# Love Interest

**Summary**

Lance is getting his big American debut on a new T.V series called Voltron. He's excited and nervous about how amazingly talented and famous his cast members are. But most importantly Lance is anticipating meeting his character -Leandro's- love interest in the show. Who happens to played by the be mega famous, mega hot Keith Kogane.

But due to a misunderstanding during their first encounter, Lance now thinks Keith is the biggest jerk alive.

Keith now has to try and fix it, for the sake of the show, and also for the sake of their on screen romance, which may start venture off screen as well.

## Notes

Me is graduating school in a month, has piles of homework, needs to study: *stressed*

Also me: I'm gonna write another new Klance fic

See the end of the work for more notes
Hi all! I'm super excited to finally share this little fun project I've been working on!

So this is is an actor AU, mixed in with the Leakira Reboot AU!

Some things you need to know...

- **Voltron** is a new (live action so not cartoon they're actually acting) t.v series that is starting up (the Leakira Reboot AU)
- **IT IS NOT A CHILDREN'S SHOW!!!** It's actually MA15+, so they're are actually some *saucy* scenes (me being thirsty basically) but not *too* saucy AND VIOLENCE
- Yes this is a Klance fic
- Yes Adam and Shiro are together no one is fucking dead
- Some characters will come in later seasons (aka, Matt (I don't know if the AU has a name for Matt yet?), Romelle (Rowan), Lotor (?) and Adam (Dante) and Shay (?)).
- Leakira is planned from the beginning by the show's creators, but doesn't happen until season 3 (I think I dunno but probably)
- There will be interviews, working on set, media stuff, fandom shippings (basically all the fans wanting Lance and Keith to get together in real life), Lance does a video diary and all that good shizzz!!
- **ALso just thought of this! If you have any fan art of anything voltron related, or questions that could be asked by a fan you could send it to me (probably via comment section or message me on my tumblr iwriteshipsnotsailthem) and the characters could totally react/answer them in interviews or in Lance's video diaries!!!
- So basically our original Voltron peeps (Lance, Keith, Shiro, Hunk, Pidge and Allura) are playing their AU reboot counterparts (Leandro, Akira, Hachiko, Henare, Petra and Alzina) in a t.v show (which becomes massively popular)

If you have any questions feel free to ask! I'll be uploading the first chapter soon!
Meet and Greet and Never Accept Defeat

Chapter Notes

Welcome welcome to my new series! This is all just for a bit of fun so I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lance Mcclain was already in the lights of Broadway by the tender age of sixteen, when he played Sonny in 'In The Heights'. His exposure blew up, and he grew to be one of the biggest upcoming actors in Spain. He was a heartthrob, a charmer who was on front of magazines. Not to mention his Instagram following wasn't too shabby either.

But his American Hollywood debut didn't come until he was 19 and got asked to play a character for a new live action series called Voltron. At first, he wasn't too sure where this job could take his career. Si-fi? Cyberpunk? It wasn't anything he had done before, but when he rocked up to auditions Lance was blown away by the attention. Apparently, they had been looking for someone for the role of Leandro for months, but nobody was fitting the spot. Apparently, there was someone picked out, but due to personal creative differences, was dropped from the role. Since he's one of the major characters, they wanted to make sure they found to perfect guy. Then Lance showed up. They practically hired him on the spot.

His first big break.

Well Broadway was big a big deal, yes.

But this was an American T.V series, with a massive line-up of talented directors, writers and producers. His own managers were ecstatic, and told him 'yes, this is exactly what your career needs'. So, how could Lance say no?

Not all of the script had been written at the stage he accepted the role, so there were still some months of waiting before filming would begin for the first season. But very soon was the introduction day for cast and crew. It was a chance to mingle and meet everyone who would be working on the show. Lance had no idea who else was in the series, but he was excited to meet them.

The Introduction night was set in a large, exquisite gala hall. He was excited, dressed in a nice suit -apparently these things were fancy like that- and raring to go and introduce himself and get his name out there. He assumed the other actors would be well known, which was intimidating since he himself wasn't big in America or any other country other than Spain and the outside the Latino community. So, for him, it was a pretty big deal to meet all these American hot-shots, and he was fluttering with nerves.

He was especially keen to meet whoever was playing Akira, who he had been informed would end up being Leandro's love interest. One of the first questions at the audition was 'would you feel comfortable playing a character who had an interest in both boys and girls?' Lance told them he was himself bisexual, so anything was fine with him.

On the night of the meet and greet his managers walked in with him into the gala hall. It somewhat
made him feel like a child getting taken into school by his parents. But when he entered the room he was glad he had someone he knew there, because the hall was massive. Filled with men and women in expensive clothing. From long gowns, jumpsuits and tailored suits. The champagne was being passed around by the bottle, which Lance politely rejected. The last thing he needed was his bosses to see their Leandro underage drinking.

When his managers walked off to what seemed to be the 'managers group', Lance took a deep breath and looked around, trying to see if he could spot any familiar faces. It wasn't until a glamorous woman dressed in a fitted midi dress approached him with a grin that he felt like he had finally met a cast member.

"Lance Mcclain? You're from Waking Wednesday, am I correct?" The woman, who he recognised as famous actress, and supermodel Allura smiled at him. It was like all the air out of Lance's lungs got ripped out. She was massive in Hollywood, with an endless number of awards and even being a contestant for Miss. Universe. She was stunning, even more so in person. What the best part was though was the fact she knew who he was.

"Yes! It's nice to meet you! Pearlers was one of my favourite movies!" Lance smiled excitedly, almost starstruck by her beauty and kindness. Her eyes widened as a smile spread big across her lips, coated in a dark shade of berry.

"Thank you! Your accent is adorable!"

Ah yes. Lance's thick Cuban accent had earned him many hearts, and dates at that.

"Gracias!"

"You are seriously perfect for the role of Leandro. So charming!" Allura grinned, linking her arm with Lance's, causing a red blush to bloom high on his cheekbones. How was he going to keep himself in check when she was going to be on set with him? "Let me go introduce you to the other cast members," she said, starting to guide him around the room.

"Who are you playing?" Lance asked as they walked.

"I am playing Alzina." Lance remembered that name in the script well, both their characters were friends and worked closely together. Which meant a whole lot of scenes together. Lance had no room to complain. "Oh, look! Have you met Hunk Garret and Katie Holt?" She asked, and Lance shook his head, despite both names being very familiar.

Hunk Garret was an actor from a few comedic movies, and recently started his own cooking show and had released several bestselling cook books. The guy was hilarious, and from the looks of it incredibly talented not only on screen, but also in the kitchen.

Katie - with the stage name of Pidge- Holt was from a long family of entertainers. Her mother was an actress, father an actor and director, whilst her oldest brother Matt Holt, was both a model and comedian. But Katie's own success came from her childhood acting, playing a sassy daughter of an action hero in a popular franchise. She disappeared from the scene for a while once the show ended, but it was apparent she was back.

These guys were so cool, Lance could hardly believe he was meeting these people. Let alone able to work with them!

Accepting this role was already paying off.

"Let's go and say hi!" Allura tugged him lightly in their direction.
Allura so far was probably one of the nicest girls he had met in the business. She was just so considerate, probably knowing full well that Lance didn't know many people here since most of his jobs were located in Spain. He was glad she had introduced herself to him.

"Lance Mcclain," Allura started theatrically as they approached Hunk and Pidge. "This is Hunk, who will be playing Henare and Katie, who is playing Petra!"

"So they finally found our Leandro," Pidge smirked and nodded in consideration, assessing Lance. Once she deemed that he was indeed fit for the role, she extended her hand out to him confidently. "Katie Holt, call me Pidge."

"Lance! It's really nice to meet you! Breakers was one of my favourite movies growing up!" Lance rambled excitedly as he shook her hand generously. Her eyes widened and she cracked a smile. "I have no idea what you just said." she cracked, making Lance blush and repeat himself, much slower this time. His accent made it particularly hard to understand sometimes, especially when he spoke too quickly (which was all the time).

Hunk was the next to talk to him.

"It's nice to meet you! Oh, man how exciting is this?" he beamed at Lance who mirrored his expression. "It's massive, I kind of forgotten how big these things are."

Lance looked around the halls, the walls were covered in prototypes of framed posters, concept art, newsletters and even a part of the script. There were people everywhere, who all looked as equally as important as each other.

"I've never been to something quite this big before, at least not for a show." Lance said, mostly to himself. Pidge frowned and tilted her head.

"So? Not to be rude, but what are you known for?"

Lance wasn't really surprised by this. He had mostly expected for the others not to know who he was. Broadway was a completely different ballgame from Hollywood. Plus, he was well known in Spain. He knew he wasn't as a big of a deal in America.

"I was in the Broadway Musical In The Heights for a year and a bit. Since then I've been doing small parts, but nothing quite like this." He said gesturing to the grand hall they were in.

Pidge nodded, understanding.

"I totally getcha, this is the first time I've started acting for almost five years." Lance was pretty sure Pidge would be two years younger than himself, which would make her seventeen. She hadn't been in a single film or show since she was twelve? It was hard to believe.

"Oh look! Shiro has arrived!" Allura clapped in delight and waved. Lance noticed the direction of where she was waving and tried to follow it. When his eyes did, he caught onto a tall, broad man with dark hair and eyes. He was dressed in a simple black suit, looking very much dressed like every other man in the room. But Lance's eyes widened in shock as he caught sight of one of his biggest idols.

"Takashi Shirogane is here?" Lance gaped, looking excitedly from Hunk to Pidge to Allura. "He's like? A massive deal!" Lance ran his hands through his hair in excitement. "This is the best job ever!"
"You a fan?" Pidge asked smugly. Lance nodded despite it.

"Who isn't? The guy is amazing!"

Takashi Shirogane was one of the biggest actors in Hollywood at the moment. He had incredible talent that was undeniable. But where Lance had gained most of his respect from was his work with the LGBTQI Community. When Lance was younger, he was terrified about his bisexuality affecting his acting career. He had internalised it for a long time, and he was scared about the lack of representation, maybe ruining his dreams. Then, like a shining light, one of the world's highest paid actors released he was indeed, a gay man.

Lance came out weeks later to his family, and then a few months after that to the public.

So, Lance's heart eyes were understandable.

As if he was going to be working with his biggest hero.

Wait.

Lance froze.

Was Takashi Shirogane playing Akira? His love interest?

Lance might just die.

Shiro approached the group with a Champagne in hand and a charming smile.

"Appears this is where the cast is hanging out," Shiro mused extended his hand out to Hunk, introducing himself eloquently. He then turned to Lance and held out a hand.

"Hi, I'm Shiro, you must be our Leandro." Lance's heart fluttered, and he felt like putty as Shiro shook his hand.

This was the best day of Lance's life.

"Yeah! Lance Mcclain," Lance grinned ecstatically as he shook Shiros hand. He smiled kindly.

"Nice to meet you Lance."

"He's a fan of yours," Pidge said, completely exposing Lance, but he's too starstruck to care. Shiro, on the other hand, looked rather bashful.

"Oh, really?" he asked sheepishly.

"You're pretty inspirational. Your representation helped me a lot when I was younger." Lance admitted, going a little pink. Shiro smiled knowingly, knowing exactly what he was talking about.

"So, we've got our Petra," Pidge said pointing to herself, "Henare," pointed to Hunk, "Alzina," pointed to Allura, "Our Hachiko," she said pointing to Shiro. Lance's stomach dropped a little, because what kind of guy wouldn't want their hero to be their love interest? "And finally, after months of searching, our Leandro," Pidge said, finally stopping at Lance.

Okay then, so nobody here was Akira...

Then who the hell is?
"So where had our grumpy little Akira scrambled off to? I'm sure Lance is keen to meet him. What, with having to make out on set and all." Pidge started, mostly looking at Shiro, but not without giving Lance a smug look, who without a doubt was blushing. _So, it seemed everyone was made aware there was going to be an on screen romance..._

Shiro sighed.

"I honestly have no clue. He ran off when one of the costume designers started asking him questions." Shiro asked, looking around aimlessly. Wait? They _knew_ who was playing Akira?

Lance wiped his sweaty palms on his pants, suddenly feeling nervous. He turned to Allura, who had a small frown on her lips.

"He's probably just taking a breather, you know how he gets at these things," she insisted. _Oh, hang on! Does everyone know who Akira is except Lance?_

"Who's playing Akira?" he asked, trying to act nonchalantly, not able to hold back his obvious curiosity.

"You don't know?" Hunk asked, tilting his head. Lance shook his head.

"Well if you turn around, you'll see him grabbing a wine." Pidge mused, making both Lance and Shiro snap their heads in that direction for completely different reasons.

"Little shit is underage," Shiro grumbled, crossing his thick arms over each other.

Lance wasn't sure who he was searching for, there was a lot of people with wine! Hunk grabbed his head and tilted it in what he assumed was the right direction until his eyes landed on a young man in an entirely black suit, all the same shade as his inky black hair and contrasting against the colour of his skin.

Lance gaped when the man's head lifted, staring off into the direction of the other side of the hall. _Keith Kogane._

Keith Kogane was playing Akira.

He turned to Hunk and Pidge with a look of horror on his face. The two both snickered at the dumbstruck, starstruck expression on his face.

Keith Kogane. Probably one of the biggest actors out at the moment, even contesting against Shiro in popularity. The guy was massive, on billboards, magazines, on so many of Lance's favourite shows (including the Walking Dead), and extremely good looking. The guy was _hot_. Even with what appeared to be a fucking mullet! A. Fucking. Mullet.

Lance was so, so out of his depth.

Lance was going to have to kiss the guy who was in the "Top 10 Sexiest Men Alive"?

Lance put his hands in front of his face, almost like a praying motion because _dios mío_ was the lord on Lance's side. He took a deep breath.

"So, also a fan of Keith?" Pidge asked smugly.

"I had like, the biggest crush on Glenn." Lance admitted under his breath, but Pidge heard it
anyway and was laughing.

"Well why don't you go introduce yourself? He can be kind of shy, so he'd probably love it if you went and said hi." Allura insisted and Lance hesitated. Could just go up to that kind of guy? He was so famous. But then again, Lance guessed he was used to strangers approaching him. Plus, they were on the same TV show, they'd be co-workers, it was only polite for him to introduce himself.

"Okay! I'll go right now!" Lance smiled brightly, straightening his tie before confidently taking his first few steps away from the group. He really shouldn't be nervous, he's had love interests in shows and movies before, but this was his first male on male romance. Dude on dude. And to make it even more intimidating, he was going to be smacking lips with one of the most well-known actors' in the business.

He shook out his limbs, eyes locked on his target who was standing securely against a wall. His eyes were drifting around the room, looking bored out of his brain. Keith looked to his watch. Allura had said Keith was kind of shy, which didn't really bother Lance. He had the kind of personality where he made people feel comfortable and emerge from their shells almost effortlessly. At the moment Keith looked highly unapproachable, his body language screaming 'don't come near me' in big blinking letters above his head. Lance took it as a challenge.

He stopped in front of Keith, the movement catching the other's attention and eyes glanced up. Lance smiled as their eyes met. He was just as handsome up close in person as he was on TV

"Hi Keith! You probably don't know who I am, but I'm playing Leandro, so I thought I should introduce myself since we will be working together!" Lance beamed brightly, not feeling deterred by the lack of response from the other actor for the first few moments. It was kind of crazy he was talking to Keith! He may take a while to crack, but Lance was sure he would open up rather quickly, especially when they'll be spending so much time together.

Keith's eyes narrowed, straightening himself slightly. He was the same height as Lance, but for some reason he felt way bigger in the moment. Like Keith was looking down at him.

"I know who you are," Keith said stiffly, but that sure as hell didn't stop the smile from spreading on Lance's face in pleasant surprise.

"Really?" the reflex response was. Keith's jaw clenched.

"Yeah." he said blandly. He didn't really have much expression, which was rather weird considering he was an actor, it was literally their job. "I know all about you, and what I've seen doesn't leave the best impression."

Lance blinked. 

_Huh?_

"Let's be real here," Keith started again, leaning against the wall behind him. "You won't be able this handle this show."

_Huh?!_

"You just aren't cut out for it. I don't even know why you're still sticking around when you'll just inevitably quit when you're faced with *qualities* your character has that you don't like."
Lance looked at the guy in front of him. Honest to god **disgusted** by the words he was saying. Sure, Lance didn't have the biggest list of big shot movies or whatever, but he had gotten this role fair and square. Keith assuming he wasn't good enough or could handle the role made Lance livid. He worked **hard** to get where he was, and he didn't need some snooty rich actor looking down on him like he was muck.

"You really have some nerve," Lance spat back. "I'll show you I'm up for this. Just **watch** me." he snarled before spinning on his heals and stormed as far away from Keith Kogane as he could.

He muttered all the Spanish curse words he could think of as he marched passed the rest of the cast and towards his managers to bite their damn ears off for not warning him his love interest was such an asshole. No wonder nobody wanted this role, especially when having to deal with a guy who was a massive jerk!

It was insulting to have your career trodden and stepped on by someone who you used to **admire**. But there was one thing Lance knew for sure, was that there was no way he was going to back down from this role. He was going to prove to Keith - **fricking** - Kogane that he wasn't just some lower-class citizen, and that he could rock that set and be the best goddamn actor in the room.

Lance was going to be the best on screen romance Keith had ever had!

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"Keith, you may just be the biggest idiot I have ever met," Shiro scolded Keith on the ride home back to their apartment after the Meet and Greet Gala. "What did you say to make your co-star, and not only your co-star, your character's potential **love interest** storm off like that?"

Keith rolled his eyes and huffed.

"There's no way that guy will stick around for that long to be anyone’s love interest."

"You've tolerated cast members before for the sake of the job, so what makes this one any different?" Shiro grumbled, rubbing his temple. "I don't even know **how** he managed to piss you off within the first ten seconds of meeting him."

"That guys a prick! Haven't you seen the articles?" Keith hissed. "You were the one who told me of the rumours Taylor was going to knock back the role because Leandro gets into a relationship with a male character. **My** character!"

Shiro's eyes widened in horror.

"What-"

"I was just telling him what he already had decided." Keith muttered bitterly crossing his arms over his chest.

"Keith," Shiro started.

"No Shiro! I don't care! The guys obviously homophobic and that affects you, me and heaps of the other cast so I wasn't going to beat around the bush!"

"Keith, Taylor got put down from the role **months** ago." Shiro said in a low voice. Keith didn't
"So why was he there tonight?" Keith asked, face scrunching up in confusion. Shiro took a deep, deep breath.

"Keith, that wasn't Taylor."

Keith shut his mouth, eyes widening as the rocks in his stomach fell.

"What do you mean?" he hissed, defences raising. "The guy I spoke to said he was playing Leandro!" Shiro looked like he was about to have a mental breakdown.

"That wasn't Taylor. His name is Lance, Lance Mcclain. He's playing Leandro now since Taylor got fired."

The reality of it all hit Keith like a landslide.

Oh god...

Keith groaned loudly, guilt crashing through his stomach.

"How did you manage to screw up that badly?"

"I didn't know what Taylor looked like! All I knew was that he was Hispanic or something. I just assumed that guy was him since I could barely understand him since accent was so strong." Keith moaned, face filled with that loathing expression of Lance's face. "He probably think's I'm the biggest asshole!" He whined, running a hand over his face. Thinking back on it, Keith probably sounded like he was bashing Lance's entire career.

Idiot, idiot, idiot!

"I'm sure he'll understand. You just have to explain himself what happened. I spoke to him and he's really nice, so I'm sure it'll be fine." Shiro murmured, patting Keith's back as the sleek limo pulled up in their street. Adam would probably be waiting for them back in the apartment, probably ready to laugh at Keith's stupid mistake. "Good thing we have that 'Cast members bonding day' this week huh?"

Keith groaned, he had almost forgotten about that.

"Not helping," Keith muttered.

The last thing he needed was the guy playing Leandro to hate his guts.

Chapter End Notes

BACK AT IT AGAIN WITH TAYLOR
honestly one of my fave headcanons is Keith totally thinking Lance's name was Taylor throughout all the years at the Garrison so I had to exploit it in my advantage

I hope you all like this chapter and I'll see you next time with the Cast Bonding Day<3
Let me know if you liked it (or if there is any spelling/grammar boo boos) and also comment some questions you would want to ask the characters for later interviews!!!! (imma make a big fat list)
Lance rocked up to the bonding day, iced coffee in hand, ready to absolute destroy Keith Kogane. Which in reality didn't make sense because they were supposed to be bonding. But there was going to be no bonding moments between the pair anytime soon. Lance didn't want that pompous douchebag anywhere near him.

The bonding day was set in a hall where the set was being organised. Filming wouldn't start for another month or so, but the directors really wanted the cast to have a day to tour around set, get scripts, learn about their characters and most importantly for the actors to get to know each other a little better.

Lance was mostly excited about it, obviously with the exception of one.

When Lance walked into the meeting place, he noticed Hunk was the only other person to arrive so far, and he was talking to a tall man with orange hair and a rather impressive moustache.

"Welcome! Welcome!" The man rushed over to Lance with open arms as he walked into the room. It was basic space, chairs and a little fridge. It had been described and labelled as 'the break room'. "My name is Coran! I'll be conducting the ol' bonding day today! I also work on set and play a minor character! But details am I right?" Coran had already captured Lance's hand, shaking it vigorously. "I'm very excited to get to know you! I'd bet my first born that you're playing our beloved Leandro!"

Lance smiled brightly.

"Hi! Nice to meet you as well. Also, you're right, I'm playing Leandro." It still felt somewhat surreal to be playing such a major role, especially amongst all these famous actors.

"Well then! Why don't you sit down with Hunk and we'll wait for the others!"

Lance sat down and started flowing into conversation with Hunk straight away. It was good to at least get along with someone, he could already tell Hunk was a real gem and that they would get along. Their sense of humour meshed well together, and they both had similar family morals.

If Hunk wanted to ask Lance about what had happened with Keith at the Meet and Greet night, he didn't ask. Lance was grateful. He wanted to keep his chirp and charm, not be bitter and angry over Keith's shitty attitude.

Anyway, Lance should have known people like him (who were so overwhelmingly famous) would be a diva. Lance had his fair share of dealing with divas. But he had never met someone so
blatantly rude to his face. The guy just assumed he was better than Lance, and probably everyone else.

Whatever. Happy thoughts.

Lance took a long sip of his iced coffee.

After that people started to trickle in. Next it was Allura, who greeted them all with a kiss on the cheek, then Pidge who didn't look appreciative with having been forced to wake up so early. The last two to come in were Shiro and Keith, who came in together.

The two were good friends according to the media, and always hanged out, posting stuff on social media and what-not. Lance can't begin to imagine why and how someone like Shiro would be friends with such a dick-cheese sandwich like Keith.

Keith walked in quietly behind Shiro, hands in his pockets. Unsurprisingly he stayed silent, almost looking nervous.

Boy should be.

Once they all sat down, Coran began to talk about what they would do today. Everything was fine, Lance ignored Keith's existence, which was easy done since the guy barely spoke. Everything was smooth sailing.

Coran told them first up, they would be doing some team bonding exercises, then go on tour of the set.

"The first game is Who Am I! You're all going to get someone in the group written on a piece of paper, and it will be put on your head. You won't know who you have gotten, but you will be able to ask Yes or No questions to try and guess who you have!"

They went two at a time. Hunk and Allura went first.

Hunk had the name Shiro written, while Allura had Hunk's.

They both guessed them pretty quickly, obviously since there wasn't a lot of options.

Keith went up with Pidge next. When Keith put the name above his head Lance couldn't help but glare when he saw his name.

"I have Lance, don't I?" Keith said straight up without even asking a single question.

"You so cheated didn't you!" Pidge declared. Keith wrinkled his nose and rolled his eyes.

"Umm... No. I can tell because he's glaring at me."

Everyone looked to Lance, who huffed, crossing his arms.

"I was not glaring. Fix your eyes."

Keith's face twisted in confusion, like he had no idea what Lance had just. Lance bristled, too annoyed to repeat himself or slow down his speech.

"Okay, how about we move onto the next exercise?" Coran suggested, seemingly ignoring the tense air.
The next exercise was called The Human Knot. They would stand in a circle, grab two people's hand and try an unravel themselves without letting go.

It was a mess, with elbows and limbs nudging each other as they tried to complete the task.

Lance accidentally elbowed Shiro in the arm, while Allura winded Lance with her elbow. By the end of it, Lance was awkwardly pushed up against Keith's chest, with Hunk almost pulling his arm out of his socket. They had gotten even more tangled than how they had started, so they ended up giving Coran the puppy dog eyes so they could stop.

The next exercise they did was probably (definitely) the worst.

"So next we're doing partner yoga!" Coran smiled, clasping his hands together. "It'll build up our teamwork and flexibility."

Lance had done very minimal yoga in the past, not to say he wasn't flexible, because Broadway wasn't just singing, he was required to dance as well.

"We're going to do it in partners! We'll go in height! In other words, Shiro and Hunk can be a pair, Keith and Lance another pair, and our girls can go together!"

Oh hell no.

Lance threw a filthy look in Keith's direction, who had his arms crossed, and a sooky look on his dumb face. Lance rolled his eyes and rested his cheek in his hand, elbow against it knee.

Great... Just great!

* * *

Lance stood in front of Keith reluctantly. They had been given a pose. It was simple. But Keith averted his eyes like a middle school boy who was being forced to ask a girl to dance at the school disco.

Damn, Keith must really hate Lance if he doesn't even want to touch him. How is Lance supposed to kiss the guy when the time comes if Keith won't even do yoga with him?

Not saying Lance was too eager to get up close and personal with Keith either. Because really, he'd rather do anything else at this moment in time.

"We might as well get this over with." Lance muttered, plonking himself down to the ground, back facing Keith.

"Oh, uh... right." Keith followed suit until their backs were close enough to touch without actually touching. As Lance said, the pose was simple, only needing them to twist their backs slightly and turning to touch the partners knee. "I actually wanted to... talk to you." Keith started as he stretched, touching Lance's knee hesitantly.

Lance really did not like Keith's hand being there.

No matter how much of a pretty face he had.

"Forget it. It's obvious you don't like me. I'm not the biggest fan of your arrogance. Let's just ignore each other outside of set."

"I-"
"Alright! Let’s move onto the next move! Which I like to call-" Coran cut Keith on as he stood on one foot and raised an arm in the hair and posed. "The double tree!" Lance snickered at the demonstration while Keith huffed beside him.

They did that without any issues. The move was pretty standard, not requiring a lot of flexibility or strength. It was more just awkward because it was Keith. Lance doesn't mind body contact, is the kind of guy to initiate it. He's from a big, happy family after all. They were practically professional huggers. But Lance wasn't too keen on touching Keith, even if it was only his awkwardly clammy hands.

The next pose was titled 'The Double Downward Dog'. It looked as awkward as it sounded. Lance went on the bottom in a Downward Dog position. Lance waited for Keith for a few long moments, grumbling under his breath. When Lance grew out of patience (a whole 12 seconds) he looked up at Keith from his position on the ground.

"You gonna move or...?" Lance asked, quirking an irritable brow as Keith just stared. He cleared his throat, finally taking his move to set up the position. He gently did the downward dog position in front of Lance, resting his feet on Lance's back.

Lance looked up towards Keith, watching his bangs flops over his eyes. Still, somehow Keith caught his stare. Lance hated how he then took it as an invitation to open his mouth.

"So, I just wanted to say I'm so-"

"Wow Keith and Lance! Your Double Downward Dog is atrocious!" Coran laughed as he walked past. "You too are certainly going to need to sync better since your characters are close!" he added, and Lance scoffed.

"Don't remind me." Lance muttered.

"I want you to hold the position for thirty more seconds! Hopefully it gives you a chance to ~bond~" Coran instructed which both boys groaned at. The position was hard, Lance's arms and core were starting to ache. Plus, Keith's feet were digging into his lower back.

"Lance," Keith tried again.

"What?" Lance hissed, arms beginning to wobble. "I don't really have the time or patience for whatever you have to say." He grumbled. This guy was getting on his last nerve. Lance felt Keith tense up, arms flexing like he would've clenched a fist.

"Lance, would you listen to me for a moment?" Keith bit back. "You aren't making it easy to talk to you!"

"I'm the one who's making it difficult? You think I wanna be chummy chum chums with the guy who has no faith in me to play Leandro? Estás jugando? No quiero hablar contigo!" He spat back. Who the hell did this guy think he was? Saying Lance was the difficult one when he was the idiot who picked a fight with him in the first place? The hypocrisy was laughable!

"Thirty seconds are up!" Coran piped in cheerily. Lance didn't wait to sit up from the Downward Dog position. Unluckily for Keith, that was before he got the chance to put his feet down. So when Lance pulled back, Keith slipped, belly flopping to the ground with a thud.

Lance stood up onto his feet with a smug smile. Keith looked up at him, eyes alight in anger.

"Don't you just love bonding moments like these?" Lance asked with a smirk.
Not even an actor as good as Keith could hide his irritation.

Lance deemed himself to be winning this race.

* * *

The next thing that was on Coran's list was to tour the set, which ended up being heckin 'awesome! They first went to the lunch room, which was ridiculously huge. Hunk informed Lance his cooking company would be providing the buffet food for lunches and breaks. Lance could've kissed the man!

Which brought him back to Keith, who he wasn't going to be kissing anytime soon. The man walked at the back of the group like a scolded puppy by himself. Whatever.

Some of their scenes would be shot outdoors or filmed on streets in nearby cities. But majority would be in the main area, which was just this massive building, filled with endless amounts of big empty rooms. They were already starting to set up green screens, a few people with clipboards scattered around pointing at cameras and technology. There were also a few rooms made, which seemed like they would be places the characters would be spending a frequent amount of time in.

Most of the movies Lance had featured in were Rom Coms or set in modern settings. Not needing the aid of digital editing. Broadway was even more limited, only having props that could carried and set sceneries. But this was different, a lot of their scenery wasn't real, was all just green screens and digital enhancing. This really was a whole different ball game.

Lance's grin couldn't have gotten wider.

He couldn't begin to describe how all new this was.

Nothing could ruin Lance's mood as he 'awwed' at the high ceilings and large empty rooms.

Well... except.

"You look so excited, like you've never seen a movie set before." Keith said beside him, brow raised. Lance shot him a dirty look, smile instantly vanishing. Lance braced himself for an array of insults on how Keith's 'seen these kinds of fancy sets a-ba-jillion amount of times and blah blah blah'. Instead, Keith put defensive hands up in front of his chest.

"Not taking a dig, honestly." Keith insisted. Lance narrowed his eyes more to show his lack of trust. No amount of bonding exercises was going to change his dislike for Keith. He didn't care how talented that roll of soggy socks was. "Also, I really wanted to talk to you about-"

"Okay cast! Let's go visit the outside area! The crew are working really hard on the fabricated streets you'll be filming in! We'll be working there for a lot of our explosive scenes!"

Lance's took a few steps, using Coran's sudden change of direction as a scapegoat from whatever offensive nonsense that was going to splurge out of Keith's mouth.

The outside was wicked, with prop streets and buildings and more people scattering around. There were green boxes stacked everywhere, maybe with the intention of being buildings, Lance wasn't too sure. There were a few work trucks around as well, delivering heavy equipment and props.

The last place they visited was the dressing rooms and makeup section. The room was long, well lit, had big mirrors and then curtains for privacy. They all seemed to have their own chair in front of a long mirror that went across the whole wall. The chair even had their names on them!
Oh man, they spin!" Hunk noted as he sat on his chair. It was to the left of Lance's, which was good because Hunk was so far hilarious, he could tell they were going to become good friends already. To the right of Lance's chair however was Keith.

**Lance just couldn't escape this guy, huh?**

There were a few other cool places to visit afterwards, more sets areas to explore and meeting some of the crew. He took the time to get to know all his cast members better. He learned more about Hunk's food business and his classy restaurants spread out across the country. He talked to Pidge about how she was really into computing and found out they had a common interest in video games. Allura was just a sweetheart and incredibly hardworking woman. He had an added amount of respect for after talking about her charity work. Shiro was just... Shiro was awesome. They spoke about his previous jobs, how he broke into the business and even spoke briefly about his fiancé Adam, son of one of the most famous directors. Lance even got the chance to speak to Coran about characterisation and the role he was partaking in the series. What was even better was that Coran was a man of knowledge, knowing all the dates and everything about the crew. It was crazy how much information was stored into that brain of his.

The only person he hadn't really spoken to was Keith.

Which wasn't really much of a loss, in Lance's opinion.

But what Lance did notice was that the other's seemed to be friendly with him. Had Keith been fine with everyone except for Lance?

They were currently in the breakroom, and Lance was walking over to the water dispenser to grab a drink. Hydration was important, after all. He grabbed himself a cup and filled it up with cool water. As he stood up his eyes widened in surprise as Keith stood behind him.

"Sorry, uh..." Keith averted his eyes, shuffling his feet awkwardly.

"He can be kinda shy,'" words that belonged to Allura sounded from the back of his mind. "I was wondering if you wanted to go for a walk, to... talk?" Lance watched Keith cringe at himself.

"You'd think an actor with a profile as high as yours would try and hide his own awkwardness," Lance spoke quickly, evident to the air of confusion on Keith's face.

"I didn't understand a word you just said," Keith admitted cautiously, probably worried he was about to add fuel to the fire. Lance is glad he didn't catch onto his half-compliment, half-insult. He watched Keith fidget for a moment. Lance sighed in defeat. He's a sucker for a confused, pretty face. No matter how arrogant.

"Let's walk and talk," Lance said slowly, nodding over to the door. There is an instant shine of hope spread across Keith's face, which Lance tries to ignore. Keith cleared his throat and made an effort to contort his face, so he didn't look so relieved. Lance gets the vibe Keith is the kind of guy who withdraws his emotions and expressions, never wanting anyone to know how he's feeling. It's either an ingrain of wanting to appear more masculine, or him being afraid of letting people have a one up on him.

Or maybe both?

Lance lead the way, walking out the door with Keith following behind him, hoping by the end of
this conversation he would still have a job. Lance wasn't sure how long he could handle this guy without smacking him over the head. Because every time he had opened his mouth around Lance so far, he had left Lance feeling aggravated and slightly murderous.

In other words, this conversation would be a test of how good Lance's self-control was.

"I just wanted to say sorry," Keith started as they walked down the empty hall. Lance's face twisted in surprise and confusion. He had not been expecting that... "I made the biggest mistake the other night at the meet and greet night. This is going to sound really weird, but I thought you were someone else." It's hard to believe, but the way Keith's face and neck flushed with mortification made Lance consider that he's telling the truth.

"What?" Lance blurted out, head spinning.

"I know, dumb, right?" Keith chuckled, scratching his cheek nervously. "There was someone else set to play Leandro. I'd heard some rumours that the guy was homophobic. Which as you probably know doesn't really mesh well with the romance subplot."

Lance head was buzzing through all this new information, all going a little too fast but all the sudden making so much sense. Why Keith said about not being able to handle some of Leandro's qualities and all. Keith must have been referring to his character's sexuality.


"Yeah." Keith agreed eyes darting around, going anywhere but Lance's face. Lance chuckled.

"Now I feel bad for watching scenes where you die in every film you've been in and laughing." Lance admitted with a smile. Keith raised a disbelieving brow at him. Lance shrugged. "Had to vent my anger somehow."

"Sorry about that, again." He apologised again. "I didn't mean to sound like a total jackass."

Lance sighed, chest suddenly not feeling so heavy. It had been such a burden, knowing that he didn't like a co-star and that a co-star seemed hated him for no reason. Lance always liked to be the guy everyone liked or could at least say they didn't dislike. So, he had been a little heart hurt when Keith instantly appeared not to like Lance, even more so because he had been a fan of Keith for so long.

A metaphorical door had opened, and seeing Keith not act quite so douchey opened all these new opportunities. The only thing Lance was worried about with filming this series had now vanished. They continued to walk in stride.

"I guess I should be apologising too," Lance started nervously. He hated apologising, damaged his ego and pride, but he knew when it was needed and necessary. "I haven't been very nice to you either."

"You had a reason," Keith shrugged. "You thought I was insulting your career."

"You still kind of are an asshole, but I let you belly flop to the floor doing team bonding yoga," Lance chuckled because even he could admit it had been pretty immature of him. Keith scoffed a laugh.

"I guess we're as bad as each other."
They continued walking through hallways, doing a loop of the whole building until they had gotten back to where they started, outside the break room. Lance was about to walk through the door when he looked back at Keith behind him.

"Oh, and Keith," Lance paused. "You don't have to worry about me being homophobic. I'm bi, so that wouldn't really make any sense." he added on with a chuckle, then turned back to walk into the break room with everyone else. When he turned around, he completely missed the way Keith's face blossomed a deep red.

Chapter End Notes

So I don't know Spanish, and used a website to help with some phrases. What Lance says to Keith (according to this website) is something along the lines of 'Are you Kidding me? I do not want to talk to you'

or something like that

so I'm sorry for any Spanish readers because I had to look up a Spanish translation on some dodgy website. If there is any readers out there who know Spanish fluently and want to help me out with the Spanish throughout this fic send me a message on tumblr!!! (i need the help i don't want this to be cringe)

My Tumblr is the same as here, so my user namer is @iwriteshipsnotsailthem

Thanks for reading again I was ecstatic with last update's feedback and excitement!! I feel blessed already <3

What to expect next week:
-Costume fittings!!!!
-Lance video chats his fam back in Cuba
Leandro's hair is the most important thing let's be real here

Chapter Notes

I NEED YOUR HELP!!!!
So eventually, in this fic there will be cast members having interviews and whatnot. What I would think would be really cool would be for you guys to submit questions you might want to ask as fans!!!! I can make a list of them and use them throughout chapters
So if you ever have any questions for any of the cast members, put it in the comment section, or send me a message on tumblr <3

(also lowkey The Walking Dead spoiler)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A month later was the first day on set. The aim of the day was to go through publicity and media rules, which was basically "let's not fucking spoil the show to the media", going through the script for when they started filming and the fun part of the day; costuming.

Lance was currently on his personal spinny chair, getting fussied over by three women, two touching his face and hair, while the third one went through to reconfirm all his measurements.

"Your hair isn't naturally this straight, no?" Daisy -the woman fiddling with his hair- asked. She was a tall lady, and her blue eyes stood out with her darker eye makeup, her pixie cut hair was a spectacular shade of green, obviously maintained to the highest standard. Lance shook his head.

"No, I had a role a few years back and they asked if I could straighten it. I couldn't be bothered with the constant frying of a straightener, so I got a straight perm instead." Lance informed her. "It kinda just stuck, it's also easier to maintain." he added on. Daisy nodded, lips pursed and contemplating.

"Have you seen Leandro's concept design?"

Lance nodded. "Curly hair." he said. Daisy smiled.

"Curly hair." she confirmed, then turned around to her work trolley full of brushes and products. "We can fix that up easy! I'm sure your hair will love you for bringing it back to its glory." she said. "We can organise a day where you can come in and we'll put the reversal treatment in. How does tomorrow sound?"

"Sounds great!" Lance smiled, and she rubbed his cheek.

"Oh, you are precious!" she cooed which made Lance smile further. Who didn't love to be doted on? She was probably in her thirties, somewhat reminding Lance of his auntie. "Also, there will be a little cutting involved. Does that bother you?"

"I'm sure you can make me look good with any hairdo," Lance replied smoothly.

"Such a charmer you are. It'll be an undercut, by the way."
Lance wasn't all that fussed about his hair. Natural, straight, undercut or no undercut, it didn't really bother him either way. He trusted Daisy not to screw up his hair.

"Now! Lancey-Lance." Lance's makeup artist started. Her name was Audrey, her lips were painted bright red, with her eyeliner white and contrasting against her dark skin. Her hair was coily and pulled out of her eyes with a bandana. "Your skin is in great condition, I'm impressed! Sometimes actors’ skin can be lacklustre because of all the makeup, but you are glowing! Do you have a routine? Because honey it's working!"

Oh how Lance loved to be doted on.

"Oh and look at those freckles!" She swooned. "Adorable! Such a shame we're going to be covering them with the makeup. We're going to be putting faux ones on though. A little more than you're used to."

His costumer designer's assistance came dashing back into the room with a coffee in his hand and a long plastic bag in the other.

"I got Leandro's costume, Ingrid."

Ingrid was the oldest of the three women and was his costume designer. She thanked her assistant (Lance thinks his name might be Kane) and took the coffee and the plastic bag.

"Alright, once you two are done man-handling our Leandro, we need to get him in his costume to adjust sizing if need be."

The rest of the cast were also getting assessed by their own team. Each of the main character's had their own personal team, whose job was to organise their appearance for when they filmed. Lance already loved his team, they were cool and nice and so far, easy to talk to. He wondered how the rest of the crew were going with theirs...

Lance looked to his left to see Hunk. He was standing up, with his costumer designer measuring his arm width. The man was shorter, which made it an effort to take the measurements since Hunk was a giant. A friendly giant, but still a giant. At the end of the row to Hunk’s left was Pidge. Her hair stylist was currently experimenting with some hair gel, styling her hair into a somewhat quiff. Then to Lance's right was Keith, whose makeup artist was holding out a bunch of products in his face. Shiro, who was next to him. He was currently looking at his concept design while his team seemed to be planning what to do with his hair. Allura was getting changed in a separate room at the moment, trying on Alzina's outfit.

Most people had tried out their costumes, with Allura trying hers now that only left Lance to try his. So far, the costumes were cool, futuristic but not over the top either.

"Come on sweetheart, let's get you dressed up." Audrey said, pulling Lance to his feet. She directed him to the vacant change room. There were two changing rooms; the girls and the guys. This apparently was going to be temporary though. Lance had heard rumours they would be getting their own separate rooms within the next couple of months.

When Lance was by himself in the cramped make-do change room, he finally got a better chance to see his outfit. There was a a blue, sleeveless turtleneck jumper, brown pants, long green coat with popped collars and yellowish detailing, boots, fingerless gloves and a belt that would be worn loosely around his hips. There were two hooks on the side of the belt that seemed to have some sort of purpose he wasn't aware of yet. The coat was pretty cool, reaching just below his knees, it was quite the feature item.
Lance gave himself a quick look in the full-length mirror, adjusting the turtleneck sweater one final time before walking out of the change room.

His team looked at him with relief and impression. He flashed them a cheeky grin and gave them his classic finger guns.

"How do I look?" he asked, spinning around. Hunk wolf whistled, and Lance shook him off. "Oh stop it you!" he laughed, throwing in an American accent just for the theatrics. A few of the other cast members look over curiously, all chuckling at Lance's as he stricked poses while Ingrid tried to get him still so she could see if any adjustments were needed.

"Looks like the measurements were spot on." She smiled, looking mostly relieved. "Arms out." She demanded, which Lance complied. "The fit is perfect. Lance, stop wriggling." She scolded. "Do the shoes fit?"

"I have big feet." Lance told her with a smile and she nodded.

"Yes, they're like flippers." she grumbled, like she remembered the struggle of trying to find his size. "Do they fit?"

"Yes, very comfy." he said jumping up and down to set them in.

"Umm, I brought the guns." The timid voice of Kane came from the left. Lance's gasped excitedly. Lance's character Leandro preference on weapons was these nifty two guns he used at the same time. He was pretty impressed with how real they looked. It was Lance's first time seeing the props in real life.

Now he knew what the hooks on his belt were for.

Kane gave Lance the props, which was Lance's opportunity to start waving them around and making shooting sound effects as he aimed at his cast members head's. He jumped passed Ingrid to Keith, who was the closest.

"Pow pow!"

Keith, who had his back facing him, looked at Lance through the reflection of the mirror.

"What was that noise?" he asked, brow cocking in confusion. Lance smirked, holding up his new weapon.

"Laser guns." he informed, confident in his sound effect making. They may as well record him doing the sound and add it on later.

"No Lance," Hunk said swivelling around on his chair. "I think you mean-" He stood up from his seat and moved his arms in time with his own interpretation, "Peow peow peow!" he then paused for dramatic effect, raising his arms above his head. "Peow!"

Lance and Keith exchanged a look, clearly both in disagreement.

"That sounds like fireworks." Lance told him, hand on hip.

"Technically," Pidge started, from the other side of the room. "It's more like: pa-choo pa-choo pa-choo!"

"Alright, enough with the bad sound effects." Shiro interrupted. "Besides, it's more like: blam -
"blam - blam!"

Keith's head snapped in Shiro's direction, face contorted in horror.

"What?" he snapped in obvious disagreement. Lance had to agree with him. Role model or not, Shiro was way off.

"No way!"

"You're crazy!" Pidge contested.

"Wrong!"

Even though it was the only the first day on set, Lance was beginning to feel like this cast was really starting to become like a family.

This show was going to be something revolutionary.

*     *     *

"Hi mama!" Lance beamed, waving at the camera of his laptop. On Lance's screen was his mama, Rachel and Marco.

"Hello sweetheart! How are you settling in? Did all your things arrive?" She asked, her face contorting in her motherly, concerned way. Lance swivelled the laptop around to face the boxes that had been delivered in the corner of the room.

"All here!" he grinned, turning the screen back towards him.

"Your apartment looks huge!" Rachel gaped, eyes widening as she leaned her face closer to the camera, giving Lance an unflattering angle of her nose. "Look at that view behind you!"

Lance looked over his shoulder and out his apartment window. It wasn't top floor, but it had an amazing view over the cityscape. It wasn't right in the middle of the city - too expensive- but it was nice, and closer to the set, which worked out better Lance in the end anyway. Plus, the air was a little fresher out further from the centre of the city.

"It's nice. Nothing like home though."

When Lance landed the job for Voltron, it was obvious he was going to have to move to America. Lance had spent a lot of time away from home before for his work, he travelled for almost a whole year, doing shows for In the Heights. But this was different, this was a country away, and the first season would take a good fraction of a year to make. That was a year, and if all went well, he would most likely be extending his lease for another year for Season 2.

He'd never been away from home for that long before.

"Have you started on the show yet?" Lance's brother Marco asked. "Have you met the other actors?"

"Yes! We had our first look at the script today, also costume designing. They're going to take the perm out of my hair tomorrow. I'll also get a haircut." Lance's mother's eyes widened in horror.

"They're not going to cut off all your hair, are they?" She panicked, hand on heart. Lance's mother had a thing for her children's hair. She thought their hair was gorgeous and liked it when they kept it long. She almost cried when Veronica came home with a bob.
"No mama, just a little undercut." he assured.

"Who else is a part of the cast?" Rachel asked, leaning closer again. Lance's eyes widened, and a grin split over his face.

"Oh man! You guys wouldn't believe the people I'm working with!" Lance said leaning back on his chair. "Okay, the first person I met was Allura! The Allura!" Marco practically fell off his chair.

"No way!"

"Who is she?" Lance's mama asked.

"She's a model mama," Rachel informed her. "Who else? Who else?"

"Okay, so you'll never believe this, because I almost passed out when I saw him! But Rach, literally think of our favourite person ever," Lance grinned, watching Rachel's confused facial expression, until she gasped, this time actually leaping off the couch.

"No! No!" She shrilled in disbelief. "Shiro? Is it Shiro?" Lance nodded excitedly and Rachel squealed, seeming to burst Marco and Lance's mama's ear drums. "He's so hot! Holy moly have you touched him?"

Lance smirked smugly.

"I shook his hand." He told her coolly, giving her a knowing look. She went into another round of screaming.

"You have to introduce me when I come to visit! You have to!" She shouted, making Lance chuckle.

"I promise, I promise!" he laughed, watching his twin jump up and down excitedly. "Do you wanna hear who else I'm working with?" They all nodded.

"Okay, you know Hunk Garret?"

"The cooking show guy?" Marco asked. "I swear we have his cookbook somewhere." Lance nodded.

"Yeah him! He's super nice, we get along well! Next is Katie Holt!"

"Oh, the sweet little girl from that movie you boys always watched?" Mama asked and Lance nodded. The movie was a massive franchise, with about six movies in total, Pidge played the daughter of the beloved action hero. Marco and Lance loved those movies. Marco grinned in disbelief, mouthing 'holy shit' to Lance who nodded, mouthing back 'I know!'

"Anyone else?" Rachel asked. The only person he had yet to talk about was Keith. He wasn't allowed to tell his family - or anyone for that matter - about his character and Keith's eventually being love interest's, so he'd have to tread carefully.

"Yes! Luis would lose his mind over this one, but Keith Kogane." Rachel and Marco looked at each other before bursting into laughter. Both Lance and his mama looked at each other, perplexed by the sudden outburst.

"What's so funny?" Lance asked defensively.

"Are you kidding?" Marco laughed.
"Luis freaking out? More like you! You had the biggest crush on Glenn! You drooled over him!"
Glenn was Keith's character from the Walking Dead, and Lance wasn't going to deny Glenn was his favourite character, but those two made it seem like he was obsessed! Which he totally wasn't.
"You cried when he died for hours!"

"It was not hours!" Lance defended himself.

"Oh, you so did!"

"It doesn't matter anyway! Keith is nothing like Glenn. In fact, the first time I met him I ended up hating him! He said I wasn't up to the role and should just quit while I'm at it." Lance bit back, thinking bitterly over the words, despite the fact Keith had apologised to him.

Lance saw the three people on the screen's faces distort in a mixture of anger and confusion.

"What?" They all shrilled in unison.

Lance then went on to explain the whole misunderstanding with Keith. They were all relieved when Lance cleared it up.

After all of Lance's cool work and moving talk, they began to talk about home. Which was nice. Lance, as exciting as all this was, knew he was going to miss home once all the excitement wore off.

They spoke about dad, Luis and his niece and nephew, also about how he and moving to America was the gossip neighbourhood ...

"We're going to have to go soon now sweetie, but we're all very proud of you." Lance's mama told him. "We're all here backing you up along the whole journey. This is your dream, after all. We couldn't be prouder of you."

Lance smiled, feeling his throat clog a little. He loved hearing that he was making his family proud. He couldn't wait for the time where his mother would never have to worry about a single expense.

"Lance, that cast..." Rachel said after a moment.

"Big, I know." Lance started.

"Massive," She beamed. "But you're going to kill it! Show them hot shot actors how we're raised in Cuba!" she shouted, raising a heroic arm in the air. Lance laughed.

"Of course!"

"Dude, you're going to be such a big deal after this gig." Marco told him and that pit of bubbles fizzled in his gut.

This show was really it, huh?

This show was probably going to change Lance's entire life.

Chapter End Notes
Don't be shy to comment any interview questions! It can be asking absolutely anyone, about anything and be as weird as you want!

I hope you all liked this chapter, and look forward to next week with:
- Lance gets an undercut and a reverse perm
- Lance doesn't take sitting well and dances it out (rip Kane the intern)
- Adam and Shiro are annoying dads
- Google Search is so helpful
Lance Brings All the Crew to the Dressing Room

Chapter Notes

heyo my people! SO I think from now on I'll be updating this each Friday but let's see how we go!!!

Also feel free to poke my stupid ass with a stick if I make any mistakes in this fic because honestly I'm a dumbass and thank you to those people who pointed my mistakes out to me god bless you're the real MVP's.

ALSO SUBMIT YOUR QUESTIONS FOR THE CAST IN THE COMMENT SECTION IR IN MY TUMBLR (I have the same username there as I do on here)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Lance, sweetie, stop squirming." Daisy scolded for the umpteenth time in the past half hour. She was putting this serum stuff in Lance's hair that smelled like hospital and baby powder to reverse the perm. He was the only cast member in the change room at this current point in time, the rest were somewhere around set. Lance was the only one required to have a haircut for their role. However, a lot of the cast's teams were hanging around, flicking through concept art and sorting out products for their selected cast member.

"Preciosa! I am from Cuba! It is a crime to not dance to funky tunes!" He said, smile as cheeky and charming as he dared, looking at her through the reflection of the mirror. To pump up the team's, Daisy had put on some music. It was working for all of them, but it was also making Lance skittish and wanting to dance along. She was probably deeply regretting her decision.

"What will be a crime is when I accidentally cut your throat while I'm trimming your hair." Daisy warned, lips wobbling into a smile. She had been trying to look mad, but Lance knew she found him adorable. Lance grinned.

"Perdón perdón joda joda!" Lance chided, hearing Audrey and the other makeup artists giggle.

He kept himself still for the rest of the treatment, not wanting to anger Daisy any further. Once the treatment was done, she put a cap on his head to keep all the product in. Daisy twirled Lance around on his chair, giving him a hard look, like a mother with her naughty son in a grocery store.

"You have 30 minutes to wait until we can wash it all out."

"Can I walk around?" Lance asked, slouched in his chair, feet tapping to the boppy song that was playing. He really hated sitting still for too long. It was boring. Daisy sighed reluctantly.

"Yes," she gave him a pointed look. "But if you're leaving this room, put a shirt on."

Lance looked down at his shirtless self and frowned, slightly confused.

"I thought you wanted my shirt off so the serum wouldn't stain it?" he said tilting his head. Had he messed up on the translation? English wasn't his first language, and he did tend to make a few mistakes along the way. He was only human after all, and English was hard.

Lance heard a little 'aww' from a few of the makeup artists like they had just seen a cute puppy
"Let's face it, they all thought Lance was as sweet as a baby drizzled in maple syrup.

"Yes, but you can't walk around shirtless on set," she explained. "The other cast and crew probably wouldn't appreciate it."

"Oh! That makes sense!" he grinned, standing up and stretched his long limbs. The makeup artists giggled to themselves, whispering in hushes to each other. "I'll just stay here then." It wouldn't be too bad. He looked to the clocked and pouted. *Thirty minutes to kill, huh?*

The song on the speakers changed and Lance beamed as an idea rushed through his head. Without much other thought, Lance grabbed Daisy's hand. Startled, she stared at him. She was a tall lady, so she met his eyes without having to look up.

"What are you doing?"

"Let's dance! I love this song!" he said, not waiting a single moment before twirling her under his arm. She squawked in surprise at the fluid movement as Lance directed her with ease.

"Lance-

Lance laughed, twirling her back into his arm's reach. He grasped onto her hands, dragging her to follow along with to dance with him to 'Hey Mickey'.

He was having way too much fun with this, especially with the facial expressions Daisy was pulling and the way she spluttered and demanded him to stop (which he didn't). He guided her with his hands, spinning her around the room, while the other team's watched, thoroughly amused.

When he finally let his hostage free he raced up to Audrey, who was a little more complying when he asked her to dance with him. All four of the female makeup artists were *loving* it! Giggling and cheering them on as Lance twirled and dipped Audrey.

When the song finished, Audrey fanned herself.

"You, my darling Lance, are such a breath of fresh air." Audrey grinned, which made Lance grin. "I've worked for some real divas, please never change." she asked, hands resting on his bare shoulders pleadingly.

"I promise!" he said holding out his pinkie finger for them to link. She did, and they gave them a little shake to seal the deal.

Lance still had some time to spare, so he took it to spend a little more time with the other teams, stilling humming along to the songs being played in the background. He spoke to Shiro's makeup artist, chatted about hair with Hunk and Pidge's hairstylists and asked Allura's costume designer a few questions about her kids.

When the song changed over to Milkshake, it started out again with Lance making his team dance with him, starting with Daisy, then Audrey, he tried Ingrid, but she gave him one scary look and he had no hope of getting her off her chair and putting down her clipboard. That left one more team member.

Kane's eyes widened, face going beet red.

"Come on!" Lance egged the boy on.

"Mr. Mcclain, I don't think-"
"Bro, dude. You're a year older than me. Please don't call me Mr.Mcclain." Lance insisted, wrapping one of his long, bare arms around Kane's shoulders. "Just call me Lance, we're a team now! No need for formalities." Kane was the youngest team member, even though he was technically only Ingrid's intern for the time being. Still, he shouldn't have to feel like Lance is any better than him just because of their career differences. If anything, this was a good opportunity for them to become friends!

Kane looked up at him, face unsure, and honestly looking a little terrified.

"Okay..." Kane murmured, despite it.

"Awesome saucey!" He grabbed Kane's hand to twirl him, but the other boy took a step back.

"I'm not dancing though. Ingrid might get mad." Kane insisted, pushing his glasses back up, all the nervous looking down to his feet must've caused his glasses to slip. Lance grinned sneakily, grabbing Kane's hand to twirl him.

"Don't worry! I'll take the fall for you if she gets mad!" he said and without a second for Kane to mentally prepare himself, he spun Kane around, who grunted at the initial surprise. Lance took some side steps, continuing to spin the other boy. He wasn't very graceful, a little clumsy and heavy on his feet, but that didn't matter because this was about fun!

The other crew members from other teams watched on, lips twitching in amusement as they went through all the jobs they had to prepare. Audrey was hollering from the sides at the two dancing. Lance's bare back was facing the door when it opened, so initially he didn't see Keith standing there so he continued dancing. With one hand on Kane's back, and the other on his shoulder - like the damn ballroom dancer he is - spun around, leading Kane with him who stumbled and blushed. When they had done a full turn, Lance's grin multiplied as he spotted Keith, even if Keith was looking at him like he had lost his marbles.

Lance stuck his tongue at him because Keith is still a dick, despite having cleared up the whole 'you're never going to be cut out for this role' fiasco. But they still bickered 90% of the time. It's all in good nature though, like friends who were mean to each other for the heck of it.

"Nice hat." Keith said, nodding to the cap on Lance's head.

"I can remove the cap, you can never remove the fact that you have a mullet. Even if you cut it, it'll forever be etched into your soul. Your mullet stained soul." Lance sneered in response. Keith just scoffed as he walked passed, lazily seating himself on his allocated seat and began talking business to his costume designer.

That was Keith's problem, Lance found. He was all business and no party. Lance swore he hadn't seen Keith laugh. That's going to be a challenge.

"Lance, thirty minutes is up!" Daisy called from her position by his chair. Lance gave Kane a departing grin, patting him on the back as a thank you for humouring him, then trotted over to his chair. "Okay sweetheart, I'm not sure how your hair will react, you've been straightening for a while, so it may be a little funky. But if it is, I'll just have to do another treatment in a couple of days."

Lance smiled.

"Okay, as long as it isn't a mullet," Lance snickered, side glancing Keith waiting for the reaction. He spotted Keith glaring at him.
"I don't have a mullet." was all he said.

"Sure, you don't." Lance looked over his shoulder at Daisy. "You're a hairstylist, tell me that thing on that man's head is a mullet!"

"I'm not getting involved." she said as she took the sticky cap off his head. Lance pouted, while Keith smirked.

There were a few moments of silence as Daisy started combing through Lance's hair that he found himself thinking. "Why are you in today?" Lance asked Keith out of curiosity. Today was only to fix the final adjustments before they started filming next week, so what was Keith here for then?

"My jacket didn't fit. They're fixing up the sizing." Keith told him, and Lance hummed in understanding. Keith's outfit was pretty simple on the colour spectrum. Akira wore a black t-shirt, on top of it a dark jacket that made Keith look broader than he actually was. The jacket also had the detailing of faux fur on the collar and red cuffs. His bottom half was a simple pair of pants, a similar style to Leandro's but darker and a little baggier. Akira also had some specky steampunk style goggles. Plus, those fingerless gloves. His hair was also meant to be done in a half up, half down arrangement.

They didn't really talk much more than that, so Lance opted to chatting away to Daisy as she washed the product out of his hair and began to cut in the undercut. She finished off the look by putting some fancy product in and then blow drying his locks. When the look was complete Lance was surprised.

"Wow, Lancey! Your hair really is super curly!" Audrey awed, touching the mop of curls on top of his head. Lance himself hadn't seen his hair that curly in years. When it was curly, he never really knew how to maintain it, and not make it look like a fuzz ball mess. But now he had Daisy to help him out, he knew it was going to breeze. Plus, it was looking good!

"Like it?" Daisy asked, putting a mirror behind his head so he could get a back view of his new do.

"Love it! I knew I could trust you." his smile was beaming and bright, which made Daisy smile proudly.

"Looks like you're ready, Leandro!" Daisy said proudly, hands on her hips. Lance looked towards Keith who had his arms outstretched, getting measured by his costume designer.

"Hey Keith," he said gaining the other boy's attention. "Like it? Am I looking like Leandro? Is your inner Akira quivering?" Lance teased, swaying his head left and right, feelings the curls bounce. Keith gave Lance his signature look of 'what the actual fuck are you going on about?' with a dash of 'I actually can't tell if you're joking or not' and a scoop of 'where the hell did they find this guy?'

Lance chuckled, because that expression was his favourite of Keith's so far, like Lance was just this alien creature Keith couldn't figure out.

"What?" Keith asked, completely confused.

"Quaking?" Lance tried again, brow quirking up as his smirk grew. "Or is it because curls get the girls? Not gonna work on you Kogane?" Keith's eyes narrowed at the goading. "I'll take it as a no?" He asked, still smiling.

"I'm not 'quaking'," Keith started out slow, like he was treading cautiously. "But it suits you." and that was all he said before facing back to his costume designer. Lance turned his spinnny hair to Daisy hand, with a hand on his heart.
"It's working already? Curls really do get the girls... the girls and the gays?" He said melodramatically, smiling a toothy grin as Keith shot him a look his favourite look. When Keith realised that Lance was fucking with him, he scoffed and rolled his eyes. But Lance could see the small upturned quirk of the corner of his lips as he looked away.

* * *

"So, did you sort of that misunderstanding with that actor?" Adam asked Keith as they ate takeout on the couch. It was dark, and the TV was playing a new TV show that Adam's dad was directing. Adam's dad was big in the business, in fact, it was the sole reason Adam and Shiro were together. His dad was the head director or a big movie Shiro was starring in, they met through that and have been all gross ever since.

"Yeah, I explained what happened, he doesn't glare at me anymore, so guess we're fine." Keith informed as he slurped up his noodles.

"What's he like?" Adam asked, looking to both Shiro and Keith. The two exchanged a short look as they thought through an answer.

"He's a nice guy." Shiro started. "Chatty," he added. Keith couldn't help but roll his eyes.

"That's because he's a fanboy for you." Keith mused.

"Or maybe it's because the very first time I spoke to him I didn't tell him he should quit because he's homophobic." Shiro snickered. Keith threw him a dirty look.

"I apologised!" Keith insisted. He saw Adam try hide a smile and felt like he needed to defend himself. "And he accepted!"

"Isn't he bisexual?" Adam asked with a laugh and Keith hid his head in his hands.

"I didn't know that! Why am I still getting harassed over this? I said I was sorry!"

"I just can't believe you didn't know what Taylor looked like in the first place." Shiro chuckled, sipping at his beer. Keith groaned, face red from embarrassment. The whole ordeal had been mortifying, and when Pidge had found out what had happened she laughed at him for a solid six minutes straight.

"So, other than the mistaken identity, what do you think of Lance, Keith?" Adam asked, placing his takeaway box on the coffee table, then leaned back on the couch. Shiro went to wrap an arm around his shoulder like it was second nature.

"He's..." Keith thought back to his few interactions with Lance. Which really, hadn't been many. "He's kinda weird. I walked into the dressing rooms and he's dancing shirtless with the costume designer intern to that milkshake song," he pulled a face. "I think he was flirting with him."

"Jealous?" Shiro asked with a smirk.

"No, he's loud." Keith muttered, crossing his arms. Keith doesn't like loud things. Loud toys, loud cars, loud places and certainly not loud people.

"You think it's endearing."

"I think it's annoying." Keith rebutted, thinking back onto the way he asked for Keith's opinion on his hair today. Sure, Lance was a good looking guy, that part was obvious. But Keith barely knew
him, and he wasn't lying when he said Lance was a bit annoying. He was always trying to anger Keith, with small jabs and comments. Endearing felt like a very wrong word to use. "He said I have a mullet."

"I can see where he got that from."

"Not helping Shiro," Keith muttered. "I dunno, he just doesn't seem to like me much." It was true, Lance seemed to get along with every single cast and crew member, but always seemed to be a little blunter towards Keith, as he mentioned before, always pestering and teasing him.

"He probably just doesn't know how to interact with you yet," Adam started. "Also, aren't your characters going to eventually get together?" Keith nodded. "Maybe he's just nervous. He's never had a role like this on a series before, and the roles he has played in other movies have always gotten together with females. He's probably just unsure of how to act."

Once Adam had said it, Keith still felt confused, but was open to the idea of that being the case.

*Lance might be nervous.*

It seemed rather unlikely, Lance with his exuberant nature, didn't seem like the nervous type. Especially over something like having to kiss him, or anyone.

Then Keith frowned.

"You know a lot about Lance." He said instead, diverting the subject because he's a pro at it by now. Adam shrugged.

"I did my research. You know he was on Broadway?"

Keith looked to Shiro, who didn't seem surprised by the information.

"No?" Keith said.

"Maybe that's a good place to start," Shiro suggested. "Actually get to know the guy. I'm sure once you do, everything will fall into place."

Keith hummed, contemplating the idea. He pulled out his phone and opened Google.

"Are you serious?" Shiro snorted out a laugh.

"I'm researching." Keith muttered as he typed Lance's name. First thing that came up was an article on him coming out as bi. There was a few video interviews that popped up, an announcement of a breakup with some female model (Keith looked at that article fleetingly, it was in Spanish so he couldn't read it) and a video of him singing on Broadway (which he didn't watch, because he knew Shiro and Adam would tease him).

Keith's next step was switching over to Google Images. Pictures with that ex-model-girlfriend came up first, then moved onto him on Broadway on stage. Keith gnawed at his bottom lip, continuing to scroll through. His eyes widened a little as he got into some modelling shots. Swim wear and underwear modelling to be more precise. Keith really shouldn't be all that surprised, with all that confidence radiating around him like a halo. He also had that kind of body, a swimmer's body. Tanned and lean.

Keith remembered Lance telling Hunk that he loved the beach.
"Found something you like?" Shiro asked making Keith narrow his eyes, throwing daggers at the older man. Keith glared at Shiro and Adam who were watching his every move. Shiro looking like the smug piece of shit he was, and Adam curious and noisy like always.

"I hate you," he growled, turning his phone off and throwing it to the other side of the couch so he wouldn't be tempted further. Shiro and Adam looked at each other and snickered. "The both of you." Keith added on for good measure.

Chapter End Notes

a big clap clap for @morilops on tumblr for being my translator so I now don't have to use fucking google translate like a peasant (jk bless google translate)

Again, submit your questions for the cast!!!! It's fun when It can be interactive!

What the expect next week:
-Lance's video diaries begin <3
The first week on set was honestly one of the most hectic weeks of Lance's young life.

Everyone was running around, producers stressing, props breaking, lines forgotten, a few injuries along the way, creative differences being argued about between people and someone even got fired.

It was awesome!

Lance was relishing the craziness of the whole situation. There was this hustle and bustle, and everything was an experiment. An experiment between actors, props, crew, everything was a test because it was the first week. It wasn't until they finished the Pilot episode and had it confirmed by the publishers that things started to calm down. Lance was just freed from hair and makeup, getting ready for a scene he would need to film with Keith later. But for now, he'd been given the liberty of having half an hour to himself after filming a scene with Allura.

So far, Lance thinks he's proved himself well. He knows his lines (even though sometimes he doesn't really quite know what he's saying), has done well with stunt scenes (which he was nervous about at the beginning since it seemed everyone but him had experience in) and what he had been producing so far had been great, according to the film crew and directors.

He's got half an hour, and a camera, and knows exactly what he wants to do.

He was in the break room, sitting down with Pidge who fiddled with the settings on the portable camera he had brought with him.

"So, wait... Repeat to me what you want to achieve here again?" Pidge asked after handing the camera back over to Lance. It wasn't the most expensive thing, but he's pretty sure he's heard a few Vloggers use this brand and type, so it shouldn't be too horrendous. If anything, he was the issue, he probably wouldn't know how to use it properly.

"I want to do a behind the scenes thing! You know? So people who like the show can see what it's like behind the camera and get to know us a little better!" Lance beamed. In his opinion, he thought it was a great idea! It gave their viewers an inside scoop - a way for them to get to know them better - it would be a bit of fun as well for him as a personal project.

Pidge hummed, thinking it through.

"That sounds like fun. You won't be uploading the videos until after the whole series airs though, right?" Pidge asked, brow raising. Lance nodded.

He had doubled checked with the show's head honchos to make sure the whole idea was okay with them, and they also agreed with would be a good way to involve their viewers in the show, but the
only condition was that the video diaries weren't allowed to be aired until the whole season was aired - which was totally understandable.

That really wasn't too much of an issue, plus Netflix always uploaded their whole series on the one day, so he would be allowed to do that once the season was up.

"Well, why don't I help you? I can edit the videos if you want?" she asked, and Lance launched forward, ready to attack her into a hug but stopped, right in front of her face because he remembered a conversation she had with Hunk about personal space.

"You'd do that for me?" he grinned, hands pumping in front of his chest, trying not to just grab the girl and hug her!

Her eyes widened at how close Lance was, but she relaxed as she realised he wasn't intending on touching her or getting any closer.

"Sure, why not?" she chuckled, shrugging a little.

Lance smiled wickedly and fiddled with the record button.

"Let's get this show on the road."

***

"-And this is the dressing room!" Lance beamed as he walked into the room. It had been hectic, with teams running around and whatanot. But since most of the hair and makeup had been done for today's filming, the room was more of a sanctum for the teams to chat away and organise what they needed to do. Keith was the only other cast member in the room, he was currently on his phone while his hair stylist was fixing his hair and putting it into a half updo for Akira.

"Keith Kogane's over there," he said pointing the camera towards Keith's back. "He's not important, let's move on." he chuckled, instead Lance walked over to Audrey, who was playing with her makeup brushes. He'd come back to Keith later, the fans would love him, his fanbase is already impressive, so he's sure a lot of people will be watching Voltron just because he's on it.

He spotted his makeup artist, Audrey. The two of them got alone like a house on fire, bonding over beauty products and skin care routines. He skipped over to her.

"This is Audrey," he chimed, gaining her attention. "She makes my face pretty."

"Your face is plenty pretty without me, Lancey," Audrey grinned, white teeth practically glistening.

"Oh, shucks Audrey, I'll see you later when I need a spruce-up." he said and she blew him a quick kiss. God bless Audrey. Giving in to the future Akira fans, Lance walked over to Keith, since they probably wanted to see him. Lance walked over to Keith's chair and stood behind it. He didn't even notice Lance standing there.

"Here we have a wild Keith in its natural habitat," Lance mused, giggling as Keith side eyed him, looking his usual scary self. "He's very happy today, as you can tell."
"What are you doing?"

"I'm making a video diary of behind the scenes of Voltron," Lance supplied. Keith's brows jumped up, dubious.

"Are the producers allowing you to do that?" he asked, tone stained in uncertainty.

"Yes you little mullet bitch," he pestered, poking Keith's cheek roughly. The other just swatted his hand away. "Okay Keith, time for secrets. I'm going around to all the cast asking for a secret. Gimme a secret, I've already gotten one from Pidge." he said shoving the camera into Keith's face on purpose because he just loved annoying the guy.

"This is going on the Internet?" Keith confirmed, taking the camera and looking into the lens. Lance nodded. "And you just want me to...?"

"Tell the camera a secret, try keep it on subject with the show or something." Lance prompted. Keith looked unsure. "I'll turn around if that makes you feel better? Do you know how a camera works?" he asked slyly, just to pester him. "Also, try not break the camera like you broke your Bayard." he chuckled. His eyes then widened. "I hope someone got that on film, I'll get Pidge to insert a clip there if we have one."

"Shut it," Keith mused, making the camera face him. "Alright, turn around, I'll tell the camera a damn secret." he grumbled, and Lance grinned, turning away from Keith. He hadn't expected him to agree so willingly. He heard a soft whisper. "Alright, done Mcclain, here you go." Lance spun around and was given his camera.

"Thank you, Keith," Lance grinned and flipped the camera to face himself. "Let's get back to the tour." Lance sat down on his spinny chair.

"As you can see, we all have our own designated seat for our teams to be able to do our hair, makeup and costuming." He directed the camera down the room, showing them all six chairs. "My chair is next to Keith's, so he gets the pleasure of sitting next to me every day." Lance snickered, glancing to Keith who was rolling his eyes, amusement etching on his features. "It also, sadly, means I have to look at Keith's mullet," he said pointing the camera at just the right time as his hair stylist sprayed his hair to keep it in place.

"Good thing Lynn is such a good hair stylist!" Lance said, pointing the camera to Lynn; Keith's team hair dresser. "Say hi Lynn!" he chimed, and Lynn laughed, waving to the camera. He practically knew all the team member's names by now. Lynn was super nice. "Love your work Lynn, it must be hard to have to style a hideous mullet?" he asked, snickering as he caught Keith's annoyed facial expression. Lynn laughed quietly to herself.

"You're such a dick," Keith told him, rolling his eyes. Lance turned the camera to face himself to show his faux offended facial expression.

"Excuse you? I'm an absolute delight?"

"Go and get those other secrets, our next scene starts in fifteen minutes." Keith mused, sly smirk on his face.

"Oh crap!" Lance said, jumping to his feet and running out of the dressing room.

***
"What secret did you say?" Keith asked Shiro after their day on set. They were back in the apartment, enjoying the night in after the busy day. The past week had been a frenzy of running around, acting, remembering lines and practicing stunts. Shiro looked at him confused. "You know? Lance's video diaries?" he added, on, assuming the other man would catch onto his drift. Shiro eventually laughed.

"Oh yeah, I said that I ate the last strawberry yoghurt in the staff fridge that Pidge was saving."

Keith sniggered.

"She's apparently editing those videos you know? She'll kill you," he laughed, leaning back against their couch. Keith was exhausted, but he loved the feeling of a long day on set, feeling productive. Shiro cussed under his breath.

"I guess I have a few months more until we finish filming and Lance hands over the footage to Pidge..." he chuckled. "Wait, so what was your secret?"

Keith laughed, lolling his head to the side as he thought over his secret.

"I told the camera I can't understand half of what Lance says," he chuckled, cheeks pink. Shiro busted out laughing, head flinging back as his body shook with ripples of laughter.

"I can't believe you still haven't gotten used to the accent," Adam scoffed as he walked into the living room, sitting himself next to his fiancé with a steaming mug in his hand. "Do you even know what he's saying while your filming?" he quired.

"That's the thing! On set it's fine and totally understand what he says. That might be because I already know the script and what he says though."

"I understand him perfectly, I can't believe you don't understand him," Shiro wheezed, wiping his eyes. Keith had asked a few other people if they understood him, and they all got it, except Keith. He just couldn't get the hang of it.

"It's not that funny," Keith muttered, cheeks going red, which made Shiro laugh harder, in that kind of outlandish, roaring way he does. Keith rolled his eyes with a smile. "I mean, I understand most of what he says, but he speaks so fast I get confused."

"Guess it just means you guys have to spend more time together, so you can adjust, right?" Adam mused, sipping his herbal tea crap that he always has.

"I guess we will..."

***

Lance made habit of continuing his Video Diaries.

He gave the viewers a whole tour of their set, introduced them to the cast and some of the crew. Occasionally, when he wasn't in a scene, he would film the other actors. Occasionally catching the odd funny blooper, which happened a lot around here. The set was a much more relaxed place to
be once they had completed a few episodes. Everyone was falling into a rhythm of how everything and everyone worked.

The thing he liked to do the most was when he interacted with the other cast while he was filming.

When Hunk and Lance were having their lunch break, they both just sat down and did a review on the amazing food (how could it not be amazing? It was all of Hunk's recipes). They laughed and joked around, almost forgetting the camera was there in the first place.

Most of the video diaries were filmed in the dressing rooms, because that's where all the cast interacted the most.

Lance had gotten some great moments on camera so far. He got Allura snort laughing over a video Lance showed her, Hunk and Lance filmed the making of them creating their own handshake, he got Pidge tripping over one of her props (hilarious), and the most classic moment of when Lance was chatting to the camera about what the plan of the week was and Shiro had walked in shirtless from a scene that required no shirt. Lance's jaw had dropped mid-sentence, he looked from Shiro, the camera, then flipped the lens so it would capture Shiro in all his sex god body glory, with Lance whispering 'all of my dreams have come true, I can die peacefully now'.

But Lance's favourite moments were annoying Keith. He started out small, throwing bunched up balls of chewing gum wrappers at his face, then proceeding to hiding his stuff in really weird places (the best place so far had been putting his Bayard in the break room fridge) and getting his reactions on camera. Because Keith's reactions were hilarious.

"Lance!" Keith growled, interrupting him mid-sentence to the camera, explaining his latest deviant plan. Lance looked from the camera to Keith innocently.

"Yes?"

"Where's my script?" he asked, tapping his foot impatiently. Keith had learned pretty quickly that when his stuff started to go missing, it was evident that Lance would be at fault. But in fact, the script was somewhat of a happy accident.

"I have no idea?" Lance grinned, not pleading his case. Keith rolled his arms.

"Seriously Lance, I need it."

"Okay, buddy, dude, I actually don't know where it is. I am insulted that you would insinuate I do such a thing without concrete evidence against me," he told him. Keith's face screwed up angrily. Lance couldn't help but zoom up on that facial expression, his whole face on the camera lens. He looked soo pissed, which Lance is kind of amused by because for once it actually wasn't Lance fucking with him and hiding his stuff.

"Lance I-"

"Keith, are you looking for your script?" Shiro asked.

"Yeah, it just magically went missing and we all know who likes taking my stuff for the sake of his stupid video diaries-"

"Keith... It's right here," Shiro said, holding the thick bunch of paper above his head. Keith glared at the paper, then turned that glare to Lance, who was still getting all of this on camera.

"I think you owe me and my video diaries an apology," Lance smirked, patting the camera
preciously. Keith sneered, taking his script from Shiro's hand and moving to take his seat on his chair.

Lance smirked.

As Keith sat himself down, the sudden loud explosion of an air horn blasted. Taken by surprise, Keith screamed, toppling backwards he and his chair go crashing to the ground. His eyes immediately fire toward Lance, filled with pure fury, it's enough to make Lance crack into laughter.

Lance is smart though, he already knows what's gonna happen next. He shot to his feet, laughing as he ran out of the dressing room, screeching as he heard Keith's threats over his shoulder, recording the whole chase all the while.

"I'm going to smash that damn camera!"

Chapter End Notes

We love a good vine reference

Next week continues with...
-Akira is a sassy boi
-C O S M O
"Lance," the voice of the director, Monty Laurens, came from the side. He was standing next to Sandra Joan - the other director. Lance stood up from his little fold up chair and trotted over to them.

He had been waiting for his scene to start, which was one where Leandro would be getting into an argument with Akira with the other characters having to witness it. Their argument was because Leandro- the reckless baby he is - nearly got himself killed on a mission, and Akira's pining ass does not appreciate it.

"Are you ready for your next scene?" Monty asked.

"Ready and raring," he grinned, thumbs in the air. They both looked relieved.

"Alright then, we have another five before we set the scene in the Paladin's headquarters."

The Paladin's headquarters was the room all their characters gathered as they sorted through plans. It was a secretive place, where only they knew because the Government was still after them after taking back the lions.

"Know all your lines?"

"Yep!" Lance grinned.

"Got your mad face ready?" Sandra asked, and Lance waved his hand slowly over his face like Alex did from Madagascar, changing his face from his smiling self to a bitterly annoyed Leandro. She smiled.

"Good." There was a buzz, and someone shouting cut and then loud chatter as Hunk and Allura walk from off the set, giving each other a smile and high five.

"Let’s go Lance," Monty says, pushing his glasses up and waving his clipboard, indicating to someone over Lance's shoulder. "Alright, let's set up scene 6!"

* * *

"What were you thinking?" Akira shouted, turning from Leandro, pacing slightly up and down the room. The rest of the other Paladins (Petra, Handre and Alzina) were watching Akira's angry outburst after coming back from a dangerous mission. "You could've gotten yourself killed!"

"Akira," Henare started, trying to defuse the fire. Which was always a useless battle with Akira
involved.

"No, Henare! That idiot-" Akira shouted, pointing an accusative finger at Leandro. "-almost got himself killed! There's no coming back from that! It's game over - no black paladin, no leader - no Voltron!"

Leandro took a step forward, ready to put a comforting hand on his teammate's shoulder.

"Cool it, Kira, let's just-"

"Don't call me that!" Akira snapped, shoving his hand away from touching him. Leandro took a long breath, needing to calm himself down like the leader he is supposed to be.

"Look, I know this is a pretty messed up situation. I'm doing the best I can. I wish you'd just trust me on this one-"

"Oh yes Black Paladin, whatever you say Black Paladin-" Akira seethed sarcastically. "You think this is what this is about you leading? It's about you trying to act like a fucking hero and getting yourself killed!"

Leandro's eyes narrowed.

"You know what, Akira? For all that Black Paladin and leader bullshit, you've got a lot of nerve-"

"Says the guy who almost got him, and his lion crushed!" Akira shouted back and there is a long moment of silence.

Lance knows this is only acting, and he's been working with Keith for a while, but it's kinda amazing how compelling of an actor Keith is. He's got this feral look in his eyes, and hot angry tears wetting the corners.

Akira dropped his eyes.

"Whatever," he looked at his feet, a broken laugh escaping his lips as he turned away. "Get yourself killed, no one's going to try and stop you," and he walked off set, head hung low and leaving the other Paladins looking at each other nervously, and Leandro to watch him leave.

"And... cut!"

Lance broke out into a grin, looking at the others who all broke out of character with a long breath, breaking the tension. Keith walked back onto set, looking like his usual self and not the angry mess Akira was, except when he wiped the crocodile tears away.

"That was great guys, we might take another few shots to make sure, but I think that one was pretty perfect." The director yelled out.

Lance bounced over to Keith, grin on his face.

"Dude, you are so scary!" Lance smiled wide eyed he held a hand for Keith to high five, which the other reciprocated with a weak smile.

"Oh no, that was real. I've been pent-up all the anger from those stupid pranks you've been pulling." Keith told him, serious expression on his face. Lance smile turned fearful, like an awkward grimace.

"You still being Akira? Because you're sure being really scary."
"Maybe you'll think about that and reconsider when you decide to fuck with my stuff again." He said with a smirk, then chuckled at Lance's horrified expression. He gave Lance a firm pat on the back. "Come on Leandro, time to do take 2." he smiled. Then without another word, moved back to reset his position in the scene and like a puppy wagging his tail Lance bounced back over to where Leandro started.

Lance had learned through his months of getting to know him that Keith was pretty cool after all, maybe exceeding his expectations. From being a massive fan of a few of Keith's characters, to his co-worker was a big jump for Lance. Seeing him in action right in front of very eyes, executing his craft on the daily was an actual dream.

Not that Lance was ever going to admit this, but his inner younger self was having the time of his life.

* * *

"I can't believe they're announcing the cast tomorrow to the press," Allura added excitedly as she reached for the plates in the cupboard. It was a Saturday, and the cast always got Sunday's off, so Allura had invited them all over for dinner at her apartment.

Hunk was organising for some food to be brought over from his restaurant, Pidge was picking out a selection of movies to pick from, and Lance was helping everywhere he could. Shiro and Keith were on their way, being joined by Shiro's fiancé Adam. Lance almost choked on his drink when he learned that piece of information. Adam was an up and coming hot shot director, an incredible writer and did a lot of work behind the scenes with cinematography and all that techy stuff. He had also done his fair share of acting in the past. Also, he was Shiro's fiancé! That was cool in itself. Lance was super intrigued to meet Adam and seeing the two interact. He'd only ever heard nice things about the guy, and the way Shiro's eyes softened whenever someone brought up Adam's name was absolutely fucking precious.

"I know right? It's getting super real now." It was all going to become real once it was announced. It had been weird to keep it a secret from social media, and his friends and followers. He was keen to inform them of his latest endeavours, because his followers were some of the sweetest gummy bears, he couldn't wait to make them all proud!

"It's my first big acting job, so I feel the same." Allura had started out as a model, a very famous model at that, so the transition from modelling to acting would -understandingly- be rather daunting.

"It's exciting, huh?" Lance grinned, grabbing a few glasses from the top cupboard, long limbs stretching out as he does so. "I get all jumpy just thinking about it." he said, handing the cups out to Allura, who took them gratefully.

Throughout the filming process, Lance had found himself getting along with his other cast members all very well. He always had something to talk about with each one of them, whether it be work, or life outside the show, he never found himself at struggle for what to say. But then again, Lance had always had the gift of the gab - at least that's what his mother would tell him with a fond look on her face.

The doorbell rang, signalling there was people at the door.

"Better go get that!" Allura said, humming to herself as she walked out of the kitchen. Lance followed behind her with a skip in his step. The door opened, and Shiro and Adam walked in. Lance's eyes widened as the two walked in. They were like... the gay version of Angelina Jolie and
Brad Pitt! But like... before they got divorced and shit. What was important here, was that Lance was in a room with two LGBT icons! Oh man this was his bi dream!

Once the two walked in and said hello to Allura, Lance walked over to Adam.

"Hi! My name is Lance, we haven't met before, but I've been working on Voltron with Shiro! It's super awesome to meet you!" He said, eyes probably twinkling like some crazy fan as he extended his hand out for Adam to take.

Adam smiled softly, taking Lance's hand and giving it a shake.

"Nice to meet you Lance, I've heard a lot about you from both Shiro and Keith." he said, and Lance was sure Shiro would of only had nice things to Adam about him, but Keith?

Speaking of Keith...

Lance hadn't seen him at first because he behind Shiro and Adam, getting obscured by both of their big structures. But when he did he gasped, the amount of air he took in with his sharp exhale made his chest sting. Because in Keith's arms, was a wriggling and yappy puppy. Lance's eyes widened, a little squeal escaping his throat as he bounded over to Keith and the dark coated husky.

"You have a puppy!" Lance beamed at Keith, leaning down more to the dog's level to say hi and get a closer look. The proximity made the dog go absolutely mental and start trying to lick Lance's face. The puppy was adorable, obviously younger than five months or so old, with a mostly black body and the brightest blue eyes. "Hi, cosa preciosa!"

Keith grunted at the way his puppy pulled and wriggled as it tried to get closer to Lance.

"His name is Cosmo," Keith supplied.

"Hi Cosmo!" Lance cooed, patting the young dog's head. Lance loved dogs, he had grown up with a family dog that was a beagle, but sadly, she passed away when Lance went travelling for In the Heights. He hadn't played with a puppy in so long!

"Hang on, I'll put him down," Keith grumbled after Cosmo's vigorous squirming, making it hard for Keith to hold onto him properly without dropping hi. He placed the dog on his feet, which allowed the puppy to jump up against Lance's legs, yapping and biting his ankles excitedly. Lance squatted down, giggle falling from his lips as he cuddled the dog. "Try not to let him bite you, training him has been a bitch." Keith added.

"He's so sweet!" Lance said as Cosmo started to lick his hands and arms.

"He's a demon. Never listens." Keith told him as Lance stood upright. They both then began to follow the rest of them towards the living room, where Pidge was setting up the movie. Cosmo jumped after them, skidding and walking in between Lance and Keith. "I don't know what my mums been teaching him," he muttered, shaking his head as he shoved his hands into the pockets of his red hoodie.

"He's your mum's dog?" Lance asked. Lance knew who Keith's mum was, because really... who didn't? She was one of the highest paid actresses in Hollywood. Keith shook his head.

"No, Cosmo is mine. But when I had to leave my apartment, I struggled to find a place that would allow dogs. He's been staying with my mum while I search." Keith told him as they walked. When they got to the living room, they sat down on the expensive white couch. Allura really decked this place out with nice furniture.
"Why did you leave your apartment then?" Lance asked, getting himself into a comfy position on the couch, tucking his feet up with him.

"My address got leaked to the media, I had other tenants complaining about all the paparazzi and fans surrounding the place," Keith informed him, eyes skidding over to Cosmo, who was skidding on the floorboards as he raced around the room. "I've been crashing with Shiro until I can find a new place. My mum offered to look after him until I found a good spot."

Lance's eyes widened with horror as the story went on. He couldn't even imagine how uncomfortable that would've been, with every time he left his apartment, to get flocked by people and cameras.

"That sucks!" Lance blurted out. Keith chuckled, sighing and then lolled his head back against the couch.

"Tell me about it, it's been a nightmare." He opened his mouth to say something, when a crash come from the corner of the room. Keith sat up and frowned. "Cosmo!" He gained the young puppy's attention. "Over here, come on." he said, leaning forward and clicked his fingers, hoping it was lure him over.

It worked, Cosmo bounded over with his tail wagging and tongue dangling out. Lance just couldn't get over how cute he was!

After getting permission from Allura, Keith picked Cosmo off the ground and put him on the couch in between him and Lance. This obviously was a big deal for the beautiful fluff ball, who was so excited by being allowed up. He instantly jumped on Lance's Lap, then he put his front paws on Lance's chest, pushing him against the couch. He proceeded to start licking Lance's face like he was fine dining.

Lance began to laugh, trying to move his face out of Cosmo's wake, but the little thing was too willing to share his love and excitement.

"Looks like your dog gets to kiss Leandro before Akira does," Pidge snickered to Keith who looked disgusted as Cosmo licked all over Lance's face.

"He's a beautiful perfect ball of fluff. I think I am in love," Cosmo licked his cheek, yapping a few times. "Yep, I'll totally take Cosmo over Mullet Edgelord any day!"

