kind of purple jewel in the center above the handle. “Woah. Where did your mom even get that?”

“I don’t know. Never got the chance to ask her before she left.”

“Oh. I’m sorry, Keith.” Lance looked over at Keith. The ravenette fidgeted with the knife in his hands awkwardly. “It’s okay.”

Even though he was difficult to read, Lance could tell Keith probably felt uncomfortable. So he was quick to change the subject.

"Soooo. What's your favorite color?"

"What kind of question is that?"

He and Keith kept talking for a while. Just getting to know each other, enjoying each others presence.

There was something about Keith. Something about the way you could see the passion in his eyes when he talked about things he loved, or the way he always giggled at Lance’s lame jokes. He found out Keith liked drawing, specifically animals. Even though Keith didn't seem to talk about himself much, Lance enjoyed the little details he knew about him.

Eventually the conversation seemed to end, where they were just sitting in a comfortable yet slightly awkward silence. Lance knew it must’ve been at least an hour or two they were talking, but it only felt like a little while.

“Hey, so you ready to climb down now?” He asked Keith. Keith seemed to remember then that they
were tens of feet in the air as he looked back down at the ground, then back up at Lance with a anxious expression on his face. “Yeah. I think so.”
Keith had no idea how Lance managed to climb down from the tree so fast. It must've been because he'd probably done this multiple times, he guessed. He watched as Lance jumped down to the branch below him, quickly using the branches and bumps in the tree to help him descend.

He was a few feet below Keith when he stopped, looking up at him and waiting patiently for Keith to catch up. He slid off the branch slowly, standing on the branch below him and holding onto the trunk of the tree for dear life. The branch was thin compared to what he was sitting on before.

Keith never liked heights. Especially as a kid. All the other kids in the orphanage would play outside, and climb the small tree in the backyard. He always got teased for not being brave enough to go climb with the other kids.

Keith wasn't popular there anyways. They all called him the "weird knife kid" and teased him for never getting adopted. He didn't care anyways, he just focused on building things with the scraps he found around. Or fixing his alarm clock that kept breaking every once and awhile. People were never really his thing.

"Keith? You okay?" Lance called up at him. Keith snapped back into reality again and he nodded and went down another branch. He was slightly above Lance now, so the cuban boy climbed down a few more branches. Keith made sure to watch where he was stepping and how he did it, and tried his best to repeat it.

He stepped down and stood beside Lance on a branch, getting fairly close to the ground. Keith was honestly surprised he managed to go this far. Normally climbing down especially from the top where he had been he would have been freaked out. Something about having Lance there with him helped.

He was ready to watch Lance take more steps down but to his surprise instead the boy jumped down, landing swiftly on the ground. He held out his tan arms. "Jump. I'll catch you."

Keith paused for a moment. He wasn't that high up, right? He could do this. He definitely didn't want to look like a wimp in front of him. He stood there for a few seconds in silence, working up the courage to do it.

"You sure you won't drop me?"

Lance let out an over dramatic gasp, putting a hand to his chest. "Wow, don't you trust me, mullet?"

Mullet? Keith didn't even know where that nickname came from. He didn't ask though as he closed his eyes. Fuck it. He pushed himself off the branch, and in a second he landed in Lances arms, the blue eyed boy letting out a soft "oof" upon contact. Keith's cheeks turned pink in embarrassment as Lance put him down. "Um, thanks." he said softly.

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Afterwards, Keith and Lance hung out for a little longer before they had to split up to do their various camp activities. Whenever Keith mind would wander to whatever, it always seemed to come to Lance. He thought about his blue eyes that shone when he talked about his family and friends. How smooth his tan skin
looked.

Keith was a strong believer that nobody was perfect. Everyone had some baggage, some flaws. But so far, this boy was coming pretty damn close.

And before he knew it, he was zoning out, his brain clouded with the cuban boy with strange love for sharks. Before he knew it, someone was tapping him on the shoulder and telling him it was time for bed.

Keith nodded and put his hand into his pocket, surprised for a second when he touched cold metal. Then he remembered about Lance's pocketwatch.

He cursed at himself for not doing it earlier when he had free time. Instead, later he waited until mostly everyone in the cabin was asleep, and worked on it as quietly as he could. Keith stayed up way too late that night.

--

Next morning, Lance got up earlier than normal. No particular reason, really. Normally he woke up later, from one of his friends in his cabin waking him up, or Pidge and Hunk. Today he just felt like having more time in the day, though.

He left his cabin and sat down on a rock. He leaned against the wall behind him, looking around. There was a few other people chilling and talking with other people, but he was mostly alone.

Lance tries to enjoy the unusual silence that fills the camp, but he gets bored after five seconds. He knew that in like 20 minutes everyone else would be up - it wasn't super early - but he couldn't help but make his way to the hephaestus cabin.

He didn’t plan to wake anyone up, actually, Hunk maybe, but only for revenge for when he wakes Lance up at this time. He wouldn't have the heart to wake up Keith, though.

He arrived at the cabin shortly, looking into the window. Keith's bed was close to it, so he got a clear view of the sleeping boy. He looked so peaceful like that. It made Lance's heart flutter as he smiled softly.

Then he noticed something hanging from the raveonettes hand, which was dangling off the side of his bed. He looked closely for a second and then realised - it was his pocket watch. He also noticed a screwdriver on the floor leaning against the side of his bed and wondered if he had fallen asleep while fixing it. Lance felt a pang of guilt. He didn’t want Keith to be missing any sleep to do something he’d asked.

The cuban boy suddenly realised that he was watching someone sleep through a window and realised how stalkerish he was being. Blushing, he left the cabin and looked around, hoping nobody had noticed.

He decided to walk into the pavilion and sit at a table in the shade for a while as he waited for people to start coming out. He was kinda regretting his decision to wake up early now, because it was boring.

He rested his head in his arms on the table, sighing. He looked at the sky, and he thought about the past few days. But suddenly he heard the familiar sound of someone sitting across the table from him. He sat up and saw a tan boy with glasses, and brown hair brushed to the side.

“Um, are you okay?”
i haven't mentioned it yet, but shiro and adam are in this au, but i made it so shiro went on a quest and went missing. he was kinda a legend around there bc he was a hero. adam and keith got closer when he went missing and like shared their favorite memories and stuff about bc idk i like to think that they couldve had a friendship.

also this is longer bc it was supposed to be two chapters but i posted the first part on wattpad and forgot to post it here so i just combined it with what i had for the next chapter and boom big chapter. anyways ill shut up now sorry

End Notes

Thank you for reading and sorry my writing is bad. Leave a kudos or a comment if you liked it?? it inspires me to write more

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!