A few of the others laughed at that, and when Lance looked to Keith to give him a smug smile, the guy's nose scrunched up at him, then Keith flipped the bird for good measure. Lance looked back Cosmo.

"Tu papá es re mala onda Cosmo. Pobre de ti." Lance murmured to the puppy as he rubbed behind his ears.

"Come on Hunk!" Pidge shouted out. "We're all waiting for you so that we can put the movie on!" They had all seated themselves on Allura's couch, and the only one they were waiting for was Hunk. At hearing his name dashed into the room from the kitchen. At the sudden movement, Cosmo barked and ran over to greet Hunk. Lance pouted at the rejection.

"Looks like my dog doesn't want you either," Keith smirked. Lance gaped at him, blinking at him in disbelief, which just increased Keith's smile.

"That's awful! You're going to have to kiss me eventually!"
"Not unless I convince the directors to kill Leandro off," Keith said, and for a second Lance thought he was being serious, but then Keith pulled his boyish smile that made Lance relax.

"You're an asshole," Lance laughed, shoving Keith's shoulder. "If I hadn't already gotten accustomed to your terrible sense of humour, I would've probably been offended," Lance told him with a huff. Keith gave him the look of confusion, and Lance is pretty sure it's the look of 'I have no idea what you just said', so instead Lance just poked his tongue out at him.

"Alright guys! Let's get this movie on!"

***

It was a few hours later when Keith yawned, stretching his arms out as the end credits rolled. He was warm under the blankets Allura had given him. He looked to his phone and hummed. It was pretty late, and they had finished the second movie of the night. Keith looked to Cosmo, who was happily curled on top of Lance, who was fast asleep. Lance had a secure arm wrapped around Cosmo, like he was his own personal hot-water bottle.

Lance's nose twitched, probably hearing the sound of the other's began chatting about the movie they had just watched. Keith observed the way Lance's dark brown lashes fluttered against his cheek.

"Is Lance asleep?" Allura asked, bringing Keith out of his own thoughts with an awkward cough and blush, looking away from Lance quickly to try and hide the fact he had been staring.

"Uh-yeah. Seems like it," he stammered.

"Hmmm, well I better wake him up." She whispered, poking his shoulder lightly. He mumbled something in what Keith assumed was Spanish, or maybe just some sort of sleepy gibberish. "Hey Lance, everyone's heading home now. Want me to call you a cab?"

Lance just nodded, his eyes still closed and probably mainly asleep. Despite it, he kept his hand moving to pat Cosmo. Lance really liked dogs it seemed.

"Alright, I'll do that for you now."

"Why don't we drop Lance off," Adam suggested as he stood up, not bothering to consult either Shiro or Keith because he's the decision maker around here. Shiro nodded in agreement - like the pushover he was- and looked to Lance, who was slowly beginning to wake up. He wasn't the only one though. Cosmo let out a loud yawn as he lifted his head from Lance's thigh, too drowsy to bark or run around like usual.

It was a blessing his dog was so quiet.

"You sure?" Lance asked, sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

"It's on the way back to our apartment, it'll be fine." Adam insisted.

So once Keith bundled Cosmo into his arms, the four of them said their goodbyes and took the elevator down the stairs then out of the building. It was dark, and much colder outside than it was inside Allura's apartment. Lance was uncharacteristically quiet until they got to the car, when he started talking again.

"It was nice to see everyone tonight," he said softly, accommodating to Cosmo who was now soundlessly sleeping in the seat between them. His soft voice was a little deeper than normal, or
maybe it was because he was still half asleep. "I've only been in America for a couple of months, I'm still getting used to everything and meeting new people. I hadn't really known anyone when I moved here, so it's nice to just catch up with everyone outside of set."

Keith frowned, brows knitting slightly. Did Lance not have any friends in America before coming here?

"Well you're welcome at our place any time! We're always allowing people to stay, right Keith?" Shiro smirked, glancing at him through the rear-view mirror.

"Don't act like you didn't offer to let me stay." Keith muttered, patting Cosmo lazily on the back. Lance chuckled otherwise.

"Thanks, Shiro, I'll remember that." he smiled, then looked down at Cosmo. "I'll have to visit Cosmo again. I think we've bonded."

"You were asleep half the time," Keith retorted.

"Cuddling is bonding!"

"You were asleep. That doesn't count as bonding." Keith rolled his eyes. Lance frowned and leaned down to Cosmo.

"We bonded, didn't we?" Cosmo replied by sleepily licking Lance's face. "See!"

***

"Hey, Takashi," Adam started as they finally got into bed after the long night. It had been nice meeting all the other actors on the show his fiancé was working so hard on, but there was one thing he had noticed during the night that he wanted to mention to his partner.

"Hmmmm," Shiro mumbled as he wriggled under the blankets. "All ears," he said closing his eyes, probably seconds away from falling asleep - it was pretty late.

"Okay, well so you know Lance," Adam started, which made Shiro's eyes open. He suddenly looked concerned.

"Yes?"

"I think I know why Keith can't understand him, with his accent and all," Adam murmured, brows together as he thought through the events of the night.

"What do you mean?" Shiro asked, wriggling closer.

"You know how Keith's always has trouble understanding him?" Shiro nodded. "I think it's because Lance talks faster when he speaks to Keith." Shiro's brows went even higher up.

"Really?"

"Yeah, I just picked up on it tonight." It had happened a few times, when they were bantering back and forth, or just casually talking. Adam noted Lance spoke differently when he addressed Keith. "I'm not sure if it's a nervous thing, or when he gets worked up and irritated - because they bicker a lot - but it makes sense. When Lance talks faster, the accent becomes harder to understand."

Shiro looked at him like he had just solved a Rubix cube with his toes.
"That's... quite the observation."

"Just listen to them next time. Listen to the way he speaks to the others and yourself, and then when he and Keith speak."

"Alright, I will."

Chapter End Notes

Translations:
cosa preciosa - Precious thing
Tu papá es re mala onda Cosmo. Pobre de ti - Your dad is super mean Cosmo. I feel sorry for you buddy.

This is what out baby boy Cosmo looks like
https://i.pinimg.com/originals/ab/27/d8/ab27d8db9a683e046325631cb80dd4d4.jpg

What to expect next week ~
People are getting HYPED
Lance is a flirting machine (or is he flirting with a machine??)
MORE COSMO
When the cast got announced, it was safe to say that shit went wild.

Lance's social media exploded. The number of followers he got increased significantly. His fans who he's had for a while were ecstatic about his new project. Tweeting him constantly and commenting about it under the pictures he posted on Instagram, was the start. Then the new ones were all so sweet and nice, chattering excitedly at their thrill for Voltron.

His hometown did a massive article about him in the newspaper, and he had been approached by all the TV stations for interviews. His managers had been gobbling that up. They had booked him flat out with interviews, which was nice because he got to speak his own tongue. But it had been exhausting all the same, especially with the funky time differences.

The explosion of attention only got more intense when Shiro and Keith got asked for an interview together on a popular talk show to talk about Voltron. Shiro and Keith were the biggest names that Voltron had to offer, so when they both joined forces for that interview the internet went into chaos.

Keith and Shiro on the same show? Am I dreaming?!!??!!?! #broganes

iS ANYONE GOING TO MENTION THAT SHIRO SAID THERE WOULD BE VARYING TYPES OF REPRESENTATION THROUGHOUT VOLTRON? DARE I SAY LGBT REP? ANYONE?!?!?? WHY ISN'T ANYONE TALKING ABOUT THIS I CAN'T BREATHEEEEEEE

I've only just been blessed by the knowledge of Lance Mcclain's existence for one hour, but if anything happened to him, I would kill everyone and then myself

Katie Holt comeback? YES PLEASE

MY FAVOURITE CHEF IS GOING TO BE ON A T.V SHOW WITH MY FAVOURITE ACTOR? THIS IS AMAZING!!

The gays are feasting tonight

ALLURA MY QUEEN SLAYYYYYYYYYYYYYY

LATINO REP I LOVE LANCE AHHHHHHHHHHH

And that was just the start of it. One of the workers had created a Twitter Page for Voltron. The following was steadily growing, with a constant stream of people were expressing their excitement.

Lance didn't understand how they already had fans when the first season wasn't even out.
For the next few months, filming and endorsement was everything. The tricky part was not giving too much away about the show. The producers and directors told them to 'mention the basics, your character name, a simple explanation of the genre, but that’s it'. It was all very tight lipped, if an interviewer pushed for something, Lance would dodge the question or avert it like he had been trained to do.

It was a strange phenomenon, the instant attention. But Lance was surrounded by some pretty awesome people that made the whole thing less daunting. A lot of those people consisted of his fellow cast members. They had all become closer throughout the course of those few months of filming. Lance guessed it was bound to happen, since they were pretty much spending all their time together. It was nice, he had never felt a homely vibe with a cast before. It made his homesickness a little more bearable when they all hung out, on and off of set.

Speaking of being on set...

"Lance, stop!" Allura giggled as Lance pulled faces at the camera in between filming. They were taking a slight break since there was a mishap with the lighting, so Lance thought they could have a little fun while they waited.

"Reckon I could seduce the camera?" he asked, cocking a brow. Without waiting for an answer, Lance swaggered his way over to the camera, causing Allura laugh at the intentional exaggeration. A few of the camera crew were snickering behind their hands as they tried to keep up the professionalism.

"Hello there, can I just say that you're looking exceptionally exceptional today?" Lance said in a low, sultry tone, looking into the lens with flirtatious eyes. "Your stand is so sleek, and the way you film is just incredible... the quality impeccable. You just know how to get all the right angles..."

"Why is Lance flirting with the camera?" Pidge asked, popping her head out from the healing pod she was supposed to be in.

Hunk shrugged, smiling nonetheless.

"They'll never tear us apart. I'm crazy for you camera-"

"Alright! Lights are fixed, get back into your positions!" someone yelled out and Lance pouted, stroking the side of the camera.

"Until we meet again-"

"Lance stop being over dramatic," Keith called from the couch on set, who was leaning back, arms extended out and grin teasing. Lance frowned at him as he walked over.

"Shut it you piece of stale soggy bread."

"I have no idea what you just said, but I have a feeling it was insulting."

"Don't worry, it was."

"Okay, get ready guys? Petra in the pod. Take 4, action!"

Lance snapped into the zone, smile instantly vanishing, eyes looking over to where Petra was in the pod. It was the season final of the show they were filming, after the big fight with the enemy. Petra had been hurt in the combat, Leandro wasn't taking his hurt teammate well because of his plan's
failure.

He walked over somberly, placing a hand on the pod and gritted his teeth, the closeup on his clenched jaw.

"Leandro-" Alzina started, standing beside him with a sympathetic look in her eyes. "You can't blame yourself for this, we couldn't have known it was a trap." her voice was smoothing and gentle, but Lance tapped into the guilt that Leandro would be feeling.

Leandro didn't reply, only stared at the pod in front of him. He clenched his fists by his side.

"She's right Leandro," Akira piped up, walking over. Face set in a serious tone and boots clicking on the ground. "None of us could've known."

"Hachiko knew," Leandro muttered, dropping his gaze from his right-hand man. "A leader should be able to prepare for these sorts of situations. "I don't know if I can lead Voltron," Leandro croaked out.

"Hachiko only knew because of the spy within his own crew for Atlas. We didn't know, doesn't mean you aren't worthy of leading. So, don't you dare compare yourself, or reconsider your leadership." Leandro hesitated at the way Akira hit him on the bullseye. Leandro looked to Akira, looking at him heavily, desperation glossing his eyes.

"I don't want anyone else getting hurt because of my decisions."

"You've saved our skin hundreds of times. You've saved me more times than I can count. If Black didn't think you were capable, they wouldn't have chosen you to be their paladin."

Lance paused, giving Leandro a moment to speak before he opened his mouth.

"I-"

A sudden unexpected crash came as the Pod with Pidge inside toppled over. There was a loud crash, crew members instantly running over to make sure Pidge wasn't hurt. Lance turned and looked directly at Keith who grimaced, all of them tensing as they waited for the outcome.

"I'm suing!" Pidge yelled out as the pod door was opened, a crew member helped her to her feet as she jumped out. Gladly she wasn't hurt which cleared Lance's conscious enough for him to look forward to Keith and laugh.

Keith chuckled, sighing before they went to reset the scene.

"Let's try again! Petra in the pod. Take 5, action!"

* * *

Lance had dressed himself in active-wear, accommodating to today's golden afternoon weather. It was a refreshing to be outside after spending most of the day inside and onset. It was also important to keep his physique impressive, one to be able to keep up with stunts during filming, the other to just be able to look good. Plus, cardio was a good way to clear your head.

As soon as Lance walked out of his apartment building, he slipped his sunglasses on.

Lance had his fair share of persistent paparazzi in the past, he had learned that the hard way when he and Jenny broke up. That time had been hell for Lance. If being dumped by your childhood
friend wasn't enough, but he had to go through it all with the watchful eyes of the media on him.

But this time was a different kind of attention. He was getting snapped on the occasion because of his status as the new cast member for what was fast becoming one of the most anticipated shows of the year.

Hence the sunglasses.

Lance turned to his left, ready to start his run, when there was a sudden chorus of loud barking. He paused his music, then looked up towards the sound. A huff of laughter escaped his mouth when he spotted Cosmo dragging Keith across the street, barking frantically and tail wagging.

Lance grinned, waving in Keith's direction as he was yanked across the road, cars honking at him. Keith's face was red, flushed with embarrassment as he gave a single wave of apology. He chased after Cosmo, who was making his way over to Lance, yapping happily.

Lance squatted to Cosmo to give him a pat. Cosmo was happy by that and perched his front lets on Lance's thighs.

"Aww, hi buddy!" Lance cooed, rubbing Cosmo's face tenderly. His eyes flickered up to Keith who was trying to regain his breath. "So, are you taking Cosmo for a walk, or is he taking you?" Lance asked, lips quirking in a teasing manner. Keith ran his fingers through his hair and groaned.

"He spotted you and instantly just started running." Keith heaved.

"That's because he loves me!" Lance said, looking back down to Cosmo. "Don't you boy? Yes you do! Yes you do!" he said scratching that special place behind his ears.

Since Cosmo was only a puppy, Keith brought him along to most of the Saturday night gatherings. In the course of all those gatherings, he and Cosmo had formed a tight bond, that just consisted of annoying Keith.

Keith just scowled at them both in betrayal.

"So, what brings you out here? Isn't Shiro and Adam's apartment in the middle of the city?" Lance asked, straightening himself from the crouching position.

Keith looked at him in confusion for a long moment, before finally processing what he had said.

"Oh, no I moved out. Actually," he pointed behind his shoulder to the apartment complex across the street. "I moved in there. It's my first night here, so I thought I'd get Cosmo used to the area."

Lance's eyes widened, a grin splitting over his face.

"No way! My apartment building it opposite yours!" Lance explained, arms flailing, pointing excitedly over his shoulder to his building. Keith's face softened out of that hard, confused look as he glanced over Lance's shoulder to the building.

"Really?"

"Yeah! You must have a trash memory. Don't you remember when Shiro dropped me off here when we had that movie night a few months back?" Lance asked, smirk baiting. Keith frowned in just the way Lance wanted him to.

"It was dark!" Keith snapped back, defending himself. Lance chuckled, waving Keith off, which made Keith stiffen and bristle.
"I'm playing with you dude," he smiled lopsidedly. "I guess this is where I welcome you to the area. It's close to a park as well, which I assume is exactly what Cosmo wants!" He said glancing down to the growing dog who barked at hearing his name.

"Really?" Keith asked, eyes widening in interest.

"Yeah, come one, I'll show you the way!" Lance insisted, turning back to the direction he was planning on running to. Lance liked the route to and through the park for when he went on his walks. The park had pleasant scenery, with soft grass and flowers giving the air a heady smell.

"Are you sure?" Keith asked, looking unsure. "You look like you were going to go on a run," he said, looking somewhat guilty.

One thing that Lance had learned about Keith over the months they had been working together was that the guy really didn't like asking for help on things or being dependent on other people. It seemed -to Lance at least- he was the type who would rather do things alone, than to actually ask for assistance. So instead of asking 'hey do you want help?' Lance always just dived straight into the 'help' part.

"I was going to the park anyway! Come on, we're losing precious daylight here!" Lance looked down to Cosmo and patted his knees, making the dog follow him happily, pulling Keith along with him. Lance smirked, looking back to Keith who huffed, now knowing he didn't have a choice.

"He has so much energy!" Lance noted as Cosmo tugged at the lead, almost causing Keith to trip over his own feet. Keith gave Cosmo a stern tug, which stopped him from trying to run ahead to chase after a squirrel that had run up a tree.

It was a nice day at the park. It was filled with fresh grass and tall trees, there were paths that people took for strolls, a small playground across the street was also there, filled with little kiddies. Lance misses having kids around, kids are heaps of fun, in his personal opinion.

"Tell me about it, he never stops." Keith mused fondly. "He's usually better behaved than this. He's probably trying to make me look bad," Keith mused, making Lance chuckle at the thought. "Speaking of never stopping, you've been doing a few interviews lately, huh?" Keith asked, glancing at him by the corner of his eyes.

Lance groaned.

"Yeah, my managers have been going a little overboard. It's mostly been video interviews for back home. Not that I should be complaining, it's nice to know my home country is rooting for me." he smiled warmly. He then smirked and dipped his head to properly face Keith. "It's also nice to have people who actually understand more than half of what I say." Keith flushed red.

"You watched the video diary?" he stumbled awkwardly, fingers twiddling with Cosmo's lead.

"Yeah, I've been going through all the footage. There's some funny stuff on there."

"Most of it at the expense of me," Keith reminded him.

"Oh, come on, that stuff is funny!"

"I had to get Monica to cover up the bruise on my arm from when I fell off my chair!" Keith informed him.
"Awww, did Keithy get a little boo boo?" Lance teased. Keith also responded to Lance teasing with this one particular look. Like he was confused, irritated and disgusted all in the one expression.

"You seriously are such a weird guy, I honestly don't even want to know how your brain works," Keith scoffed, shaking his head. Lance grinned, because he decided to take that as a compliment.

"I'm sure deep down, behind all that brooding and scowling your brain is filled with strange thoughts!"

"Brooding?" Keith asked, brow raised. Lance shrugged.

"Brooding, or you have a natural RBF."

"A... a what?"

"RBF: Resting Bitch Face." Lance informed the guy. Was he honestly that clueless? Did he even know what the Internet was? It wouldn't surprise Lance if he didn't. The amount of times Lance had referenced memes only for Keith not to understand them was honestly a little heartbreaking. Keith narrowed his eyes, in either confusion or in offense, Lance wasn't sure.

"Resting bitch- What does that even mean?" he asked, cutting himself off mid-sentence.

"It means you always look like a bitch. Like your resting face..." he said, arms gesturing to Keith's face. "looks bitchy." Keith blinked, thinking about it for a moment.

"I look like a bitch?"

"More along the lines of 'please don't talk to me or I may just ignore or murder you'." Keith laughed at that, his free hand instantly moving to cover his smile - which Lance thought was a shame, because the guy had a nice smile.

"Hey! I got you to laugh!" Lance beamed, poking the corner of Keith's cheeks. Keith blinked in surprise at suddenly being touched. "You need to smile more! You'll get frown lines," Lance instructed, watching the way Keith's eyes watched his finger as it continued to poke his face.

"Is it really that much of an achievement to get me laughing?" Keith asked, eyes gliding to Lance's. Stunned by the sudden eye contact, Lance pulled his hand back from Keith's face and shoved it into his pocket to control his touchiness. He had a habit of it, it was how he had been raised. Always hugging and kissing on the cheek, but he knew some people were a bit iffy about touching, like Pidge. He wasn't really sure about Keith though...

"Of course! As I said - Resting Bitch Face. Plus, you're always so super serious at work."

"Work isn't an amusement park. It's not supposed to be fun all the time. If anything, you have too much fun at work."

"Never! You can never have too much fun at work!" Lance shouted, step turning into a skip. "Especially at our work! Everyone is so fun, and different. It's hard not to throw in a laugh or two." Lance insisted. Lance liked goofing off in between takes, it made everything a little more relaxed. It was nice to entertain his fellow cast members and even the behind the camera crew. They were always working so hard.

"Fair enough," Keith said, making Lance realise he might have said that last part out loud. "It seems like you're a natural born entertainer." Lance smiled to himself quietly, face heating up in a
warm and appreciative tone.

Lance is used to compliments, whether it be on his acting, dancing, singing or even his looks. He's used to it. But compliments by people he admires if another thing, and he admires Keith a heck load. He's watched Keith on TV for years, liking his characters and the way he portrays himself on the media with eloquence and good reputation. Getting compliments from someone like him felt like a big deal.

The thing with Keith is that he never makes it a big deal. Lance has noticed Keith give the occasional compliment whenever he deemed it appropriate. He just did it in subtle ways, not over the top, always sincere and genuine.

"Thanks Keith," Lance grinned. "To think the first time, we met we hated each other's guts." Keith chuckled at that, pausing as Cosmo stopped to sniff a bush.

"Yeah, it's been what? Eight months?" Keith said. Eight months had never felt so long or short in Lance's life. "It has been good filming Voltron though. Probably the best cast I've worked with in a while."

"Agree! The last movie I was in, my co-star was a nightmare," Lance shuddered. "Best friends with my ex, so you can probably guess how well that went," Lance shook his head smiling. When he thought back on that, all he can do was cringe. Having to act romantically towards a girl who hated him through association was tough, in between scenes she would shove the offhand comment in his face about 'how happy Jenny was with Tony, and about how Tony would never leave Jenny for a year to do some silly musical'. He could never understand why she acted so badly towards him, especially when he and Jenny were on alright terms. Lance just needed a little time before he could think of being friends with her again.

"Yikes," Keith sympathized.

"What bout you? Got any terror stories?" Lance asked, sincerely curious. Keith had worked with some of the biggest names in the business after all. He snorted.

"Oh do I." He sighed reluctantly. "You know Lillian Woods?"

"Mega babe? On that show about the vampires?" Lance asked, peeped. Keith scrunched up his face.

"Sure... I guess." he paused to think. "Anyway, we filmed half the movie, and everything went fine. Then she found out I was gay and totally flipped, asking the casting crew 'why she was being forced to kiss a man who didn't even like girls'."


"Yeah, it can be hard to differentiate the genuine people from the fakes in this industry."

"We're trained to alter our personalities, so it shouldn't be that surprising..." Lance paused, watching Cosmo growl and tug at the lead, almost pulling Keith's arm out of his socket as he did. "Hey Cos, what's up buddy?" he asked, watching him bark loudly over in the direction of some trees.

"He probably just saw a squirrel." Keith insisted. Lance, unsure, eyes looked in the direction of where Cosmo was barking, seeing nothing but trees. He hummed, but continued to walk along with Keith, enjoying the warm air and pleasant conversation that flowed like the breeze between the
leaves.

Whatever it was, Lance assumed it wouldn't be a big deal.

Chapter End Notes

OOF a snippet of back story for Lance's ex girlfriend that Keith found on google when he searched (stalked) him
Also Cosmo and Lance being best buddies is the purest shit ever we fucking love

What to expect next week
-Cosmo knew what was up
-Video chatting with Veronica and Rachel
It had in fact, been a big deal.

The next day, Lance woke up early due to the sun shining through his window. It was early for him to wake up, so with his extra time Lance decided to go and get himself an iced coffee from his local Cafe before heading to set.

He was walking down the street with the early morning breeze and the smell of bakeries and coffee wafting down the street, pumping people up and ready for the day. Lance walked into the Coffee shop, ready to get his usual when his eyes got caught on the latest gossip magazine on the counter. Lance almost choked as he saw the headline 'IS THIS KOGANE'S NEW MAN?' with a picture of Keith and Lance walking in the park the day before with Cosmo. From the angle the shot was taken from, it looked like Lance touching Keith's cheek, maybe even caressing it tenderly.

Blanching, Lance grabbed the magazine, flicking to the page where there was a whole damn article on how Keith Kogane was spotted with co-star Lance Mcclain on a 'romantic walk' through the park. There was a few more pictures inside, ones of him and Keith laughing and walking together. Whoever the paparazzi was, they weren't here to play. The angles made their what had been very innocent and platonic walk seem intimate and lovey-dovey.

Lance's eyes scanned over the article as he waited for his coffee to be finished. When he finally was given his drink, the barista asked if he wanted anything else. Lance thanked them with a pleasant smile, then slid the magazine over the counter.

"Time to change your relationship status Kogane!" Lance shouted as he paraded into the break room. The whole main cast were chilling out on the group couch as they waited for all the directors, crew and team members to arrive and set up, ready for filming. They all looked in Lance's direction, confused by his sudden outburst. Keith raised a single brow in confusion.

"What are you talking about?" Keith asked, not following. Obviously, he hadn't seen the article. Lance threw him the magazine, watching in amusement as Keith's eyes widened in surprise.

"Looks like I'm your new man?" Lance teased. Hunk and Pidge leaned over to catch a glance at the article.
"God, they couldn't wait to spread this out, huh?" Keith chuckled, eyes skimming over the pages with intrigued eyes. He frowned, a single huff leaving his lips. "They really went all out with this." Pidge snatched the magazine out of his hands, peering over the page before reading aloud.

"Has Keith Kogane finally found love? It seems so, with Kogane seen taking a romantic stroll with none other than co-star Lance Mclain. Have sparks started to fly while filming the anticipated Netflix Original Voltron? Stay tuned as we watch these two young LGBT icons relationship flourish!"

Lance put a hand on his heart.

"I'm an LGBT icon?" he asked, wiping an invisible tear off his cheek. "Keith, we're going to steal Shiro and Adam's spot as top gays. We will be the alpha gays."

"You're not gay," Keith reminded him and Lance rolled his eyes.

"I'm close enough! And it's not like we are taking any romantic strolls either but look where we are!" Lance said flailing his arms.

"These seriously look like you guys are on a date," Hunk murmured, covering his mouth with his large hand, mostly to hide his smile.

"I think it's just fun to point out how much taller I look than Keith," Lance sneered. Keith threw him a look of hot iron.

"Your hair is an unfair advantage!"

"Fluffy hair is not an advantage! It's a gift! But enough about my hair! Can we talk about how good my ass looks? I'm currently considering wearing those shorts for the rest of my life." Lance said, leaning over Hunk's shoulder and pointing to his butt.

"Ew Lance," Pidge groaned, now looking away from the article to save herself from looking at Lance's ass. Which really was her own loss to not bless her eyes with Lance's contribution to the human race as banging eye candy.

The door swooshed open, causing everyone to turn in the direction of the door. Sandra -one of their director's- walked in the room, her usual clipboard in hand.

"Alright cast! It's time-" She froze, noting the way the cast were huddled together. "What's going on?" She asked tentatively, looking unsure if she really wanted to know.

"Keith and I are now officially boyfriends according to..." Lance turned the article over to look at the front page. "-to StarDay Magazine!" he said enthusiastically, shoving the article in her face.

"I've never seen anything so excited to have fake news spread about him," Shiro chuckled behind him as Sandra flicked through the article. Keith rolled his eyes.

"I mean, whoever took these photos did a good job. If I didn't know what they two acted like on set and behind the scenes, I would've assumed they were very loved up!" Allura said with a devious smile.

"Oh man, I have to show Audrey, she's gonna love this."

"Before you do that, Lance," Sandra stopped Lance before he could scatter off. "If everything goes to plan, it will be our second last day on set for season 1," she began.
It was crazy how fast the past few months had flown by. It only felt like last week that Lance was meeting everyone and ruining the day Keith Kogane was born. Now, here he was, with a bunch of new friends and experiences. Even Keith had wriggled his way into Lance's heart. He still loved annoying him to no end, but that was just how their friendship worked. If someone told him a year ago he was going to be friends with Keith Kogane, to the point where people thought they were in a relationship, Lance would've laughed in their face.

"Then we will be going into the editing phase, which will take a while. Voltron is set to be released within the next few months. We will have a proper date when we get closer. A week after the show is out, we're going to have a whole cast interview on Coran's Talk Show."

"Coran has a talk show?" Lance asked, brow raising. Sandra nodded.

"Yes, so please don't make any plans. If all goes well - which I assume it will - we will be starting filming again a month after the launch. Do any of you have any questions?" she asked, eyes scanning around the cast. When the room stayed quiet she gave a sharp nod. "Good, let’s get to hair and makeup."

* * *

"Lynn! Did you hear Keith and I are now in love?" Lance asked Keith's hair stylist as Daisy put some product in his hair.

"Stop saying that!" Keith bit back from his chair.

"Don't be afraid of commitment!" Lance shouted back, grin wicked. Lynn smiled, laughing lightly at their endless teasing. Lance looked at Lynn and mouthed the words 'we are in love'.

"I saw that!" Keith snapped back which made Lance cackle to himself. Like they had discussed yesterday on their walk in the park, they certainly got along better than they did at the start of filming. But Lance's love of annoying Keith had yet to dissolve or mellow.

"Oh, come on Keith! Stop being such a grouch about it! It's funny! People think we're banging!"

Lance insisted which Keith just shook his head at to himself, muttering something under his breath as a few of the crew members giggled into their hands.

"Hello! Hello!" The loud voice sounded as someone walked into the dressing room. Lance looked in the reflection of the mirror and grinned as he spotted Coran. Coran only had a minor role in the show, showing up on the occasional episode. But he was always a big bag of laughs and joy, lighting up the set with his odd sense of humour that Lance loved!

"Hey Coran!" Lance called out, waving over his shoulder. He stopped once Daisy scolded him for excessive wriggling again. Everyone else greeted Coran with enthusiasm. He was popular around the set for just being a cool dude, among both cast and crew. Lance could totally see how he had landed himself a new talk show.

"Well hello my boy!" he said walking over, standing in between Lance and Keith, placing a hand on each of their shoulders. "I heard you two are now dating, congratulations-"

Coran - the poor man - couldn't even finish his sentence before Keith was banging his head against the counter and Lance was sliding out of his chair, bursting into fits of laughter.

Keith was too traumatised and Lance was too busy wiping the tears from his eyes from laughing so hard to explain, so Shiro stepped in to fill in the details.
"Lance don't you dare cry and ruin your makeup!" Audrey called out, rushing over to him and fanning his face so the unshed tears would dry up. He leaned his head back to stop gravity from allowing his tears to ruin Audrey's masterpiece, going into another fit of laughter. His lungs heaved and begged for air which made him wheeze.

Oh man, he couldn't wait to tell Rachel about this!

"As much as I like adventuring over to the set, I actually have something I want to converse to you about, Lance." Coran said, grin on his face. Lance looked upwards at Coran from his slumped position on his chair.

"Yeah?" Lance asked sitting up properly, still giggling to himself. "What's up?"

"Ah! You see, I was hoping we could chit chat in private!" He leaned closer to Lance, putting a secretive hand to his mouth as he whispered. "I have quite the idea that I want to keep a secret from the rest of the cast."

Lance's brow cocked up, fully intrigued.

"I'm so down -whatever it is! Just let my team finishing making me up."

"Just a moment Lance. You need a little hair spray." Daisy insisted. Lance closed his eyes, waiting for the onset of spray, not wanting to burn his eyes. There was a hiss of product, then fingers fiddling with his hair. "Alright sweetheart, go ahead." Lance leaped to his feet. As his fellow cast members gave him curious glances, he distracted them with finger guns, then followed Coran outside.

They stood outside the door by the dressing rooms.

"So, as you have been informed today, the cast will be special guests on my new talk show after the launch of Season 1," Coran began and Lance nodded knowingly, being reminded of Sandra's words. "I have also been made aware you were on Broadway. I was thinking maybe you'd like to perform a song from that musical before we start the interview!"

Lance's eyes widened, lighting up like a Christmas tree at the suggestion.

"That's amazing! I'd love to do that!" Lance shrilled, grin growing broader and more painful by the second. Coran clasped his hand on Lance's shoulder happily.

"That sounds grand! We might just want to make sure the creators are fine with you singing one of the songs." Lance was already pulling his phone as Coran spoke.

"Already on it, I'll call Lin right away."

* * *

"Please, please please for the love of all that is good, tell me you're really boning Keith Kogane!" Rachel screeched into the video call, holding up a magazine. Veronica by her side snickered, especially at the way Lance blushed.

At least once a week Lance would video chat with his family. It usually consisted of his mother and father, his brothers and sisters dropping in on different occasions. It eased the homesickness to only a dull ache.

"If you think anything that comes out of StarDay magazine is true proves that I'm the smarter
twin," Lance told her with a grin. Rachel groaned in disappointment, throwing the magazine frustratedly across the room. Which made Lance laugh again. If everything thought that Lance was all about the theatrics, they'd be shocked if they ever met his twin.

"Dammit! I totally thought it was going to be true! Imagine how cool Christmas would have been!" Rachel whined and pouted to Veronica. She laughed at her younger siblings’ antics.

"Other than that, how have you been Lance? Going to bring an American girl or boy home when you come visit?" Veronica asked, giving Lance a warm look through the camera. Lance rolled his eyes fondly and shook his head.

"Been too busy for the ladies and gents, work's been crazy. But I'll be visiting soon since we've finish filming. Technically, we have finished filming the first season. We just need to do the opening clip." Lance informed her. After tomorrow, he was going to plan and organise his visit home. He'd stay there in Cuba while the final editing was executed and final touch ups were done with audio and editing.

Since they weren't really needed, that left the actor's some down time. Lance was excited for that. The past few months had been non-stop. He was eager for a bit of down time.

"Is that like the intro song?" She asked. Lance nodded.

"Yeah, also I'm going to be doing something for the teaser trailer." he said, nose wrinkling as he looked to the script on the table. He had only been informed of that today after filming, which kind of put him on the spot with line learning. He only had a couple of days to learn the whole thing.

"You'll be great!" Rachel encouraged, pumping a fist into the air. Lance smiled at the sincerity.

"Thanks. I-" a sudden knock at Lance's door, cutting Lance off. He frowned, wondering who could've been here at this time. "Hang on, I'll be right back." he murmured jumping to his sock clad feet, moving to the door.

He peeked through the peppy hole and was even more perplexed when he spotted Keith on the outside. Then he remembered that Keith had moved in across the street and opened the door with a grin.

"Hi!" Lance said, sounding winded with shock. Keith winced.

"I didn't wake you up, did I?" The concern in his voice was flattering. Lance waved him off like he is swiping away Keith's worries that floated in the air.

"No, no. I'm just chilling. What's up?"

Keith held out his instant ramen, making Lance frown.

"I don't have a microwave or kettle yet. Or like... any cooking appliances." Keith said hesitantly. Lance caught onto his drift and chuckled.

"Come in, make yourself at home." he said, stepping to the side and giving Keith room to walk inside. Keith shuffled his feet on the doormat, muttering a quick 'thanks' before walking inside.

"Lance! Are you getting murdered?!" Rachel screeched from the laptop, making both boys jump. Keith looked at Lance in horror, eyes wide and frantic. Lance sighed.

"No!" Lance shouted back and looked to Keith who still looked confused. "I'm video chatting with
my sisters. "he explained to Keith who nodded slowly. "Ignore them, come on I'll show you where the-

"Who is it?" Rachel yelled out, probably screaming the house down back at home. "Are they hot?" Lance rolled his eyes.

"Shut up!" Lance shouted across the room at his laptop, glad that it wasn't facing them, but at the window instead. He looked back to Keith with flushed cheeks. Keith seemed amused by it all, slight smirk on his lips and brows slightly raised in amusement. "Let's get you to my kitchen." Lance muttered, leading Keith towards him small -but nice- kitchen. "You do your instant Ramen thing, and I'll go tell my sisters to shut up."

"Lance who is it? Mystery man or woman please state your name and your intentions with my brother!" Rachel shouted out. Lance shot Keith a look that said, 'don't you dare', but Keith's smirk told Lance he was too late.

"Keith Kogane! And use of kitchen supplies!" Keith said in a loud, clear voice. There was silence for a moment, then an unholy amount of screeching and squealing. Lance was quick on his feet, skidding across the polished floor towards his laptop as Rachel continued to shout and Veronica laugh.

So, so embarrassing!

He sprinted over and faced his sisters with pleading eyes.

"You sneaky devil! Presentanos así le puedo contar a él que te gustaba Glenn."

"Para! Me das vergüenza! Los odio tanto a los dos." He stammered as he directed his mouse to the red 'end call button'.

"Se un hombre e introdúceme! Es súper guapo, déjame ver esa cara. No me prives de esto!"

"No!" he shouted and finally clicked 'end call'. He sighed in relief, hunching over the table.

"Gracias a Dios." he whispered, to himself. When he lifted his head he saw Keith standing there, steaming ramen in his hand.

"They seem lively." He mused. Lance chuckled awkwardly.

"I guess it's in the genes." he responded, making Keith snort.

"Must be." He murmured lowly. Lance stood up straight, and cleared his throat.

"If Rachel wasn't there, I'd totally introduce you but she's like..." Lance cringed and grimaced at the very thought. "-the most embarrassing person alive." Keith nodded in understanding. He still smiled though, which made the hairs on the back of Lance's raise in defensiveness.

"Understandable," Keith nodded. "Can I also borrow a fork?" he asked.

"Top drawer." He instructed, and Keith hummed a quiet 'thank you' as he searched. Lance sat down on his couch, leaning across to grab the script that was placed on his coffee table. "Hey Keith," Lance looked over his shoulder as he called out. Keith looked at him, blowing at the steaming cup in his hands. "Did you get a new script thing for the trailer shoot?" he asked. Keith's brows furrowed, now walking over to look at the paper.

He looked at the script and cocked up a brow, shaking his head.
"No, I think it's just you." he murmured, raising the noodles to his lips. Lance groaned, flicking over the words aimlessly. It wasn't much to learn, but it was just the short amount of time he was given wasn't ideal. "Here, I can help," Keith murmured, moving to sit across from him on the couch. Lance gave him an odd look. "Is it not cool for me to sit here eating?" he asked.

"It's not that, I just don't understand," Lance admitted. 'You wanna help?'" Keith gave him one of his 'looks' of confusion.

"I'm starting to wonder if you think I'm a terrible person," Keith frowned, which made Lance scoff out a laugh.

"You just don't seem like the charitable type."

"Take it as payment for the fork and kettle. Now..." he trailed off, looking at the script in front of him. "First line?"

Lance blew raspberries, eyes flickering from left to right in search of recollection.

"Umm... Something about attention?" Lance frowned, unsure.

"Citizens of earth and allies," Keith prompted patiently.

"Yeah, that one."

"Okay, try again."

Chapter End Notes

Translations:
Presentanos así le puedo contar a él que te gustaba Glenn - Introduce us so I can tell him that you had a crush on Glenn!
Para! Me das vergüenza! Los odio tanto a los dos - Stop! You're so embarrassing! I hate you both so much
Se un hombre e introducéme! Es súper guapo, déjame ver esa cara. No me prives de esto! - Be a man and introduce me! He's so hot let me see that face. Don't deprive me of this!
Gracias a Dios - Thank God

I just HAD to sneak Lin-Manuel Miranda into this fic (you best believe Lin thinks Lance is the cutest thing in the universe from the In the Heights days and insisted that they shared their phone numbers)

What to expect next week:
-the behind the scene crew are goo goo for Lance and honestly sAME
-Cosmo is the best wingman tbh
Chapter Notes

Nice to see you all again! I've finished my exams so WOOO

Also anyone loving She-ra? bECAUSE BOI I SURE DO (lets keep the comment section a spoiler safe zone but feel free to come message me on tumblr @iwriteshipsnotsailthem)

ALSO ALSO ALSO
I'm about to write a Halloween chapter and would loud some ideas! I've already got Lance's (and maybe Hunk' and Keith's) picked out but for the rest I need some help!! Comment what you think would be work for everyon

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Attention, citizens of earth and allies, the universe once was a safe place for all, but now is plagued with unjust and violence. There is one weapon we can use stop this carnage, to stop the the galaxy's peaceful races from being completely annihilated. That weapon, is Voltron." Lance paused, like they had asked him to before filming. Something about making it easier to edit. "Earth's government has decided to hide Voltron from the public, making it seem like it was destroyed or lost. But I can assure you, Voltron is here and I - as leader and Black Paladin of Voltron - can confirm we have five capable paladins. So, to President Kaplin - who has issued warrants for our heads on a stick..." Lance smirked at the lens, as cocky and intimidating as Leadnro would at these times. "I'd like to see you try stop us. You're either with us or against."

"And... Cut!"

Lance broke from his serious and arrogant expression and smiled a softer and toothier grin. He then looked for Keith, ready to thank him for all his help. But it seemed he was still getting his hair and makeup done.

"Good job Lance, I think we finally got the perfect one." Monty called out to him, giving him a thumbs up. Lance reciprocated the action and smiled as a few people came over to adjust his hair and makeup, getting ready for the next thing.

"Our teaser trailer is done! It's time for our Paladins to film the Title Sequence. Katie, you come and go first."

The title sequence seemed like it was going to be quite dramatic. With flash cuts and intense music (Natural, by Imagine Dragons), and would include a lot of smoldering and holding their weapons in cool poses. There was even a fog machine, giving it a very eerie and thriller-like vibe.

They all had their own individual moment, with it starting with Pidge, moving onto Hunk, then to Allura, then Shiro, then to Keith and finally ending on Lance. He supposed it was probably to do with Leandro being black paladin whatnot.

The next half an hour went by slowly. Lance passed most of his time by idly talking to his team.
Mainly Audrey and Kane, who were busily adjusting him for his turn for filming.

Once Shiro was finished, it was Keith's turn. Keith walked onto set, confident as usual. Plus, everyone knows what a big name he is in the industry. Watching him walk and work on set was like watching Usain Bolt walk up to the starting line at the Olympics.

The crew briefly explained what they wanted him to do while Kane polished Lance's armour. Keith was made to do a few slow-motion sweeps of his sword, a few close-up shots of his face, staring into the camera with Akira's usual quiet confidence. The last thing they got him to do was walk off into, facing away from the camera. They marked off his spot where he stopped and called Lance over.

He gave a quick thanks to Kane, then skipped his way over.

"Alright Lance," so we're going to have a fade in here, so it will overlay Akira walking off and disappearing as Leandro makes his way on." Sandra explained quickly, Lance getting the gist of it. "I want you to do what Leandro does best okay? Give the camera that smirk and swagger."

"Got it," Lance grinned.

"Good, once we're done with that cut, I want you to use your dual guns. We're going to do that in side profile." Lance nodded. "Lastly we're going to get your close up. What's Leandro do best?" She asked, making Lance find a smirk of his own.

"Smirk and swagger," he repeated, making Sandra smile.

"Perfect." She turned away from Lance and walked back towards the crew. "Alright! Places everyone!"

* * *

"He's so energetic." One of the crew members noted to another as they fixed up Keith's costume.

Keith couldn't help but agree with her as they all overlook Lance who was currently filming his part in the title sequence. When he's not filming, he's grinning and bouncing on his toes, like he's ready to run a race. He spoke loud and fast, making it hard to understand as his accent gets thicker. That is until the camera starts filming, and he shifted into the perfect picture of professionalism. Keith finds it hard to comprehend how quickly he can flick the switch from goofy and excitable, to smooth and clear like Leandro.

Keith thinks about it like Lance and his character are opposites, but in reality, they are quite similar. They have these friendly, airy confidence about them that doesn't exceed into excessive arrogance. They both had strong presence's, but they vary from one another. Leandro's presence – in Keith's opinion – is certain, sure and confident in his abilities. Lance... Lance's presence is more, bright. He attracts people, the guy practically sweats positive energy. People like being around those people, like just speaking to him energises you.

"He's such a sweetie as well," a lady who worked with the lighting added on to the statement.

Lance was only a 'sweetie' to everyone else other than Keith. Lance has told him on more than one occasion, that his favourite activity is annoying the shit out of Keith. Something about his reactions being 'priceless'.

You'd think with all his mindless chatter and goofing around, that Lance would be able to entertain himself just fine. Like right this second, while someone is fixing the fog machine Lance is doing
some sort of viral dance move that makes Keith scrunch up in nose in distaste.

But apparently, annoying Keith is much more fun.

Some people on set must think they hate each other, because they're always shoving dumb insults and bickering about anything available at the time, but when Lance isn't making Keith want to straight out commit homicide, they get along rather well. They can talk and laugh at similar things, bantering back and forth like old friends.

They're friends, at least that's what Keith would say they were. They worked together frequently since Leandro and Akira were getting closer by the episode and over the months the cast had made it tradition to hang out every second Saturday night, because Sunday's were always their days off. Usually it was just to watch movies, eat food and play games, but they were always fun. It would be hard for them not to be friends at this stage. In fact, Keith would consider himself pretty good friends with all the main protagonists.

Keith has never felt this way about the people he has worked with. Usually it's just work and then say goodbye at the end of the day. But now, he wondered what he's going to do with his time outside of this environment, without all his new friends for the six weeks they get levity of a break. Especially since this was the last day of filming.

"-and cut!"

Keith blinked himself out of his thoughts, watching Lance high five Monty and Sandra, gibbering about something to them with a toothy grin on his face.

Keith hummed, before he turned away and walked back to the dressing room.

Season 1 filming was over.

He hoped that season 2 would be a reality, with success something more of a need than a want edging under Keith's skin.

*   *   *

Lance woke up late the next day. After the last day on set, the whole cast and crew booked out a hall and had this giant dinner together. It was pretty whack, and all the adults got drunk and cheered loudly over their hard work. Lance couldn't even blame them either, it had been a rather exhausting few months, but it had all been worth it. Now it was all up to the editing team to finish up the last few episodes. It then would go through the process of confirmation, making sure there weren't any issues with ratings and whatnot, then it would be screened and ready to watch for the public.

Lance had decided to act quickly on the little time he had to relax and had booked himself two flights to Cuba. One, was next week. He'd spend a week or two at home, come back in time for the launch of Voltron. A few weeks after that all went down, he would be booked out with interviews for a couple of weeks. After that, he had the liberty of two weeks to go back to Cuba and spend some more time with his family before being thrown into filming season 2.

Everyone was optimistic about there being a season two, with all the hype that had been sparking so far. People were really keen to watch it. Some were already contemplating on characters, what the show would be about and everything in between.

Lance was bouncing off the walls, ready to share what they had all been working so hard on. Plus, he loved working with both cast and crew for Voltron. Everyone just had good vibes.
Lance had soft music playing from his speakers, filling in the background noise because he wasn't used to lack of it. He hummed along quietly as he looked through some business emails, then moved onto his social media and replying to a few of his follower's comments and questions. He was smiling to himself as he looked through the hype for Voltron, people just couldn't wait. Neither could Lance, really.

He was still replying to people when his phone buzzed, indicating a phone call. Lance reached over to the coffee table, frowning as he noted *Mullet* pop up on his screen.

Keith rarely called him, and if he did, it was always about work. But filming had ended for the season, so there was no reason for him to call.

He accepted the call and pressed the phone to his ear.

"Hey," Keith said a little breathless on the other end. He sounded like he was outside, with the whirring of cars in the background.

"Hi, wassup?" Lance asked, standing up to turn his music down on the speakers.

"Are you home?" Keith's voice sounded hopeful.

"Yes?" Lance smiled, a little confused. "Are you alright?"

"Well," Keith started, sounding exasperated. "I went outside to walk Cosmo, and we walked passed your apartment building and he'd decided to be a stubborn idiot - yes I'm talking about you, asswipe – and he's refusing to move. I think he's waiting for you? " Keith explained, sounding vaguely irritated. A giggle escaped Lance's lips.

"Hang on, let me get changed, I'll be down in a minute."

*     *    *

Cosmo was the first to see Lance when he walked out of his apartment complex. He yanked and pulled as he tried to run over to the boy, dragging Keith along with him. Cosmo – although still a puppy – had the strength of a gorilla, especially when it came to things he wanted.

And Cosmo really wanted a scratch on the belly from Lance.

The other boy laughed and complied as Cosmo rolled on his back, legs in the air as Lance rubbed his belly. If only Lance knew the trap he was burying himself in by giving in so easily to him.

Lance looked up at Keith with a grin from the ground, still patting Cosmo.

"Told you Cos loves me," he told him smugly and stood up, wiping down the dark joggers he was wearing. Keith rolled his eyes, but he had no backup, because Cosmo really did love Lance. Lance noticed this, which made him smile smugly. "Come on, let's go to the park!"

With that, they began their walk, Keith walking with sunglasses perched on his nose and a hat covering his hair. It seemed to be what gave him away to the paparazzi.

"Hey, I wanted to thank you for your help in memorising my lines!" Lance smiled. "It really helped."

"No problem," Keith responded. Because of course he would've helped Lance, he knew learning lines could be a bitch, especially with the pressure of deadlines and all.
"So, now everyone has a bucketload of time on our hands, what are you planning to do with your free time?" Lance asked, long legs walking in strides. He has no idea how Lance and himself were the same height, because Lance's legs were way longer than Keith's, seemingly going for miles.

"Just some downtime before the mayhem begins," Keith told him. The hype and exposure Voltron were getting already was absolutely insane. They had big names on and behind the screen, so that was also a good start. But the script and storytelling were nothing less than brilliance, Keith wasn't a writer, but he sure as hell knew a good script when he saw one. The big names brought people in, but the writing would get people to stay.

Lance chuckled lowly, obviously understanding the sentiment.

"You?" Keith asked.

"I'm going home next week until a before launch." Lance told him, a glimmer of excitement and longing was strong in his eyes. "Then after the chaos dies down a little after the launch, I'm going to go back until we have to start filming again."

Keith had travelled a lot as a child with his mother and father since they both were in the entertainment industry. Keith didn't really know the settled feeling of home. He'd lived all over the country, so it was hard to pinpoint a 'home' for him.

This wasn't Lance's case however. The boy strongly resonated home with Cuba and his family. Keith assumed he'd been homesick at first, probably even still. Whenever he spoke about his home or family his eyes twinkle in joy and he gained a spring in his step.

"That'll be cool," Keith said and that had Lance glowing. He felt a tad out of place, maybe even envious because Keith wondered what it would be like to be so connected to a single place.

"Yeah! I'm super keen!" He grinned, looking forward and wringing his hands a little.

They finally reached the park, with people loitering around casually, enjoying the nice weather. Cosmo started to get excited, pulling and tugging Keith in all directions.

Don't get Keith wrong, he had been stern when it came to training Cosmo, but his dog was a free spirit. He got excited by open areas and lots of people, and having Lance seemed to heighten it.

Lance has fallen into idle chatter, which Keith was listening to, but trying to keep an eye on Cosmo, keeping his hold on the leash and listening to Lance was like a juggling act. Lance was talking about gathering the cast together for the launch of season 1, which with the parts Keith was hearing, seemed like a genuinely cool idea. But he can't quite get every word, he's too busy glaring at Cosmo and trying to keep his arm in his socket.

Keith hadn't even noticed the pause in Lance's sentence until he looked up. Lance wore an amused smile.

"You wanna break? I can take him if you want?" Lance asked, eyes suddenly gleaming with excitement. Keith was very aware how much Lance loved dogs. He always dashes to Keith, gushing so fast over cute dogs and funny videos of them that Keith could barely understand him.

"Are you sure?" Keith asked, unsure. Because Cosmo is strong, and Keith can barely keep him in check, let alone those skinny arms that Lance wields. Sure, they're toned, and he must do some sort of working out, but they still look like they would snap.

"Of course! I won't let him go!" Lance promised, with hopeful eyes and Keith doesn't think he's
ever known anyone who would be enough of an asshole to deny those puppy-dog eyes.

Keith extended Cosmo’s leash towards Lance, who grinned and took it, looping his fingers through the handle loop.

"Alright Cos! Lead the way!" he instructed. Cosmo paused and looked back at Lance, now realising he was holding the leash instead of Keith. Cosmo then looked to Keith. Keith glared at him, telepathically saying 'don't you dare rip my co-worker and friend's arms out of their sockets'.

Cosmo seemed to get the idea, because he looked forward, tongue lolling out and began to happily trot along the path.

Lance looked like he had solved all of the world's mysteries. His smile was gaping in disbelief, looking from Keith to Cosmo in happy shock.

Keith chuckled at the expression. It was something he liked about Lance, he was so different in how he handled his emotions. He never expressed them half-assed. They were always so pure and raw and most of the time you were never left guessing to how he was feeling. Keith admired that about Lance. It took a lot of courage to have your emotions on the table like that.

"Let's go Cosmo!" Lance chirped, happily keeping up the quick pace. When he got ahead of Keith, he looked over his shoulder at him to hurry up, smiling all the same.

* * *

It happens to be that Cosmo leads them to an ice-cream stall. Lance brought rainbow, while Keith got strawberry. The guy in the stall even has little dog biscuits, and Lance told him 'it would be a crime' if they didn't treat Cosmo as well as themselves.

They decide to take the time to sit on the lawn, grass thankfully dry and soft enough for it not to be uncomfortable.

"Oh, come on," Keith grumbled halfway through their conversation they were currently having. "I'm serious!" Lance exasperated, hand that wasn't holding his cone flailing in the air. "Strawberry flavoured sweets don't taste like strawberries!"

"So?"

"So, it's false advertising!" Lance stated like it was obvious. "It's the same with strawberry scented things! Like perfume or body wash! Have you ever smelt a real strawberry?"

Keith wrinkles his nose. "No?"

"That's because it smells like nothing!"

"I don't understand what this has to do with my ice-cream."

"You've fallen into commercialism's trap!"

"Says the guy who got Rainbow! You know it's just vanilla with food dye, right?" Keith bit back. He can't believe they're arguing over ice-cream. But that's Lance and Keith for you, you think of anything, and they'll find a way to bicker about it.

Lance gasped, well and truly offended.
"It's about the experience!" Lance insisted, eyes wide like Keith had just personally insulted him. Lance wrapped his free arm around Cosmo, leaning into his ear. "Go bite him." He staged whispered.

"He's not going to bite me. He's my dog-" as Keith said this, he saw a flash of Lance's hand, then felt a cold sensation on his nose. Lance giggled, retracting his finger from Keith's face, mischievous glint in his eyes. Confused, Keith went cross-eyed to look at his nose, only to see a blob of rainbow ice-cream there. Keith looked back up to Lance who laughed, fluttering his eyes innocently.

"Attack Cosmo!" Lance instructed Cosmo, gently tilting his head to look at Keith and notice the ice-cream. Cosmo jumped at the chance, leaping onto Keith and began eagerly licking the ice-cream off his face.

"Cosmo!" Keith laughed as his dog pushed him to the ground. His back was now against the grass, Cosmo pining him down as he 'attacked'. Behind the slobbering noises of Cosmo on his face – licking his nose, his eyes and mouth – was Lance's vibrant laughter. It was hard to call it a laugh, it was more of a cackle, wheezing, and when Keith finally managed to sit up, free from Cosmo's licks and kisses, he saw that Lance was hunched over, holding his stomach as he laughed.

Keith smirked wickedly, which made Lance hesitate for a moment. Then without another second passing, Keith raised his ice-cream and smothered it all over Lance's face.

That's the thing about Lance and Keith's friendship. They rarely seemed to have a line when it came to competition. Lance played pranks on Keith on set, Keith stole his food from the community fridge, Lance puts a dollop of ice-cream on Keith's nose, Keith sacrifices his whole cone just to one-up him.

Lance shrialled in shock, wiping ice-cream out of his eyes. Keith snickered as he watched ice-cream drip from his eyelashes and done his neck. For a moment, when Lance didn't respond, Keith wondered if he had finally gone too far.

Lance wiped the ice-cream off his face and onto the grass and looked up at him. Keith had to snag his bottom between his teeth to stop himself from smiling. Especially when he saw that competitive fire behind his eyes.

"You're dead Kogane!" He shouted as he lunged forward, raising his own ice-cream towards Keith, grin devious and intent all there.

* * *

"Oh my god," Hunk murmured, hand hiding his smile as he looked at Lance's latest snapchat story, which was a selfie of him and Keith, both absolutely covered in ice-cream with the caption 'food fights >:) on it. Keith had rainbow smeared all over his hair, and clothes and is looking at the camera mid-laugh, while Lance is holding up the peace sign, grin bright and pink ice-cream all over his head.

"What's got you laughing?" Pidge asked, leaning over to have a look at his phone. She snickered a snort, muttering something about them being losers.

_The Internet was going to love this._
As I said before, I'd love to heard some Halloween costumes for everyon (except Lance, there is a very specific costume he needs to wear ;)) I also may have ones for Hunk and Keith, but you might have a better idea so HIT ME WITH THEM

The song used for the title sequence
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=V5M2WZiAy6k

also when imaging the title sequence i was kinda imaging something similiar to the teen wolf one which you can watch here:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wqDCNvvlKMs
(also just imagine the bit where Akira walks away and the it turns into Leandro
mmmmhhhhhh da good kush
also the opening clip is gonna change every season and it's gonna show Leandro and Akira getting closer WE LOVE FORESHADOWING

Anyways, what to expect next chapter:
- The launch of season 1!!!!
- The gang asking your questions
Lance loved every second he was home. When he had to go back to America, it was admittedly hard, especially when his mama cried again at the airport. But he was also super pumped, because in two days would be the premiere for Voltron. His family had all promised to watch it together. He felt a tug of pride at that, because his family would be able to see how far he has come, and what he has been a part of creating.

His fellow cast members had also organised a massive sleepover at Hunk's apartment. They all were planning on eating good food and staying up and watching it all together. He was also going to look over the video diary footage and all the editing Pidge has done. He handed the footage over to her on the last day on set, and he was surprised when she texted him that she had edited it all in that week he was home in Cuba.

That night Lance was intending on doing a live stream on his Instagram to answer some questions while they all waited for the season to air.

After his two days of recovering from the travelling, Lance rocked up to Hunk's apartment with snacks in a bag and a large carton of iced coffee. The season wouldn't be up until late at night, so they would be needing all the energy they could get.

Shiro and Pidge were already there when Lance arrived, and Allura wasn't too far behind him. The last to come was Keith, who had piles of pizza boxes stacked on each other.

"Oh Lance!" Allura started, hands clasping excitedly. "Are you still going to do a livestream?" she asked, eyes vibrant and looking excited by the idea.

Lance nodded, sharing her enthusiasm.

"Yeah, I put a post on the Voltron Twitter Page to ask some questions! It should be fun!"

"What time are you going to do it?" Pidge asked around her mouthful of pizza. Lance hummed, looking over at the clock. It was 8:30 now, and it wasn't premiering until exactly midnight, so they had plenty of time.
"Maybe 9:30? Gives us an hour to pick out some questions."

"Good idea!"

So once all the pizza was devoured, plates stacked away and a reminder tweet was sent out for the time on the twitter page, it's just about time to sit down and start the live stream. Lance was excited, and also kinda nervous. It was going to be more than his usual followers, he'll be having a mixture of everyone's followers would be tuning in. He just hoped it would be entertaining.

Everyone updated their social media, warning their followers that a Instagram live stream would be happening shortly. Only minutes after that, Lance's Instagram suddenly got flooded with new followers. It was making him even more nervous, as he and everyone gathered in the Livingroom, with sitting themselves on the couch.

"Everyone ready?" Lance asked, and they all nodded. Lance tapped on the icon, and the camera faced him, showing what the audience would be seeing. Then, like a damn without a beaver, people started flooding in. Lance gawked, as there instantly hundreds of people watching.

Lance's face split into a grin.

"Hi everyone!" He said waving to the camera. People were typing him messages in the comment section like crazy.

OMG HI LANCE!!!!

Hi from Brazil

HE'S SO PRETTY FFUCKMEBEQJNQN

"Oh man, this is crazy," Lance grinned, watching more and more people join in. Keith leaned over his shoulder, just barely sneaking in on the camera. His eyes widened as he spotted the numbers as they climbed. "Maybe, we should do an introduction thing?" Lance asked himself out loud. "Hello! My name is Lance McClain and I'll be playing Leandro," he grinned, passing his phone to Allura, who gave a surprised gasp before gushing her hellos. Then it moved around the room, everyone introducing themselves personally, and the character they would be playing. Keith was the last one to get the phone. As he introduced himself and his character, Lance leaned to look at the comments that were swooping in.

"Alright Mullet let's answer some questions," he said, taking the phone from Keith's hand, who pouted.

His eyes caught onto a comment which made him laugh.

Did you just call Keith Mullet?!?!? 😂 😂

"Did I just call Keith Mullet? Why yes, I did, it's my nickname for him." Lance quipped, tossing a grin to the side to Keith who had his eyes narrowed at him. Lance adjusted the camera so everyone could see that sulky face.

"It's a shitty nickname." He grumbled.

"Awh, don't be like that!" Lance teased, smirk on his face. He then looked back onto the screen. "Okay, we've all gotten some questions on twitter to answer, and then when we get through them we'll answer some live questions." Lance lifted his head to look around the room. "Who has the questions list?"
Lance and Pidge had both gathered a few questions for each person to answer. First up was Allura.

"Allura," Lance started, flipping the camera so it was on Allura. She grinned, eyes wide and excited to get a question. "What is your favourite makeup brand?"

She wooed and ummed over it for a second and clasped her hands together.

"Well, I really love Tarte eyeshadow, they're really nice and well pigmented and the pallets are always very pretty and super fun to use! But I always really want to make sure the makeup I use is animal testing free! Brands like Kat Von D and Urban Decay are perfect!"

"Your next question is why don't you create your own YouTube channel?"

Allura's eyes widened for a moment, her lips parting in surprise.

"I'd never thought about it before! Maybe I should consider making one!" she grinned flawlessly, cheeks going rosy at the attention.

"You totally should! Make a beauty channel or something!" Lance gasped, because that would suit her perfectly!

"That's a great idea Lance! I should give you a makeover!" she said giggling.

"Oh, hell yeah! I'd be so down to look fancy for a day." The group went into a small round of laughter. "Okay, next is Shiro!" Lance turned his camera in the direction of Shiro, he saw the comment section go wild as he appeared. "Shiro, quick! Gucci slides or thigh high boots!"

Shiro thought over the question, nose wrinkling in concentration.

"Gucci slides, probably."

"That's a darn shame, imagine Shiro's monster thighs in thigh highs!" Lance snickered, making Keith beside him snort on his laughter.

"He'd probably rip them trying to get them on," Hunk chuckled and everyone fell into a fit of giggles at the image.

"Next question!" Lance announced, looking down at the piece of paper and chuckling. He shot a look to Pidge, who must've been the one to pick it out. "Does-" Lance was cut off by his own involuntary laughter. He tried again. "Does being buff get in the way when doing normal things? Okay but like, before Shiro answers this I have seen him bump into stuff so many times!" Lance cackled. Keith started as well.

"Like that time he got stuck in between the walls for that scene in episode 9 because his pecs were too big!" Keith exclaimed.

"Or when he accidentally broke that gun prop!" Lance added on. Bringing up the two stories them all go into fits of laughter at the memory. Shiro smiled bashfully, obviously embarrassed by the memory.

"Do I even need to answer the question now?" Shiro asked.

"Yeah, you do," Pidge snickered. Shiro sighed, smile on his face.

"Okay... yes I do sometimes have... issues."
"The price Shiro has to pay for his god-like physique. Can't relate," Lance chuckled. "Pidgeotto, your turn!" he said, tilting the camera towards Pidge. "What was the first word you ever said?" Lance asked. "I bet it was something super smart!"

"No, I'm pretty sure it was something like 'bye' or something." Lance whistled lowly at that.

"Forever the savage I see." Pidge smiled smugly at that, looking rather proud of herself. "Next question someone asked is what is your favourite vine?"

"Easy!" She shouted, almost jumping off the couch. "Why does nobody know how to flush a toilet after they've done a shet!" she said, copying the accent.

"Digustang!" Lance, Pidge and Hunk shouted in unison while the others looked in confusion.

"Wait what was that?" Shiro asked and Lance chuckled.

"We'll show you later, but for now..." Lance started, then he swung the camera to Keith, who blinked at the sudden change. "Keith's turn!" Lance looked at the list. "Mullet," Lance started, earning the scowl he was hoping he was gonna get. "Keith, what would be the first thing you would do if you were the president?"

Keith frowned as he thought, brows knitting together in concentration.

"I'd probably get some better gun laws, because honestly its real fucked up here at the moment."

"Oh man that's so smart I was thinking more of a waterslide in the White House," Lance murmured, which made the guy scoff, smile on his face. "Anyways, the next question is..." he looked at the paper and chuckled. "Who was your gay awakening?" he asked, smirking as he watched Keith wince.

"I know this one," Shiro snickered from across the room.

"Who?" Hunk asked eagerly, leaning forward on his seat. Keith groaned, face turning red. He grumbled his answer.

"We can't hear you Keith!" Pidge teased, also looking intrigued by the answer. Keith groaned, removing his hand from his face, then sighed in resignation.

"Spiderman," he said simply, face blossoming red. Lance leaned his head back, erupting into laugh laughter. "Don't laugh!"

"Wait? Which one?" Hunk asked. Keith pulled a face.

"I mean... like... All of them?"

“Does that include the cartoon version?” Lance asked, eyes wide and eager to know.

“I said all of them didn’t I?"

That was enough so Lance to almost drop his phone as he erupted into hysterical laughter.

"He's hot okay?" Keith grumbled, crossing his arms.

"Which one?" Allura giggled. Keith scoffed, now fighting a smile himself.
"All of them?"

"Oh man can someone take my phone? I can't stop-" he was cut off when he started wheezing in laughter. Pidge raced over before anyone could, taking the phone off him and then sat back on her single chair.

"You are such an asshole," Keith laughed, shoving Lance's shoulder playfully, making the giggling boy topple over. Lance hid his face in the pillows to muffle his laughter so he wouldn't interrupt the livestream any further.

"Well, while Lance calms down, it should be Hunk's turn!" Allura declared, and Pidge made sure the camera was on Hunk, who waved and grinned at the camera, slightly shy.

Allura grabbed the piece of paper that Lance was reading all the questions off and cleared her throat.

"Your first question is: Hunk, how did you learn how to cook?"

Lance lifted his head slightly, so he was able to look at Hunk as he answered his question.

"Cooking was always been a hobby of mine. Plus, it was always an activity my family has done together, preparing and cooking food and creating recipes. It's comforting as well, I'm away from my family a lot, but when I cook I always feel like they're with me!"

Lance could totally understand. When he thinks of home, he thinks of the kitchen, with his mama and siblings, the scent of home-cooking wafting through the air and the warm orange afternoon sunlight peeping through the windows, illuminating the whole room into warmth and safety. A soft smile spread across Lance's face at the thought.

"Next one!" Allura announced, she looked at the question, read it and grimaced before speaking out loud. "Do you prefer to eat chicken feet or kangaroos?"

"Well, I have eaten both in my career as a chef, but I'd probably prefer to eat kangaroo, but they're so cute I feel kinda bad about eating them... "And I dunno, chicken feet are kinda freaky."

"My question is if they still have the nails on the chicken foot?" Lance murmured, sitting up from his lying down position. A few people raised their eyebrows at him in confusion. Lance didn't understand why they're looking at him like that until he realises it's their 'Lance what the heck did you just say?' face. "Chicken toenails?" he tried again, a little slower. Hunk's eyes widened as he finally got what Lance was saying.

"Depends on how you're cooking it," He supplied.

Lance turned to Keith.

"Chicken toenails," he whispered, to Keith, who just gave him his favourite look. His usual 'you are so alien to me' look. Brows slightly raised and face twisted in confusion.

"It's Lance's turn!" Everyone turned to Lance - including the camera - which made him grin.

"Okay, Lance, first question!" Allura beamed. "Nicki Minaj or Shakira?"

Lance gasped so severely his lungs panged in pain and Keith jumped in his seat, frazzled.

"This question is so painful!" Lance heaved, face falling into despair.
"Surely it's not that hard," Pidge chuckled. Lance gave her a pointed look.

"But it is! Like Shakira is iconic and if Hips Don't Lie comes on my hips cannot lie! But then again, Nicki Minaj is good! And her music is bomb."

"Is it really that hard?" Keith asked, raising a brow.

"Yes!" Lance exasperated, which Keith just rolled his eyes at. "Okay, fine, umm..." Lance pondered, face screwing up as he tried to make his decision. "Sorry Nicki Minaj, but I have to back up my Latina queen." Lance decided apologetically.

"I'm sure Nicki Minaj will forgive you, Lance." Allura told him. Lance looked directly at the camera and pouted.

"If you're watching this one day Nicki, please forgive me."

"I don't think Nicki Minaj would be watching our livestream," Shiro commented with a chuckle.

"She might be!" Lance responded. "Okay! Hit me with the next question!"

"What period of history had the best fashion?"

Lance clicked his fingers as an instant answer came to his mind.


"Looks like Lance's inner theatre kid is coming out." Pidge chuckled.

"Inner? I am always gonna be a theatre kid! I was on Broadway!"

"Someone in the comment section said you should play Danny in a remake," Pidge told him, making Lance coo, eyes wide.

"I'd be a great Danny!" Lance grinned.

"I bet you would be! You have an amazing voice Lance!" Allura grinned, making Lance flush in surprise.

"You've heard me sing?" She nodded enthusiastically.

"Yes! Not live though, I searched you up from your Broadway show!" Lance cringed a little.

"I was so young when I did that, practically a baby." he informed her. His voice had matured over the years since In the Heights. He was a little deeper, a whole lot stronger and it helped that he was more confident in his abilities too.

"You were so sweet!" Allura assured. "And amazing!"

"Aww, thanks Lurrs'. But as much as I love compliments, I think it's time to ask some live questions!" He said, looking towards Pidge.

"Sounds good," she said. "People are sending in their questions I- Oh wow, look at this," Pidge snickered, showing Hunk the screen. He covered his mouth as he laughed.
"What is it?" Keith asked, brow raised in skepticism.

"Well, we're getting a lot of the same question," Pidge informed them with deviance in her eyes as Hunk tried to muffle his laughter. Everyone was confused, so before she elaborated she cleared her throat. "Are Lance and Keith dating?"

_Huh?_

"Are Keith and Lance a couple because they would be sooooooooo cute together!" Pidge said, lengthening her pronunciation for theatrics.

"Are Keith and Lance dating? I need to know for scientific research."

"I wanna know if Keith and Lance are boyfriends because that shit's adorable."

Pidge looked up from the phone screen, brow arched.

"So, the question is, are you two dating?"

Keith beside him scoffed, rolling his eyes.

"Of course not!" He chuckled, looking at Lance with a face that said, 'can you believe this?' Lance looked to the camera, putting on the offense.

"We are _not_ dating!" Lance exclaimed, then wrapped an arm around Keith's shoulders on the couch, which takes Keith by surprise because he can feel him tense up. "We are _married_, and have three beautiful children; Bella, Edward and Jacob." He turned to look at Keith, with a crooked grin and mischief in his eyes. "Isn't that right sugarplum?"

Keith laughed at that, putting a hand on Lance's face and pushed Lance off with playful roughness, until he was almost toppling over as he tried to get closer to Keith's face.

"Absolutely not!" Keith shouted in dismay, laughing as Lance tried to move in closer, pulling kissy faces.

"Don't fight the love, Mullet!"

"Get off!" Keith warned, using his foot as a shield. With a kick to the ribs, Lance decided to give up, giggling quietly as he sat back down in the seats. Once the laughter in the room had died down, Lance looked to the camera.

"But seriously, Keith and I are not dating. We're buddies, and I like Cosmo way more than Keith anyway," he said, throwing Keith a cheeky grin. Keith scoffed, smile on his face.

"Likewise. Cosmo likes you more than I do."

"Oof, lovers quarrel over custody of doggo son," Pidge teased.

"But why did people start thinking we were dating?" Lance asked, turning to Keith. "Was it that article with us walking in the park together?" he asked. Keith shrugged.

"No idea," he admitted.

"Pretty sure it was _more_ than the walk in the park, but alright we won't comment on that," Pidge muttered under her breath, making Hunk go into a quiet fit of laughter. Lance and Keith looked at her critically. "You're always on each other's snapchat stories. You guys literally had a food fight in
the park. It was something out of some shitty cheesy movie."

It had been a month since the 'food fight' fiasco. People were having a field trip with that information. Speculations of them dating only seemed to grow. Lance even had a paparazzi follow him down the street, pestering him about the 'details' of their relationship. There obviously were no details, other than the fact the lack of details was because they were not even romantically involved. People just really seemed to like to gossip.

"We hang out when we walk Cos!" Lance told her. It was true, when Lance had come back from Cuba, Keith and him had spent nearly every day walking Cosmo together because Cosmo refused to walk without Lance. It was kind of adorable, plus he liked hanging out with Keith because they were friends!

"Yeah, just because we spend time together doesn't mean we're dating," Keith added on.

"Plus, I'd never date some 2000's emo with a mullet," Lance sneered, earning a sharp jab to the ribs which made him groan in pain.

"Who said I'd ever date someone who references Twilight?"

"Twilight, will forever be a classic!"

"Okay, can we move on? The comment section is just laughing at you dweebs," Pidge muttered. "Shiro, someone asked when the wedding is."

"Ah, well it's still a little while off. We're both pretty busy with our careers at the moment, so we aren't rushing anything." Shiro informed them.

"Lance you planning to get back into musicals?"

"Totally! Not right at this moment, though. Timing and all."

"Hunk, which is your favourite recipe to cook?"

"Definitely my brownies!"

"Allura where do you like to buy your clothes?"

"Myself got asked what my favourite video game is."

"Keith, favourite movie you've starred in?"

After a half an hour more answering questions, Lance finally got back his phone, so he could say goodbye to the streamers, then told them he was excited for them all to watch Voltron and hoped they would enjoy. Lance really loved working with his friends and wanted to keep this going on. All he had to do was pray and wish that everything would go well.

Chapter End Notes

when everyone is shipping Klance super hard (spoiler it gets worse)

What to expect next chapter
- Lance is a talented boy
- Keith and Lance have a very serious conversation about butt grabbing
The thirst is strong in this one

Chapter Notes

you guys
you guys are so fucking nice like???
last week's comments were making me all gooey mush mushy on the inside like stop it omg

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lance's wish came true.
Oh boy did it come true.
People were talking about Voltron, people were making fanart, fanfiction, fan theories and fan pages.
It was safe to say that Voltron had a lot of fans, and it had barely been a week since the show aired. People really loved the story line, the writing, the special effects and graphics. Lance couldn't even blame them, because he was in awe as he watched them all on the screen. Filming it all had been one thing, but seeing it all tied together was another whole level of awesome.
The fans also really liked Lance's Video Diaries that he uploaded on YouTube. The amount of views they had gotten was ridiculous, especially when the videos were just mainly consisting of them being idiots and fooling around. The fandom was making memes and jokes that were already floating around the Internet.

I love these videos so much Lance and Pidge better do more for season two or i might dieeee

OMG POOR KEITH HHAHAHA LANCE'S PRANKS ARE HILARIOUS

Hunk, Pidge and Lance are such an iconic trio my lord

ALLURA IS MY ACTUAL QUEEEEEEEEN

These guys are all just so adorable?? like? i love them all??

OK BUT DID YOU SEE SHIRO IN THE BACKGROUND SHIRTLESS AT 6:27???? AM I THE ONLY ONE SEEING THIS I ALMOST PASSED THE FUCK OUT

Can we please see more of Intern Kane??? I want to marry that boy he's KSBCLEJWBH
- he's a precious baby boi
-agree LANCE YOU SEE THIS?? GIVE THE PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT

I would just like the point out all the moments when Keith and Lance look at each other when the other isn't looking from the first episode
1:08
3:55
hunk is the love of my life no one can convince me otherwise

pidge honestly doesn't take anyone's shit i LOVE

did anyone notice how lance and keith always sit next to each other on the couch??
-OMG YESS
  -you ain't slick boys we see right through you

I would love to thank my mum and dad (Sandra and Monty) for creating this beautiful show

But more than anything, the fans loved the characters.

"Look at this!" Lance said, shoving his phone into Keith's face, on the way to Coran's studio. They were going to be doing their interview as a group for Coran's talk show, and since Lance and Keith lived so close to each other, they had decided to travel in a cab together.

Keith's face scrunched up, looking at the phone, then pushed it away so he could properly look at the image, which was an amazing piece of fanart of Leandro and Akira.

"Dude? This is so whack!" Lance said, zooming in on the art piece. He double tapped to like, hoping the artist would see that he liked it.

"It's kinda insane, huh...?" Keith murmured. "The fanbase is massive, already."

"Dude, this show is gonna be something special, I can feel it!" Lance said, pumping his fists in the air, accidentally punching the roof of the cab. Lance winced and blubbered out an apology to the cab driver. It wasn't even a normal cab driver, but like a fancy one. How do you get such fancy cab drivers? Keith was the one who organised this dude. Must be a super famous person thing.

Keith snickered at Lance, trying to hide it behind his fist as Lance rubbed his aching fingers.

Ever since Lance came back from Cuba, he had practically seen Keith every day. They'd walk Cosmo together, occasionally grabbing coffee or food along the way. They meshed surprisingly well together. Their senses of humour always somehow managed to match up, ending with them laughing mainly at the same stuff. Plus, their competitive streaks were always at peak with one another, and Lance knew Keith enough to know the guy hated the thought of losing more than Lance. And Lance hated losing.

"Sirs, we have arrived." The cab driver told them as they parked. They hopped out of the car, and Lance nudged Keith's shoulder.

"We just got called sirs. " He grinned, making Keith scoff.

"I don't think anyone is calling you sir while you're in your pyjamas," Keith mused, looking down at Lance's attire, which was his slippers, flannelette pyjama pants, an oversized hoodie. His curly hair was messy from his afternoon nap.

"Why would I get dressed to get dressed? They've provided us fancy clothes to wear! "
Keith rolled his eyes, and Lance swore there was a hint of fondness in them.

* * *

Keith was strangely nervous when they were about to go on stage. His hair and makeup was done, and he and his other cast members were also ready. Lance had sneaked off somewhere though, and when he came back he had an impish smirk on his face.

Coran was talking to the audience as one of the backstage crew was ushering the cast to the side of the stage. The producers for Voltron were allowing them to talk freely about the first season, which was a first for them all, since so far they'd been under lock and key. The only instruction for them tonight was for Keith and Lance to sit next to each other.

When they told them that, Lance frowned, leaned into Keith's ear and whispered, 'why only us?'

Keith had told him it was because of Leandro and Akira eventually getting together, despite the fact he assumed otherwise. In reality, he was pretty sure that it had to do when everyone thinking they were in a relationship in real life. The fans and media were gobbling it up like an icy pole on a summer's day.

Which to Keith was just ridiculous, because -yeah- they're friends. He enjoys Lance's company, Lance enjoys his. And sure, Lance is attractive, what's new? You're allowed to silently acknowledge that your friend is good looking, there is nothing wrong with that The guy had done underwear modelling for Christ's sake! Of course he was hot! It didn't mean they were dating. They were so different it was almost jarring to know they were friends.

Whatever, he's seconds away from going on stage. He straightened his picked out blazer and wondered if Cosmo was going to okay by himself for a while.

"Please proceed onto the stage," the woman with the clipboard instructed. Shiro walked out first, Keith next, then Lance, followed by Allura, Pidge and Hunk. The crowd went wild, screaming, cheering and whistling.

"Rowdy crowdy," Lance mused, leaning into Keith's ear as they walked out. Keith couldn't help but frown at Lance in confusion, because seriously, the shit that comes out of the boy's mouth sometimes...

Keith can't believe people think he's dating this dork.

Coran welcomed them all to sit down on a couch, which is long enough to hold them all.

"Welcome welcome!" Coran grins, looking out to the audience. "So, this week we're welcomed by the protagonists of what of the most talked about series of this year; Voltron!" The crowd erupted in cheers again. "I've worked closely with all these young individuals for months, as I also have a minor, but very important role in Voltron."

"Leandro would be dead without you Coran, and I would be unemployed" Lance grinned, making the audience titter in laughter. Keith noticed he was speaking a lot slower than usual, probably to accommodate to the audience. His accent was so thick if he spoke in his usual speed, they'd all probably get lost. Keith knew he used to, but as time went on, Keith found himself being understand Lance the best out of everyone.

"Yes! Very true Lance!" Coran perked. "Speaking of, Lance, we're all quite aware that your career started out on Broadway," Coran started. Lance beamed brightly, almost buzzing in his seat.
Although Keith knows that Lance loves acting, he's pretty sure his passion lies with musicals. He always just looked so damn excited whenever it was brought up in conversation.

"Yes, I was luckily enough! I was on In the Heights for the remake tour three years ago." he said smoothly, grin confident. Keith's impressed with how Lance presented himself with the stress of cameras. It wasn't like he was new to interviews, but he really hadn't done as many live ones as Keith or any of the others had done.

"I'm well aware!" Coran turned to look at the audience. "Would anyone like to hear Lance McClain perform one of the songs from the In The Heights Musical?" The crowd cheered wildly at the suggestion. Keith's eyes widened, looking to Lance who smiled triumphantly. He didn't seem particularly surprised. Did he and Coran plan this? "How does that sound Lance?"

"I'd be honoured Coran, you gorgeous man!"

Allura gasped in excitement, hands clasping together as Lance stood up.

Coran's show had two stages, one dedicated for talking, and the other for performances. On the other stage, which was smaller than the actual stage, was a single microphone stand. Lance practically skipped over to it.

Keith looked to Shiro, giving him a look that said, 'did you know about this?', in which Shiro only shrugged. Keith looked back to Lance, who was setting up the stage. He ran his fingers through his curls and grabbed onto the microphone like it was second nature.

"So, when I was 16 and traveling around the country without my family, I found comfit in the songs I was performing. This song, in particular helped me push through some of the icky days, when I was homesick." Lance explained, a small 'aww' drifted through the audience, which made Lance drop his eyes, giving a small, bashful smile to the ground.

The music started, and Keith - like everyone - had their eyes trained on Lance. He'd never heard Lance sing, not even the videos that were available online. Keith knew he must be good, because you don't get on a Broadway show at age 16 for no reason.

There was the soft pluck of strings, an instrument that sounded like a wind instrument, then Lance started to sing, causing all the cast member's jaws to drop.

>This is my street
I smile at the faces
I've known all my life
They regard me with pride
And everyone's sweet
They say, "You're going places!"
So how can I say that while I was away
I had so much to hide!

"Hey guys, it's me!
The biggest disappointment you know.
The kid couldn't hack it
She's back and she's walkin' real slow
Welcome home
Just breathe...

Keith really shouldn't be this surprised by how good Lance is. But here he is, mouth agape, eyes
focused solely in Lance as he sang each note with grace and in a thick tone like honey, drizzling over his audience sweetly.

As the radio plays old forgotten boleros  
I think of the days when this city was mine  
I remember the praise  
"Ay, te adoro, te quiero,"  
The neighborhood waved, and  
Said, "Nina, be brave and  
You're gonna be fine!"  
And maybe it's me  
But it all seems like lifetimes ago  
So what do I say to these faces that I used to know?  
Hey, I'm home?"

Keith had once told Lance he was a natural born entertainer, and he still believed it. Keith had no idea who the hell the character Nina was, but he kinda gets the gist of it thanks to Lance's story telling. He's somehow fallen into character. Maybe resonating with those helpless feelings of unworthiness.

Watching Lance on stage now, Keith found it hard to believe that a boy with that much talent would be insecure. He's probably acting, bring in those skills for the stage like usual. Lance is a great actor, Keith would know. He's saw it up close and personal every day for months. He shouldn't be surprised.

They're not worried about me  
They are all counting on me to succeed

I am the one who made it out!  
The one who always made the grade  
But maybe I should have just stayed home...

His voice grew a little stronger, and the eagerness on his face makes Keith wonder what on earth he's about to hit them with.

When I was a child I stayed wide awake  
Climbed to the highest place  
On every fire escape  
Restless to climb

The strength in his voice is on display as he sings. The crowd yells in excitement and Keith can only just stare, completely engrossed by the way the notes slip off his tongue and out of his lips like it was as easy as breathing.

I got every scholarship  
Saved every dollar  
The first to go to college  
How do I tell them why  
I'm coming back home?  
With my eyes on the horizon

Holy damn this boy could sing.

His voice got stronger by the second, and there's something gleaming in his eyes as he sung.
Something that screamed an untouchable truth. Keith has never seen Lance look so in his element.

He sang the next line with not as much gusto. Tone soft and sweet and heartbroken, just how Keith assumed the character was feeling.

*Just me and the GWB, asking, "Gee Nina, what'll you be?"

Lance took a breath, smiling sweetly towards the camera because that boy knew how to get heartstrings plucking along.

*Straighten the spine  
*Smile for the neighbours  
*Everything's fine  
*Everything's cool  
*The standard reply:  
*"Lots of tests, lots of papers."
*Smile, wave goodbye  
*And pray to the sky, oh, god..

He grinned again as his notes gained their strength.

*And what will my parents say?  
*Can I go in there and say  
*I know that I'm letting you down.."

Lance smiled, giving a big exhale, chest pumping with breath and glee.

*Just breathe...

He dragged the notes out, smiling as he did. Keith wondered if that boy ever stopped smiling...

Lance blew a kiss out to the audience, which made them shrill, high pitched and thrilled. Keith scoffed, smile on his face as Lance walked back over to the group on the couch as the show went into an ad break. Everyone clapped in praise, and the cast gave him pats on the back and told him he did amazing.

Amazing sort of felt like an understatement.

Keith hadn't realised he was staring until his eyes caught Lance's. The other boy chuckled, which ignited a flush down Keith's neck. Especially as one of Lance's long fingers tapped underneath Keith's chin, pushing his mouth closed. His fingers were warm, probably pumping with adrenaline from his performance.

"You'll catch bugs, my dude." he grin wickedly. The lights from behinds the camera made his eyes shine a shade bluer than usual, highlighting his cheekbones and making his shin glow.

Keith punched his shoulder, with all the humour a good friend should give.

* * *

The week following had been pretty busy, with interviews left right and center. Lance had seven interviews lined up before he went back home for a week for a final catch up with his family and friends before they started filming season 2.

He had two individual interviews, one with Shiro, another with Pidge, then he had three with
Keith.

They had all run smoothly. He had fun doing them and hoped in the future he would be able to do interviews with Hunk and Allura as well. There was only one, constant question that seemed to doing a reappearing act with each new face.

"So, there has been a rumour floating around that you -Lance- and Keith are dating. Is this true?" The first interviewer they had together asked. Lance and Keith looked at each other and both had burst out laughing.

Because really, it was a little silly to make such assumptions. Keith was quickly becoming one of Lance's best friends, the person he was closest to on set.

Plus, as if someone of Lance's status could snag a boyfriend who was one of the most desirable bachelors at the moment.

They were friends, really good friends. They even made jokes about the whole 'shipping' thing. It didn't really bother any of them either. If anything, the most irritating part of it was probably having to be a little more creative when it came to going out in public together. This especially for walks with Cosmo.

They'd already been caught out a few times, and if it happened again, it would cause a shit storm of accusations. So, their 'hanging out in a cafe for a coffee' had turned into 'let's get a takeaway coffee and chill at Keith's apartment'.

Which is exactly what Lance was doing right now. He was on the floor on his stomach, almost getting dragged by Cosmo in a game of tug of war.

"You're gonna rip your teeth out," Lance warned as he pulled on the toy which had almost been demolished by Cosmo. The dog was still young, but was already massive, exceeding the height of any other husky Lance had ever seen. He wondered if Cosmo was going to keep growing.

"Keith!" Lance shouted out, trying to gain his attention from wherever he was in the stupidly huge apartment. It was fucking massive, almost like a damn maze. Plus, it was nicer than Lance's. But he guessed that was one of the many perks of being one of the highest actors in the business.

The sought out boy walked into the room, hair wet and towel over his shoulders.

"What?" He ruffled his hair with the towel, causing little droplets to dribble down his neck.

"If Cos grows any bigger, you could start your own horse-riding business. Like the little kids on miniature ponies." Keith scoffed at that, rolling his eyes at Lance's comment.

A few months ago, if Lance had spoken in that speed to Keith, he would've looked at him blankly wondering what the heck he was saying.

But in all those months of filming and hanging out off set, Keith had gone from being the worst in understanding him, to the best.

"Cosmo would hate that."

"Cosmo would love the attention." Lance insisted as Keith plopped himself on his couch. He flipped his head upside, towel drying his dark hair. Lance continued to lie on the ground, playing with Cosmo. He growled playfully as he pulled the toy.
"Did you get the season 2 script?" Keith asked after a couple of minutes of quiet.

Lance practically leaped off the crowd.

"No!" He shouted. "Do you have it?" he asked, launching himself on the couch and almost landing on top of Keith in his excitement. He looked at Keith expectantly. Keith frowned.

"Yeah? It should have been sent out to you by now. Do you want to look at it-"

"Yes!" Lance practically screamed.

Once Keith had gotten the script, he awwed at the thick piles of paper.

"Is this the whole season?" Lance asked and Keith nodded.

"Yeah, apparently they finished it halfway through filming season one." Lance flippantly flipped through the pages, pausing occasionally when something caught his eyes.

"This is..."

"Intense. Yeah, way more violent that season 1." Keith flipped a few pages and pointed to a line where it says, 'LEANDRO GETS IMPALED BY SWORD', Lance winced.

"Yikes, poor Lea-Lea." Lance murmured, flipping through the next few pages. He was at the second last episode of the season and paused at reading some of the lines. "Dude! This is episode where Akira and Leandro get it on!" Lance gasped, flipping through the pages. "Oof, Leandro's about to fucking die here." He flipped a few more pages. "Oh look! They're making out here!" he cooed in excitement.

"Really?" Keith asked, leaning over his shoulder. He lifted his eyebrow as he read on. "That's kinda..."

"Saucy?" Lance filled in the blank. Because Jesus, that was one very, very risqué kiss scene. He made a noise in the back of his throat that was a constrained laugh. "Jesus! " He wheezed slightly as he turned the next page. "They're not wasting any time huh?"

"Leandro almost got murdered. Give them a break." Keith mused with a chuckle. "But yeah, that's going to be... interesting to film."

"Which part? The bit where Leandro sensually glides his hands up Akira's thighs or the bit where Akira moans breathlessly into Leandro mouth?" Lance teased, mocking smile forming on his face.

"I was totally thinking of the bit where," he flipped the page back to a previous one. "Where Leandro grounds his hips into Akira's." Keith snickered.

"These writers really aren't here to play, huh?" Lance sniggered. "Reckon they're eventually gonna get a sex scene?" He asked in a hushed whisper, like it was some sort of secret, brow raising in curiosity.

"They're grinding on each other within the first day." Basically saying, duh.

"Hmmm, true." Lance murmured, flipping through the rest of the season. "You've filmed sexy scenes before, right?" He asked Keith, despite knowing full well he had. Lance had watched it on TV himself. Keith leaned down to grab at Cosmo's tug of war toy.
"A few. Not really anything completely explicit though." he told him. "Like nude or anything. Not that I think Voltron will go to that extreme though, it's not R rated. You?"

Lance frowned, not understanding for a second.

"Oh! No, not really. My characters are usually the 'sweet boy next door' type. Just like, kissing and stuff. Our scenes are probably gonna be the most intimate I've done, if I'm being honest."

It was kind of daunting, now that he thought about. Being made to make out passionately in front of a dozen cameras, a bucket load of people and then thousands of people watching them on the screen. Also, not everyone was going to be keen on two boys getting down and dirty on the screen. They had been warned of backlash before they even started filming season 1. Plus, it was scary to go outside the 'norm', kissing girls was easy. Almost expected of every young man to kiss girls. Kissing boys during filming would be different... right? Lance wasn't sure.

"It can be kind of intimidating," Keith started. "But really, it won't be as weird as you think it's gonna be. Sure, there may be some awkward moments, but it won't be too uncomfortable. And we're friends, so that makes it easier." Keith said, face twisted in concentration as Cosmo pulled at the toy in his hand. "We'll work on it, work through what we're comfortable with." Keith added on, letting go of the toy, wiping the slobber on his sweatpants. "It won't be horrific, is all I'm trying to say."

Lance pondered on it, feeling more at ease.

"Thanks, Keith. That makes me feel a little bit better about having to grab your butt."

"No problem." Keith said dryly. "Wanna read through the first episode together?"

Lance smiled and nodded his head, turning back to the front page.

Chapter End Notes

*looks between both my fics Lucky in Rivalry and Love Interest, sees singing lance, clings desperately to singing lance* JUST FUCKING TRY RIP SINGER LANCE FROM ME JUST FUCKING TRY

aka, i just really love singing lance

This is the Original song called Breathe from In The Heights
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hSQFjtszBYg

What to expect next chapter
- a big fucking mess (the chapter is literally called 'Uh-Oh Spaghettio aka Keith your gay is showing')
Uh-Oh Spaghettio aka Keith your Gay is Showing

Chapter Notes

So yesterday I finished my other Klance fan fic that i've been writing for over a year now which was a touch sad, but I've still got Love Interest to keep my happy klance heart soaring

ALSO IMPORTANT: I'm not sure if I'll be uploading a new chapter next week because I feel like all our klancer hearts will be grieving since the new season of voltron will be out but if you guys convince me otherwise I'll think about it!!

Enjoy <3

His time in Cuba again had been amazing. Hanging out with his family and friends made him feel light, normal, like he wasn't Leandro in shining lights. He liked just being Tio Lance, or Lancey-Lance, or even Dumb Booger. It's normal, it's home.

He's not getting asked on the daily if he's dating megastar actor Keith Kogane, or about inside scoops on the next season of Voltron.

He's just at ease.

That is until the internet exploded.

Lance was in his bed, soundlessly asleep when he heard some forsaken sounding demon shriek. It sounded like Rachel, so he ignored it. Then to add to his list of obtruding noises, Lance's phone began ringing.

He grumbled, throwing his blankets over his head. Was it so wrong for him to want a few more minutes rest?

Apparently, it was. Lance's bedroom door swung open and there was the sudden, unexpected weight of a body jumping on his bed. He could tell by the unholy cackle scream that it was Rachel. She only ever laughed like that when something was completely fucked up.

"Lance! Lance! Get the fuck up!" She screamed, pulling the sheets off his mostly bare body. Lance was still half asleep and highly irritated by the horrid awakening, so he was a little slow on moving. She grabbed his arm and pulled him out of bed, dragging him out of his bedroom to quicken the process. "Look!" Lance yawned, eyes still glued shut. He could almost fall asleep standing up if it weren't for Rachel shaking him. "Lance look!"

Lance opened his eyes, finding himself in front of the TV. Lance frowned, itching his stomach as he watched the gossip channel playing. Rachel is practically vibrating next to him.

And then...

"Keith Kogane and Lance McClain have been seen together leaving notorious Club 'The Blade' last night. The two so called 'friends' sharing a passionate kiss before jumping into a taxi together."
Lance's eyes snapped open, leaping towards the screen.

"This is leaving fans confused, as the two have clearly stated in several interviews that they are strictly friends, and co-workers." The blonde woman on the screen shared, with a picture popping up on the screen of two men making out, one definitely Keith -Lance could recognise that mullet anywhere- and some other dude. He's tanned and brown wavy hair. Being said, that dude was too short to be Lance, hair too dark of a shade of brown, and skin a shade too light to be Lance.

"I'm in Cuba!" Lance shouted at the TV screen. The news reporter ignored him. "And underage! I couldn't get into a club, even if I tried!"

When Lance turned back to look at Rachel, he noticed she was jumping up and down excitedly. He looked to his mama and Veronica, who were all looking at him in concern. At the absurdity of it, a wave of mirth rushed through him. Lance raised a hand to his mouth as he burst into laughter.

*     *     *

Keith is hungover and wanted death to personally strangle him.

Why, why, and why again would the media twist his simple, easy one night stand after a night out clubbing into another Keith and Lance scandal?

Fuck.

It's stupid, because the guy looked nothing like Lance. The media were just assholes and wanted to make him suffer.

Keith groaned, running his hands over his face. Shiro and Adam looked down at him, giving him the 'you dumbass' expression.

"You should have been more careful." Adam started. "You're a target at the moment because of Voltron's success."

Keith's head hurt.

"Have you spoken to Lance?" Shiro asked. Keith shook his head, ugh... he still felt a little drunk. All wishy washy.

"Are you going to?"

"I tried calling he, he didn't pick up." Keith murmured, feeling a surge of panic. What if Lance was mad? He probably ruined his home visit with this dumb fake news...

"Try again. We have filming in a week, you have to make sure he isn't upset."

Keith nodded, eyes drooping.

"Are you about to fall asleep?" Shiro asked, exasperated. "How many hours did you sleep last night?"

"Like... 20?"

"Twenty hours?"

"Twenty minutes. Was a bit busy to be sleeping," Keith slurred, smirking a little to himself at the memory. This scandal bullshit had almost been worth it. Last night was pretty awesome.
"Jesus, Keith." Adam growled, shoving a phone in his hand. "Call him, for the sake of my sanity." Adam crossed his arms and began pacing a little. Shiro watched him helplessly.

Keith did just that, putting his phone to his ear as he rang. It was only moments before the phone picked up.

"You crazy motherfucker," Lance's voice on the other end sounded more amused than what his words implied. Keith could hear his grin all the way from Cuba.

"I take it you saw?" Keith slurred slightly.

"Saw all the assumptions we were making out outside a taxi? Totally did my dude." There was a pause for a moment. "Hang on, are you still drunk?"

"Little bit," Keith admitted. Lance laughed on the other end, it was light and airy. It contrasted to the deep chuckle of Malcolm (he's pretty sure that was his name), which was good. They weren't the same. They didn't even look alike. The best thing though, was that Lance didn't sound mad.

"Wow dude, that's crazy," he laughed. Keith's a little worried by how calm Lance is by this whole situation. "Well, I was just thinking of making a tweet to clear the air, sound good to you?"

"Yup," Keith said popping the p. Lance laughed on the other end, soft and pleasant to the ears.

"Man, you're so wasted."

"No I'm not," Keith insisted, despite his head feeling a whole lot fuzzy.

"Sure you aren't. Go get a drink of water and have a nap, alright?" Lance said, voice twinging with fondness. Keith nodded, then realised Lance couldn't see him.

"Okay."

"Sweet dude, don't hurt yourself alright? Go sleep it off."

"Okay."

"Night Keith."

"Night." He heard Lance laugh before he hung up. It ringed in head for a moment.

"What did he say?" Shiro asked, brow jumping up in unease.

"Told me to go take a nap," Keith murmured, eyes drooping. He's so fucking tired, and his legs are still a little achy from his late night activities. A dumb smile spreads across his face at the thought. It had been way too long since he's gotten laid.

Adam whispered something that Keith didn't quite catch, he then guided Keith to his bed while Shiro got him a glass of water.

Lance's laugh on the other end of the phone was the last thing Keith thought of before he promptly passed out.

*   *   *

Lance walked into the building for the first day on set for season 2 accompanied with a wide grin and a single ear bud in his ear blaring the playlist for Hamilton. He waved and smiled as he walked
down the long halls to crew and the occasional cast member. He'd yet to see any of the main cast but assumed they'd all be in the break room.

He was right, because when he swung the door open he was greeted by the faces of his fellow paladins and Shiro.

He grinned wickedly when he saw Keith. Keith -just by looking at Lance's facial expression- would know whatever that was about to come out of Lance's mouth was going to make him want to punch him.

"Keith I can't believe we had sex and you didn't even tell me!" Lance announced loudly making Keith glare at him, Shiro choke on his green smoothie and the rest of the group try hold in on their laughter. "Also love how we sneaked my underage ass in to a club, very stealthy," he grinned wolfishly as he strutted over, jumping on the minimal space next to Keith and threw an arm over his shoulder. "So how was it? My doppelgänger show you a good time?"

"He looked nothing like you," Keith grumbled, throwing Lance's arms off him. Lance chuckled. Of course he knew that whoever Keith's hooked up with didn't look like him, he just loved ruffling Keith's feathers.

"Honey, nobody can look like me," Lance said in a low tone. "Bet you were so drunk you don't even remember what he looked like anyway."

"Actually," Pidge interrupted, holding her phone up. "We found his Instagram account."

Lance gasped, extending his hands out, doing grabbing motions like his nephew and nieces did as babies when they wanted something.

Keith groaned embarrassedly as she gave him the phone, allowing Lance to scroll through the photos.

He can kinda get why people thought that it was him. With olive skin, and lean build. But this guy's eyes were brown, and his hair -although curly- was a dark chocolate that was closer to black than Lance's light brown. But other than that, there weren't many similarities. His overall face just wasn't even close. The mix up between Lance and this guy was probably because of earlier accusations, the distance at what the photos were taken and the dark night.

Lance looked at the bio of his Instagram.

"Malcolm, huh?" Lance cheeked, nudging Keith with his elbow. "Oh, he's a mode! How fancy." he chimed, brows raising in suggestion. He looked back down at photos and the guy really was quite the sight, he's impressed with Keith's pickup game. Lance noticed one photo that had been taken poolside. Malcolm was stepping out of the water with a dramatic flip of his dripping hair.

Lance leaned into Keith's ear.

"Did you make him that wet?"

Lance laughed as Keith gave him a bruising punch.

"My love, you wound me," Lance winced, rubbing his arm.

"I can't believe people ship you two so hard. Klance is literally trending," Pidge muttered, taking her phone back from Lance.
"Klance?" Lance tried it on his tongue. Lance sat back against the couch, giving up on teasing Keith for the time being. Probably wouldn't last long. Lance was too busy with whatever this 'Klance' was.

"You know," Hunk started, gesturing to both Lance and Keith, "Your ship name. It's your names meshed together." Keith wrinkled his nose.

"It's literally a K in front of Lance. Hardly a mesh." 

"Well do you have a better idea?" Pidge bit back. Keith thought about it for a moment.

"...Laith."

"I still don't understand why people are still shipping us?" Everyone turned to look at Lance. "We already said we were only friends?" Pidge rolled her eyes.

"Okay well for starters Keith literally fucked a guy who looks just like you-"

"No I didn't!" Keith snapped, face red while Lance chuckled, patting Keith's back sympathetically.

"Yeah you did." Pidge said back.

"They look nothing alike!"

"They look enough alike for it to fuel the fangirls," Pidge muttered, sipping her drink. She looked off in the distance like she was being brought back memories of a harder time.

"Fangirls are wild." Lance added.

"You haven't even seen the worst of it."

* * *

"So, you don't think it’s... weird?" Hunk asked Lance. It was him, Hunk and Pidge all in the dressing rooms by themselves, having chatter as they waited for their turn on set.

Lance cocked a brow, looking to his side towards Hunk.

"What?" Lance asked. "Getting shipped with Keith?" Hunk looked to Pidge and they both exchanged short glances. Lance frowned. "That is what you meant, right?"

"Uh..." Hunk trailed off, "sure..."

Lance thought about the question. He didn't really get why people were shipping them. But he assumed it was just the confusion of muddling up their friendship with romance, throwing in the mix of their sexualities. People couldn't help themselves when it came to gossip.

"I find it more amusing than anything," Lance admitted. "We're total opposites in a lot of stuff. I just couldn't really imagine getting funky with Keith, he's like, my best friend."

"Really?" Pidge asked, brows raised. "You see absolutely nothing with Keith?"

Lance frowned in confusion.

"No?" it came out more of a question that anything. "As I said, best friend." Pidge snapped her mouth closed.
"Right." she murmured, sticking her nose back into her script, going over some of her lines. She muttered something under her breath, that sounded along the lines of, "You guys are both stupid."

* * *

"Hey guys! So we're here for our first week of filming season 2!" Lance grinned, turning the camera to look over the set, showing them the distant version of props and green screens. "You really liked last season's video diaries, so I thought I should continue the tradition." He began moving around set, talking to a few backstage crew people as he went. He caught sight of a particular intern who had been promoted to assistant and smirked.

"Kane!" Lance shouted, making the poor boy almost jump out of his skin and nearly drop the coffee in his hands that was probably intended for Ingrid. He looked over, looking fear stricken like a baby deer. His tension dropped when he noticed it was Lance.

"Hi Lance," he said timidly, blinking up at Lance and his camera. "Are you filming more video diaries?" he asked.

"Yup! People said they wanted to see more of you because you're adorable!" Lance informed him, making the boy flush a deep and duck his head sheepishly.

"O-oh," he stammered, he rubbed his arm awkwardly. "Really?"

"Totally dude, they love you!" Lance had noticed in the comment section that plenty of people had been asking about the 'cute intern'. Lance couldn't blame them, Kane was super handsome. He totally had the cute, shy, nerdy vibe going on. Glasses and all. "So wave and say hi!"

Kane lifted his head, face still in a deep blush.

"Oh, umm... Hi everyone." he said, smiling a little awkwardly. "I'm not really used to being on the camera." he admitted.

"You're doing great my dude, you've got 'the face'!"

"The face'?" Kane asked, opened his mouth, then paused as he closed it again. He looked over Lance's shoulder and froze, suddenly looking a little shrunken in.

"Lance, what are you doing?" Keith grumbled, walking over with sharp eyes. He cast a look to Kane momentarily, then back to Lance. "We have a scene in a couple of minutes, are you even ready?"

Lance whistled lowly.

"Someone put his grumpy pants this morning," Lance commented, zooming up on Keith's face. "Grumpy pants~" Lance chimed, watching Keith's zoomed in expression scowl.

"Stop messing around Lance, we're filming in three." He looked towards Kane, who visibly flinched under Keith's stare. "Ingrid's looking for you, by the way."

Kane's eyes widened, then he scampered off in the opposite direction. Lance flipped off the camera.

"There was no need to be rude to him," Lance frowned, following Keith towards their next scene. They walked in their usual stride, always next to each other and synced in step. When together, they tended to get the occasional glance from crew members. Only a few people ever really got to
speak to them since most of their work didn't involve direct contact with the actors. Some looking at them like they were mystical beings. Although Lance had made a special effort to talk to everyone, but there were so many people on set it was hard to keep track.

"I wasn't rude."

"You scowled at him. You can't scowl at poor baby Kane, he's fragile!"

"I thought that was just my face." Keith murmured, making Lance roll his eyes in memory.

"Different face." Lance told him. "That was you 'grrr' face." Keith scoffed.

"Whatever, Ingrid needed him anyways. Plus, this is an important scene."

Lance could understand that. It was mid-season episode, and Leandro and Akira were getting closer to finally getting together, their progression throughout this season had been steady. Leandro and Akira would be sharing a moment before leaving for a dangerous mission.

"You're in an especially crappy mood today," Lance noted.

"You seriously don't care?" Keith grumbled, picking up his pace. "About the whole Taxi thing?"

Oh, so this was what this was about?

"You mean because people still think we're still bumping bones?" Lance asked. Keith frowned at his description. Lance huffed, smile on his lips. "I mean, not really. It's not the worst thing the media has done to me when it's come to my love life." Lance added offhandedly. When he noticed Keith staring at him with concern and sympathy he cleared his throat. "Dude, we know the truth. We know I wasn't the one who jumped in that taxi with you."

"Yeah, but..."

"But...?"

"But don't you think it's weird for people to mix up some dude I'm hooking up with, with you?" Keith asked a tad gruffly. "Or the fact people think we're... you know?" He sounded a little quieter this time, a little bit stressed. Lance sighed, smile dancing on his face.

"I mean he didn't look that much like me. Just the skin colour, really." Lance insisted. "As I said, we know the truth." Keith looked over at him, expression a little unreadable. Keith might be one of his closest friends, but Lance still had a crap time reading the guy. "What?"

"I thought you were going to be mad at me."

"Stop with the sappy sadness. That's my role. Plus, you got laid, you should be happy." Keith scoffed at that and smirked a little to himself. "There we go, Mr. Smug. Bet it was rad, wasn't it?" Keith chuckled, rolling his eyes playfully. "Sly dog!" Lance snickered, earning a soft jab in the arm.

"Come on, hurry up or we're going to be late."

***

"Think about what you're doing Akira," Leandro started, standing behind him by a few feet. "Take a breath and think. Think about what you're doing."
Akira paused at the door he was about to walk out of and looked over his shoulder, tears springing in his eyes.

Lance really needed to ask how Keith has perfected those angry, desperate tears.

Akira clenched his teeth together, chest heaving.

"We're running out of options," Akira whispered in desperation. Leandro's eyes softened as he took a step closer.

"I know. But we can't go running in without a plan. It's too risky." More tears sprung in his eyes, dribbling down Akira's cheekbones. Leandro took another step forward, close enough to grab onto Akira's thick jacket. "We're going to figure this out, okay Kira?" Akira nodded meekly. "You trust me?" Akira dropped his head.

"More than anyone." he told him weakly. Leandro brought a hand up to Akira's chin, lifting his head up until Keith was looking Lance dead in the eyes. Leandro's finger brushed away the tears.

"Oh Kira, we've got to get these waterworks of yours under control," he murmured playfully. Akira pulled a face, ducking his head away shyly. Leandro chuckled softly, putting his hand on Akira's cheek, directing him to look back at him.

"We'll get your parents back. I swear it on Black." Akira gave a wet laugh.

"I don't think Black would be happy to hear you're wagering on them." Akira said, wiping his eyes. Leandro smiled.

"I'm wagering more than Black by saying that Kira," he murmured. Akira looked at him with slight confusion.

Lance isn't even sure what Leandro means by that, if he's being honest. Maybe it'll make more sense in a later episode.

Akira took a step back, cleared his throat and then tucked some of his inky hair behind his ear.

"We should probably get going, the rest of the team will be waiting for us."

Leandro nodded, smile smooth.

"We should."

Akira nodded, justified, crossed his arms and then moved on so they could walk to the next scene.

"And cut!"

Leandro's cool stride turned into Lance's bouncing as he followed Keith over to the camera crew, looking at the scene they'd just filmed. The crew were very happy with it. Lance grinned and held a fist out for Keith to bump. Keith smiled, a small chuckle leaving his lips before he bumped his own against Lance's.

Yeah, they'd be fine.

Chapter End Notes
NOTE: Hunk was totally not asking Lance if he thought it was weird for people shipping him and Keith. He was actually going to ask if he thought it was weird that if he thought it was weird that Keith was hooking up with a guy that looked similar to Lance

ALSO IF YOU THINK KEITH IS IN DENIAL LANCE'S DENIAL IS EVEN MORE HARDCORE LEMME TELL YOU

What to expect next chapter
- Pineapple juice and Kolivan
- Bob *hisses*
Pineapples and Pricks

Chapter Notes

I'm here because you all wanted an update and I think we deserve an update after season 8...

I assume if you're here you have watched or gave up on watching the actual show long ago so you don't care for spoilers, but just in case, let's keep the comment section SPOILER FREE

If you wanna rant with me about it come find me on Tumblr @iwriteshipsnotsailthem

ALSO CHECK OUT HERE IF YOU WANT TO SEE SOME LITTLE DETAILS/HEADCANON(?) THINGS FROM THIS UNIVERSE FROM MY TUMBLR

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I can hear the bells
Well, don't cha hear 'em chime?
Can't 'cha feel my heartbeat keeping perfect time?

Lance sang softly, his headphones blaring in his ears as he cracked an egg, proceeding to whisk it promptly.

It was early Sunday morning. His first day off since they started filming season two.

Usually, Lance would have no problem playing his music aloud, but he was a little jumpy since last time he blared 'My Shot' and was singing along his neighbour banged against the wall and told him to 'quiet that music down!' He was still deathly embarrassed by it.

And all because he
Touched me
He looked at me and stared, yes he
Bumped me
My heart was unprepared when he
Tapped me
And knocked me off my feet

He whisked the eggs, cut up some vegetables and put them in the mix as he sang. He turned the stove on, ready for cooking his omelette.

It was nice to just have some down time, listen to some music as he cooked after a crazy week of filming. He liked cooking, although he was no wear near as good as his mama. But he had learned enough over the years to be able to cook himself meals. However, it was more enjoyable when he had his family around.

One little touch
Now my life's complete 'cause when he
Nudged me
Love put me in a fix, yes it
Hit me
Just like a ton of bricks, yes my
Heart burst
Now I know what life's about
One little touch
And love's knocked me out and
I can hear the bells
My head is spinning
I can hear the bells
Something's beginning

Lance wasn't really sure how loud he was singing since his music was deafening, but he was pretty sure it still wasn't noisy to go through the walls and annoy his neighbours.

He hummed along a little for a few moments, concentrating on his omelette as he poured the mixture into the pan.

I can hear the bells
My temperature's climbing
I can't contain my joy
'Cause I finally found the boy
I've been missin'
Listen!
I can hear the bells

Lance tried to flip over his omelette with the spatula. It was too fiddly so he attempted to use his fingers. He hissed as it burnt his skin.

"Fucking bitch," he snapped, shaking his hand out. He huffed, going back to singing.

Round one
He'll ask me on a date and then
Round two
I'll primp, but won't be late because
Round three's
When we kiss inside his car
Won't go all the way
But I'll go pretty far!

Lance grinned, voicing the last line out a little louder. What was even louder though, was the scream of shock that left Lance's mouth as he felt someone tap his shoulder.

Lance jumped, spun around and smacked the intruder with the spatula. He heaved a panicked breath until his eyes adjusted to the two figures in his kitchen. Lance's hand cupped over his mouth in horror as he saw the man had just assaulted with a kitchen appliance. He pulled the headphones off his ears, letting them rest around his neck.

He was a big man, towering over Lance and had a familiar face, his facial expression stern and kinda terrifying. Beside the man, was Keith, who was trying to keep himself from falling into a fit of hysterics. The man Lance had hit was Kolivan, Keith's manager who looked more like a bodyguard.
"What are you doing in my kitchen!" Lance wailed, face a deep red. He also suddenly felt very naked, with the majority of his legs being on display.

"You weren't answering the door," Kolivan explained factually. Lance's jaw dropped as he looked up at Keith's manager.

"That doesn't mean you can break into my house!" he hissed, pulling his oversized hoodie down, trying to cover more of his legs. He really wished he was in more than just his tiny bed shorts.

Lance glared at Keith, who was looking at him smugly.

"What are you laughing at Mullet?" Lance grumbled.

"Just your little performance. You really are a theatre nerd," he murmured back, which earned a look of confusion from Kolivan, and made Lance's face and neck burn red.

Lance huffed, turned back to his omelette and used the spatula to serve himself.

"So you guys have a reason for trespassing into my apartment?" he asked as he walked over to the kitchen table. The other men followed behind him and also took a seat.

"Actually, we do," Kolivan started as Lance shoved a mouthful of his food in his mouth. Lance gave them both a look as he chewed.

"We've been asked to do an interview." Keith elaborated. "Can I have a juice?"

"You fucking fiend, breaking into my house and stealing my damn juice," Lance muttered. Keith smirked, stood up and walked over to the fridge. "You better grab me a glass!" Lance shouted out to him. He heard a weak huff of laughter in response.

He looked back to Kolivan who appeared to be confused. Lance cleared his throat, wondering if he should try being more professional in front of Kolivan. But then again, they had arrived at Lance's apartment unannounced while he was in his pyjamas. There was nothing professional about this.

"So, interview huh? What's the big hoo-ha?" He asked, crossing his legs on the chair.

"I received an email from one of the producers from The Feud Talk show. Are you aware of it?" Kolivan asked. Lance nodded.

"Yeah, hosted by that Bob dude right? Short, bald, bit of a big head?"

Kolivan looked strained.

"He asked if it's hosted by Bob," Keith called out, walking back into the room with three glasses of pineapple juice. Lance took it gleefully, sipping the juice happily.

"Hey Keith, after you finish that you should call Malcolm over, your dick will taste like a dream after the pineapple!" Lance said, wriggling his eyebrows, Kolivan's frown deepen while Keith snickered as he took a sip. "Okay, seriously though, why are we all gathering in my house just to talk about an interview?"

"It's tonight." Lance's eyes widened.

"Oh?" He stammered, putting his knife and fork down. "It's a bit late notice, isn't it?"

"We only received the invitation this morning." Kolivan informed him. "It's understandable if you
wish to decline."

Lance frowned as he thought it through.

"It'd probably be good to clear up any air about the taxi incident." Keith added on, reminding Lance of the whole debacle.

Lance hummed, stretching his hands above his head like a cat in the sun.

"Eh, sure why not?" He murmured as the joints in his shoulder popped. "Should be fun."

Kolivan nodded. If he was pleased he didn't make it evident by his facial expression. He was a very stoic man by nature and had yet to see him show any sign of happiness or distress. Lance wanted to make him crack a smile one day.

"I'm happy to hear that." Kolivan looked to his watch and stood up. "I have to leave. Should I organise a car to come and pick you two up tonight?" he asked Keith.

"Yeah, thank you Kolivan." he said, sipping his juice. Kolivan turned to Lance.

"Sorry for the intrusion on your morning," he said with a polite dip of his head.

"No problem, hermoso. Have a nice day!" he said with sweetness and a quick wave. Kolivan paused, looking at Lance, almost in the same way Keith did, like he was some confusing creature he couldn't figure.

He left after that, leaving Lance at Keith at the table.

"What does hermoso mean?" Keith asked with dodgy pronunciation, brow raised. Lance looked at Keith with a smirk.

"Daddy," he grinned wickedly.

"I don't know Spanish, but I know that is not right." Keith scoffed, rolling his eyes. Lance laughed, standing up to go take his plate over to the sink to wash up later.

"You shall never know," he grinned. "Should we go walk Cosmo? I miss him." Keith downed the rest of his juice and nodded.

"Sounds good, he'll be happy to see you."

* * *

"We've done a few interviews together now, huh?" Lance pointed out in hair and makeup before their interview.

"We're on the same show." Keith murmured, closing his eyes as the woman doing his makeup fiddled with his face.

"You know what I mean." Lance grumbled, falling into casual conversation with the man doing his face.

Keith did know what he meant. It had turned into them being a package deal. Like if you were going to interview Lance McClain, you probably should bring Keith Kogane along too.

Keith had already done three pair interviews with Lance, and they had always gone well. Lance
with his charisma could conduct an interview in which ever way he pleased, always knowing when

to make a witty comeback, how to dodge a question and when to let someone else speak. And since

Keith and Lance were friends, it made all interviews run smoothly and flow. Even when the topic

of romance was brought up. If anything, Lance was especially good at avoiding love life questions.

Keith then thought about Lance's words from last week, 'it's not the worst thing the media has
done to me when it's come to my love life'. Keith wasn't sure how he felt about that statement. It

reminded him about the bunch of articles about a breakup when he searched Lance up on Google.

It however, wasn't any of Keith's business to go prodding.

Once hair and makeup were complete, Lance and Keith walked out to introduce themselves before

the interview started. Their interviewer Bob grinned widely as they entered the room. It wasn't a

very big space, with just the setup of cameras, lights and a few chairs. Behind the two chairs where

Keith assumed was his and Lance's seats, was a big promotional poster for Voltron.

"Keith Kogane, Lance McClain. I'm very excited to meet you! Thank you for coming on such short
notice." The thing about Bob is he always talks like he's on a Game Show; loud, abrasive drowning
in fake enthusiasm.

Keith is already vaguely annoyed.

Bob extended a hand to Keith, grasping it firmly with both of his. He shook vigorously.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Keith!"

"Uh... thank you. It's good to be here." Keith kinda wished he was home at the moment, curled up

on the couch with Cosmo, maybe even with Lance to watch a movie or something. Bob grinned,

turning to Lance, copying the action of shaking Lance's hand, maybe with a little less vigour. "It's
also a pleasure to meet you!"

"Thank you for having us!" Lance greeted with his usual chirp. Bob retreated his hands, a curious
expression on his face.

"Your accent! It's real?" He seemed shocked by the revelation. Lance blinked.

"Yes, I was raised in Cuba." he explained slowly. Keith noticed he always spoke a little slower as
soon as his accent was ever addressed.

"Interesting," Bob hummed, then turned back to go sit in his seat. Keith glanced to Lance at the
same time Lance looked to Keith. He looked a little confused. Keith followed Bob, moving to the
seats across from him.

"So," Bob began, "the interview isn't very long. But we still have a few minutes before our lovely
producers give us a cue!" he exclaimed. "Was there anything in particular you would like for us to
talk about?" Bob asked.

"Voltron is a good start... I guess?" Lance chuckled, casting a quick glance to Keith. Usually
they're used to their conductor already having organised questions and debriefing them on what
they would be. Bob laughed, over dramatic, very fake. Keith's brows furrowed.

"Obviously!" Bob laughed, edge in his tone slightly mocking. Lance closed his mouth promptly.
Bob looked to Keith, smiling eagerly. "Keith?" Keith shook his head out.

"Oh, umm. We were really hoping to clear some air on us dating allegations," Keith said, and
Lance beside him nodded in agreement.

"Of course!" Bob laughed. "It's rather strange for so many people to assume that! You two appear to be on very different wavelengths when it comes to maturity," Bob chuckled before calling out for a bottled water from an assistant.

Keith frowned, glancing towards Lance who had a cocked-up brow, irritated quirk on his lips. By the time Bob had turned back to face them, Lance had smoothed it over. Back to smiling pleasantly and laughing at something that Bob said.

After a minute or so of idle chatter, a woman came in and informed Bob that the interview would be ready in a moment, and when the green light flashed, it was their turn. Keith didn't quite get the strict timetable but didn't comment on it.

"Alright!" A woman shouted out, gaining everyone's attention. "We're starting in 3, 2..." she gave a simple hand gesture to indicate the 1, and then Bob was grinning broadly.

"Thank you Madison! And hello to you at home! Today, we have two special guests from the biggest TV series of the year; Voltron!" Bob looked from the camera, to Keith and Lance, grin as abrasive as ever. "It's amazing to have you here Keith and Lance!"

"Thank you for having us," Lance said, smiling politely.

"So today we're here to talk about your roles in your latest project as Akira and Leandro." Bob leaned forward slight, showcasing his eagerness. "Keith, how has it been working along your new cast members, including people like your good friend Takashi Shirogane?" Bob said, addressing Keith first.

"Working with everyone has been fun. We've got so many different personalities with different backgrounds. Like Hunk, who is a celebrity chef and does his own cooking show for example," Keith pointed out.

"It helps that we all get along really well," Lance added. "We all hang out outside of set. It's like a little family."

"Maybe a little too well!" Bob joked. "We've heard plenty of rumours that you two are dating. There were photos, speculating you were leaving a club 'The Blade' together." Bob leaned in with artificial intrigue. Keith knew they asked Bob to bring it up so they could set the tone again, but his over the top methods were irking Keith.

"No, that was not me in those pictures," Lance answered with a smile. A way for Keith not to have to admit 'that is me in those photos'.

"Yes, it would seem rather peculiar. Keith is rather the serious type, while Lance is well... puerile, let's say." Bob grinned, turning to look at the camera so he could laugh obnoxiously.

"I don't know what that means," Lance said hesitantly, face contorted, like he was unsure if he wanted to know. Keith was aware of what the word meant. He knew that Lance wouldn't appreciate the insult.

This made Bob slap his knee, finding the confession even more hilarious as his laugh became louder.

"Oh you are just an utter goofball!" Bob chortled, holding his chest.
"Thank you?" Lance smiled, laughing hesitantly. They moved on from that subject (thank god), starting to talk a little more about Voltron.

"You've been working with your fellow cast members for a while now, do you ever find yourself in embarrassing situations?" Bob asked. "Lance, I feel like you probably have plenty of those, right?"

Lance frowned, but not because of the context of the question, he looked confused. The kind of confused that usually meant he had gotten muddled in understanding the question. Lance - although his English was practically flawless - did occasionally have the odd hiccup.

"Embarazada," Lance whispered under his breath, then quickly sat upright.

"Oh embarrassing!" Bob looked at him with confusion. "Sorry, embarrassing sounds like the Spanish word the pregnant; embarazada. I just got a little muddled up." He gave a little awkward huff of laughter. "But, to answer your question, yeah, I guess we all have had the occasional embarrassing moment. Name screw ups for example, the amount of times I have used the wrong name for characters is ridiculous," Lance laughed, scratching the side of his cheek.

"You really aren't the sharpest tool in the shed! But it's okay when you have a face like that," Bob looked to the camera, "isn't that right folks?" He then went into another tyrant of laughter. Lance chuckled uncomfortably, trying to keep polite.

Keith felt his eyebrow twitch.

He could almost hear Shiro whispering into the back of his mind 'patience yields focus'. He took a deep breath and smiled tightly, as it was the best he could muster at the moment in time.

"Voltron - if you have seen it - is set in a futuristic setting, mix that in with the action and fight scenes. Keith, you've been in a few action films and series in your incredible career, what's it like to film fight scenes on Voltron? Is it any different?"

"It's interesting, since a lot of our weaponry is heavily digital. In their universe, they also have what they call Fluid Technology, which obviously has to be digitally done."

"Fluid technology?" Bob asked.

"Yeah, you see it a few times, when the weapons can morph and change into different weapons. It's how Leandro's Dual Guns work, because his guns can also turn into a sword." Keith explained.

"Our Special Effects team are seriously incredible!" Lance beamed. "We don't really get to see Voltron in its full glory until it on the screen like everyone else. We're usually working with green screens and props so you don't really get the full effect. When it's all put together-"

Bob's annoying laughter rattled in Keith's brain when he cut Lance off with it.

"I cannot understand a word your saying!" Bob chortled. Lance paused, eyes widening.

"Oh, sorry. Umm..." he noticeably slowed down his speech, even slower than before. He sounded like a damn monotoned robot with how slow he was talking. "I was saying our special effects team-"

"Why don't we just let Keith explain!" Bob grinned, looking to Keith with expecting eyes.

Keith glanced to the side, noticing Lance's mouth abruptly shutting, and sitting back a little, straightening his posture. For someone so open and willing, being rejected in such an abrupt and public way was probably a little heart breaking and jarring. Keith did not like that look on Lance at
Keith closed his eyes, jaw clenching.

"Keith, how would you-"

Keith looked over his shoulder at the camera crew. "Can we pause this interview?" he called out, watching their jaws drop and shake their heads desperately. Keith ignored them, looking back to Bob. "You can cut this out later to save yourself from the embarrassment, I don't really care, but I'd appreciate it if you showed Lance a little more respect."

"Keith," Lance whispered beside him. Bob's face was still smiling, although awkwardly. The interviewer glanced desperately looked toward the camera crew. No one was saving him from Keith's frustration.

"You're the ones who reached out to us on such short notice asking for an interview, you pay us a stupid amount of money to speak to you, so don't laugh, make tactless jokes at his expense and tell him not to speak." Keith voice stern, eyes narrowed on Bob who was still smiling like a complete fucking idiot. He felt Lance pull at his sleeve, almost like he was telling him to stop. Keith hadn't said everything he wanted. "So if you want to continue this interview with me in it, I would suggest you grow a pair and apologise."

Bob looked from between Keith and Lance for a few moments, chuckling nervously, then peeked to the camera crew. Keith raised a brow, wondering if he would have the audacity to not say he was sorry.

Bob clasped his hands together, grin wide.

"Well it looks like I owe you an apology Mr. McClain, I'm sorry if my words have offended you."

"That's alright Bob," Lance said, smiling politely beside him. He looked at Keith in a shocked expression for a moment that said, 'what the hell are you doing?'

Keith looked over back at the camera crew.

"Sorry that I interrupted, you can cut that out if you'd like. I made my point."

"Well," Bob grinned, bringing Keith's attention back to him. "We probably could've, if this interview wasn't live."

Keith admittedly froze in shock. He blinked and clenched his jaw to keep it from dropping. He wouldn't give Bob the satisfaction. Lance beside him made a noise at the back of his throat, indicating that he was trying not to laugh.

Live fucking TV.

"Looks like you won't be, then," Keith deadpanned. Bob laughed.

"Well it appears we're out of time!" Bob grinned back to the camera. "Madison! It's back to you!"

There were a few moments of silence, until Bob's smile dropped. He glared at Keith, the look of murder in his eyes.

"I hope you know neither of you are going to be allowed on my show again."

"Bold of you to assume we'd want to come back," Lance grinned with all the sweetness of cotton
candy. Bob's glare turned to Lance.

"Your scheduled car awaits you both." A woman - who Keith recognised as the assistant said walking over to the couch. She looked highly uncomfortable but still smiled. Keith stood up instantly, flattening his shirt, and followed her without another word.

When they got outside and in the sleek black car Kolivan had organised, Lance and Keith exchanged a look, then burst out into laughter.

"How did you not even know that interview was live?" Lance laughed, hand on his chest.

"Nobody told me that!" Keith defended himself. Lance huffed weakly, leaning back against the leather car seat.

"And Bob said I was the dumb one," Lance chuckled bitterly. The self-deprecation made Keith frown.

"That guy's a jerk, don't listen to that crap. You're far from dumb," Keith told him, noticing the way Lance's eyes had dropped.

"Yeah, he was a jerk," he murmured. "I guess it's just..." he thought about it for a second, twirling his finger in a way to show he was thinking. "The accent you know? People can find it hard to understand sometimes."

"I understand you perfectly fine."

"You never used to be able to," Lance reminded him with a soft smile.

"Only because you spoke so fast. I'm used to it now. But I could always understand you on set and stuff. You always adjust your speed with interviews and on set so everyone understands you. He was just being a dick."

There are a few moments where Lance didn't say anything, making Keith wonder if he said the wrong thing.

"Thanks for sticking up for me." His eyes glanced back up to Keith's a small, sincere smile on his lips.

"It's fine. What friends are for right?" Why did that feel bitter on the tongue?

Lance smiled sweetly.

"Yeah, thanks Keith."

* * *

"He didn't!" Pidge screeched, on the floor in front of the TV, cackling, hand on her heart as she heaved. "That idiot!" she wheezed, pounding the floor with her fist. "Live television! Live!"

Shiro looked to his fiancé who had his head in his hands, shaking it in despair.

Matt sat gob smacked on the couch.

"You sure they aren't banging?" He asked, raising his brows with a huff of laughter. "I've never seen Keith act like that to an interviewer. Usually he waits until after the interview to talk shit."
"Klance is trending again!" Pidge heaved, rolling on the ground, holding up her phone in the air. "They went on this interview to *debunk* it! They- they-" Pidge exploded into another fit of laughter, unable to hold it back any longer.

Shiro still had a hand over his mouth, shocked by what he had just watched. Sure, Bob certainly deserved it, but Matt was right, Keith rarely ever lost his cool and most definitely not on TV. He usually was so careful to not let his temper yet the better of him.

Shiro turned to Adam, who was looking at Shiro with the exact same expression.

*This was not going to go down well.*

Chapter End Notes

OKAY I WISH WE HAD A FUNNIER CHAPTER FOR THIS WEEK I AM SORRY BUT THIS WAS ALREADY PRE WRITTEN URGHHHH
I hope you still enjoyed though <3

also shout out to my translator for helping me out with the 'embarrassing' and 'embarazada' god bless I spent a whole day sitting at my laptop wondering what the hell i should do for lance to get confused by

Anyways, I 100% promise you next week's update will be grand because...
-it's Vine Week bitches (it's exactly what it sounds like)
- We find out Lance's Halloween costume!!!
Hey guys! I'm going to be needing interview questions for the main cast (Lance, Keith, Allura, Shiro, Pidge and Hunk)

BUT I am also going to be needing some questions for the characters they are playing so (Leandro, Akira, Alzina, Hachiko, Petra and Henare). This is going to be a later chapter where the actors are going to do a panel acting as their characters!!!! (I'm very excited to write this part)

also this chapter is like so excessively long for no other reason than memes and I could've made it so much longer but I had to hold back

"Why are people screaming KICK at me on social media?" Lance asked as he scrolled through his twitter page, where people were just posting the single word, over and over again.

"You don't know what KICK is?" Pidge asked, brow cocked up in dismayed amusement. Lance frowned.

"No? A fan I met on the street the other day asked me to sign a Voltron poster with it though..." He murmured, still scrolling and scrolling in the never ending cycle. It had been going on for over a week now, ever since Lance and Keith's interview with Bob - which had been the latest hot gossip. But he couldn't for the life of him understand. "Do people want to kick me?" He pouted slightly at the thought. What had Lance done so wrong that would make people want to kick him?

Hunk, on the other side of the room rushed over, shaking his head and hands in sync.

"No - no, Lance! It's like... a joke." He insisted. Lance's face twisted.

"Why is kicking me a joke?"

"No! It's an acronym! It means Klance Is Canon King."

Lance paused, eyes darting from side to side.

"Canon? As in like official?" Hunk and Pidge nodded. Lance had heard the term 'canon' quite frequently when it came to shipping. Bubbline: canon. Leakira: soon to be canon. Klance? Definitely not canon. "Is this because of the interview?" Lance asked. Ever since Keith stuck up for him (bless his soul) people seemed to become more insistent than ever that they were jumping on each other's junk. Which they weren't, obviously.

Obviously.

Hunk shrugged.

"Most likely, don't worry, all this shipping stuff will soon blow over."
"Doubt it," Pidge muttered as she tapped away on her keyboard. Hunk gave her an unimpressed expression. "Just stating the facts. Why don't we change the subject? What is everyone dressing up for Halloween?" she asked, closing the lid of her laptop.

Halloween was fast approaching, and they had all decided to have a small get together at Pidge's house since her parents weren't going to there for the night. The plan was to watch scary movies, eat a whole bunch of candy and dress up in costumes. Plus, they were planning on doing a live stream.

"I haven't made up my mind yet." Hunk informed Pidge. "Lance?"

"I was thinking of letting my followers decide," Lance said, yawning and stretched his arms over his head. He was exhausted, filming had been flat out this week.

"That's a pretty good idea Lance, maybe I'll do the same." Pidge said, scratching her chin. Lance grinned.

"Thanks, Pidgey!"

"We should all do it! The fans would love it!" Hunk suggested.

"What would the fans love?" Shiro asked, walking into the break room, followed by Allura and Keith.

"If we let them choose who we all dressed up as for Halloween." Allura cooed at the idea, eyes sparkling at the suggestion.

"That's a fantastic idea!" She glowed in the way they always did when she was excited. "I'd like to do that as well!"

"I guess it sounds like a plan, huh?" Shiro grinned, sitting himself down on the couch with a huff. "Oh, by the way, Sandra and Monty wanted you Pidge and Hunk."

"Something about a promotional interview..."

"Well it's not like Keith and I are going to be asked again anytime soon," Lance sniggered, smirk growing lopsided on his face as he leaned back on the sofa. Keith, who sat on the opposite side of the couch murmured in agreement, smile twitching on his face.

At first, Keith had gotten into slight trouble by Sandra and Monty for cutting ties with a show like The Fued, but when Lance had explained what happened, Keith was let off the hook. It was better to not relate themselves with a guy like Bob anyway.

Even though on the car ride home Keith had insisted to Lance not worry about what Bob had said, he couldn't help but let it gnaw at the back of his mind. Lance had no shame in where he came from, but it had made him wonder if his accent was too difficult to understand. He had brought it up quietly with Sandra, asking if he should consider speaking slower on set or even go to the extent of getting a dialect coach, but she had given him a sympathetic smile, and told him he was speaking perfectly.

Lance kind of had to trust her words, she was his boss and the one running the show with creative choices. But still... the question chafed.

"It's probably for the best, let those dating rumours simmer down for a while." Shiro mused, glancing towards Keith momentarily. Keith frowned, huffed and looked to the wall.
"Well," Hunk started, heaving himself off the couch. "Pidge and I should go and see what Monty and Sandra want. See you guys later."

They waved them out, and then Allura their moved to sit next to Lance, grin on her face excited and buzzing.

"You know my YouTube channel?" Allura had made her own channel after the comment from their live stream, it already had over 200,000 subscribers and her videos were flourishing. Pidge had helped her with some editing techniques which gave the videos a edge of professionalism. So far, she had down a few tutorials, get ready with me videos, and even a few vlogs. Lance was a loyal subscriber and had watched all her videos so far.

"Of course," Lance's grin mirrored Allura's.

"My subscribers really want a video of giving you a makeover. So I was hoping when we get a chance-"

"Yes!" Lance agreed before she could even finish her question. She hugged him eagerly.

"Thank you, Lance! This is going to be so fun! I know exactly what to do with you!" She pulled up some pictures and they scrolled through all the options and inspirations until they were needed on set.

* * *

After work, Pidge had come over to for food and to go through some of the video diary footage. They also wanted to organise a few things for their Halloween night, since it was only a couple of weeks away. This allowed them to be in charge of picking out the best movies. They -weirdly enough- had both similar (and fantastic) taste in horror movies.

Pidge was munching on her fries as he flickered through the footage.

"So, what next?" she asked. "You've taken them through every set, every character, every crew member. You've done pranks, banter and Q and A's. What else could we do that everyone would like?"

"A wet t-shirt contest?" Lance suggested, snickering when Pidge glared at him. "I was kidding. Well I was thinking like a 'Theme week'."

"Theme week?" She asked, brows raising with intrigue.

"Yeah, you know? I was thinking of," he extended his hands out, waving them to outwards to add the theatrics. "Vine Week."

"Vine week?" Her voice tinged in amusement. "So what? We just go around referencing vines all week?" she asked, and Lance grinned in response. She paused, eyes widening and then her jaw dropped. "That's actually an incredible idea."

"Oh shucks."

"Seriously! We have to do that! Imagine all the opportunities! This is going to be hilarious!" They fist bumped, and then went through their favourite vines, creating a huge list for all the ones they wanted to use within the week. It was especially fun because Pidge and Lance were always the ones making vine and meme references on set, so this was basically their dream.
Once they were done, they got back onto the subject of Halloween and costuming.

"Weren't you going to let your fans decide your costume?" Pidge asked. Lance nodded, smiling as he brought the app up.

"Yeah! I might as well do it now! Should I block the other cast members from seeing it so it's a surprise?"

"Sneaky, I like it," she grinned mischievously, which made Lance grin the same way.

When he clicked the button, he checked the preview of what the viewers would be seeing, making sure the camera was directed in a way that they could see both Lance and Pidge. A few seconds later, the count of people increased by the second, comments flooding in.

LANCE AND PIDGE!

HI HI HI I LOVE YOU GUYS SO MUCH MJFSJVN
lol but where is bby keith lance go find your boyfriend
notice me SENPAI
i would let you guys punch me in the face repeatedly and still thank you for it

"Hello everyone! And no, I am not going to be punching anyone in the face," Lance chuckled, shaking his head. "I dunno about Pidge though, she might want to. She has a lot of anger in that tiny body of hers."

"Depends, on the day."

"Fight Fridays?" Lance asked. Pidge shrugged, smile on her lips. Lance chuckled and looked back to the camera. "Anyways, there is actually a reason I began this live stream. But I have to ask you guys to be quiet about it on social media because it's a surprise!"

The comments started to go wild at the thought of a surprise.

"So, as you are all aware, Halloween is coming up. The cast and I are going to have a party and we're all dressing up! I thought it would be cool for you guys to help me make my choice on what to dress up as."

The comment section went into a spiral of suggestions.

THE KATY PERRY SHARK COSTUME
surely a sexy carrot

*cough cough* keith'sboyfriend *cough cough*
I second this ^

third^

A SEXY ANGEL/DEVIL >:D
fools, it's obvious what he should dress up as....
That last one caught Lance's attention, and then a tumble of the same suggestion kept coming up. Pidge snorted out a laugh, hand flying to her mouth. Because now everyone was suggesting the same thing over and over again.

**spiderman!**

**SPIDERMAN**

*pls pls for the love of god dress up as spiderman*

*spiderman, spiderman, does whatever a spider can!*

"Spiderman huh?" Lance asked, because now everyone just wanted Lance to dress up as Spiderman. "Is there a reference I'm not getting here?" Lance asked, and looked to Pidge, who had her mouth clamped shut, eyes wide and smile twitching on her lips.

She shrugged.

"I dunno," she snickered.

**DON'T TELL HIM NOBODY SAY ANYTHING**

I'm fucking crying this is going to be amazing

*wruggles brows suggestively*

I love Pidge so much for this

**pidge really out here doing the Lord's work**

"Well I don't get it, but I love you guys, so it looks like I'm dressing up as Spiderman!" Lance smiled. "Where can I get a costume?" he asked, looking to Pidge who looked like she was about to explode.

"I'm sure I can arrange that for you Lance. I know people," she smirked, and Lance grinned.

"This is exciting! I love Spiderman!" He had always been a fan of the movies, plus he was gonna look *fine* in that skin-tight suit if he could get his hands on one of them. "Okay so that's settled! Let's talk about what we're doing for the video diaries this week! It's gonna be called *Vine Week!*"

* * *

**Vine week: Day 1**

"Fuck this shit I'm out!" Lance sang as he threw his backpack off his shoulders and leaped into one of the bins. Luckily, it was the start of the filming day so the bin was empty. Unfortunately, he made the mistake of going in head first. This meant his long legs were sticking up in the air as the bin began to roll, almost toppling over.

Within the bin, Lance could hear Pidge and some other people cackling from the outside. A thread of panic and thrill sliced through his gut as the bin started moving. Someone was pushing him, and fast. Lance shrieked for whoever it was to stop, because he was certain he was going die.
Suddenly Lance was rolling, with a loud clatter as the bin fell over. Lance screamed shielding his head on impact.

"Be careful!" Shiro's voice shouted from the distance, making Lance and Pidge fall into a fit of giggles. Suddenly, there were hands around Lance's skinny ankles, pulling him upwards and out of the bin.

"Hunk!" Lance cheered as the boy put him back on his feet.

"Are you okay?" Hunk asked, eyes wide. "What were you even doing?" He asked, exasperated. Lance and Pidge exchanged looks and snickered.

"Vine Week!" They both shouted in unison before scattering off to complete their next vine.

* * *

After getting scolded by Sandra and Shiro for being silly, Lance believed that it was only fair that he involved them in the Vine fun.

"Sandra," Lance started, grin on his face. Pidge was already laughing behind the camera. "I was listening to some songs, and I was thinking that if we wanted to change the title sequence for season 2, I found the perfect one," he grinned, holding his portable speakers up.

"Oh, okay," Sandra said, eyes wide in pleasant surprise. Shiro, on the other hand looked over to Pidge who was filming the exchange. "That's very considerate of you. Would you show me?"

Lance's grin was sinful and wicked as he pressed play.

_Yo, I never fucked Wayne, I never fucked Drake_

"Lance!" Shiro snapped, while Sandra stared wide eyed.

_All my life, man, fuck's sake_  
_If I did I did a menage with 'em_

Shiro groaned, hand running down his face while Pidge tried to subdue her laughter behind her hand.

_And let 'em eat my ass like a cupcake_  
_My man full, he just ate-_

"No!" Sandra shouted, lunging for Lance's speaker. Lance shrieked and dodged out of her way. "Lance! Turn that off!" She grabbed his speaker, and attempted to turn it off, but had no idea how to do it and instead, began to turn up the volume.

The crew members scattered around all turned in their direction in curiosity.

Shiro fumbled and took the speakers from her hands, and promptly turned it off. After a sigh of relief from both moved to glare up at Lance and Pidge. They're both have a sharp, intimidating air and it makes Lance chuckle nervously and looked to the camera for a moment.

"Vine week!" Lance shouted, grabbed Pidge's arm and sprinted away from the scene, leaving both Shiro and Sandra with confused expressions.

* * *
Vine Week: Day 2

Vine week continued onto the next day. Hunk and Lance were idly chatting as they walked behind Keith, Shiro and Allura, all of them making their way to set.

"So, how has Vine Week been going?" Hunk asked in a whisper, making Lance chuckle.

"Amazing! I-" he paused, when he felt a hand tap him on the shoulder. It was Pidge, who held out a soda can to him, eyes wide and eager. Lance noticed that she also had the camera directed on him, so he took the can.

"It's empty," Lance murmured, slightly disappointed. Then, realisation struck. "It's empty..." he whispered, look to Pidge who nodded enthusiastically. "This bitch empty!" Lance shouted, turned and threw the can into the air. "Yeet!" As soon as the empty can left Lance's hand, he knew he had made a mistake.

It flung through the air majestically, aluminium glistening in the hallway light. The direction was what concerned him. Lance winced as the can -at top speed- hit Keith in the back of the head. The boy jolted at the impact and made a grunt of surprise. Lance gasped, then looked to Pidge and the camera in horror.

"Oh shit!" Lance gasped, now running over to Keith, who was paused in the middle of the hallway, looking over at Lance with a filthy glare. "I'm sorry! I yeeted too hard!" He stammered with a grimace.

"You what-ed to hard?" Keith frowned, brow raising as he rubbed the back of his head.

"Yah know? Yeet." Keith looked lost. Lance shook his head and frowned, he should have known that Keith was slow on the vines and memes. "Oh whatever! It doesn't matter. Are you okay?" He asked, Sandra and Monty would straight out murder Lance's ass if he concussed Keith. Plus, he really hoped he hadn't hurt Keith.

"I'm fine Lance," Keith insisted, an amused smile on his face.

"No bumps or bruises?"

"No."

"Not dizzy?"

"It was an empty can Lance, not a brick."

"I just wanted to make sure!"

"No wonder everyone thinks you're gay for each other," Pidge muttered, approaching them with the camera in hand.

"Caring for your injured friends is not gay Pidge!" Lance said with mock offense.

"Yeah, yeah, let's get to our next scene before Monty and Sandra yell at us for being late."

* * *

They weren't late for their rehearsal. Now they were practicing a few fight scenes. Lance couldn't help but shout out 'can I get a waffle? Can I please get a waffle?' as Keith practiced the part where Akira beat the living daylights out of a guard.
He saw Keith chuckle at that, shaking his head before moving back to the choreographed fight sequence.

Lance was holding onto his bayard, in sword form. He looked over his shoulder to Pidge who was recording and mouthed 'watch this'.

He raised his sword and ran over to Hunk, who was walking over to get ready for his practice fight sequence.

"You ready to fucking die?" Lance shouted, waving his bayard in front of Hunk's face. For a silent moment Hunk stared at him in fright, then recognition crossed his face. He raised his own.

"I'm a bad bitch you can't kill me!" They then swung their weapons at each other playfully. Their force was enough to cause the top of Lance's sword to swing out of the handle and fly into the air.

Lance gaped at his now broken bayard, eyes skirting over to the camera in horror. Pidge went into hysterical laughter and Hunk scrambled to go get the half-broken prop. He handed it to Lance, who began to try and put it back together.

"Oh yeah this ain't no jigsaw puzzle fix. Kane! Cute Intern Kane!" Lance shouted out across the room, gaining the boy's attention. "I broke my bayard! Help!" he shouted. Kane sighed, but wasted no time in jogging over. "Thank you, Cute Intern Kane," Lance grinned as he handed the prop over. Kane's face went red as he grabbed onto the prop.

"Why do you keep calling me that? I'm not even an intern anymore," he asked, clicking the prop into place, now fixed again. Lance still had no idea how he managed to fix it so quickly.

"Literally everyone in the fandom refers to you as 'Cute Intern Kane'." Pidge elaborated with a chuckle. Kane's eyes widen, even more flushed than before, probably at noticing the camera. He handed Lance the bayard and sighed.

"Lance, please refrain from breaking your bayard again. Ingrid will have my head," he said looking up at him hopefully. Lance grinned and patted Kane on the back, making the boy almost jump out of his skin.

"No problems! Anything for my favourite ex-Intern!" Lance gleamed. Kane didn't look convinced.

There was a loud thump from across the hall that gained everyone’s attention and turned all their head’s to where Keith lied on the ground. His choreographer laughed and pulled him to his feet.

"Looks like someone got distracted," Pidge snickered, zooming up on Keith as he went back into practicing his fight scene. Lance huffed on his laugh.

Weird, since when did Keith ever get distracted on set?

* * *

**Vine Week: Day 3**

Lance approached Allura who was sat in her makeup chair while her team fussed over her appearance.

"Do people ever tell you that you look like Beyoncé?" Lance asked, zooming up on her face.

"No they tell me they look like Allura," she mused, grinning up at Lance despite the lady
powdering her cheeks.

"Who the fuck is that?" Lance asked.

"Me!" she exclaimed loud and proud. They both fell into a fit of giggles.

"Oh man, I fucking love Vine Week." Lance chuckled and bid her farewell to save himself from a scolding for distracting Allura and her team. He made his way over to Pidge and Keith who were talking since they were both done with hair and makeup. "Hey Pidge!" He called out, making the girl lift her head. "Isn't there anything better than pussy?" Pidge grinned and opened her mouth only to be beaten to it.

"Dick," Keith cut in with a mumble, making Lance choke on air.

"Did... did Keith just make a joke?" Lance stammered, hand on heart.

"Don't know what you're talking about," Keith chuckled, crossing his arms nonchalantly. The look of challenge in his grey eyes. Lance barked out a laugh, grin growing wide and eyes shiny. Keith noticed the expression and froze in fear as Lance ran over to Keith and picked him off the ground in pure glee.

"Keith made a joke! Keith made a *dick* joke and it was actually funny!" He said spinning him around. Keith was already smacking him on the head, snapping at him and shouting 'put me the fuck down before I murder you!'. Lance continued to spin his friend anyways.

"I swear to god it's like you want people to ship you," Pidge muttered. Lance chuckled, putting Keith back onto the ground, who shoved him as he did.

"There is nothing wrong with giving your best bro a hug and spinning him around," Lance insisted, looking to Keith. "Isn't that right?" Keith rolled his eyes with an amused huff.

"I mean, I'd rather you never do it again," he chuckled.

"What? What did you say?" Lance asked, leaning in. "Do it again? I mean if you insist my dude-" Keith was already running from Lance's open arms and out of the dressing room. Lance cackled as he chased after him.

"Come back! KICK my dude! KICK! It doesn't have to be homo! No homo!" He shouted as he ran after him.

"That doesn't sound very 'no homo' Lance," Pidge mumbled into the camera, sighing before following the two idiots.

* * *

**Vine Week: Day 4**

"You are my dad," Lance said, zooming up on Shiro's unimpressed face. "You're my dad. Boogie woogie woogie."

"This week with you guys is like talking to someone who speaks a different language," Shiro muttered, shaking his head.

"That's cause you're old," Keith mused making Lance snicker, holding out his fist for Keith to bump. Lance made explosion sounds which made Keith laugh. Keith opened his mouth to say
something when his phone in his pocket dinged. He looked at his phone and smiled. For a second, Lance was very curious on who was making Keith smile in such a way, wondering if maybe he had kept in contact with Malcolm.

"You look too happy. Are you getting dick?" Lance asked, leaning over to look at Keith's phone.

"Unless I'm having an affair with Adam, or are into bestiality," Keith murmured, holding up his phone. "Adam's here, he brought Cosmo."

Lance's head snapped in Keith's direction.

"Cosmo's here?" He asked, grin growing excitedly. Keith nodded.

A few days a week, while Keith worked, Adam or his mum Krolia looked after Cosmo so he wouldn't get so lonely. Plus, since he's a big dog he needs a lot of exercise, so if he stayed home alone for too long he go insane with boredom and started wrecking shit (Keith had learned that one the hard way).

Lance jumped to his feet, grabbing Keith's arm to also pull him to his feet. He then ran across the room and grabbed Shiro's arm and also made him stand on his feet.

"Quick! Let's go say hi!"

* * *

"I wanna see my little boy!" Lance sang, racing over to Adam, who had Cosmo on a leash. The dark coated husky spotted Lance and began tugging on the lead, barking excitedly. Adam sighed and let go of the leash to let Cosmo bound over to Lance.

Lance leaned down and picked up the massive, fluffy dog and cradled him in his arms like a baby. Cosmo excitedly barked and licked at Lance's face. Lance groaned in effort.

"You're getting too big for me to carry," Lance mumbled gloomily as he put Cosmo back onto his feet. He quickly grabbed Cosmo's lead. "Hey Adam!" Lance waved over to the man who was now talking to Shiro. He smiled and waved back. "Oh my god? Does anyone have any vape? We totally have to do a reaction of the 'Adam' vine! Wooo wooo! Maybe we can ask one of the special effects people allow us to use the smoke machine!" Lane exclaimed jumping from foot to another.

The exchange didn't last long because when Cosmo saw Keith he got excited and began to run over, dragging Lance along with him.

Keith grinned and crouched down to pat his dog, rubbing behind his ears.

"Hey bud," Keith smiled, chuckling as Cosmo jumped onto his lap. Lance smiled softly at the exchange; cute.

The rest of the afternoon in between takes and rehearsals was spent playing with Cosmo. Lance ran around set, filming Cosmo chasing him over his shoulder.

Oh man, Lance loved Vine Week.

* * *

Vine Week: Day 5

"Keith, could you please read from the start of Episode 16: Scene 8?" Monty asked, as they all sat
around in a circle, going over their lines.

Keith looked to Lance, who nodded eagerly as he hid the camera in his jacket pocket.

"No, I cannot," Keith said then turned to look at the camera. "What up, I'm Keith, I'm 21, and I never fucking learned how to read."

You could tell who the younger members of the crew were in the room, with them all bursting into laughter, even the guest stars and extras were laughing. Especially Lance, who was almost falling off his chair.

Sandra groaned, head in her hand.

"I don't understand you children," she mumbled, shaking her head.

* * *

"What are you making?" Keith asked as he leaned over Hunk and Lance who were on the ground, both on their stomachs and working on their latest project.

"Vine Week, stuff" Hunk elaborated and Keith 'ahhed' in understanding.

In Lance's honest opinion, Vine Week had been one of the best things that had happened to the crew and cast. It brought everyone together. It was nice to just have silly fun with as well.

"We're finished!" Hunk said after putting the final details together. Pidge ran over and looked at their sign with glee. Keith frowned and scoffed out a huff of laughter.

"Oh my god," Keith chuckled shaking his head. "What the hell are you going to do with that?"

Pidge grabbed the camera and smirked.

"Why don't you see for yourself?"

Hunk grabbed the massive sign that had 'KLANCE' written in bold letters and proceeded to chase Lance with it, shouting 'why are you running? Why are you running?' All the while Lance was shrieking and running away.

When the two had run off, Pidge turned the camera to Keith to capture his reaction. Which was having his arms crossed and shook his head and looked at the two idiots.

* * *

Vine week: Day 6 (final day)

"Sandra got mad at me again for Vine Week," Lance chuckled, curled up on his side of the sofa. Keith sat on the other end. They had been on break and were reading through an intense scene they were going to be filming together in a week or so.

"You broke my knife prop," Keith mused, flipping the page over.

"I was being the 'what do you have? A knife! No!' vine! I had to fight you for it before you died!" Lance insisted, watching Keith snicker.

"You're so over dramatic."

"I am not..." Lance extended his legs out, feet now resting on Keith's lap. He lolled his head
against the arm rest of the couch. Lance's long legs were always a struggle when sitting on couches, so he quite frequently draped his legs over Keith, whether it be at Keith's apartment, or when the cast all hanged out together to watch movies together. People like Pidge gave him shit for it, saying he was basically feeding the shippers, but Lance didn't see it like that. He was just comfier that way, and Keith never complained. "I think I'm gonna die of boredom though, we've barely been in any of the scenes filmed today." Lance complained, pouting.

"Uh-huh. Dying of boredom, not over dramatic at all," Keith laughed, earning a soft kick to the shoulder, more of a warning prod than anything.

"Rude, I have you know-"

"Two bros chilling on the opposite ends of the sofa because they're not gay," a murmured voice came from the open door of the break room. Lance and Keith looked over to see Pidge, filming the two of them.

"Hilarious Pidge," Keith mused as Lance swung his legs, removing his feet from Keith's lap.

"I do have a flare in humour, runs in the family." Pidge grinned, referencing her brother, Matthew Holt, the famous comedian.

"Sorry, but the gayest thing in this room is the scene we're reading," Lance grinned, pointing to the script Keith was holding.

"Hmmm, sure it is Lance. Sure it is..." She grinned, leaving the two boys back with rolling eyes and scoffs.

Chapter End Notes

SPIDERMAN SPIDERMAN SPIDERMAN (also if you don't get why everyone is freaking out about Lance dressing as spiderman, go back to chapter 11)

Again I am going to ask if anyone has any cast questions or their character questions!

What to expect next week:
-Akira is crying while Leandro is dying
-MATT MATT MATT!
-It's halloween bitches = Keith's end
The Trick is Lance but the Treat is also Lance

Chapter Notes

For those who have read my other series Lucky in Rivalry I just wanted to let you know there are now two bonus chapters for the series that you can read!!! Just go into my other works on my profile and you can read them!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I can't take this scene seriously with him like this!" Keith laughed in frustration as Lance's tongue stuck out as he flopped around like a dead fish. Lance opened his eyes and grinned.

"Leandro is about to kick the bucket, let me have this!"

"Boys," Monty growled in warning. Lance looked up to see Keith who was looking down at him. They were filming the scene where after a battle, Akira was dragging a dying Leandro to his lion to escape. Although, Black is being a bit difficult and it's a race for time before Leandro dies on the ground. In the flurry of panic, Akira admits his feelings for Leandro.

It's quite a serious scene, but Keith and Lance were struggling on keeping a straight face.

"I'm sorry Monty!" Lance chimed innocently as he sat up, giggling a little. Keith held out a hand to help Lance to his feet.

"Let's be serious this time boys. Everyone reset!" he called out, waiting for everyone to recoup. When everything was ready, Keith and Lance stood off set, Keith wrapping an arm around Lance for when Akira was going to need to assist Leandro in walking to his piloting chair. "Okay! Ready and... action!"

Leandro clutched at his bleeding side, the shell of his paladin armour cracked and leaking blood. Akira held him up, keeping him on his feet so they could get him to his seat and they could escape. Maye due to the weight of the other male, or the slick of blood, Akira lost his grip on Leandro and both of them flopped to the floor of the Black Lion.

Akira scrambled over to Leandro, cradling him in his arms and putting pressure on the wound. There was so much fake blood.

"Leandro, hey! It's okay, we're going to get you out of here," Akira whispered in a hushed, strained tone, breath hitching in panic.

He looked around Black desperately for any sign of life from the robot, while Leandro wheezed on his breaths, struggling to breathe.

"Black! You need to get us out of here!" Nothing. A loud crash of special effects insinuated they'd been hit again. "Black! Now!" Akira shouted out, voice cracking in panic. Leandro wheezed and spluttered, blood dribbling from the corner of his mouth. It was a funny taste to Lance, like cheap chocolate and red food dye. "It's okay Lea, you're okay, hang in there," he whispered, wiping blood and grime off his cheeks.
Akira knew he was running out of time.

"You stupid fucking Lion! Your Paladin is *dying*! Don't you *care*?" He seethed, looking up around the Lion's control room in anguish. A frustrated growl tore at the back of his throat at the lack of response from the robot. Lance could feel Akira's hot tears dribble down his face.

"Kira," Leandro wheezed out, clutching his bleeding side.

"Hey, hey it's okay, you're okay," Akira cried, cradling Leandro in his lap, stroking his hair tenderly, then wiped his own tears off Leandro's face.

"If I don't-"

Akira shook his head.

"You can't say that!"

"Promise, you'll take over Voltron?" he coughed, wheezing. "You can do that for me right Kira?"

"No, fuck you!" Akira sobbed, clutching tighter. "You aren't going anywhere, no one is taking over anything." Leandro chuckled weakly.

"I dunno bout that, I think I'm blacking out," Leandro struggled out, wheezing out a laugh. Akira held onto his hand tightly. "Oh god, you're so beautiful Kira. You know that?" Leandro whispered, breath becoming shallower and had tears falling from his eyes.

Lance is proud of himself for that one, he wasn’t a tear master like Keith.

"Please, don't- Black!" Akira shouted desperately. "Stop this! You can't let him go! I... I *love* him! Please Black!"

Leandro's eyes snapped open as the Lion burst into life. The lighting team highlighting the lion in a glow. He's pretty sure they were going to add some special effects later but that didn’t matter at the moment to him.

Taking the chance, Akira picked Leandro up and carried him to the pilot chair.

He sat next to him and wiped his eyes.

"Come on Leandro, let's get you to a healing pod."

There was a bell, signalling that the scene was over.

"Perfect boys!" Sandra called out. Lance opened his eyes and grinned up at Keith. He was practically laying on Keith's lap on the Pilot chair.


"Gross," Keith chuckled and sniffled, still a little teary eyed from Akira's crying. He wiped at the tears still staining Lance's face. Keith's fingers were soft and careful against his cheeks.

"Alright boys, go get cleaned up for the next scene." Monty called out, seemingly snapping them both out of something. Lance didn’t know what that *something* was, but when they both blinked out of it their cheeks went admittedly a little pink. Lance abruptly stood up and off Keith's lap. He looked back over shoulder at Keith, who had his eyes dropped and cleared his throat.
"Let's go," Lance smiled, grabbing Keith by his wrist and yanked his to his feet. They then fell into simple and usual chatter as they walked back to the dressing room.

Just like always, just like usual.

* * *

"Isn't that the video diary camera?" Hunk asked Pidge as they decorated Pidge’s house in Halloween decorations.

"Someone has to record Keith's reaction to Lance's costume," she mused, cackling slightly to herself.

"I'm terrified, but also intrigued."

"Oh man, just you wait."

* * *

Lance was walking down the street in his strangely realistic looking Spiderman suit. Pidge said that she knew a costume designer who was 100% capable of making an amazing Spiderman suit. They pulled through, and by the giggles and stares Lance was getting as he walked down the street he believed he was rather pulling it off. A little girl had even asked for a picture as he walked down the suburban streets to Hunk's apartment.

Lance was near Pidge’s house when a group of teens approached him, asking for a picture as well. The difference with the group was their costumes were highly familiar. Lance smirked under his mask when he spotted the Voltron costumes. They were handmade, with someone in the group obviously having a knack for sewing.

The group had every main character done amazingly. The Leandro was a girl, had her dark hair pulled off her face, wearing a replica of the same jacket Lance wore for the character.

"Your Spiderman suit is amazing!" the girl dressed as Alzina gasped. "Did you make it?"

"My friend hooked me up," Lance explained. "You guys dressed as Voltron characters, huh? Do you like the show?" They all went into a round of giggles and excited chatter as they all explained to him how much they loved Voltron.

"We love it!" the one dressed as Akira exclaimed.

"I'm a pretty big fan as well," Lance grinned. Oh man, these girls were gonna flip out. They began to chat with Lance about their favourite characters.

"Leandro is definitely my favourite!" The girl dressed as said character exclaimed.

"Why's that?" Lance asked.

"Okay first of all, have you seen that boy? He's gorgeous!" she swooned. "And he's so funny as well! I love how he and Akira interact."

Lance felt like he should put an end to his fun and pulled at the mask off his face.

"I'm happy you like the show and my face." They started to scream the street down, which shouldn't be such a surprise for Halloween night, but everyone began to look in their direction curiously.
"No fucking way!" a girl shrieked while two other girls grabbed onto each other as they screamed.

"Oh my god! Oh my god it's Lance! Can I please give you a hug?" The girl in the Leandro costume asked. Lance opened his arms and the girl practically leaped into his arms. They all went to proceed to have a selfie with him. Which Lance accepted with no problems but asked politely for them to delay putting it on social media, he didn't want to get the street stormed with fans or paparazzi. They all nodded and promised him with giggles and wide eyes.

"Alright, I have a Halloween party to go to, I should go. It was super nice to meet you all." They all gave him one final hug and wished him a happy Halloween before they breathlessly scampered off whispering 'oh my god, oh my god did that really just happen?'

It was then time for Lance to get his ass to Pidge’s. He walked down a few more streets and grinned when he finally got there.

He knocked, opened the door and walked inside.

"I'm here!" Lance called out, hearing Hunk call out 'we're in here!' Lance walked towards the living room and smiled, taking in everyone’s appearance.

Shiro and Adam were in a couple's costume with Adam as Captain America and Shiro as The Winter Soldier (aka Steve Rodgers and Bucky Barnes). Hunk was dressed up in a chef’s hat with the name tag 'Gordon Ramsey'. Allura was a zombie looking Mermaid, legs taped together draping over the couch and tail attached, her makeup immaculate with the mixture of mermaid scales and dried blood looking stuff. Pidge was a vampire, with a cape and very fake looking teeth. Weirdly enough she had the video diary camera in her hand, pointing to him.

Lance also realised everyone was looking at him with jaws dropped, except for Pidge who was snickering.

"I mean I know I look good in the suit, but why are you all looking at me like that?" Lance chuckled nervously. He looked around the room and frowned. "Where's Keith?" he asked, noticing his absence.

And like God had heard Lance's question, Keith walked into the room from the door that lead to the kitchen in a Po from the Teletubbies onesie. Keith paused and looked Lance up and down. "You've got to be fucking kidding me," he muttered. Pidge and Hunk's explosion of loud laughter made Lance jump, looking over at them in confusion. Allura had her mouth covering her quiet giggles. Shiro and Adam were trying to be the good adults in the room, holding back their laughter.

Lance was so lost.

"I am so confused," he stated, looking back to Keith who had a hand dragging down his pink face.

"Lance, do you not remember our last group livestream?" Pidge asked. Lance paused, head flickering through what happened last time. "Specifically, the part where someone asked who Keith's gay awakening was?"

Lance frowned, opened his mouth and closed it. He looked down at his own costume which triggered an insightful experience.

Lance looked up with a dropped jaw, glanced a quick look at Keith, then back to Pidge who had the camera. The red light indicated that she was recording.
"I just got stitched up by the shippers," Lance gaped in disbelief. Pidge and Hunk went into hysterical laughter while Keith glared at him. Lance's face flushed red hot. "You knew this was going to happen Pidge! That's so cruel!"

"It was an opportunity I could not pass up. The people loved me for it."

"You literally let me dress as Keith's gay awakening!" Lance huffed, unable to not push away the smile on his face. He looked back to Keith. "I can see it now, all the Klance shippers are going to go wild." Keith shook his head, hands covering his face in embarrassment.

Lance chuckled and raced across the room to Keith and slung his arm over his shoulder.

"It's okay Mullet. If you want, we can recreate the upside down kiss to live all your pubescent fantasies."

"You are a dick," Keith rolled his eyes as he shoved him off.

"The Po to my Bi-derman."

"Go choke."

"Sounds provocative," Lance smirked, earning a jab to the ribs from Keith. Lance was about to go into another round of teasing when a loud bark from the kitchen made them both turn around to see Cosmo bounding into the room. He too was dressed in a costume as a cow, utter and all.

Cosmo spotted Lance and with tongue lolling and he ran for him. Lance squatted down to pat the dog, smiling as Cosmo’s tail began to wag.

"Hi handsome boy," Lance cooed to the dog who jumped up happily at seeing him. "I like your costume.

"I saw that Kogane!" Pidge called out. Lance looked over his shoulder to see Keith glaring at Pidge.

"Saw what?" Lance asked, hands still moving to pat Cosmo.

"Keith was staring at-"

"No!" Keith sprinted across the room to Pidge who was on the couch. He leaped for her, grabbed a pillow and shoved it in her face and hissed something to her under his breath as she cackled from underneath the pillow.

Lance frowned, brow cocked up. He turned back to Cosmo and moved closer to his face.

"Your dad is weird Cos, you know that?" he asked Cosmo who looked like he was grinning as he panted. Lance nodded. "Of course you do."

The door knob twisting made Lance frown, looking around the room. Everyone was here from the main cast, who else was there to come?

The door opened and Matt Holt dressed like Waluigi walked into the room, almost knocking Lance off his feet.

Matt Holt was a famous comedian who travelled around the world for gigs. He used to be an actor as well but moved onto stand-up comedy. But he occasionally starred in a few comedy movies. You always knew you were going to watch a hilarious film if he was involved.
"Matt Holt!" Lance shouted out in shock, pointing to the man as he walked into the room. Smooth. Matt froze, looked to the ground and spotted Lance.

"Spiderman!" he called back in the same shocked tone. A few people over on the couch laughed, but Lance was too busy being starstruck. Once he snapped out of it, Lance grinned wide and toothy as he jumped to his feet as he made his way over. He extended a hand out to Matt.

"We haven't met properly! I'm Lance!"

"I know who you are buddy, don't worry! But Matt, Katie's brother." Matt shook his hand with a smile. "Nice to finally meet you."

From what Lance knew, Matt had been touring around Europe most of last year doing gigs and shows. He had only returned a couple of weeks ago. This was the explanation of why they hadn't met properly yet.

"You too!" Lance grinned.

"So I brought over every type of fast food possible." Matt announced, holding up several plastic bags, steaming and smelling of food. Everyone cheered in joy. Before Matt went to sit down he looked to Lance one more time. "Wasn't Spiderman Keith's gay awakening?"

Keith threw a pillow in his face and everyone laughed.

* * *

The live stream they did went absolutely over the top and Lance was living for it.

Hunk had two pieces of bread pressed against both sides of Lance's ears.

"What are you?"

"An idiot sandwich," Lance snickered. "Hunk I thought you were supposed to be dressed up as Gordan Ramsey, not Bob?"

The room erupted into chaos and laughter and comment section went wild.

"Keith! Go defend Lance's honour!" Pidge screeched and pointed to them. Keith was already on it, launching himself across the couch and getting Hunk into a headlock. Which just looked ridiculous with Keith dressed as a Teletubby.

It took them all about ten minutes before they could stop laughing

The hot topic of the live stream was Lance dressed as Keith's gay awakening. It was both absolutely embarrassing and hilarious. Especially with the way each and every time it was brought up, Keith would blush or pout. Freaking hilarious.

* * *

Keith hated his life. Well and truly hated it.

The whole night in he had been the ongoing joke. The moment Lance walked into the room with that damn suit on Keith was a freaking mess. Out of all the things for Lance to dress up as, it just had to be Spiderman?

And Lance just had to look like every one of Keith's tween wet dreams.
In fact, Lance may have just ruined any other Spiderman for Keith. The suit was so tight on his figure, accentuating and highlighting his broad shoulders and slim waist and as much as Keith didn’t want to admit it, but Pidge totally caught him looking at Lance’s ass. Keith always knew Lance was an attractive man, with a good figure, but he was almost drooling at one stage at that was just 100% unacceptable and he was never going to voice it ever to anyone.

If Keith thought people making fun of him in the live stream wasn’t enough to make Keith want to die, his is desire for death increased during the scary movie. Lance had fallen asleep and was now clinging to his arm and had his head resting against Keith's shoulder like a pillow.

Keith wanted to fucking die.

"You having fun Po?"

"Die." Keith spat dryly to Pidge who snickered, turning back to the movie.

"How did Lance fall asleep?" Hunk shuddered, blanket half covering his face as the movie rolled on. "I don't think I am going to ever sleep again!"

Keith was somewhat surprised as well that Lance had managed to fall asleep. It wasn't like the movie was boring, it was pretty good on the spectrum of horror, in fact.

He glanced down to Lance, who had his cheek resting on Keith's shoulder, soft little breaths leaving his mouth, face peaceful and in his sleep state. It contrasted with the screams from the woman on the screen as she got chased down by some demon doll.

Keith caught Adam who was watching him intently. He frowned and raised a knowing brow. Keith pretended he hadn't noticed and looked back up at the screen. It hadn't been the first time someone had caught Keith staring that night. Controlling his lingering eyes had proven to be getting a little more difficult as time went on. Keith had no idea what was going on with him, he wasn't acting himself. He wasn't like this.

Friends don't stare at friends the way Keith stared at Lance.

He put it down to it being the Spiderman suit.

Yep....

The suit.

* * *

"Keith, can we talk?" Adam asked while Keith had been hanging out with Shiro for the day, going over lines and stuff like that.

Keith thought about the question.

"Nope," he said simply, standing up from the couch and walked to the kitchen to grab himself a glass of water.

Don't get Keith wrong, he liked Adam. Adam had been great for and to Shiro. But Keith knew that expression on his face all too well. It was the 'we need to talk' face.

"Keith," Adam's low and warning tone made Keith wince. He wasn't getting out of this one. "I'm serious."
Keith sighed and grabbed himself a cup and turned the tap on. When he filled his glass he sat up on the kitchen bench. Adam frowned in distaste. He hated when he sat on the counter.

"Go on," Keith murmured, then proceeded to take a sip.

"I just wanted to talk to you about Lance." Keith's brow cocked up at the statement.

"What about him?" He asked, bringing the glass back to his lips.

"I know you aren't the type of person to bring this topic up yourself, so I just wanted to let you know, that if you ever needed to talk about your feelings for Lance."

Keith spat his mouthful of water onto his lap, now making it look like he'd just pissed himself. Adam looked disgusted.

"What?" Keith choked out, still with water dribbling down his chin. He wiped it off as Adam sighed.

"Keith, let's not deny anything."

"I'm not denying anything because I don't have feelings to deny! The hell Adam?"

"Do I hear you yelling at my fiancé?" Shiro grumbled as he walked into the room. He frowned at both men and sighed. "What are you two fighting about now?"

"Keith's in denial about his feelings for Lance."

"Shut the hell up Adam!" Keith bit back. "Lance is my friend!"

"A friend you have feelings for."

Keith was not in the mood to hear this. In fact, he was never going to want to hear this. Keith didn't like Lance any more than a friend. Why was everyone trying to push them together?

"You're just like the fucking media, Christ!" Keith snapped harshly. His temper flared when he watched Adam roll his eyes. He hated when he did that pretentious shit. "Maybe just mind your own business for once?"

"Calm down Keith," Shiro said quietly, casting Adam a short glance before walking over to Keith. He put a comforting hand "Cool down. We're just worried."

"We're?" Keith gaped, recoiling in disbelief. Shiro thought this too?

"Just listen Keith," Shiro continued calmly. "We just wanted to make sure you weren't going to get yourself hurt. If you liked Lance -which I'm not saying you do- and then were going to have to kiss him on set, it could turn out ugly."

Keith sucked in a quick breath.

He doesn't like Lance.

_He doesn't like Lance._

"I don't like Lance," Keith said out, letting his temper dissipate. "He's one of my closest friends." he said. "Even if I did like him, I wouldn't act on it anyway. It could ruin everything for the show."
The show. The show. Don't mix up Akira's feelings with your own. That's what he was doing. Lance was his friend. He couldn't lose his friend.

Shiro nodded slowly.

"Okay Keith. It's fine."

"I just..." Adam started as he walked back over. "I just don't want you to get hurt, alright Keith?"

Keith nodded.

_He doesn't like Lance._

---

Chapter End Notes

oh poor poor, in denial keith (he's just subconsciously protecting himself because he doesn't want to get hurt and lose his best friend okay)

but again, if you think keith is in hardcore denial, you haven't even begun to see lance he's going to be about ten times worse LETSSS GOOOOO

Again a reminder for two new parts of my Lucky in Rivalry series!! One is smut and one is fluff (if you haven't read Lucky in Rivalry you can still read the saucy one and it'll make sense it's called Lucky in Loving)

What to expect next week
- The Leakira kiss scene
- Thats it the kiss scene is literally the whole chapter gET READY
They say the things you love hurt you the most, and it seems to be true because guess who has fucked their arms up from all my fan fic typing?!!? I'm literally going to have to take a break for a week or so from tying which is a lot harder than I thought because I love writing so much like damnnnn (don't worry I'll still be updating) but it hurts so much it aches all the way up to my elbows 24/7???

So yeah I'm fucked up but hey who cares because KLLANNCEEE

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today was the motherfucking day.

Today was the day of the Leandro and Akira saucy make out scene.

Lance may just vomit. Not that he was going to admit that.

It wasn't like he was scared to kiss Keith. It was more all the attention. What if Lance fucked up?

What if Lance got a boner?

He shuddered, not even wanting to think of how embarrassing that would be. Lance knew he wouldn't get one, no matter how intimate this scene was. Filming these kinds of things were typically too awkward for that kind of stuff to happen. But the thought was still there and not 100% impossible.

Lance and Keith were sitting on the break room couch reading over their lines like they usually did. Laughing and making jokes and asking each other on opinions in expression and tone.

That's right, this scene was no different from any other.

Other than the fact Lance was going to be kissing Keith. Someone who he admired and had grown to be great friends with.

Christ.

They already had their hair and makeup done, so now it was just waiting for the crew to set up the scene and finish filming another scene that consisted of Allura, Shiro, Pidge and Hunk. Basically, everyone other than Keith and Lance.

Kane popped his head through the door.

"Lance, Keith, Sandra and Monty are ready for you."

"Thanks Kane!" Lance grinned, jumping to his feet once Kane disappeared again. Keith followed the action and stood up himself. "I hope you had some mints after you ate that tuna dip," Lance teased, nudging Keith with his elbow.
"I didn't eat tuna dip?"

"What one did you have?"

"The sweet potato one..." He frowned. "Did you have the tuna one?"

"I didn't have tuna dip. Garlic knots on the other hand..."

"Ugh..." Keith muttered with a roll of his eyes. Lance chuckled.

"I'm just kidding my dude. Let's go-"

"Hang on," Keith said, making Lance pause. Before Lance could realise what he was doing, Keith placed a quick, chaste kiss on Lance's lips. It was over before Lance even realise what was going on, but it still left him with wide surprised eyes and pink cheeks.

Keith patted Lance's cheek.

"There we go, now we're passed that 'first kiss' stage, let's go," he said simply and turned for the door. Lance blinked himself out of his daze and then went to follow behind Keith.

*Lance hadn't really expected Keith's lips to be quite that soft... *

* * *

"Is it just me, or are there more people here today?" Lance asked sceptically as he looked around set. It couldn't have just been Lance's imagination, there were definitely more people on set than usual. People loitering around with clipboards, papers, props and cups of coffee.

"Yep," Keith beside him said simply. They were both geared up and ready to film while the lighting crew were finishing a few minor details. "They're here to watch." Lance's head whipped to the left to Keith, wondering how on earth he could be so casual about it.

"What?" People were there... to just... watch them?

Keith nodded slowly.

"Yup, people like to watch these types of scenes," Keith explained. "Especially with the fact it's the first real kiss scene for the show."

*Well that made Lance want to die just a little more.*

"Boys," Sandra greeted as she walked over. "How are we feeling?" she asked, looking from Lance to Keith.

"I think we're fine," Keith replied smoothly as Lance wiped his sweaty palms onto his pants.

Sandra grinned.

"Perfect, let's go walk through the sequence." She walked them over to the scene, which was in the character's hideout. The place that the scene would be taking place was a room that could be described as a community room.

"So," she started, pointing to the door where Leandro would be entering the scene. "Lance, you're going to come in from that direction, you're going to approach Akira who will be standing here-" she said pointing to Keith's position. "You go through your lines. You know the drill. Now Lance,"
Lance looked closely at her, waiting for the instructions.

"As Akira speaks, you're going to slowly get closer to him, then when it's your cue, kiss him. No hungry piranhas. Sweet and simple. Pull back put enough for your noses to touch, give each other a gooey loving look then you can go for it again. Little more passion this time around." She paused, looking to Keith. "Akira, Leandro almost died. The boy you love almost died and now he's returning your feelings. You don't want to lose him. Use that intensity, alright Keith?" she asked while Keith nodded, eyes narrowed in concentration.

"Next is where things get a little more interesting," she explained and then looked to Lance. "Lance, you're going to pick Keith up - no breaking that kiss- and then carry him to the wall. Keith, legs around Lance when he pushes you against the wall. Go impromptu from there. But what we really want is that fever alright? You're desperate for one another after a near death experience. Lance, I want at one stage you to pin Keith's arms against the wall."

"How's he staying up if I'm not holding him up?"

"He'll just have to tighten his legs around you, push him up further against the wall if he starts to slip."

"Right..." Lance trailed off.

"Give us the whole works boys. I want hair grabbing, hands roaming, everything. We can adjust footage later," she took a quick glance to her clipboard. "Also, towards the end of the scene, Keith we're going to ask for you to put your hands underneath the back of Lance's shirt. She clenched her fists slightly. "Stick out your knuckles, we want that visual of hands, Leandro's shirt is tight as well, so that'll assist. I want that done before the arms are pinned to the wall."

"Sure thing," Keith replied coolly.

"Amazing. I know this is a lot of improvising, but you boys know each other well. We've seen your on-screen chemistry and we know it works. So, don't fret too much," She gave them both a soft smile. "Let's run through a few times. Are you ready?"

Lance and Keith exchanged a look. Lance smiled and held up his fist for Keith.

"Let's go get 'em Mullet." He smirked as Keith did as he bumped Lance's fist.

* * *

So apparently making out on set was a lot more difficult than it first looked.

"You almost died," Akira whispered, eyes flickering up. There were so close that Lance could smell the sweet potato dip he ate for lunch mixed in with the mint Lance had forced him to eat. "I can't lose you. That was too close," he said, holding desperately onto Leandro's wrist.

"You're not going to lose me..." there was a pause where they both look into each other's eyes. It's supposed to be really serious and shit but Lance cracks a smile, which makes Keith's nose scrunch up as he also tried not to smile. Lance widened his eyes to get himself to not laugh, forcing his mouth to go back into a straight line. Suddenly a bark of laughter left Keith's mouth which made choke on a ball of laughter at the back of his throat.

"You made me laugh. You looked like a bug-eyed fish," Keith snickered, pushing Lance's shoulder as Daisy came over and fixed their hair.
"I'm sorry!" Lance called out, chuckling as he fanned his eyes. "I couldn't help it! I've never been good in serious situations!"

The next time around went better, but only fractionally.

They were kissing smoothly (kissing Keith wasn't as awkward as Lance thought it would be: bonus). It had been a little nerve wracking moving in for that first (second?) kiss. Lance knew he and Keith were close, but obviously kissing surpassed way beyond the boundaries of platonic love. The body language and hand movements were also not one of friends. Lance's hands were moving down Keith's back, getting ready to go under the back of his thighs so Keith could jump up and Lance could carry him to the wall. As Lance reached to do so, Keith did as he was instructed by jumping slightly to assist with the process.

But Lance fumbled.

Lance didn't just fumble though.

Oh no, it was much worse than a fumble.

He didn't position his hands right, so when he tried to do it mid panic he ended up doing a really handsy ass grab. Keith's weight was more than he was expecting, making Lance stagger backwards and drop.

He dropped Keith.

And he dropped himself too.

Lance landed on his ass, holding onto Keith so he wouldn't get hurt during the fall. Luckily, Keith landed on top of Lance with a grunt of surprise. He opened his eyes to see Keith hovering over his face and cracked.

"I'm sorry!" Lance blurted out face red. Keith looked down at him, then ducked his head into Lance's shoulder, probably to hide the fact he was laughing. A few of the crew were also laughing at this stage. And with Keith laughing into his shoulder, made Lance realise 'okay, Keith isn't hurt, I'm not hurt, I'm allowed to laugh'.

So he did, chest heaving up and down despite the weight of Keith who was still on his chest.

"You good boys?" Monty asked, and Lance held a thumb up from the ground as Keith snorted.

"You snorted!" Lance gasped out as he laughed. He wasn't aware boys as handsome as Keith could do funny little snorts amid heavy laughter.

"You fucking dropped us!" Keith cackled out, lifting his head from Lance's shoulder. "You dropped us!" he wheezed out, rolling off Lance to the space beside him. It took a hot minute or two for Keith and Lance to calm down. Because once one of them snickered, it set the other off into a frenzy of laughter.

"Someone go over and fix their makeup!" Someone shouted out and within a split-second Audrey and Monica were racing over with products.

After another five minutes of calming down, the crew decided it would probably be best to practice the lift again.

Lance staggered slightly again for the first time. He was more prepared for the weight though, so
they didn't fall over.

"Do you eat cement for breakfast or something?" Lance teased, looking up to Keith he was holding.

"Just cause your scrawny arms don't know how to hold up anything other than iced coffee," Keith responded with a smirk while Lance gasped in offense.

It took a couple of tries to perfect the move, but once they did Lance yelled out in triumph. To celebrate, Lance began to spin them both around the room. It probably looked a bit silly to the crew, both shouting out in joy and laughing like idiots. It was a little success closer to making a perfect scene.

Lance felt like filming these sorts of scenes weren't supposed to be so fun.

It was time to start trying to film again.

Kissing: check.

Picking Keith up and carrying him to the wall: check.

Pushing Keith against wall: issue.

They were making out with the perfect amount of passion and intensity. It's easy and difficult to slip into character. He's very aware Leandro is holding Akira, but really, it's Lance holding Keith in a room filled with lights and cameras. It felt like it was supposed to be a private moment for the characters, which made it hard to maintain that 'privacy' with a room full of people watching their every move. Lance had his hands securely under Keith's thighs, and Keith's legs were wrapped around his waist and hands touching the softest part of his undercut.

It was time for the wall bit. Lance went to press Keith up against it but went a little (a lot) too hard as he mistook how close he was. The bang of Keith's head against the wall was loud enough that some of the crew members did a quick intake of breath in surprise. Lance's eyes snapped open and he quickly lowered Keith's feet to the ground.

"Did I concuss you?" Lance squeaked, holding Keith's face in his hands. He tilted his head to make sure there wasn't any blood. Keith scoffed and rolled his eyes with a smile.

"I'm fine-"

"I'm so sorry!" Lance blubbered, wrapping his hands around Keith's head, cradling it. He looked over to the crew and pouted. He felt bad.

"I'm fine Lance," Keith's chuckle was muffled into Lance's chest. "Stop patting me," he added on. Lance had been stroking the top of Keith's head, hair soft under his fingertips.

"Shhh... I'm healing you."

"M'fine," he insisted, rubbing the back of his head. "If anything, the pony tail digging into my head hurt more than anything."

A faint memory of Rachel complaining about the same thing made a click into Lance's mind. She said hair ties digging into the back of your head was painful.

"Hang on," Lance whispered, patting Keith's shoulders before dashing over to Monty and Sandra.
He made a quiet request, which they accepted with a smug smile. When Lance returned to Keith he noticed to other boy's curious expression.

"Re-set!" Monty called out.

When Sandra called out for the scene to start, Lance instantly got into character.

Leandro walked onto the scene, standing by the door.

"Akira." His voice came out softly, gaining the boy's attention. Akira looked over to Leandro, eyes going wide.

"Leandro, you-" Akira took a few steps closer and paused hesitantly.

"Yeah, out of the healing pod. I'm out." There was a long pause. Neither of them knew what was okay to say. "You saved me. You got Black and I out."

"Do you... remember what happened in Black?" Akira asked, crossing his arms anxiously.

"Some of it," Leandro admitted. "Tell me if I'm off here, but did you..." Now it was Leandro's turn to turn hesitant. "Did you... tell me something." He was referring to the moment when Akira confessed he was in love with him.

"Leandro..."

"It's okay if it was a mistake." Leandro said in a lighter tone, trying to act nonchalant. "Emotions running high and all."

"Lea..." Leandro raised his eyes back to Akira's. "You aren't wrong. I said it. And I don't regret it either." Leandro took a step closer to Akira like Lance was instructed. "I'm sorry if you don't feel the same. I care about you. The whole team does. But... but I don't think I could do this without you."

"Can you say it for me again?" Leandro asked. Akira flushed, breaking eye contact.

"Ummm..."

"Please Kira," Leandro whispered taking another step closer.

Akira's eyes moved up to meet his again. They're doing a close shot of his eyes. Leandro took another step closer, almost chest to chest, not quite touching.

The hesitance on Akira's face is obvious, his character was always reluctant to make his true emotions clear. This was a big step for him as a character. "I love you Leandro."

Leandro raised a hand to cup Akira's jaw, tender smile on his face.

"I love you too Akira." There's a follow of silence as their foreheads rest against each other, eyes locked onto each other. "I really, really do. You saved my life. I owe you everything. I want to give you everything. I want to be with you."

Keith's eyes are pretty in this light, Lance noticed. They're grey, the lighting giving them flecks that Lance usually didn't notice.

"It's too risky. You almost died because of my screw up," Akira whispered, shaking his head in disdain. "I can't lose you. That was too close-"
"You're not going to lose me," Leandro promised, holding him a little closer. "You can't get rid of me, even if you tried. Too stubborn." Akira hesitated, then looked to Leandro's lips.

Cue.

Slowly, cautiously, Leandro leaned in. He had a hand nicely placed on Akira's jaw as he moved closer. There's a pause, a chase of the lips as Akira hesitates (for cinematic effect) and then his eyes flutter closed as Leandro sealed the deal.

**Sweet and simple.**

It's soft and sweet and Lance can't even remember when the last time he kissed someone like this was. Even if it wasn't *real*. They're giving their fans a show to remember.

**No hungry piranhas.**

Just like all their other takes, Lance pulled back from the kiss.

**Pull back put enough for your noses to touch.**

Akira eyes opened a moment after Leandro's did. They took the moment to stare at each other, the proximity burning through their touch.

**Give each other a gooey loving look.**

Leandro smiled softly while Akira looked a little bashful.

**Then you can go for it again...**

Akira swooped in, his mouth colliding against Leandro's.

**More passion.**

Leandro's hands went to the small of Akira's back, making the boy arch in closer with the help of the guiding touch. Akira's grabbed fistfuls of material of Leandro's shirt. He'd thought he was going to die, so Lance can't blame the guy for clinging to Leandro like his life depended on it.

Leandro's hands move from Akira's back, to his sides, then -like the script asked- touch moving down Akira's thighs getting ready to lift him up. Since practice makes perfect, the move goes by seamlessly. Leandro now has Kei-Akira in his arms, hands placed more on his ass than thighs to keep him up and from slipping. Akira's legs around Leandro help as well.

Now it's wall time.

Lance swung them both in the overdramatic (but tasteful) way he was instructed and moved towards the wall. He took a calculated to where he thinks he is a step away from the wall and used a hand to reach for Akira's hair. He grabbed at the hair tie that held together the half up-do and pulled.

Keith's a little surprised by the sudden change, but like any good actor, adapted to the situation. Akira grinned and pulled back slightly shaking his hair out a little more before Leandro slammed him up against the wall.

No head bang this time, *sweet*.

Lance's hands settle to the space underneath Keith's thighs while the other's legs were tightly wind
around Lance, ankles locked behind his back.

*Give us the whole works boys.*

Everything they do feels like the 'works'. It's so freaking quiet in the room that all that anyone can really hear is the soft pop of lips and tongue working against each other and short inhales and exhales through the nose. It probably should feel a little more awkward than it is. But Lance feels weirdly chill. Maybe it's because it's Keith.

*I want hair grabbing, hands roaming, everything.*

Lance made an effort to dramatize the squeeze and glide of his hands along Keith's thighs, while Keith has free hands to grab and pull at Lance's hair. They slide up Lance's dark, skin tight shirt. His fingers were cold but careful as the bunch up, nails delicately tracing up Lance's spine which feels a little more pleasant than it should be considering their situation.

Next thing for Lance to do is grab Keith's hands and pin them up against the wall. *This* is probably the most difficult part of the scene in the sense of physical exertion. Lance doesn't even want to think of the core muscles Keith must be using now as Lance pinned his arms above Keith's head. He pushed Keith further against the wall to stop him from slipping.

Their fingers intertwine because ya know: *cute*. But this also indicates to the end of the scene because the camera would be zooming up on their hands, then blacking out. All they were waiting for was...

"Cut!"

Lance and Keith both pull back with heavy breaths and look over at Monty and Sandra expectantly. They're smiling. Monty puts his thumb up and mouths the word *perfect*, making the room erupt into applause that made Lance grin. He turned to look at Keith - who he is still holding - and smiled wider as Keith smiled softly at him.

"Don't we just make a great team?" Lance said. When Keith went to open his mouth Lance grinned mischievously and flung Keith over his shoulder and then proceeded to run around set shouting about their success and greatness. Keith laughed and squawked, grabbing onto Lance's clothes just in case he slipped. But Lance had him and wasn't really tending on letting him go either.

The cast and crew watched Lance run around shouting with the usually stoic Keith on his shoulder laughing like a kid. They all smiled and laughed along. Even Sandra - who demanded Lance to be careful was watching them fondly.

* * *

"Did you just get all of that on film?" Hunk asked, making Pidge scoff.

"Dumb question, of course I did."

Chapter End Notes

Y'ALL BITCHES THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE ANGSTY BUT GUESS WHAT DING DONG YOU WERE WRONG
also anyone notice how Lance switched from using Akira and gradually started to call him Keith while they were kissing?? That's called the peak of my creative choices

Also no keith P.O.V this chapter? 100% deliberate because he would've just been gay panic (probably I'll let you decide that) Also they might have undiscovered feelings for one another BUT THEY'RE STILL PROFESSIONALS ALRIGHT THIS IS THEIR CAREERS just pointing it out there

What to expect next week
-Lance has pretty blue eyes
-Keith has gay panic from said pretty blue eyes
-KICK 2.0???
Just wanted to say thank you to you all for being so nice and supportive with me and my fucked up arms. I didn't write anything for this fic this week for the first time in probably months, which was slightly torturous ngl but i'm slowly getting better. Hopefully I'll be back to writing full chapters again soon <3 <3

"So today we're going to be doing a warm themed look on my dear friend Lance McClain! You guys really wanted to see Lance in one of my videos and I've managed to pull this busy man aside for a couple of hours to do a video."

"I feel like a celebrity being on here Lurs. I love your videos," Lance commented, overlooking Allura's extensive camera equipment and lighting.

Allura failed to suppress a giggle. "Sorry to break it to you Lance, but you're already a celebrity."

Sometimes it was easy to forget about Lance's spurt in popularity in the media. His online following had almost doubled, and he was getting offers on work and sponsors left, right and centre. It was a little overwhelming, but mostly he was ecstatic with his increase in interest. Other times it was hard with always having to keep on his toes, looking out for paparazzi and being extra careful with how he presented himself.

Above everything else he was just happy that his career was going in a positive direction.

A few minutes later, Allura showed the camera an array of products that either smelt nice, felt nice or did something that Lance didn't really know. He may practically be in makeup 24/7 for Voltron, but he didn't really know much about it.

Allura talked the audience and Lance through the process. She started with primer which was silky against his face and discussed the foundation she's using.

The eyeshadow is the fun part. She used some warm oranges on his lids and under his lash line.

"This look is quite simple," Allura explained as the brush dabbed at his inner crease. "We're going to make his eyes quite dramatic though, because our boy Lance has very pretty blue eyes," Allura commented making Lance snicker.

"You flatter me."

"The world flatters you, you got voted 'prettiest eyes' in Ladies Lust Magazine."

"I'm in a magazine called Ladies Lust?" Lance chuckled, brow raising.

"You indeed are. I can't believe you didn't see that."

"I think all my social media is too clogged up with Klance to even notice." They both laugh a little at that.
"That reminds me, I haven't really spoken to you since *The Wall Scene,*" she grinned mischievously. The scene had been all that anyone had spoken about on set for the rest of the week. People had turned walls into an onset meme. Pidge would point at a wall and say 'Lance quick! Better pin Keith to that wall!' or someone would get up the footage from the video diaries and to fluster them both. "Don't worry about the camera, I'll be speeding up this process so they won't hear anything."

"Well I mean, there's not really much to tell. We filmed the scene. Keith is Keith," Lance insisted with a chuckle, feeling a slight itch on his nose that he wasn't allowed to scratch. Allura rolled her eyes with mirth.

"I meant more along the lines of 'how was it kiss Keith Kogane, famous actor extraordinaire?'" Lance scoffed at the description and her dramatic tone.

Okay, sure, maybe a year ago Lance would've described Keith the same way. Lance had spent his life looking up to him, watching in on the screen with wide eyes and eager to see what his characters would do next. Keith always seemed like 'the goal' when it came to an acting career. Well liked, great at his job and all that. It almost felt like he wasn't real, just a perfect face on a screen.

Now that Lance knew Keith, he had grown to learn that yes, Keith was an actual person. With actual worries and interesting quirks. He wasn't indestructible, wasn't unreachable, he was just a normal dude who loved his job, his dog and his friends.

"It was fine," Lance smiled, eyes casted down.

"Just *fine?* You've got to have more details than that! Was he a good kisser?" That got a blush out of Lance, which he played off with a laugh.

"Well for starters it wasn't a real kiss. On screen kisses aren't really that intense as they appear to be on TV." Which was very true. The kiss was more to *appear* good than to *feel* good. "You're more focused on following cues and instructions to actually notice anyway." Lance admitted honestly.

Allura seemed disappointed by that response if her pout was anything to go by. She paused and looked to the camera, explaining the sped-up process she just did. When she was done, she looked back to Lance with sheer determination.

"How about this; what was it compared to other on screen kisses you've done in the past?" asked instead.

"Oh, easily the best," Lance said without a second of hesitation. Allura's brow arched incredulously with a hint of smugness in her smile.

"That was a very quick response."

"Don't make it weird. I've had three roles where I had to mack on." Lance raised one finger. "First was right after I came back from Broadway and had been dumped, so poor seventeen year old Lance was awkward as fuck and heartbroken. Plus, it was my first time kissing someone on screen. Weird." Lance raised another finger. "Second was my ex's best friend and she hated my guts." He raised the last finger. "Third; Keith." He said simply, like it was all he really needed to say.

"Your ex kinda ruined two roles for you."

*Oh she's ruined more than a few things for me...*
"Young love and heartbreak, what can you do?" Lance said instead.

"True that," Allura murmured in agreement under her breath and pressed a brush to Lance's cheek.

"So that's why it was an easy choice. Keith's done a few scenes like that before so he had experience and knew what to expect. He really helped me through it and calmed me down."

"Under all that gruff and brood, Keith's really just a softy, huh?" Allura mused. Lance laughed at that, nodding.

"Oh he totally is," Lance chuckled. It was odd to think their first few encounters had been negative. Keith still had that unrelenting bluntness about him that can seem insensitive, Lance still managed (and loved) to drive Keith up the wall batty, but it works for them. They flow together nicely like they’d grown together.

Lance remembered the time when Keith had stuck up for him against Bob in that interview and smiled to himself, warm appreciation buzzing under his skin.

A few minutes later the look was finished and all that was left to do was coat him in setting spray.

"And here we have the completed look!" Allura grinned, handing Lance a mirror so he could take his first look at her masterpiece.

"Oh damn Allura!" Lance grinned as he pushed the mirror closer to his face. "This is so cool!" he exclaimed as he looked at his face. The foundation was light, not cakey or over the top. His eyes however were dramatic with oranges and burgundies, making the blue in his eyes brighten. "I look like my sister Rachel!" Lance added. "I knew you were good Allura, but wow!"

Allura laughed bashfully at the praise as Lance continued to pump it up.

Once the video was over and done, Lance took a selfie of him and Allura to put on his snapchat story, saying it was a preview for Allura's video that would be coming out next week.

They spent the rest of the afternoon chatting away about the good and bad of their lifestyle and ordered some fancy gourmet burgers for dinner.

Lance really loved his friends.

* * *

"You flatter me."

Lance's voice sounded from Adam's laptop that was on Shiro's lap. Keith frowned as he walked over to the couch the couple were sitting on. He glanced over their shoulders to look at the screen.

"The world flatters you, you got voted 'prettiest eyes' in Ladies Lust Magazine."

"I'm in a magazine called Ladies Lust?"

"What are you watching?" Keith asked.

"Allura's video with Lance that she just uploaded." Shiro explained without moving his head.

"What are they doing?" Keith asked curiously.

"Make up tutorial." Adam elaborated. They all turned their attention back to the screen.
"You indeed are. I can't believe you didn't see that."

"I think all my social media is too clogged up with Klance to even notice."

Keith knew that feeling too well. As much as he loved the talent in the fandom, he wasn't quite sure how he felt about the fan art and fan fiction of Klance that popped up. Leakira was fine because that was Leandro and Akira, two fictional characters who have been having a steady slow burn during the first season and were getting together in season 2.

Leakira was fine. Keith liked that their fanbase were so creative and talented.

Klance... well if Keith was honest he'd rather not see people theorising their undying love for each other. How people pointed out that he was ‘staring’ at Lance. Or how the fact that Cosmo loves Lance so that must mean they spend a lot of time together.

Okay... that last one was kind of true but it didn't mean he was in love with Lance.

Keith looked up and felt his eyes widen momentarily. During the time he had zoned out, Allura had fast forwarded the process and had finished the look.

Keith saw Lance's face in makeup all the time, but they were never required to wear eyeshadow. The oranges and dark reds made his eyes look huge and almost doll like. Maybe due to the coating of mascara that flicked his lashes upwards into a curl. And was he wearing coloured contacts? Keith knew Lance had blue eyes, but were they usually that blue?

"Allura's good at that," Adam commented casually. "Don't you think Keith?"

Bait. Adam was fucking baiting him.

"It's cool." He replied gruffly, now vaguely annoyed. Ever since that time Adam had insisted Keith liked Lance, he had been making a few occasional suggestive comments on the subject. It had gotten worse since they had to film the kiss scene. And it wasn't just Adam and Shiro watching his and Lance’s every interaction. It was the whole cast and even some of the crew. It was like they were just waiting for Keith to screw up and make it obvious that he-

Woah... um no?

There was nothing to be obvious about...

Keith stood up from his position and walked over to the bathroom, throwing cold water over his face. He looked at his reflection in the mirror and growled.

"Get a hold of yourself," he told himself with a grumble.

He then dried his face off and left the bathroom; good as new.

*   *   *

LANCE BBY YOU ARE THE PRETTIEST BOY TO EVER EXIST

I wonder what they were talking about when Allura speed up the video those few times???? Voltron spoilers

i blame this video for me being bisexual
I mean I don't want to be THAT person but just imagine keith's reaction to this video - thanks for being that person because i would pay good money to see it

Okay this look is real cute though damn i'm mad because i'm never gonna pull it off as well as lance

PLEASE GIVE US MORE LANCE VIDEOS AND MAYBE NEXT TIME KEITH CAN BE IN IT!!

* * *

"Bitch!" Lance shouted as Keith threw a blue shell at him.

"Don't yell. You'll wake Cosmo up," Keith muttered as he overtook Lance in Yoshi Falls.

"Bitch," Lance repeated, but this time in a whisper. It didn't matter either way, because a mere few seconds later Lance's phone started ringing, waking the sleeping pup up. Lance groaned, looking at the caller ID on his phone. He frowned as he saw his manager’s name pop up.

He reached for his phone and put it to his ear.

"Hey Mateo! What's up?" Lance asked, shoving Keith to make him pause their intense game of Mario Kart. Dirty cheat.

"Lance, just the man I wanted to hear. Have you happened to check your emails in the past twenty minutes?"

"No..." He had in fact actually been playing Mario Kart for the past hour and forty minutes. He doesn't tell Mateo this.

"Could you check it? Some of the Voltron Cast have been asked to feature in a music video." Lance interest piqued.

"I'll do that right now."

"Thanks Lance, talk soon. Let me know what you think."

Lance hung up the phone and immediately went to look at his emails.

"What was that about?" Keith asked, head resting against the couch.

"Some music video, apparently," Lance murmured, getting up the new email. He read over it and smiled. "You know the singer Rosie Kay?" Lance asked Keith.

"The name's familiar."

Rosie Kay was an upcoming pop singer. Lance had liked a few of her hits. One of those hits were Pretty Summer Boys, which was apparently getting a music video.

"She's a singer. They're asking for a bunch of guys to be in the video clip. You included. Actually..." Lance looked over the email one more time. "I think all of the guys in the main cast in Voltron have been asked. They've got actors, bands, singers and online personalities attending."

"What the fuck is an 'Online Personality'?"
"I think that's just a fancy word for Youtubers, Bloggers and influencers," Lance explained to Keith frowned.

"Like Allura?"

"Like Allura."

"I saw that video you were in by the way." Keith mentioned. Lance smiled.

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah, Adam and Shiro saw it too."

"Didn't think you guys would be the type to be watching makeup tutorials," Lance teased with a smirk.

"Yeah, no not really. Hey, congrats on being featured in Lady Lust Magazine," Keith retorted mockingly.

"My greatest achievement," Lance said with sarcasm which made Keith laugh as well.

"Allura's really talented at the makeup though."

"She's amazing!" Lance agreed. "What about me? Was I a great model?"

"Meh," Keith said with a shrug.

"Rude!" Lance laughed and shoved Keith's shoulder. Cosmo noticed the playful action and jumped up on the couch to join in on the fun.

"No Cos," Keith growled with no real spite in his tone. "Cosmo, get off the couch!"

"Let him stay and cuddle!" Lance pouted, wrapping his long arms protectively around the fluffy dog, hiding his face into Cosmo's dark fur.

"Easy for you to say, you're not the one who has to clean fur off the couch." Keith grumbled, but scratched Cosmo's chin either way.

*     *     *

The next day at filming, Shiro was the first to bring up the Rosie Kay video clip for her song Pretty Summer Boys.

"Did all of us guys get asked to be in it?" Hunk asked looking around the room. "When is it?"

"It starts next week," Shiro informed. "Are you all going to do it?"

"Why not!" Lance grinned from his chair. "It should be fun! Meet some famous people, be in a music video, it'll be a cool experience!"

"That's true..." Hunk trailed off. "I wonder what we're all going to be doing? Apparently there is going to be like... 50 of us?"
"50?" Lance gawked.

"They asked me to bring Cosmo, so I have no idea what kind of crap they're going to make us do."

"Awww Cosmo!" Lance cooed. "I guess we'll have to wait for next week, huh?"

They all looked around at each other and began to wonder.

* * *

"I don't know how people can move their body like that," Pidge muttered in disdain as they scrolled through. "That can't be normal!"

"Whatcha watching?" Lance asked, walking behind the staffroom couch to look over both their shoulders. It was quiet on set today since filming was almost over for the season. It was crazy to think season 2 was almost complete.

"This dance account on Instagram. These people have such incredible talent!" Allura's long nails tapped against the screen, scrolling through and showing Lance some of the videos. They were mostly hip hop, dancing to popular songs at the moment to allure attention.

Lance pointed to the screen.

"I can do that."

They both turned to look over their shoulder at him.

"You can?" Pidge asked, not looking too convinced.

"Broadway; Singing, acting and dancing." Lance said simply.

Although dancing was his weaker point out of the three, he was still a pretty darn good, if he said so himself. His younger years were filled with dance and gymnastic lessons. His love for singing had always been present, and when he first realised musical theatre was an actual thing was when he picked up acting. His dancing history helped aid him in the field.

"You should replicate one of these dances! Then we can put it on our twitter page for everyone!" Allura beamed. "I think the fans would love to see that." She scrolled through and picked one out. "How about this one?" she asked, playing the video.

"Cardi B," Lance noted, watching through the dance. "Too easy."

* * *

After watching through the choreography a few times Lance was pretty sure he had a rough idea of what the sequence was.

Him, Allura and Pidge moved the room's couches aside to make a small dance floor for Lance. When it was ready, Pidge held up her phone and pointed it at Lance. Allura grinned.

"Take it away Lancey Lance."

* * *

It was a Saturday, which meant it was cast family get together night.
This week Keith had the pleasure of hosting the event. Which was awesome for Lance, since all he had to do was walk across the street, not having to commute across the city or even further. Which was he was doing right now. Lance was in sweats and his slippers, running across the street, praying no paparazzi would catch him running to Keith's apartment in the middle of the night. That would be quite the scandal.

Lance had decided to go over an hour earlier than everyone else to Keith prepare for the evening. He did his job by pouring snacks into bowls and picking out a movie to watch on Netflix. He also did a magnificent job of distracting Cosmo from Keith who had the hot food.

They chatted away, making jokes like always to pass the time.

A part of Lance thought things might be a bit awkward after filming the steamy make out scene, but he was really glad to not notice anything different from either of their behaviour. Everything was the same and Lance was grateful for it.

An hour and a half later Shiro rocked up alone (Adam was busy working on a new writing project), Allura was next and then Hunk. The last person to rock up was Pidge. She ignored everyone’s greetings and made her way over to Lance in a speed faster than anyone had ever seen from her before. She bounced onto the couch on the space next to him and Cosmo. The dog was happily curled up on his lap, sending his legs numb from the weight.

"Have you seen this?" she demanded, shoving her phone in his face.

Lance frowned at the phone and took it from her hands. He began to scroll.

KICK 2.0?

New and improved KICK?
- stfu you noob

who is this kid @keithkogane_ can you PLEASE kick this guy?? (the pun was 100% intended)

HOnestly though who isn't swooning over that video of Lance dancing??

Watcha gonna do @keithkogane_ ??????

"What's going on?" Lance asked as he continued to scroll. Allura sat beside him and rested her chin on his shoulder as she also read the screen as well.

"Haven't you seen the video?" Pidge asked. Lance frowned, not sure if he wanted to see the video. "Here, lemme get this shit up."

Everyone was looking at them all with confusion. Lance's brow jumped up when he saw the twitter page for Pop Rock Band 'Plus 5'. They were a popular band, with song after song being major hits. Lance actually really liked the band and frequently listened to their music when he wasn't binging musicals.

"What does this-"

"Shut up and watch!" Pidge interrupted and clicked the play button. Lance frowned but complied. The video started off with the face of a young man with a big cheeky grin.
"Sup Plusers! How's it going? It's Cameron again, hope you're all doing well." The guy was walking as he spoke, voice whispering like he was trying to hide something. "As you all know, us four guys really love the Show Voltron on Netflix. Do yourself a favour and go watch it if you haven't. Anyways, the guy who plays one of the main character’s name is Lance McClain-" Lance glanced to Pidge momentarily before looking back to the screen, "put a video up on Twitter of him dancing-"

"Are you making the video?" A deep voice came and peeped his head onto the screen; another absurdly attractive boy.

"Yeah Ty, is he still on the couch?" Cameron asked and Ty nodded. "Okay sweet." Cameron kept walking, voice getting quieter. "So, as some know, our vocalist Kendall is a fan and I think he's been watching that video on repeat for like two hours straight with massive heart eyes."

Pidge laughed while Lance himself choked on his own breath and ended up coughing.

"So we're going to expose his smitten ass. I want everyone to start tagging Lance McClain and shit so he can see this. Here we go." Cameron opened a squeaky door and flipped the camera around to show a tall guy who appeared to be Kendall, stretched out on a couch. His eyes were glued to his phone, unaware his bandmate was sneaking up towards him.

Cameron snickered a laugh as he walked up behind Kendall, giving the camera a perfect view of the unsuspecting boy's phone, which was indeed showing the video of Lance dancing. Lance couldn't help but flush red as the boy ogled him.

"Whatcha watching Kendie?" Cameron asked making the boy jolt and look over his shoulder.

"Are you recording me?" Kendall asked coolly.

"Yep and I'm going to post this video of you drooling over Lance McClain to twitter!"

Kendall's nonchalance died instantly. He shouted and jumped to his feet to chase after Cameron who was laughing and running away. That's where the video ended.

"Aww Lance has an admirer!" Allura giggled.

"A new person for everyone to speculate over," Hunk added with laugh.

"Well I'm flattered!" Lance snickered, handing Pidge her phone back and pulled out his own. He got up his twitter and replied to the video.

@Plus5OfficalPage @TheRealCameronK what a nice boost to my ego. Nice to hear you like Voltron and Kendall likes my ~moves~

Lance laughed a little to himself.

"Looks like you've got yourself some KICK name rights competition." Pidge said looking over to Keith who scoffed and rolled his eyes.

"Don't worry Keith, you'll always be the K to my Klance. The other half of my KICK," Lance grinned across the room to him.

"He can have you," Keith deadpanned making Lance gasp in offense.

"Keith! You can't just throw me away into some strangers arms like that!" Keith just laughed in
response which earned him a pillow to the face that Lance threw at him. "Awful! Well and truly awful!"

Chapter End Notes

For those who have read my other klance fic Lucky and Rivalry and noticed the similarities between Lance in that fic and this fic within this chapter,, you're the real ones (for those who are confused Lance in my other fic did gymnastics and dancing as a kid and I stan this headcanon)

SOOOOO ya girl did some research and i chose for Lance to dance to Cardi B's 'I like it' because why the fuck not and heres a link to the video he was copying (especially the boys at 1:06)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g6hSLZkI7GY

This chapter was more of a lead up to the next one, which will include...
- Lance, Keith, Hunk, Shiro and Cosmo in costumes
- Lance is a pretty boy and he can't help it
- Cosmo is a cockblock
"Cosmo is going to be the most handsome boy here," Lance cooed to the dog as he held onto the lead, guiding him out of the car park and towards the building they would be shooting in. "I am a close second though, okay?" he whispered to Cosmo. Keith scoffed and rolled his eyes.

They had just arrived at the set for the Pretty Summer Boys video clip. Keith, Shiro, Hunk, Lance and of course Cosmo all arrived together. When they walked into the large hall, it was very apparent to the stares they all received that everyone was aware of who they were. Lance was rather surprised by how instant the reaction was. The room went a little quiet for a moment, before going back into normal volume.

"Well that was kinda freaky," Hunk murmured under his breath. Hunk - like Lance - wasn't typically known for their acting. Lance was known more for his singing before Voltron, and Hunk had been a well respected celebrity chef. So that sort of reaction wasn't the norm for them.

Keith and Shiro however, were well known actors. This was normal for them. Everyone in the room would know exactly who they were.

A man with a head piece in his ear approached them with a smile.

"Welcome, thank you so much for attending today. I'm Wren. We've got all your costuming ready in the change rooms. Could you all please follow me," he said as he turned on his heels to walk. The actors exchanged a short look before following. "Have you been briefed on the context of your roles during the filming process?" he asked, glancing over his shoulder as they walked down an echoing hallway.

"No, just what was asked from the email," Shiro explained. Wren nodded and opened a door.

"Okay then, well it's very simple. The song is about... well... what the title entails; pretty boys. You all have a quick shot each. We've provided you all with wardrobes with what you need to wear that will fit your rolls. Keith, I am aware your dog Cosmo will be joining you in your shot."

Lance grinned down at Cosmo who lifted his head at hearing his name.

"He also has a little bandanna to wear to match you. It should be with your stuff." He walked to a rack, filled with large plastic slips with clothes hangers attached. Wren handed one to Hunk, then followed by Shiro, Lance and then Keith. "Feel free to get changed now. We have separate rooms so don't worry." Wren touched his head piece and paused for a moment, seemingly listening to someone. "Okay, I must go, but once you're all dressed and ready, come out to the main hall. We
can do your shoots easy and you will be able to go home. If any of you have any issues with your costuming, please let us know immediately. Good luck." He left immediately after that.

"Well I guess we should get our outfits on," Shiro murmured and they all went and got dressed in their respective change rooms.

* * *

Lance looked banging in his outfit, if he did say so himself.

The top of his outfit was a bright red cropped jumper that was loose and bunched up at the sleeves and finished a little above his belly button. The pants were simple black jogger pants that stopped above the ankles.

He however wasn't the only one looking good.

Hunk was looking like a handsome beast in his. He had a tank top, and over it was an apron that said, 'kiss the chef' and an emblem that looked like something that was on the front of Rosie Kay's latest album.

Shiro's was simple. Jeans and a very tight shirt that said BEST DAD. Lance laughed at that, as Voltron memes were twirling into the music video.

There was only one person that hadn't emerged from their change room.

"This is ridiculous," Keith's voice came from behind the door.

Lance chuckled and moved closer to the barrier.

"Come on Keith! I bet it isn't that bad! We all look a little silly," Lance insisted with a smile. There was a groan of defeat from inside and a click of him unlocking the door. A second later it was creeping open.

Lance was instantly in hysterics.

Keith was wearing a short sleeved, buttoned up baby blue shirt with clouds on them. The best part was the pastel pink jeans and matching coloured beret on his head. Cosmo looked adorable in a matching blue and pink bandanna.

Keith groaned, face red in embarrassment as he they all laughed at the outfit. It was just so contrasting to what Keith usually wore. So pastel and bright.

"Shut the fuck up Lance!" Keith snapped as Lance leaned up against the wall, eyes watering and chest heaving as he laughed.

"You look -" Lance wheezed, hunching over, "you look like a My Little Pony!" A laugh got caught in Shiro's throat at hearing that. Keith glared razors at him. Cosmo, curious by the noise, came over to Lance barking, confused by his behaviour.

It took another five minutes for Lance to calm down and when he did, he wiped his teary eyes as they made their way to the main hall where filming would be.

"Dude you look fucking hilarious." Lance snickered.

"You actually suck."
"You actually swallow," Lance retorted teasingly and yelped as Keith lunged at him, only to be stopped by Shiro.

"Must we start fights? We're technically working here," Shiro reasoned, pulling Keith back by the collar. Lance poked his tongue out at Keith while he thought Shiro wasn't looking. Emphasis on the thought. "Lance, play nice," Shiro warned.

"No es mi culpa que parezca que Rainbow Dash vomito en su cabeza."

Keith pointed an angry finger at Lance and looked to Shiro.

"He's insulting me in Spanish again!"

"You don't even know what I said!"

"I can tell by your tone!"

"Keith, Lance," Shiro growled his final warning before they walked out of the hallway. Lance grinned as Keith glared at him.

"Sorry Shiro," Lance chimed, spinning on his heels before striding through the door and into the main hall where most of the other males were gathered, alongside all the crew working behind the camera. He recognised a few faces from movies or on television. Some were singers and a few were YouTuber's that Lance was able to name.

"No fucking way," a voice made Lance turn his head to see a jaw slacked boy, a similar height to Shiro and nicely styled auburn hair. He looked stupidly familiar and it didn't click until a massive smile appeared on his face.

"Cameron? From Plus 5?" Lance asked and watched the pure joy unfold on his face.

"Holy shit!" He took a few long steps over to Lance to close the space, grin still huge. "It's you! Wow it's nice to meet you man! I can't believe you actually know who I am!" He looked away from Lance for a moment and whispered, "Oh man, Kendall is going to flip!"

Lance smiled good naturedly. He almost forgot about that video from a week ago now.

He turned to look over his shoulder, spotting Shiro, Keith and Hunk watching the exchange curiously.

"Cameron, these are my friends; Shiro, Keith and Hunk," Lance said turning to gesture to them all. Cameron's grin grew even larger, showing his big toothy smile.

"Oh wow you're all here! That's so cool! It's awesome to meet you all! I love Voltron, it's literally all we did for the first week on the road while travelling on tour," Cameron explained and looked back over to Lance. "Not to be weird but can I steal you? Kendall will lose his shit and would love to meet you!" He looked to the others. "The band would like to meet you all! If that's cool?"

"Of course," Lance smiled, looking to his friends for confirmation. They all nodded which seemed to double Cameron's excitement.

"This is going to be the best day of my life. Okay I'll lead the way then!" He said before turned and moving his way through the crowd of people until they reached a quieter part of the big hall. There were three towering tall guys, all wearing the same outfit, which also matched Cameron's of a simple white tank top and blue wash jeans. "Kendall! Oh Kendall!" Cameron chimed in a teasing
Kendall was a similar height to Shiro, with light brown hair and a sharp jaw line. At hearing his name he turned to look at his friend. His eyes were sharp in a focused sort of way and the shade of melting chocolate.

He's a very, very good looking young man.

Kendall noticed Cameron first before he noticed Lance. When he saw Lance his cool, calm and collected persona washed down the drain, eyes going wide before his cheeks turned pink. He looked embarrassed enough to go into the grave. Lance noticed him mouth something and glance towards his other bandmates who were grinning.

"I made new friends!" Cameron stated with a devious grin. He was obviously the cheekiest one of the four and Kendall looked ready to throw himself off a cliff.

There was no room for awkward silence, as the two other band mates - Tyler and Gabriel- were quick to introduce themselves, Kendall following. He smiled at Lance warmly, looking somewhat apologetic.

"I didn't know you guys would here today, aren't you touring?" Hunk asked. Lance raised his head up as they answered. These guys were massive. Why were they this big? They were like a squad of younger Shiro's; all good looking, tall in height and broad with muscle. Lance felt little in comparison.

"We've actually got a few concerts this weekend close by. It was just really a happy coincidence we were in town," Tyler -or just Ty- the guitar player explained.

"Like it was fate," Cameron smoothed over with a smirk. Lance didn't miss the way he side eyed Kendall who ignored him like he was trained in the field.

"I totally would've brought a ticket to come see you guy in concert if I'd known," Lance said, nose wrinkling in self-irritation.

"You listen to our music?" Gabriel asked, thick dark brow raised. Lance nodded with a grin.

"Sure do my man. It's my workout soundtrack," They all looked at each other in surprise, except for Kendall who smiled.

"Yeah? What's your favourite?" he asked, intrigued for an answer.

"Sweetner, for sure." Lance nodded. "But my all-time favourite is Loving the Lilacs, but that's not really a work out song. That's more of a 'curl up and cry over an ex' song." He wasn't going to admit he totally had at one stage in his life curl up and cry over his ex listening to that song. Kendall really didn't need to know that. Cameron grinned and patted Kendall's back.

"You can thank Kendall for those ones. Wrote them all by himself."

Lance's head tilted, impressed. A smile ghosted on his lips.

"Do we know when we're supposed to be starting?" Keith asked, shifting uncomfortably. Lance had almost forgotten about how ridiculous he looked and laughed.

"You're just dying to get that off aren't you?"
"I feel dumb," Keith grouched.

"Aw nonsense! Nothing wrong with looking like a child's crayon box. Plus, Cosmo improves the look, so be grateful for your beautiful dog." Cosmo was looking up at him, excited with being given attention. "Exacto Cosmo. Si dije que eres hermoso. Haces que tu papá luzca mucho mejor solo por ser adorable." Lance told Cosmo, who began to excitedly lick his hand. He chuckled and gave Cosmo a quick pat on the head. When he raised his head, he found the four band members staring at him wide eyes. "¿Hablas español?" he asked, wondering if that was the reason they were staring at him. They just looked at him with even more confusion.

"Lance slips into Spanish when he speaks to Cosmo sometimes," Shiro explained.

"That's because I'm usually making fun of Keith. Cos and I have our inside jokes," Lance grinned mischievously in the other's direction. Keith frowned, nose scrunched up in annoyance. "Deja de fruncir el ceño Rainbow Dash, vas a tener arrugas."

"Dude!" Cameron started. "I'm straight, but damn! For your voice and accent I may just have to change my mind!" Lance laughed at that.

"I'm honoured my voice is your sexuality exception," Lance mused.

"I get why Kendall is so thirsty - ow!" Cameron shot Kendall a dirty look and rubbed his arm as Kendall glared at him. Lance pursed his lips to force himself not to laugh, while Keith beside him had a laugh croak at the back of his throat, the two other band members were snickering behind their hands.

Luckily for Kendall the conversation was abruptly ended when Wren came back over, asking for Plus 5 to come and do their filming for the video clip.

Their contribution to the clip was rather humorous, with them all getting undressed and wet to wash a car. It seemed a lot of people's shots were playfully and intentionally cliché.

During this time, they went around meeting a few people Lance recognised and some he didn't. Either way it was nice to meet some new people. Cosmo was a crowd favourite, getting plenty of pats and cuddles throughout the day.

"Oh my god they got Shiro babies to hold for his part!" Hunk cooed as they gave Shiro a giggling baby. They were really using this 'Dad' joke to their full advantage. The sight was something to be seen.

"Oh my lord, Shiro would be such a DILF- Shiro!" Lance yelled out, gaining the actor's attention. "You're a DILF!" A few people around set giggled and laughed. Shiro just shook his head in amusement.

"I don't think he knows what that means," Keith smiled with his arms crossed as they watched the scene unroll. Hunk had already done his part, getting to flip pancakes and squirt whipped cream out. Only Keith and Lance were left to go.

"What do you think you're going to be doing with Cosmo?" Lance asked Keith.

"Dunno, hopefully they don't want me to play fetch with him. He hasn't quite gotten that game yet."

"How has he not gotten fetch?" Hunk asked.
"I don't know! He's weird like that."

"Don't listen to him. You're perfect the way you are." Lance insisted to Cosmo, who just looked up at him with his usual happy face.

"Lance McClain," A female came over with a kind smile and bright lipstick. "Your shot is coming up. Would you please come over with me?"

Lance smiled and waved goodbye to Hunk and Keith and followed the lady.

The director was a fun and happy-go-lucky woman named Felicity. She seemed to be enjoying all the attractive young men floundering around. Felicity was excited to meet Lance and was very kind as she debriefed him on his part.

It was very casual, they were going to give him a few roses, the same shade of red as his cropped hoodie. He told them he could do a little bit of gymnastics (which they gobbled up). So he did a bit of stretching and when he was ready he stood in front of the camera smiling as the director pumped him up. He's pretty sure they're recording everything and not taking individual shots so then they could use what they had to work with for editing.

His hoodie hitched up and he did front walkover, but that was unavoidable since his midriff was showing anyway.

They gave him the rose and the director asked him to put it in between his teeth. He ended up doing the middle splits with the rose on his mouth. Once down to the ground he rolled forward so his elbows were supporting him. He gave the camera a cheeky wink, flower stem still in mouth. Felicity was ecstatic about it and had gotten it on first go. He grinned and rolled onto his stomach and out of the position. It had admittedly been a while since he had done the splits. He took the flower from out between mouth and handed it back to one of the props people.

It only took ten minutes and he was allowed to go, scrambling back over to Keith and Hunk.

"I kind of hate myself for that but I also know I looked hot so...?" Lance trailed off and shrugged, smirk growing afterwards. "No regrets?"

"I can't believe you just did the full on splits!" Hunk winced like he was imagining the pain.

"It's a crowd pleaser."

"Oh we can tell," Keith snickered. "That Kendall guy was eye fucking you the whole time."

"I can't help that I'm cute," Lance chimed innocently. His eyes skimmed over to the band across the room. They were all talking to some other band that Lance vaguely recognised. Kendall caught his eyes with casual coolness, small smile edging on the corner of his lips before he turned away.

"They seem pretty nice," Hunk added.

"Yeah, Cam is cool," Lance commented.

"You're already on nickname basis?" Keith teased with a smirk.

"He said he'd go gay for my accent I'm pretty sure we're passed nicknames being weird."

"Fair enough."

A few moments later a lady came over to collect Keith for his shoot. His part with Cosmo was
actively cute, with them just having a cute little cuddle and playing around with a toy. Keith also looked like he was having fun, which was good too.

While Keith was filming, Hunk and Shiro went to go get changed out of their outfits while Lance waited for him to be finished. When he had, they were on their way to the change rooms when Keith groaned.

"I left the beret, I'll be right back," he said being turning back around the corner, Cosmo following along happily off his leash.

Lance continued on by himself, wondering if Hunk and Shiro were going to still be in the change rooms. He turned around the corner and looked up to spot Cameron and Kendall walking down the hallway. They were back in their normal clothes, hair damp from the water of the car wash.

Cameron spotted him first and waved excitedly and then nudged Kendall as they approached.

"Hey Lance!" Cameron grinned.

"Hey guys, nice work on the car wash," he chuckled.

"You too! It was so cool you were doing cartwheel things and the splits! It was awesome, don't you think Kendall?" Cameron asked his friend, smiling and giving him an expression that went outside of the current conversation.

"Oh... yeah. It was cool." He nodded slowly. Lance wasn't sure shy or just super chill.

"Thanks guys," Lance smiled, remembering Keith's words from before. Kendall's eyes were definitely lingering down at Lance's exposed skin right now, but he rose them up to his face soon after. At least he was trying to be a gentleman.

"Oh! We also have a proposition for you! But I have to go and make a call so Kendall you can do the honours! See you later Lance!" He said pulling out his phone and dashing off. Lance looked up at Kendall who sighed.

"I mean for starters, I'm sorry about my shitty friends," Kendall grumbled, eye contact broken. "They're persistent on me talking to you since I'm a fan and all..." He trailed off and cleared his throat. He then groaned into his hand. "Oh god, you saw that video as well didn't you? Crap."

Lance chuckled.

"Dude don't worry about it. It's totally fine. My friends give me shit about this stuff all the time too," He grinned which made Kendall less stiff. "So what was Cameron talking about a proposition?" Lance asked and Kendall nodded.

"Oh right, well when you said you like our music and missed out of a ticket, Cameron asked our managers if we could score you a backstage pass and we had one left." Lance eyes widened, smile on his face appearing.

"Seriously?"

"Yeah, there is kind of a catch..." he said hesitantly. Lance lifted a brow which he thinks might have intimidated Kendall a tad, because he cleared his throat. "Nothing bad or weird. They want you to come on stage to sing... with me."

Lance paused.
"Is that the 'catch'?” Lance asked incredulously.

"Yeah."

Lance thought about the question for half a second longer.

"Fuck yeah? That'd be freaking awesome!” Lance grinned up at him. This guy was seriously so tall. Kendall seemed surprised by the instant answer which made Lance reconsider. "Actually, I'll probably need to double check with my managers, but they'll say yes. I know they will,” he said confidentially.

"I'll look forward to it," Kendall told him smoothly, a slight smirking edging at the edge of his lips.

"Will we be doing one of your guys songs or a cover?” Lance asked.

"Maybe a cover, probably a cover."

"That’s cool. I - woah!” Lance was cut off by something being pushed between his legs from behind. Shocked, he looked down and noticed Cosmo between his feet. "My lord, Cos, you scared me.” Lance laughed and looked over his shoulder, wondering where Keith was.

"Isn't that Keith's dog?” Kendall asked, looking down Cosmo.

"Yeah, he's a sweetie." Lance insisted, patting the top of Cosmo's head. "I had no idea you wrote your own music," Lance admitted, changing the subject. "You're talented. I don't have that kind of brain to make lyrics.” Lance said honestly. Kendall shrugged.

"I liked poetry as a kid." That made Lance smile. He wouldn't take a pop-rock star as a poet. "But then again, I can't act for shit, so you've got that over me,” Lance actually laughed at that one.

Lance was about to ask him a question about the concert when he felt a tug at his pants. Lance glanced down to Cosmo to see him with his mouth on the fabric of his pants, pulling at it like it was a toy.

"Hey," Lance grumbled down at the dog. "Quit it Cos, I'm not allowed to take these home. You can't rip them,” He added. Cosmo made an attention seeking noise and nudged his nose at Lance's calf.

"He's a big dog," Kendall commented.

"He's huge and could probably eat me whole is he wanted. Hey Cos, can you not pull?” Lance asked politely, but the husky wasn't having any of it. He grabbed at the red sleeve of the cropped hoodie and began to drag Lance.

"Looks like he wants you to go somewhere." Kendall smiled and Lance chuckled awkwardly as Cosmo gave a playful growl.

"How about I see you later? I'll send you a message on social media or something if my managers agree to the duet,” Lance said, taking slow steps as Cosmo began to drag him down the hallway.

"It was nice to meet you Lance."

"You too Kendall,” Lance smiled and turned as Cosmo pulled him harder. Kendall chuckled and walked off in the same direction that Cameron went in.

Lance groaned, and then glared at Cosmo.
"You're so rude, you're learning too much from your dad," he grumbled. Cosmo was happy either way, guiding him back down the hallway with his tail wagging.

Keith tore around the corner and pulled an angry expression. "I look away for one second and you run off! The hell Cosmo?" he growled, marching over to clip Cosmo's leash to his collar.

Cosmo detached his mouth of Lance's sleeve which was now slobbery. "Gross Cosmo," Lance grimaced.

"Sorry about him. I-" Keith paused and looked up and down at Lance. "You're still in your outfit," Keith noted.

"Yeah, I was talking to Kendall before Cosmo dragged me away like a chew toy." Lance informed Keith.

"What did he want?"

"What?" Lance asked, face scrunching up before the realisation stuck. "Kendall? Oh funny story! He scored me a ticket for his concert and we're going to do a duet!" Keith looked taken aback if his wide eyes were anything to go by.

"That's..."

"Cool right? Anyway, we really gotta go get changed. I think Hunk texted me, he and Shiro are probably waiting."

"Right..." Keith said, still making no room to move. Lance huffed and smiled, grabbing onto Keith's hand and gave a sharp tug.

"Come on mullet, otherwise Shiro will have our heads," he grinned as he began to pull Keith along. Keith scoffed, but otherwise complied and followed, not complaining about their hands still holding one another or the way Lance swung them up and down energetically and blabbered loudly.

* * *

"Today is the day, Kendall, my friend since birth, became a man," Cameron cheered making Kendall roll his eyes at his friend as he sat back on the tour bus. They were still parked in the lot of where they were filming for the music video.

Kendall had been so close to snapping Cameron's neck. He made this apparent to his friend as he glared at him from across the bus.

"What?"

"You told Lance McClain I was thirsty for him," Kendall deadpanned. Cameron pulled a face.

"But you are thirsty for him." Okay Kendall couldn't 100% deny that...

"Seems like you're not the only one," Gabriel murmured, looking out the window. Cameron frowned and ran over to have a look for himself. He made a muffled noise which caused a growing curiosity within Kendall.

He looked over his shoulder and felt his eyes widen in surprise as he caught sight of Lance walking closely beside Keith Kogane, big smile on his face. Lance was talking loudly, however, voice
muffled by the thick glass of the tour bus made it impossible to understand him. Keith pushed him in a playful manner.

Kendall knew they said to the media they aren't a thing, but now he wasn't quite sure. They looked close.

"Don't you dare," Cameron started, waggling his finger in front of Kendall's face.

"What?"

"Don't you dare wuss out."

"I'm not really keen on hitting on a taken guy."

"His social media says single. Nothing is official until it's on the Internet, dude." Cameron rebutted, making Kendall roll his eyes. "I'm serious, don't be a pussy."

"I'm not a pussy," Kendall crossed his arms, looking to the corner of the bus.

"Prove it to me this weekend and ask your celeb crush on a date. You'll regret it otherwise. This is your chance for ass."

Kendall scoffed, glancing back outside the bus and to Lance who running towards Hunk and Shiro, Keith walking behind him with his hands in his pockets.

"Maybe," he murmured. His eyes trained on Keith, new lyrics floating around his head as he noted the way Keith looked at Lance.

"Pussy."

"We'll see," Kendall tried again.

"Dude I thought you were about to pop a stiffy when he started speaking Spanish," the guys laughed while Kendall rolled his eyes. "Please just ask him on a freaking date, get his number, anything! I beg you."

"We'll see," Kendall repeated, ignoring the way his bandmates cheered in rejoice.

Kendall kinda got the feeling he was either gonna get a hot date out of this, or a really good song.

Chapter End Notes

YOU WANTED KENDALL I GAVE YOU KENDALL (okay but that last part was legit not gonna happen but I wrote it last minute because Kendall's cute)

1: No es mi culpa que parezca que Rainbow Dash vomito en su cabeza - It's not my fault looks like Rainbow Dash vomited on his head.

2: Exacto Cosmo. Si dije que eres hermoso. Haces que tu papá luzca mucho mejor solo por ser adorable. - That's right Cosmo. I did say you were beautiful. You're making your dad look twice as good just by being your cute self

3: ¿Hablas español? - Do you speak Spanish?
4: Deja de fruncir el ceño Rainbow Dash, vas a tener arrugas. - Stop frowning Rainbow Dash, you'll get wrinkles.

I hope you liked this chapter and are ready for next week with
-ship wars: Klance vs Kenance
-Lance is the purest bean
-Keith has a big fat gay panic and Shiro and Adam have to witness it

(yes Kendall was named after the guy from Big Time Rush IM SORRY)

also I hope you appreciated the title of this chapter because I thought I was hella funny
i love the fact that most of you loved Kendall (and his and Lance's dynamic) you guys are fucking hilarious i love reading your comments so much they make my day honestly bless <3 <3

also quick question, what kind of suits or dresses our paladins would wear?? curious and needing inspiration

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Keith doesn't like it.

He doesn't like the way that guy looks at Lance.

He doesn't like the way that guy spoke to Lance.

He doesn't like the fact that Lance is with him right this second.

He hates the way Adam and Shiro tip toe around him on the night of the concert.

He doesn't like any of it.

And he doesn't know why.

*     *     *

There were videos of the duet the day after the concert and Keith couldn't stop himself from watching them.

Lance sounded amazing as usual. Kendall was good, but Lance stole the show. They sang that song from the movie with Lady Gaga. It's a romantic song. Most duets are though.

It was all over the Internet as well. People from the concert had recorded the performance and put it on every social media platform possible. Keith couldn't escape it.

There was also slight clashing. And when Keith says 'clashing' he means ship wars.

Yep. Ship wars.

It was Klance vs Kenance.

It was also fucking dumb.

Keith feels fucking dumb as he watches the video of the duet again. He's forever impressed with Lance's singing ability. His voice is huge, clear and downright mellifluous. He's amazing.

Keith doesn't know what to do with himself.

*     *     *
Klance who? I only know Kenance
- that ain't it sis

*inserts photo of Lance and Kendall singing together*
- OKAY BUT HOW GOOD DO THEY LOOK TOGETHER?!??!

WHO THE FUCK IS KENANCE WHAT DID I MISS?!??!
- rumours of Lance dating the lead singer of Plus 5 apparently
WHAAATTTTTTTTTTT??????????

My Klance heart is achING but whatever makes Lance happy :((
- I'm not believing ANYTHING until one of them spills the beans
- just give up klance shippers
- wtf^^^

OKAY HERE'S SOME HOT TEA: I was at the concert where Lance and Kendall did the
duet and we (me and my friends) were hanging around and we saw Lance and Kendall walk
off together with Plus 5's security team ALONE
- omg??? So they're actually a thing????
I mean i can't positively confirm but it looks like it!!

Kendall really out here living everyones dream of dating Lance McClain
- for real though omg

I mean for real are you gonna date a 6 foot popstar god with swooshy hair or some guy you
work with who has a mullet??
- TAKE IT BACK
- UMMM KEITH'S GORGEOUS THANK YOU VERY MUCH DON'T DISRESPECT THE MULLET

*link to video Kendall and Lance’s performance*
- I would like to point out the look on Kendall’s face when Lance starts singing the chorus HE
LOOKS LOVESTRUCK
- bitch me too Kendall’s not alone
- I’d also like to point out how much fun Lance looks like he’s having omg the baby loves
singing so much uwu

OKAY KEITH NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO LIFT YOUR GAME
Lance smiled at Keith when he entered the break room.

Everyone's quick and curious to ask him how the concert was. Lance smiled sweetly and told them it was amazing, that the guys were awesome and that he had so much fun performing with them all. They also made quick conversation about the shipping and Kendall.

Keith watched Lance smile hesitantly, awkwardly, guiltily. His eyes weren't truly in it, not bright and gleaming. Keith could spot one of Lance's fake smiles form a mile away.

"So did anything happen between you two?" Pidge asked making Hunk beside her give her a nudge in warning. "What? I'm just curious?"

Lance gave an awkward laugh, eyes averting. "Oh... yeah I guess so. He asked me on a date."

Keith's heart sank as Allura grinned excitedly by the news.

"What did you say?" she asked like she couldn't wait for the answer. Keith could wait though, his blood was pumping fast. He needed a moment. For some reason, he really didn't want to hear this.

Lance paused, glancing to Keith for a moment. "Oh, uh, yeah no. I turned him down."

Everyone was surprised by this but now Keith can breathe.

"Why?" Allura asked, not aggressively, just curious. Keith is intrigued himself.

"Not going to lie, I just sort of panicked a little and blurted it out," he admitted. "I feel bad though, he was a nice guy. I didn't want to lead him on." Keith was surprised to see that Lance actually looked torn up by this. "Plus he's touring. I can't do long distance relationships," he added on, wiping his hands on his jeans.

There was a long moment of silence.

"Hey that's fair enough buddy. If you said yes now but no later that would've been worse," Hunk comforted him. Keith noticed the quietness of Lance, and apparently everyone else did too with the lack of sarcastic jokes. Even Pidge held back.

"Uh, yeah. Thanks Hunk," he smiled. There was a knock at the door and Kane appeared.

"The make up teams are ready for you guys."

Lance stood up and was quick to move out the door, not uttering another word. Keith frowned and looked around the room, noticing everyone else's concerned expression. Even Kane looked a little taken aback as Lance brushed passed him silently.

What the hell had gone on with Lance?

* * *

Lance was quiet all day, lost in his own head, spacey.

Keith did not like it.

Keith did not like it at all.
So when filming had finished for the day, he went to the shops, grabbed a packet of those sour worms Lance loved and the fancy chocolate, went home, got Cosmo and his laptop and walked across the street to Lance apartment.

He knocked on the door. No answer. He knocked again and heard the patter of feet and the click or the door being unlocked. Lance was in his pyjamas and looked as tired now as he did this morning.

"Keith?" Lance asked, opening the door fully.

"I brought food and comfort," he said shaking the food packet and pointing to Cosmo. A sweet smiled spread across Lance's face that made Keith go a little gooey on the inside.

"Come in." Lance stepped aside and Keith took that as an invitation to walk in. They set themselves up on Lance's couch, both with blankets and bowls of snacks in front of them. They continued on in a series they were watching together while Cosmo sat in between them.

Half way through an episode, Keith couldn't hold it in any longer.

"You've been weird today. Are you okay?" He asked. Lance took a deep breath, his hands searched for comfort, finding it in Cosmo's fur. He gave him a pat as he spoke.

"I guess it just surprised me. The whole thing with Kendall... I... I don't like hurting people’s feelings. And all this shipping stuff... it's like it's rubbing it in his face. Mine too I guess. It's even dragging you into this..."

Lance was too pure for this world. He was genuinely too nice.

"You had to Lance. If you didn't want to go on a date with him you couldn't say yes. That would've hurt his feelings more in the long run," Keith reminded him. Lance patted Cosmo's head.

"I know."

"He didn't say anything to make you feel bad, did he?" Keith may just have to murder that guy if he did.

Lance huffed a breath of laughter. "Forever my knight in shining armour."

"Shut the fuck up," Keith murmured back with not a hint of malice. Lance laughed. Not his usual bubbly laughter, but it was a start.

"No though, he actually took it well. Really polite and shit about it. Made me feel worse."

"Then is there something else about it that's bothering you?" Keith asked, already assuming the answer was yes. Lance's face just seemed to prove it.

"Yeah." Progress.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Keith watched Lance’s face contort.

"Not really, sorry." Baby steps.

"Hey it's okay. I am here if you need me though. You can always talk to me."

"Under all that mullet and brood, you're a softie."

"Yeah, yeah I know. Whatever. Just promise me alright?" Keith asked. Lance chuckled.
"I promise." There was a moment of silence, both of their attentions being turned back to the screen. "Thank Keith for this by the way. For checking up on me and all."

"Any... anytime."

He was so close to saying something else.

Anything for you.

* * *

"Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck!" Keith chanted as he scrambled up the stairs to Shiro and Adam's apartment.

It was some ungodly hour and he had only just left Lance's apartment after finishing the rest of the season they were watching. The night had finished with Lance curled up against Keith's side, head dipping as he drifted off to sleep occasionally. Keith hadn't even realised his arm was around Lance's shoulder until the end credits rolled for the final episode.

The thought sent Keith into a flustered mess, almost missing a step and causing him to stumble.

Keith thought back on how he had guided a half asleep Lance to his bed who had promptly passed out the second his head hit the pillow, not even getting under the covers. Keith fixed that, rolling him enough so he could pull the blankets out and get him underneath. He turned to leave when Lance made a noise of complaint, muttering something about being cold. He felt a little bad about leaving, even Cosmo wanted to stay. But Keith couldn't because as he brushed a curly lock out of Lance's face, the sudden, dreadful realisation splashed over him like an unexpected tsunami.

"Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck," Keith muttered as he pulled out his 'emergency key' and unlocked the door. He flicked on the lights and ran for the bedroom.

He swung the door to the bedroom open. Adam was on his laptop typing away (probably working on his new project) while Shiro snored softly.

"Wake the fuck up!" Keith panicked, flicking the lights on. Shiro shot up from his sleep abruptly at the sudden movement and light.

"What the hell Keith?" Shiro muttered, rubbing his eyes. "What are you doing here?"

"I like Lance!" Keith blurted out. "I have a freaking crush on Lance. Lance!"

Adam didn't even blink. "Yeah no shit," he muttered.

Keith stalked over and slammed Adam's laptop screen down.

"I. Like. Lance." He seethed through gritted. "What the fuck do I do now?"

"What brought on this revelation?" Adam asked as Shiro groused, still waking up.

"We snuggled on his couch!" Keith screeched, plotting himself on the edge of the couch.

"You... snuggled?" Adam repeated.

"Yes!" Keith wailed like the end of the world was approaching. It was. Keith was ready to fling himself out the window of Adam and Shiro's penthouse apartment.
"Is this because of Kendall?"

"Is that all you're going to say?" Keith asked in disbelief. "I have a big fat crush on Lance! My best friend! What do I do?"

"This is so because of Kendall, huh? You really are just a simple man Keith."

"Help! Please!"

Adam sighed. "Well from how I see it, you have three options." Here we go. Actual advice. Adam was always cool calm and collected. Sure, he could be slightly cold at times and blunt. But he was mature and perspective. He'd know exactly what to do. "First option: tell him how you feel."

Scrap that.

"Are you kidding me?" Keith couldn't tell Lance how he felt! It would ruin everything. Their friendship, the show, Keith didn't even want to think about the fans...

"You haven't listened to the other two options," Adam said patiently. "Second option: You never tell him."

"Adam!" Shiro gasped in disbelief at the bluntness. Keith felt panic swell in his chest.

"Just stating facts Takashi. He doesn't need to be sugar coated. He's a 21 year old man." Keith felt anything but like a man at this stage. He ran a hand over his face. "You're not dying Keith. Stop being dramatic. You still haven't heard the third option."

Keith lifted his head hopefully.

"You wait."

"I wait?" Keith echoed. Adam nodded, setting his laptop aside.

"This is the last week of filming season 2, right?" Keith nodded. "Well, you just have to get through two more seasons. The show will be over. If you still like him by that stage, ask him out. It won't affect filming."

It was a plausible plan. Realistic. Yeah, Keith could do that-

"There comes risks though. You think Kendall from Plus 5 is going to be the only person to pursue Lance? He's one of the most beloved actors around at the moment, he's good looking and genuinely a nice guy. You'll have competition. And from what we've seen, you don't like competition."

Keith was going to go to that window.


"It's the truth. Keith, you have to be careful with this. Be professional. This isn't just you, or even Lance. This could be your career as well."

That was a lot to think about. A lot of pressure. "What do you think I should do?" he asked. The couple both gave each other a short glance.

"We can't decide that for you," Shiro said, concern shining in his eyes.

"I need someone to blame for when my life goes down the drain," Keith whined, flopping back
against the bed, half lying on Adam's legs that were underneath the covers. "I could lose him either way," he whispered, staring at the roof. He thought about Lance's smile, his cheery nature and the warmth of his body, curled up against Keith like he belonged there. "He doesn't feel the same way as I do."

"You could lose him to someone else if you never try." That sent a searing pain in Keith's stomach.

Lance might have said no to Kendall, but it didn't mean he would push back the next girl or boy to advance his affections. Or even worse, if he fell for someone else.

"He's my best friend," Keith reminded them and himself.

Keith struggled with making friends. Always had. But the ones he did he held dearly to his heart. All his cast friends from Voltron were some of the closest friends he's ever had. Lance was at the top of his list. The one who got Keith on a level that nobody else did except for Shiro.

"And he wouldn't want you to suffer the burden," Adam said gently. "That would hurt Lance more than anything, knowing you were hurting." A breath hitched in Keith's throat, because Adam was right. Lance was sensitive when it came to other people's feelings. Keith had seen an example of how strong that was today.

Hurting Lance was the last thing Keith wanted to do.

But either way he could hurt Lance and himself in the process.

Keith was in a bind.

* * *

Lance felt better the next day.

He woke up not as tired as he thought he would. He didn't feel as anxious either. He'd been a slight mess yesterday, finding the whole ordeal stressful. Lance didn't do well with rejection or rejecting people. He hated the fact the whole Internet was going on about it like it was some sort of love triangle.

The thought of it was enough to make Lance fiddly.

Lance and love triangles? Didn't mix well.

Keith coming over last night had made Lance feel almost 100% back to normal. They laughed, ate snacks that probably would go against their food plans and it was a delightful distraction from the stress.

Keith had that effect on Lance. Calmed him. Chilled him out when he needed it. It wasn't the first time either. He had kept Lance cool during their kiss scene, comforted him after the interview with Bob.

Keith really was something.

Lance went through his morning routine. Cooked himself breakfast, had a herbal tea that his sister in law recommended, showered, dressed, brushed his teeth and then went to work.

All routine, all normal. It was exactly what Lance needed.

He couldn't quite believe that today was the last day on set for season 2. Time was really flying by
right before Lance’s very eyes. He remembered being 19, half a year off twenty, nervous to move to America, to meet his new co-workers.

Now he’s just around the corner to being 21, spending his birthday over in Cuba next week. He was spending two weeks home, coming back with Rachel in toll, who wanted to come and stay for a week with Lance. She’d go home and it would be just in time for the launch of season 2.

Time was whizzing by Lance, and he was loving every single second of it.

By the end of the day, everyone was celebrating in the hall. Audrey gave him a big hug and Kane wished him a happy birthday for next week. Ingrid gave him a warm smile and Daisy ruffled his hair, messing up her own creation.

"Lance," Coran smiled. "As you know, the cast are coming back for another season interview on my show. Would you like to sing another number?"

Lance obviously didn't say no.

Monty and Sandra gave his big hugs and wished him a safe flight home to Cuba.

The lighting crew smiled and waved.

The stunt choreographer gave him a firm pat on the back.

His cast members all made more promises to organise a launch live stream like they did before.

Everything was going really well.

So why could Keith barely look him in the eye?

"You're going in a couple of days," Keith said in a way that didn't suggest it was a question. Just a statement.

"Yep. Spending my birthday over there, my sister Rachel is coming back with me to visit." Keith nodded, face blank. Tough crowd... "You’ll get to meet her. You're going to hate her as much as you hate me."

"I don't hate you." Keith said bluntly.

"I was kidding," Lance chuckled awkwardly. Why was this awkward? Was it because he was upset last night? Had he made Keith uncomfortable? "Are you okay Keith?"

"I'm fine just... tired."

Lance winced. "I'm sorry, that's probably partly my fault."

"Shut up, I would do it again." Where was all this gruff affection coming from? He watched Keith hesitate, as if realising his tone. "Cosmo will miss you while you're away."

"Of course he will. He loves me," Lance said smugly. Keith looked up, like he wanted to say something, then maybe thought the better of it.

"Make sure your plane doesn't crash either."

"I'll ask the pilot pilot-ly," Lance grinned and watched Keith unravel in disgust. It's the most 'Keith' reaction he's seen from him all day.
"That was awful. Maybe you should let the plane crash." Keith's words earned a playful shove. Keith laughed lightly.

"I'll swim back if we crash in the ocean. I'll be 21, so we're totally going out clubbing together. We can get drunk and go to The Blade and make out in front of a taxi before you take me home and raw me." Lance smirked as Keith barked out a laugh, face red.

"Too soon!"

"It's been like 9 months. You could've had a child in that time with Malcolm."

"Nice to know I'm not becoming a dad. Biological impossibilities aside."

"You'd probably traumatise a child. Drop it on its head or some shit."

"You're not wrong," Keith laughed with a roll of his eyes.

"Don't worry, my brother Luis dropped my nephew once as a baby and he's totally fine!" Keith laughed at that, making Lance smile to himself quietly.

He's glad he's got Keith back to normal.

*     *     *

How was Keith ever going to get over him if he kept pulling him back with those smiles and dumb jokes? Lance didn't even know what power he held over him.

For now, he was going to keep quiet. Keep being a good best friend.

*Lance McClain was going to be the end of him. He truly was going to break him.*

Chapter End Notes

FINALLY KEITH FINALLY

Also what Lance didn't want to talk about?? I wonder..
Okay but i'm intrigued to see what you think could be going on, as it will be brought up later (I won't confirm or deny any theories ;))

Was there a time I was considering writing Lance's time at the concert?? Of course. Was it going to take up too much time?? Yes. That also reminds me of something, the first chapter I had a list of things to expect about this fic, including involving new characters like Romelle, Lotor, Shay... i've decided to scrap that. it's just going to be too much to add them in. Sorry if you were keen for that, but I wanna focus more on the main characters we have now!!! and klance lets be realll

Is that the last time we'll see Kendall and the rest of Plus 5?? No. Definitely no >:

What to expect next chapter:
-Rachel is here and ready to expose Lance for being a fanboy for Keith
-Keith is LOVING it
Keith should be staying away, but he knew Lance arrived back home from Cuba last night and he's eager to see him.

He'd been thinking over the course of Lance being away. He decided he had jumped the gun too soon in saying he liked Lance. They're just friends. That's all. He's totally over it now.

Keith opened the front door without bothering to knock. Lance was used to it by now.

What Keith didn't expect was to see a girl sitting on Lance's couch in his favourite hoodie. Lance nowhere to be seen.

"Uh..." Keith hesitated on instinct. The girl spun her head around to reveal a pretty face. Her mouth hung open after spotting him. "Is... Lance-"

"Holy heck!" she shouted, jumping to her feet. "You didn't knock!" Keith paused, eyes darting from left to right as he tried to process the information.

"Umm-"

"You guys really are super close!" she leaped over the couch and made her way over to Keith who was still at the door.

"Yeah?" Keith hesitated as she took a step closer.

"You're taller than I thought," the girl smiled, and that's when it all clicked. It's the same as Lance's smile.

"You're Rachel?" he asked and her grin grew wider. Definitely Lance's sister.

"I am! Oh wow it's so cool to finally meet you!"
"You too, Lance talks about you a lot," Keith smiled, shoulders relaxing. For a second he as wondering why a girl was hanging around Lance's apartment, wearing his clothes. Thank god for his heart it was Rachel.

"That's because I'm his favourite sister-"

"Rach, who are you talking-" Lance walked into the room, shirtless, towel in his hands as he dried his hair. He spotted him and smiled "Keith!"

Remember when Keith said he was over his crush?

* * *

"Hey man! How are you?"

"Alright, not too bad. How was Cuba?"

"As beautiful as ever. I'm taking you one day, mark my words," he promised and walked over to a rack that had a pile of clean clothes. Keith watched with a dry mouth as Lance picked up a shirt and put it on, lean muscles of his abdomen stretching as he lifted his arms above his head and-

"So Keith!" Rachel started, clasping her hands together. "How does it feel - to be one of the hottest, most talented men alive - and are stuck getting shipped with my dumbass little brother?"

Keith was not expecting that question.

"Uh-"

"Don't answer her. And you're literally four minutes older than me!" Lance grumbled.

She sighed like she was in a pleasant memory. "Best four minutes of my life."

"Hilarious. You stole that off the Internet you unoriginal bit-"

"The words still apply," she said triumphantly as she cut her brother off.

"Yeah but-

Keith just stood there for a solid thirty seconds, watching the two siblings bicker back and forth. It was like watching Lance talk to himself. Maybe they were the same person? Did they like the same things?

"Rachel," Keith cut in, making both siblings turn their heads toward him. "Do you want to meet Cosmo?"

* * *

"Head down and glasses on," Lance said, pushing his sister's head down as there was a few flashes of the camera. He gave her his sunglasses as she winced at the bright lights and loud voices.

"Keith! Keith! Look up!" A man yelled out to him, clicking his camera.

"We're going to have to do a few rounds until we lose them," Keith murmured to Lance as he guided his sister through the hoard of paparazzi. Someone grabbed at Rachel's jacket in attempt to gain her attention. Lance paused.
"Yeah, touch my sister again and I'm going to-

"Lance," Keith growled, bringing him down from almost smacking the guy in the face.

Lance let it go and kept walking.

"What are we expecting to see from the new season of Voltron?" A paparazzi asked.

"You'll just have to watch and find out," Lance said replied enough for them to all hear.

"Keith is it true you and Lance are dating?"

"There's a taxi ramp around the corner, we can get one and lose them," Keith said quietly to Lance instead of answering the question.

"Yeah, sounds good. Come here Rach," Lance said as he dragged his sister in between them both to shield her from the camera and bright lights. Keith watched her cling to Lance's arm for dear life as they pushed their way through. She really wasn't used to this, so of course she was going to be a little freaked out.

"Lance! How was it to perform a duet with Kendall from Plus 5?"

"It was great, but we'd appreciate if you guys took a step back," Lance said politely. Keith never understood how he still held his mannerisms at frustrating moments like this. Keith understood this was their job's, but it didn't mean they had to get in their faces and invade their personal space.

"Are you dating Kendall, Lance?"

Lance didn't bother answering that question.

"Keith how do you feel about Lance possibly dating the vocalist of Plus 5?"

Keith waved a cab down.

"Who is the girl? Is she your sister Lance?" A female voice asked as Keith opened the door. Keith went in first, followed by Rachel then Lance.

"Do the rounds," Keith said casually to the cab driver who nodded, understanding the sentiment. This area was filled with celebrities, he'd probably done this kind of thing before.

"Lance!" Rachel said, cupping her brother's face in her hands once they were inside and sat down. "Are you okay? You're not going to-

"No Rach," Lance murmured under his breath. "I'm fine."

"But you-

"I'm fine. Drop it, please." Lance sounded tired, slightly tinged on desperation. There was a long pause.

"¿No lo saben?" Rachel spoke, accent thicker in her first language.

"Ya no pasa. Lo he superado. No necesitan saberlo."

"¿Estás seguro?"
"Sí, por favor, suéltarlo."

They went silent after that for a while. Keith felt like whatever they were talking about was not supposed to be heard by Keith's ears, so he didn't push it.

"Okay, so we're going to need to do a loop or two before we attempt to go over to Shiro's. He'd kill me if we leaked where he lived," Keith said hoping to ease the tension that had just started to grow.

They had planned on a lunch as a sort of belated birthday celebration for Lance and to meet Rachel, which was why they were heading to Shiro's before they got swarmed with paparazzi. It wasn't an uncommon occurrence for Keith, Lance seemed to not get in those situations that often. They must've been careless, maybe because of Rachel being around they'd forgotten.

It was whatever, this stuff happened.

After ten minutes of going around the city -taking a leisurely detour- as their cab driver put it, they reached outside the apartment complex where Adam and Shiro lived. Rachel gawked up at the tall, lavish building, neck craning.

"Woah," she said lowly. Lance pushed her forward into the foyer. "I can't believe I'm going to be in a room full of celebrities," she whispered to her brother frantically in the elevator. Her excitement was very... Lance-like.

"Not to shock you or anything Rachel, but I'm pretty famous myself," Lance informed her with a cheeky smile.

"Yeah but you're not cool. You're my brother."

Keith chuckled as Lance's jaw dropped in offense.

"Keith's not cool! He has a mullet!" Lance shrilled, pointing to Keith's head.

"Yeah but Keith's hot! He can do what he wants!"

"Just because Keith's hot does not mean he can get away with having a mullet!"

"Yes it-" Rachel stopped herself mid-sentence, a smug expression growing on her face. "You just called Keith hot."

Keith went red, he had completely missed that and wouldn't of even picked it up if it wasn't for Rachel pointing it out.

Lance thought Keith was hot?

He dared to glance over to Lance, whose cheeks were tinted pink, lips slightly parted, like he was surprised in himself for letting that slip, as if he hadn't even realised he had done it.

He closed his mouth and crossed his arms. "Yeah?" Lance said simply. "I think everyone knows that."

Okay now he's admitting it, Keith is going to pass the fuck out.

It's not like Keith didn't know he was somewhat attractive, he had people fawning over his looks since he was a kid. The media liked to amp him up as well. It's just hearing it from Lance that made him flustered.
Rachel raised her brows suggestively at her brother as the elevator dinged, door opening. Lance rolled his eyes and got his sister into a headlock, ruffling her hair as he dragged her out. She screeched in disdain and pushed her brother off, going back into a round of bickering, filling noise in the silent halls.

Keith didn't have any brothers or sisters, the closest thing he had was Shiro. But it was funny watching the two squabble and give each other matching expressions. It was truly like having two Lance's. But he guessed it made sense, they were twins after all.

Keith reached Shiro and Adam's front door, opening it without knocking and ducked his head inside.

"We're here!" He called out as he walked into the penthouse apartment.

"Holy crow. This place makes your apartment look like a whorehouse." Rachel whispered to Lance.

"My apartment does not look like a whorehouse!"

"I'm not saying it does, just in comparison- oh my god is that Hunk I can hear?" Rachel asked, ducking around her brother to catch a glimpse.

"You're such a fangirl, my god," Lance chuckled. "You act like you've never met a famous person before."

"Other than you, my list is limited."

"What about Jenny? You were best friends with her."

"So were you. And fuck that bitch."

Lance chuckled with a playful roll his eyes. Keith felt like there was a back story to the statement.

"Well you'll like these guys. Just treat them like any other of my friends," Lance said, giving his sister an encouraging pat on the back, edging her towards the living room where everyone else would be.

Keith could understand why she'd be nervous. Meeting new people was always a little nerve wracking, and then adding onto their professions. It wasn't your typical 'meeting your brother's friends/co-workers'. But Lance was right, everyone would accept the girl with open arms.

Keith liked Rachel, she was funny, witty and definitely had a spark of Lance's obscure sense of humour. If Keith liked her (the most pickiest person when it came to making friends) they would definitely appreciate her company.

"Hey guys," Lance grinned as they walked into the room where everyone was situated. They were all sitting on Shiro and Adam's over-sized couches. "Sorry we're late, had a run in with the paps." He pulled his sister in by her arm to his side. "This is my sister Rachel, I'd tell her all your names except she knows you all, she's a fangirl."

"Says the one who had a poster of Keith on his wall," Rachel snapped, hands going to her hips. That had the room go into absolute chaos. Pidge was screaming and pointing to the video diary camera (apparently she was filming), Hunk was 'oooh-ing' loudly from his seat and Shiro, Allura and Adam were snickering behind their hands.
Keith crossed his arms smugly and turned to Lance who was stunned, frozen, silence, grimacing as he blushed. He looked like a man who had just dug his own grave and was ready to jump in it.

"Poster of me, huh Lance?" he smirked. That fired Lance up, pulling out of his mortification and into the battle to defend his own pride.

"It was a *The Walking Dead* poster!" Lance snapped, face bright red. Keith knew exactly which one he was talking about, it was the series official poster of the cast.

Lance had Keith taped to his wall.

Keith couldn't help but smile, thoroughly amused.

"Uh-huh Lance. And Glenn totally *wasn't* your favourite character who you would drool over and cried when he died," Rachel added on.

"I didn't *drool* over him!"

He didn't deny that he cried. Keith's smirk widened.

"Oh don't lie, you literally just said Keith was hot two minutes ago in the elevator!"

The room exploded into mayhem.

Someone screamed 'what?', while Pidge was rolling on the ground, even Allura was in full hysterics. Shiro and Adam were glancing at each other with raised brows because they knew Keith was loving these confessions.

If only Lance knew Keith's own confession was far worse than his own...

"Rachel!" Lance whined, voice drowned in betrayal, hiding his head in his hands. He peaked between his fingers but hid himself again when he saw Keith smiling at him.

"Oh Rachel, Rachel," Pidge side, moving a little to give her room on the couch she was sitting on. She patted the surface in invitation. "You have become my new favourite person. Come, tell me all about all the embarrassing shit Lance has done in his life."

Rachel flicked her dark brown over her shoulder and shot Lance a conquering smile.

"With pleasure."

Lance groaned in despair.

* * *

After Pidge got Rachel to spill the beans on all of Lance's hidden secrets, everyone had lumped together in smaller conversations. Shiro, Adam and Allura were discussing some weird herbal tea health crap. Pidge, Hunk and Rachel were talking about anything and everything that involved Lance embarrassing himself and then there was Keith and Lance sitting on the opposite couch.

"So..." Rachel started slowly to Pidge and Hunk, one each side of her. "Are they always like that?" Hunk and Pidge both followed her gaze to across the room.


Pidge looked to the two boys. They were talking quietly to themselves, laughing loudly
occasionally whenever one of them said something funny. Lance had his feet tucked under himself, knees casually pressing Keith's thigh. It was so casual it could've been missed if it wasn't pointed out. Pidge also guessed that they were used to it by now.

"Oh yeah. Definitely." Hunk confirmed. Rachel paused, glancing at her brother with pursed lips.

"Honestly, I thought they were playing it up in the videos and live streams for you know... the shippers," she murmured. Pidge and Hunk gave each other a quick look.

"Is Lance not usually this touchy?" Pidge asked in a quieter tone. She had just assumed that's how Lance was, really affectionate. Rachel shook her head at the miscommunication.

"Oh no, he totally is. He's very affectionate. It's just..." she paused to think about it. "They kinda look like a couple, body language wise."

Hunk tensed up the same time Pidge did. "That..." Hunk started, trailing off.

"We kind of don't talk about that." It was very much the forbidden subject -the forbidden fruit- that everyone refused to bring up. Lance and Keith did look like a couple. Whether Lance knew it or not, he regularly was the one instigating the affection. Hugs, picking Keith up, soft smiles that weren't typically reserved for a best friend and even draping his legs over the other's lap. Keith looked at Lance like he was the softest thing on earth, always doing it whenever Lance was looking away. Even the fandom had picked up on it a couple of times.

Rachel hummed thoughtfully.

"I see," she murmured, looking to be deep in thought.

Pidge looked to Hunk, and they both shared a short glance before they looked back to Rachel, who was watching her brother and Keith laugh at something together from across the room.

Something gave Pidge the idea that Rachel wasn't afraid to take a bite of the forbidden fruit and spit it back in Keith and Lance's faces.

* * *

When Lance and Rachel got home after a great day of hanging out with Lance's friends. He had missed them and was so glad he got to introduce her to them. Despite the fact she humiliated him by bringing up Lance being a big fan of Keith from years ago. They knew that Lance was a fan, liked The Walking Dead, but they never knew the extent.

Keith was never going to let Lance live it down.

And Pidge had recorded the whole damn thing. He couldn't wait for the fandom to get their hands on that piece of information. No one was ever going to let him live it down.

Tonight the siblings were going to indulge in self love. Lance brought Rachel the expensive face masks you couldn't get back at home, some few other bits and bobs and the movie PS I Love You.

"I like your friends," she told him as she munched on a chocolate coated strawberry that they saw as they walked passed the chocolate shop. "They're fun."

"Yeah, they've made the whole 'moving away from home' thing so much easier." Lance had initially struggled when he first moved away, so he really valued his friends.
"Keith's nice."

"Keith's a sweetheart," Lance agreed, thinking of how he invited Rachel over to meet Cosmo before they went and met up with the others at Shiro and Adam's. He and his sister shared a love for dogs, and she always cooed over how cute Cosmo was whenever Lance posted something about him online.

"I didn't realise how close you two were."

"We weren't at the start. But we got closer once he moved across the street."

There was a pause.

"Lance."

"Rachel."

"Can I ask you something?" she asked.

"Go for it," he murmured as stared at his overlooked the face mask he had brought instructions.

There was another lapse of quiet that made Lance frown. Rachel was a blabber mouth and spoke first, asked questions later. She was never afraid to say anything, so why was she taking her time? Considering how she should deliver her words.

It made Lance anxious.

"Do you like Keith?" she asked casually, no sharpness, no mockery. A huff of a laughter left Lance's lips.

"What?"


"You're kidding me, right?"

"I am most certainly not." That took Lance off guard. Rachel's expression softened as she noticed the shock on her brother's face. "Lance..."

"No, no," Lance chuckled, shaking his head. "No Rach, I don't have feelings for Keith."

"Is it because he's your friend?" Lance's breath hitched, mostly in surprise by her bluntness.

"Rachel," he sighed out. "I don't-"

"You can't just hide away forever from the prospect of falling in love again. You even knocked back Kendall from Plus 5. And we both know that wasn't because you couldn't see something with him, he's exactly your type. It's because you're scared-

"This conversation is way too deep Rachel," he chuckled, twisting himself to properly face his sister. He put his hands on her shoulders and smiled gently at her concerned expression. "I'm fine Rachel, I don't have feelings for Keith. We're good friends, that's all." She didn't look convinced.

"Okay," she said, and the topic was dropped completely.

Lance was grateful, he didn't want to address the topic of the familiar prickle of anxiety prickling
Keith watched as Lance hugged his sister at the airport, chin resting on the top of her head. Neither of them looked ready to let go. Keith felt a little intrusive to see the tender moment between siblings.

Lance pulled back first and placed a kiss on his sister's cheek.

"Give that to mama for me, yeah?"

Keith's heart clenched at that, thinking of his own mother. He hadn't seen her in a while, he really should pay her a visit.

Rachel nodded solemnly.

"Do you know when you're going to land? Lance asked her.

"No, could you go check for me at the desk?" she asked hopefully. He murmured something fondly to her in Spanish before he turned to go to ask the employee the information.

Rachel sighed and turned to Keith.

"It really was nice meeting you Keith, excluding being goo-goo ga-ga over meeting 'actor, mega famous Keith'. But meeting you as my brother's best friend was a lot cooler." Keith couldn't help but smile. She put a hand on each of Keith's shoulders as she spoke to him next, looking him dead in the eye. "He's lucky to have someone like you. He really needed you, he's not as tough as he makes himself out to be. Be careful with him, alright Keith?" she said, raising a brow. "He'll come around, just be patient."

Keith found himself blushing despite not even knowing the context of her statement. She grinned knowingly though like she knew everything Keith was hiding.

"Wait, what do you-"

"Okay, you should be back in Cuba by 5:45, right in time for dinner," Lance grinned as he walked back over. He looked from Rachel to Keith. "Did I miss something?"

"Nothing important." There was a call over the speakers, indicating that Rachel's flight was ready. Lance gave her one final hug. As he pulled back, he gave her a serious expression.

"Oh, do me a favour Rach," Lance started. "Tell mama to turn away on the last episode..."

"What? Why?" she laughed up, face scrunching in confusion.

"Don't question me, just do it!" She rolled her eyes but promised anyway before she began to turn away. Keith waved numbly as they watched Rachel blend in with the crowd.

What the hell did she mean by that?

"Let's go home Mullet," Lance said. "Want to get some takeaway and watch She-Ra? We also need to place our night out clubbing. You have to take me to the Blade!"

Whatever she meant, the words that stuck to Keith were patience.
It's like fate.

Keith's going to do what's best for Lance, the show and himself. He was going to wait until Voltron was over and tell him how he felt.

Two more seasons, Keith could do that.

Chapter End Notes

rachel, my queen

translations:
"Do they not know?" - "¿No lo saben?"

"It doesn't happen anymore. I'm over it. They don't need to know." - Ya no pasa. Lo he superado. No necesitan saberlo.

"Are you sure?" - ¿Estás seguro?

"Yes, so please drop it" - Sí, por favor, suéltarlo.

What to expect next week:
-see the thing is i might be changing the order so i don't even know it's gonna be a lucky dip really

don't forget to find me instagram for bonus content for this fic <3 <3
Late Night Adventures

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all of you guys who have followed me on my instagram (@iwriteshipsnotsailthem)!!!! We just hit over 100 followers which is awesome and it's been super awesome chatting with you all!!! <3 <3

Soon i want to be able to do questions for the cast (and myself) via those question things on the Instagram Story thingo (does it have a name? i don't know tbh, i have no idea what i'm doing 97% of the time)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lance was in a grinning, foot tapping mood as he watched the lights hover over which floor he was on in the elevator in Keith's apartment complex. It was a Saturday, the time of the day where the city alive with young adults venturing out for a night on the town.

It was Lance's first time since he had just turned 21, so Keith, Hunk, Allura, Shiro and himself were going out. Plus, it was cool to be able to do something together before the official launch of season 2(with the absence of Pidge). So it was one last time for them to be able let loose for a while since they'd be doing interviews soon.

Lance needed to let loose.

For some reason, ever since his visit home he'd been tense. Stressed out. He put it down to Voltron's launch, but he was still feeling icky. Maybe it was even the thought of what Rachel had asked him.

Either way, he just wanted to down a couple of drinks with is friends and have fun.

The door dinged and opened, allowing Lance to walk out into the plush hallway towards Keith's apartment door. He swung it open and let himself in.

"Who is ready to get dicked down in the clubs tonight?" Lance called out to wherever Keith was in his apartment. Undeterred by the lack of response he turned around the corner to the kitchen. He froze quicker than Jack in the North Atlantic Ocean when he saw two people sitting in Keith's dining room. Neither were Keith.

A squeak escaped the back of his throat when he realised two people were Keith's parents, both looking at him in shock and surprise.

Country singer that's stage name was Texas was Keith's father (Lance didn't even know what his actual first name was). He was more well-known now for directing and producing movies these days.

Next was A lister actress Krolia Kogane. The woman probably had a shelf at home dedicated to awards for the roles she had played.

And they were both staring directly at him after Lance had announced he and their son were both going to be getting 'dicked down'.
"Uhh..." Lance trailed off like a deer in the headlights.

"Jesus Lance," Keith's voice came into the room as he shrugged on a tight fitted leather jacket.

Keith's father (should he call him Texas? Lance wasn't sure) chuckled a little, expression softening. Well that was a good thing, Texas didn't seem too fussed. Krolia however just looked confused, dark brow raised at him like she was trying to suss Lance out. She was a little scary, Lance wasn't gonna lie.

"Let's just make this quick, otherwise we're going to miss our cab," Keith grumbled, grabbing Lance's shoulder. "Lance, my dad and my mum." He pointed to his respectively then to Lance. "This is Lance."

Lance raised his hand and gave a still in shock wave.

"Nice to meet you kid," Texas smiled -southern accent. Krolia just gave a short nod of her head. Lance instantly knew where Keith got his personality from.

"Uh, hi!" Lance smiled in a way that made him feel guilty. It was so forced. He wasn't left to dwell on it as Keith began to push him.

"Okay we have to go! See you guys later!" Keith insisted as he pushed Lance out of the room and out of the apartment. Once they were out the door Keith glared at him. "Dicked down? Really Lance?"

"How was I supposed to know your parents were going to be there?" Lance flushed in embarrassment. Lance may have a foul mouth and make suggestive comments, but that was in the privacy of his friends, he never spoke that way in front of his parents and especially not to other people’s parents. His mama would skin him alive if she knew.

"Ugh whatever, I don't really care that much. Not like my sex life hasn't been all over the magazines and TV," he muttered as he pressed the elevator door down to the ground level.

"What were they doing anyway? Visiting?" Lance asked. He'd never met Keith's parents before, they were (understandably) very busy people.

"Looking after Cosmo while I'm out. H has the sniffles." Lance pouted at hearing the new information, then paused to think.

"They're staying at your place for the night?"

"Yeah, sleeping in the spare room."

"Aren't you... you know...?" Lance gestured with his hands. Keith just looked at him in confusion, reminding Lance of Krolia. "I just thought you'd be planning on taking someone home tonight." Keith's face was a mixture of surprise, irritation and slight offense.

"We're celebrating your birthday, aren't we? Why would I bring someone home?"

The question took Lance aback for a moment, before a smug smile spread across his lips.

"Awww Keith that's sweet! You wanna hang out with me instead of getting laid!" he chimed, making Keith bristle like a cat.

"Shut up!"
Lance laughed it out, although he was actually quite touched by the sentiment.

"Well I suppose that means you are?" Keith asked.

"Nah man, wasn't planning on it." The very thought made his stomach whirl uncomfortably. He didn't voice this however, guys his age were supposed to want to go out and plant their seed in every living thing (ahh, gotta love toxic masculinity).

Keith hummed quietly, nodding his head. He was never the one to give his thoughts away in the open.

Lance wrapped his arm around Keith's shoulders and messed up his hair. "Come on, don't worry I'm not going to be leaving your brooding ass alone in a corner."

"I don't brood," Keith snapped, pushing Lance off.

"Of course you don't."

"Now I know why you're not planning on getting laid, nobody would want your annoying ass."

"I'll have you know; my ass is amazing and I could probably get anyone I wanted!"

Keith huffed out a breath of laughter, "Is that so?"

"Yeah! I have a list just waiting for me! Ready to get the McClain experience."

"Really?"

"No but I could make one!"

Keith seemed to find this funny, shaking his head as they walked out of his apartment complex to the nearest cab.

*    *    *

The most annoying thing about Lance (even though he was joking around) was that he pretty much could get anyone he wanted. And the second the group had stepped into The Blade nightclub, it was like a magnet had activated.

Two girls (Keith assumed from wealthy homes) had spotted the actor instantly and had dragged the boy over to dance. Lance was there for a single song before making his way back to his friends. A dumb, big, goofy grin was spread across his face.

Keith really needed a drink.

Allura had insisted she buy Lance his first drink, and they came back with matching cups that were big enough to hold a fish in and live comfortably. The liquid inside was bright blue and smelt sickly sweet. But the two both drank it happily.

It was still early, half an hour before the big rush, so the club wasn't filled to the brim. The Blade was one of the most exclusive clubs you could get into. Only the rich and famous had access. Which was how he managed to bump into Malcolm the last time he came here.

The memory of the backlash of that action made him cringe and order a drink.

Once everyone had gotten their first drinks of the night, they made their way towards The Lounge.
The Lounge was the quieter area of the club, where drinks were fancier, stronger and a whole lot more expensive. Even Keith raised a brow at the menu, and expenses weren't an issue for him. It was just a little... excessive.

There were only a few people scattered around The Lounge. Some faces Keith recognised, most he didn't. After all, it was early. They only came this early to show Lance the ropes and get him a couple of drinks before the crowds got any more hectic.

When everyone finished their first drink, Shiro shouted them all a shot, all chugging it together in sync. Hunk gagged over the taste while Allura and Lance winced. Shiro chuckled unaffected while Keith ran his teeth over his tongue, trying to get the toxic taste off.

They moved back to the big sofas, all talking a little louder than before as more people trickled into the club.

"Well if it isn't Shiro!" A voice made the group look up to see two men standing there. The youngest man was probably in his late thirties and Shiro was happy to introduce him to the group as Peter. Apparently they had worked with each other in the past. "You look like an old man with all these young ones. Are they even all legal?" he joked.

"These are my co-stars on Voltron, our youngest here -Lance- turned 21 the other week. We're all here to show him The Blade for the first time," Shiro explained to Peter who nodded.

"Happy birthday Lance, congratulations." Peter smiled politely.

"A 21st is an important age for a man." The other man said. He was handsome for his age, maybe in his late forties to mid-fifties with dark hair that was probably dyed to hide his greys. "Let us get you a drink to celebrate!" He smiled to Lance in a jolly manor. Like a fun uncle.

"You don't need to shout me a drink," Lance chuckled out of politeness. Keith totally knew he'd want that free drink.

"No of course! You're a man now in the eyes of the law! We must celebrate with a drink!" He grinned, leading Lance towards the bar with. Lance looked over his shoulder towards Keith and gave him a cheeky grin that screamed 'jackpot, free drinks'. Keith scoffed and rolled his eyes and turned to look back to Allura falling back into conversation for a few minutes. After a while Lance came back, flinging himself onto the couch next to Keith.

"Hi!" he grinned easily, breath smelling of vodka.

"What free drink did you scum off that guy?" Keith asked.

"Drinks," Lance corrected. "And I have no fucking clue, but they were shots and they were strong. And he told the guy behind the bar that it was my birthday and shit and told him to put all my drinks on his tab. I'm gonna get wrecked!"

The Lounge part of The Blade only had strong and expensive drinks, the man must've had some sort of connection to the owners or something or was just loaded.

"That's nice of him," Keith smiled, slightly amused by Lance's buzz from the shots. He wasn't drunk or tipsy but buzzed was definitely the right word.

Lance nodded. "Yup! I think he's some big hot-shot CEO or something. Said something about business." Lance grimaced. "Then he said a bunch of shit I didn't understand but I've got free drinks for the night so yay!" He heard the music from the main area of The Blade and jumped to his feet.
Okay guys! Black Paladin is forcing all your asses to come out to the dance floor!" he said looking to Hunk, Allura and Keith. "Including you Red, my right-hand man," Lance added on, grabbing Keith's wrist to drag him out because he knew that Keith would put up a fight.

* * *

It turned out that Lance was a shots kind of guy, while Keith would rather have a beer or something and savour the bitter tang in his mouth.

Lance was also using that open tab to his advantage. He and the CEO man -who Keith learned name was Daniel- were now coming back from the bar after Daniel insisted they do another round of shots together.

"I love rich guys, maybe I should become a sugar baby," Lance whispered to Keith, well and truly drunk when he approached Keith. His breath was hot and giggly against Keith's neck.

"We get the same pay check for filming Voltron, you can buy yourself what you want without the need of a sugar daddy," Keith laughed, letting Lance use his arm to balance himself.

"Thas' not fun though," Lance laughed, and then laughed louder at Keith's facial expression. "I'm kidding, my mama back in Cuba would smack me around the back of the head."

"Cuba," Peter cut in. "Is that where you're from?"

"Yes! Born and raised in Varadero!"

"Beautiful place," Daniel commented making Lance's eyes shine.

"You've been to Varadero?"

"Indeed, although for business. I did happen to have my downtime. Learned a little bit of Spanish."

"No way!" Lance laughed. He always got excited when someone spoke his mother tongue.

They began to fall into a conversation that Keith couldn't understand. He listened along anyway, only really to hear Lance speak Spanish. They always said Spanish was a very sexy language and they certainly weren't wrong. Lance's accent got thicker as he spoke in the language, even his voice got a little deeper.

Keith really shouldn't be letting himself think along these lines... at least not in public. Especially not with Lance right next to him.

Daniel laughed after saying something, like he had just said a joke. Lance's head tilted, as if he were confused.

"No thank you, I'm good," he said, turning back to look at Keith and facing away from Daniel. Lance still looked confused for a moment before looking to Allura. "Wanna go dance?"

When Lance and Allura took off Peter shot a sharp look to his friend who only shrugged with a smile.

Keith, Shiro and Hunk separated from the men after that, moving to the bar in The Lounge to have a few drinks. A woman flirted with Hunk, who stammered and laughed awkwardly at the attention, Keith downed two drinks in the same time it took Shiro to drink one.

"You're getting old," Keith told him.
"You're going to get drunk very fast if you keep going like that," Shiro warned.

"Maybe that's the plan," Keith murmured to mostly to himself.

"You know, you could just go ask him to dance," Shiro said, nodding to the direction of Lance and Allura who were dancing away in the midst of bodies on the dance floor. Keith glanced to Hunk, making sure he was still being distracted by the woman.

"Don't be dumb," Keith muttered, eyes back to his drink.

"One dance won't kill you Keith."

"Can't risk it." He raised the glass to his lips. "Won't risk it."

Shiro didn't pester him for much longer, mumbling something about going to talk to Peter. Hunk had said something about feeling queasy, so he was going to the bathroom, leaving Keith by the bar.

Keith swirled around on his chair, catching sight onto Lance on the side of the dance floor. He wasn't with Allura, his face scrunch up in annoyance as Daniel spoke to him. He crossed his arms - a very non-Lance type of body language- and said something. Daniel's shoulders moved up and down like he was laughing, a hand extending to touch Lance.

Keith's feet were already moving when he saw Lance pushing the other man's hand back mouthing something that looked like 'what the hell man?'

Keith knows he's got a temper that flares a little hotter after a few drinks. So he's already fizzling with angry pops when he reaches the two.

"What do you think you're doing?" Keith snapped to Daniel, stepping into his space. Daniel put his hands up in surrender, a laugh falling from his lips.

"No need to get aggressive young man, just a miscommunication between Lance and I," he smiled innocently.

"More like you couldn't take no as an answer," Lance bit back. He's actually angry. Has Keith ever seen Lance angry?

What the hell did this guy make to say Lance McClain -the nicest, most passive, chilled out guy Keith knows- mad?

Keith doesn't know, but he's got a pretty good idea.

He raised his hands to Daniel's shoulders giving him a shove backwards.

"What's wrong with you? He's half your age!" Keith spat.

"But isn't there that saying?" Daniel started. "Age is just a number, right?" the man smiled like it's funny, a joke, something he could wriggle his way out of. Keith's blood boiled. No wonder he was letting Lance drink whatever he wanted. He wanted an easier, drunk target. The thought of someone taking that kind of advantage over Lance made him see red.

Keith usually had a good hold on his temper, but he's kinda drunk and mad and already scuffing the older man by his expensive suit jacket.

"If numbers don't matter, it doesn't matter how many times I punch your face then, yeah?" Keith
growled to the man who just scoffed out a huff of laughter, like he was watching an insolent child. There was a squeak from behind him as Lance grabbed Keith to try and pull him back.

"No - no - no fighting!" Lance panicked. "Keith," he hissed quietly but it was too late because somebody was pulling Keith back by the collar. He whipped around to see a rather large man in black pants and a tight shirt. There was a lanyard around his neck. Security.

Oh shit.

"I think you two need to leave," the security told Keith, listening to Lance splutter in shock. Keith's jaw locked to stop himself from snapping something that would earn him a life ban. The security grabbed onto his arm, pulling Lance along with him who was just talking absolute gibber that neither of them could understand.

"Can we go out back?" Keith requested, knowing there would be an onslaught of paparazzi waiting for them. This was a celebrity hot spot. They were literally fucked if the paparazzi caught them getting thrown out by security.

"I'm technically not allowed..." the man said and paused, looking at both of their faces. "But you're the guys from Voltron right?" Keith nodded while Lance slouched into his side, blubbering about unfair it was for them to be the ones to get kicked out. "My son's a fan of the show."

"Autograph, video, name it." Keith said and the guard smiled.

*     *    *

"I'm hungry," Lance murmured as they walked down the lit streets of the city. They had managed to sneak out back thanks to the security guard and his son's preference of TV. Lance grabbed onto his arm and pointed to a vacant diner. "Food?"

Keith really needs to learn how to say no to Lance.

The door dinged when they walked inside. It was old school, with black and white tiled floors, a long red shiny counter with swinging stools that looked to be stuck to the floor and leather booths to sit in. The walls were covered in posters for old and musicians, movies and TV shows.

Lance stumbled to the nearest booth (a reminder of his drunken state) and flopped down face first awkwardly on the leather, his long legs dangling off the side. Keith sat down on the opposite side of the booth.

A plump woman walked over begrudgingly and handed them both a menu. She looked to Lance and frowned. "Your friend alright there, sweetie?" It took a moment for Keith to realise she was talking to him. Not many people called Keith 'sweetie'.

"He's fine... I think." Keith grimaced. Lance head popped up, hair a little messier than before.

"I got lots of free drinks because this rich guy wanted my ass." The woman -whose name tag read Tiana- faltered, obviously a little surprised, but then laughed heartily.

"Well aren't you a cutie? No wonder. Sadly no free drinks here tonight, gotta pay rent." She smiled.

"Thas' okay, I like the floors, it's like a game of chess," Lance slurred. Tiana chuckled shaking her head.

"Thank you, sweetheart, take your time with the menu," she said before turning back to go clean a
nearby table. Lance looked to the menu and groaned.

"I can't focus," he grumbled.

"You wanna share some loaded fries?" Keith asked because he himself was struggling to read it, but he could see the pictures.

"Yum," Lance smiled. "Can we get a shake too?"

"You'll probably throw it up."

"Share?"

"Fine. Flavour?"

"Anything but strawberry, commercialisms trap."

"Right of course. Caramel?"

"Yum."

Keith went up to Tiana and ordered their meal, she smiled and walked back to the kitchen before walking back out with a jug of water. "So boys, may I ask what you're doing in my diner at 1am in the morning instead of out in the clubs?"

"Keith tried to start a fight with the rich creepy guy and got us kicked out. Then I got hungry and we were wandering passed," Lance explained. Tiana laughed a little, placing the jug on the middle of the table.

"A protective, handsome, boyfriend who buys you food at 1am in the morning, looks like you've found a keeper." she mused, sending Keith a smile as he blushed.

"Uh... no. We're not-

"Keith and I aren't dating. Best friends," Lance explained, looking more amused than embarrassed.

The reminder from Lance's own mouth send a dull ache through Keith's chest.

"Forgive me, it's just when two people walk in here and order a milkshake with two straws, they tend to be on a date," she laughed lowly, wiping some water off her hands onto the apron from the cold jug. Keith flushed a darker red.

"Keith we're on a date!" Lance giggled, leaning his elbows on the table and rested his head on his hands. "Look me in the eyes and call me honey," Keith just scowled at him while Tiana laughed.

"Oh bless both your souls, your food will be ready in just a moment."

"Thank you," Keith murmured, cheeks still warm.

Keith wondered how many times he was going to have deny liking Lance before his sanity died.

"Speaking of," Lance started. "I can't believe you were seriously gonna fight that guy. You truly are my knight in shining armour."

Idiot. Lance was an idiot. Could he really not see how much he liked him?
"What did he even say to you? You looked pissed off," Keith asked instead. Lance pulled a disgusted face.

"So when we were talking in Spanish he was flirting with me, and in my head i was like 'man I really just want free drinks' so I just 'ahaha thanks'. But then he was like talking about his hotel room and I was like-" Lance pulled a confused face, "so that was gross. But then on the dance floor, Allura went to the bathroom and the women’s line was long so he came over and talked to me and was just being," Lance scrunched up his nose, "weirdly touchy. And I told him straight like 'I don't want your crusty old man chode', Okay I didn't say that! But I wanted to. Mama didn't raise no kid with bad manners. Anyway, he must have thought I was playing hard to get. I really wasn't. But then you came over and went all scary Keith mode. I also had it under control, but thanks."

"I know you did, I did it anyway." Keith literally couldn't stop himself from doing it. Lance looked at him softly, like he was considering something. He opened his mouth to say something but was cut off but Tiana as she placed the cheese and bacon coated fries and caramel milkshake in front of them. It wasn't until then Keith realised how hungry he was, and seeing the greasy food was a god sent gift.

They both thanked her before digging in. Lance moaned as he slurped on the straw, sending his drunk mind to the gutter. Keith shoved a handful of cheesy fries into his mouth to hope to quench his thirst. It did not, but at least the food was good.

"Hey Keith, I have a question for you," Lance said, then munched on the fries thoughtfully for a moment. "Do you reckon Spider-man jizzes web, or just the classic old semen?"

Keith blinked slowly, staring at Lance with a mixture of awe and confusion.

*Why does he like this guy?*

"Huh?" Keith said eloquently.

Lance cleared his throat and proceeded to say it again, a little louder, "I asked if you-

"I heard what you said, Lance. Why are we discussing Spider-man's jizz?"

Lance shrugged. "Dunno, thought you'd know with your little Spidy crush. You probably used to jerk off to spider-man fan fiction."

"Why are you thinking of me jerking off?" Keith asked, the words rolled off his drunk tongue before his working brain cells could stop him. He expected Lance to be weirded out or scrunch up his face in disgust. Instead, a goofy, sleepy grin spreads across his face.

"I dunno man," he snickered, eyelids drooping. Keith was not expecting that answer, and even in his drunk state, he was shocked. He wanted to query him on it further, but Lance's head was dangling forward, eyes closed. Keith pushed his head back up right with his hand, but Lance's head flopped forward again, crashing down until he passed out, face first in cheesy chips.

*     *     *

"Why does Lance have cheese in his hair?" Shiro asked as they got a cab back home after getting his ear chewed off for leaving the group so suddenly. Lance was currently passed out, snoring next to Keith's ear.

Keith chuckled. "I dunno man," he copied Lance's own words, before he himself passed out in the back of the taxi.
Lance woke up the next morning, expecting to feel anxious like he had been feeling every morning this past week. He couldn't explain the unsettled bubbles in the middle of his stomach that would rise up in his chest, just like he couldn't explain why he woke up without them this morning.

He opened his bleary eyes and turned to the warmth next to him and hummed. Rubbing his eyes, he then was able to see why he was so calm.

Keith was sprawled out next to him on his bed, still dressed in the clothes he was in last night like Lance. He was laying on his stomach, arms and legs spread out like a starfish, not even under the covers.

A chuckle escaped Lance's lips as he sat up on his elbows, looking down at his friend fondly. Lance's hand moved to ruffle Keith's messy dark hair, making the sleeping man's face scrunch up at the intrusion. The strands were soft and silky under his fingertips. Usually, if Lance had to ever touch Keith's hair while filming it would be sticky and rigid with hairspray or dried gel. It was a nice difference.

They'd both been pretty drunk the night before, Lance faintly remembered seeing Keith's dazed eyes watch him closely as they sat in the diner. He recalled vaguely wondering why Keith was looking at him so closely, like he was trying to file every detail of his face. Lance also remembered not really minding all that much.

After that, he can also somewhat getting into a cab, hearing Shiro say something to someone. He felt the recollection of the warmth of Keith sitting close, so consistent and familiar. Lance also remembered the faint smell of Keith's shampoo, or maybe it was his cologne? Either way, it was a sweet, cinnamon scent, like a warm apple pie made by his abuela. He didn't remember getting out of the cab or walking back to his apartment, but Keith must've followed to make sure he got home safe.

Keith always had Lance's best interest at heart, even willing to get kicked out of nightclubs for him.

A soft chuckle left his mouth at the memory, smile spreading across his lips.

"My knight in shining armour, huh?" he murmured quietly, more to himself than to the sleeping boy on his bed. He took a moment to watch Keith sleep. Pale skin smooshed into the pillow, dark hair unruly like it had been tousled by the sleep creatures. He snored a little, soft and low and peaceful.

Lance slipped out of his bed, trying not to jostle the mattress enough to wake Keith up from his deep sleep and moved out to the kitchen, ready to make a breakfast. A sort of an apology, a sort of thank you, but more importantly, a sort of 'you matter to me, so I'm gonna make you a snazzy breakfast for just being a cool guy'.

Lance smiled to himself and hummed in the kitchen, wondering how long it would take Keith to wake up. He couldn't wait to laugh about their late night adventures, feeling a warm and content buzz grow in his stomach, taking place of his usual anxiousness and melting into something pleasant.

Chapter End Notes
fun fact: Lance passing out in a bowl of loaded fries? inspired by the one time i had too many jelly shots and passed out in a bowl of m&m's (drink responsibly don't sue me thanks you're all probably underage)

Again go check out the new instagram for bonus content!

what's going to go down next week?
- launch of season 2
- Cast interview with Coran
Chapter Notes

WE HIT 10K HITS WHAATTTTTTT????????????!!!

Also thank you for all of you who asked these questions (a long, long time ago)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The launch for season 2 was more successful than season 1. The amount of people watching the live stream they did before the launch was easily doubled and the producers were more than happy with the results of viewing.

The thing the audience was most happy about was Leakira becoming canon. The younger, teenage fans were the most vocal about their appreciation, wherever Keith looked on social media, all he could see what that kiss. That kiss had the world talking. Most of it was a good sort of talk, joy of representation, happiness over 'ships soaring'. A lot of people were excited about a healthy relationship that had a fun dynamic.

With a new season of Voltron came a new wave of interviews. Now they were in hair and makeup for another interview with Coran on his talk show. Keith was being powdered up when he realised he hadn't seen Lance in a while. He looked around the room, seeing Hunk and Shiro; the girls were in another room, but no Lance.

"He's doing a sound check," Hunk explained when Keith asked.

That's right, Lance was singing another song. He -as always- was tight lipped about what he was going to perform. But he looked excited and his eyes gleamed in a way that made Keith's chest ache.

He really needed to get a hold of this crush thing or it was going to start affecting his professional career... oh who the hell was Keith kidding? It was already affecting his work life. People were shipping them, they were known as the 'guys who everyone thinks should be dating'.

Keith wondered what they thought if they knew he liked Lance.

Too bad they were never going to know.

Because once Keith thought about it more, even if he did confess, he knew it most likely wouldn't end in the way he wanted it to. He'd just be left heartbroken after pining for someone for so long, wasting literal years of his life when he could've been looking elsewhere, at more possible candidates.

But there was always that 'what if', that tingling 'maybe' that had kept him hopeful. That maybe the lingering hugs Lance gave him weren't just that of a friend or the way he joked about getting shipped together was some sort of hint of hidden affections.

But Keith knew this wasn't the case.

So he just had to keep his big mouth shut for the first time in his life, and suck it up.
It was better to have Lance in his life as a friend, than not have him at all. Or worse, being awkward around each other because of unrequited feelings.

"Voltron cast," a man walked in with a greying beard. "Coran will be ready for you soon." At the mention, Keith could hear the muffled cheered of a crowd and Coran's voice, probably welcoming the audience to the show.

Shiro, Hunk and himself exited the dressing rooms to meet with the girls in the hall, all being directed to the side of the main stage where Lance was already standing talking to someone. He spotted his fellow cast mates and smiled.

His brown hair wasn't its usual curl, instead it had been smoothed out and slicked back with gel. He's dressed in a checkered navy blazer and pants that fit his a little too well. He's his usual charm and cheek with a wink in their direction, not necessarily looking at anyone in particular, it's a whole group exchange but it still heats up Keith's cheeks.

Keith's career is an actor, and he's a darn good actor. He's usually reluctant to put up a show in his personal life, but when push comes to shove...

He's gotta pretend he isn't hopelessly crushing on his best friend to save the show, their friendship and himself.

They all walk onto the stage with the exception of Lance. The crowd is louder this time around as they seated themselves across from Coran. The man smiled and greeted them all with his usual chipper attitude before turning to the audience again.

"As you might have noticed, we're missing one of our cast members, Lance McClain. Well don't fret, he's getting himself ready to sing a song for us all from the musical Hairspray before we start the interview!"

Keith didn't know what Hairspray was, but by the reaction of the audience made Keith assumed it was well known enough, or maybe they were just excited to hear Lance sing.

The crowd cheered and screeched as Lance walked up to the microphone on the stage kept to the side for performances. Big names had performed on that stage, but none in Keith's most likely biased opinion were as good as Lance, especially in captivating an audience.

A cheeky, but somewhat still sheepish grin appeared on his face as he reached the microphone stand, clutching it between his tanned hands. He glanced towards his cue and grinned a little as the music started.

Last time Lance sang something it was slow, words drawing into a storyline of a girl who felt out of place in the world. This time was a little different, with upbeat music instantly filling the room.

*Hey little girl with the cash to burn*
*Well, I'm selling something you won't return*

There's a smirk dancing on Lance's lips as he moved in time with the fast beat of the music.

*Hey little girl, take me off the shelf*
'Cause it's hard having fun playing with yourself
Once you browse through the whole selection
Shake those hips in my direction

The last line has Lance's hips moving in a fluid, borderline scandalous movement. It sets the crowd
off and has Keith's eyes widen. How someone could move that way was beyond Keith, and the awe part was it was Lance who was the one moving that way.

*Bring it back if she never did see*
Take me home and then unwrap me
Shop around with every dollar, I've got to be
The ladies' choice,

Lance was then on the move as he sang this part, stepping down from the stage and making his way to the audience. Unable to hold his smug smile back as the girls squealed.

*The ladies' choice*

He sang as he stopped by the front row. A woman in her mid-forties laughed while the younger girl beside her -probably no older than 16- gaped in disbelief as Lance sang the next lines to what was assumed to be her mother.

*Hey little girl looking for a sale*
*And test drive this Cuban male*

He sang the 'Cuban male' while twisting body, hands running down his chest and downwards. The mother cheered him on which made Lance almost laugh. Keith stared too long at where Lance's hands were heading towards.

*It's gonna take cash to fill my tank*
So let's crack open your piggy bank
Hey little girl, you're window shopping
I got somethings traffic stopping -

Oh boy did Lance had something traffic stopping.

*Hey little girl on a spending spree*
*I don't come cheap but the kisses come free*

He moved towards a girl much younger than the woman at front, she would've been close to their own age, with long sandy blonde hair and a bright red face as Lance extended a hand out to her. Her friends squealed while the girl panicked but did as was instructed.

*Closer inspection, I'm sure that you'll agree*
*I'm the ladies' choice, ladies' choice*

There was a moment where he didn't have to sing and raised the girl's hand to his lips to kiss it. Everyone was loving it while Keith's heart clenched.

That smooth motherfucker.

There was an instrumental moment that gave Lance enough time to climb back up to the stage, putting his microphone back onto the stand just in time for him to swing it before he let out a 'woaaah' that was quite frankly enough to send anyone swooning. Keith pretended he wasn't one of those people.

*Hey little girl, on a spending spree*
*I don't come cheap but the kisses come free*
On closer inspection, I'm sure that you'll agree
His voice kept up flawless with the fast pace as well as his dancing. Keith would never understand how he could do either of those things.

*Oh, hey little girl, listen to my plea*
I come with a lifetime guarantee
One day maybe you will find the baby makes three
It's the ladies' choice, I'm the ladies' choice
The ladies' choice, I'm the ladies' choice, choice, choice
I'm the ladies' choice

The instruments phased him out of the song while he flashed a white smile to the camera, as charming and dangerous as ever. The crowd erupted into cheers and whistles which made Lance smile like he hadn't just made everyone in the room faint with his dazzling good looks, suggestive moves and amazing voice.

The crowd continued to cheer even as Coran informed them all they were going into an ad break. Lance quickly dashed off stage to get the blazer off -apparently too hot- and sat back down on the couch with the rest of the cast. Obviously he was sat next to Keith, part of it being the universe's way to fuck with him, but really it was just Sandra and Monty telling them to do so since Leandro and Akira would have a lot of joint questions due to officially becoming a couple in the second last episode of the season.

Lance greeted them all, face a nice glow of post performance. His legs spread slightly in the obnoxious Lance way, thigh pressing against Keith's casually. Bastard didn't even know how much he loved the subtle contact.

"You like it?" he asked Keith quietly. "Was I better than Zac Efron?"

"Zac Efron sang that song?" Lance gasped in offense.

"Yes? have you not seen Hairspray?" Keith shook his head, making Lance's eyes widen. "My lord Keith. It's official, this weekend we're going to watch it together."

The thought of spending a couple of hours with Lance alone, probably under a blanket and eating snacks together sounded both like heaven and hell to Keith.

Keith hummed in agreement, eying off a bit of Lance's hair that had fallen out of place, resting on his forehead in a very 'Clark Kent' fashion. Without thinking, Keith raised a hand and slicked it back into place.

Lance smiled a little, curious eyes following the movement.

"KICK!" A male voice called out from the audience, making the rest of them who understood the reference laugh. Keith pulled his hand down, both him and Lance going a little pink while their cast mates laughed along with the crowd. Coran didn't quite understand, but it was too late to be filling him in because they were seconds away from going back onto air.

Coran smiled to the camera as the green light lit back up.

"Thank you for joining us again! We just saw Lance McClain perform an amazing cover of Ladies Choice, very much wooing the crowd!" The crowd cheered in agreement, making the actor smile and chuckle bashfully. For someone who was probably aware of how good he was, he was sure humble about it.

It was something he really liked about Lance.
"So as most are aware, you are all here to gather about the new season of Voltron that was released two weeks ago." The crowd cheered excitedly. "How has life been since the premier?"

"We're all a little blown away about the positive feedback from our fans from this season," Shiro started for the group. "We're all really excited with everyone's reactions, we're glad we're making our fans happy."

"This season was a whole whirlwind! We had a lot of action, intense plotlines and even romance!" He said, looking to both Keith and Lance with an impish smile.

Keith thought back to when they all sat down and binged the season together. Lance clutched to Keith's shoulder and pointed 'look! We're making out!' Keith was very aware and the vision of the scene was enough to be the only thing Keith could be thinking about for weeks. To say the kiss scene was far more intense on screen than off was an understatement. Keith hadn't realised how sensual the scene had looked to onlookers until he saw it for himself.

"I think we should first bring up is the action! This season was very intense, much more violent, wouldn't you say?"

"Well we did watch Leandro get full on stabbed," Pidge brought up.

"And Henare get chained to a wall and almost tortured," Allura added.

"Yeah this season was pretty brutal," Lance chuckled.

"How do you think this is going to continue in season 3, Keith?" Coran asked.

"I think it'll continue to be this intense, especially with the foreshadowing from the last episode of what next season will entail."

"So you're confirming there will be a season three?" Coran asked, it seemed the audience held their breath. Keith nodded, smile forming.

"Yes, I am confirming." Monty and Sandra had asked someone to throw that in, get fans excited and all. "With the violence though, I think it'll be levelled out nicely with other aspects, such as humour and romance." Keith added on. Coran's smile grew.

"Ah yes! Romance! Fans were very happy with that side of the show, with two fan favourites Leandro and Akira sharing a kiss scene." The crowd went crazy at the mention. Keith knew the fans would love that scene in particular, especially the LGBTQI community who were ecstatic for the representation. Keith and Lance exchanged a short look with a small chuckle at the crowd's joy at the news.

"Yes Leakira is canon!" Lance exclaimed, making the crowd go into another round of whistles. "It was really cool to be a part of a scene like that with Keith, it's important to have representation like this."

"It's taken off all over social media," Oh Keith had noticed that alright, "so the message has obviously been spread and majority of fans are exceptionally happy. That however hasn't come back with its own line of backlash." This made the main cast all groan with an eye roll.

There had been very minimal backlash because of the same-sex make out scene.

"It's the dumbest thing ever," Keith muttered his input. Lance beside him nodded.
"I think it's crazy for people to be upset by two guys kissing. A lot of people were mad because you know -bigotry- but these characters have been having a build up romance since episode 5 season 1, you'd be blind not to have seen it coming. If you aren't okay with these characters obvious sexual identities, then maybe this show isn't for you." Lance shrugged. "It's their loss."

For someone who made dick jokes every five minutes, Lance was eloquent, unlike Keith himself. Everyone else picked up on this too, cheering at his words in agreement.

"Well said Lance," Shiro said which earned a bright smile from the guy.

"So what would you say to those people Lance, if given the chance?" Coran asked. Lance immediately went to open his mouth then closed it, he then opened his mouth again.

"I'm not allowed to swear, am I?"

"No, Lance." Lance hummed as he thought of an appropriate answer.

"How about 'suck it Leandro and Akira are gay for each other'?" Everyone laughed at that, even the cast and Coran.

"I'm sure you don't get bleeped out."

"Okay then," Lance looked directly to the camera, "Leandro and Akira are gay for each other so suck it!"

* * *

After bringing up Leakira becoming canon, it was time for Coran to bring up some questions for each cast member. Each question was picked out online from twitter and was projected onto the large screen that covered the entire wall behind them.

They started off with individual questions for each cast member.

It obviously went very... very seriously.

**Pidge, can you step on me?**

Was what was written on the screen, Lance laughed and looked to the girl to his right who shook her head, amused.

"Of course I can step on you, it would be my honour," she laughed lightly.

"Only if she can reach you, that is. Pidge is pretty tiny- ow!" Lance winced as she jabbed him in the ribs. "Can you please not hurt me? I have Keith punching me enough as is!" Keith, to Lance's right snickered.

"I can step on anyone and if someone is offering for me to do so, I will do it without hesitation."

The next question was for Shiro, which one would assume would be more professional.

It was not.

**Shiro, what's it like being the dad of the cast?**

"See this is the stuff that makes me wonder what stuff kids are into these days? I'm not their father. I'm nobodies father," Shiro said.
"You're our dad don't be a pussy," Pidge paused and looked to Coran. "Can I say that?" Coran nodded. "Pussy!"

From there the questions became a little more normal. A little.

**Hunk: Who is your favourite cast member**

"This is cruel! Nope! Nope!" I'm not answering this!" Hunk insisted. "Everyone is my favourite for different things. If I need life advice I go to Shiro and Allura. If I need to geek out about something I go to Pidge. I go to Keith if I need acting advice or if I need to be told something bluntly and I go to Lance if I'm sad because he makes everyone so happy!"

Everyone awed collectively.

**Keith: Don't listen to lance! Your mullet is adorable! What's the smell that reminds you of home the most?**

"Hah!" Keith pointed to Lance.

"This person is a filthy liar and that mullet is absolute sin." Lance retorted. Keith rolled his eyes and answered the question.

"And smell... I don't know about smell but when it's really humid I always get a really nostalgic home feeling."

"Keith's Southern roots coming to the surface," Lance smiled cheekily.

"I didn't even grow up in Texas."

"Yeah but your dad was a country singer, it's in your bones."

Keith shoved him away playfully making Lance laugh.

**Allura: do you plan on making your own makeup line ?**

Allura smiled excitedly.

"Keep your eyes out ready! I have big plans that I'll talk about in detail for a later date! But to answer your question, yes!"

**Lance: whY ARE YOU SO CUTE, ITS F****** ILLEGAL I SWEAR**

Lance chuckled. "Aww thank you! I guess a good skincare routine is really important to keeping your face looking it's best! Also a healthy diet and plenty of water!"

**Pidge : Do you watch anime and if yes, what is your favourite ?**

"I do! In fact Lance, Matt and I watched the whole series of Full Metal Alchemist one weekend. That's one of my favourites."

"My soul got hurt," Lance winced in memory.

**Keith : Advice about how to take care of a dog ? I want to convince my parents to take one~**

Keith smiled softly in the only way he did when dogs were mentioned. Lance always thought that was adorable.
"Well for starters, you have to make sure the breed of dog you're going for is suitable to your lifestyle. In other words, don't get a Siberian Husky if you don't want to be walking it every day for an hour or so, because Cosmo demands walks every day. So do your research, and make sure you and your breed of choice are going to be compatible."

**Lance: what do you love about your family the most?**

"There are countless things that I love about my family, but I guess the best thing about them is that they're so encouraging and accepting of me. They accepted me for my bisexuality without an ounce of hesitation, and they are my biggest fans when it comes to my career. My mama has posters and pictures from magazines on the fridge at home."

"Even the ones of you and Keith where everyone thought you were dating?" Pidge asked and Lance's eyes widened, lips pursed.

"Next question?"

Everyone laughed at that except Keith, who gave him an odd look.

**Shiro: do you take spa days to deal with your silly cast? 😊 also please bench press Adam.**

"I think I *deserve* a spa day."

"We'll remember that for next father’s day," Hunk laughed. "I also am totally a firm believer that he could bench press Adam."

"He tried once and Adam ignored him for 3 days," Keith added in.

"**Keith!**"

**Allura: You are a queen. But have you ever worked with racist/ sexist people? If so how did you deal?**

"Well to start with, thank you for that! And sadly yes, in the modelling industry it can be especially hard. But once you push through all those stereotypes and ignorance you come out much stronger and more resilient than ever before," she paused with a smirk. "It's also really awesome to prove people wrong. Shout out to those people who didn't believe I'd make it far in my industry for the colour of my skin, or for how my body has been made."

People cheered loudly at that, Hunk and Lance fanned the girl -too hot.

**Lance: Lance, why do you look so much taller than Keith while filming when irl you're the same height???**

"This actually has a super simple answer! Leandro's boots have these little... heels? They make me taller. It's always fun to pick on Keith when we're in costume though."

“He’s a jerk about it,” Keith told everyone as Lance grinned proudly.

**Hunk : I can't cook for s***, but I have to learn. With what kind of food should I start learning?**

"A good place to start with is making things you enjoy! It'll give you motivation to want to get up and cook! Just don't make it too ambitious otherwise you may end up severely disappointed. The less ingredient the recipe has, the better! Start with the basics!"
Keith: How did you come to terms with your sexuality and was it hard telling everyone about it?

"Well the first step for me was pretty simple, I always knew I liked guys over girls. I was eight years old and was like 'okay cool I like guys but it doesn't really matter right now all I want to do is play and be a kid'. Then I didn't really think about it until I was like... 15? I told my parents and they were cool. It's important to make sure you're in a situation where you're safe to disclose this information. Be safe guys. But it took a little more effort to come out publicly. I was the son of a famous country singer turned director, and a high profile actress, so it was daunting. Plus I'd been recently casted to play Glenn from *The Walking Dead*, so that was intimidating to be having all these things happening at the same time. But once I was comfortable in my career and myself, I made it pretty clear I am gay."

Lance: What was the dumbest way that you broke up some prompts in the set?

"If you watched the video diaries Pidge and I made, you'd seen in Vine Week where Hunk and I were play fighting with our bayards and mine snapped in half. Shout out to Cute Intern Kane for fixing that one up for me!"

The next question was a hid spinner.

**For Pidge: Seriously, do you ship Klance?**

Lance laughed as he saw the question appear on the screen, but the girl in question choked a little on air.

"Can I pass this question?" she asked which then made Lance and Keith exchange a short glance. *Wasn't the answer obvious?*

Everyone in the audience 'woooed' at the reluctance to answer it. That made Pidge scoff.

"Alright then I'll answer. Let's just say I don't spend my free time reading Klance fan fiction or looking at fan art," she mused. Lance smiled externally even though internally he was frowning.

She didn't answer the question directly. It was a dodge and divert answer, Lance would know because he had done it numerous times and had *coaching* on how to do it successfully.

He wasn't sure how he felt about that.

"Speaking of fan fiction and fan art," Coran started, "one of our viewers asked you all what you think about the *Voltron Fandom*?"

"The Fandom is incredible, I love how vocal and how much they interact," Shiro said.

"There are some very talented people out there," Lance added on. "Every day I'm blown away by art and writing."

"You've read fan fiction?" Coran asked.

"Yeah we all read a few together one night when we had a sleepover. People are talented. I was even considering us all reading it out loud in character one day for a video diary." The audience clapped and cheered at that, obviously loving the concept and idea.

"Another question that has been asked of you all is 'what was the funniest scene to film so far and why'?"
Keith and Lance both looked at each other before bursting out laughing, both already knowing their answer.

"Keith and I literally spent half an hour on the ground laughing during The Wall Scene," Lance explained as Keith hunched over, head in hands laughing. Whenever it was brought up both of their minds instantly went to when he dropped them both.

"The Wall Scene?" Coran asked.

"It's our nickname for the Leakira kiss scene," Allura explained with a giggle.

"Keith stop laughing people are going to think I'm a bad kisser!" Lance whined which made Keith laugh louder. Lance gave his friend a gentle shove with a pout.

Keith lifted his head still chuckling to himself a little. "Sorry, sorry," he wheezed up as he attempted to regain his composure.

"May I ask why this scene was so funny to film for you Keith?" Coran asked. Keith wheezed, mouth closed and hid his face in his hands again trying to conceal his laughter.

"Okay let me save myself from this and explain!" Lance laughed out. "If you've seen the video diaries, you would've seen Pidge secretly recording us when we filmed this scene. And when we were running through I... dropped us."

"He dropped us!" Keith wheezed, the audience now laughing just at Keith's reaction.

"I dropped us," Lance confirmed again with a smile, now also getting the giggles because Keith was losing it and he never was like this in front of the camera, only ever in the comfort of his friend's presence. Even then he was rarely like this. "And then I banged his head against a wall."

That was what pushed Keith over the edge, now hiding his face into Lance's shoulder, body shaking. Lance rolled his eyes playfully but let him do as he pleased.

"Oh my god the number of things I've seen about that from the fandom is hilarious," Pidge cackled.

"It's not my fault Keith is heavy!"

Keith began to laugh harder.

“Well speaking of Leandro and Akira finally telling each other their feelings, we have some questions for Lance and Keith about their character’s new relationship.”

“Go for it,” Lance grinned, waiting for Keith to compose himself.

**Lance and Keith: I love the Leakira kiss scene with all my heart!! It looked super sexy but was it awkward to film?**

“I wouldn’t say awkward…” Keith started, glancing to Lance for his input.

“It probably could have been awkward, it’s quite intimate, but Keith and I are close, so it ended up being pretty fun.”

“It was pretty funny to film,” Keith agreed, laugh leaving his mouth with a shake of his head.

**Keith: For all us Lance stans out here, please tell us, was Lance a good kisser?**
“I mean when he isn’t dropping me or banging my head against walls he wasn’t terrible,” Keith teased making Lance gape in offense and the audience laugh.

“Next Leandro and Akira kiss scene I’m going to eat garlic knots and use a gross amount of tongue.” He laughed as Keith’s face twisted in disgust. Lance stuck his tongue out and leaned closer to Keith’s face as a preview for what he would do.

“Get that filthy tongue away from me,” Keith snapped, using his hand against Lance’s forehead to push him away.

“Nobody knows where that tongue has been, probably has diseases,” Pidge laughed making Lance pull back and gape at her.

“My tongue is pure!”

“Debatable,” Pidge murmured back.

“Don’t paint me as such a deviant my poor mother will have a heart attack,” Lance laughed, looking to the camera with a grin. “Hi mama, I know you’re watching.”

“Hi mama McClain!” Allura waved to the camera with a smile, making his other co-stars follow suit and wave to her as well.

Lance and Keith: How many takes did it take to complete the kiss scene?? Love you guys xxxxxxx

“How many takes, ummm…” Lance hummed thinking it over, glancing to Keith who looked like he was also thinking.

“They can’t remember they kept messing up so they could keep making out,” Pidge teased making Lance laugh but turn red. Keith beside him also went a little pink as he rolled his eyes.

“Now,” Coran started, “I don’t understand the context of this question, but I assume it’s an inside joke between the fans and that you would all understand…”

Lance noticed Keith’s brows raise, both intrigued and confused.

Keith: quick question for Keith, which Lance was the better kisser?

For a second everyone looked at the screen in confusion, before suddenly Pidge burst out into laughter. Lance twisted to face her, brows lifting in confusion.

“They’re talking about Malcolm,” she whispered into his ear making him let out a bark of laughter, hand flying to his mouth.

He quickly leaned to Keith’s arm and informed him of the meaning, making Keith’s eyes widen and mouth snap shut. The audience and Lance laughed at Keith’s facial expression.

“Oh Jesus,” he murmured, face red and hand rubbing the back of neck. “I am not commenting on that one.”

“At least you got paid to kiss me,” Lance snickered earning a howl of laughter from Pidge and Hunk, now both leaning on each other for support.

“I hate you so much,” Keith laughed, shaking his head. Lance winked at him because he knew it
would rile him up, but also would be funny because he knew Lance was joking around.

“KICK 2.0?” Keith asked, grin intentionally wicked.

Lance laughed in shock and gave him a swift punch to the shoulder before facing back to Coran. “Next question!”

Chapter End Notes

I added the last six hundred works last minute (all the leakira questions) I hope you enjoyed the chaos

Also please listen to Ladies Choice from hairspray and just imagine how GOOD lance's dancing would've been like wow >>> https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DX3v6ZDhYgQ

what to expect next chapter:
-You get to meet the beloved fandom where you hear some Voltron theories, some shipping arguments and everyones collective love for our cast <3
LEANDRO AND AKIRA KISSED THEY KISSED AGAINST A WALL HOLY FUCK I THINK I DIED AND WENT TO HEAVEN JVIENCSJBNECJNENCEBC

- I am actually still in minor shock
- i threw my laptop in the air and woke up my whole family
- i prayed for Leakira and the gods replied, thank you Voltron writers... thank you
- IT'S HAPPENING GUYS OMG IT HAPPENED THANK YOUUUUUUUUUUU
- BOYFRIENDS BOYFRIENDS THEY'RE BOYFRIENDS
- the fact that leakira is canon just hasn't sunk in it i still can't believe????
- only Sandra and Monty would do us this good

___________

When you thought Season 2 couldn't get any better then.... Leakira

-FOR REAL THOUGH

___________

Okay so we all know Leakira is now a thing. We always see Leandro risking himself and giving Akira a heart attack. So MY theory is Akira's screenshot of him with white hair is because he's going to sacrifice himself for Leandro or do something to protect him and we're going to get ghost Akira.

- i thought Sandra and Monty were hinting at the white haired akira being a part of the alternative universe episode we're getting in season 3??????????

-SANDRA AND MONTY WOULD NEVER DO THE 'kill the gays' TROPE SHUT THE ACTUAL FUCK UP

- if my boy dies i die so please? no? don't give me ghost akira.

-THEY AREN'T GOING TO KILL AKIRA FFS WHY THE HELL WOULD THEY KILL HIM AFTER BUILDING UP THE LEAKIRA ROMANCE
-this is such a reach omfg it's going to be a part of the AU episode calm down kids... also why would there be a ghost i?????

-maybe he's just sick of everyone calling him emo and decides to bleach it why are y'all so angsty??

im gonna say it

-don't say it

I'M GONNA SAY IT

-oh ffs

KLANCE IS CANON BUT THE SHOW'S PRODUCTION TEAM ARE MAKING THEM KEEP QUIET JUST IN CASE THEY BROKE UP AND VOLTRON'S RATINGS DROP

-i said not to say it you asswipe keith and lance aren't being forced to keep their relationship hidden (if they're in one)

THE EVIDENCE STATES OTHERWISE IN THIS ESSAY I WILL-

Is this the wall scene blooper??

-OMFG SDJBWDED STOP THIS IS TOO MUCH

-I swear i can hear Lance crying in the distance because he still feels so guilty

Remember that time keith told bob to 'grow a pair and apologise to lance' because that shit was breathtaking

-the very moment bob ruined his career was when he went after cutie boy lance

-if you pause the video you can progressively see Keith getting angrier and it's hilarious

-we stan a man who sticks up for his boyf
If i get another Pluser on my timeline telling me Kenance is the real 'KICK' i'm gonna start throwing hands

-kenance is canon king

-oh for f**ks sake HERE WE GO

-okay but did we all not see the chemistry between Kendall and Lance when they were singing shallow?? they were so close to kissing uwu

-OKAY BUT DID YOU NOT SEE THE CHEMISTRY BETWEEN LANCE AND KEITH IN THE WALL SCENE WHERE THEY ACTUALLY KISSED?!?!?

-leandro and akira*

WHY ARE YOU ON MY KLANCE ACCOUNT EFNKDN;ADN

 -*Lane shippers popping their head into the door* are the Kenance and Klance shippers fighting again???

-GO BACK TO YOUR HOLE LANE SHIPPERS

-okay too rough the Lane shippers didn't do anything wrong...

-lane shippers you keep doing you sweetheart ignore kenance shippers

:-)

LANCE LIKED MY LEAKIRA FAN ART I'M BLESSSED

Quick question science side of tumblr

-Go ahead

Can a straight, cis boy get pregnant from a voice because I just heard Lance McClain singing and i think I may be pregnant with his child??

- i don't understand

I think Lance mcclain just became my gay awakening wow what a day

The fact lance's mum has pictures of klance on her fridge says enough they're dating

-mama mcclain is the biggest klance shipper of us all
I just watched Rosie Kay’s new video for Pretty summer boys and Hunk? I wish that man would flip me like a pancake and kneed my dough

-O K A Y W O W

And don’t get me started on Shiro #daddymaterial

-#STOP PLEASE

_____________

I wonder what Adam thinks about Shiro adopting a whole bunch of teenagers???

-They’re all over twenty except for Pidge

*adopter a bunch of young adults and one teenager

_______

*picture of Lance and Keith smiling at each other*

i love them

-is this photoshopped???

NOPE THEY ACTUALLY LOOK AT EACH OTHER LIKE THIS

-big kick energy

_____________

Kane is the cutest boy alive and anyone who disagrees is a parasite to society

_____________

that look Lance gave Keith when he was laughing about the wall scene was so soft

*picture of Keith with his head in lance’s shoulder laughing*

SO CUTE I DIEEE

_____________

I still can’t believe Leandro held akira up against a wall and pinned his arms up and still managed to not make him slip WHAT KIND OF STRENGTH DO YOU NEED TO DO THIS??

-I tried doing this with my girlfriend because we were curious to see how difficult it was and i’ll tell you this... YOU NEED A LOT OF STRENGTH AND TO BASICALLY GRIND AGAINST EACH OTHER CROTCH TO CROTCH AND PUSH THE OTHER TO KEEP UP

are you telling me keith and lance were crotch to crotch?
-that's exactly what i'm telling you

...nice

__________

Alzina is such an important character like I can relate to her so much and she's such a strong independent woman I stan a queen

__________

WHO WANTS TO READ MY KLANCE FIC LUCKY IN RIVALRY??????? IT'S 45 CHAPTERS OF SLOWBURN AND PINING

-nobody

://

-back at it with the irrelevant kenance shippers

__________

If KICK stands for Klance is canon King does that mean LICK stands for Leakira is canon king?

-why would you point this out?

why wouldn't I is more like it

__________

Hachiko and Shiro are such dads i love them especially how they are always stressed by the kids antics

-omg like in the Vine Week video diaries and Lance jumped into the bin you can just hear shiro shouting at him in the background to be careful

__________

What is your favourite Leakira scene i'm curious

-the wall scene that was sPICY

-When Leandro was dying and Akira confessed and Leandro said Akira was beautiful<3 <3

-When Akira nearly shishkabobed Leandro

-What about the bonding moment??

-That scared 'Leandro' Akira shouted out when they lost communication with him on that mission that shit got me in the FEELS Akira was so worried

__________
Have i ever told you how much I love Cosmo??

-Your whole blog is dedicated to cosmo

So have I ever told you-

_________

I love how diverse the Voltron Cast is in both race and sexuality like I can't express how important this is

_________

Who else cried in the Leakira kiss scene because it was just so beautiful?? Like I have legitimate tears running down my face this show is a blessing

_________

Does anyone in this fandom not ship Leakira?

-no

-no

-that would be sinful

VJ

-victoria Justice voice* i think we ALL ship Leakira

-are there actually people who genuinely don't ship Leakira?? I don't believe it

_________

*GIF of Akira's hands gliding up Leandro's shirt*

delicious

_________

Bold of Lance to come out and sing 'ladies choice' when Leandro spent the last two episodes making out with akira

-Lance's choice???
i did something... klance hairspray au

-OMFG 'HOPE I DIDN'T DENT YOUR MULLET' I CJEHRCBCLWHC

-THIS AU IS CURSED SOMEONE STOP IT

Can we talk about how soft of a ship Lane is?

-Kenance is better

-I'M A KLANCE SHIPPER AND HONESTLY KENANCE SHIPPERS NEED TO LET THIS CUTE LITTLE LANE SHIPPER DO THEIR OWN THING NO NEED TO BRING KENANCE INTO EVERYTHING

-Klance shippers are like the protective big sibling who fights to protect their younger sibling Lane from the dumbass cousin (Kenance shippers) we stan

-Klance shippers are just salty because Lance and Keith have friendzoned each other
WHO INVITED THE PLUSERS YOU’RE LITERALLY ONLY HERE FOR LANCE
MOST OF YOU DON’T EVEN WATCH THE SHOW BECAUSE YOU’RE ALL LIKE
TWELVE?????

Okay but they're right like are you even legally allowed to watch Voltron??? it's MA 15+???

*sips tea*

Are we all literally going to forget that Keith (most likely) had sex with someone
who kinda looked like Lance?

Oh definitely not

I'm never going to forget that

KINDA?????

They don't really look that much alike...

*inserts comparison photo of Lance and Malcolm*

ok i stand corrected hOLY SHIT

I can’t wait for Klance to become canon so we remind Keith of this moment

THEORY TIME
WHY DID THEY PULL AKIRA'S HAIR OUT IN THE KISS SCENE???
You can literally see in the video diaries that it wasn't originally planned that Leandro would
take out Akira's hair out before he pushed him up against the wall. it was LANCE who
decided to take the ponytail out of Akira's hair. Why? Because Akira's half up do is his
signature look, while Keith's his very much having his down. It was Lance's silent way of
saying he wanted to kiss Keith.

OMG?

This is some deep shit holy crow

Remember that video that got leaked of drunk Lance and Keith getting kicked out of the
Blade??? I still want to know the story behind it

WAIT WHAT?!?!!?

Yeah Lance and Keith got kicked out of the Blade and nobody knows why but there are
rumours they were being naughty

WHAT KIND OF NAUGHTY ARE WE TALKING ABOUT!!??!!
- SURELY NOT?!?!
-I would pay so much money for them to reveal what happened

When you listen to Plus 5's album and....

-and what?

-is this about the song

-the song??

-it's called Notice and there is a line where it goes 'because your best friend is in love with you and you don't even notice' so everyone is saying it was inspired by Keith and Lance

-O H M Y G O D

-plot twist, kendall is a klance shipper

Are we not going to talk about that day that Lance's sister was in a video diary and accidentally told everyone that Lance was a massive The Walking Dead fan and had a poster of Keith on his bedroom wall??

-we really do need to talk more about this

-can we have a reverse spider-man moment and have Keith dress up as Glenn and then Lance can fan girl over Keith?

-SOMEONE CALL PIDGE AND MAKE IT HAPPEN

-can we just talk about how much Lance and his sister look alike?

-can we talk about how much of a big fat gay crush i have on Lance and Lance's sister???

-mood ^

Lance: picks up Keith and spins him around like he's a Disney princess
also Lance: no homo though

Everyone else:
Did anyone else here get tickets for the Voltron character panel?!?!?!

-YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS I AM SCREAMING

-no someone pls record it :((

-i live too far away curse my life

-Considering livestreaming it for people to watch

-PLEASE DO I'LL LOVE YOU FOREVER

* * *

"Thank you everyone for your hard work today," Sandra with Monty beside her smiled. Today had been the first day on set for Season three. It was a simple rehearsal of the script and had gone well, next week was when real filming would be starting. So far, Lance could say this season was probably going to be his favourite. It was so openly different from the previous two. For a start, it was funnier and less angsty (at least for the middle section to give the viewers a break from too much violence). His favourite part was definitely Akira getting lost in a mass of different realities where he would meet alternative versions of the paladins.

Leandro acts like a bit of a psychopath trying to get him back but hey, at least he gets to use Akira's bayard and look like a total badass. Also Akira's hair turning white meaning Keith was getting a wig? Lance was going to give Keith grief for that one for sure.

"Now what I want to talk about now is the panel."

Ah, the panel. It was a really good promotion technique, so props to the marketing team. The idea was that the main cast would be playing their characters and be answering questions to a live audience.

There was only one date scheduled and the venue wasn't huge, so tickets were snatched up immediately. He wished they could have done more panels since a lot of people missed out, but it was a pretty risky gig anyway. They didn't want to accidentally give any spoilers away or act awkwardly out of character since there was no script to help aid them.

"We have given you all a list of things to know about your character; family, birthday, things like that. Know the information, you're going to need it. Any questions?"
"Will the panel have any rules?" Hunk asked, appearing nervous.

"There will be rules set in place.

"Imagine if we let them go wild! Shiro would to end up half naked and Keith and I will be on the ground fucking." Sandra scowled, "sorry, making love."

"Speaking of you and Keith doing nasty things, why is there a rumour going around you two got kicked out of The Blade for getting it on in a public place?" Pidge asked.

"Wait what?" Lance gaped, looking to Keith in shock horror, who didn't look all that surprised. "Keith did you know about that?" He shrugged as he looked over Akira's list of information. Lance put a hand to his heart. "My poor mother."

"Can we please focus?" Monty asked. "Does anyone have any panel related questions?" He asked, looking around the room. Lance raised his hand prompting Monty to sigh. "Yes, Lance?"

"Did Leandro and Akira do the deed?" Monty gave him a look. "What? People are thirsty and curious."

"No, they didn't," Sandra told him bluntly.

"Boo," Lance pouted.

"Looks like the fans aren't the only ones who are thirsty," Pidge beside him snickered.

"I just want my boy to get laid," Lance insisted.

"Your boy?" Allura asked with a giggle.

"Leandro! He deserves to get funky with his man!"

Keith only lifted his head to give Lance the look.

"You just want to film a sex scene with Keith so bad huh?" Pidge smirked.

"Of course! Can't wait to dry hump Keith in a room full of people and cameras," he replied sarcastically, bouncing a little on the couch and wiggled his brows at Keith, this time earning a small snort of laugh from him. Lance then looked back to Sandra and Monty. "For real though, is there going to be a Leakira sex scene?"

"How did we get onto this subject?" Shiro asked, noting the way Sandra had her hand over her face, shaking her head looking completely done.

"Lance is horny 24/7, that’s how," Pidge muttered.

"I am not!"

"It's probably because he hasn't gotten laid in a while," Keith adds in nonchalantly, eyes back to his sheet of paper.

"Excuse you!" Lance shouted. "I'll have you know I get plenty of action."

Keith smirked. "Do you now?"

"Yes! Just last weekend I hooked up with this guy -Malcolm- oh wait! That was just me jerking off
in front of mirror! Sorry I got confused since we look so much alike."

"One day I will punch you so hard that you'll never be able to use the side of your brain that makes you say that weird shit."

"I want to gauge my eyeballs out so I don't have to ever think about something so horrifically horrifying!" Pidge exclaimed, digging the heels of her palms into her eyes.

"People would pay good money for that content!" Lance insisted with a grin.

"This meeting has gone way off topic," Shiro said looking apologetically to Sandra and Monty.

Sandra sighed, hands on her hips. "It's not like we're not used to this by now. We'll let you go for the day, but please look over your notes, it's important you memorise every single detail."

Lance gave a lazy salute and got up like the others. He pulled his phone out of his pocket and went to contacts.

"Who you calling?" Keith asked as they fell in natural stride beside each other.

"My mama to tell her I didn't get kicked out of a nightclub," he pressed his phone to his ear. "Hola mamá!"

Chapter End Notes

you can totally see my talent for edits in this one
also i don't even know what happened with this chapter its so random but hopefully you liked meeting the Voltron fandom (if you have any fandom ideas i'd love to hear them) and some goofy chatter

Whats gonna go down next chapter
- THE VOLTRON PANEL (aka leandro and akira flirting 90% of the time)

if you have any confusions with the panel or even the talk of the new season (i'm scared i haven't explained it very well) comment and I'll definitely get back to you!!!
Have a lovely week and see you next time <3
The Voltron Panel is finally here!! It was legit ten weeks ago I asked for your questions and we're finally getting the answers thank you to everyone who had submitted questions <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hold my hand," Lance insisted, holding his hand out to Keith who raised a brow at him.

"Seriously?"

"Bitch, we're in costume and we're dating. Hold my damn hand," he growled grabbing Keith's hand with his despite the other's reluctance. Keith huffed and rolled his eyes.

They were on the side of the stage, waiting for their cue. The crowd was tittering in anticipation as they waited for the cast panel to begin. It was a show promotion thing, where they (the main cast) were dressed as each of their characters, and the fans in the audience would be asking them questions. It was different from anything they had ever done before and acting in character without the aid of the script was both daunting and exhilarating.

They'd all been given a list of knowledge about their character, and information they could talk about. They all knew what they couldn't disclose to the fans in the sense of spoilers.

"Hello and welcome to the Voltron Cast Panel!" The commentator grinned, pumping the crowd up who squealed and cheered. "So, before our Paladins come out on stage, we're going to go through some rules..."

There of course were rules on things they couldn't ask the actors to do, dangerous dares, pressing for particular questions or information that could contain spoilers or exceed the MA15+ quota.

"And let's keep questions show related, no our paladins can't have your babies or give you a hug," the commentator chided, making the audience laugh and 'aww' in disappointment at the same time. "Alright, I think we've gone through all the rules. Let me set the scene. Our Paladins are about to arrive-" the crowd screams, "and they're attempting to gain your trust for you to join the rebellion against President Kaplin. They'll answer any question that'll flow with the story line and fall into the rule brackets. I'll take my leave and introduce you the Paladins of Voltron and the leader of the Atlas-" the commentator walked off stage, leaving the crowd to cheer and scream as the lights dimmed.

"That's our cue Kira," Lance grinned, tugging at his hand as they all walked out onto the stage. The reaction was instant, he heard someone scream 'they're holding hands!' as they walked to the panel spots. Lance was in the middle -Black paladin perks- with his right-hand man Keith to his right. Shiro as Hachiko was to his left, followed by Pidge and Hunk. One the other side of Keith was Allura.

"Hello there noble rebellions. This is your Black Paladin Leandro Sanchez speaking," was all that Lance got in before the crowd began screaming. Lance chuckled into the mic. This was pretty
crazy, a very different experience indeed. All these people were huge fans of the show, forking out money to get a seat or spending many hours entering competitions for a chance to win a ticket. "Thank you for joining up this evening, I'm aware tonight is a chance for you to gain some trust in us as Defenders of earth and the universe, so ask away. Our lovely ushers will pick some people out to ask away. So wait till you have been tapped to ask a question," Lance replicated the only part of the script that was given. Now they were free birds to say whatever they pleased.

The first question was simple and asked by a girl with a nervous, but excited smile.

"Leandro, are you still holding Akira's hand?" she asked. Lance looked down at his and Keith's intertwined fingers that had been resting casually on his thigh, he'd kinda forgotten they had even been holding hands.

Lance raised their clasped hands in the air together to show them 'yes, we are still holding hands' with a big cheesy grin as the fans screamed in joy. Keith as Akira bashfully looked away, pout on his face as he would of done at the attention. Lance laughed.

"Someone's embarrassed," he cheeked, Leandro's signature smirk growing on his face. Keith turned to just so Akira could glare at Leandro. Lance winked his way, sending the fans into another frenzy.

"Are those two ever going to stop flirting so we can continue our meeting?" Pidge asked with Petra's fond roll of the eyes. Lance hooked his arm around Keith.

"Never going to stop flirting with my boyfriend," Lance grinned prompting the fans to giggle and some make a varying sounds of high pitched squeals.

"Doesn't surprise me Leandro," Pidge laughed.

"We really should get to business though," Shiro said -forever the serious leader, even in character. "Next question?"

A girl who looked older than the last one stood up, being given a microphone.

"Petra, how did you start learning how to get good with electronic stuff?" she asked. Everyone turned their heads in Pidge's direction.

"I've always had an interest in robotics and the science behind it. I learned it mostly form my father, who works along a lot of the government in up-keeping a lot of their military machinery. We haven't had much contact though since the rebellion, I think they've gone into hiding, we haven't had contact in a couple of months."

"We're still working on a safe way of contacting our families," Lance started in his 'leadership voice'. "That is, without giving away our locations to the government. But Petra is definitely our best chance of figuring that out, if she can't do it, nobody can."

The crowd cooed at Leandro's response. Petra and Leandro had a strong brother and sister dynamic in the show. Petra having an older brother while Leandro had three younger sisters.

The next question was asked by a teenage boy.

"Akira, what's it like going from a lone wolf situation to a team dynamic?"

Keith nodded as he heard the question, taking a moment to answer.
"It was a difficult adjustment. I was used to it just being me and my mother and father, but they were busy a lot so they did leave me alone most of the time. It was hard to throw my trust into a bunch of strangers, it really wasn't something I was used to. But I'm glad I did trust these guys. They're all really important parts of my life, plus I'd probably be rotting in a cell somewhere otherwise, so bonus."

"I thought I would be your bonus?" Lance asked with a teasing glint.

"You're alright," Akira murmured playfully, making Lance and the audience chuckle.

They moved onto the next question, asked by an individual wearing a Voltron merch shirt.

"Alzina what sparkly things do you like?"

Allura clasped her hands together. "Well nothing really beats the sparkle of a weapon, if we're talking about cleanliness, I always make sure Blue is in spotless! I can't handle a mess."

They chose another girl to ask the next question. "Leandro, why do you constantly try and sacrifice yourself? I don't want you to die, my child."

Lance moved closer to mic, ready to answer the question but Keith as Akira beat him to it.

"I can tell you why, because he's a selfless idiot." The crowd all fell into a fit of giggles. "He doesn't think before he acts and would rather save others than keep himself safe," Keith said, giving Lance an irritable expression, like Leandro trying to save others ahead of himself was taking years off Akira's life.

"I mean it's our job to, you know... save people? I'd rather save someone else and risk injury instead of sitting back knowing I could've helped." Some of the audience awed. It was a trait of Leandro that a lot of people enjoyed, his heroic nature. It made him a good, but at sometimes reckless leader.

Keith looked out to the audience with a blank expression. "See?" The audience laughed, making Lance pout for Leandro's sake.

"Henare what is your favourite thing to do in your pastime?" A boy asked and Hunk 'ahhed' and 'ummed'.

"We don't get a lot of free time, but it's always fun to tinker with mechanics, I've learned a lot of things from the Lions and Petra. I like to invent things, useful things to help us make our travelling easier, also things that are just a bit silly or a bit of fun. It can take the tension off, which we all really need sometimes."

"Hachiko you deserve some sleep!" The audience laughed at that. "Honey please tell me you take naps every now and then. Now, who keeps you from sleeping when you finally have the time to take a rest? Do you want kids?"

"Oh wow," Shiro started with a chuckle. "For starters, yeah I do take a few naps."

"He's like a cat, can nap anywhere at any time," Keith told them.

"Yeah, and if I do get to nap, it'd probably be my own crew waking me up, or Leandro calling over the coms to ask me random questions." The audience chuckled at that.

"I'm a curious boy."
"And as for kids..." Shiro started. "I think I'd want to be in a world without the danger of the war, like the one we're fighting in. If I happened to find the perfect person, and I could assure a child's safety and quality of life, I'd love to be a father." The crowd awed.

The next question was asked by a male, probably around the same age as Lance's character. "Leandro, how's being the Black Paladin? Is it hard on you being a young leader?"

Lance leaned back on his chair a little.

"I mean, we're all pretty young, us Voltron Paladins. Being thrown in such a high stress situation was hard in itself. We've been doing this for a while now, I had only just turned 17 when Black chose me and I was terrified. I didn't think I was capable of pulling everyone together, but once we united as a team, I realised that I was never really alone in this. We were all scared, all young. But we got through it together. I'm grateful for the team I have, my right-hand man especially got me through some tough times," Lance said the last part glancing towards Keith like the lovesick fool Leandro was for Akira. The audience awed collectively and Keith smiled in his soft Akira smile.

"Petra, do you know any black markets? If so, who would you take there with you?"

Pidge grinned, leaning against the top of the table. "Of course I know a few of them. Well, I know I definitely wouldn't take Leandro, he'd would probably try make friends with the criminals and then say something offensive and get our heads blown off. Henare would be too intimidated, Hachiko wouldn't let me go because he's a party pooper. Alzina... Oh maybe that could work... but honestly, I'd probably take Akira. Nobody fucks with Akira. It would be like my own personal bodyguard."

Even the cast laughed at that one along with the audience at that one.

"Henare how often do you hug your teammates? And do you ever force them to sit down and take a breath?"

"Sometimes I feel like I don't hug them enough. But I do hug everyone often. Especially before we go out on dangerous missions. I know when Leandro woke up from the healing pod I hugged him almost back to the brink of death." The crowd laughed lightly at that, while Akira made a point of looking away from Leandro as he said it. His character was still a tad mad at Leandro for doing something so reckless. "And I constantly have to get my teammates to take breaks. Akira and Leandro are the worst offenders for this. The work too hard."

"Kira is way worse than me," Lance rebutted.

"You sure about Leandro? I literally saw you pass out from exhaustion the other week while walking to Black."

"You what?" Keith shouted in disbelief, head whipping to Lance in shock-horror. The audience 'oohed' and laughed at the over-protectiveness of Akira.

Lance winced for Leandro. "Next question?"

The next question was for the women of Voltron. "Is it hard being on a team of boys when that time of the month comes around? Are they the slide chocolate and pain meds under the door type of how can we help type?" A teenage girl was the one who asked the question.

Allura and Pidge exchanged a quick glance. Nothing had probably prepared them for a question along those lines. Allura being the first to go and attempt to answer the question.

"Well," Allura started, "the boys have very different approaches. Out of the Voltron team, I find
Leandro to be the most understanding of the boys. He has three younger sisters back at home, so these sorts of things are common in his household. Although, in Leandro's usual way, he does always manage to aggravate us all in his... weird phrasing."

"Ladies are badass, they can bleed for a week without dying while I get impaled with a sword once and I'm in the healing pod for three days." The crowd bursts into a fit of laughter, the girls in the audience finding it hilarious.

"Example," Allura said with a chuckle. "As for the other boys... Well Hunk is thoughtful and tries to be considerate. Then Akira pretends it's not a thing."

"I think that's enough period talk," Pidge started bluntly. "Next question."

"Leandro hi!" A girl waved and Lance waved right on back, a smile growing on his lips. "Us fans were super happy to see you and Akira finally kiss! You're a pretty cool guy on the inside, but what was your internal reaction to kissing Akira?" A huff of laughter left Lance's mouth, smiling as he tried to think of how excited Leandro would have been.

"First of all, thank you for calling me cool-"

"You are so not cool," Pidge snickered and Lance rolled his eyes playfully.

"They said I was, so I am!" The crowd giggled. "Now I was pretty stoked when Akira said he loved me. I've been trying to impress him for ages, we've come a long way since Akira first put a knife to my throat when I used that sick pickup line on him."

"That was not a good pickup line," Keith snickered. Lance gaped.

"Yes it was! I mean it must have done something because I have you now don't I?" Keith shrugged, making Lance sigh. "Anyway, as for my internal reaction..." Lance pondered, a smile cracking on his face. "It kinda went something like this..." he trailed off, pushing his chair back enough for him to stand on top of his chair. The audience made a noise of surprise as he stood up. When he got there he raised his arms in the air and screamed 'finally!' This made the fans and cast go into another round of laughter as Lance sat himself back down on his chair. Keith was chuckling and shaking his head. "Or something like that," Lance said with a nonchalant shrug. He looked back to the person who had asked the question. "Is that all you wanted to ask?"

"Umm..." The girl pondered, suddenly a smile appeared on her face. "Can you give him a kiss?" The audience went silent for a solid two seconds before they began to murmur excitedly. He glanced to Keith who was casting a quick look to Lance.

Lance was kind of surprised this question had come up earlier.

He smiled. "Sure." Everyone seemed surprised by this. Even Keith beside him looked a little shocked. Lance smirked and twisted himself to face Keith. He noticed Pidge given him a bewildered look and chuckled. Grabbing a clipboard from the panel table top as he leaned in. Keith caught the intention and a small smirk appeared on his lips as he leaned, both of their faces covered by the clipboard.

"What they won't know won't hurt them," Lance whispered to Keith, faces well and truly hidden behind the clipboard as the squeals started. Keith chuckled with a roll of his eyes. Lance pulled back after a few moments, lowering the clipboard with a cheesy smile. Keith turned away slightly, smile on his face, acting as if he were bashful.

It took a few long moments for the crowd to calm down.
"Henare my precious child, what do you want for your birthday? We can get you anything!" Hunk laughed at that, a little nervous in the way his character would at the attention.

"Oh wow, I mean I don't think I need anything. The only thing I want at this stage is for my family to be okay, but you guys don't have that kind of power to be able to gift that to me. So if we're talking about objects..." Hunk trailed off. "Maybe some proper food. Food goo really sucks."

"Ask them to join the rebellion," Lance stage whispered. The crowd laughed as Hunk's eyes widened.

"Oh! That too!"

"My question is directed to all of you," a guy started after being tapped. "So like... If Leandro dies, who will replace him?"

All the cast members turned to look at Lance. Keith's eyes narrow like the question has personally offended him.

"Well," Lance started. "When I asked Akira to take over me when I thought I was as good as dead, he shouted 'fuck you', so I get the vibe he's be super pissed if I asked him to be the Black Paladin."

"I was pissed because you almost gave up," Keith rebutted, crossing his arms. "It doesn't matter anyway, you're not going anywhere. No need for a new Black Paladin when the one we have isn't dying any time soon," Keith said snappishly. Akira was really sensitive to the topic of Leandro dying or being hurt. A part of the intention of the question Lance assumed was to see Akira get a little riled up.

Lance shrugged. "You heard the man."

The next question was also answered by Keith as Akira.

"Akira, what would you do if Leandro turned out to be super denying his bi-self and started dating, I dunno, Alzina?" A soft 'ooh' went across the crowd and Lance tensed up for Leandro's sake, glancing to his character's boyfriend.

It was no secret to the characters that before Leandro was even introduced to Akira, he flirted a little with Alzina, more for a bit of a laugh than anything. It was made apparent though that Leandro never actually liked Alzina, however there had been confusion early on in the series.

Keith's eyes glared over to Lance, making the crowd giggle in anticipation.

"What? I didn't do anything wrong!" Lance insisted and Keith rolled his eyes and looked back to the audience.

Keith leaned into towards the mic and in a deadpanned expression and tone said, "Nothing. I would do absolutely nothing." That surprised Lance, the rest of the cast and the audience. Keith blinked and softened his face. "If Leandro dated someone instead of me I wouldn't ruin that for him just so I could be with him. That's not real... not real love. It's selfishness. If he decided his happiness wasn't with me, yeah, I'd be gutted. But if it's what makes him happy," Keith shrugged, "then that's all that matters to me."

Something about those words made Lance falter, a slight sinking feeling in his stomach grew and expanded to his throat. He swallowed it down with a dazzling Leandro smile.

"We're getting a bit deep there babe," he chuckled, glad to hear no anxiousness in his tone. Keith
looked at him, which prompted Lance to lean forward. "No need for it though, I fell for you, remember?" There's a thickness to it, the audience 'awed' at the sight, but Lance is staring at Keith with slight confusion. Lance knew Keith well, knew him well enough to know when he wasn't speaking in character. A trickle of anxiety stemmed under his skin.

It was time to ignore those thoughts as the panel continued.

Lance looked back out to the audience, tapping his finger silently against the wood; thinking.

*     *     *

"So what's his problem?" Adam asked Shiro, probably looking at Keith who was on the ground of their apartment, arms and legs extended out like a starfish as he stared at the roof.

"He's been like this ever since the panel ended," Shiro explained, and Keith could imagine him rubbing his temples to calm himself down.

"He knows," Keith whispered to himself. "He has to know now. I practically told him." He sat up and looked over to the adults who were watching him from the couch. "Lance knows."

"You told Lance?" Adam asked. "You flat out told Lance you like him?" Keith raised his shoulders shyly.

"Not exactly..." He trailed off with a pout.

"He just said something as Akira that represented something similar to Keith's situation." Shiro explanation made Adam's confusion grow.

"I said I would be depressed if he was with someone else but wouldn't stop him because I love him and his happiness means more to me than my own."

"Oh," Adam choked out, eyes widened in astonishment. "Wait... love?"

"You said it as Akira to Leandro. He probably didn't make the connection," Shiro said softly to try and make Keith feel better, letting them both ignore Adam's question.

Truth, Keith said it as Akira to Lance as Leandro. Akira and Leandro were in a relationship, those sorts of exchanged words happened between lovers. But Keith had said it as Keith, and Keith is pretty sure Lance had caught on, or at least been confused by the non-fictitiousness of his words.

"He knows," Keith said, feeling numb. "Or he is suspicious. You should of seen the way he looked at me," Keith shook his head, hoping the memory would leave his mind forever. Lance had looked so confused, concerned and the worst of all, anxious. "I'm never going to tell him," Keith decided. He couldn't even fathom the thought of Lance's reaction if he flat out told him his feelings.

"Keith..." Shiro started but Keith was already standing up, grabbing his jacket.

"You can't change my mind, I'll get over it. I have to. I'll be fine."

"Keith, wait." But Keith wasn't going to wait. He couldn't wait and hope any longer. He continued out and closed the door behind him, hoping it would leave his unrequited feelings there with it.
Hope you liked getting to know the gangs characters a little better and also *sigh* keith bby no...

Next chapter expectations
-Keith? a snac? more like a whole ass meal
They were exactly three weeks into filming season three when Lance got the call.

He didn't even get time to get changed before he was running from his apartment to Keith's. Lance twisted the knob of his door and groaned when he realised it was locked. He banged on the wood, which made Cosmo bark loudly behind the door, yet no Keith. If he wasn't home, there were few other places the man could be at this hour.

Lance's eyes widened as he ran back to the elevator, repeatedly smashing the button for back down to the 3rd level.

Keith's apartment complex was _luxe_. With a floor dedicated to the pool, and another for the gym, which was on the 3rd floor.

Lance was _gunning_ it.

Upon sprinting into the gym, which was mostly barren due to the time Lance saw a few buffed out and business-y looking individuals. They gave him an odd look as he searched around, probably looking slightly out of place in his pyjamas. Lance's eyes locked onto the shirtless target who had his back facing him, hair pulled back into a ponytail and biceps flexing as he heaved himself up and down, doing pull-ups.

It's an involuntary reaction when his eyes bulge a little. Not the best thing to be doing, checking out your best friend's bare back flexing and glowing with a sheen of sweat, but like, Lance is only a simple man. A simple man with _eyes_. It wasn't his fault Keith was built like a unit.

He shook his head out of the trance. _Right, _Lance thought, _back to the mission._

His shoes squeaked against the polished floor of the gym as he twisted and weaved through the equipment a people. Once he reached Keith, he had another short moment of weakness - because _damn_- before he ran to the front of him. Keith's eyes widened with surprise as he spotted Lance, dropping himself from the overhead bar, wiping his hands on the baggy shorts he was wearing then pulled his headphones off his ears.

"Lance?"

"19," Lance grinned.

"What?" Keith frowned, grabbing his workout towel and wiped it over his face and neck.

"19 nominations," Lance grinned further when the realisation clicked for Keith.

"Voltron got 19 nominations?" Keith conformed, eyes going wide like how Lance's did when he was staring at him working out. Lance nodded, already bouncing up and down, practically

"I know! I just got the call from my manager!" Lance buzzed and held out his phone for Keith to look at. Keith looked at it from over Lance's shoulder, eyes glazing over the list of nominations.

"You got nominated for Best Upcoming Actor, Lance!" Keith practically shouted, face glowing with joy. Lance giggled as he was entrapped in a big sweaty hug, lifted momentarily off the ground. Lance wouldn't lie that when he found out about that nomination, he teared up a little. It was something that he had worked hard for, his career. It just all felt so crazy and unreal.

When Keith put him back down he stared at Lance for a moment which made Lance flush, looking back to the list.

"Look! You and Akira got nominated as best protagonist!" Lance said, pointing to it. He watched Keith's smile brighten. "Oh but you haven't even seen the best of it," Lance murmured scrolling down (yes, there were so many nominations that he had to scroll). He pointed to the nomination which made a short laugh bark out of his lips.

"Best Kiss Scene, huh?" he laughed, tilted his head to look at Lance who was smirking.

"Leakira has big dick energy, we're the only same-sex kiss nominated." It was kind of a big deal. There had of course been gay couples who had won similar awards, but it was so typically rare that this was a pretty big thing.

"Wow," Keith breathed out, shaking his head in shock.

"I know!" Lance buzzed. "It's insane!"

They both looked back to each other, both grinning excitedly. Lance raised a hand towards Keith. "Go the gays!"

Keith laughed and raised a hand to high five him. "Go the gays," he echoed, grin soft and smooth and lips reminding Lance of the scene they had filmed together.

* * *

@voltron - The Voltron team are ecstatic to reveal that the show we love and work so hard on has gotten 19 JuniAward nominations

Best Actor- Takashi Shirogane
Best up and coming actor - Lance McClain
Best up and coming Actress - Allura Altea
Best Kiss Scene - Lance McClain and Keith Kogane as Leandro and Akira
Best Director- Sandra and Monty
Best Drama - Voltron
Best Special Effects - Voltron
Best Special FX Makeup - Voltron
Best Protagonist - Keith Kogane as Akira
Best Soundtrack - Voltron
Best Antagonist - Zarkon Galran as President Kaplin
Best TV series - Voltron
Best New TV series - Voltron
Best Supporting actor - Coran
Best Fight Scene - Voltron  
Best Stunt Scene - Hunk Episode 13, Season 2, Voltron  
Best Written Plot - Voltron, Timi Hederick  
Best Costume Design - Voltron  
Best Young Actress Award- Katie (Pidge) Holt

-Congrats @VOLTRON

-Nothing is more valid than Lance and Allura both getting nominated for Best Up and coming Actor/Actress

-Voltron getting the most nominations out of the whole JuniAwards ceremony? More likely than you think

-The Leakira kiss is so powerful it's going to crush all the het nominations sorry I don't make the rules

-The fact that Voltron season 1 wasn't out for the last JuniAwards is such a wild concept to me and I love the fact they still get nominated for Best New Series that’s fucking hilarious lets go Voltron

-Sandra and Monty deserve a big hug they must be so proud of their babies

-DAD GETTING NOMINATED FOR BEST ACTOR AWARD YESS DAD GOOOO DAD

-My bby boy Akira getting what he dESERVES

-Timi is my favourite person alive not only did she WRITE most of voltron's screen writing but she personally WROTE the wall scene that got nominated for best kiss scene. God bless Timi.

If Voltron doesn't win Best Series I may just explode it's actually the best

* * *

"I look like a baby," Lance grinned into the mirror at his straightened hair. It was styled in a way that was similar to how his hair used to be before Voltron. It had been so long since he had seen his hair this straight and in his face.

"That's a good thing, Leandro's Alternative Universe version is a high schooler," Daisy reminded him as she sprayed the hairspray.

Lance looked to his right at Keith who was getting his hair sprayed with this white stuff at the tips. Akira had been kidnapped and was forced into a space in between realities, coursing through different alternative realities. The toll of it - trying to get himself out of the limbo- was going to turn his hair white.

"Skunky boy," Lance chimed, smiling as Keith casted his eyes in his direction. Lance laughed to himself in victory at the irked expression. Still funny.

When Lance was set free from hair and makeup he was thrown into wardrobe. His outfit was very basic, jeans, white collared shirt with a sweater over the top and blocky black glasses. High school
AU Leandro was a hot nerd. Nice.

Keith was dressed in a classic high school football jacket, while the others were all mostly dressed in normal clothes. Shiro was a teacher, while the rest of the paladins were the students. The scene started with Akira waking up in a classroom, with the teacher Mr. Shirogane waking him up after falling asleep in class. In confusion, he raced out of the classroom and into the school halls. He didn't stop running until he bumped into Henare, who looked equally confused. The Paladins seemed like they didn't interact in this universe too much. At least not with Akira.

"Where's Leandro?" Akira asked, staring at him.

"Leandro? As in Leandro Sanchez?"

"Who the fuck else?"

Henare timidly then instructed Akira to where the music room was.

This is when that scene ended, Lance was in the next scene, sitting by the piano and looking out the window overlooking the football field.

Lance had been asked to stand by the piano.

"Yeah nah I can only play twinkle twinkle little star," Lance admitted with a cheeky grin when someone on the crew asked if he could play it. As a young child he had started out with piano lessons, his teacher would ask him to sing out the notes as he learned. This is where they found out that Lance had potential vocally. The piano was ditched for singing soon after, so he'd forgotten most of what he learned.

A grin spreads across Lance's face as Kane walked on set.

"Kane! Look we're twinning!" He shouted, pointing to the glasses perched on his nose. Lance strikes a pose on the piano's stool and Kane shakes his head, smiling at him like he's crazy.

"Are we all ready for set?" Monty asks and everyone nods, shouts and thumbs up being passed around the room. "Okay then, let's go. Episode 5, scene 9, take 1. Action!"

At first after the panel, Keith felt sick with nerves at wondering if Lance was going to pull him up for the 'I love you so I'd never interfere with your love life for my own sake'. He didn't. He should be taking it as a warning to be more careful with his emotions. But Keith couldn't help but notice how cute Lance looked in those glasses.

Akira raced into the room, lacking breath in lungs. His heavy breathing was what caught the alternative universes Leandro's attention. The boy jerked up, an unattractive clang of the piano would be added over later as Leandro was stopped mid song.

"Holy Toledo!" Leandro gasped, hand on heart.

A humorous addition to the alternative universe Leandro was his cleanliness of words and appearance. The high school AU Leandro had an air of innocence that the normal Leandro didn't have.

"What in the heavens do you think you're-" Leandro cut himself off with a blink as he caught sight of Akira. "Oh, it's you."
Another difference between Leandro and Akira in this universe was they apparently too fond of each other. Except Akira had yet to learn that.

"Lea, I've been looking for you for ages."

"Okay for starters, that’s a first. Didn't even know you were aware of my existence."

"Of course I know you, I love-" Akira stopped himself, remembering he was in another reality. This Akira didn't date this reality's Leandro. "Whatever, it doesn't matter now. Where are we?"

"Umm..." Leandro started, brows raising in confusion. "School? The music room precisely. Speaking of, why are you even here? Shouldn't you be trying a football around and tackling other men to the ground like Nee-an-doo-fells - I really fucked that up," Lance laughed, breaking character, making Keith laugh as he groaned at himself in annoyance. He looked to Monty and Sandra. "Sorry guys," he said, grinning dazzling towards them, unintentionally blinding Keith in his way.

"Re set!"

He's so glad his own emotions hadn't ruined his friendship.

* * *

-I still don't understand why we are normalising homosexual relationships... We don't need impressionable young people watch this sort of action be celebrated
#NotGoodEnoughJuniAwards
-#suck my dick
-"Leandro and Akira are gay for each other so suck it!" - Lance McClain

I thought a best kiss scene good be between a male and female. I'm not trying to be homophobic but this doesn't really make sense to why Voltron was nominated for best kiss when it was between two men...
-" I'm not trying to be homophobic but..." continues to say something homophobic
- it's official gays can't kiss we're just physically incapable

To all of those who think their homophobic opinions are valid:
*GIF of Akira from Season 1 saying "can you just, I don't know? Die quietly?"*

Y'all some soccer mum really went out of her way to make a petition to get the Leakira kiss de-nominated from the JuniAwards
-Are you kidding me?!??!
- yo this is so fucked up This is why representation is so important my lord people these days smh

I don't even watch Voltron but I fucking hope that they win their kiss scene so all these gits can stfu
If either Akira or Leandro were a girl nobody would be complaining. The thing is that this scene was specifically chosen not just because the characters are two males. It was chosen because it was cinematic genius, from lighting, to camera angles, auditory and most importantly THE ACTING!!!!!!

If I see one more person going after @McLancey or @keithkogane_ I am going to end up stabbing a bitch and in jail  istg LEAVE MY BABIES ALONE

* * *

"Keith, what fucking year is it?" Lance asked, pacing up and down the break room as he scrolled through his phone through the #NotGoodEnoughJuniAwards tag on twitter.

"2019," Keith murmured, also on his phone.

"Exactly! 20-fucking-19! I just don't understand how some people can be still so closed minded!" He snapped, growling as he threw his phone onto the couch space next to Keith. The outburst grabbed the other man's attention.

"You really need to stop looking at that stuff," Keith insisted calmly, his finger tapping up and down on the screen. He cringed and muttered 'dammit' under his breath.

Lance stormed and looked at his screen. "Dude, are you playing Angry Birds? For real? We have a crisis on our hands and you decide to play games?"

Keith sighed and put his phone down, screen facing downwards. "Trust me, I'm just as pissed as you are, but there really isn't much we can do. There is always going to be backlash. There are always going to be people out there who are going to give us - and people like us - hate. "
Lance plotted down next to Keith, exhaling in attempt to blow away his aggravation. It was nowhere near successful. "I know, I know. It's just..." he sighed as he looked over some of the negative messages.

"I get it," Keith said. "I really do. We just have to look on the bright side. It's really only the minority being shit-for-brains."

"One bad comment can scare someone away forever," Lance reminded him, remembering himself all too well with the fear of rejection from when he was a teenager. Not just when it came to his family but everybody. Lance was one of those people enjoyed being liked and felt like the world was ending when a bad word was ever whispered about him. Eventually he learned that he had to grow out of that mind frame, and he is glad that he did. But that didn't change that there were still people out there who had yet to find self-acceptance in the fact that they couldn't please everybody. "There are endless amounts of people out there who could be affected by reading this bullshit. Kids. Scared kids, just like us." Like me.

Keith looked up at the roof; thinking.

Other than showing up and toughing through it there isn't much else that we can do." Keith swivelled to face Lance narrowing his eyes in a serious manner. "We are the examples that it's okay. We're just going to have to show them that being different, Being gay or bi or whatever it is, is okay. We just have to be the ones to show them that there's nothing wrong with it."

A small click inside Lance’s brain made him sit up straight from his slouch. A wicked grin sliced across his face, smirk growing. Keith instantly looked wary, he himself straightening his posture.

"Uh-oh. That's your 'I have a crazy idea' face."

"I think I have an idea."

*     *     *

It comes by in flashes. The visuals of sheen sweat skin in the moonlight, somewhere. It's hard to distinguish where this somewhere was, but it doesn't matter really. Because the next flash of imagery is a muscular back in a well lit room, also a little sweaty, more tensed up.

It goes back and forth from this well lit image; a conversation in a bright room, to then moving to another place, another scenario. A quiet room, a little unfamiliar and dim lighting. But this place is heavier, it felt like he had sensation on top of him. His hands are definitely gliding over slicked up skin, feeling the warmth and hard ridges and lines of the body on top of him, moving up their back - a flash of the well lit room, the familiar image of a body heaving itself off the ground, hands gripped around pull up bars - and then to thick, long hair.

It goes back to the bright room, a smile, then a spinning sensation. Like he's been picked up and hugged tightly.

It flicks back to the dim room and he's pretty sure he's getting fucked. Pretty sure...

There's a name leaving his mouth, over and over again until lips are against his, respectively shutting him up. When they pull their mouth back Lance finally looks up to the person on top of his.

That smile is so, so familiar that he can even hear his name rolling from those lips.

*     *     *
Lance's eyes opened slowly, needing a few blinks to be able to see properly. His breathing was a little strained as his mind flicked back through the dream he can vaguely remember having. He recalled it moving from a light, almost angelic lit room to a darker one, shining in the moonlight. He remembered a smile, he remembered weight, he remembered...

Lance sat up abruptly, eyes snapping open as he puzzles the pieces together.

"Oh, fuck."

Chapter End Notes

and y'all say i've never done anything for you (no one has ever said that but theatrics right?)

ALSO THE PANEL LOWKEY CONFESSION??? YES IT'S GOING TO BE BROUGHT UP LATER I PROMISE

What to expect next chapter:
- The JuniAwards night
- I have a thing for writing drunk characters so BOTTOMS UP AND CHUG
"Wait! So how did you get kicked out?" Allura asked as the rest heaved on their breaths, laughter filling Shiro and Adam's apartment.

"Keith tried to fight the rich guy!" Lance exclaimed loudly, hands throwing in the air and eyes twinkling. Keith rolled his eyes, ignoring what that face did to his heart.

"I didn't try. I threatened."

"Still got us kicked out," Lance said lowly, grin edging his lips in the way that suggested venom and power. Lance had a lot of power over Keith.

"How did you end up with cheese in your hair?"

"Passed out eating glorious food. Wouldn't recommend."

The day before the JuniAwards, the cast of Voltron had luckily been given the day off in preparation for the big day. They'd all somehow gathered to Adam and Shiro's apartment as they discussed the day in waiting. It was nice just to hang out casually with one another before the event, the lead up was rather stressful.

Allura and Lance had never been to a JuniAwards night before, while Hunk and Pidge hadn't been to one in years. It had been a while since Keith had been to one, and Shiro was pretty much a permanent guest with a mixture of his own status and Adam's.

"Keith," Lance said as he leaned into his space, chin on his shoulder. There was a soft pout on his lips. "Promise you won't ditch me on the carpet? I'll get lost, or miss one of our organised interviews, or fall over when the cameras are flashing, or-"

"Cool it, I won't leave you," Keith chuckled, enjoying the close proximity between them. It's selfish, but he took whatever he could these days. Lance was acting like he was constantly dancing between seasons. One minute, he was all over Keith, grappling for his attention and trying to annoy the shit out of him. The next he was completely ignoring his existence.

Keith wasn't sure if Lance had always been like this, or it was just Keith wanting to always being in the center of his attention after realising his feelings. His crush was growing rapid and ugly. He nearly moaned into an onscreen kiss when Lance fumbled and accidentally said his name instead of 'Akira'.

Keith was screwed.

Lance smiled like gems gleaming in the sunshine at him.

Keith was so, so screwed.
"Thanks man, cameras give me the heebie geebies."

"No way?" Keith grinned, leaning back on the couch, his arms extended out and resting over the top. The closest he would let himself to putting his arm around Lance. "You love the cameras at work." It was true, Lance was made to be on cameras and on screen. He liked filming for Voltron, he liked to entertain people.

"Let me rephrase that then," Lance murmured, fingers dancing on the cuff of Keith's jumper. "I don't like the flashes of the cameras."

"Oh, I mean I get it. It's annoying." Keith had never really known any different if he was being frank. He was on the front of magazines before he was even born. Lance hummed, thinking about it, face screwed up in deep thought. "I promise I won't leave you though." Lance smiled softly.

"Thanks man, it means a lot. I don't want to be that guy who makes a fool of themselves on the walk up," he chuckled, eyes dropping down. He looked like he was still thinking about something, something that made him look a little vulnerable.

"You'll be fine," Keith insisted. "If you fall over, I'll fall too and we can start a trend." That made Lance giggle, which was the main goal.

"Thanks Keith, I feel a little better about it now." A flash of confidence fired in his eyes. Keith liked that, loved that fire.

"We still good with our plan if we win?" Keith asked Lance who scoffed with a smirk, the embers flickering.

"Chickening out?"

Keith should be chickening out. They were going to cause absolute havoc.

"Of course not."

"Good," Lance mused, head tilting back, resting against Keith's arm. "Wouldn't want you to leave me hanging." His smirk might as well be porn in Keith's eyes.

Fuck, Keith was so fucking screwed.

* * *

"He's been flirting with you," Shiro murmured to him, grin growing as they washed and dried the dishes.

"What?"

"I'm serious, he's all over you." Shiro insisted, making Keith scoff and blush rise.

"It's typical Lance." Don't give me hope Shiro.

"Keep telling yourself that. Maybe your Panel confession did get through to him." He didn't say anymore on it, leaving Keith to wonder.

* * *

The JuniAwards were held every 12 months to show appreciation for all the T.V series, for the actors, actresses, creative choses and design (including things like writing and makeup).
Voltron had broken a record of being nominated for 19 individual awards, one including the prestigious 'Best Series'. Basically, Voltron was a big deal tonight.

They'd just arrived at the purple carpet and the cameras were instantly turned and flashing, eager to grab a picture of the most sought out cast.

"I'm going to vomit," Lance said with a grin, eyes drifting to Keith's with a shine he couldn't begin to describe. Maybe it was his suit, a deep navy-blue suit with a black dress shirt underneath. Really brought out his bright blue eyes.

"As long as it isn't on my shoes."

"Wouldn't dream of it Mullet," Lance grinned with a wink. He didn't even get to appreciate it because the driver was opening the limo doors, ready to throw them into the lion's den.

"Don't leave me, yeah? Or I really will throw up." Lance said near Keith's ear, sending his heart thrumming.

"Of course," Keith murmured. It was easy to forget Lance had never been to the JuniAwards. It was the biggest awards show up for offer, the whole world was watching. "Come on, he said scooting towards the door where they were going to face the onslaught of paparazzi. "Smile," Keith readied, grinning as Lance did. "Perfect, let's go."

*     *     *

The carpet run went perfectly, Keith followed through with his promise and stuck with Lance the entire time, always a step in range. Lance was grateful. He's been on edge lately, and he needed that reassurance of his best friend around.

Best friend who he had a sex dream about...

Okay, it really shouldn't be a big deal! People had weird dreams all the time. He'd spent the day with Keith, so he was subconsciously on his mind. It didn't mean he wanted to actually get down and dirty with Keith! That would be just... absurd.

It still hadn't stopped him acting like a crazy person though. He knew he'd been weird with Keith this week, he just couldn't help it. Every time he saw him all he could think of what his freaky dream mind did.

Urgh, he really shouldn't be thinking about that now. He literally just won Best Upcoming actor around ten minutes ago and he's literally stuck thinking about dream him having sex with dream Keith. He should be thinking of the next award he's up for; Best Kiss Scene.

A round of applause brought Lance out of his maze of thoughts.

"Thank you everyone!" The male announcer, a man by the name Orlando called out, getting everyone to quieten down. "Our next award is for the scene that got us all excited and swooning with the Best Kiss Scene award!" Everyone clapped and whistled appreciatively. Keith and Lance gave each other a grin. Leandro and Akira's kiss were nominated for this award and if their plan was to succeed, they'd need to win this award, or win Best series. It was all up to this moment.

The female announcer -Tori- fanned herself with the winner’s envelope. "And wow don't we have some steamy kiss scenes up for the award! I'm looking at you Voltron and The Mail Room," she grinned. The screen that showed what the audiences at home would be seeing showed the live feed of Keith and Lance by their table, then a shot of another couple (from the show The Mail Room)
who were also up for the nomination.

Lance laughed and shot the camera his classic finger guns while Keith chuckled.

"Up for nomination we have; Kyle and Pippa from Indigo Waves. Liam and Holly from The Mail room. Hayden and Fiona from One - O - One. Akira and Leandro from Akira from Voltron. And last but not least, Teddie and Ashely from Ted's World." Each nomination that was read out got their own individual round of applause. The Voltron tables were loud when Akira and Leandro's nomination was called out, cast and invited crew going wild for them.

"Looks like we're all excited to see the results!" Orlando said once all the nominations were called out. "Tori, would you do the honours?"

"Of course!"

A nervous but excited quiver danced in Lance's stomach. He gave Keith a look which the other man returned with a reassuring smile. He patted Lance's knee. Lance wouldn't admit it due to the nature of the award, but this might be the one award he hoped they one. As well as it being something he would want to share with Keith, it would also be a massive 'SUCK IT' to everyone who was against their nomination and a big win for the LGBTQI family.

Did he think they could win? The odds appeared to be both in and against their favour.

The rustle of the envelope was torturous and long pause for dramatic effect would be enough to send Lance into an early coffin.

"And the winner is..."

The pause arrogantly long as the hosts exchange a look before announcing in unison, "Akira and Leandro, Voltron!"

Lance's head spun to Keith who was grinning at him as he got to his feet. The table of Voltron cast was positively going off. Everyone was cheering and the roar of it was pounding Lance's ears. Keith grabbed his hands, pulling him to his feet.

His expression must have been priceless, because Keith laughed before he hauled him into a hug. It all sounds like he's underwater as they walk up to receive their aware. His legs feel all jiggly with shock and he can feel his mouth and eyes go dry as they stay wide open. Keith took the award from the Tori's hands and they both thanked each other for pleasantries. Then it was just Keith and Lance faced with the audience, watching them eagerly.

Keith leaned into the microphone. "I think I'll get us started since Lance here is a still a little in shock." That made a titter of laughter run through the crowd, being enough to pull Lance from his spell. He smiled to Keith, his own laughter bubbling from his lips.

"To start with, we want to thank our Voltron team and especially the fans of the show." The way the crowd got louder made both of them laugh. Keith turned slightly to face Lance, but also still able to be seen by the camera. "And of course I want to thank Lance for being an amazing person to work with as well as being an amazing friend. Just friend, for all you curious people out there," a laugh splashed through the room, even from both their own lips.

Yikes Keith, if only you knew...

"Seriously though, this journey would not have been the same without you..." The crowd awwed, "even if you do drive me completely insane." Their awes turned to laughter and so did his own.
"Forever the charmer," Lance commented with a laugh as he took his turn at the mic. "For Keith and I tonight, this award means a lot to us and the community we represent, what this scene represents. Your sexuality does not define you, nor does it measure your worth. No matter what some people on the internet say, or people with closed minds think. Before coming here tonight, Keith and I both saw on social media the backlash of our nomination for this award. Unethical, brainwashing, unnatural..." he paused, letting the words sink in.

"But this is why awards like this are so important to us, important to the LGBTQI community. Because if we can't accept this representation in our fantasy worlds, how the hell are we going to accept it in our reality?" Lance smiled as a few cheered, agreeing with his words. "Normalising two guys kissing on a TV show is important, it makes it less of a big deal. It makes it less scary for young people to be themselves. So in saying that..." Lance trailed off, smile widening wickedly as he faced Keith, who was quick to step and close the gap in between them. Their lips pressing together in a way that stunned the crowd. If he thought the crowd cheering before was loud, this was deafening. People were full on screaming at the top of their lungs as they kissed in front of the crowd, the cameras, basically the whole world.

Yet it didn't really feel that way. It did feel like it was just him and Keith, making out under some bright lights. It was easy to ignore the noise as their mouths slotted together. It shouldn't be like this. He shouldn't be enjoying this especially after what was said at the panel and after his dream. He should not gone through with this. Should have told Keith it was a bad idea because it's a bad idea.

Lance grabbed onto the hem of Keith's plum tuxedo. He didn't want to let go, he didn't want it to end, he really didn't want Keith to stop kissing him.

Fuck.

That was a big problem.

He's lucky Keith had the brains to pull away because otherwise that kiss was going to be suspiciously long.

However he smiled and laughed like he was supposed to back at the crowd, carefree, didn't mean a thing. He was fine, it was all fine.

It was going to be a long night.

* * *

"You're crazy, you two are fucking crazy!" Pidge squealed in delight as the two men arrived back in their chairs.

"You just! I can't believe?" Hunk stammered, making Lance laugh in his usual bubbly way.

You are fine Lance, fine. Nothing to stress about. Be happy. You just won! Think about this feelings crap later.

Shiro's jaw was dropped and had been for the past five minutes while Adam sipped his wine and murmured under his breath, "Well that sure was interesting."

"Thank you and congratulations to Lance McClain, Keith Kogane and the Voltron team!" The host said bringing the attention back to them. "Give us announces a break from giving it all these lovely awards, we are going to have a quick break and have a performance from the band that had the number 1 Bestselling album of the year... Plus 5!"
At hearing the words Lancers head snapped up towards the stage where the band was emerging from backstage. His jaw dropped.

"You're telling me," Pidge started with a laugh, wheeze threatening her throat. "That Kendall from Plus 5 -who had a massive fan crush on you- just had to witness you make out with you Keith on stage?" her head tilted back as she cackled. "That's brutal!

Lance had to put his hand over his now to hide the fact that he was in shock. The last thing he needed was the cameras on him spotting his embarrassing moment. Instead he grabbed his glass of fancy champagne, tipped his head back and chugged the thing dry.

It was going to be a long, long night.

*   *   *

"So we really just going to ignore the fact that Lance and Keith made out on stage in front of the entire world?" Hunk asked as he handed Lance and Allura three more of the awards that Voltron won. Out of the 19 they had won a grand total of 15. It was a pretty good effort considering it was Voltron's first JuniAwards.

"Yep!" Lance giggled, tipsy (off his face) from the complimentary champagne. He turned to Allura who was definitely tipsy from champagne. "Where are we going to do this? It's so loud here." 'Here' was the awards shows after party. He had never been to an after party quite as prestigious as this one and for the whole night he was being introduced to familiar faces. Actresses and actors that he had admired from a young age, directors and writers that had their names lettered in gold.

Allura who was holding four awards hummed in thought before her eyes brightened. "The bathroom!" she exclaimed pointing in the direction of a little man sitting on a seat.

"No!" Hunk shouted.

"Yes!" Lance interdicted.

"Guys!" He whined, obviously not impressed or approving the idea. "Can't we just be normal and take a group photo in front of the JuniAwards sign like everybody else?"

Lance and Allura turned to look at each other, then back to Hunk.

"No," Allura said upfront, before both began giggling and making their way to the men’s bathroom.

No less than five minutes later Lance was sitting in the bathroom sink, while Allura blared successful by Ariana Grande from her phone and live streamed for their fans. Lance was holding his Best Up and Coming Actor and Best Kiss Award up in each hand, dancing with them both as his legs kicked the air.

Hunk came back with Shiro and Pidge in toll for backup.

"Oh my god!" Pidge cackled, already pulling her phone out.

"Lance what are you doing in the sink?" Shiro asked in dismay and turned to Allura. "Are you live streaming?"

"The people love it!" she insisted with a grin but Shiro's unimpressed expression won out. "Fine!"
She turned the phone around so it was facing her. "Goodbye Voltron fans! We love you and hope you have an amazing life!"

"I love you guys!" Lance called out and Allura nodded in determination.

"Lance said he loves you guys. Stay safe and don't make bad decisions. Like Lance, who is in a sink."

"It's dry!" Lance promised.

"That doesn't make it any less of a sink, buddy," Hunk sighed.

Lance pointed at him with a lazy finger. "You got me there."

"Lance, get out of the sink," Shiro said firmly.

"Okay Dad," Lance grumbled and manoeuvres himself off the bathroom sink, almost face planting onto the tiled floor. He held his hands up in the air like a gymnast who had finished their gold winning routine. "I'm out!"

"Proud of you boo," Allura cooed.

"Are you still live streaming?"

"Yes! Oh, right I have to go, bye beautifuls!" She turned her phone off dramatically, big grin on her face. "They're going to love watching that. Voltron cast, just chilling in the male's bathroom."

"We're not all here," Lance started, face scrunched as he realised there was a certain mulleted man missing from the bathroom party. "Where's Keith?"

"Oh you haven't heard?" Pidge said, sauntering over with a wicked grin. "Keith's with Malcolm, you know? The one everyone thought was you?" Lance's jaw dropped and felt his stomach fizzle. "They're probably making out in a corner or something."

"Pidge," Shiro grumbled in warning but Lance was already feeling the aftershocks.

Malcolm? Oh for fucks sake. Could this night get any weirder?

"I have to find them!" Lance announced loudly and made a move for the door.

"Wait Lance! I was only-" but he had already closed the door behind him, cutting off whatever she was going to say.

He felt all fizzled out. Gross. Something ugly and green rising up as his drunk mind propelled through the options and outcomes. Keith was with Malcolm? He's with the guy who he fucked that totally 100% looks like him? He might not have seen it before, but the jealousy that had manifested now is what made him realise 'oh hell, I really do look like this guy'. How was he supposed to compete with himself?

Then that brought him back to the Voltron Panel. Stupid fucking Keith with his stupid fucking words that made it so obvious that he-

Wait.

Compete? Jealousy? He couldn't seriously be in his right mind. He didn't - he couldn't like Keith. it was a sure sign that Lance was either the way too drunk, Or just really dumb.
He wasn't going to make the same mistake twice. Not when it nearly left him unrecognisable the first time.

He groaned out and frustration as he moved against the crowd, trying to find his co-worker in the midst of it all the glitz and glamour.

After a few stumbles and 'excuse me’s, Lance felt a tap on his shoulder. Whirling around he gaped as he saw the towering figures that could only belong to half of Plus 5; Kendall and Cam.

"You... don't have a mullet," Lance murmured under his breath. He needed to stop being disappointed.

"No, not quite my style," Cameron admitted with a laugh. "We saw you just... wandering around in circles." Circles? "Congratulations! Voltron killed it out there." He nudged Kendall beside him who nodded awkwardly.

"Oh, yeah, congratulations."

"Thank you! You guys sounded super awesome on stage with the stuff about the stuff..." Lance trailed off as he almost lost balance.

Cameron laughed. "Are you drunk?" he asked, eyes widening and sparkling.

"No, I'm dumb." he insisted seriously. His eyes glazed up towards Kendall and pouted. Lance felt his mind slip off into guilt land.

"Are you... okay?" Kendall asked cautiously, quickly glancing to his friend as if for backup.

Lance sniffled. "I'm sorry."

Kendall appeared confused. "What?"

"I'm sorry for being brutal," he slurred his words, almost losing his footing despite being stood still. Both Cameron and Kendall quickly moved forward, holding onto an arm each to stop him from falling. "Really sorry that I hurt your feelings before," he put a hand on Kendall's bicep. "Oh wow," Lance whispered under his breath in surprise, giving his arm a squeeze and making Kendall go red under the lights of the party.

"Oh my god," Cameron's laugh was muffled by his hand. "This is amazing."

"I really am sorry," his voice drawled, hand now going to Kendall's cheek. "You are very pretty and very nice and I rejected you. You are like the perfect human being, you know that? A very good face and have swishy hair and you have the same name as that guy in Big Time Rush. You are the literal definition of a perfect boy and I rejected you cuz I have issues," he paused as he felt tears swell up. "I hope you know how pretty you are," he turned to Cameron, "you too. You're both pretty and talented - so nice to me when I did the concert with you..." Lance's lips wobbled as the two bandmates gave each other a short look. "and then I rejected you!" A wet puddle of tears blurred Lance's vision.

"What on earth is happening?" Cameron whispered as Kendall took a step forward, putting a comforting hand on Lance's shoulder and patted it.

"Umm... it's okay. I don't mind. Really." Pat, pat pat.

"I'm sorryyyy," Lance repeated, tears really now falling down his cheeks this time.
"Oh my god you made Lance McClain cry," Cameron whispered to Kendall, sounding horrified.

"I didn't make him cry! He made himself cry!" Kendall hissed back which made Lance sniffle more. It was like a fountain of tears had been unleashed and he couldn't stop it.

"I'm sorry," Lance apologised, wiping his eyes. He was acting crazy. Like legitimately crazy. Maybe he was a little more drunk than he thought he was.

"It's okay Lance really, just..." Kendall with his hand on Lance's shoulder began to guide him, "Why don't we just go somewhere quiet and talk, okay?" He felt himself nod in agreement.

"Well you have fun with that Kendall, I'm going to go find that babe from Ted's World!" Cameron called out running before anyone could stop him. Kendall said something to him, sounding aggravated and desperate for him to not leave him alone with a crying drunk Lance.

Most of Lance's tears had dried by the time he and Kendall reached a quiet area that wasn't pounding with music or sneaking with paparazzi. It was the foyer leading to the party. The carpet was plush and the ceilings high. A few people loitered around and gave the two boys curious looks. Two big names and one of them was obviously drunk and crying.

The singer had managed to snag a cup of water from a waiter before handing it to Lance. He accepted it gratefully, sniffing as he took little sips.

"You said you were dumb before," Kendall mentioned, chocolate eyes climbing up to the roof, a sky full of chandeliers. "What was that all about?"

Lance took a sip of water, giving him something to water his dry mouth, also something to give him time to think of how he could answer the question without fessing up his heart. He was drunk, but he was sure he wasn't that drunk.

"I learned something a while ago. I made a rule for myself from that lesson..." a deep breath. "I think I accidentally broke that rule."

"Was it an important rule?"

"... to me."

"Can you tell me what it was?"

Lance's drunkenness spoke before his rationality. "I had a dream that Keith and I fucked." Kendall choked on his drink and set it down. Lance fell into a giggle, hand going to his mouth. "Sorry."

"Uh no that’s fine..." Kendall said, clearing his throat. "So is your rule not to have... dreams about your coworkers?" Kendall asked, thick brow raising. Lance losing his laugh and smile made Kendall rethink. "Or is it something more than the dream?"

Lance groaned, hand bursting to his hair and giving a frustrated tug. "I don't know! My head's all fuzzy and he's probably sucking face with that guy in the corner-"

"That guy?"


"Who?"

"Some model guy Keith hooked up with. He kinda looks like me, but we don't talk about that."
"So you're jealous?" Kendall asked.

He wanted to say yes, but he knew if he did then he is admitting he was jealous, that he didn't like - no, hated - the thought of other men being with Keith. Admitting that he broke his rule. Admitting that he had feelings for Keith. That was just...

His eyes started water again.

Kendall was quick to act. "Oh no, no, no! Don't cry. Umm... why don't we just go find Keith? Yeah? Come on," He put both large baseball glove hands on a sniffling Lance's shoulders and began to guide him back into the party room.

"What If they're making out?" Lance asked, looking over his shoulder to the tall boy.

"Umm..." he hesitated.

"Should I try fight him?" Lance asked, tearing up at the idea. "I don't want all my knuckles to get busted up. Do I look like someone who knows how to fight? No! My hobbies are singing, acting and dancing! I don't know how to hit someone!"

"I don't think that you are going to need to fight anyone, Lance."

Lance sniffed. "Thank god." He looked upwards and spotted the back of Keith's head. Even with his black hair slicked back he couldn't miss it. His body packaged in a plum suit, blocking the view of the person he was talking to. Lance's best guess was that it was Malcolm. His chest tightened like a snake had wrapped around it, squeezing it prey.

If Lance had his way, he'd be running in the opposite direction. But Kendall was the one who pushed him forward. Before Lance even reached him, Keith's head turn to look over his shoulder and spotted him. A frown etched onto his face as they approached.

Once he was in arms reach, Keith grabbed his arm and pulled him in. The sudden movement made Lance stumble and giggle as his stomach lurched. "Have you been crying?" Keith asked, looking less than impressed. He shot a daggering look in Kendall's direction.

"No?" Lance lied as he stood up straight.

"Your eyes all red," Keith commented and wiped his cheek with a sleeve of his tuxedo. "and your face is wet." The glare Keith shot Kendall was venomous.

"He's had a little too much to drink," Kendall informed him. "He was looking for you when I found him."

"I'm fine!" he insisted as he used Keith's shoulder to hold himself up. "Just partying! Party, party, party." Lance felt Keith's body relax.

"Thanks," he said looking to Kendall who nodded coolly.

"I'll see you guys... later then," Kendall said, shoving his hands into his pockets.

"You're going?" Lance pouted as he gripped onto Keith's clothes.

"Probably should go find my bandmates," he told Lance. Okay, that made sense. Lance nodded.

"Okay man, thanks for walking me here!"
"No worries Lance," and with that, Kendall had disappeared into the crowd of partying celebrities.

"Lance, are you seriously okay?" Keith asked closely to his ear.

"Well Pidge said that you were with..." he looked to Keith's company and felt his face scrunch up. "Who the heck is that?" The man that Keith was talking to him was in no way shape or form Malcolm. This guy was white with light brown hair and a sharpened glance. "Where's Malcolm?"

"Malcolm?" he repeated obviously confused. "Is Malcolm here?"

"Weren't you talking to him before?"

"No, why would he be here anyway? He's not even an actor." Keith's brow furrowed as Lance thought it through. He was going to kill Pidge. "Is that why you were crying?"

Curse Lance's drunk jealous mind.

"No, shut up and introduce me to your friend." Lance's aversion from the subject must have worked a charm because Keith rolled his eyes and changed the subject.

"He's not my friend," Keith said with distaste.

"As in like," Lance made a circle using his thumb and index finger, then used his other index finger to point through the circle.

"I'd honestly rather cut my dick off," Keith told him with a huff and the other guy didn't seem surprised.

'Not friend' Extended a hand to Lance. "Hi, my name is James Griffin." He said it like he assumed Lance would be impressed or familiar.

"Are you like a plus one or something?" he asked, leaning his elbow on Keith's shoulder to stabilize himself. Keith snickered as 'Not friend, not Malcolm' frowned, brow twitching.

"No, I was nominated best protagonist for my role on Fighters."

"Kira won that," Lance giggled, using his index finger to poke Keith's jaw. "Boop!" He was all happy now since he knew Malcolm wasn't here.

"Your co-star is very drunk," James told Keith who sighed.

"Yeah I figured that."

"Keith can I sleep on the floor?"

Keith looked at him with visible disgust. "Here?"

"I'm not that drunk. I meant at your apartment with Cosmo."

"Wouldn't you rather sleep in your own bed and not on my floor? he asked.

"My apartment doesn't have a big floofy dog!" Keith breathed out a laugh, shaking his head as his arm wrapped around Lance's waist to stop him from slipping. When did Lance start slipping? Who knows? Who fucking cared anyway? Keith had his arm around his waist.

"We'll see."
Drunk Lance did not get his wish. He woke up alone in his bed with a pounding headache and dry throat. There were parts of the night before missing. Thankfully, he remembered the good parts. Voltron winning awards, Lance himself winning awards. He couldn't remember all that much of what he said to Kendall. He also didn't really remember his conversation with James, But he does remember it happening, just not the finer details.

What he does remember though as clear as day was a sickening pang of jealousy he felt towards the thought of Keith being with Malcolm. He remembered crying over what that meant. The fact it meant that Lance couldn't lie to himself any longer over the reality of his feelings.

He'd suppressed all these feelings for a reason, had done so well for so long but now everything had come to light, had been spoken out loud and made it impossible to ignore.

He'd broken his one rule, his own promise.

Lance was in love with Keith.

Chapter End Notes

we love a drunk boy named lance <3

ALSO KENDALL MY SWEET CHILD HE IS BACCKKKK

and here are Keith and Lance's suits (both worn by shawn mendes because he's hot)
Lance's :
https://i.pinimg.com/originals/c5/ed/82/c5ed82fe58dca66919304da998697f95.jpg
Keith's :
https://i.pinimg.com/originals/a8/a6/36/a8a63608966dbbb0bff96977ddc2b48f.jpg

Next chapter:
- y i k e s
- lance's past? discussed
It's a Long Story

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNING

okay so this is mainly a precautionary, but there is a lot of anxiety talk and a panic attack present in this chapter. I know this is a hard topic for some people because of personal experience and as someone who had dealt with anxiety there whole life, i feel for you and I just wanted to put that warning out there because I care for all your health and don't want to unintentionally upset anyone.

If you find yourself unable to read about discussion of anxiety, i suggest not reading this chapter (i'll leave a comment explaining what happened in the comment section) If you find yourself unable to read descriptions of panic attacks I have put three bolded '*' (whatever the fuck those are called pfft) to indicate the begging and end of that scene

Thank you for reading, stay safe and I love you all <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Keith was running late to set this morning. Everything had been going wrong for him. Cosmo threw up his breakfast because he's a beggar and Keith can't say no to that face and ended up accidentally overfeeding him. The paparazzi were outside the set gates with flashing cameras shouting at his car about something so it meant Keith had to go in the long way and waste another five minutes he didn't have.

It had been a weird couple of weeks.

He and Lance had to reconfirm they weren't dating for the 500th time after the JuniAwards kiss. Which wasn't really that surprising, what had surprised them all was that someone took a picture of Lance drunk crying with Kendall and the whole Internet spiralled out of control and the rumours had manifested.

It was probably why Lance was acting so damn weird lately.

He was messing up his lines, fumbling and such. He also hadn't been on a walk with him and Cosmo since the night of the JuniAwards, the first day he could understand because he was hungover as fuck, but after that?

Keith tried not to think too hard about it. He was at least 70% sure it was Keith's lovesick mind playing tricks on him.

His shoes echoed as he sped walked towards the break room. He knew with his late arrival that everyone would be hanging out there, waiting to get debriefed on today's scenes and then to hair and makeup.

His eyes raised as he heard speaking and the sound of a door closing.

"Hunk, Pidge," Keith greeted with a smile as he approached. It dropped as he got closer and
noticed the haunted expressions on their faces. "Are you guys okay?" he asked, eyes drifting between them. He noticed the tears swelling up in Pidge's eyes and felt his stomach drop. His defences rose. "What's going on?"

"Keith," Hunk started slowly, "don't flip out. But Lance is having a panic attack, a bad one."

A cold splash washed down Keith's skin, starting at his face, and gushing the freezing liquid down his arms and spine. He felt his limbs go numb with shock.

"W-what?" Keith stammered, looking at the door over Hunk's shoulder.

"We don't know what happened, but he's not in a good way. Shiro and Allura are with him-"

"He's in there?" Keith pointed to the door to the break room for confirmation.

Hunk hesitated. "Buddy, I don't know if you want to go in there-"

"I don't care Hunk," he snapped too forcefully. The guilt was instant as he watched Hunk purse his lips and step aside. He could apologise to him properly later, but for now, Lance needed him. He ripped his phone out of his pocket and went through his contacts. After a few rings it picked up.

"I mean I know I gave you my number but I didn't think you'd actually call," Rachel's voice on the other side of the phone chimed. "What's up?"

"Lance is having a panic attack."

"...oh shit."

"Tell me what I need to do."

* * *

He wasn't sure what to expect upon walking into the break room. Hunk had described it shortly by saying it was 'bad', but what did bad mean?

Keith found out bad was exactly what the word entailed.

Upon walking into the room the first thing his senses picked up was the sound of struggled breath. Wheezing that sounded painful and harsh hitches in breath that went up in fours. Four inhales, one exhale. The sobs were also hard to hear for Keith, heartbreakingly guttural and sounding desperate for air.

Keith closed the door behind him and turned to see where Shiro and Allura were huddled around Lance. Allura was on the couch next to him, rubbing his back. Her face looked utterly helpless as Lance shook like a kitten left in the rain.

Shiro was crouched in front of him in a way that gave him personal space but able to reassure his presence, murmuring quietly to him. Shiro looked surprised to see Keith before he stood up and walked over.

"Hey," Shiro whispered, back facing Lance.

"Did something happen?" Keith asked eyes on Lance who had his hands over his face, hunched over with his elbows resting on his knees.

Shiro shook his head and shrugged, another way to say, 'I don't know'. 
"Right," Keith said, flexing his fingers to prepare himself. He took a deep breath and crouched down in front of Lance, his stomach felt heavy and sickly. He was himself still tingly with shock to be even seeing Lance like this. It hurt Keith to see him struggle so much.

"Lance," Keith started a little loudly.

_He says it's like being under water, all wishy washy, speak clearly and make sure he can hear you._

"It's Keith, can you hear me?" Lance didn't respond until Keith repeated the question a little louder. "Hey Lance, it's Keith. Can you hear me?" Lance nodded and Keith noted the way his fingers tensed up.

_Don't ask questions with answers that require more than a nod or shake of his head. He won't talk, or more he can't. It'll freak him out more if you try to get him to speak._

"Is it alright if I move your hands?" Keith asked, a little worried with the way Lance's hands were covering his mouth as well as his eyes. It was probably making his lack of breathing even worse.

Lance nodded, face still down.

Carefully, like prying open the wings of an injured bird, Keith moved Lance's hands, intertwining their fingers together and placing them on Lance's knees where he could see them.

He thought about holding Lance's hands all the time. Thought about walking hand in hand in that park near their apartments with Lance swinging their arms up and down in a comical but endearing way.

Keith squeezed Lance's cold palms. _Pins and needles,_ Rachel had told him. He squeezed again before he spoke.

"You're okay Lance, hey, just breathe with me a little, okay? Inhale for three, exhale." He ignored the way Lance's nails dug into his palm and demonstrated the breathing. "Just like this Lance, 1...2...3..." he gave an audible exhale, "and again, 1...2...3..."

After a solid minute, he only got the progress of a few shaky breaths and choked sobs.

_Give him something to focus on. Breathing exercises work. Sometimes you need a little more._

Keith glanced up to Allura who was still rubbing his back silently. She gulped, looking a little stressed herself. She didn't know how to help him and Keith felt barely able.

An idea struck, leading him to raise Lance and his own hands, guiding them to either side of Keith's neck beside his windpipe.

"You feel my pulse Lance?" Keith asked, waiting for the nod that came after Lance paused and adjusted his fingers. "Good, breathe in each three pulses and exhale for three." He noticed the way Lance's jaw clenched, maybe in frustration or concentration, he wasn't sure. Keith put his hands on Lance's arms, smoothing his palms up and down his skin, part to help calm Lance down, the other to help stop his arms from trembling.

It took several minutes of constant reassurance and careful hands but eventually Lance's breathing began to slow down, becoming even and less distressed. They were still shaky, but not in hyperventilating territory. He took that as a win.

Lance's head still hung low and there was a puddle of tears on his jeans that were slowly starting to
dry up. He sniffled and pulled his hands off Keith's neck to wipe his face then took a long controlled breath.

"Sorry." His voice was like gravel, husked thick with emotion.

"You never have to apologise for that," Keith told him, hand moving because he oh so desperately wanted to wipe Lance's cheek and tenderly rub his thumb soothingly across his jaw. Instead he situated it onto his shoulder, giving him a comforting squeeze.

Lance's eyes finally moved up, blue meeting grey. He looked exhausted, a little broken. Puffed red and wet with tears but still blue and still spellbinding.

Lance flung himself forward off the couch into his arms, head finding safety in the crook of Keith's neck. "Thank you," he whispered against his skin and then hid his face into his shirt. Once he regains composure of the surprise Keith wraps his arms tightly around Lance, one hand on his back and the other finding its way to his soft, curly hair.

Keith let go of a big load of breath he didn't know he was holding and looked up to where Allura was still sitting on the couch with a watery smile. She mouthed the words 'good job' before getting to her feet, both her and Shiro leaving the room to give Lance some time to completely calm down.

"Thank you, Keith," Lance repeated, breath warm against his skin.

Keith tightened his grip. "Anything for you."

* * *

"Do you want to talk about it?" Keith asked when they were in the safety of his apartment. Today had been a bit touch and go after Lance's panic attack. Monty and Sandra offered to let him go home and take the day off but he refused, staying the whole day. He'd been distant in presence but physically close to Keith. He lacked his usual sprightliness. Keith could totally understand why, he was thrown and drained, of course he was too exhausted to be buzzing around.

Even now he was quiet but thinking loudly.

"I won't be mad if you don't," Keith promised after a few long moments of silence. He knew these things could be personal and he didn't want to trigger anything by forcing him to talk about it.

"I don't know what to say. I'm just as shocked by it as you. It's been years since I've had a panic attack like... that. Over that."

"That?" Keith couldn't help but ask. Lance lifted his eyes back to Keith.

"I told you man, cameras give me the heebie geebies." A ghost of a smile spreads across his lips as he watched the realisation grow on Keith's face.

"The paparazzi outside the security gates? That triggered your panic attack?" Keith asked, horrified as well as confused. Lance shrugged with a smile. He couldn't quite understand it, he'd been with Lance plenty of times where the paparazzi were around and had never seen him react that way. He thought about when his sister was over and wondered. "Is that why Rachel-"

"Flipped out that day in the taxi when she came to visit? Yeah." Lance scratched his face and sighed. "I thought I was over it, you know... apparently not."

"Did something once happen with the paparazzi to make you..." he trailed off unsure of how to put
it. He didn't want to push anything that shouldn't be pushed. Lance got the message and nibbled at his bottom lip.

"It's a long story."

"If you want to tell it, I wouldn't mind hearing it."

Lance blinked, eyes looking off to a wall. "It's a lame story."

"You know I'd never seriously judge you," Keith reminded him making Lance smile softly. It then wobbled a little bit, making Keith's blood run cold. Lance chuckled wetly and took in a long shaky breath.

"I swear to god, if you laugh I'll punch you in the face," he joked with a sniffle.

"Lance," Keith started but Lance cut him off with a snicker.

"It's fine. You deserve to know why I had my meltdown." He pulled his legs up and crossed them on Keith's couch, hands moving to put an empty mug on Keith's coffee table. He leaned back against the back of the couch with a forced smile.

"Okay then, well I guess it all started when I was twelve and fell in love for the first time." Lance glanced to Keith and chuckled at spotting his bewildered facial expression. "Bet you weren't expecting it to turn in that direction."

He was surprised. He had no clue how the two topics were intertwined.

"I told you, it's a long story. Anyway..." he trailed off, thinking of where to go next. "The girl I'd fallen for was named Jenny, we all lived in the same street and our parents were good friends. So naturally we became friends. Rachel, Jenny and I were all the same age and had been inseparable since we were in diapers. I trusted her as much as I trust Rachel." A fond smile formed on Lance face as he reflected on his childhood.

"I held onto that crush for two years until one day I slipped up and told her how I felt," he laughed, eyes flickering upwards. "She asked me if I was gay, and I said that I couldn't be because I was in love with her, she was over the moon about that because she felt the same way and that's how our relationship started. I was completely gone with her, fourteen and already planning our whole lives together. I trusted her with everything, she was the third person after Rachel and Veronica I told I was bi, which for me was a massive deal. She was one of the most important people in my life." A flash of something crossed his eyes.

"Another two years later and I got asked to go on Broadway for In The Heights. She was super excited for me, you know, living my dreams and all. But I was traveling for it, so it meant ten months of not seeing each other. We promised to text and call every day, which we did. Halfway through my tour she started to get attention for her modelling. I mean, I don't want to ignore her hard work and all, because she did work hard, but once I started getting more recognition, so did she."

"You kick started her career?" That kind of thing wasn't new in the industry. If you knew someone, were dating someone, your association would get you ahead of the game. Keith knew this was how he was where he was today, with his mother and father both being huge names. Having big names like that behind you made you stand out, gave you strong connections.

"Yeah. I was happy for her though. She deserved it, really." He paused, mouth twitching. "So while I was touring, she started doing more modelling gigs and that's when rumours started to fly."
Rumours were dangerous, Keith knew that.

"Rumours like what?"

"Things like pictures of her and this other model guy hanging out frequently. I asked her about it and she insisted they were just friends. My dumb lovestruck heart believed it." He sighed and Keith felt his heart ache a little for Lance as he realised where this was going. "I got home after In the Heights and she confessed to cheating on me, which oh man, it wrecked me. I was a fucking mess. The person you trusted like family, had known since you were kids... god she really messed me up with that. I didn't know what to do with myself."

Keith hadn't been through something like that, such a vivid betrayal, but he imagined it would be like someone like Shiro betraying him in a certain way. The thought made him feel ill.

But he also found it ridiculously impossible to believe why someone would ever want to be unfaithful to someone like Lance. He was gorgeous, inside and out. He had a smile that melted hearts and laugh that uplifted spirits. Why would you need anyone else when you already had that kind of guy beside you?

"So after four years of being in love with her, she broke up with me for a guy she knew for four months, which was just awesome. The paparazzi caught whiff of the breakup and with my brand new exposure were hounding me like crazy. I had my heart shattered for the first time, was crippled with anxiety, stressed and insecure and had the paps following me everywhere I went. It just got all too much and I snapped." His eyes met Keith's, pained smile on his face. "You clicked yet?"

"You started having panic attacks," Keith tried.

"Yep." he paused. "Well I wouldn't say started. I've always had anxiety. It just got worse after everything went down. I was in a bad place. Didn't know who to trust anymore. Didn't quite know how to trust anyone anymore."

"That’s..." Keith shook his head, trying to figure out the words to say. "I'm sorry." Lance shrugged.

"It's okay now. At first just the sight of a paparazzi had me spiralling into a panic attack. But I got help. Saw a psychologist and got coaching on how to avoid certain questions in interviews. It got easier. I got over her, don't know how, but I did. I just never got over the... aftermath, of what happened. Well... I thought I had, apparently not."

Everything had clicked into place. Lance being about to swiftly dodge his way out of tricky interview questions. His lack of wanting to be in a long distance relationship when Kendall approached him. All the diversion of anything to do with his love life... It all made sense.

Lance started back up.

"I guess the worst thing about it was I wasn't expecting to get hurt by her. I mean," he paused and glanced to Keith with a solemn look, "she was my best friend."

Something stung in Keith's chest, feeling something clog his airways for a moment.

*Something, something.*

Something about the way he looked at Keith when he said that didn't sit well with him.

It felt like a warning.
"It must be weird," Lance started again, drawing the blanket closer to himself, like for security. "Not being over something that happened years ago."

"The knives of the ones we hold dearest are the ones that go deeper into our backs and are harder to get out," Keith echoed out the words and watched Lance raise his brows.

"That was rather poetic of you," he murmured, lips quirked up at the sides amusedly.

"I stole it from a movie I was in," Keith admitted, laugh starting when Lance rolled his eyes, smile growing.

"You're an idiot," he huffed out a laugh which had Keith grinning. He hadn't seen Lance laugh all day. "But thank you, for listening and calming me down. I'm actually kinda impressed how quickly you did it."

"Wish I could say I did it all on my own. I called Rachel."

Lance nodded with a hum. "So that's why she's been calling me all day."

"Please tell me you contacted her."

"I will. She'd be freaking out. She had to deal with a lot of my panic attacks back then and I haven't had one in a while so she's probably concerned." He sighed and ran his fingers through his thick hair. "I think I've just been stressed, must have triggered something." He spoke mostly to himself but Keith answered nonetheless.

"Do you want to talk about what's been stressing you out?"

Lance hesitated on that one before he smoothed over his face. "Don't worry. It's just a bunch of little things. I'll work through them."

"If it's over those photos of you and Kendall-"

"Don't worry Keith, I promise. If something becomes too much you'll be the first person I talk to with it about."

Keith thought over the promise and nodded. "Okay."

Lance's face melted into a warm smile. "Thank you."

"You have already thanked me enough."

"It doesn't feel like enough," Lance said gently. Their eyes locked for a moment, a second of silence feeling empty. Like something was missing. Lance averted his gaze to his phone that was on the couch. "I should probably go and call Rachel."

It took a moment for Keith to catch onto what Lance was saying. "Oh," he glanced to the clock on his wall. "I guess it is pretty late." His stomach dropped a little, he wasn't sure if he wanted Lance out of his reach after seeing his in such a vulnerable state today. He obviously couldn't voice this out loud. It was too much, even for a best friend.

Lance got to his feet and walked to Cosmo who was resting on the rug, on the brink of falling asleep. He patted his fur and whispered a goodbye before grabbing his jacket and moving towards the door. Keith followed behind and stopped underneath the doorway.

Lance paused before turning away and nibbled on his bottom lip, hesitantly. He sighed before
grabbing Keith by the material of his hoodie and pulled. The unexpectedness of the actions made Keith grunt in surprise, tensing up for a moment before realising Lance was pulling him into a hug. He buried his nose into Keith's shoulder and grappled at the material of his clothes.

Keith paused, face falling for a moment as he greedily held onto Lance's embrace.

This was as close as a best friend could get. He needed to savour the affection like it was his last meal.

He's nowhere near satisfied when Lance abruptly pulled back.

"Sorry, that was, umm..." he trailed off sheepishly.

"What friends are for, right?" Keith replied and it tasted sour. He hope it didn't sound it. Lance's eyes widened and he looked taken aback for a moment.

"Right, of course. Thanks, man." There was a moment of silence before Lance forced another smile on his face. "See you tomorrow then?" He asked, hands going behind his back.

"I'll pick you up in the morning, we can go in together tomorrow just in case the paparazzi are waiting around the gates again."

Lance seemed surprised by this answer and took a few moments before nodding, cheeks flushed. "Thanks Keith."

"Goodnight Lance," Keith smiled, already missing him as he turned and walked towards the elevator.

Once Lance was well and truly gone he closed the door and leaned his back against it. "Great," he muttered to himself and banged his head gently against the surface. "Just great."

*      *       *

14 missed calls: Rachel

Rachel: Lance pick up the phone

Rachel: I'm serious lance!

Rachel: You're scaring me i know what happened keith called me

Rachel: your lack of response either means you're fine and you're working or you passed out and are in hospital DON'T LET ME STEW

Rachel: I know something is up with you just let me help

Rachel: at least let me know you're okay, love you ❤

Lance sighed, clicked on his sisters’ number and let it go through. It picked up instantly.

"Lance?" Rachel's voice was exasperated. "Are you okay? What happened?"

"I'm okay. It was just a little panic attack after a run in with the paparazzi," he insisted despite the
white lie. That was not very little panic attack, but he didn't want to worry his sister.

"Why? Why now? It's been years since you're last one? What happened?" Lance was quiet for too long, leading his twin sister to become impatient. "Lance what is going on with you?"

Lance groaned, feeling tears of frustration and fear spring into his eyes which was ironic, he thought he'd be out of tears by now.

"Lance?"

"Rachel I love him and he's my best friend and it's happening again," he shouted out, aggravated at himself and Keith and the whole world.

"Keith?" Rachel asked. "Oh Lance, no. It's not happening again. What happened with her isn't happening again."

"How do you know?"

"I don't, but from what I know of Keith I know he wouldn't do that."

"That means nothing to me Rachel, I never would have thought she'd do what she did. I just can't trust myself to believe in people."

"How can she still have this sort of hold on you Lance? You don't still..."

"No. I'm not in love with her anymore, I haven't seen her for years." There was silence on the other end of the phone for a moment.

"I'm going to snap her neck. She has no fucking idea what she's done to you! You're having panic attacks because you're scared of your own feelings because she didn't care about yours!"

"Rachel..." Lance trailed off sadly. He knew his sister's anger, understood it. He knew she was just as heart broken over the betrayal as he was. Jenny was her best friend too

"I'm sorry, I lost my cool." There was an exhale on the other end; a relaxing breath. "This shouldn't be about her, this should be about you. What are you going to do?"

That was a good question.

A question he didn't quite have an answer for.

Chapter End Notes

Hope I didn't hurt you all too bad and I have been hinting at this whole shit throughout the whole fic shout out to those who picked up on said shit (i'm looking at you dpk ;))

i also hope things are making sense as to why lance has been in super league denial

SO YEAH I PROMISE GOOD THINGS AHEAD

Next chapter:
-Hunk is a good friend
-Leandro and Akira killing it (literally)
It took a while before people stopped walking on eggshells around Lance. The day after his panic attack was the worst, but he really didn't have a place to be annoyed or upset, they cared, they were worried for his wellbeing. Lance should be grateful. He shouldn't want to avoid it, dread talking about it. Especially from Keith, who had done nothing but be amazing.

He remembered promising to go to Keith to talk about his problems.

But Lance couldn't go to Keith about this problem, the one that was bugging him the most. The one about his feelings.

"Hey Lance!" Hunk's voice made Lance turn his head, looking up to spot Hunk looking down at him with a worried expression. "What are you doing outside?"

If he couldn't talk to Keith, maybe...

"Fresh air, it's so stuffy in there," Lance insisted, crossing his arms around his knees. He was sitting on a small cement stairwell outside, it was where a lot of the smokers went on their breaks. Lance had never smoked a cigarette in his life.

"No kidding, it's hot today," he said fanning himself and taking a seat next to Lance. "You're on break, right? When is your next scene?"

Lance checked his phone. "About ten minutes." There was a pause. Hunk was probably the guy Lance was next closest to after Keith. He was loyal, trustworthy... "Hey, can I ask you something?"

Hunk smiled, eyes gleaming. "Of course!"

Lance pursed his lips, thinking it over. "Keith..."

"Keith," Hunk echoed.

"He likes me, doesn't he?" There was a moment of silence, and after Lance was sure Hunk wasn't going to reply he twisted his head to look at him. The guy's jaw was hung open like he'd broken it, eyes wide.

"W-w.... wait what? You..." he stammered, completely shell shocked. "Wait! Let's clarify... when you say 'like'..."
"I mean like like."

Hunk's jaw dropped even further, eyes looking like they were about to pop out.

"You... You know!" He slammed a hand over his mouth and then held up his hand as a sign, saying 'wait'. Lance let Hunk collect his thoughts. "Okay, let me just... When I say that Keith has never told me himself about his feelings but..." he paused, grimacing. "I just assumed, a few of us did."

Lance nodded, staying silent.

"I..." Hunk hesitated. "How long have..."

"I guessed a while ago," Lance admitted, pulling at his fingers nervously. "I'm not completely stupid, I see the way he looks at me. I've just kind of been... in denial about the whole thing. I didn't want to believe my feelings for him at first, and it wasn't until I accepted my own that I suspected he felt the same way... noticed stuff."

"Wow..." Hunk blinked. "How do you feel about that? About Keith liking you?"

"It makes me want to throw up," Lance put it blunt enough to make Hunk flinch.

"In like a good way or a bad way?"

Lance hugged his arms around himself. "Both." Hunk's eyes brightened. "It doesn't matter though. It... it can't happen. Not between us." Hunk's expression dropped, like Lance had just thrown water on his flame.

"Why?"

Lance gulped. "Because he's my best friend. I can't fall for my best friend." The way he said it implied he wasn't already in love with Keith. Hunk didn't need to know the extent.

"People date their friends all the time!" Hunk insisted optimistically. Lance shook his head.

"It doesn't work for me. Last time I dated my best friend I... it didn't end well," Lance's words trembled at the memory. "I can't lose Keith. He's so important to me and I don't want to give him the power to be able to break me like she did."

Lance couldn't lose Keith who stood up against interviewers and creepy old guys who wanted to tap his ass. He couldn't lose Keith that looked after him after a few drinks. He couldn't lose Keith that would watch cartoons with him on quiet afternoons. He couldn't lose the guy who made him feel more himself than anyone else could, safer as he wiped away his tears and hugged him tight enough to keep him from falling apart. Their dynamic was precious, something Lance didn't want to ruin by throwing feelings in the mix.

"Lance..." Hunk trailed off sympathetically, arm going around his shoulder in a comforting way. Lance leaned into his warmth and safety, sniffing a little. Hunk sighed. "Look man, I don't know what happened in your previous relationship, but that isn't Keith. He's different and I don't think he would have a bone in his body with the capability of intentionally hurting you." Lance sniffed but continued to listen. "If anything, I think you not telling him how you feel is breaking you in different way. You ran after him after Pidge pulled that prank on you and said Keith was Malcolm..."

Lance flushed red, thoroughly embarrassed.
"What if you never tell him and he moves on and you have to stand up at the altar and be his best man at his wedding?"

Lance choked on the inhale of a sharp breath. *Fuck, that was a painful thought.*

"Do you think that you could really do that? Not without ever telling him? I think that would break you more permanently."

"Fuck," Lance whispered under his breath. Hunk was right. So freaking right.

"I don't want it to seem like I'm forcing you to tell him," Hunk started up again. "It's just... I can tell the pressure is hurting you... I don't want to assume anything, and I hope this doesn't offend you, but you're obviously stressing, dwelling over this. You don't need any more stress after your panic attack, especially since the stress you've been putting yourself under is a part of the reason you had it in the first place."

That one was like a punch in the gut. Again, Hunk was right.

"It's hurting you both... You show your hurt in different ways, but you are both so wound up lately." Lance hadn't thought about how much it would be hurting Keith. He'd made so many *stupid* jokes, had *kissed* him at the JuniAwards despite being suspicious of his feelings after the panel. That...that was low of Lance, he knew that. "I just want you both to be happy and have no regrets."

"Fuck," Lance repeated.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm scared," Lance admitted.

"It's okay to be scared. But there really isn't anything to be scared of, Keith's your best friend."

"That's why it's so terrifying." Lance laughed, hands going to his eyes to wipe his tears that had sneakily slipped out away. "I'm terrified, but you're right. I want... need, to tell him."

"*You do?*"

Lance smiled, softly. "I do."

"This conversation took a wild turn. I *did not* think this was where this chat was going to go," Hunk laughed as Lance giggled.

"I think it's my stubborn jealousy getting the best of me," he turned to look at Hunk and smiled, "and obviously because of you. Thank you for coming to talk to me, buddy. I really needed a pep talk."

"I'm here for you Lance. You're my friend, both of you are."

Lance smiled, and for a while it felt like a real genuine smile, no weight on his chest.

"Man, you and Kendall are going to get really nice Christmas cards if this works out."

"Kendall? As in Plus Five Kendall? What does he have to do with it?"

"I drunk cried to him over Keith at the JuniAwards. I think he deserves a card for having to put up with that."
Hunk turned to look at him at the same time Lance did, the actions and confession making them both irrupt into a burst of laughter.

* * *

Something clicks.

Keith only recognised it during his and Lance's fight scene choreography run-through, but they were actually having fun, which was something that felt so off course and rare ever since after the JuniAwards.

"Keith!" Lance shrilled as he fumbled with Akira's bayard, almost dropping it.

Akira and Leandro were a fighting force best not to be reckoned with. Their fighting styles were in sync, a dangerous dynamic duo who could share weapons and fight with ease. Lance and Leandro were both ambidextrous, thus being capable of dual wielding, just like with his guns. The only problem for Lance and Keith was trying to be able to replicate this difficult combat.

"If this was an actual sword, Leandro would be Ropa Vieja," Lance commented with a laugh, eyes twinkling.

That was another thing Keith had noticed, Lance was back to being radiant, bubbly and full of jokes and teasing smirks. It was nice to see this Lance, because lately he had felt so distant, despite being practically always glued to his side. Keith wasn't sure who formed the magnet, maybe it was both of them, but they never were far from each other. Keith wondered if it was because to Lance, Keith felt like a security blanket, he was the one who helped him through his panic attack, which for him seemed to be a very private thing. They hadn't even mentioned it since that day.

He hoped Lance wasn't internalising too many things.

"What's that?" Keith asked, wiping his brow. Coordinating fight scenes was like a workout.

"Meal my mama makes. It popular back home."

"What has that got to with swords and Leandro?"

"It's shredded beef."

"Gross description."

"But tastes amazing. When I finally manage to drag your ass to Cuba with me, I'll make sure my mama cooks it for you." Keith knew Lance caught the way he smiled at that thought and smiled himself.

"Alright you two, let's get back to work, leave the flirting for later. Start it again," their stunt choreographer for this episode Tobias said. He was one of the more humorous and laid back ones, unlike George, who would snap them into shape. Tobias was the head of this department though, so his word was final.

They went back to their starting points and tried to go through the scene again, Kane handing Lance his dual guns back to him.

Akira and Leandro walked onto the scene side by side, Leandro cockily spinning his guns as they approached a hoard of the enemy.
"Well, well, Kira. Looks like we've got us some company," he sneered as Akira unsheathed his bayard.

"You're really enjoying this too much," Akira mused as the enemy approached them cautiously with weapons of lightning rods and guns.

"How could I not? Hello ladies and gents," Leandro stepped forward, tone mocking and raring for a fight. "It's your favourite fugitives! You're looking pretty keen to give us over to ol' Kappie, I mean," Leandro scratched his head with the barrel of his gun. "Our heads are 60-mil a pop, quite the pay check if you ask me."

"Maybe we should just hand ourselves in," Akira mused, slinging his sword over his shoulder.

"Aren't you a smart one. Go on a holiday somewhere snazzy."

"A room with a view would be nice," Akira commented, eyes glancing up to Leandro with a teasing glint.

"Honey any room you're in is a room with a view." The head of the enemy squad took a step forward which Leandro responded with a warning shot at their feet. He tutted. "Didn't your mother ever teach you to give people privacy? I'm trying to be romantic here-" One of the grunts aimed a shot at Leandro who easily dodged the move. "Well that was just rude! I aimed at your foot not your face."

"Our mission is to retrieve the Red and Black Paladin, dead or alive. We will not fail." They all then prompted to raise their assortment of weapons in their direction.

"Hmm sorry but that's not on our agenda. Guess we're gonna have to fight it out, huh?" Leandro asked. The other boy hummed in contemplation, tilting his head with an air of innocence as well as arrogance. He then readied his sword and the battle sequence was a go.

For the time being, they were walking it through, but Keith thought it was cool, a nice way to show off Leandro and Akira's teamwork and dynamic. Once in range, Lance's weapons would switch from his dual guns to a sword and Akira would throw his bayard to him, allowing Leandro to use both bayards while Akira showed off his hand on hand combat.

But for now, it was just about walking through what would need to be done, and getting the sword throw perfected.

"Leandro!" Akira barked like a command to gain his attention just as Keith threw the prop towards Lance. He caught it nicely and winked, then proceeded to pretend to stab and slash at a few guards.

Tobias clapped after they finished the sequence. "Amazing work everyone, good progress. We should have this perfected in no time." Tobias grinned and patted their backs. "I think Keith and Lance are needed for more filming, so I'll let you two go."

They departed from the rest of the group, ready to make their way back to the main filming hall for their next scene.

"Hey Keith, what are you doing tonight?" Lance asked as they walked.

"Nothing, you have something in mind?"

"Movies at yours?" he asked. "I was thinking a Studio Ghibli Marathon."
It didn't matter what Lance suggested, because Keith is simply unable to deny that man anything. "Sounds good."

"Awesome!" Lance perked, bounce in his step. He'd watch any damn movie for that. "I'll bring the snacks and pizza!" Keith smiled at Lance's enthusiasm, listening to the other boy ramble on about which movies they should watch and what pizza toppings they should get.

It was easy for Keith to slip into it, slipping into pretending everything was fine. It was easy to act like there was no ache when Lance smiled and teased him. It's what makes Keith realise how much he couldn't afford to lose Lance to his feelings. He can put up with an ache while he's by himself when he can have Lance in front of him, happy and cheerful.

He just doesn't want to lose his best friend. Is that too much to ask for?

*     *     *

"Get it in my mouth!" Lance demanded, pointing to the bowl of popcorn on Keith's lap. He watched Lance pause and think. "Heh, that's what she said." Keith took the opportunity to pelt a puffed-up kernel at his face, hitting his forehead. "Ouch!"

"I missed," Keith insisted, feigning innocence. Lance knew him too well for that though and narrowed his eyes at him, picking up the piece of popcorn that was now on his lap and munched.

"Yeah, yeah I'm sure you did," he grumbled, nudging Keith's arm with his foot from under the blankets. They were top and tail, Keith at one end of the couch with Lance at the other. They both had their legs comfortably up on the couch, next to one another. It's comfortable and close, but nothing exceeding any borders. Keith's cozy and warm despite the situation, despite everything. It seems like he hurts more whenever Lance isn't around.

"Don't fall asleep," Keith warned him as he pressed play on Howl's Moving Castle.

"Or what?" Lance grinned, brow raising. Keith's heart sped up but he used his career to his advantage.

"I'll let Cosmo lick your face."

Lance's laugh is light and airy enough to make Keith feel like he's in a hot air balloon. "He does that when I'm conscious as well. Lift your game Kogane."

"I'll draw on your face."

"Blah, boring."

"Not if succeeded effectively."

"Wooo, tell me more," he said wriggling further under the blankets. Their legs brush against each other and Keith spoke to pretend it didn't affect him.

"Depends on what you write or draw." Lance hummed, a sort of go on. "I could share a secret, start a rumour, or just draw a really massive dick."

"You really know how to make a man back down. Alright, I'll stay awake. I stay awake in movies all the time!"

Keith snorted. "No you don't, you fall asleep and then my arm becomes your spooning buddy."
Lance flushed red and smacked Keith's calf. "Don't expose me like this, watch the movie." Keith laughed and grabbed a handful of popcorn into his mouth before turning his attention to the screen.

* * *

Keith really should have given Lance more credit. They had almost finished the second movie of the night when he started to nod off.

He could hear Keith murmuring to him and felt the persistent poking to the side of his face, attempting to keep him awake.

"I'll draw a dick on your face if you don't wake up," he threatened which made Lance give a tired laugh. His eyes opened with a flutter of lashes, seeing Keith sat up and looking down at him with a teasing smirk.

A very intrusive thought made Lance smile.

He liked waking up to Keith's face.

Keith stretched his arms above his head and yawned. "It's late, if you don't want to walk back you can sleep here tonight," Keith offered, putting a few runaway pieces of popcorn back into the empty bowl and then on the coffee table. The credits of the movie were still rolling, making the room dim. He could see the contour of Keith's face, able to make out his features in profile.

His heart began thump in his ears as his fingertips went numb with dying impulse.

"I'll put the leftovers in the fridge, we can have those for breakfast instead of-"

"I'm in love with you." It comes out in a single breath. It's rushed and a rush. Lance felt the adrenaline zip through blood and bone, causing a hurricane of electricity to ignite and thrash around in his stomach just at saying those words. A rush.

Keith sucked in a sharp breath, like he's inhaling the words. Tasting their meaning as he tried to understand.

Keith's lips part in surprise as he held his breath. Neither of them move let alone breathe for a few moments so it felt like a gush of wind when Keith whips his head around to face Lance.

The shock is clear on his face. He really didn't know.

"You..." he trailed off, blinking his widened eyes.

"You told me if I had any problems, to come to you with them," Lance said with effort, the words almost sticking to his throat like honey. "My problem is that I'm stupid in love with you. And it's a problem because I told myself I wouldn't. I don't want to lose another best friend." Lance hesitated for a moment, his bravery starting to crash as Keith blinked owlishly. "But I wanted to not be so scared anymore, because if I let go of that fear, then maybe I could have you how I really want to." He peeped up Keith from under his lashes shyly. "I want you to be with me. Like really with me. Like throw out all that platonic crap." Shit, he was really giving his heart up here. Keith being stunned silence wasn't helping much either.

Keith blinked and sat back a little, still not saying anything.

"You're killing me here man," Lance chuckled nervously, averting his eyes in discomfort. The credits had stopped, so not even the background music was going to save him now from the
"You... love me?" Keith asked. His face twisted painfully. "If you're joking around-

"You think I would joke about that after everything I went through?" Lance asked, brow arched; unimpressed. Keith sensed it and blinked slowly, like his lashes were sticking together.

"You're in love with me," Keith stated, as if it was finally sinking in. He took a shaky breath and looked forward and away from Lance. "Sorry, I need a second," he mumbled and closed his eyes, thinking hard.

If Lance wasn't already 90% sure Keith liked him too, this probably would be the part where he cried over unrequited feelings.

Then a smile twitched onto Keith's lips, he turned his head to look at him and smiled brighter than Lance had ever seen it, eyes glossy. "Lance, you love me," he repeated, croaking with what he assumed was happiness. It was rubbing off on Lance, who smiled gently back.

"Yeah, stupid."

Keith huffed a laugh, moving closer to Lance's end of the couch. A conductor in Lance chest began swinging their baton mercilessly, the orchestra going wild.

"Sorry I'm just a little... well a lot surprised. I've been... It's just for a long time I..." He trailed off, desperately trying to articulate himself.

"Don't hurt yourself, buddy," Lance murmured cockily. Keith didn't register, still too in shock.

"I'm in love with you too, I feel the same. I want to be yours too," Keith said softly, eyes watching his closely.

"Yeah..." Lance laughed nervously, nibbling his bottom lip to stop his smile. Keith's forehead creased.

"Yeah...? You knew?"

"I had a strong suspicion. You'd think an actor with a profile as high as yours would try and hide his own feelings," Lance teased, sitting up from his slouch. Keith's eyes widened before a laugh left his mouth at the familiarity of the words.

"Was it the panel?" he asked, hesitantly moving his hand to so the tips of their fingers touched.

"It was the panel," Lance admitted, intertwining their fingers. Keith looked down at their hands and squeezed, chuckling sheepishly, face flushed.

"Not the best subtly there on my part."

"If it makes you feel better, what you said was beautiful. I couldn't do it myself," Keith's eyes raised to him, confusion shining. "I don't think I could watch you be with someone else. I'd rather gauge out my eyeballs or something," he confessed, knowing it would make him selfish.

Keith exhaled a chuckle. "Woah,"

"What?"

"It's weird," his smile grew, "hearing you talk like that. I'm just not used to it."
"Like 'that'?” Lance asked, narrowing his eyes.


"No, I do not get jealous." Keith hummed, obviously not convinced. "I don't!" he said throwing his hands in the air for emphasis.

"No?"

"No!" he paused and licked his teeth as he thought over the JuniAwards night. He looked to Keith who had a smug expression. "No!"

"Okay," Keith snickered. "I believe you."

"I'm your best friend Keith! I know when your smug ass is lying!" He exclaimed, pushing on Keith's chest with firm playfulness.

"Same goes" he said, grabbing onto Lance's wrists to stop him from shoving him further. He laughed as Keith yanked him to sit up, bringing him closer. Half a breath away and Lance couldn't help but nibble at his lip as he watched Keith's hands clasped around his wrist. It felt so intimate, it felt so real.

"This is weird," he smiled, it growing as Keith slid his fingers in between Lance's.

"It is," Keith replied calmly, looking at their hands.

"We're like... fully in love," Lance said. It was a lot to think about at once. He was too shocked to be happy, too shocked to be excited and let the knowledge sink in.

Keith's smile was so warm and sincere he felt like he could melt into his hands. "We are."

"We're kinda dumb huh? Like, it took us too long. We could've skipped all that pining bullshit. That shit was distressing."

"At least we know now," Keith said, squeezing Lance's hand, eyes going from there to Lance's. It slowed down for a moment and Lance's breath is stolen. The way Keith is looking at him now isn't completely unfamiliar. He's seen it before, he just never knew what it meant, how important that look was. He hoped there wouldn't be a day he'd go without seeing it.

Lance wondered if he looked at Keith the same way. Maybe he did it all the time and didn't even realise it. He's probably doing it right now. It felt like he was. The amount he's feeling now is overwhelming. He knew he loved Keith, he felt it before he could grasp and accept it, but now he's said it out loud, to him, it felt more. It felt like his love had grown Jack and the Giant Beanstalk style; outrageously quick and large.

"I want to kiss you," Keith told him, voice practically a whisper. It's enough to make it Lance flush into a blush, feeling giddy and excited. Because oh god did he want Keith to kiss him. It's all he'd been thinking about since the JuniAwards kiss.

Sadly, the side of his brain that hasn't registered that he and Keith are definitely more than just friends spoke next.

"Excuse you bitch, you're not kissing me until you take me on a date!" It's a real mood killer that's for sure, but Keith cracked into a grin anyway.
"You know we've kissed about a thousand times before?"

Lance pointed a finger at him. "Date." Keith rolled his eyes fondly, knowing Lance won't budge on it.

"Okay, date."

"Alright." Lance took the moment to stand up and grab his jacket. He then began moving for the door.

"Where are you going?"

"We."

"We?"

"You should have said 'where are we going'," Lance explained. "We're going on a date." Keith's thick brows raised in disbelief and confusion. He looked to the clock over his shoulder and then back to Lance at the door.

"It's midnight?"

Lance rolled his eyes and opened the door. "Do you want to make out later or not?"

Keith paused, brows furrowed then sat quietly for a moment as he contemplated. "I'll go get my coat," he said getting to his feet. Lance smiled smugly.

"That's what I thought."

* * *

"I can't believe you've done this," Lance shouted as he saw the tub of ice cream Keith had just brought from the 24-hour corner shop.

"I don't see what the problem is! It's Neapolitan!"

"It's got _strawberry_!"

"_And_ chocolate _and_ vanilla. See!" Keith snapped, ripping the lid off the tub to show him. "That's the point of Neapolitan. It has three flavours and you _like_ chocolate and vanilla."

"But if it melts-"

"It _will_ melt if you keep complaining instead of eating," he said, shoving a plastic spoon into Lance's hand. He used his own spoon, digging it into the strawberry ice cream section.

They were sitting on a bench in the park that they usually walked Cosmo in. The overhead lights were activated and due to the time the place was empty which was perfect for them. It meant nobody could spot them. You could have seen it as romantic, but quite frankly it was eerie as fuck being out here at this time of night. Overall though, worth it for the privacy. He was in no way ready for everyone to know what they were, whatever that was.

Lance dug his spoon into the chocolate side of the ice cream tub when he noticed Keith staring.

"What?" he asked hesitantly before putting his spoon in his mouth.
Keith shook his head in dismay. "How the hell did I not realise you liked me?"

"I have one answer for you," Lance paused, giving Keith a moment to wait. "You're stupid." Lance cracked into a grin as Keith glared at him. "I'm joking! I'm joking!" A slight laugh leaving his lips at his reaction. "And honestly, it doesn't surprise me you didn't catch on. I was so deep in denial about it. No offense, but I really didn't want to have feelings for you." He saw Keith's face fall a little at that and felt the instant need to explain. "I just didn't want to lose another best friend. It was like my brain had forced myself to ignore those feelings, pretending they weren't there so I didn't have another chance of losing another important person in my life. Then when I finally understood what I was feeling... I was overwhelmed." Lance shovelled another mouthful of ice cream into his mouth. "I kept it to myself."

"The only person I told was Shiro and Adam," Keith told him and pursed his lips together. "I had a plan, to tell you after we finished filming Voltron. I thought it would work with no longer needing to film and stuff but..." Keith scrunched up his face. "After the panel, at what I said I kinda freaked out. Then with what you told me about your ex... when I thought about confessing, I was scared it wouldn’t go well and I thought it would be too selfish of me to let you lose another friend. So I decided I would give up, on you, that is." It hurt to hear that, that Keith literally gave up.

"I wasn't going to tell you at all," Lance admitted. "Hunk spoke to me though, talked me through some of my... insecurities."

Keith stayed quiet for a few long moments. "You're scared I'm going to do the same thing as her?"

Lance's hesitance in answer is enough of an answer.

"Lance-"

"It feels silly, my lack of trust," Lance started, "because I trust you more than anyone. I really do trust you Keith," he said with emphasis, grabbing Keith's hand. This was something Lance needed him to know. "I trust you, but I trusted her just as much and she still screwed me over."

"I get that," Keith said. "It doesn't give me much leeway in what I can do to make you trust me. I only have my words and actions. But I do want to be the person who restores your trust in love. I hope you trust me enough at this point to do that."

Lance choked on the ice cream that was currently melting in his mouth. "Jesus Christ Keith! That was romantic shit right there. Fuck," he breathed out that last part, fanning his hot face.

"It's the truth, I want to prove that to you," Keith insisted with a grumble, cheeks also pink. "Lance, I want you to be my boyfriend."

"Really?"

"Oh course 'really'! What kind of stupid shit head would that make me if I was joking?" Keith bit back, temper flaring red like the colour of his face.

It didn't take much thinking to make a decision. "Okay," he smiled, leaning into Keith's shoulder.

"Did you just 'okay' me asking you to be my boyfriend?"

"Yup."

"You know what? I thought you'd be the super romantic type but so far you've called me a bitch
for trying to kiss you, insulted my ice cream preferences, called me stupid and said 'okay' when I asked you to be my boyfriend." He teased, Lance didn't even need to look at him to know he was smiling. Lance nuzzled his head into Keith's shoulder.

"What response would you prefer?" He asked, his own smile growing.

"A solid yes would be nice."

"Fine. Yes, I would love to be your boyfriend. Happy?"

Keith hummed, contemplating. "A kiss would be nice right about now."

"Don't push your luck. This date isn't over yet." He mused, smooshing his face closer into Keith shoulder. He felt Keith's body rise and fall with a chuckle, warm and comforting, so warm it could probably melt the tub of ice cream in his hands. Lance grabbed himself another spoonful and smiled.

Keith was his boyfriend and Lance was in love.

What a wild night.

*     *     *

Keith actually might be right when he said he's the more romantic one in this relationship (wow, still a trippy thought process). He had even walked Lance back to his apartment across the street. It probably looked a little sus, being that it was 2am, but really, all they did was hang out at the park, eat their ice-cream and talk about things neither of them thought they'd be able to talk about with one another. Speaking of, Keith realising he liked Lance after the Kendall thing? Adorable, although hypocritical (Keith also appeared to be the jealous type).

Either way, a very successful date.

It felt weird stand at his door. Something as going home felt so mundane after such a surreal night. But he's fucking tired and just about ready to pass out.

"Hey Keith when did you become such a gentleman? You literally poured my entire iced coffee down the sink last week because I said Trump has better hair than you."

"I don't know, maybe in between that time I stood up for you against Bob, and then again against Creepy CEO Daniel."

Lance grinned a shit-eating grin, tongue dragging over his teeth. "You implying those were both romantic gestures?" Keith frowned at him as Lance fanned himself teasingly. "You romantic motherfucker, I'm swooning," he flopped backwards into Keith, the other man being forced to catch him.

"Stand up properly you dip shit," Keith grumbled, pushing Lance to his feet and making him stumble.

"Wooo yes, talk dirty to me," he purred, fluttering his lashes.

"Why are you like this? Your parents seem like lovely people."

"What are you talking about? I'm the epitome of lovely." Keith looked doubtful. "I'm a delight! Somewhere deep down here" he said poking Keith's chest, "you have to think that. Otherwise you
wouldn't have all those gooey gooey feelings for me." Keith's face was set in a grouchy which made Lance grin. "Or is the feelings coming from a little lower?" He said nibbling at his bottom lip, eyes glancing downwards.

Keith rolled his eyes with a scoff and shoved Lance by the shoulder. "As stupid as you are, I missed you saying crazy shit." Lance tilted his head, waiting for elaboration. "It's just you've been so stressed out you haven't been your usual self lately. Missed it."

Lance thinks that Keith speaking like this is probably where his own gooey gooey feelings originated from.

With a bashful smile and pink cheeks Lance looked up to Keith. "Naww," he cooed, grin growing. Keith was definitely the more romantic one here, Jesus, he was really gonna need to lift his game or something.

"I should really get back, Cosmo is probably wondering where I am," Keith murmured after checking his phone and shoved it into his back pocket. "I'll see you over the weekend, yeah?"

Keith said and Lance nodded.

It wasn't until Keith started to turn away did he realise something.

"Hey," he said, grabbing onto Keith's arm. Keith frowned and looked to his arm which Lance had his hand nicely around. Keith paused, then looked back up towards Lance. "You forgot something."

Keith looked confused for a moment, brows furrowed as he tried to figure out what Lance meant. Letting out an amused huff, Lance stepped closer into his space, both hands going to Keith's jaw before leaning in to kiss him.

Keith tensed before he relaxed, kissing Lance back softly. His lips aren't necessarily soft, they're kind of chapped from the midnight breeze, but he handles Lance that way. His hands smooth around him, encasing him into a subconscious strategic hug to keep him close.

And they've kissed plenty of times, more intense and fierier than this, but this puts every other kiss to shame. It's simple and plain but it's _them_ making the calls, doing whatever feels natural and not following the commands of their directors.

Lance pulled back, nose nudging against Keith's. His eyes open slowly to see Keith staring at him with hazy dark eyes.

"You taste like fake ass strawberries," Lance told in him a low voice, tilting his head, teasingly dodging Keith's mouth. A smirk grew on his lips as he felt a hand on his waist tighten.

Here's some metaphorical insight for you. Keith and himself had been pining after each other before they even realised it. If you think of it as a kettle, you'd say every moment pining would be represented as water being poured into said kettle. You know on a kettle they usually have that 'MAX' line so the whole thing doesn't explode when you boil the water? That's kinda what's going on now. The water (pining bs) had exceeded the 'MAX' line. Now it's starting to overflow and boiling water is exploding from the kettle and something may just as well blow up.

So in other words _goodbye impulse control!_

Keith slammed his mouth back onto Lance's with no grace. But as if Lance cared because he's finally getting a taste of that hunger as Keith pushed him up against his front door. His back hitting against the surface with a thud, pressed firmly there as Keith kissed him. Tanned hands come into
contact with inky hair as Keith licked at Lance's bottom lip, coaxing his mouth open to really get the party started.

It's desperate, a sort of passion that felt like needing to fix a crave, like food to famish, but Lance guessed that's what happened when you hold back for so long.

It felt like that, trying to cure a crave with giving as much as you could in such a short space of time. It's a lot okay? A lot of desperation, tongue, touching, gasping for breath because neither were willing to end the moment. It's a lot but it's fucking fantastic.

Lance had never been so happy that there are no cameras around because by now Sandra or Monty would've yelled 'cut' and asked them why they were on the verge of filming something on the way to being mildly pornographic.

He nibbled on Keith's lip, giving it a slight tug, which ignited a groan from him. And yikes, if that doesn't heat Lance's whole body up with a shiver. The moment Lance released Keith's lip from between his teeth Keith had his mouth back onto his, head tilting as he kissed him with tongue and vigour. Lance is no blushing virgin, but the way Keith's tongue dipped between his lips and dances with his own... that shit does stuff to him okay?

A low moan from his own lips vibrated in the minuscule space between them, rumbling at the back of his throat. Keith's hands grip tightly at his hips and okay, okay, Lance liked that a lot. He really liked it.

One of them really needs to defuse this before they start banging in Lance's apartment complex corridor and he gets a complaint from another tenant.

But then again good impulse control so fuck it. Honestly Lance felt like they deserved it after what they put themselves through. With Keith's mouth on his, hands holding him close and chests pressed against one another, it all felt worth the wait. He just wanted to indulge in his new boyfriend's touch a little longer.

When they part they're panting like dogs in a car on a hot day.

Lance's arms that are around Keith's neck hang down, finger tips on his back as he rests his chin on Keith's shoulder as they breathed heavily in attempt to regain their breath. Keith nuzzled his nose into Lance's jaw and pressed a simple kiss there, sending Lance swaying giddily and smiling. He dragged Keith along to sway with him.

"I liked that better without the cameras watching us," Keith murmured near his ear, hearing the smirk on his lips. Lance lifted his chin from Keith's shoulder and pecked his jaw affectionately before looking to his eyes. The melting process was instant as Keith looked at him tenderly, you could really see the adoration in his eyes.

Lance kissed him again, softly this time and only for a few moments before he pulled back.

"I'm sorry," he whispered.

Keith tensed up, gripping Lance's clothes like he was expecting him to run. "What for?"

"I denied it for so long," Lance started, tucking one of his brown curls behind his ear. "I probably said some shitty stuff to try and hide it. I didn't mean to hurt you those times," he insisted, admittedly a little ashamed.

"It's fine, we were both denying a lot of stuff, hey," he said before coddling Lance into a hug when
he noticed his guilty expression. "Come on, we're both fine now. Look, we're better than fine." He pulled back and knocked their foreheads together. "Aren't we?" he asked, watching Lance crack into a smile and nod. "Good." They stay a quiet for a moment in each other's arms, allowing the anxiety and ill thoughts to melt away.

"Can we just take a moment to talk about how hot that was?" Lance asked, watching Keith go red. "Like yikes, we won't need to get paid to do that anymore. Love that sexual tension release, you know?"

"You really know how to ruin a moment," Keith murmured with a smile, stepping back and out of Lance's reach. "I'm going back to my dog."

"Baby come back!" Lance sang out, extending his arm out as Keith turned around. "You can blame it all on-"

"Shut up out there!" An annoyed voice came from behind one of Lance's neighbour's door. They both flinched Lance grimacing and shrinking on himself.

"See you tomorrow?" Lance asked, whispering.

"I mean today is tomorrow."

"Later then."

Keith smiled gently. "Later."

"Uh huh," Lance grinned, stepping backwards, causing him to bang against the door. "Whoops, gotta, you know? Open the door," he stumbled, noticing Keith's amused expression as he scrambled for his keys, fumbling and almost dropping them. "Insertion," he told Keith as he put his key in the lock and then twisted. Keith pursed his lips together, trying his best not to smile. The door opened and Lance stepped inside and peeped his head out the door. "Bye dude."

"Bye Lance," Keith smiled before fully turning around and walking towards the elevator, skip in his step.

Lance closed the door and frowned to himself in horror. "Insertion? Dude? You freaking loser Lance," he groaned to himself as he walked to his room and flopped onto his bed. Once he got snuggled down and comfortable, he smiled giddily.

He'd almost forgotten how good it felt to be in love.

Chapter End Notes

me @ all y'all: https://i.imgur.com/Q5NnBt9.png

CLAP CLAP FOR HUNKY BOYS

also like... you guys lucky i was THIS FUCKING CLOSE to chopping this chapter in half because it was so long but I DIDN'T
also please mention if you would ask the characters a question on my instagram i'm curious to see if i should actually do it or not

next week
- keithy boy is S M I T T E N
- back at it again with cockblock Cosmo
It took a solid thirty seconds of them being in the same room before Pidge opened her big loud mouth.

"So did you guys finally shack up because the heighten of sexual tension is kinda suffocating in here," she started, legs resting on the arm of the break room couch where they were all gathered. The others didn't comment, just looked at each other in surprise.

"Doesn't shack up mean sex? We haven't boned. His tongue however did go into my mouth and we went on a date and we confessed our undying love for each other and all that jazz," Lance said casually like he was talking about something as mundane as the weather. Lance was sat beside Keith on the couch in a closeness that felt comfortable yet exhilarating. "Not in that order, by the way.

The whole weekend had been a thrill. He still hadn't been quite drained of the initial shock of it all. Even now he was buzzing as he tried to hide the smug smile threatening to form on his lips at the expressions of their friends. All wide eyed and jaws dropped. Usually he would've wanted to boot Lance in the shins for being so crude, but he's kinda reveling in it this time.

"Keith finally confessed?"

And this is where he dies.

Lance snorted, brow raising to Pidge who was the one who asked the question. "Bold assumption." Pidge and Shiro's face fell in disappointment.

"Seriously Keith? You weren't even the one to confess? You are such a disaster," she muttered. "A ball-less, disaster gay. You had to get the disaster bi to do all the hard work."

"Hey!"

"This is so exciting!" Allura exclaimed, leaping in between Lance and Keith to squish them into a bone crushing hug. "I can't believe you two are finally together! We need to celebrate!"

"Eh, sorry to burst the bubble," Lance started. "But the celebrating has to kinda keep within these walls. We aren't going public yet."
This was something they had both agreed upon. They both wanted to get used to their relationship, be 100% comfortable that it was going to work between them before they got the world involved. Their fans especially. Plus backlash was a given. Sure, people were going to be ecstatic for them, but there was always going to be the ones who weren't going to be happy for whatever reason.

Keith knew that Lance was worried about that, the media wriggling their way into their relationship, so he was willing to wait for as long as it took for Lance to feel comfortable.

"Don't worry guys, your secret is safe between us," Shiro assured softly to Lance. "But I think you're going to need to talk to Sandra and Monty and let them know. They're going to be your best bets at keeping this quiet until you're both ready. We don't want any accidental leaks."

"Yeah, that's fair," Keith said and scratched his chin. Lance glanced to him, not looking quite sure, but also not looking like he was going to complain. "We can talk to them later," Keith said and Lance nodded.

"So..." Allura started, grin growing. "How did it happen? Was there any grand gestures, Lance?" Her smile widened as she leaned into, looking from Keith to Lance.

"I was very romantic," Lance lied straight through his teeth which were on display as he smiled toothily.

"Oh bull-fucking-shit," Keith laughed, shaking his head. Lance giggled, nibbling on his bottom lip to stop himself from smiling. Whenever Keith focused on Lance's lips now he can only think about kissing him.

He looked away before he started making out with Lance right in front of their friends, little smile dancing on his lips.

"When you thought pining Keith was bad, then you see smitten Keith and wish you had that asshole back," Pidge sighed making the others laugh. Even Lance as he cooed and leaned into Keith, trapped him into a hug as he nudged his nose into his cheek.

"Aww, I like smitten Keith," Lance chimed, kissing Keith's cheekbone and making his face go red.

"Blah, give us oblivious Lance back."

"Hey!"

* * *

Monty blinked and frowned.

"I thought you two were already together?"

"What? We've only been officially together for three days!" Lance spluttered, looking to Keith in a short glance, the horror evident on his face.

Sandra sighed like she had a headache coming on. "Monty, we have spoken about this."

"Oh... what was with the JuniAwards then?"

"We were making a statement!"

"Either way, we have things we need to discuss about this if you want to keep it from the public eye. No more double interviews for you two for the time being, and I personally would refrain
from interviews all together. We don't want people asking about relationship statuses and you two having to lie. The moment you directly lie to the public is when this starts getting messy."

"Messy?" Lance asked.

"Well when you do eventually become open with your relationship people are going to ask how long you've been together. Then if you've been saying you aren't together in previous interviews when you were, there is a chance you'll be branded as liars."

Keith noticed the way Lance stiffened beside him.

"We also don't want it coming to light directly before or after a season launch," Monty added, scratching his beard. "People may take it as a publicity stunt for views, not putting a good name on either of you or the show."

"So what's our best option?" Keith asked as Lance went quiet.

"Just keep it on the down-low for now boys," Monty continued. "We'll clear any interviews for the time being. May I ask how long you were planning on keeping quiet?"

"We talked about waiting until after the final season," Keith said which earned an unsure exchange between Monty and Sandra.

"Ultimately, that would be the better option, but it'll be tricky since that's a little more than a year away. You'll have to be careful in public," Sandra said. "We also don't want this affecting filming." She gave them a hard look at that.

"Of course," Keith said smoothly.

She nodded and stood up. "Well I'm going to go need to make a few calls. Thank you for talking to us both about this," she said, stopping and smiling down at both of them. "I'm happy for you boys, congratulations."

"I agree, I think you two make a great pair," Monty added on.

It's a good feeling to have other people agree.

*     *     *

"We're going to get eaten alive," Lance exasperated as they walked through the halls towards hair and makeup. It was just moments after they walked out from their meeting with Monty and Sandra.

"We'll be fine. They were just stating worst case scenario," Keith assured him.

"I didn't think it would be this..." Lance paused, eyes drifting around as if searching through his brain for the right answer. "Complicated."

"People do it all the time. It's common for people in the industry."

"I know, but the keeping it quiet for so long part. It's just... I don't know? It kinda feels like being back in the closet or something," He shuddered at the thought.

"It won't be that bad."

"The only place we'll actually be allowed to act like a couple is in our own apartments. We can't even go on real dates that aren't in the middle of the night," Lance sighed, expression saddened.
"We'll make it work," Keith promised, nudging his hand against Lance's fleetingly as they walked. "I promise. We'll figure it out."

Lance stopped walking in his tracks, looked up and down the empty twice and then turned to face Keith, tanned hand going to his jaw as he leaned in to kiss him.

Kissing Lance wasn't something Keith felt like he could easily get used to. It sent his pulse skyrocketing and tingles across his skin, no matter how short or sweet. Admittedly it was a little weird to get used to, despite having feelings for so long, Lance had still been his best friend. Going from something strictly platonic to using the words 'love you' and kissing in such a short amount of time was strange.

Not that Keith was complaining in any way.

Lance pulled back with a sweet smile and pushed Keith's face away with a giggle as Keith chased his lips hopelessly.

"C'mon, we gotta get to hair and makeup," he grinned and began to walk down the hallway.

Nope. Keith was definitely not complaining.

* * *

"I need you to stay as calm as possible," Lance said slowly as he looked at his four siblings. This call had only intended for Rachel, but he'd forgotten it was Family Dinner night, so everyone was gathered at his home. He was envious that he wasn't there, he missed seeing his family. He missed their family banter and the home cooked meals. This was still nice though.

"Did something happen?" Veronica asked, looking concerned.

"Kinda? You have to promise to not say anything to anyone. This is a McClain secret."

"Oh god what did you do?" Luis, his eldest brother started.

"Rude accusation, I haven't done anything bad!" His brothers and sisters sat quietly, seemingly holding their breath. "Yikes guys, nobody has died. I'm just kinda not... single anymore?" he grimaced as he witnessed their reactions which was a variety of different pitches and volumes of 'what', Marco almost falling out of his seat, Rachel screaming 'MAMA YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE-' and Veronica's staring with a dropped jaw.

"Who?" They all said in unison once they calmed down, eyes shining in anticipation.

"Umm..." Lance trailed off with a nervous huff of laughter. "Keith."

The explosion of noise was deafening, making him glad he wasn't wearing headphones.

"I knew! I knew it!" Rachel screamed, jumping to her feet and pointing to the screen. There was a scuffle in the background as Lance's mama entered the room looking distressed.

"¿Por qué están todos gritando?"

"Lance has a boyfriend," Luis explained. Lance watched his mother's eyes widen and joyed smile grow.

"Mijo!" She said, now leaning into the webcam on Rachel's laptop, her face taking up the whole screen. "¡Esas son maravillosas noticias! ¿Quién es el chico con suerte?"
Keith. Aquel con el que trabajo en Voltron. Él hace de Akira."

Her eyes shone with recognition. "¡Sí! ¡Sí! ¡Lo recuerdo! Parece un chico simpático."

"Se," Lance smiled sheepishly feeling a blush crawl up his cheeks.

"Lance this is the best thing to happen in forever," Rachel sighed happily. "I'm going to call him."

Lance's eyes widened and he was already on his feet.

Rachel calling Keith with his whole family present? No bueno!

"No!" He shouted and made the mad dash for door, leaving the video call open and his family laughing.

* * *

Adam in all the years that he had known Keith (which was a total of six years) had never been more disappointed in the young man in his life after him and Takashi questioned him on his new relationship status.

"So you weren't even the one to confess? Wow Keith."

"You guys really are gunning for me huh?"

"You were pining after him for months, maybe even years and you waited for him to confess. Did you at least kiss him first?"

"..."

"Wow Keith, I didn't think you were this weak. Did you contribute anything to this relationship?"

"I was the one who asked him to be my boyfriend!"

"Well hallelujah-fucking-lujah."

"I-" the buzz from Keith pocket cut him off. He grumbled and frowned as he saw the caller ID. Without a second of waiting longer he raised the phone to his ear. "Hey Rachel what’s-" he abruptly pulled the phone away from his head, cringing as there was a loud squeal and shouting from the other side of the phone.

"Looks like Lance told his family," Takashi snickered beside Adam.

Suddenly the door was swinging open and Lance was flinging himself across the room and on top of Keith and grappling for the phone. He put Keith's phone to his ear and started talking in rapid fire Spanish.

Adam had of course heard Lance talk Spanish before, but never in such quick concession. Maybe it was because it was family or he was flustered, face painted red to the tips of his ears and down to his neck.

Keith chuckled from underneath Lance who was still half on top of him. The other boy didn't hesitate to shove his hand over Keith's mouth to shut him up as he scolded his family.

It was quite humorous to watch and Adam couldn't help but notice the twinkle in Keith's eyes as he looked up at his new boyfriend. It was cute to see him openly staring, not worried about the
consequences of being caught, even wrapping his arms around Lance's middle. God that boy was so whipped.

"Adiós, perdedores!" Lance sang out as he hung up the phone. He gave a relieved sigh and looked down to Keith. "They got excited when I told them, and I didn't want to put you through their torture," he explained, making Keith chuckle lowly.

"I think Rachel might have burst my eardrum," he admitted.

"Está loca," Lance grumbled, shaking his head. Keith smiled, making Adam wonder if it was the Spanish making him look like a lovesick fool. He could relate to Keith on that one though, he loved it when Takashi spoke Japanese.

Lance tilted his head, ear resting on Keith's chest. It was so odd to see Keith in such a couple-like pose. He was always the one rolling his eyes at him and Takashi. It had shown how much Keith had grown from when Adam first met him at 16 years old. He was actually rather proud of the man he was growing into.

"Sup guys," Lance smiled and began to sit up until Keith dragged him back down on his chest, locking him into place.

"Nope, I've had to watch their PDA for years, now they have to suffer through mine," he grumbled, although smiling when Lance giggled and squirmed as he tried to get free.

They were just so undeniably cute and in love that Adam couldn't help but smile, PDA be damned. Takashi beside him was also the same, small smile on his lips.

"So did Keith tell you how he barged into Shiro and I's apartment at 1 o'clock in the morning to panic to us when he realised he liked you?" Shiro started because yeah sure, he's happy for Keith but he also kinda wants him to suffer.

Lance laughed as Keith blushed and glared at Shiro.

"Sounds like Keith," Lance chuckled, giving Keith a teasing smile.

"What made you figure it out, if I may ask? You also took a while," Adam asked curiously, leaning forward. Lance paused for a few moments, glancing between both Adam and Shiro before flickering his blue eyes to Keith. A smirk danced on his features.

"Oh, I had a really dirty dream about him."

Shiro was instantly howling with laughter as Keith bright red, choking on his own breath. Lance laughed airily, gracing with an innocence that contrasted to his previous state and gave Adam a shrug as if to say 'what can I say?'.

That was one of the things Adam liked about Lance. He was so obtrusively honest about certain things that other people usually tended to shy away from. He wasn't going to hold back and Adam believed Keith probably could use a splash of that in his life.

*     *     *

"I can't believe you," Keith snickered looking down at Lance. The second Adam and Shiro had left his apartment he pinned the other boy underneath him on the couch. "Seriously Lance? A dream? What the hell," he chuckled that last part, shaking his head at his ridiculous boyfriend.
A truly angelic laugh left his mouth that had Keith melting. He's kinda disappointed in himself for being so soft. He's so pliable for him. Sure, Keith had been in a few relationships in the past, but he'd never experienced such strong feelings for another person before. He loved Lance, but now being able to express that love seemed to expand the feelings. It was like he had too much of it and too little of Lance to give it to.

"In my defence, you're pretty freaking hot," He grinned wickedly, wrapping his arms around Keith's neck pulling him in closer. Keith settled a little more comfortably, allowing his body to relax and put his weight on Lance. "But honestly, I don't think I accepted my feelings until JuniAwards night," he admitted softly, eyes trained on his fingers which were moving to tuck some hair behind Keith's ear. "When we kissed on stage, I remember just thinking 'damn, I really don't want to stop kissing him'."

He remembered the way Lance grabbed onto the hem of his jacket. He'd originally thought that was his way of wanting to end the kiss. Now he realised it was the opposite intention. "Lance," he breathed out before he leaned down to kiss him.

And Keith knows he's not a soft person. He can be blunt and at sometimes blatantly rude because he lacked the trait of giving a damn. But with Lance he may just be the gentlest person he's ever known.

Their lips caress tenderly. Light touches of mouths igniting a wave of electrical currents through Keith's whole being, vibrating with emotions as the attempt to exude what he's feeling. One of his hands moved to gingerly touch Lance's jaw, skin smooth from an extensive skincare routine. There's a smile twitching on Lance's lips, hands scrunching up the material of Keith's shirt in his hands.

It seems perfectly from one kiss; one so soft and sweet that manifests every pure ounce of love in their hearts, to another kiss entirely. Where mouths are open and the wet pops of lips sliding loud enough that it's dizzying.

Lance made a quiet noise as Keith's tongue teasingly licked its way into his mouth, hands now gliding up his chest to his neck, tangling his fingers into Keith's hair.

Keith knew he wasn't soft; he also knew he lacked impulse and was tethering onto what he had left because he's been holding back for a long fucking time and it's impossible not to think further when Lance has tangled their legs together. He's so close to just carrying him to his bedroom and live out every single one of his filthy fantasies.

Might as well indulge just a little.

Keith retracted his mouth from Lance's, moving his lips to his ear before whispering "So, a dream of me, huh Lance?" He heard Lance give a shaky exhale as Keith nibbled at his earlobe. He hummed in a way that suggested confirmation of Keith's question. "Wanna tell me about it?"

"You'd ask, wouldn't you, you horndog," Lance mused, but gave a sharp intake of breath as Keith connected his mouth to his jaw, kissing there lightly. "Okay then, it was a little similar to this. You on top of me, I liked the pressure."

So maybe Keith wasn't technically ready to be hearing those words from Lance's lips because now those soft kisses on his neck were open mouthed and wet. But like hell he's going to shoot himself in the foot and stop asking for more. "What else?" He asked as he sucked at the sensitive skin. Lance's nails grazed against his scalp, the feeling utterly therapeutic.
"I was saying your name, real mantra meets porn star style." Lance gasped as Keith bit down lightly and hummed afterwards, almost sounding like a purr. "Woo, you liked hearing that didn't you?" he cooed, hands carding through Keith's longer hair.

He really wasn't wrong, but Keith ignored him anyways and continued to kiss and suck up Lance's golden skin. He tilted his head to the side, exposing more of his neck and gave Keith more room for his lips to roam.

It was almost offensive how soon after soft sighs of almost silent gasps turned into amused huffs of breath and eventually a little giggle.

"Did I do something weird or...?" He trailed off, not unable but help to feel a little self conscious.

"No, no you were doing great. Like ten out of ten. It's just..." another little giggle, "I can't do this with him looking at me like that."

Keith's head was immediately raised from the crook of Lance's neck and searching for whoever 'him' could have referred to until he locked eyes with wide, unknowing eyes a few feet away. Tail wagging as he sat contently, watching them.

Lance was giggling again as Keith grunted in annoyance. "Cosmo, stop watching," he grumbled which made Lance laugh more. Hearing his name must have got misinterpreted as an invitation because Cosmo got to his feet and began trotting over. "No Cos!" Keith's demands got lost on deaf ears and his dog approached them on the couch, now excitedly licking at Lance's face. "Cosmo stop! My boyfriend! Not yours! Mine!"

Chapter End Notes

COSMO U CUTE BABY BUT NO
also sorry? idk this chapter is a bit wishy washy i'm too tired to make it better

translations (in order)
1 - Why are you all yelling?: ¿Por qué están todos gritando?
2 - That’s wonderful news! Who is the lucky boy?: ¡Esas son maravillosas noticias! ¿Quién es el chico con suerte?
3 - The one I work with on Voltron. He plays Akira. : Aquel con el que trabajo en Voltron. Él hace de Akira
4 - Yes! Yes! I remember! He seems a lovely boy, very handsome. : ¡Sí! ¡Sí! ¡Lo recuerdo! Parece un chico simpático
5 - Yeah : Se
6 - Not good! : no bueno
7 - Goodbye you losers: Adiós, perdedores.
8 - She’s crazy: Está loca.

NEXT WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK
-the masquerade episode
-shiro is a dad
"Lance, get your hand off my ass," Keith deadpanned, pen in hand as he wrote notes on his script.

"I'm trying to do the thing," he whined, grabbing Keith's back pocket and pulled. Alas, Keith begrudgingly stood his ground, feet planted. His grey eyes casted to the side to glare directly at him.

"What thing?"

"The thing from To All the Boys I Loved Before!" Lance said. Keith rolled his eyes. "Don't roll your eyes! Give me your butt so I can do this!"

"This sounds like the start of a really bad porno," Pidge murmured from the break room couch, pointing a camera in their direction. "But great Video Diary footage, keep it up."

Lance looked over his shoulder to the girl, frown on his face. "We agreed no stuff of us in the video diaries, remember?" he reminded her, hand now out of his boyfriend's back pocket much to his relief.

Of course, with them keeping quiet for now meant they had to be careful what the media had access to. That meant having to be a little more vigilant with the Behind the Scenes Video diary footage.

"This is different," Pidge said, lowering the camera slightly. "This is the 'Klance Video Diaries'."

"I don't understand how that's any different," Keith said not looking up from his script he was scribbling on.

"This footage won't go out until you guys are out to the public," she said simply. "When you're out together people are going to want to see your interactions. Plus, you're all grabby in the break room since this is the only place you can be a couple without all the crew and the rest of the cast figuring out you're together."

"We're not grabby!"

"Lance you literally had your hand on my ass ten seconds ago."

"Whose side are you on?"

"Honestly just stating facts here."

"I was experimenting! I'd like to see you-" Lance was cut off by his own yelp as Keith dug his
hand into Lance's back pocket, grabbed the material and twirled in him like his name was Peter and pulled him in close, noses only an inch and a half way.

"You were saying?" Keith smirked. Lance gaped, face scrunched up in offense and turned to look at the camera to show his distaste.

"I don't know whether to be turned on or mad," he admitted ending with Keith scoffing at him, hand giving him a secret squeeze before pulling out of his pocket then pushing him away and out of reach. Lance smiled smugly, unable to hold it back and gave a cheeky wink. Pidge gagged.

"Ew, why are you two like this?"

* * *

Today filming was a little different. This episode Akira was thrown into a masquerade ball scene, where all the alternative reality paladins were dressed for the occasion. Which made it hard for Akira to gather them all together so he could try and figure how to get out and back home.

The hall they rented out was luxurious, with high ceilings, glass chandeliers and mosaic tiling that made patterns.

So location? Big fancy ballroom.

Costuming? Upscale suits and gowns with intricate custom-made masks.

Cast? Most were fine with the exception of one, and that oddity ended up being Keith's own boyfriend. It wasn't he was dressed badly, in fact he looked pretty damn good in his all black suit to go along with his Black Paladin theme, even his mask was in the shape of a black lion.

It was more due to Lance being rather... eccentric.

You'll get the title of the 'eccentric one' if you voluntarily dance to Low by Flo Rida, blasting the music from his portable speakers while the flock of extras giggled behind their hands. The camera people didn't seem to mind, even following his movements as he squatted down with the 'Shawty got low low low low low low low low low'.

"He's fucking crazy," Keith murmured to Shiro who chuckled.

"He's also your boyfriend."

Keith smiled gloatingly. "Yup. That one’s mine."

Shiro patted Keith's shoulder with more force necessary. "You're totally whipped." Keith scoffed to show his disagreement.

"No I'm not."

"Don't be in denial, remember last time that happened?"

"I'm not whipped," he grumbled then looked back to Lance who was doing his classic 'Razzle Dazzle' move he always talks about to the cameras. He couldn't help but smile. Dork.

Shiro grinned knowingly before they began to move into position.

The first half of the day's filming went seamlessly. The most difficult scene was to come though, where it was Akira finally spotting Leandro in the crowded ballroom the very moment a mass
dance started. It was one of those dances where every few minutes you would switch partners smoothly along with the dancing. Cinderella style.

The scene started with Akira frantically looking for Leandro, knowing he had to be somewhere. Suddenly a bright flash of blue eyes caught his attention. The black of his suit and lion mask really brought it out his iris's, making them stand out dramatically. He stood with impossibly straight posture, chatting and laughing politely with a few women dressed for the occasion.

"Lea-" Akira called out, trying to get through the crowd when suddenly people were pairing into partners. A woman grabbed Akira, pulling him in close with a smile to dance and trapping him in her iron grip. By the time he looked up Leandro was already across the room, dancing with a woman.

Lance is an amazing dancer and it perfectly suits the role he was playing; the smooth-talking slick moving bachelor version of Leandro. Which contrasts to Akira's crappiness as he tried to twirl and drag his partner in Leandro's direction. It's a task, because he doesn't know how to dance so he's entirely winging it. The choreographer for this scene didn't teach Keith all the moves so his confusion would seem authentic.

It goes from there, Akira jumping from partner to partner to get closer to Leandro who is wooing girls left right and centre effortlessly. He moved his dance partner around the room like it was his second nature, leading to Akira losing sight of him.

Akira gritted his teeth together in frustration, twirling his new partner so he could look around the organised chaos of the ballroom.

Each time he got closer it seemed that Leandro got further away until suddenly-

He grunted as he was pushed into Leandro as everyone switched partners. Leandro hadn't hesitated to hold Keith the dancing position, probably initially not realising he had grabbed someone of the wrong gender. He didn't seem to mind though as white teeth showcased as he grinned wickedly.

"Nice mask," he said lowly, stepping closer to Akira and guided his fretful hands to where they should be. Keith's mask for Akira was a bright ruby red, fitting into his position as Red Paladin.

"I-" Akira started and that was when the music stopped. "You've gotta be fucking kidding me," Akira snapped at the irony.

Leandro chuckled lowly, the sound affecting Keith more than Akira in all honestly.

Leandro held out a hand for him to take. "Maybe we should take this talk elsewhere?" he suggested coyly, cheeky wink at the end.

Akira hesitated, remembering this technically wasn't his boyfriend. That his boyfriend was back in their own universe.

Leandro's smiled wider as Akira nodded, taking his hand and now moving and leading him away, all ready for the next scene.

"And cut! Nice work everyone, we're going to overlook the footage and see how that looks on camera, we'll let you know if we need another take!" Monty yelled out before him and Sandra looked at the sequence with concentration.

"Nice work," Lance grinned, now fiddling with Keith's mask, insisting it was wonky when Keith
knew it wasn't.

"Careful," Keith murmured, eyes unable to help but glance to the extras who were watching them with fascination.

He was quick to put his hands down, now going behind his back like it was to physically restrain himself, an uncomfortable expression on his face.

"This is hard," he pouted, dropping the eye contact momentarily. "If I wasn't so anxious about the media we could-

"Stop," Keith said firmly. Lance's mouth was opened and shut instantly. "Us being kept between us isn't entirely your choice. I chose this too because I think it's what's best for us in the long run. When we're both 100% ready is when we can do it. There is no time line on this, I'm not going to blame you, so you shouldn't either. It might not be...normal, but it's our normal."

Lance exhaled a long breath. "I hate when you're right."

"I'm always right." Lance's face scrunched up, dubious. Keith scoffed with a smile, rolling his eyes as he began to move. "Come on, let's go see if we need to do another take."

* * *

It was exactly two weeks into their relationship when Lance snapped.

"That's it. I can't take it!" Lance shouted as Keith scrolled through movie options. "We have to do something! Something! Anything! I cannot sit in your apartment any longer!" He got to his feet, now pacing. "We have to do something."

That was the difference between Keith and Lance. As an introvert, Keith could quite comfortably stay in, eat food, watch a movie, just hang out. And sure, Lance also enjoyed those things in moderation, but he was an extrovert and needed to be out, doing things, exerting his energy with interaction and new places.

Lance paused, foot tapping. His eyes then lit up. "Let's go on a date!"

Even though Keith liked staying home and away from the world, he had to admit a proper date did sound nice. "Okay. You have an idea of how to do that without being caught out?" An idea that didn't expose them and their newly blossoming relationship, was at this moment in time preferable.

Lance pulled that face that meant he was irritable. "I will have an idea," he insisted louder than necessary, finger waggling in the air.

"I believe you," Keith said calmly, hoping it would rub off and onto his boyfriend.

"You should," he huffed, brows raised and now arms crossed. His body was tenser than a wound-up jack in the box, ready to pop open any time.

Keith got to his feet and walked up behind his boyfriend, arms wrapping around him, locking his fingers together to keep Lance in place. He felt the muscle against his chest relax as Keith out his chin resting on his shoulder.

"How about for now we do those face masks you were talking about? The pink clay ones or whatever." Lance liked that sort of stuff, skincare and anything along those lines. Keith personally
had never understood it until he felt how smooth and soft Lance's skin was. He could appreciate that side of it, was secretly grateful.

But he also knew it relaxed him. Was something he did frequently with his sisters and made him feel good about himself. Keith was more than willing to indulge in the procedure of a face mask and skincare if it got Lance to chill the hell out.

Lance looked over his shoulder to Keith and the soft smile on his lips made the offer very much worth it. Even more so when he leaned forward and pressed a kiss to Keith's nose, lips warm.

"You're sweet, come on, we're doing this shit and I am going to change your life."

The next few minutes were spent Lance racing around Keith's apartment looking for the necessities. They sat on the couch; Lance's legs crossed as he used the brush to dab the product on Keith's face. He'd even pulled Keith's hair out of his face with a headband, which looked ridiculous, but it made Lance giggle so it was fine.

Putting pink clay on his face didn't really change his life, but it kinda stung? Wasn't this supposed to feel nice? It went all tight as well, so it felt weird to talk or pull any expression. But ugh, Lance looked all cute and giddy as he talked about the 'healing properties' and how it would make face glow.

After Keith was apparently finished, it was his turn to brush the pink clay onto Lance's face. He did it with less grace, dropping a clump of it on Lance's leg (luckily not on his expensive couch) and accidentally got it on his eyelashes. Lance wasn't mad though, instead just laughed, trying to not move his face too much in case it caused the mask to crack.

Once they were both caked in thick, pink clay it was now time to wait it out and make fun of each other for looking like elderly pink marshmallows.

Hanging out with Lance had gotten easier since they got together, it didn't feel so... achy. He didn't have to triple check his thoughts before he voiced them in fear of being too obvious. It didn't hurt anymore. He could put up with the inconveniences of not being open with their relationship if it meant in these quiet moments together they could be completely open with each other.

Now looking back on it, Keith couldn't believe how long he stayed sane with keeping his feelings hidden. He's happy he didn't have to do that anymore. In fact, these two weeks with Lance had been some of the best in his life.

He hadn't realised how much love he had to give until now.

Their domestic bliss was interrupted as there was an abrupt knocking at Keith's door. They both frowned in confusion, Keith especially. He hadn't been expecting visitors.

"Keith? You home?" Shiro's voice came behind the door. Lance went to open his mouth to reply but Keith forced his hand over his mouth before he could speak. The muffle of Lance's voice sounded like 'what the hell?'

"I don't want Shiro seeing me like this!" he hissed out quietly, clearly remembering the conversation he had with his friend earlier in the week about being 'whipped'.

If Shiro saw his state now, headband on, pink face mask on his face he'd be branded as being the most whipped guy in the universe.

He didn't want to think about the teasing from him or Adam.
Lance rolled his eyes and huffed as they heard Shiro knock again at the door. Lance's face lit up as much as it could with the restricting mask.

"I got you babe," he whispered with a cheeky wink and cleared his throat. Keith wondered how he was going to pull this off when his question was answered.

"Oh *Keith! Yes - keep going!*" Lance moaned out loudly, bouncing up on the couch enough to make it creak. The speed that Keith's face went red was far from healthy, the heat burning every inch of his body for many different reasons. 1) Shiro was hearing this and would be assuming one very in particular act and that was embarrassing as fuck. 2) Pining has created a lot of sexual tension for him and this was not doing him any favours. "Feels *soooo* good!" he drawled out like he was drunk.

But it did the trick because there was suddenly no more of Shiro's insistent knocking or voice. After a few moments of silence they both slowly looked back to each other from the door and when their eyes locked Lance smiled.

"Got em'." They instantly burst into laughter, cracking the pink clay.

* * *

"Takashi-"

"I feel like I should be talking to them, Adam."

"Keith is 23, he doesn't need a 'safe sex' talk."

"He *might!*"

"He really won't."

"..."

"You're such a dad."

"No I am not!"

Chapter End Notes

Lance has no shame in this fic and honestly i live for it

ALSO CURIOUS: do you guys want saucy scenes in this fic? I'm not great at writing them so i could just make them bonus chapters to put to the side but like???? curious???

next chapter:
-**RUN KANE RUNNNNNNNN**
-klance date <3
-Lance lifts his romantic game up and keith likey
"So next week for our Monday shoot we're all going on a little road trip to one of the coastline's remote beaches. We'll be spending a night so make sure to clear your schedules," Sandra started. "Also, we ask for you to keep the information off any social media, we don't want any fan hordes disrupting what little filming time we already have."

It wasn't the first time they'd had to travel for filming, but it was one of the furthest. Keith assumed it was a privately own sector of a beach to keep the public as far form filming as possible. They could hire their own extras to make it look realistic and natural plus it also assured there would be any spoiler leaks.

"We will be heading out at 5am on Monday so we can get there with plenty of daylight. We're going to need you to get here by 4:30 so we can get ready."

"Ew," Lance whispered under his breath, making Keith snicker.

"We're also booking out rooms for you all. I can give you more details about that later. We will finish filming on the Tuesday and go home late afternoon and be back at set by 7. Any questions?"

Shiro spoke up first. "Is it alright if Adam comes? He's been hauled up in the house since he's been working on his new project."

"Of course, Shiro. Anything else?" No one responded. Sandra nodded firmly. "Good. Get to hair and makeup and we can start for the day." She turned on her heels and moved for the door efficiently, walking down the hall and towards the main hall for filming.

"This is going to be awesome!" Lance said, hands going into the air before he paused and thought for a second. "Except for the 4:30 meet up. That's fucked up. But private beaches! Sunshine! Hotels! It'll be like one big sleepover!"

"Does he know we're going to be working the whole time?" Pidge murmured to Hunk who chuckled and shrugged.

Either way, Keith knew Lance's excitement stemmed from his love of the beach and ocean. He'd been buzzing over being able to film the episode for a long time. This episode was probably the cheesiest bullshit out of all the alternative universe episodes; it was some Baywatch kinda shit. Lance was going to be a freaking lifeguard for Christ sake! But the cliché and tropes of it was all a part of the humour.

"-the ocean!" Lance beamed, eyes wide and childlike. Keith had 100% zoned out on whatever the hell Lance is going on about now. So much so he hadn't even realised it was no just only him and
Lance in the break room. Yet he still smiled at his happiness. He's glad he's getting his Lance back. "So?" Lance smirked, grabbing onto Keith's arm, squeezing. "What do you think?"

_Time to improvise here Keith._

"Sounds good," he smiled awkwardly, standing up to go move for hair and makeup, hoping to escape the consequences.

"You were _so_ not listening," he laughed, grinning wickedly as he followed and put his hands on Keith's shoulders. For a second Keith tensed up, feeling like someone could be watching, but the room was vacant since everyone left, door closed. He settled his hands on Lance's waist and played along.

"And _how_ do I know I wasn't?" he asked.

Lance rolled his eyes with a flirtatious expression twinkling in them. When his eyes went back to Keith he spoke. "Because you would've gone all red and flustered. I was so ready for it too. Really broke my heart and spirit with that one."

Okay, now he was really intrigued. "What did you say then?"

"Well first I figured out a date for us, so get ready for that after work."

"Really? What are we doing?"

"And if you'd been listening you'd know I said it was going to be a surprise." Now it was Keith's turn to roll his eyes. "You didn't even hear the best part!"

"That being?"

"I was talking about how this will kinda be like our first holiday together! Not like we're sharing a room or anything but I could _totally_ ninja style it and sneak into your room and spend the night."

Keith's mind couldn't help but travel elsewhere with that being brought up. Sleeping in the same bed. They'd done it once or twice when they were just friends which had been a level of torture because Keith had to make sure he stayed as far away from Lance as possible. Now he didn't _have_ to. Their busy schedules and long work days hadn't allowed them to be able to go... the _whole_ way yet. Or any way, at that. So far they'd just had messy make out sessions but had yet to go any further. So far in their three weeks together it was hard to get their hands off each other, so if they were to share a bed together he knew there would no way they would be able to stop themselves.

"Heh," Lance laughed, poking Keith's cheek to get him out of his day dream. "You're all flustered now thinking about it. Looks like I got my wish."

Keith scoffed. "Fuck you."

"Only if you're lucky." Keith couldn't help but laugh at that, pulling Lance closer so their chests were against each other. He took one look towards the closed door again and then back to Lance, wanting to kiss him when his boyfriend beat him to it. He grabbed Keith by the face and pulled him in.

Keith wondered if it was just because of how new this all that they took every opportunity they could to ravish each other with feverish kisses. Or was it just them? Were they always going to just
want to grab and touch each other?

Either way, as Lance licked into his mouth he didn't find himself caring which way it was. Temporary intense lust or consistent passion that would continue to the day he died. He didn't care, as long as he had Lance he was good.

"Hey Lance, just want to let you know Ingrid is - oh my god!" They both jumped apart. Turning to the voice Keith internally groaned as he saw Kane standing there like a shaken hamster, his eyes were wide behind his thick framed glasses and mouth dropped open. "I am so sorry! Umm..." He stammered looking between the two of them, fear clear in his eyes. "I'm just gonna..." he spun around and bolted out of the room, his footsteps echoing fast as he raced down the hallway.

"I think we just scarred Kane," Keith said as he turned to look at Lance who had a hand over his mouth, eyes were shining in a way he thought initially were tears until he burst into laughter.

"Oh my god I have to chase him down and make him swear not to tell anyone," Lance chuckled, shaking his head in dismay. He turned to Keith. "Finish this later?" Keith smiled before he nodded, grin growing as Lance planted a kiss on his cheek. "Alright, now time to chase down Kane." He now was running for the door, shouting: 'Cute intern Kane! Where ought thou Cute intern Kane!'

*     *     *

Lance had managed to catch Kane and swear not to tell anyone, but Keith knew that Kane was a little terrified of him so he was sure that the former intern wouldn't snitch. However, that wasn't the problem at hand.

"Lance, what the fuck is this?" Keith asked as Lance held out the two identical Spider-Man masks.

"We're gonna have kinky Spider-Man sex!" Lance grinned and yelped as Keith tried to land a punch on his shoulder. "I'm kidding! My gosh! So violent! Okay for real though we need these masks to assure we won't get seen."

"These," Keith said shaking the mask, "are in no way going to deter attention from us."

"That's because we're we are going it won't seem out of the ordinary." Keith raised a brow at the explanation. To further elaborate Lance pulled the two tickets out from his back pocket. "Ta-da!" he chimed. Hesitantly Keith glanced from him to the tickets and chuckled.

"Into the Spider-Verse? I've been wanting to see this."

Lance grinned. "I know, and so have I! When was the last time you went to an actual cinema that wasn't for a premier?"

"I was like eight."

"Okay wow that answer was sadder than I expected. No worries though, we're going to share a big bucket of popcorn, a drink of your choice and enjoy the movie!" The corner of Keith's lips turned upwards and Lance saw that as a good sign. "So?"

"That sounds fun," Lance grinned, proud of himself. "When does it start?" he asked, taking control of Lance's hand which was where the tickets were. He squinted and then his eyes widened. "Lance it starts in half an hour!"

Yeah... Lance wasn't the one for details.
"Well we better put our masks on and make a run for it! I want that buttered popcorn!"

They ran out of Lance's apartment, putting the masks on and laughed as they tried to outrun time.

Luckily for them they didn't need to worry about lines since it was the middle of the week and the whole place was pretty dead. Which for them was a good thing. The less people that were there the less chance they had of getting spotted.

They were in the Spider-Man masks, but nobody really gave them a second look because there was a bunch of kids running around in Spider-Man costumes anyway. The person at the counter didn't even give a second look as Lance approached, pulling his mask up to mouth so he could speak. The guy even threw in an American accent just in case. He grinned at Keith with straight white teeth before pulling the mask back down.

Their seats were average. It felt weird to Keith to be in a room filled with people and not even one of them knowing who he was, not asking for a photo or video or autograph. It was actually kinda nice.

Lance grabbed onto his hand, smiling shyly when Keith looked up to him.

That was even nicer.

* * *

"So that was awesome," Lance smiled as they walked into his apartment. "I know I've said it a thousand times, but damn."

"I get what you mean," Keith said, hand still holding onto his even as they walked through the doorway. "It exceeded my expectations and they were already pretty high."

"Agree. Hey that reminds me, would you ever do voice acting?" Lance asked, sipping at the remainder of his drink before putting the giant cup on his kitchen bench. "I would! I think it would be super fun - oh, want a snack?" He asked, quickly asking the question since Keith was already moving towards the couch.

"I'm good," he said plopping himself on the couch, then turned his head to look over at Lance with a smirk. "That is unless you're the snack." Lance huffed out a laugh and launched himself over the couch, landing heavily on top of Keith.

"Oh bébé, I'm no snack, I'm a full course meal," he grinned, settling himself until comfy on top of Keith who was chuckling.

"Right of course. And to answer your question from before, yeah I'd probably give voice acting a try. Something different is always good. Maybe that can be my next thing after Voltron," he smiled, pushing a curly brown lock out of Lance's face.

"God, I haven't even thought about what I'm going to do next," Lance admitted, finger tips drumming on Keith's chest.

"You'll have a shit load of offers, trust me."

"I mean I guess, but I also want to spend some time home before I throw myself into another big project."

"I think we're all going to need a break after next season." Lance couldn't agree more with Keith.
They'd all been working stupidly hard for the past two years and a half. It wasn't until he almost got lost in that little world of the future he realised this was not the best of times to be talking and this subject.

"Oh god, we're literally talking about work on our date. Gross. We have to stop right now. Let’s go back to talking about the movie," Lance said loudly, shaking his head to get that thought out of his brain. Keith huffed amusedly. "Okay for real though, that soundtrack? So good."

"Of course, you would fanboy over the soundtrack," he chuckled.

"Oh come on, the whole thing was a bop! Straight off the bat you start tapping your feet!" Keith hummed and nodded, agreeing but more to his own benefit to get Lance to shut up about it. "Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy," Lance half-heartedly sung out, giggling at the end as Keith rolled his eyes at the familiar tune. "Ooh, ooh, ooh, ohh-

"Really?" Keith asked which made Lance grin mischievously, wriggling closer to Keith's face.

"Uh-huh."

"Gonna break out into song?"

"My Broadway Bones tell me 'yes'."

Keith's laugh brought new meaning to Lance's antics.

"Needless to say, I keep her in check. She was all bad-bad-" he ruffled Keith's hair at the 'bad-bad' part, earning a laugh and now a messy haired Keith. "nevertheless!"

Keith brushed his hair out of his face from where Lance messed it up and smiled softly.

"Callin' it quits now, baby, I'm a wreck. Crash-" Lance rolled off the couch and onto the floor intentionally. Keith gasped at first because he thought that was an accident but scoffed with extreme fondness as he saw Lance's smile. "-at my place, baby, you're a wreck."

"You're a dork," Keith murmured, still not moving as Lance stood up and danced along to the lyrics he was singing.

"Thinkin' in a bad way, losin' your grip. Screamin' at my face, baby, don't trip."

"I think you missed a part," Keith teased which rewarded him two middle fingers in his direction.

"Someone took a big L, don't know how that felt. Lookin' at you sideways, party on tilt." He leaned to the side to 'tilt' which made Keith snicker, still watching.

Now Lance knew he was a good singer, so he used the next sweet note to make Keith turn to a puddle. "Ooh-ooh-" Keith's face turned soft, expression relaxing into something that looked close to adoration. Now that was the face of a man getting serenaded.

"Some things you just can't refuse-" Lance sung, gesturing to himself with his hands. Keith scoffed and snickered, amused by the suggestion. "She wanna ride me like a cruise." He swayed his hips, unable to help but grinning at those lines, especially as Keith laughed out an 'oh my god'.

Lance extended his hand out to him. "And I'm not tryna lose." Keith looked at his hand and sighed.

"You're going to make me dance with you?"
Lance only replied with a shake of his hand, hoping it would help coax him. It worked well enough, Keith put his hand in Lance's he locked them together to keep him from getting free as he pulled his boyfriend to his feet.

Keith made a soft noise in surprise but didn't interrupt as Lance continued.

"Then you're left in the dust, unless I stuck by ya-" he sang as he put his hands snugly above Keith's hips, forcing him to sway along with him. "You're a sunflower." He smiled as Keith hung his arms around his neck, trying to keep his feet in tune with Lance's. "I think your love would be too much."

Keith smiled sweetly and nothing felt truer than those last lyrics to leave his lips. There is something about their love that felt 'too much'. Like his chest could explode any moment and every lovely thought would be leaked and exposed. Lance felt like he would never be able to express it. No amount of slow dances, love songs or dates could come close to how he really felt.

"Or you'll be left in the dust," he sang softly, grinning as he guided Keith under his arm. "Unless I stuck by ya." He reeled Keith back in with a sudden tug of the arm, chests now pressed together. "You're the sunflower, you're the sunflower."

"Every time I'm leavin' on ya, you don't make it easy, no, no. Wish I could be there for ya, give me a reason to go," he sang out, going back to a lazy sway. "Every time I'm walkin' out, I can hear you tellin' me to turn around, fightin' for my trust and you won't back down, even if we gotta risk it all right now, oh."

He cupped Keith's jaw with his hand, forcing his head and eyes up to look directly at him. "I know you're scared of the unknown, you don't wanna be alone." His thumb caressed along his cheekbone. "I know I always come and go, but it's out of my control."

He began to hum out the rest of the words, a little too lost in the moment and Keith's eyes to remember them. He especially forgot it all as Keith grabbed the back of his neck and pulled him in for a kiss. It's soft and tender but left him going gooey by the sweetness like pudding.

Keith pulled back with a smirk.

"So you are secretly romantic?"

"Want me to dip you too?"

"I'd rather you kiss me again."

"That can be arranged," he grinned mischievously, leaning back in.

Lance remembered thinking that it couldn't get any better than their very first kiss. Emotions flying high and adrenaline on fire in their bones. He was surprised to find it did get better. Learning Keith's little quirks and what he liked through experimentation had been interesting. Had been fun. He was the kind of guy who either was sharing the softest and sweetest of kisses or he was this hungry fiend who was all over it.

Keith seemed to be debating which route he wanted to go down, and Lance obviously had a preference. A little smile formed on his mouth as Keith pressed closer to him, hands traveling down his back and then a little lower, making Lance flush a red.

Keith moved his head to press a kiss to the shell of his ear and Lance wondered if he'd whisper something real sexy in his ear which he'd be all for, but instead he got one word.
"Up."

"Huh-ah!" Lance was cut off by his own surprised yelp as Keith bent his knee and put his hands under Lance's thighs, then hoisted him into the air, feet off the ground. "Keith!" he couldn't help but giggle as he wrapped his legs around his boyfriend. "Hey, call me crazy, but does this seem kinda familiar," Lance grinned down at him teasingly.

Keith hummed like he was contemplating and looked up at Lance. "I don't know, I feel like we're missing something..." he glanced to the far wall and then back to Lance with a smirk.

He didn't even give Lance a chance to think before he was running for the wall, making Lance snort with laughter and giggle as his brown curls bounced up and down comically with each bound.

His laughter smoothed down as he felt his back being pressed against the cool plaster. The moment he was, Keith's mouth was instantly against his, pressing Lance firmer up against the wall. After a handful of minutes of rough, less than graceful kisses he pulled back for air, noses nudging together as they panted. Lance sighed, hand playing with Keith's dark hair, twirling the strands around his finger. "I'm so mad you're better at that than me. Didn't even drop me or bang my head against the wall."

"Do you want me to?" He teased, loosening his grip on Lance's thighs. "Don't you dare," Lance threatened despite there being laughter in his tone. Instead of dropping him he tightened his grip and pushed him harder against the wall, their body's pressed flush against one another. "Good choice," he grinned before leaning down to kiss him again.

He could feel the traces of a smile on Keith's lips as Lance hummed happily. How could Lance not be happy? He was in love with his once upon a time celebrity crush, turned co-worker, turned best friend and now boyfriend.

Keith told him he wanted to be the one to regain his hope and faith in love and relationships and Lance knew he would be, eventually, or maybe it was more he hoped he would be that person. As much as he wished it would, his anxiety wouldn't switch off just because he was happy in his relationship, there wasn't an instant remedy for his problem, but he knew with time that he would get better and not be so afraid of his feelings.

Lance's hands scrunched a handful of Keith's hair as the other placed the softest of kisses to his neck.

And as much as he loves Keith and can feel his trust start to recollect itself, he just isn't quite there.

"No marks, remember," he reminded him softly.

Keith's lips falter for a moment and Lance's every living nightmare surfaces.

*He's sick of it. He's sick of waiting. Lying. He wants everyone to know and once they do they're going to use it against you when it all goes to shit. So many interviews and questions-*

"I know." A kiss to his throat. "I won't." Now one on his jaw. "I promise."

A reminder that his mind was a much nastier place than reality.

Lance pulled back to take a moment to look at his boyfriend. His amazing and considerate and loyal Keith who smiled softly up at him. He really loved the way Keith looked at him.
"Me voy a seguir enamorando más profundamente de ti si me sigues mirando así," Lance said.

"What does that mean?" Keith asked.

Lance thought about it and smirked. "It means my mouth can't reach your dick from all the way up here."

_Eh, close enough._

The way Keith's jaw dropped was comical and Lance couldn't help but giggle at it. Keith however groaned and pressed his forehead into Lance's chest.

"You're going to be the death of me." His voice was murmured by Lance's shirt.

"Yeah you'll be dead after I suck the soul out of your dick."

Keith raised his head, looking at him sceptically. "Wait... you're serious?"

"I mean if you want it to be. All I need is a bed and-"

"Oh my god," Keith murmured out frantically before he began to sprint towards Lance's bedroom, carrying a laughing Lance the whole entire way.

Chapter End Notes

_the wall scene 2.0... nice_

_Translation:_
_Me voy a seguir enamorando más profundamente de ti si me sigues mirando así - I'm going to keep falling deeper in love with you if you keep looking at me like that_

_next chapter:_
- Filming Voltron Beach episode
- Lance is smooth in more ways than one
I Think Lancey-Lance Likes You~

Chapter Notes

RATING HAS GONE UP FROM T TO M BUT HONESTLY IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN RATED M BEFORE BECAUSE LANCE HAS A WHORE MOUTH

so yah i guess a lil bit of NSFW at the end BECAUSE Y’ALL WERE THIRSTY AF WHEN I ASKED DAMN but like not over board like just a warning don't get TOO excited

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Stop smiling," Lance grumbled as they walked onto set. It was 4:20 on a Monday morning but nothing could wipe the grin off his face. Unlike Lance who was still half asleep, feet shuffling as they walked through the car park towards the main hall where they were to meet with the other cast and crew who were travelling.

"I'm not smiling," Keith said, cheeks aching.

Lance glared at him. "Stop."

"What?" he asked.

"Stop."

"Stop what?"

"Stop looking so happy."

"Why?"

Lance stopped walking and gave Keith an unimpressed expression, and if Keith didn't know Lance he would've assumed he was actually annoyed. But Keith could see that amused twitch in the corner of his lips from a mile away. "You look like someone who just spent the whole weekend getting laid."

"But I did-" He was sadly cut off when Lance began swatting at his shoulder, snapping something at him in Spanish with pink cheeks. Keith couldn't help but smirk. How could he not? They had spent the whole weekend together, closer than they had ever been, doing the things that Keith had only dreamed about (quite literally). He was just so absolutely infatuated with Lance, a part of himself could barely recognise himself he was in so deep.

"But I did-" He was sadly cut off when Lance began swatting at his shoulder, snapping something at him in Spanish with pink cheeks. Keith couldn't help but smirk. How could he not? They had spent the whole weekend together, closer than they had ever been, doing the things that Keith had only dreamed about (quite literally). He was just so absolutely infatuated with Lance, a part of himself could barely recognise himself he was in so deep.

It was easy to say the weekend had been one of the best in his life. It wasn't even just the sex (although that had been said, it was definitely the best he'd ever had), it was the closeness, that building of trust in a physical form. It was being vulnerable and letting each in even closer than before. The cuddles and whispers of sweet nothings before falling asleep tangled together.

But also, great sex.

Like mind blowing stuff.
How could he stop smiling after all of that?

* * *

"Ew! Ew! Ew! Ew!" Pidge chanted, hand covering her eyes as Lance and Keith sat down, waiting for Sandra and Monty to call and gather them all to get on the travel bus.

"Pidge stop it," Shiro murmured into his thermos.

"Too early for that much noise," Adam agreed, taking the thermos from Shiro who huffed, but didn’t complain.

"But look at them!" Pidge exasperated and pointed to Keith. "Look at that smile and tell me they didn't spend the whole weekend going at it like rabbits!" Keith frowned at the analogy while Lance swung his legs over Keith's lap, curling up with a yawn.

"Told you your face was obvious," Lance said, tucking his hands into the pockets of his hoodie.

"So it's true!" Allura beamed, flinging herself across the room to them, grinning ear to ear. "Was it romantic? Did you like it?"

"Why are you asking them for details? I never want to know that!" Pidge shouted but Allura ignored her, smiling expectantly.

"Uhh..." Keith trailed off, unsure of what to say. Lance grabbed onto his arm and rested his chin on his shoulder.

"It was a really nice weekend," Lance elaborated, smiling sweetly but blinking heavily. It was enough of an answer for Allura who cooed excitedly, hands clasping together.

"I love you two together! So sweet!"

"Pidge stop gagging!"

"Yeah god Pidge, it's giving me flashbacks from when I-"

Pidge cut Lance off with a scream, covering her ears and then shouted "I'm too young for this!"

* * *

"So..." He can just imagine the know all smirk on Adam’s face as he sat behind Keith and Lance on the small travel bus. Luckily for Keith and Lance, only the main cast were taking this bus. Lance took it to his advantage, instantly opting for a nap against his shoulder to catch up on his missed sleep.

"Don't ask," Keith muttered, not even looking over his shoulder towards Adam who most definitely would take the piss out of him.

"Did you at least use protection?" Shiro asked and that one did earn a filthy glare over the shoulder. "It's an important question!"

"I don't remember my dad kicking the bucket and leaving you in charge, stop lecturing me," Keith grumbled.

"Speaking of your parents..." Adam started. "Do they know about you and Lance yet?"
Keith glanced to the side to check if Lance was asleep before he answered his question. "No."

"No?" It sounded more like a question. "Why not?"

There was plenty ways Keith could answer this. His parents travelled a lot, so there wasn't much time he saw them face to face, and they were busy people with flourishing careers, he didn't want to take time out of something important.

Another thing was that he and Lance were keeping pretty quiet, the more people who knew about them, the more likely they were going to get caught out.

Plus, Keith really didn't have much experience with bringing boyfriends home for his parents to meet. Sure, he'd had introduced his parents to guys before and he generally found it just an awkward experience to go through.

"I think your dad would like him," Shiro said.

Keith groaned. "He already does like him." There had been countless times his dad had nudged his elbow and said 'so you sure you and your buddy Lance aren't dating? He seems like a great kid. A singer too!' "It's not my pops I'm worried about."

"Krolia?"

Keith sighed. As much as Keith loved his mother, he would admit she could be a rather difficult lady to get to get along with. To someone who didn't know her, she seemed cold, expressionless and a little rude. It was similar to how some people perceived Keith; except she was far more intense that her son.

"I have no idea how well they'll get along. The first time she met him in person she just stared at him like he was batshit insane."

"I mean so did you when you first met Lance."

That was true.

"I just... I don't know. I love them all, but if it goes badly..."

"You're so negative, sheesh," Adam said. "It's not life or death. And I don't think I've yet to meet anyone who genuinely dislikes Lance. They'll like him because he makes you happy."

"Yeah..." Keith laid his head against Lance's sleeping one, smiling as he heard the soft snores of his boyfriend. They were right about one thing. Lance did make him the happiest version of himself.

*  *  *

By the time they reached the location of the remote beaches, Lance had slowly woken up to the world more as the sun did. It ended with the day being warmish, but with more cloud than sunshine. That was best for filming anyway, there wouldn't be any glare that way.

It was a gorgeous beach, white sand and bright blue water that sparkled with each crash of a wave. It was the perfect location for the episode they were going to film. The episode was basic when it came to beach episodes. Bikini's and bathers and all those fun things. It had been dubbed the 'fan service' episode since they were nearly all half naked.
Keith himself was not one of the half-naked ones, actually after Pidge he was the most covered up, with his black board shorts being modest and simple and a plain black shirt. Monty said it was for the sake of contrast - whatever that meant.

He was currently getting his hair sprayed white before his scene with Lance. Each Alternative Universe episode lead to more spray, leading to Akira's hair becoming completely white. Currently the white was nearly to the roots. He's pretty sure they were going to fit him for his wig soon, which would be interesting to say the least.

Monica - his makeup artist - was leaving as Pidge came over with the video diary camera, impish grin on her face.

"And here we are, all thinking that Shiro was going to go gray before you."

"At least this washes out. Shiro is just old."

"True..." they both turned to look in Shiro's direction to one of the fold-out seats, getting his hair fixed up. The male's face scrunched up in confusion as he spotted their stares.

"What?"

Pidge and Keith laughed to themselves and the camera, the joke kept privately between them for the time being. They continued to talk about the scene and other trivial things for the video diary until Allura walked over, bringing the eyes of all interested following. Her body in the royal blue one piece had definitely caught the attention of a lot of extras and crew.

She sat down next to Keith on the portable chairs with a grin. "I am so not missing this," she laughed, looking to Pidge who pointed the camera.

"Oh, me neither."

"Missing what?" Keith asked, brows furrowed.

Allura only giggled behind her hand and put a finger under Keith's chin to direct his face in a particular direction. For a few moments, Keith pathetically looked around the set, eyes going from the crowd of extras to Sandra and Monty talking with the camera crew. It wasn't until he saw a flash of red that his eyes focused and uh... woah.

Because woah.

Now Keith knew his boyfriend's role for the day was the classic 'hot lifeguard', but Keith was in no way prepared for what that actually meant. Because there Lance was, expanse of brown skin legitimately glistening in the sun, and there was a lot of it on show. He wasn't wearing a shirt, a way to show off his broad shoulders but narrow waist, sharp v-line and soft curves and ripples of his abdominal muscles. What really got to Keith was the tiny, bright red lifeguard shorts that stop a little higher than they should have. Keith can't help but stare because Lance has really nice legs.

"And this, Voltron Fandom, is an example of how Keith is just like you all... Thirsty for Lance."

Keith paused and turned his head to glare at Pidge.

"I'll break that camera," Keith threatened as Allura and Pidge giggled. He huffed in response, not wanting to take the bait, and looked back out to Lance. Even the extras were ogling and Keith couldn't blame them.
Keith was one lucky man.

And he would have been quite content watching from afar – after all, it’s a pretty damn good view. A nice reminder of his week spent seeing Lance in much less clothing, but it was now time for work.

Monty and Sandra called them over to film. It was Keith and Hunk filming together to start with, Henare informing Akira of Leandro the Lifeguard's whereabouts. It was then Akira would turn his head and look out to ocean and see Leandro walking out of the ocean.

And as hot as Lance is, Keith can't quite help but laugh as they film this part separately. It's so fucking cliché as he walks out of the water, wiping his damp hair out of his eyes.

If Keith thought it was funny, Lance thought it was downright hilarious.

It only took Lance two steps after Monty called 'action' and was in hysterics, leaning over himself wheezing with laughter.

"I'm literally the Moto Moto meme!" He barked with laughter, hand on his heart as he lost it. "Why was this written in the script! Someone call Timi right now! I demand answers!"

The next time they did it again Lance tripped on a sandbank which made him fall into the water. When he resurfaced, he spat out water and was in another round of hysterics. When he stood up Keith choked on his breath and physically had to turn away, cheeks red.

"Erm... someone get Lance the dry swim trunks..." Sandra called out, making Lance frown and look down, only to realise how clinging the material was when wet. It really didn't leave much for the imagination. Keith had spent the whole weekend with Lance, he did not need a reminder of it while he was at work.

Lance looked down at himself and used his hands to cover the outline.

"I wasn't aware this is what was meant by 'fan service'," Lance grinned, despite the sheepishness in his tone. Regular cast and crew were all laughing, used to his antics, while some newbies and extras looked a little dumbfounded and embarrassed, not used to the actor's lack of shame.

"Lance get out of the water. I am not allowing this episode to go up a rating because of that."

Lance laughed at the bluntness of Sandra's word, but despite it made his way out of the water, covering his junk. "It's your fault for allowing them to dress me in something this tight!"

"Change. Now." Sandra's voice was monotone but serious, causing Lance to grin like a cheeky child and he dashed for the portable change room (which was literally just a tent behind the cameras). “Someone also dry his hair!” she shouted. He came back several minutes later in the backup red lifeguard shorts and dampish hair.

"I'm back!"

"Decent?" Lance nodded. "Good, now let's do this."

It took a few more takes, but eventually Lance pulled off the 'sexy walk out of the ocean in slow motion' scene and it was time for their interaction.

Before they started Lance and Keith stood by each other.
"Did you like the show?"

"Of course. You falling face first into the ocean was priceless."

Lance scrunched up his face, obviously unimpressed with his answer, still though, he had that little smirk on his lips and twinkle in his blue eyes. More amused than irritated.

"Alright everyone, time to set up on the new scene," Monty called out, gaining the attention of everyone, making sure everyone's positions were correct. Keith, Lance and Hunk were all quick to move into their place before Sandra shouted out 'action' over the waves and caw of a herd of seagulls.

"Lea..." Akira trailed off as Leandro walked over, swagger in his step just like it was in the ocean (on the final take, that is).

"Well if it isn't the guy I had to perform CPR on last week," he grinned cheekily, smirk growing seductive and eyes blinking deliberately slow as he gave Akira the one over. "Come back again for some more of my," he winked, "services?"

Not that Akira knew this beforehand, but Alternate Universe Beach Keith apparently almost drowned, only to be saved by one flirty lifeguard.

"Leandro, must you?" Henare sighed, rubbing his temples. Lance's character only pouted momentarily before switching back to cool.

"So other than thanking me for saving your life-" Akira snorted amusedly, "what can I do for you, sugar? I'm almost willing to do anything for a pretty face."

That's exactly what Akira wanted to hear.

"Well there is one thing," Akira said, batting his eyelashes in a way Keith would rather choke than do.

"Yeah?" Leandro said, leaning forward and closer, voice going dangerously and sexily low. "And what would that be?"

Akira smirked victoriously.

"Follow me."

And that's where that scene ended, ready to lead off into the main part of the scene that would be filmed later with the whole main cast. But for now...

"Cut!"

Lance looked at him with a sneaky smile.

But for now that was enough.

***

"Romeo, Romeo, get that fine ass over here!" Lance called out from his balcony, right next to Keith's. They're floor was high up and it overlooked the beach and ocean. Really, it was quite stunning.

The rooms were average sized, but ultra-modern and comfortable. The balconies were small, and
the neighbouring rooms were close enough that if Keith wanted to, he could extend his arm and touch the railing of the balcony next door. But it didn't matter for sizing, it enough for a chair and to overlook the sunset and maybe read. Which was what Keith was trying to do. He was trying to read his script to refresh his memory for tomorrow. Emphasis on the was.

"You know," Lance started, leaning against his white balcony to look over at Keith, sly smile on his face. "Our balconies are so close I could totally give you a handjob from here."

Sometimes, just sometimes, Keith wondered what kind of person it made him, knowing that he had chosen to date someone who would even think about saying half the shit that spills out of Lance's mouth.

He turned his head deliberately slow to look at him, to see Lance leaning forward, arms going through the rails. Lance was long limbed, but obviously not long enough, only the tips of his fingers reach Keith's railing.

"Hiya," Lance grinned, wiggling the tips of his fingers.

Keith took a deep breath and looked back to his script.

"Hey! Don't ignore me!" Lance whined. "This is a chance of a lifetime!"

"Why would I want a handjob on a balcony?" Keith asked in a grumbled whisper.

"I don't know? It's called being adventurous."

"We're literally next door to each other. Wouldn't it be more practical if you just came over?"

Lance perked up, pulling his arm back through the double set of railing, chin now resting on top.

"Invitation?"

Keith shrugged, but of course it was one.

Lance beamed. "Okay! I'll be over in like..." he thought about it, "twenty minutes."

Keith frowned. "Why so long?"

Lance grinned, standing up straight and stretched. "I don't know? Little anticipation building, distance makes the heart grow fonder?" Lance chuckled at Keith's disbelieving expression. "Only playing! I want to shave." Keith couldn't help but blush, but as much as he looked away to try and hide it, he knew he'd been caught. Lance snickered. "Aww, Keithy thinks I'm shaving for him. Cute."

"Don't patronise me."

"I shave for myself, but I guess you can enjoy my smoothness too."

"That's it, invitation revoked," Keith deadpanned, standing up and ignoring Lance's offended gasp as he then moved to go back inside.

"Keith! Don't you walk through that door!" Which is exactly what he did. When he closed the sliding glass door behind him he chuckled, sat on the bed, read over his script as he waited.

Twenty minutes huh?
Keith chuckled to himself and waited.

* * *

Lance waited 25 minutes just to spite the fucker.

When he opened the door of his hotel room he looked up and down the passage way, making sure there were no roaming cast or crew members there to question why he was sneaking into Keith's room at this hour.

When saw that it was vacant, he was quick to move down to Keith's room, smirking a little as he noticed that the door was unlocked.

Keith's room was identical to his and just as nice. They're lucky to all get their own rooms, which was a blessing and a curse. If they had shared rooms, it would've made the sneaking into Keith's bed a whole lot easier.

Keith hadn't even looked up from his script when Lance clicked the door closed behind him. He then quietly walked over and slipped under the sheets of the bed and snuggled up against his side. Granted, he was more cuddling Keith's legs since he was sitting up and reading. They stayed quiet, Keith's free hand playing with Lance's hair soothingly as his eyes darted over the page.

After a few minutes of quiet Keith put his script of the bedside table, meaning he was finished studying which also meant Lance now had his undivided attention.

Lance swung his leg over Keith's, comfortably straddling him with knees either side of Keith's hips.

"Your invitation was revoked," Keith said simply, eyes watching him fondly.

"If you really didn't want me here, you would've locked the door."

Keith hummed, wrapping his arms around Lance's waist. "Guess you're right," he murmured into his neck with a soft kiss there. Lance melted into the touch, leaning forward until Keith was against the stack of pillows against the bed head. A shudder rushed up his spine as cool hands sneaked their way up and underneath Lance's jumper. Fingertips caressing up his back in a way that enticed a sheet of goosebumps and a soft hum.

Keith kissed up his neck, nipping at the point of his jawline. A part of Lance just wanted Keith to go for it and give him every hickey and lovebite he could possibly give. But he knew he couldn't let him do that. So instead of telling Keith not to, he pulled back, using his hands to tilt Keith's face up so he could kiss him on the lips.

It's a slow kiss, controlled but still wet and heavy as their mouths open against each other, an invitation for tongues to slip in. Lance tilted his head and pressed in further to deepen the kiss. Keith reacted to this positively and grabbed onto Lance's waist to pull him in closer.

A surprised moan got lost into the kiss, starting from Lance and ending with Keith as the action of pushing and pulling began a loop of rolling hips. The kiss got lost in the distraction of sharp gasps and shaky exhales with each time their fronts come into contact. Their lips stayed apart as they grinded against each other. The way that Lance's eyes stay locked onto Keith's made the moment incredibly intimate, making the hotel seem so quiet and the background noise so irrelevant.

Keith hands grasped Lance's sides, dragging his hips against each other. The friction a surprise to Lance, making him have to bite his lip to hold back any noise. Hotel room walls were always thin.
And the thin material of their sweatsuit isn't doing either of them any favours in hiding how they're really feeling.

And the answer is horny, really fucking horny.

After a whole weekend of sex, he thought some of that frustration would be out of his system.

Nope.

Definitely not.

Lance was dragged out of that thought process when a particularly hard thrust dragged a whine from the back of his throat. "Keith," he breathed out, eyes fluttering open and shut as pleasure zigzagged along his skin.

"You good?" Keith asked against Lance's jaw, giving it a sloppy, wet kiss afterwards.

"Yes, but I'm going to be hell mad if I shaved for nothing."

Keith chuckled. "Thought you only did that for yourself?"

"I do it for me for you, now shut up and please touch me."

Keith laughed, but didn't hesitate for a second before dipping his hands into Lance's sweatsuit.

* * *

"Thank you Shiro and Pidge for practising the lines with me tonight, I just wanted to be prepared for tomorrow," Adam heard Hunk say sheepishly from across the room. Adam had been typing away at his laptop, trying to screw the loose ends together for his latest project. He hadn't even noticed how much time had passed since Pidge and Hunk arrived to rehearse lines for a scene.

He was glad his fiancé invited him out for the trip. Adam had been so pent up being stuck at home all the time writing this thing. A change of scenery had done him a world of good.

"That's no problem at all," Takashi smiled in his usual good-natured way. "Let me know if you guys need any help with anything else."

"Thank you!"

"Was there anything you wanted to talk about with Pidge?"

"Actually, now that you mention it-"

**Thump.**

Adam frowned, looking up from his screen to the opposite wall to where his and Takashi's bed.

"Now with that-" Takashi spoke, seemingly oblivious as another soft thud came. This time Hunk raised his head.

"Did you hear that?" Adam asked and he nodded in confirmation.

"Hear what?" Takashi asked, furrowing his thick brows together, mouth twisting.

The room fell into an eerie silence.
Thump.

"I heard it!" Pidge said and quietened again to see if it would happen again.

Thump.

"What is it?" Hunk asked.

Thump - thump - thump.

"Maybe there are rats in the walls?"

"In a five-star hotel? I better hope the fuck not."

Thump - thump - thump.

Wait... "Takashi," Adam started, gaining the man's attention. "Whose room is next door to ours?"

Takashi frowned for a moment as he thought, his eyes cleared for a second as he opened his mouth to answer then stopped again, realization crossing his features.

"Keith's..." There was a moment of silence, of course except for the continuous thumping.

Adam couldn't help it, he put his hand over his mouth and began to laugh.

"You've got to be kidding me!" Pidge hissed in disbelief.

"Maybe they're jumping on the bed?" Hunk suggested with hopeful innocence.

Thump—thump—thump.

"Yeah they are not jumping on the bed," Adam snickered, shaking his head. "It's probably for the best. Keith was so crabby because he was so sexually frustrated. It'll be good to get it all out of his system."

"Don't say that! They might not be using protection!" Takashi gaped making Adam roll his eyes.

Pidge ran up the wall and pounded her fists against it.

"Hey! You two! Shut up you nasties!"

Adam laughed while Takashi stared in horror.

Thump - thump—thump.

Chapter End Notes

Protective dad Shiro is best Shiro ❤️

ALSO I PLANNED THE WHOLE 'keith watching lance walk out of the water looking like a total babe' BEFORE THE MOTO MOTO MEME HAPPENED like i was watching the vid and was like 'wait why is this literally lance in that beach episode???' in other words i had to use it to my advantage
next chapter:
-will lance embarrass himself in front of keith's parents again?
-the answer is yes... yes he will
"Watch out Shiro, I'm coming for your beefcake brand," Lance wheezed as he pulled himself up on the chin up bar.

"Shiro would be able to bench press you with one arm," Keith chuckled, standing strategically underneath him, like he was ready to catch Lance if he fell.

"He wouldn't be able to catch me," Lance sneered, grunting with effort as he pulled himself up. "Too fast. He's weighed down with all that extra muscle."

It was a weird time of night for a work out, but it was dead silent at this time in Keith's apartment complex's gym so it meant they could work out together without other tenants raising their brows. Not that they would care anyway, most of the people who lived in the building were old or business people, just like how they were in Lance's own building. They didn't seem to give two shits who they were.

"I will not let the internet continue to call me a twink. I am a full fledge twunk."

"Of course," Keith chuckled, grabbing onto Lance's calves to make it harder to do his pull ups.

"I'll kick you in the face," Lance threatened, swinging his leg in Keith's direction.

"Terrified." Keith mused as he easily dodged out of the way.

"You should be," he said as he jumped down from the bar and curtsied. "And that's how you do it."

"I must say that was very twinky of you." That earned a swift punch to the shoulder which had Keith snickering as he grabbed their bags. "Come on, you should probably get home before it gets too late. We have work tomorrow."

Having their apartments so close together was both a blessing and a curse. For one, temptation to just sleep at Keith's place was excruciating. But he knew they couldn't because if someone were to see Lance leaving Keith's place that early in the morning rumours would spark like wildfire and everything would just explode into flames.

Also, despite the L bomb being thrown out there, Lance felt like 1 month of being in a relationship was far too early for him to be continuously sleeping over at his boyfriend's place.

"Yeah that's true, come here," Lance murmured and moved to press a chaste goodbye kiss on Keith's lips. "I guess I'll see you tomorrow, huh?"

"You will, also Lance..." Lance paused, watching Keith's face scrunch up, cringing, like he was
about to tell him something embarrassing. "I told my parents about us," *about freaking time*, Lance thought to himself. "And they're going to be in town next week, so they want to... you know?"

"Meet me?" Keith nodded and Lance frowned. "It worries me how much you're worried."

"You didn't have a very stellar first impression."

"It wasn't *that* bad."

"You told my parents we were going to get *dicked down* when we were going out clubbing."

Lance couldn't help but smile a little. "They hate me, don't they?"

"What? *No!*"

"Your mother hates me."

"She doesn't *hate* you."

"She gave me the 'how am I supposed to interact with such a strange child' face."

"My dad likes you."

"Well fuck yeah yeehaw."

"He won't like you for long if you say shit like that."

Lance laughed and put an arm around Keith's shoulder. "Don't worry about it, I'm super charming when I want to be."

"You're also a nervous rambler," he reminded him.

"Ha *ha!* Jokes on you because I have high levels of anxiety and am *always* nervous." Lance watched Keith's face scrunch up. "Okay still a little iffy on the anxiety jokes, got it."

Keith stared at him for a few moments longer before shaking his head. "That isn't what this conversation is about. I'm not nervous because of *you*, I just don't like the thought of it in general. It's so formal and uncomfortable. I still want it to go well though."

"And it *will!* I'm nice enough, know how to make my way through a conversation and I have an endearing accent. How could it go wrong?" Lance insisted.

Technically he'd never had to go through the whole 'hi parents of my lover I like the light of your life I promise I'm a good guy and won't hurt them' because Jenny's parents had known Lance since he was crapping in diapers. There was never really a need for introductions. All he got from Jenny's father was a conversation that basically said - without saying directly - 'don't even think about taking my daughter's virginity' (still took it, but relevant). Keith's virginity was fucking long gone before he met him, so what was Keith's dad going to ask of him?

Keith huffed out a breath of laughter. "My mum's a hard nut to crack," he smiled teasingly.

"You and her are basically the same person, if I can get you to love me, I can get her on my good side."

Keith smiled softly, face crumbling sweetly like the base of apple pie. "I love you."
Lance grinned and leaned in for one last time for a kiss. As they parted after the brief warm moment, he spoke. "I love you too."

"I want you to stay," Keith said, longing in his tone. Like he wanted to, but he knew he couldn't. Lance sighed.

"I'm sorry."

Keith's face dropped a little, sad, knowing smile on his face. "I know."

"We're halfway through season 3. One more after that."

"One more."

Bless Keith's patience.

* * *

Lance had talked the talk in saying he could handle meeting Keith's parents, that he wasn't nervous about it and was the one to assure Keith it would be fine.

Now his talk had gone all down the toilet and his walk was wobbled. God damn he was nervous. Like about to crap himself nervous. He was meeting Keith's parents! His parents who were Hollywood royalty. Were they going to turn their noses up at the guy who wasn't purebred celebrity? Who wasn't raised on fine dining and in mansions? Were they those type of people? Keith wasn't like that, so he wanted to believe they weren't. Were celebrity purebreds even a thing?

"You've gone quiet which means you're thinking too much," Keith said as he stirred the meal they were making for his parents arrival. They'd be here any second. "Nervous?" Lance's pout at being read so openly was an obvious enough answer. "You'll be fine. Be yourself... except hold back on making dirty jokes maybe."

"I don't talk that way in front of parents, don't worry. My mama would kick my ass if I did. Especially if it was my boyfriend's parents." That's right. His boyfriend's parents. Shit. This was pretty big? Plus, Keith had said he rarely introduced boys to his parents so that meant it was a huge deal.

"What am I supposed to call your dad? I don't even know his actual name."

"Einosuke." Lance's face scrunched up in confusion.

"I'm going to butcher the pronunciation more than I usually do."

"That's exactly why he goes by Texas. Just call him that."

Lance wiped his sweaty palms against his pants and cleared his throat.

"Which one of them is going to blast me with questions?"

"Both." Awesome. "Dad is going to be more laid back though. You know, the usual questions."

"So you're mum is going to verbally rock me?"

"She'll ask the harder questions."
Lance admired Krolia Kogane. She was someone you described as regal. All elegance and poise. But it also made her scary as hell, like a medieval queen who offed people's heads. She was going to ask the hard stuff, the awkward shit. Maybe do the whole 'hurt my son and I'll ruin you' thing. That was even worse than being told not to take someone's virginity.

Lance wasn't going to lie; he was a little petrified of her.

He walked over to Keith's overhead shelf. "Where's your tequila?" he asked as he rummaged through the alcohol section. Keith's head snapped up instantly.

"Lance..."

"I'm just going to take a swig to make me less nervous."

"Don't bother. My mother has the nose of a bloodhound. I had a sip of someone's beer when I was fourteen and she knew straight away- Lance!" By this stage through the story Lance had gotten the bottle of desired alcohol, flicked the cap off and had raised it to his lips. He had yet to get a taste as Keith grabbed for him, trying to rip the bottle from his hands before he could take a sip.

"We're going to suffer this together asshat! You're not allowed to get drunk!" He snapped as he got Lance in a headlock, forcing the other to struggle like a caged animal.

"One swig isn't going to get me drunk!" His frantic movement was enough to loosen Keith's arms and allow Lance to bring the bottle to his mouth and finally get a taste for the tang.

"No!" Keith hissed, voice almost drowned out by Cosmo's excessive barking over all the excitement.

Lance almost choked on the small amount of tequila in his mouth as he wasn't really in the right position to swallow and Keith's arm around his throat.

"Spit it out!"

Lance shook his head, the tequila swishing around his mouth, a little bit dribbling down his chin as it leaked out.

"Spit it!"

"Uh... son?" The southern accent made both of them freeze in position, which for visuals sake was Keith hunched behind Lance in a headlock, Lance having a bottle of tequila in his hand and a mouthful of it, some dribbling down his face.

Oh fuck.

They both looked up to see Krolia and Texas who were both staring at them with dumbfounded expressions. Krolia's brows were raised in what Lance assumed was confusion and distaste.

Keith was quick to let Lance go from his headlock position, allowing Lance to straighten his posture, swallow his drink and wipe his mouth.

"Isn't it a bit early for the hard liquor?" Texas chuckled, nodding to the bottle in his hand.

Quick! Think McClain! Think - think -think!

"Umm..." he looked at bottle and grinned. "Family tradition! A swig of tequila before a meal! Makes the food tastier, bringing out flavours and stuff."
Lance heard a slap beside him and could only assume it was Keith face palming. Lance smiled, hoping it would get him through the horror show as Texas and Krolia exchanged a glance, looking unsure.

"Oh... well, I guess we shouldn't break the tradition!" Texas grinned, walking over and taking the bottle from Lance's hand then taking a long gulp of the liquid. Lance and Keith's jaw dropped while Krolia rolled her eyes, obviously not impressed.

Texas grinned as he lowered the bottle and whistled. "Good stuff." he murmured before handing it back to Keith. "You should probably drink up son, don't want to disrespect your boyfriend's traditions."

Lance would've laughed if he wasn't so terrified.

*     *     *

"No way!"

"It's true," Lance chuckled. "My parents have been to like, five of your concerts. They love your music. I grew up on the stuff." The confession earned a pat on the back from Texas, a massive grin covering the man's face.

"Well they have good taste then, huh?"

"Us McClain's tend to," he smiled, eyes glancing to Keith momentarily.

"Tell us about your family," Krolia said. She hadn't really contributed much to the conversation so far, only putting in a few comments here and there as they ate dinner. It was the most she had spoken since they had sat down.

"Well my family all lives in Cuba, there is five of us kids; Luis, Marco, Veronica and then me and my twin Rachel. Then of course my mama and papa."

Texas whistled lowly. "That's quite the house-full."

"Yeah, never a dull moment, that's for sure."

"Are they into music as well like yourself?" Texas asked. It was one of their places of common ground, Lance found.

"Not really. They like listening and dancing to it, not so much of the creating it. I think I must've been the oddball child. My papa's a doctor, and mama is a history professor. None of my siblings are really into the whole 'arts' thing either."

"Sometimes genes aren't enough. If they were, Keith wouldn't be tone deaf," Texas mused, making Lance chuckle and glance towards Keith who wore an angry pout.

"Pretty sure it was mum's fault. She's worse than I am."

Texas ignored the comment and turned back to Lance. "I tried to teach Keith how to play guitar when he was a kid. I tried to teach him but he gave up pretty quick."

"That's because I sucked at it."

"You can't choose your child's talents. If I could I would've taught him how to play my own songs."
"We should play then! I know most of your songs because it's always what my parents requested at family gatherings."

The man's eyes brightened and he looked to Keith with a grin. "Wow son, you really know how to pick them."

Lance grinned, cheeks red at the compliment. This was way better than being asked if he was gonna take someone's virginity.

Keith frowned.

"You play guitar?" He asked.

"You didn't know?" Keith shook his head. It was weird to think that even with three years of knowing each other that there were still things that they had yet to learn about each other. "Well yeah, I do. I don't have one at the moment, it's back home in Cuba."

Keith blinked looking stupefied.

Topics and subjects diverted around. Talking about Krolia and Texas's latest travels and projects, Lance and Keith filming for Voltron and everything in between. Krolia had stayed quiet, but Texas seamlessly kept conversation flowing.

"Lance," Texas called him, holding out his phone to him. "As Keith's father it is my obligation to embarrass him in front of his boyfriend so I have some baby photos of him for you to look at." Lance's felt his face light up as he took the phone and began swiping much to Keith's disgrace.

"Dad!"

"What? This is what happens when you introduce us to your partner."

"Oh, Keith you look so cute!" Lance cooed over a picture of a baby Keith in little black suspenders, being held by Krolia who was dressed in an elegant gown, looking like they were going to an important occasion like an award show.

Lance swiped on another photo, enticing a groan from Keith as a photo of a baby Keith with food all over his face appeared.

"Oh my god," Keith muttered in his hand, face red.

"Who knew you were such a-" Lance gestured with his hands wildly, an indication that Keith knew well as the 'I can't think of the English word for what I'm trying to say'. "Fat! Squishy fat! Cute fat!"

"Chubby?" Keith asked and Lance beamed, nodding enthusiastically before looking back down at the phone to look at more photos, Keith resting his chin on his shoulder, looking over it and down at the phone. Both were too engrossed with the pictures of baby Keith, Lance cooing over the cuteness and Keith groaning in embarrassment to notice both Texas and Krolia watching them. The married couple exchanged a quick look before softly smiling at their son's happiness.

* * *

"Keith, Eino, why don't you clean up the dishes while Lance and I have chat."

I imagine death so much it feels more like a memory...
Texas got to his feet immediately while Keith hesitated, giving his mother a look that Lance saw as 'be nice'. Krolia wasn't the type to give herself a handicap though, and didn't give her son any indication if she was going to rip Lance apart.

Keith stood up moments later, hand touching Lance's bad fleetingly as if for encouragement before he and Texas left the room to the kitchen.

Now it was time for all of Lance's calm to die. But he could feign it by straightening his back and keeping the smile on his face. External confidence was better than no confidence. Especially when he was staring the beast down from across the table, her hands clasped and elbows on the table, like she was his boss about to fire his ass.

"I'll be honest with you Lance..."

*Get ready for a verbal rocking boy.*

"Unlike Keith's father I was a little more... surprised when he said you two were exclusive."

"Oh," Lance squeaked and then cleared throat of it.

"Keith has always struggled with getting along with people his age, I suppose that is partly Eino and my own fault since our career's called for a lot of relocation. It was like he didn't feel the need to make many friends, especially ones of his own age, because he knew he'd have to leave them all eventually. Thinking back on it now, it was an incredibly selfish thing to do on my part. I was so obsessed with my career I couldn't see how it was affecting my son."

Lance could see how it would be hard for Keith to make friends this way. Lance had grown up in the same house, same street with mostly the same neighbours his whole life. He had concrete friendships and relations with the people he grew up with, years of history, knew everyone at the street barbeques and parties.

He couldn't help but feel a little sad for a younger Keith.

"When I thought about the person Keith would end up with, I thought about someone more like himself. Quieter, maybe. I thought they'd be a little older as well. In other words, you threw me off."

Lance couldn't help but cringe. *Yikes.*

"You're very different, yourself and Keith. Would you agree?" She asked, leaning forward.

"In some ways," Lance admitted. "But not all."

"How so?" The question made Lance gulp.

"Well..." he thought for a way to put it in an impressively eloquent way. "I guess we're very different in ways. Which you could say falls into the 'opposites attract' thing. But I think for that to work you have to have similar values, morals and stuff." Lance rambled out, nervously pulling at his fingers. "We're both close with our family and friends, career driven. And I know personality wise we're very different." Lance chuckled the last part, smile growing. "But he has strengths where I have weaknesses, vice versa. I think we complement each other."

Krolia nodded. "Yes, I think I agree with you on that one."

Lance beamed. "Really?"
"I didn't think so at first, but watching you both tonight, I liked the way he looked at you. I don't think I've quite seen that expression on his face before. I can tell he cares deeply about you."

*Ah shit momma Kogane, don't make me weep.*

Lance looked down at his lap, smiling shyly to himself. "I can assure you it goes both ways."

She looked happy with that response, face softening a little. "Then I have to ask you one thing."

Lance raised his head. "Why are you keeping your relationship a secret?"

Lance felt his ears ring. "Umm..." He watched Keith's mother raise a gently brow, not looking like she was going to back down without an answer. His heart pounded.

"I know right now it's early days, but when I asked Keith he said you were both planning on waiting until the final season of Voltron. Why that long? He said it was something you both agreed on, but he wouldn't explain why."

Lance's eyes dropped for a moment before a soft sigh left his mouth.

"Keith will take it to his grave saying it was both of us wanting things to stay... between *us*. But I have to be real with you, it's mainly me holding us back."

Her brows shot up in disbelief, mouth twisting. Lance wasn't sure if that was in irritation or surprise.

"Why is that?"

"I..." A lot of things travel through Lance's mind as he thought it through. How he can answer that question to probably the most important woman in Keith's life, but also a woman who didn't know jack shit about him? "I have a lot of... *issues*, with the thought of going public. I struggle with thinking of what people are going to think, I don't want the media twisting things, sticking their noses in where they don't belong and people I don't even *know* making assumptions on us, on how and who I choose to love."

Krolia nodded along as she took in Lance's crappy description of his thoughts.

"I think those are very valid fears, it can be hard to be in the public eye." Lance looked back up to her. "Being ready will come natural, maybe at different times for each of you. But when that time is right for you both you will be happier for it in the long run."

"Thank you," Lance said earnestly. He let out a chuckle, rubbing the back of his neck. "I guess I have to thank Keith as well, for his patience."

"I think you undermine how much he cares for you Lance," Krolia said. "I think he'd be willing to wait a *very* long time for you."

*You Kogane's have a way of hitting my soft spots and making me want to cry.*

"Yeah," Lance said bashfully. "He's good to me. Probably better than I deserve. You and your husband should be proud of yourselves. You've raised probably the most considerate and caring people I know. Out of everything Voltron has given me, money, a career boost, fame... none of that compares because the best thing has been meeting your son. He's uh..." Lance paused, noting the way his throat choked up a little. He coughed it out and kept going. "He's a really important part of my life now. Which is why I don't things to get messed up. I've been... hurt before, in the past, a long time ago. I just don't want anyone to get hurt again. Me or him. I guess that's why it's taking
me so long to want to come out."

Krolia smiled warmly, and reached out for Lance's hands that were nervously fiddling on the table. The warmth of her face and hands were very motherly.

"You're a good man Lance. I think you and Keith are strong enough to surpass any issues you may come across in the future."

Lance grinned and squeezed her hands.

"I think so too." It was a gentle moment between the two that left Lance's cheeks aching. Suddenly something dawned on him. "I have to tell you something."

"Oh?" she said, looking a little worried by his tone.

"I kinda... lied before." Her eyes narrowed, not looking impressed.

"About what?"

"The 'drinking tequila before a meal' thing. That isn't a family tradition. I was nervous about meeting you both so I went to take a sip to get the edge off but Keith got me in a headlock."

She stared at him with her eyebrows raised, mouth dropped slightly and twisted in confusion. It was funny to see such a 'Keith like' expression on the woman's face.

Her eyes twinkled and a hand came to cover her mouth as she laughed. It was the same as Keith's laugh.

*     *     *

His dad shook Lance's hand by the door before he left. Keith wasn't even surprised that his dad loved Lance the moment he laid eyes on him. There was no way his dad could pass up the opportunity for Keith to date a boy who was on Broadway.

It was Krolia who embraced Lance with a 'I hope to see you soon,' that surprised him. Even more so when she quickly whispered in Keith's hair 'I like this one' before moving out the door, holding her husband's hand as she went and wishing farewells to them both.

When the door was closed Keith turned to Lance who was grinning slyly at him.

"How did you get her to like you so quickly?" He asked, quite openly mystified.

"Told you babe," Lance grinned, arms going around Keith's waist. "My accent is endearing."

"Of course," Keith scoffed, hands going to Lance's hips. "Stay the night? We can sneak you out in the morning."

The conflict on Lance's face was instantaneous, but melted out over a few seconds. "You couldn't keep me away." Keith grinned and leaned in, kissing his parents approved boyfriend.

"I love you."

Lance hummed, lips brushing against his as he whispered, "I love you too Keith, but are we going to talk about how you put me in a headlock in front of your parents?"
Keith shook his head. "No," he murmured being pushing his lips against Lance's again, who grinned and melted in too.

Chapter End Notes

every time i think of this chapter that song where the only fucking lyrics are 'tequila' comes to my head and plays on an infinite loop

next chapter
- akira's new wig arrives
- big announcement being made
- a lot of metaphorical bs about flowers and spiders from Leandro
Lance sprinted down the hallway from filming his latest scene to the makeup and change rooms as soon as he heard the grand, amazing news, video diary camera in his hand.

Keith was trying his wig on.

Lance was practically panting by the time he got there. Lynn, Keith's hair stylist, was fretting over the final details in attempt to get it the same half up, half down style Akira always sported. Keith's back was to the door where Lance had just entered and it was a great chance for a sneak attack.

Lance crept up and grinned as he saw Keith with the entirely white wig. It was such a weird contrast, seeing his hair go from one end of the spectrum to the other.

Keith didn't even flinch when Lance let out the loudest wolf whistle imaginable, his eyes just glared at him to the side.

"Well aren't you looking like a silver fox," Lance grinned, zooming the camera in on his face, Keith just continued to glare. "So, as you can see Voltron fans, Keith is getting his wig fitted and styled for when Akira finally comes back from the Alternative Reality Loop. Lynn's doing an amazing job - as always-" he said pointing the camera to the older woman who just smiled in her usual good natured way. "Now Lynn, what colour is the wig again?"

"Barbie White."

Lance flicked the camera so it was facing him. "You hear that guys? Barbie White. You know what that means?"

"Don't do it Lance-"

"A Barbie Girl by Aqua montage, yes."

"Don't."

"Yes."

"Lance-"

"And it begins now!"

Keith sighed in resignation as the music blared through the room.

* * *

*I'm a Barbie girl in a Barbie world*
Lance grinned as he followed Keith in his white wig down the long hallway.

*Life in plastic, it's fantastic*

Keith was acting as if Lance following him around playing that song all day wasn't irritating him. Trying to act like Lance was a pesky bug but not annoying enough to cause a reaction.

Lance was going to break the facade.

*You can brush my hair, undress me everywhere*

Keith glared to the side at both the camera and Lance which made him grin in hope that Keith would crack sooner rather than later.

*Imagination, life is your creation*

Lance saw Keith's eyebrow twitch. It was only the slightest of movement, but it was enough to know Lance was probably going to get his wish much sooner than later.

*     *     *

*Come on, Barbie, let's go party*

"Not that I'm complaining because this is kind of hilarious, but why is Lance following Keith around playing Barbie Girl?" Pidge asked as they over looked Lance filming Keith with the Video Diary Camera on the break room couch.

*Make me walk, make me talk*

Allura grinned with a giggle as she watched the two. "Akira's wig colour is called Barbie White."

Pidge snorted. *Okay, that's amazing. Kudos to Lance,* she thought to herself.

*I can act like a star, I can beg on my knees*

That seemed to be the last straw for Keith though, who leaped to his feet and lunged for Lance who quite literally squealed like a little girl and ran out of the room.

"I still can't believe people ship those losers."

*     *     *

Keith knew there had to be more of a reason to invite the main cast over for dinner and movies than just to *hang out* when Shiro had suggested it after work. He especially knew something was up when Adam had brought out food and champagne. Adam was a jerk. He was never this nice.

One of them better not be dying, he thought to himself as he put his arm on the top of the couch, Lance instantly sliding in underneath. It was still weird to act this coupled up in front of anyone that wasn't the main cast. They'd decided to tell Matt about their relationship status and he had responded way more enthusiastic than everyone else combined.

It kinda went something like this...
They walked into the room holding hands merely fifteen minutes ago, full well knowing Matt was going to be there. As soon as they arrived, Matt's jaw dropped to the floor, jumping to his feet and pointing to them making a bird like sound and then looking around the room.

"Are you seeing this?" he had gaped while everyone else giggled at his reaction.

"Yeah they've been together for two months now. We've heard them fuck way too many times," Pidge muttered under her breath.

"Yeah but we're not the creeps who were listening," Keith grumbled as Lance laughed near his ear.

"They've fucked?"

"Uh-huh," Lance said with a nod of his head, mischievous smirk on his face as he looked at Matt. "And you wanna know the best part?" Lance asked, mirth growing as Matt stared. "You're not allowed to tell anyone about it..."

Speaking of Matt being there, it added to the suspicion that was growing in Keith's gut.

"Thank you all for gathering here this afternoon," Shiro grinned down at everyone who was seated in the living room, Adam close by his side. "We have some exciting news that we wanted to tell you all in person." He pulled out a thick pile of envelopes and handed them around the room, everyone having a name on theirs.

Keith took his from Shiro who smiled slyly at him. As Keith opened his, Lance was reading his and he gasped. It encouraged Keith to move faster and open his. A huff of laughter left his mouth, grin growing on his face.

**You have been formally invited to attend the wedding of Adam Wright and Takashi Shirogane**

"Finally!" Lance shouted out as everyone read over the invitation. Keith agreed with him on that word. Finally was definitely a necessary thing to say. Shiro and Adam had gotten engaged a few weeks before Shiro got the role on Voltron, and that was nearly three years ago now.

"I know, we've just been so busy but we finally found a good space of time to get married." That space was in between the release of season 3 and starting season 4. They had been warned of the gap between release and filming was going to be longer than for the previous two seasons only because it would be the final season and the writers wanted to make sure every detail of the plot was perfect, and the cast and crew were adamant on lifting the game as well.

"Would that leave you much time for your honeymoon?" Allura asked.

"We're going to go on a short honeymoon, but then take a year off after season 4 and travel and enjoy married life, relax. We're going to consider that our official honeymoon."

"This is so exciting!" Allura beamed, jumping to her feet to wrap the soon to be married men in a tight hug to congratulate them.

"There are also a few other things we need to talk about with you all," Shiro started again.

"The first being we obviously don't want any discussion of the wedding to the media. It's not a big wedding, only close family and friends, so we don't want the paparazzi there. Our wedding is something we want to keep private," Adam added on.
Keith understood that they wanted their special day to stay between them and their loved ones, not the whole entire world. Everyone in the room also respected it and nodded in agreement.

"There is also something else I wanted to ask some people here," Shiro said with a nervous smile. "Matt," he began making the man in question look concerned. "I was hoping you would be one of my groomsmen?"

Matt's response was to scream and jump up into the air and into Shiro's arms, almost making the man drop to the floor.

Matt and Shiro had known each other for a long time. They had been close friends since they were little kids, and no distance apart had ever led them to distancing themselves from one another. It didn't surprise Keith for Shiro to choose him to be one of his groomsmen.

What did surprise Keith was what Shiro said next.

"And Keith, I was really hoping you would say yes to being my Best Man."

Keith isn't much of a screamer, so Lance does it for him, shaking him by his shoulder and Keith stared at Shiro in shock. His best man? Was he serious?

"Wha- wait... me?" Keith asked and Shiro rolled his eyes fondly.

"Who else? You're like my little brother." Keith could help but smile.

"That's so fucking cute. My god go give each other a broski hug otherwise I'm gonna explode," Lance said and pushed Keith forward and off the couch so he would go over to Shiro, which he did, moving so he could get that hug and firm pat on the back.

"So, I'll take it as a yes?" Shiro asked with a grin.

"I don't think he-" he indicated over his shoulder to Lance with his thumb, "would allow me to say no."

"He's right!" Lance shouted out making everyone go on a soft mingle of laughter.

"But really," Keith started again. "I would be honoured."

"There is also one more thing we have left to ask," Adam asked. "Lance, we were hoping you would be the one to sing the song for our first dance. It would mean a lot to us."

Keith smiled as he watched Lance's face crumble, grin leaving in shock and lip wobbling.

"R-really?" He asked, voice croaking as his eyes went glassy.

"And now I have to go comfort my boyfriend who is about to cry," Keith chuckled to Shiro who laughed. Keith jogged back over to Lance, sliding back down next to him as he rambled.

"Of course! I'd love nothing more- oh my god this is everything!" Adam and Shiro exchanged a smile filled glance as Lance spoke, tears welling in his eyes. "Fuck I love, love, this is gonna be wild," Lance blabbered, wiping his dribbling eyes.

Even though Lance wasn't speaking about himself, Keith couldn't help but feel warm in his chest as Lance - a boy who had been petrified of love for so long- had just said 'I love, love'.

Keith grinned and pulled Lance in close to press a kiss to his temple.
"Everyone repeat after me!" Lance shouted out to the hoard of extras waiting to do what was probably the biggest scene of the whole season. "Leandro is a crazy mofo! I say crazy, you say mofo! Crazy!"

"Mofo!"

"Crazy!"

"Mofo!"

Lance cheered which lead to the extras doing the same, everyone waving their props in the air. He turned to Keith who was wearing his white wig, makeup heavy with dirty and a little bit of dried crusty blood.

"Crazy...?"

Keith scoffed and crossed his arms. "Hell no. I'm not falling for that again and letting you make fun of me."

"Such a spoil sport, but whatever. It's like I have my own little army," Lance grinned to him, smiling as Keith hummed in an agreeable manor.

"Don't get too attached, Leandro is about to stab them all," Shiro chuckled as he walked past.

"No hard feelings but I'm about to shank you all!" Lance shouted out to them, snickering a little to himself. "I think they took it well."

"Places cast and crew!" a voice shouted out.

"Oop, you better go play dead," Lance said nudging Keith's arm who only swiped him off and flicked his wrist over his shoulder as he walked across to his place across the battle field.

The scene was a big battle that was set place after Akira regained consciousness only to find himself trapped with the enemy. This was his rescue mission and Leandro was in no way taking no for an answer. It had been a long time for the young leader to go without seeing the boy he was in love. He had both the Black and Red lion in his ear and those fuckers wanted blood. Leandro wasn't much different, going on a violent spree, using both his black paladin bayard and the red one that Akira left behind so he could get him back from their enemies. Leandro was going to go cray cray for his mans and Lance was living for it.

The scene started with the paladins getting out of their Lions and stepping out onto the barren, charred battlefield.

"Akira," Alzina whispered in horror as they stared across the field, only a hundred meters away was the red paladin laid out on the ground.

Leandro's face twitched irritably as he saw his boyfriend in the hands of Zen Dakary, head of the Military under President Kaplin's command. Each bayard in his hands flicked out to swords. Special effects which make them glow black and red respectively for each bayard. It was gonna look badass.

"Black, your order," Henare called out, readying his gun.
Leandro stood still for a moment, waiting for the cameras to come in for a close up, also it was the same moment a voice over would happen here, where the Lion's would speak to him. The Lion's never really *spoke*, but they used this fantastical audio to indicate it. When his eyes opened, a flicker of red and black glow would flash in his eyes momentarily.

"Get Red."

There was a quick movement of camera positions and then the battle sequence was ahead.

It was the goriest that had ever been for Voltron. A lot of fake blood and grotesque moves. Stabbing and slicing and shooting all at once. It was probably going to give some viewers whiplash with the previous episodes being so light hearted with Akira jumping in between realities much sweeter than the one they belonged to.

After they filmed the battle sequences, it was time for the reunion moment. Leandro was the first to reach Akira, call it his determination or the Lion's inside his head telling him to murder anything in his way. That included Zen Dakary.

"What did you do to him?" Leandro snapped, noticing Akira's now white hair fanned out on the ground, contrasting obviously against the char.

"It's called reality jumping," Dakary explained. "The mind searches for different dimensions, different realities that their physical and spiritual form can belong to. We use it to find common factors, weaknesses," he said walking around Akira's unconscious body on the ground, like a vulture over an injured lion. "We found that the Black and Red paladin of this reality are fond of each other in others, which creates quite the opening for us. You see, Black Paladin, Leader of Voltron..." Dakary said, sword dragging on the ground as he circled Akira. "Have you heard of metaphors along the lines of 'destroy the leader and the rest of them will fall apart?"

"I was never good at poetry so elaboration would be lovely," Leandro said as he began to walk around in circles too, mirroring Dakary's movement.

"Well for the rebellion that I oppose, would it be easy to kill their leader? Go for the head?" he asked, looking at Leandro.

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps indeed." Dakary smiled vindictively. "Or would it be more efficient to go for the heart?" he asked, smirking at the reaction of Leandro, stilling in realisation.

Both their eyes flickered to Akira on the ground. Dakary moved and lifted the limp paladin's body, resting Akira's back against his chest.

"Red," Dakary started, hand playing with Akira's white hair, causing fury to burn deep within Leandro. They showed that anger by focusing on his hands as they gripped his weapons tighter. "Such a formidable colour. It's the colour of passion, anger. The hue of a rose, beautiful," his finger touched Akira's face. "But those thorns can be rather dangerous, don't you think? Prickly, enough to cut deep-" he pulled out a knife, holding it to his throat. "Funny, red also being the colour of blood."

"You know what else is dangerous, Dakary?" Leandro sneered. "A black widow." A sadistic smile on his face grew as he wiped blood off his cheek, smearing it over his face. It wasn't his blood. "Get tangled in one of their webs and you're stuck like glue. Hurt its rose?" Leandro snickered, eyes ablaze dangerously. "Consider yourself as dead as a fly."
"You think of me as a fly?" Dakary asked, knife smoothing down the side of Akira's face whose eyelids were fluttering. His fingers moved, a signal that they had practiced earlier in the season.

"More of a roach."

Dakary's face scrunched up, obviously irritated. "I think it's time for you to drop your weapons before your rose gets bloody," Dakary sneered. "Retract your weapons, drop them, then kick them away or I'll slice him open."

Leandro closed his eyes, hearing the lions calls before dropping the weapons, raising his hands in the air and kicking the bayards as far away as possible.

"Good, now-"

Akira's hand opened and his bayard -like a magnet- flew into his hand, transporting like magic (and by magic we're talking about a nice little bit of rope and some sick ass editing). At the touch of his hand, the weapon came to life. Akira was known for his lightning reflexes, and within one fluid motion, he raised the sword backwards, the pointed end facing Dakary. One swift jab backwards and the pointed end of the bayard was going straight into their enemy's skull.

Of course, it didn't look as cool as it would on screen, since a lot of it with digitally edited and stuff. Lance was excited to see the outcome of that one move, if he were being honest.

Dakary fell backwards and dropped his hold on Akira as the other fell forward in exhaustion. Leandro was quick to his side, pulling the boy's head onto his lap so he could tenderly touch his face, brushing white locks out of his face.

"Kira, we're here now. We're going to take you home," he said with a wet laugh, so overwhelmingly happy to have Akira back. Akira smiled up at him weakly.

"Finally. It's my Leandro," he said and happy tears slipped from Leandro's eyes (Lance is so proud of himself for that one).

"Yours," he whispered, thumb caressing over the other's cheek bone. There's a pause that's longer than necessary, prompted by Sandra who wants a close up. Once given the okay, Lance leaned in to press a sweet kiss on his lips, very much contrasting Leandro and Akira's first feverish kiss.

"And cut!"

Lance pulled back with a smirk. "Wig..." Keith frowned up at him, completely unaware that Lance's hand was raising. "Snatched!" He grabbed a fistful of the Akira wig and yanked, successfully pulling the wig off.

Now was he time to run.

"Lance!"

Make it a sprint.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to comment any suggestions for Adam and Shiro's first dance to be sung by
lance!

also thank you beautiful commenter (xXKitKitXx) who suggested the 'wig snatched' joke it fitted the end just perfectly

what to expect next week~~~
- a slight time skip
- a tired lance and three post bachelor party Shiro, Matt and Keith
So if you follow my instagram (@iwriteshipsnotsailthem) then you would've seen that this fic has now gotten over 20k hits! I wanted to say a big thank you to all of you for sticking around for this story! If you've been here since the beginning, you've been reading this story for 9 months. W O W

Anyways, I'm really happy you're all here and are liking what I put forth it really means the world to me ❤

Also we had a cute little Q&A with the Plus 5 boys on instagram! if you missed out on it you can see it in my 'ask the cast' highlight

-You know what makes me sad?

the inevitability of death?

the dying economy?

The fact we as humans are slowly, but surely killing our own planet?

-well it looks like i have a few things to add to my list damn

-no, i'm talking about how we haven't had a Klance interview in like six months?

omfg that's so true?

very sad

WHERE ARE MY BOYS?

This is actually so true like? why has it been this long? we usually get heaps of interviews with them leading up to voltron :((

EXPLAIN VOLTRON EXPLAIN WHERE ARE OUR KEITH AND LANCE INTERVIEWS

for real there is only so many times I can rewatch old interviews we haven't gotten one since post JuniAwards where they spoke about their Best Kiss Award

urgh so true ^^^^

i wonder what they're up to...
It's so crazy to believe that they had finished filming season 3 a whole two weeks ago. It was also weird to think he and Keith had been in a relationship for six months. Half a year. Half a year of genuine love and happiness.

Also, half a year of being behind closed doors and not being able to tell the truth.

And it fucking sucked.

But still, every time he though 'maybe we should just do it, rip the band aid off' he felt himself freeze up and pale over.

Maybe he should go back onto his meds despite being weaned off them well over two years ago...

"Are you sure you don't want me to stay?" Keith asked Lance, looking at him from his standing position in front of the couch were Lance was snuggled up with Cosmo. He was dressed nicely; well-fitting pants and a buttoned-up shirt.

Ah, now he remembered why he was having a sudden anxiety spike.

Lance frowned, scratching at Cosmo's ear. "I'm not keeping the Best Man away from the Bachelor Party," he stated the obvious. He refused to be that boyfriend. The one who stopped their partner from doing things for their own selfish reasons. Especially when he logically knew there was nothing for him to worry about.

"I can ask Shiro if you can come-"

"Keith," Lance cut him off with a gentle look. "First of all, then nobody would be home with Cosmo and he'd be sad and alone." Keith opened his mouth but Lance continued. "Second of all, I'm not crashing the Bachelor Party."

"Lance..." Keith gave him a concerned look.

"Nope, nope! Not having it! No pitying looks! You're allowed to spend a night out without me. We don't have to spend every living moment together."

"I know it's just..." Keith sighed, moving to sit beside Lance on the couch. "I know you find it hard with your anxiety. I just don't want you sitting at home waiting for me and being all anxious."

Lance closed his eyes for a brief moment. It wasn't fair to put that kind of strain on Keith. He shouldn't be worrying about Lance on a night that was supposed to be fun.

"Keith, I know you. I know you're not going to do anything bad."

"I know I wouldn't. But I also know you and I know you're going to be anxious anyway."

This bitch knew him too well.

"I'll be fine Keith. You have fun. Me and Cos are going to have a chill movie night. Then I'm going to go to bed at ten and when I wake up I'll drive over to Matt's place since that's where you're all crashing and cook you all breakfast for your hangovers," Lance insisted, leaning forward to kiss him on the tip of his nose. Keith still didn't look sure.

"I'd choose you over a party any day." Lance knew Keith was being 100% real with him in saying that, making him smile.

"But I'm not asking you to choose," he said, playing with some side parts of Keith's hair. "I'm
"asking you to go have fun. Shiro would be sad if you didn't go." At that Keith took a deep breath, looking like he was caving in.

"Okay," Keith said sounding slightly reluctant. "But call me if you feel the need."

"I promise I will," Lance said hooking their pinkies together with a grin, finally getting a smile out of his boyfriend. Keith leaned over Cosmo to kiss Lance sweetly, only pulling away when his phone buzzed. He looked at it and sighed.

"Shiro and Matt are outside in the taxi," he explained.

"You should go then, don't keep them waiting," Lance said giving him a few loud kisses to his cheek and ended with a giggle. "Have fun. Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"Wouldn't dream of it," Keith said, giving Cosmo a pat on the head. "I'll see you later then."

"Yeah, text me when you get to Matt's."

Keith nodded with a hum, leaning down to give him one last kiss on the lips. "Love you."

"I love you too, but Shiro and Matt won't if you make them wait any longer."

Keith rolled his eyes, smiling all the same as he grabbed for his keys and wallet. "Bye," he said one last time.

"Bye bye!" Lance chimed, lifting Cosmo's paw to wave him goodbye. Keith snorted at the door, smiling at he closed it behind him. Once he was gone, he smiled to himself and looked to Cosmo. "We're gonna have a great time," he promised making Cosmo's tail wag. "How about we watch a movie, hmm? Sound fun?"

Cosmo barked and sat back down on Lance's lap, heavy but comforting as he snuggled in.

"I agree."

* * *

Lance's face scrunched up as he was awoken by the sound of the door slamming and heavy footsteps. He grumbled to himself groggily, curling underneath the blankets, quietly miffed that he had been woken up. Cosmo who was in Keith's spot in his absence lifted his head, also looking unimpressed.

Lance was seconds from slipping back into sleep when there was a round of giggles and 'shh-ing'. He slowly sat up from his position and checked his phone.

4:28 AM

Urgh...

"Shh!" A hush was followed by more giggles. He was about to lie back down, silently hating Keith's neighbours for waking him up when a bang of the door then more thuds and laughter made his eyes open fully.

Cosmo got to his paws, jumping off the bed and moved for the sound. Lance groaned, not wanting to get up but he deemed it probably necessary just in case Keith's apartment was getting robbed.

Rolling out of bed he cursed the coldness that instantly hit his legs. At least he was wearing Keith's
hoodie to cover his arms. Trudging out of the bedroom, Lance quietly moved to the main room, Cosmo trotting curiously by his side.

There was some more laughter as Lance turned the corner, peeping into the room only to see a monster of a scene. And if we're talking about 'scenes', the stars of it were Shiro, Matt and Keith, co-starred by intoxication.

Matt was cackling on the ground with Shiro hunched over him also laughing, trying to help him get to his feet which was going to fail from the start. Shiro stumbled, heavily landing on Matt who groaned at the weight while Keith staggered around, laughing at his two friends on the ground.

"Keith?" Lance called out, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand, trying to wipe away his sleepy confusion and to accommodate to the lights.

The three stooges lifted their heads in his direction, all looking shocked, like they weren't expecting to see him standing there. After the initial shock, Keith's face lit up and he was quick to make his way over to Lance (on very uneven feet, might he add).

"Hey baby," his words were heavily slurred, but arms warm as they wrapped around Lance's waist. It was sweet gesture until Lance realised it was a tactic to keep him from squirming away as Keith gripped on.

"Hey," Lance said, tired smile on his face.

"You look good," he said with a smirk, a laugh spilling out moments later.

Lance chuckled, thoroughly amused by drunk Keith. "Really now?" he asked, moving some dark hair out of Keith's face. Keith nodded slowly. "Even though I just woke up?"

"O' course! And you're wearing my hoodie!" The tone in his voice sounded proud which made Lance laugh again. Keith's smile brightened and he was quick to place a big, mildly sloppy kiss on his cheek, laughing against his skin there afterwards.

After a few moments Lance was quick to remember the two other drunk people in the room and was back to being confused. "Not that I'm not happy to see all your drunk asses, but what are you doing here? I thought you were staying at Matt's?"

"Matt fuckin' lost his keys because-" Keith turned his head to look at Matt, which Lance was grateful for because otherwise Keith's next words would've been yelled in his ear. "He's an idiot!"

"Matt is super offended," Matt gaped, pushing a pliant Shiro off him who rolled to the ground with a groan. "Matt is now going to join the group hug," he said as he lumbered over, flinging his long arms around both Keith and Lance and squeezing them all in.

"I'm getting married!" Shiro cheered from the ground, prompting Keith and Matt to shout a cheer in unison. Cosmo walked over to Shiro and licked his arm. "Cosmo I'm getting married!"

This was going to be an interesting night.

*     *     *

It took a solid three minutes to be able to get both Matt and Keith to let him go and even more time to convince them all to sit on the couch and stay there while he went and got them all a glass of water, knowing they'd probably be thirsty after a night out drinking. It was lucky that the wedding wasn't actually tomorrow, in fact, it was still a few weeks away. It apparently was the best timing
for all the groomsmen, and was better than having all of them hungover on the wedding day anyway. Lance was actually lucky it since he'd be visiting home next week.

When Lance walked back into the living room he was greeted with enthusiastic clapping as he handed them all a drink. It went as well as expected for three completely drunk males. Shiro spilled half of his water on himself within the first three seconds which made Matt burst into laughter and choke on his, coughing it up all on his lap. Keith had yet to take a drink so he was lucky, but he was now too giggly to drink any of it, his shaky laughter making it tip over the brim every few seconds and spilling water all over himself.

Lance felt like he might have underestimated how drunk they were.

Lance got up once again and went to grab some towels. When he came back he was cheered again, Shiro clapping and Matt looking so happy he could cry.

"Now before I sit down, is there anything anyone needs?" Lance asked, looking over the three giggly men. "A snack? Blanket?" They all shook their heads.

Lance kinda gets the vibe this is what it's like to have toddlers.

Keith patted the space next to him, and who was Lance to refuse his stupidly drunk boyfriend? He sat down next to Keith who wriggled closer to him, giving him an innocent smile. The sort that said 'hey! I'm good! Haven't done anything bad yet!'

"So did you guys have fun tonight?" Lance said and then turned to the man of the hour. "Shiro?" he asked, noticing the man was beginning to nod off. At hearing his name, his eyes opened and head snapped in his direction.

"Yessss," he slurred making Lance giggle. Poor guy was on the verge of passing out.

"Did you have fun Lance?"

"Me and Cosmo had a great time."

"Cosmo!" Matt said, jumping to his feet, staggering and bumping into the coffee table as he did. "I wanna cuddle Cosmo!" Cosmo, who was a few feet away on the rug raised his head, giving the man what looked to be a confused expression as Matt flopped to the ground and crawled over to him. The dog was however happy when Matt began to coo at him and gave him cuddles.

"So is it safe to say Matt's the drunkest here?" Lance chuckled.

"Probably," Keith murmured. "He was doing lo's of shots."

"What about you? Did you do lots of shots?" Lance asked, grin growing. Keith's eyes widened, mouth closed; he looked guilty as all hell.

"No? I'm actually sober."

"Of course you are," Lance said, playing along. Keith nodded in affirmation.

"He's a liar!" Matt shouted from the floor, sitting upright from his position on the floor. "He is drunk!"

"Shut your stupid ass-" Keith picked up a pillow up and threw it in Matt's direction, "up!" It hit him in the face, flinging Matt backwards against the ground.
Lance's jaw dropped as the rest of the guys went into hysterics, even Matt on the floor was laughing. This was like a different freaking dimension. The fuck was even going on anymore? He couldn't even go back to bed because if he left the room one of them was for sure going to end up dead.

Lance turned to his right, spotting Keith looking right at him, goofy smile on his face.

"Why are you staring at me like that, hmm?" Lance asked, pushing Keith's mess of hair out of his face.

"You're hot," he said and the bluntness was enough for Lance to laugh, cheeks warming up.

"Thank you."

"Thas' okay. You're like so hot though, unfair," he mumbled the last part, still looking intently at his face. "You're my boyfriend."

"Indeed I am."

"Tha's so cool."

"Is it?" Keith's nod was heavy, grin silly. "Why?"

"I pined after you for so long." He grabbed Lance's cheeks and leaned in close. "You know how long I had to pine for?" Lance shook his head, laughing a little to himself.

"How long?"

Keith shook his head, like he couldn't believe it. "I don't even know! My brain can't think that far back."

"I think that's because you're drunk," Lance teased with a grin.

"No I'm not," he said stubbornly.

"You might be a little bit," he said, patting down Keith's hair as he pouted. He quick to fall out of his poutiness as he turned to face Lance.

"Lance," he whispered near his ear.

"Yes?"

"I need to tell you somethin'." The way Keith fell into giggles made Lance question the importance.

"Okay."

"Your accent..."

Lance felt his smirk growing. Oh drunk Keith, how I love you. "What about it?"

"It's sexy," he said with a laugh at the end, head leaning back against the couch as Lance giggled.

"Thanks babe."

"That's," he gave Lance's thigh a pat, "o-" pat, "kay."
The only thing that stopped Lance's giggles was when Matt called out to him.

"Lance!" Matt shouted, making Lance cringe. He wouldn't be surprised if the neighbours complained soon. "Lance you should get drunk too!"

"Lance should not," Lance replied, now standing up again. "Lance, should get you guys more water so you don't get dehydrated and die."

"Wait!" Keith called out to Lance before he walked away. Lance looked over his shoulder at Keith. "I need to tell you that I also love your butt!"

_Drunk Keith everybody._

"Thanks Keith." Keith then kissed his own hand, and raised it to gently tap his backside. "A kiss for your cute butt," Keith told him, smiling proudly at himself afterwards.

Lance stared at Keith in confusion but also awe. _Huh... is this how Keith felt when Lance said weird but endearing shit?_

"Thank you," he decided on as Shiro started laughing. "I'll go get the water now."

"Thanks Lance!" Matt called out as Lance trudged to the kitchen to refill their glasses, making sure to bring straws so nobody would spill their drinks like last time.

Lance handed Shiro and Matt their drinks, leaving Keith for last.

"Can you put it on the coffee table, babe? I don't want it now." Which of course was fine with Lance. He turned around and put it down, before he could turn back, hands grabbed at his waist, yanking him backwards to clumsily landing on top of Keith. Lance felt Keith's hot breath on the back of his neck as he laughed. "Gotcha," he chimed, wrapping his arms around Lance's middle.

"Or..." Lance trailed off. "You could have just asked me to sit on your lap without scaring the shit out of me."

"Sorry," he said not sounding very sorry at all, nuzzling his nose into the back of Lance's neck. Lance didn't even bother trying to pretend to be mad, instead he just relaxed into Keith which seemed to make the other man happy since Lance could feel his smile as he kissed his nape.

The cutesy moment was quickly interrupted as Matt spoke. "Yo you guys think I can deep throat this straw?"

"Don't deep throat the straw," Shiro sighed out. Looks like drunk Shiro is still dad Shiro.

"Do it you Het!" Keith dared which made Lance laugh. Arms tightened around him and Lance took it as another proud Keith moment. "You wouldn't know shit bout deep throating."

"I feel kinda excluded knowing I'm the only guy here who hasn't fucked another dude." He then looked to Keith and Lance and pointed. "And you guys are fucking each other!"

"It be like that sometimes," Lance murmured, taking Keith's water off the table and taking a sip.

"Sometimes?" Keith questioned, almost sounding offended. "More like all the-"

"Shh," Lance hushed his boyfriend, throwing an arm backwards until he knew it was covering
Keith's mouth from finishing that sentence. Only letting go when he knew Keith wasn't going to continue.

"Well which one of you gays is going to teach me how to deep throat this straw?"

"I don't think the straw is gonna be enough dude, too skinny." Keith paused to think. "Go get a banana instead."

"No! Matt you're too drunk! It'll break off and you'll choke and die and I'll have to tell your little sister that you died trying to deep throat a banana!" Lance shouted out and apparently it was the funniest thing in the world because now they were all losing it with laughter.

"Fine I be smokin' it then," Matt said, putting the tip of it in his mouth, then pulled it, taking a huff like he was smoking it. "Hmmm cardboard straws. We love saving the turtles."

"If we're still on the subject of sexual activities..." The voice that spoke made Lance snap his head in the direction of Shiro who he was not expecting to say that. "I've been really wanting to talk to you two about some things." He said looking to both Keith and Lance. "I know you guys are young and in a relatively new relationship, but that still doesn't mean you can't use safety precautions-"

Matt began to cackle, pointing to them all with tears streaming down his face. "He's giving you the safe sex talk!"

Keith's hands went over Lance's ears and he snapped 'Shiro!' Lance was happy to pretend he couldn't hear what they were talking about.

"What? I'm worried!"

"We use condoms are you happy?"

"Even during oral?"

"..."

"Exactly!"

"We've both been tested! We're clean!"

"Yeah and like who the fuck wears a condom when giving a blowjob?" Matt pitched in.

"What do you think flavoured condoms are for?"

There was a long pause of silence before Keith and Matt both went 'ohhhhhhhhh' in unison.

"Wait is there a condom for eating ass?"

There was a long moment of silence.

"Reckon Lance knows?"

"I'm not letting you ask my boyfriend that."

"Why?"

Yeah why Kogane?
"He's too cute to be answering such a crude question."

Awwww!

"Oh fuck off! That guy is shameless!"

"He did announce to you, Adam and I that he liked you after he had a dirty dream about you."

"He what?" Matt screeched.

Lance looked to the clock on the wall and inwardly groaned, feeling his eyelids grow heavy just at knowing the time.

"Can I go to bed now?" Lance murmured, removing Keith's hands from his ears. He looked over his shoulder at Keith and gave him a pout. "I'm tired."

Keith nodded and removed his arms from around him. "O' course, babe."

Lance looked to Shiro and Matt. "You guys need anything? Blankets? Pillows? Are you both alright in the guest bedroom?" They both nodded, starting to look a little tired themselves. Thankful that his work was now done he stood up and looked down at Keith. "Are you coming with me or are you going to be a little longer?"

Keith's eyes lit up and he raised his hands for Lance to grab. "With you."

He smiled softly and grabbed his boyfriend's hands. "Okay then let's go." It was a little bit of a struggle since Keith had gone into the 'can't walk properly' stage of drowsy drunk since he'd been sitting down for so long. However, Lance was a good boyfriend and managed to walk him to the bathroom, brush Keith's teeth despite the guy being practically asleep, out of his clothes and into bed without any tragedies.

"You good?" Lance asked once he wriggled down into the sheets. Keith who had his eyes closed nodded. "Don't think you're gonna be sick tomorrow?" He shook his head and wrapped an arm around Lance, dragging him in close. He pressed a kiss to Lance's forehead, well tried to, he got his hair anyway.

"Love you," he murmured, clutching Lance tighter.

"I love you too."

"Were you nervous?" he asked into his hair.

"While you were gone?" A nod. "Not really."

"I didn't cheat on you," his words were sluggish, on the verge of falling asleep. Lance's heart squeezed painfully but a laugh left his lips.

"Thanks."

"I'm not going to either, love you too much." Lance squeezed Keith at hearing his words.

"Shh Keith, it's late," he murmured, knowing if he kept going a river was going to be unleashed and that was too much for 5AM in the morning.

"It's late," Keith agreed and a few moments later Lance could hear his soft snores.
It was safe to say it took Lance a little longer to fall asleep than it did Keith. And it gave him some time to think about things.

* * *

Keith woke up warm and in a puzzle of limbs. He also woke up regretting waking up because he very much wanted to be asleep and not deal with his killer hangover. The queasiness and background headache almost never made the fun of the night before feel worth it.

"Awake?" Lance's voice was gentle enough to not irritate Keith's scrambled brains. He grumbled anyway, pulling Lance and his sheets in closer to him.

"Sadly," he murmured, his chin on top of Lance's head. "Time?"

"Little after 10," he told him, bare legs tangling further with his.

That wasn't as bad as he thought. Still, he was exhausted. Lance's nose was cold against his collarbone as he nuzzled in.

"You're not going to throw up, are you? Matt was before. Sounded nasty."

"No, I think I'm good," Keith chuckled. "Doesn't surprise me, the guy tried to deep throat a fucking straw."

Lance laughed and pulled up, a scandalized expression on his face. His eyes were bright and hair all fluffed out from sleep. "And you were the one who told him to get the banana!" Keith snickered, having a vague recollection of it.

"I think a lot of weird things were said last night."

"You're right about that one," Lance huffed. "It was like taking care of three huge, ugly ass toddlers."

Keith cringed. "Sorry about that." They weren't even supposed to be spending the night at Keith's place, there had planned to go to Matt's but Matt couldn't find his key so of course Keith insisted they go to his place. He's pretty sure a part of him just wanted to see Lance. His drunk mind also went ape mode so its default setting was 'go find cute boyfriend' but also because he had been worried about the guy.

"Pfft, don't worry it was fine. I'd rather that then you sleep outside of Matt apartment." He yawned, running his fingers through his hair and began to sit up. "Should probably get up and see how the others are doing. Want breakfast?"

"That would actually be really nice," Keith admitted sheepishly, scratching his cheek. "Thank you."

Lance smiled down at him then leaned in for a chaste kiss, as he pulled back whispered words left his lips. "Come home to Cuba next week with me."

Keith's eyes opened, growing wide.

"W-what?" Had he heard that correctly? Go home to Cuba with him? As in meeting his parents? His whole family? Friends?

Recognition flashed in Lance's eyes, obviously realising what he had just said. "Uh..." He ducked
his head. "I don't know why I said that? Like it's not practical right?" He lifted his eyes back to Keith's as he continued his ramble. "Like we could be spotted and that would be bad. But we could just be like 'best buds vay-cay'. Are people that stupid to believe that? I guess I was just thinking about how nice it was to meet your family when we first started dating, and, well, if you don't meet them now it won't be until after the final season comes out, which is over a year away and-
"

"Lance are you being serious?" Keith asked, cutting Lance off part way through. Lance paused, jaw open.

"Uh... can I abort mission?"

"No. Answer the question."

Lance slowly closed my eyes. "Plot twist, ya boy is actually sleep talking. Got no control over my words."

"Lance..."

He opened his eyes and put a hand to his ear. "Oh! Hear that? I think Matt and Shiro need some help!" he scrambled, trying to get off the bed and obviously as far away from Keith and this conversation as he could.

Keith was not having it.

He grabbed his wrist, yanking him back onto the bed before he could escape. "You can't just run away after asking me if I want to go home with you!" He snapped in frustration.

"Did you not see how close I was? Totally could've if you didn't have the reflexes of a puma."

"Lance," Keith said slowly. "Did you ask me to go to Cuba with you?" Lance froze, eyes flicking from left to right for a few flicks.

"Is that a trick question?"

"No? It's a normal question. Did you?"

Lance blinked a few times, mouth open as if ready to speak, then closed it before taking a quick breath. "Yes."

"Is it because you genuinely want me to meet your family and go to your home country, or is it because you're scared to leave me here and what I'll do."

"Ouch." And he really looked upset by the accusation. "But no. This isn't about that. I want you to meet my family. I want to show you the streets I played in and take you to the beach and have you try my mama's cooking because it's the best!" He raised his hands to Keith's face, cupping his jaw. "You were so wasted last night! But all you did was tell me how much you care about me, how loyal you are, and you are! It's undeniable! You love me. And I love you and I want to share that with the few people I can."

"Lance-"

"I trust you Keith. I trust you. I may not be ready for the world to know about us, but I'm ready for my world to know. Mi familia."

Trust. God. That was the one thing Keith had dug tooth and nail for, Lance's trust.
"You really want me to come home with you?" He asked, ignoring the way his voice came across choked up. Lance either didn't notice or decided not to comment on it.

"Only if you want to."

"Stupid," Keith leaned in, wrapping his arms around Lance as he kissed him. "Of course I want to go to Cuba with you." Lance's mouth twitched with a smile, giggle escaping his mouth as he hung his arms around the back of Keith's neck. He flopped backwards to drag him with him, melding in perfectly with the warm sweets with laughter and kisses.

Breakfast could fucking wait.

Chapter End Notes

for some reason there was so many references to the new Klance series that I am in the progress of writing in this chapter (watch me watch you try and figure it out but I won't confirm or deny any guesses ;))

what to expect next week
- C U B A
The Great Cleanse

Chapter Notes

welcome back hi my prettys

-translations in end notes-

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Keith had always respected Lance's love for his home country. It was endearing the way he'd always raved about how beautiful it was and how the people were all born with stars in their eyes and love in their hearts. Keith, being that he spent most of his childhood travelling, never in the same space for long, found this all a little too good to be true. But so far it had lived up to it's name. The people at the airport were helpful and assured their privacy, had gotten them a car ride without hesitation and all with a smile.

The drive over also proved that it was a beautiful place. Bright sunny skies and expanses of beaches that Lance always raved about. He'd only been in the country for less than an hour and he felt like he was finally understanding the hype.

He could feel Lance practically vibrating in his seat beside him, grin growing as they got closer to the suburbs he was raised in. Keith was curious to know what kind of home his boyfriend had grown up in. Lance had told Keith before Cuba wasn't the most wealthy of countries, so he wasn't quite sure what to expect. Though Lance's parents were both academics so that probably meant he was brought up in the nicer side of town.

Either way, it was absolutely gorgeous and Lance looked so excited that it almost fully distracted Keith from the nerves of meeting Lance's whole immediate family.

"We're nearly there. You ready for the onslaught of greetings and hugs?" Lance asked with mirth.

"You know how unfair it is that you had to only meet two people compared to my like, twenty?" Keith said with sarcasm to Lance who rolled his eyes playfully.

"Don't be such a baby. You should be happy we're staying at the holiday house otherwise you'd have to spend 24/7 with my asshole brothers and sisters."

Unlike what Keith had originally thought, they weren't sleeping at his family home, but instead at the ritzy Holiday House Lance brought a few years back. Usually he rented it out for holiday goers, but for the week it was going to be where they were staying. As much as Keith adored the thought of hanging out with Lance's family, he still wanted to spend some quiet downtime with him, plus, he assumed meeting the family was going to be exhausting.

"I don't know. I was kinda excited to sleep in your childhood bedroom. Bet you have stars on your roof and shit."

"You bet your fucking ass I do." They both fell into a round of laughter, grinning at each other in the back seat of an upscale taxi as they passed the locations all important to Lance's upbringing. The parks he used to play in, his old school and the street he broke in his arm learning to ride a
It wasn't long before they were pulling up to a two storied home with a plush green front lawn and porch. The driveway was filled with cars and it was a firm reminder of all the people Keith was about to meet.

“¡Muchas gracias!” Lance said as he paid the driver. His grin and quick movement proving his excitement in seeing his family after so long. As soon as their suitcases touched the ground the sound of voices made him turn around.

"Tío Lance!" Two children screamed in delight as they bolted over. One was a little boy who looked to be around nine years old and a girl who was maybe seven; Sylvio and Nadia, Lance's nephew and niece.

Lance had to drop his bags before he was rammed by both children, one of them on each side of him. He took it all with a laugh, crouching down to their level before he began to speak to them in Spanish, ruffling Sylvio's hair and pointing to Nadia's braid.

After a few moments catching up Lance stood up and looked to Keith.

"You guys wanna meet Keith?" Sylvio nodded excitedly, already spinning around to face him while Nadia was a little more hesitant, grabbing onto Lance's leg as they walked over.

"Guys, this is my buddy Keith." The 'buddy' was coming from the fact they weren't telling the kids they were together yet. Lance said they were a little too young to be given the responsibility of such a secret. "Keith, Sylvio and Nadia," he said patting the head of each child respectively.

"You're famous!" Sylvio exclaimed, pointing his finger in Keith's direction, eyes lit up spectacularly. Lance huffed, giving Sylvio a light tap on the back of the head.

"That's not how you say hello to someone, what kind of manners has my brother been teaching you?" He muttered. Sylvio just responded by bounding over closer to Keith, looking up at him expectantly.

"You were on the zombie show!"

"Yeah, I was," Keith chuckled, unable to help but smile.

"My mami doesn't let me watch it because she says I'm too young, but sometimes I watch papi's old DVDs when she's out and I saw you kill a heap of zombies. It was so cool! But you look a little different-"

"Wait you what?" Lance gawked, brows raising.

“¡Nada!” Sylvio looked back to Keith, cheeky grin on his face before sprinting away back into the house shouting something in Spanish. Lance rolled his eyes fondly and held Nadia's hand as he walked her over to Keith. He said something to her and she giggled, looking to Keith shyly.

"Hi Nadia, it's nice to meet you. I've heard lots about you from your Tío," Keith said gently, wondering if maybe the girl was a little scared of him. He was a stranger after all.

"Hello," she said politely, but was quick to duck behind Lance's legs afterwards.

"Shy," Lance explained and Keith smiled again, these kids were sweethearts.
There was a scream that made Keith jolt and turn in the direction to see Rachel sprinting in their direction. Like the kids she bulldozed into Lance, gripping him tightly into a hug. Soon she pulling back and turning to Keith.

"Would you hate it if I hugged you too?" she asked making Keith laugh, opening his arms and watching Rachel grin as she flung into him. Despite knowing it was still coming, Rachel still managed to wind him with her force and strength. She pulled back and shook him by the shoulders. "You did it! Congratulations Keith! You did the impossible of getting Lance out of his relationship drought!"

"Careful of the ears around you," Lance murmured, nodding down to Nadia who was still clinging to his leg. Rachel rolled her eyes and extended her hand out to her niece.

"Yeah, yeah. Hey Nadia, let's go inside so Tío Lance and Keith can get their bags and say hello to everyone." Nadia was quick to skip over and take Rachel's hand, now walking back into the house. It was now just Keith and Lance again.

Lance looked to him. "Ready?"

Keith didn't think he would ever be more ready. Nothing could really ever prepare him for the chaos that he was about to walk into.

The long was short but the greetings seemed endless. Lance's mother was the first to approach them, throwing her arms around her son and giving him a kiss on each cheek. Her bright smile kept gleaming as she saw Keith, never dimming for even a moment as she walked to him with open arms.

"Keith! It's so lovely to meet you! I've heard so much about you!" She said, accent thick as he wrapped her arms around him.

"You too Mrs. McClain," Keith said which prompted her to pull back, cooing at the sight of him and touch his cheek tentatively like he were her own child.

"Que chico tan apuesto y educado," she murmured. She stopped and turned her voice raising. "¡Alejandro! ¡Ven a conocer a Keith!"

From there it was a whirlwind of greetings. From Lance's father, to Veronica and back to Rachel who grabbed him and said 'I can't believe you're here oh my god' then to Lance's sister in law Lisa.

"Hey Lisa, where are Marco and Luis?" Lance asked after Keith's introduction to her. The woman sighed and pointed to a door. Lance gave her a strange look before moving to where she pointed, Keith following behind. The room they walked into was spacious, with a couch and large t.v that was turned off. "My own brothers don't even come to greet me, lazy ass motherfuckers," Lance said announcing his presence.

Two heads instantly popped up from the couch, mischievous smiles on their faces. Despite the obvious difference's Lance had to his elder brothers, it was rather uncanny how their plotting smiles matched.

"Sorry Lance, we were just too busy watching this-" the smaller one - who Keith guessed was Marco - spoke. He pointed the remote at the TV and clicked a button, the screen coming to life and oh no. Keith felt his bones go cold and his jaw drop.

It was Keith and Lance as Akira and Leandro. Precisely a scene from season 2. Better known as
'The Wall Scene'. He was quite literally watching himself get slammed up against a wall and making out with Lance in right of his brothers.

Lance gasped and lunged over the couch, wrestling with his brothers who were in hysterical fits of laughter. Keith had turned as frozen hare with a barrel of a hunter's gun pointed to his forehead.

These were definitely Lance's brothers; absolutely shameless.

Except this time, Lance was definitely showing shame.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Lance shouted, face a deep red as he smacked at his brothers. "You pull this shit the moment I walk into the door? Do you want to make me regret life? What if mama saw this? Oh god I do not want her to see that."

"Dude, she's already seen it."

Lance froze, face paling. "No..." he whispered in disbelief.

"Yeah it was hilarious we were all watching it and we were like 'yes bro, get that famous dick', but mama and papa were like-"

"What the hell! I told Rachel to make them not watch that part!" Lance shouted arms flailing around while his brothers laughed at him.

Keith know felt like he understood Lance's weird sense of humour. Seemed to run in the family.

"And I can't believe those idiots actually did it," a murmured voice beside Keith made him turn. He was obviously so deep in shock of seeing the image of his hands going up Lance's shirt in his childhood home that he hadn't noticed Veronica standing beside him. "Sorry, they're losers."

"I... uh..." She laughed at his hesitation.

"Don't worry, they're harmless, big idiots."

"Luis!" Lisa snapped as she stormed into the room. "¡Saca eso de la televisión antes de que tu hijo lo vea! ¡Idiota! ¡Y deja de acosar a tu pobre hermano!" Luis shrunk in on himself with a guilty pout as his wife towered over him. Marco laughed which earned a foul look from Lisa. "¡Ustedes también! ¡Vayan a presentarse apropiadamente! ¡Vayan!" Now it was Marco's time to cower as they both scrambled to their feet and began to make their way over to him.


"Keith!" Marco called out, grin back on his face. "Nice you meet you! I'm Marco." He said extending his hand for one of those 'bro hugs'.

"And I'm Luis!" Another bro hug. "Oh man, it's so weird to meet you. I was a big fan of *The Walking Dead* and me and Lance watched the whole thing together. I can't believe Lance went from crying over you dying to being your boyfriend. Total 180."

"Why do I even bother coming home? All you do is embarrass me," Lance grumbled as he walked back over to Keith who was chuckling at Luis's words.

"Hey! We couldn't pass up that opportunity of putting that on the TV! You know how long we've been planning to do this? A year. We have waited a year. A whole year," Marco said.

Lance's face scrunched up. "We've only been dating six months."
Lance rolled his eyes and shook his head. "Whatever, I'm going to take Keith on a tour of the house before he take our bags to our place."

"What? We haven't even gotten to threaten his life if you hurts you!" Marco paused and then looked to Keith. "No offense, it's like a given since you're dating my little brother."

"Fair enough," Keith couldn't help but laugh which made Marco grin.

"Speaking of the holiday house, you know what abuela said to us? She said-" Luis was cut off but his own laughter. "She went over and did a 'spring clean' and changed the bed sheets to 'make a good impression on Lance's new partner,'" Keith thought that was sweet. "And she was changing the bed sheets on both the main bedroom and guest bedroom because she thinks you're gonna sleep in separate beds."

Lance pointed a finger at his eldest brother, "And we're going to let her believe we are because she still thinks I'm as pure as virgin snow and I'll let her keep thinking it until the day she kicks over."

Luis and Marco went into hysterics as Veronica shook her head at her brothers, looking very done with the situation.

"Dude you lost your virginity before Veronica-" which prompted a hard punch from the woman to Marco's shoulder, making the man wince.

"Yeah and you are in no way snow. Don't you remember your little jaunt after you know who-" Lance smacked his hand over Luis's mouth and shook his head desperately.

"Speak any more and I'll kick you so hard you'll never be able to have any more children even if you tried!" he hissed savagely making Marco and Luis go into a round of cackles and 'ooohs'.

Jaunt? What the hell did that mean?

Lance looked to Keith and noticed his confusion and whined. "I'll explain later. Now-" he grabbed Keith's hand. "Let me show you around the house. Come on, I'll show you my room first."

"Should we be chaperoning?" Luis snickered, looking to Marco.

"Hmmm maybe?"

Lance pulled a face, lips curled, frowning and eyes narrowed. He then scoffed and yanked at Keith's arm, dragging him towards the stairs which prompted a 'oooooooh' from the siblings. Keith wasn't sure if he should be mortified or amused.

"I'm sorry about them."

"They're funny," Keith snickered, deciding on the second choice.

"They're humiliating, actually," Lance grumbled, face throughly flushed. He's never seen Lance look so embarrassed. "Come on, lemme show you my fucking star stickers."

Lance moved through the hallway with ease; years of practice, Keith assumed. The room they walked into was spotless, but it didn't seem unused, like a person lived their day to day lives there. There were pictures in frames, books on the shelves and a bed tucked in the corner. Keith looked up and noticed the stars on the roof, grin forming on his face. They looked old, probably didn't
even glow in the dark anymore.

His eyes then went to Lance’s desk, which was littered with photo frames. Pictures ranging from a very small Lance in a school uniform, backpack as big as him, big innocent grin on his face that had Keith's heart fluttering, to pictures of him in high school, looking like he was going to a school dance. This photo caught his attention for many reasons. One was how young he looked, maybe fifteen, braces and frizzy curly hair. The next was that he wasn't alone in the photo, to his right was Rachel, grinning in a green dress. Then there was a massive rip in the rest of the photo, like someone else was supposed to be there.

"That-“ Lance said as he noticed Keith's confusion. "Was called The Great Jennifer Cleanse, as my brothers put it. Rachel went through the entire house and cut her from every single photo. There was a lot, 17 years worth of pictures. Baby Jenny was even cut out of the bath time pictures. It's kind of an ongoing joke now that we keep them up."

"Shit," Keith whispered. "It was really ugly, wasn't it?"

Keith had his fair share of shitty exes and 'almosts' who he didn't associate with anymore, but this was on a whole other level of bad blood.

"You can physically not have Rachel and Jen in the same room without a brawl," Lance said, flipping the photo frame upside down. "She lost her lifelong best friend at that time too. She still holds a lot of anger..." Lance's face pinched before it softened, shaking his head out. "Lets move on from that. What do you think so far?"

"You're whole family is basically just a pack of you."

"I'm offended that you'd label me with them. Gross."

"You're so much like your brothers," Keith snickered, sitting on Lance's old, single bed. "Speaking of... jaunt?" Keith smirked as he watched Lance cringe. He groaned into his hand.

"God I hate them," he muttered and looked back to Keith reluctantly. "You're not allowed to judge me." Keith's brow raised, suddenly unsure if he wanted to know. "Ah fuck it, I don't care. Okay, so after Jenny and I broke up it was the first time in my life I could properly... indulge in my interest in guys..."

Keith could feel a smirk grow on his face as he saw where this was going.

"So sad little seventeen year old Lance went out and sucked a whole bunch of dick." Lance gave him a scandalised expression when Keith started laughing. "Don't laugh!"

"It's kinda funny."

"It's embarrassing!"

"We all have embarrassing stories along those lines."

"Oh yeah?" Lance asked, cocking his brow up. "What is yours?"

Ugh... Keith walked right into that one.

"Okay..." He thought about it and cringed. "The guy I lost my virginity to was nearly 10 years older than me."
Lance choked on his own breath. "Keith! That's like illegal old! That's older than Shiro old!"

"Yeah, that's why it's embarrassing."

Lance chuckled then paused, sat up straight and pursed him lips, smirking. "Was it a famous name?"

"You really wanna know?"

"Is it weird to wanna know who my boyfriend lost his virginity to?"

"Probably."

"Still curious."

Keith huffed a laugh. "Alright then..." he paused for dramatic effect. "It was Ryan Moore." Lance's jaw dropped.

"What the hell! As in actor Ryan Moore? He's hot!"

"Yeah, I know."

"How am I supposed to compete with Ryan Moore?"

Keith rolled his eyes. "First of all, you don't need to compete with him. Literally never spoke to him again afterwards. I was too ashamed."

"Hmmm nope, it won't do," Lance said, standing up. "Here-" Lance walked over to his closest and pulled out a black guitar case. "Let me about to become ten times hotter, right in front of your very eyes."

"Sorry Lance but guitars just remind me of my dad." The corner of Lance's lips curved upwards, a hiccup of a laugh being kept behind a closed mouth. He could see that glint in his eyes. "Don't say it-"

"D-da-da-"

"Don't do it Lance-

"Da- da- da-"

"You're going to be needing to do The Great Keith cleanse if you continue that sentence."

"Hey!"

***

After spending some time with Lance's family they went and put their suitcases and bags at the holiday house which Lance had definitely downplayed when he described it. The place was beautiful, in the depths of the 'ritzy' area of town. It was a little out of the way, but private and no neighbours close by.

Once they had organised themselves with their stuff, had an impromptu nap and snack, they went back to the McClain's residence for dinner. This is where he got to spend a little more time getting to know Lance's family and them him. At this very moment in time it was just Lisa, Luis, Rachel, Veronica, Lance's dad sitting at the table as Marco, Lance's mother and the kids were in the
kitchen, doing the final preparations for dinner.

So far he felt like he was the only one really speaking, which was just weird for him to start with, but they all sat at the long dining table, everyone's attention on him as they fired questions in his direction.

The current conversation at the moment was...

"3 million?"

Keith used his finger to indicate up.

"5?"

Up again.

"10?"

Up.

"15!"

Keith grimaced, embarrassed by the eager faces of Lance's siblings. It was like a game for them.

They all screamed in collective disbelief as Keith raised his finger up again, Luis even slammed the table in excitement over it then shouted an enthused "20!" The cheering got louder as Keith pointed up again.

"Please stop," Lance begged, head in his hands. "Please."

"It's fine Lance," Keith chuckled, leaning back on his chair a little as he watched Lance bang his head against the table. His response was a simple groan.

"Dios, por favor termina con mi sufrimiento," Lance murmured something in Spanish which made his family laugh and Keith wonder.

"¡La cena esta lista!" Nadia shouted, running back into the room.

"¿Dios?" Lance called out as Nadia herself next to him with a giggle.

"NoTío!" She chimed, smile on her face as she shook her head, braid swinging around like a whip. Like another whip himself, Sylvio ran into the room, sitting himself next to Keith as Marco and Lance's mother entered, both holding two trays full of amazing smelling food.

"What was everyone screaming about out here?" Marco asked as he placed his tray down and sat down.

"They-" Lance shouted, pointing an accusing finger at his other siblings, "are trying to guess how much money my boyfriend has!"

"He used the 'b' word," Rachel snickered. Keith watched Lance's eyebrow twitch.


"¿Es esto cierto? ¡Qué grosero!" Lance's mother shouted, glaring her children down. Their heads dropped to hide their sneaky grins. It was truly like watching a group of mischievous kids
snickering over getting in trouble.

"Yo that's why I tried to tell them!" Lance insisted to her as she shook her head.

"So what number did you get to?" Marco whispered to Luis.

"Over 20." Marco whistled and looked to Lance.

"Dude, your buddio is loaded."

"Marco!"

"$20?" Sylvio asked innocently.

"Close enough," Marco snickered. Sylvio looked at Keith in wonder and fixation.

"That's enough of that talk!" Lance's mother insisted. "It's time to eat!"

***

Lance was right about his mother's cooking; it was amazing. Keith had eaten his fair share and had praised Sofia (he had upgraded from Mr and Mrs McClain to Alejandro and Sofia) on it as they sat outside, using the last hours of sunlight and warmth to their advantage before it fell into nightfall.

Lance had been whisked away by Sylvio and Nadia to god knows where, so he was currently sitting Rachel, Veronica and Sofia, enjoying a subject that was enjoyed by all of them; embarrassing stories of Lance.

"Look at this video of Lance in middle school," Rachel said holding out her phone to Keith. It was a video of a much younger Lance climbing on top of a high stack of chairs in the middle of a classroom, ultimately leading to him falling off and onto the ground. It had both him, Rachel and Veronica laughing, Sofia just huffed amusedly, rolling her eyes at her son.

"That's nearly as good as Lance face planting a basket of cheesy fries."

"What!" The girls shriled in unison, leading to Keith telling them the story. They continue on like this, sharing stories and laughing. He took in the moment and the second he did, he realised just how comfortable he was. These people were pretty much strangers, but they all seemed to possess that ability to make anyone feel like they belonged in the setting. Just like Lance.

Speaking of...

Nadia and Sylvio laughed as they dragged Lance back outside, guitar hanging on his back by a strap. He looked up and caught Keith's eyes, shrugging with a smile as he got pulled over and forced to sit down on the grass. Lance smiled down the children, pointing to the strings and grabbing Nadia's fingers to pluck at them, Sylvio now attempting to do the same.

Lance was always good with kids, had always gravitated towards them on set whenever there were any present - especially for the three girls playing Leandro's sisters. It was like it was built in his bones. It was even sweeter to see it with his niece and nephew who obviously just adored him.

"You look at him with love in your eyes," Sofia smiled, gaining Keith's attention. When the words registered to his brain, his face heated up. He'd been caught staring. Awesome.

"Ma." Veronica hissed under her breath. "You don't know if they've said those words yet."
Sofia blinked, jaw dropping in horror. "I'm sorry, I didn't even think!"

"Oh, uh... no, it's fine," Keith insisted, face growing redder with each stammer. "We've... you know, already said that to each other." Keith was greeted with two shocked faces, belonging to Sofia and Veronica.

"I knew it!" Rachel grinned. "That idiot can't keep anything from me. You know he refused to tell me if he'd said it yet?" When Keith glanced back to Sofia, her shocked expression had dissolved into a soft smile.

"I think it's about time that Lance found someone nice. He has been so closed off for so long." There was a string of silence as they all thought back through the same thing, the thoughts only getting caught off by the voices of Nadia and Sylvio shouting.

“¡Toca algo de Coco, Tío Lance!” Sylvio started.

“¡Por favor! ¡Porfis!” Nadia begged, hands pressed together as she jumped up excitedly.

“Bueno, cálmense,” Lance chuckled, fingertips strumming against the guitar, as if thinking through his options. His brain seemed to click with something and the way his fingers mindlessly changed their rhythm.

Then... ah... he opened his mouth and Keith could feel himself melt a little into his seat.

"Dirás que es raro
Lo que me pasó
Parece que anoche
Te encontré en mis sueños"

Despite not knowing the words or their meaning, he felt himself smile a little.

"Sap," Veronica murmured under her breath, although she herself was grinning.

"Las palabras que dije
Se volvieron canción
Versos que tuyos son
Y el recuerdo nos dio"

Keith didn't realise how much he appreciated music until he fell for Lance. The guy's voice just made him fall all over again with every beautiful sound that left his mouth. Soft, gentle, his voice evident in the way he speaks from expression to his accent shining through. It felt so heavy in his chest, all the emotion. Keith wondered if singing was a way for Lance to release some of his.

"Una melodía bella
Que el alma tocó
Con el ritmo que vibra
En nuestro interior"

Nadia and Sylvio were engrossed, taking in every note and strum with child-like wonder. As Keith looked around the backyard, he noticed the whole family was like that. They had probably spent their whole life listening to Lance sing, but it seemed even they couldn't escape the trance-like state it pulled people in.

Sofia's lips wobbled slightly as she smiled. She looked proud beyond relief.
"Amor verdadero nos une por siempre
En el latido de mi corazón
Amor verdadero nos une por siempre
En el latido de mi corazón"

His grin grew cheeky as he then stood up, strumming as he spun around the yard, continuing the song with perfect ease as Nadia and Sylvio chased him around, giggling and trying to keep up. Keith couldn’t stop the grin from taking over his own face.

"Ay, mi familia
Oiga mi gente
Canten a coro nuestra canción"

How he kept his breath and in tune spinning himself around the yard like that, Keith would never know. But he did know if he did ask Lance the question he would answer with a smug smile and shrug, saying something along the lines of ‘that’s a theatre kid for you’.

"Amor verdadero, nos une por siempre
En el latido de mi corazón"

Lance's eyes caught onto Keith's and the grins on each of their faces were matching.

"Ay, mi familia
Oiga mi gente
Canten a coro nuestra canción
Amor verdadero nos une por siempre
En el latido de mi corazón"

He ended it with a few loud strums and the family went into a round of applause. Lance bowed and curtsied, waving like the Queen of England. Keith wasn't sure how Lance managed to transition from making him puddle with adoration to thinking he was a complete dork, but it was so perfectly Lance.

Sofia beside him laughed, a soft chuckle that made him turn to look at her. She smiled at him gently before speaking. "And he has those same love in his eyes as you do. That's a special thing. Hold it close and don't let it go."

Something quivered in Keith's gut as he thought over the words. He couldn't even imagine doing anything but that. Like hell he spent all that time pining only not to treat Lance how he deserved to be treated.

Keith smiled and looked back out to his boyfriend, the one he spent many months watching from afar, chasing after what felt like hopelessness.

"I don't intend to."

It seemed like the right answer, because Sofia smiled gently, nodding her head.

"Yes," she started. "I think I believe you."

Chapter End Notes
Big list o translations (also a big thank you to _umirayet_ on instagram for helping me out with this big bunch of translations last minute you are my S A V I O U R❤❤❤❤❤)

Thank you very much!: “¡Muchas gracias!”
Nothing!: “¡Nada!”
Such a handsome and well-mannered boy.: “Que chico tan apuesto y educado,”
Alejandro! Come meet Keith!: “¡Alejandro! ¡Ven a conocer a Keith!
Get that off the TV before your sons sees it and starts asking questions! Idiot! And stop harassing your poor brother!: “¡Saca eso de la televisión antes de que tu hijo lo vea! ¡Idiota! ¡Y deja de acosar a tu pobre hermano!”

What to expect next week;
-pool time fun
-rachel is an absolute savage and we LIVE FOR IT
You too! Go introduce yourselves properly. Go!: “¡Ustedes también! ¡Vayan a presentarse apropiadamente! ¡Vayan!”
God, please end my suffering.: “Dios, por favor termina con mi sufrimiento,”
Dinner is ready!: “¡La cena esta lista!”
God?: “¿Dios?”
Is this true? So rude!: “¿Es esto cierto? ¡Que grosero!”
Play something from Coco Tio Lance: “¡Toca algo de Coco, Tío Lance!”
Please! Pretty please!: “¡Por favor! ¡Porfis!”
Ok, calm down.: “Bueno, cálmense,”
if you noticed I changed my profile pic!! You can see the full version on my tumblr with this link
https://iwriteshipsnotsailthem.tumblr.com/post/185173767890/a-kinda-poster-for-voltron-that-belongs-in-my

It's also on my instagram in my 'au art' highlight (keep tapping it's at the end)

~translations in the end notes~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She couldn't help but hum as she scrubbed the dishes. Gloves sticking to her skin in attempt to save her manicure. Not that she was vain about it, but those things cost money, money she rather not waste. Plus, Mellie would be annoyed if she appeared in her daily vlogs looking less than mediocre.

She loved that girl, but damn, sometimes she wished she could slam her head into a wall.

A huff left her mouth as a tangle of black hair unraveled from her bun, flicking into her mouth. She used her elbow in attempt to push it out of the way when she heard the strings of a guitar come from outside. There was that wonder of who was playing outside at this time of night when suddenly a voice was accompanied by those strings.

She dropped the mug she was scrubbing into the sudsy water, the splash back hitting her cheeks as she listened, straining her ears. It sounded familiar. Reminding her of hot nights in a small room, squished on a bed with the door wide open as the voice played all her favourite songs.

No... it couldn't be...

"¿Estás bien?" Her mother's concerned voice came from the next room.

"Sí, mami!" She called out as she ripped the ridiculous gloves off, throwing them on the bench as she ran to the door. As she got out in the night air, the voice got louder as she got closer to her fence and looked across the street.

Her jaw dropped slightly as she saw him, her suspicions brought to life. She hadn't expected to see him. It was the last thing she expected to see on her trip home. A part of her was surprised to see how much he had changed in his appearance. He went from a teenager who didn't quite seem to fit in his body to... well, a man. She hated to say in it a way, but he really did look good. More than the fact he looked... handsome, he looked happy. She supposed that sort of made sense, he was singing, dancing around his back yard with his niece and nephew.

How long had it been since she had seen him? Four years? Maybe even five? Was he the same boy that she knew all those years ago? Funny, charismatic, impeccably sweet and kind? Or had the fame and glory distorted that side of him? She hoped not, because he really was a gorgeous person.

"Jennifer? ¿Que estas haciendo afuera?" The voice of her mother made her snap out of that day
dream she had found herself in.

"¡Nada!" she called and slowly walked back inside.

As she went back to the dishes, she began to wonder what he would think of the person she had become. Would he be disappointed? Would he smile that dorky little smile, chuckle and say 'yeah, that's the Jen I know'?

Who knows?

Maybe all she could do was talk to him and find out.

That sounded like a really bad idea. But maybe living with all the guilt she was feeling was an even worse idea.

She'd sleep on it.

*    *    *

"I think tío Keith is cooler than tío Lance," Sylvio announced after Keith handed him an icy pole as he swam in the holiday house's pool.

"What?" Lance shouted, the offense evident in his voice as he pulled Nadia's hair into a ponytail.

"Mmmmh," Sylvio hummed as he licked the raspberry flavoured snack. "He kills zombies and lets me eat icy poles in the pool."

"Yeah, and who owns the pool?" Lance asked.

Sylvio looked to Keith and they both shared a small laugh between them.

Today had been good, spending the whole time with Nadia and Sylvio from their request. Keith had actually had a blast, the kids were fun and their lack of filter made the whole thing even more hilarious. It was also nice that Nadia didn't seem to be absolutely terrified of him anymore. Although, he had a feeling it was because he brought her a milkshake at the beach and they both bonded over the fact their favourite flavour was strawberry.

"Nads, am I cooler than Keith?" He asked, looking to the little girl. She looked a little surprised to be asked something on the spot. The hesitation was obvious on her face.

"Umm..." she began to think about it. "I like Keith's long hair," she said, twisting her foot shyly. Keith grinned; she was too cute.

"Betrayed by my own flesh and blood," Lance huffed, shaking his head in an over exaggerated way, making the two kids giggle. Hearing Keith laugh himself caught Lance's attention, the man cocking a brow up, paired with a smirk. "You think it's funny, huh?"

That was his plotting voice. Keith knew it like the back of his hand.

"Lance what are you going to-" his sentence never got finished because Lance ran for him. Keith had a silent thought that Lance must of been a professional football player in his past life, because he did a body tackle, throwing them both into the pool within a second flat.

All air was ripped from his lungs and the noise of the world dimmed away as his head submerged under the water. As he resurfaced, he gasped for air, hearing the world around him come back, and what he heard was the sound of endless laughter from both Nadia and Sylvio. The only thing he
couldn't do was see because his hair was completely covering his face.

He heard Lance laugh, then felt his wet fingers brush his hair that clung to his face out over his eyes and off his face.

"Still think his long hair looks good Nadia? Looks like a wet rat."

"I'm going to get you back for that later," Keith threatened under his breath, splashing Lance in the face.

"And I'm going to get you back for that right now!" And before Keith could even react Lance jumped on top of him and pushed him under the water once more. Seconds later the kids were swimming over and joining in on the mayhem.

Keith couldn't have thought of a better day than this one.

*    *    *

The next few days were chilled out, going to the beach and hanging out with Lance's family. Keith found himself falling a little more in love with them and Cuba the more time he spent here. Maybe it also had a little to do with how happy Lance was here. He woke up with a smile and it only seemed to grow as the day went on, especially with the time he spent with his family.

It was nice to stay low on the holiday as well, nobody had noticed them and it all was going by smoothly. All they had to do was wear a cap and sunglasses and they blended in with the crowds.

Right at the moment there was a small party going on at the McClain's residence with a few of Lance's neighbours. They all were polite and didn't ask Keith too many questions, none of them even considered him more than a friend to Lance. He truly was just his friend coming to visit with him. They all smiled and gave him big hugs and said things he had no hope in understanding.

"They're party animals, the McClain's," Lisa explained fondly as they sat by the kitchen, overlooking the family in their natural habitat. "So loud and chatty. I bet you're exhausted from all this socialising. I know I was when I first started dating Luis."

"It's different from what I'm used to, I have to admit," Keith chuckled. She hummed with a knowing smile.

"Don't worry, you're doing a good job. They like you."

"Really?" Keith couldn't help but smile. She nodded.

"I think it would more accurate to say that they adore you."

"You've all been really accepting. I was expecting a little more... hostility. A little more protectiveness because of his dating history." Keith admitted to her.

"I think they're more relieved that Lance had finally let someone in. It's been a long time. From what Rachel said, I don't think he had even been on a date in all those years until you. I think they knew that whoever he was going to open up to next was going to be special, which is probably why they aren't so worried."

That was a comforting thought. He genuinely thought he would be getting a grilling from the family, but so far they had only been warm and inviting towards him.
"What are you two chatterboxes talking about over here," Lance grinned as he walked over, hand resting on Keith's shoulder.

"Giving Keith all the tips and tricks on how to survive being in a relationship with a McClain," Lisa teased.

"It's easy, us McClain's are irresistable. More of a pleasure than a task, if you ask me," he said looking to Keith with a smile.

"Hmm..." Keith thought about it and looked to Lisa and the two exchanged an unsure look.

"Wow, okay. I see how it is," Lance huffed in a playful way. "I'll be telling your husband about that," he said looking to Lisa.

"He knows."

"Double wow, you're family but you scare me sometimes Lisa."

"I have to be able to scare you lot, otherwise you wouldn't listen."

"I looked after your children!"

"Keith helped, and from the sounds of it, they took quite a liking to him," she said glancing to Keith who smiled smugly at Lance.

"All this family betrayal," he sighed, shaking his head in mock offense.

"Speaking of my children," Lisa said, getting to her feet. "I should probably find them and see what they're doing."

"Backyard," Lance said. She nodded her thanks and moved out of the room, after she left, Lance grinned and looked to Keith. "Wanna come meet some of my high school friends?"

For the next hour or so Keith chatted away to some of Lance's friends who were pretty whizzed out about his appearance. But it was nice to meet them, and Lance obviously had fun talking to them, bringing up old memories from school.

"Hey," Keith started, touching Lance's arm to grab his attention. "I'm gonna grab a drink. You want anything?"

"Woo! Yes please!" Lance chimed.

With that, Keith swerved his way through the small crowd of people until he reached the kitchen, opening the fridge and reaching for two sodas. They weren't drinking alcohol, because getting drunk when they were trying to keep their relationship secret? Bad idea. So sodas for now it was.

As he closed the door a rushed body almost rammed into him, sprinting through the kitchen and shouting out 'Sylvio! I'm here!'

"¡Alex, ten cuidado!" A voice shouted out as Keith closed the fridge door. "Lo siento por mi primo. Él no piensa cuando-" Keith's eyes connected to a girl's, probably a similar age to himself. She blinked, jaw dropped. Keith had seen that expression multiple times throughout his life, it was the 'oh my god it's you face'. Keith smiled politely before he spoke.

"Sorry, I don't know Spanish," he admitted, a small chuckle on the end as the girl continued to stare. She was a few shades darker than Lance, with incredibly long black hair that was curled and
waved. Her eyes were still wide, the shade of honey. She didn't look like she was related in any way, so Keith assumed she must have been one of the neighbours.

"You're Keith Kogane!" She blurted out in her panic, soon a grin took over her face. "Woah! I was not expecting to see you. Hi!" she grinned in perfect English, accent much fainter than he expected it to be.

"Hi, it's nice to meet you...?" He trailed off, prompting her to share her name.

She jumped, like she had just realised her mistake, extending her hand to shake. "Hi! I'm the McClain's neighbour, Jennifer."

Keith's smile was dropped almost instantly, and not many things shocked him, but damn that one got him. He stared at the woman blankly in front of him, obviously looking horrified because her smile dampened as the realisation spread across her face.

"Oh wow, you've definitely heard about me," she said, looking a little like she had been punched in the face.

"What. The. Hell." A voice from behind Keith made him turn his head as Rachel stormed over. "Are you doing here?"

Keith remembered very vividly Lance saying that Jennifer and Rachel could not be in the same room anymore without a 'brawl' occurring.

This was not going to go down well.

"Rachel," Jennifer started, eyes nervously flickering from her to Keith. "I didn't come here to start any fights."

"Then why bother come here at all?" Rachel snapped, cutting her off. "You aren't even welcome here anymore. What do you want?"

"I was dropping Alex off," she said stiffly, paused, then continued, "and I heard Lance was in town."

"So?" If looks could kill.

"So..." she trailed off. "I wanted to come say hi."

Rachel's laugh was barked out and severe, her eyes narrowed. "And what makes you think you have any right to speak to him?"

"Rachel, it was six years ago."

"And the consequences of your actions still reign. You have no idea, do you?" The tone in her voice got more progressively frustrated. Keith could see the years of frustration building up on Rachel's face. "You have no idea how much you hurt him."

"Por favor para. Él no necesita escuchar esto."

"Oh please!" Rachel sneered. "Like you care about your dignity now. Speak to me in English, Keith should know exactly what you did. Should know how you were calling my brother while he was away, and as soon as you hung up the phone you went off and fucked some other guy!" Her voice got louder, voice spitting out the words with fury.
"I was a kid, Rachel. I messed up."

"So was Lance!" She yelled, arms going into the air. "Do you know how many girls and guys approached him while he was gone? Do you know how many people he knocked back because he loved you? Do you know how many people have asked him out since you broke up and he's rejected every single one of them because he was terrified of falling in love again?" Keith watched Jennifer flinch, dropping her eyes to the ground. "He could've ratted you out to the media and ruined your career. You know that? But he didn't!"

"Rachel I-"

"You what?" She demanded. "You're sorry? He loved you! He told me he was going to marry you one day and you fucked him over!"

Keith looked away from the scene for a second. That felt like something he shouldn't be hearing.

"I..." Jennifer's voice trembled and trailed off.

"You couldn't even begin to comprehend how many panic attacks I had to help him through," Rachel said, her voice now lowered but still dangerous. "It was only half a year ago he called me crying because he'd fallen for someone and he was so scared of getting hurt again."

That one hurt. Like a sword right through the heart.

"He's with someone?" Jennifer asked hesitantly. Keith glanced to Rachel the same second she looked to him. Jennifer caught the exchange. "Oh..." she whispered in realisation, taking a step backwards.

"Yo, Keith what's taking so..." Everyone turned as they heard the new voice walk into the room. Lance stood by the door. His eyes flickered from Rachel, to Jennifer and ended on Keith. "Uh, oh," he whispered and looked back to Rachel, probably checking to see if she had blood on her hands. "Umm..." Lance hesitated before looking back to Jennifer. "Long time no see?"

Rachel made a frustrated noise and stormed out of the room, leaving it just to Lance, Jennifer and Keith. She was the one who broke the long line of silence.

"I'm sorry," she apologised quickly to Lance. "I didn't mean to cause a scene."

"It's okay," Lance said, looking back to her from the door that Rachel had left.

There's another few long, long moments of silence and Keith has no idea what to do with himself. Should he give them a moment to talk? Or did Lance not want to be alone with her? The tension was so suffocatingly awkward and Keith felt out of the loop. These two had so much history, enough to be as confusing as all the wars combined.

"I'm..." she started again, voice thick. "I'm also sorry for... you know... everything. She said what happened has affected you for a long time. Even now," she shook her head to herself, like she couldn't even fathom the thought of it. Keith doubted she would ever understand. "I'm sorry. I don't expect your forgiveness but-"

Lance laughed. "Jenny, I forgave you a long ass time ago." Her head raised from shame and looked shocked.

"W-what?"
"Yeah. It's been hard for me since... then, for more reasons than one, but I forgave you a long time ago. It was part of the healing. I hold no resentment towards you."

It's in these moments Keith doesn't understand Lance. He admired it, but he truly couldn't wrap his head around it. How the hell do you forgive someone who put you through hell? Who did something so devastatingly heartbreaking to you, that you were never the same afterwards?

Jennifer appeared to not understand it either, the shock on her face crumbling after a few moments of initial shock. She turned her head away from Lance, but Keith could see the tears running down her cheeks.

"You're the same boy I knew as a kid," she said with gritted teeth, jaw set. "Too nice. Too forgiving. I both hated and loved that about you. People used it against you," Keith watched her finally crack, self-awareness making her spill more tears down her cheeks. "I used it against you."

Another round of silence. Lance stayed quiet as his eyes dropped for a moment, only lifting them up when he spoke. "Look, I'm not saying I am over what you did. You know it was messed up. It messed me up for ages. But bitterness brings bad vibes. You saw it first hand with Rachel."

"She hates me."

"She doesn't. She thinks she does. She's just mad. One day you'll be able to speak to her, obviously not now because she'd probably deck you," he said making her let out a wet laugh, hand going to rub her eyes. "But I think she would like some closure too. Give her time."

Jennifer nodded, lowering her hand from her face and looking back to Lance now that her face was mostly dry from the tears.

"I'm happy for you," she blurted out, like she had been holding it in. She glanced to Keith, looking a little scared, like she expected him to have a go at her like Rachel. "I'm happy you found someone who makes you happy."

Lance's eyes flickered from left to right, obliviously confused. "Uhhh..."

"Rachel and I might have slipped," Keith explained and Lance said a silent 'oh'. Jennifer raised her hands fretfully.

"Oh, that's right. You aren't public. I won't say anything, promise!"

Keith got the bitter feeling in his gut as he thought of how her words meant shit all to him. She probably gave Lance a thousand promises and broke them all.

"Thanks," Lance said, hands going to his pockets, and feet shuffling awkwardly. Keith wondered if Lance was thinking the same thing too. There was another moment of stillness, where nobody quite knew what to say.

"Well... I'm glad I got the chance to talk to you. I'm happy you're living your dreams. Again... I'm sorry for everything from the past few years," she took a quick look to Keith, then back to Lance. "Él tiene suerte de tenerte. Nadie siquiera se ha acercado a ti por mí. Espero que él sepa exactamente lo que tiene y no lo arruine."

Lance blinked slowly, mouth twisting a bit. "Creo que él sabe exactamente lo que tiene."

She nodded once, and then straightened her posture, clearing her throat. "I should probably go," she paused, looking up at Lance. "I'm happy I could see you again." She then turned to Keith. "And it
was nice to meet you Keith, despite the circumstances."

As much as Lance had forgiven this girl after everything, Keith can't help but not like her. Was it wrong to dislike someone from their past? Probably. But Lance had struggled to trust Keith because of this girl. He was still struggling with it.

He couldn't like her.

He couldn't give her chance.

His face must have said it all, because she was quick to look away and to give Lance one more reluctant smile before moving to the door.

"That was weird," Lance said blatantly as soon as the door closed behind Jennifer.

"Are you okay?" Keith asked curiously. He had never considered before now what kind of affect seeing her would have on Lance.

His face scrunched up, a little confused. "Yeah, fine. What about you?"

"Me?" Keith asked incredulously. "I'm fine."

"Good," Lance smiled, looking not fazed one bit by what just happened. He then froze and sighed, scratching the back of his neck. "I should probably check up on Rach, though."

That was fair, she did look pretty upset when she left the room.

"Okay," Keith said.

"You look mad."

"I'm not mad."

"You look it."

"I think we once had a discussion about me having a resting bitch face so I'm blaming that."

"For starters, wow. That conversation was like two years ago. Second of all, after I talk to Rachel we're going to talk about whatever is going on in your head. Okay?"

Keith nodded but stayed quiet. He wasn't sure yet how he wanted to articulate all these emotions and confusion. How was he supposed to react in this situation? He'd never been in it before.

"I'll be right back then," Lance said, a hand touching his arm passingly as he walked away.

Now all he had to do was wait.

*     *     *

See, the thing is that Keith was the quieter one out of the two, but Lance knew when that silence was due to more of an awkwardness than comfort.

Seeing Jenny had been a shock, but in some way nice.

It had put things in perspective. Had given Lance proof of his growth and how that chapter of his life had officially closed.
But now he was dealing with quiet Keith, trying to figure out whatever he was thinking like this was an impossible task, even for Lance.

"I don't get it," Keith said, hands shoved in his pockets and eyes on the ground as they walked up to the holiday house. "I don't get how you can forgive her just like that."

Oh...

"How she treated you has affected our relationship. How does it not bother you? How do you not hate her guts for everything she put you through? Why protect her? I just-" he groaned, hands going his hair. "I just don't get it."

Lance found that hard to answer, but he tried his best.

"What would it take for Shiro to do? What absolutely god awful thing would it take for him to do to stop caring about him?" Lance watched Keith consider it and fall silent. "Well she was my Shiro. What she did started a ripple effect, made me go through a hard period of my life. I don't hate her. I don't particularly like her, or what her fame has molded her into, but I still care for her."

"I guess that makes sense," Keith murmured as they walked through the gate. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to get all weird over it. It's just..."

"Keith." Lance prompted with a stern tone.

"You guys just have so much history. I don't know, I just felt... inadequate."

"Some of that history involves her cheating on me for four months," Lance reminded him, unable to help but snicker at Keith's facial reaction. "Look," he started again, grabbing onto Keith's shoulders to stop him from walking. They were still outside in the yard where they had been only hours ago with Nadia and Sylvio. "Jennifer was an important part of my childhood, it helped shape me into who I am. But that's the past. You on the other hand." He smiled and shook Keith by his shoulders, trying to get it into his head what he was about to say. "You're my now. You make me happy right now." Lance paused, gulping down his nerves. "A-and, I hope we can continue to make each other happy in the future too."

Keith's lips curved up and Lance felt the air refill in his lungs.

Smiling Keith was the best Keith.

Arms were wrapped around him, hands pulling him in close, going into the depths of his pocket, pulling out his phone.

"Uhhh?" Lance questioned as Keith then threw his phone onto one of the lounge chairs. He couldn't even question him on that act before Keith then started to take his shirt off. "Okay not that I'm going to complain about a strip show but-" his sentence never got finished before he felt himself being flung sideways. The water was cold as they both collided it, and resurfacing was difficult with the weight of his clothes.

He coughed up a mouthful of water as he got to the surface, gasping for air as he wiped his wet hair off his face to see Keith laughing.

"Keith! What the hell?"

"I told you I'd get you back," he snickered and Lance splashed him in the face. The splash caused Keith's hair to back over his face, covering his eyes.
"Look! My wet rat boy is back!" He grinned, as he swam closer. Then used his hands to slick his hair back. "Hey handsome."

"Hey," he said, wrapping his arms around his waist. The water allowing him to easily pick him up, Lance happily wrapped his legs around him.

"Strong rat boy." Lance teased, laughing as Keith shook his head, water droplets hitting his face. "Dog boy. Dog-rat boy."

"Your boy," Keith said, making Lance coo, hands cupping his boyfriend's jaw.

"My boy," Lance agreed, leaning down to kiss him. It brought a warmth to his body that was otherwise absent with the cool, nighttime water surrounding them. Being cold is absence of warmth, so does that mean Keith is now his warmth?

His fingers attempt to tangle in dark hair, only to slip from how wet it was. Instead, he grabbed at Keith's nape, pulling him closer, enough to kiss him with no space between them. Keith tilted his head, noses brushing against each other which makes them both smile, though, never leaving separating their lips.

Lance made a soft noise as the kiss deepened and the hands holding him up tightened. He isn't sure if the shiver than dances up his skin is because their lips part and Keith sucks on his tongue, or from the cooling against his skin and dripping down his back. The way a quiet moan edges from the back of his throat makes him assume it's the former.

He hooked his ankles together, pulling himself through the water and closer to Keith. It brought his mind back to their first time together all those months ago. Every touch still felt as electric and exciting as it did back then, like it was all new to him.

One of Lance's arms hang around his neck, his other hand staying on his jawline. The jawline that magazines raved about and he's got it in his hand, caressing it tenderly because he goddamn adores this guy and he's not sure if anyone well ever understand what it's like to love Keith Kogane. Fuck the money, fuck the fame and the number of fans he had. Lance couldn't care less about all that. All he cared about was Keith, his best friend and his boyfriend.

Lance was in so deep.

But this time, he didn't care.

Keith pulled back and pressed a soft kiss to Lance's throat. "Why don't we go inside? We're going to get colds out here," Keith said with another kiss to his neck.

"It'll be your fault if we do, this impromptu swim was your doing," Lance snickered, flattening Keith's hair back down. "Plus, I don't know, I'm kinda liking all these kisses."

"Hmmm. Course you are," Keith said lowly, teeth grazing his skin.

"Don't you dare mark me. We might not be filming but I do not need to give my brothers the ammunition to embarrass me any further." Lance pawed Keith's face away, giggling after his warning.

"I could always put them somewhere nobody else can see them," Keith suggested coyly, straining his neck to follow Lance's face as he moved away just for the sake of being difficult. "Come on, Lancey. Fess up some skin."
"Keith!" Lance laughed out, using his hands to cover Keith's face from getting closer, spilling out giggles. He then felt himself dip backwards, Keith drooping him down until his back was into the freezing water. "Okay! Okay! Stop! Let's get inside. To a shower preferably. Hot water." He stopped his ramble once Keith pulled him back upright, victorious grin. "Continue to look so smug and you won't be getting any skin," Lance warned with a feeble smack to Keith's shoulder.

"Better go then, come on," Keith said as he put Lance back down. He then grabbed his hand and led him towards the steps out of the pool. "Race you to the shower?" He asked, smug grin on his face.

"Sounds dangerous since we're wet and would probably slip."

Keith seemed to think about that for a second. "True... Hey!" But Lance was already out of the pool and running for door and towards the shower. He skidded on the tiles when he began to discard his clothes as he ran. "Cheater!"

"Loser!" Lance shouted back, laughing manically as he threw his shirt over his shoulders and heard an 'oof' as it presumably hit his boy in the face.

His boy.

Chapter End Notes

translations ..
Are you alright?: "¿Estás bien?'
What are you doing outside?: "¿Qué estás haciendo afuera?"
Alex be careful!: "¡Alex, ten cuidado!"
I’m so sorry for my cousin. He doesn’t think when-: “Lo siento por mi primo. Él no piensa cuando-“
Please stop. He doesn’t need to hear this.: “Por favor para. Él no necesita escuchar esto.”
He’s lucky to have you. No one has even come close to you for me. I hope he knows exactly what he has and doesn’t mess it up.: “Él tiene suerte de tenerle. Nadie siquiera se ha acercado a ti por mí. Espero que él sepa exactamente lo que tiene y no lo arruine.”
I think he knows exactly what he has: “Creo que él sabe exactamente lo que tiene.”

ALSO FOR @ares_spawn WHO TOLD ME THAT RYAN MOORE IS A GOLFER
It was Keith's phone that woke him up the next morning. He groaned at the sound of the persistent ringing not wanting to leave his warm cocoon that insisted of blankets and Lance, who he has his arm draped over.

He only thought to get up because of the chance it was Kolivan.

Lance grumbled as Keith sat up, also being woken from the ringing.

He reached for his phone on the bedside table, rubbing his eyes before they could adjust to the brightness of the screen. His nose scrunched up in confusion as he saw the caller ID.

"Shiro?" Keith asked, scratching his side as a yawned escaped his mouth. "What's up?" Lance wriggled himself into his side and draped an arm and leg over him, grumbling something about sleep ins.

"Keith! Thank god you picked up! Have you seen it?" Keith's fingers to go to Lance's scalp. It quietened Lance down. His annoyed grumbles turning into a happy humming sound.

"Seen what?"

"Have you just woken up? Have you seen it?" Keith's fingers to go to Lance's scalp. It quietened Lance down. His annoyed grumbles turning into a happy humming sound.

"Seen what?"

"Have you just woken up?" He sounded frantic.

"Yeah," Keith said, feeling another yawn come out. "What's going on?"

"They know."

"Who know what? Why are you talking like such a cryptic?"

"You and Lance. Everyone knows."

Keith felt his eyes snap open, suddenly very awake. "What?"

"Some photos got leaked. Ones in a pool."

Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Keith put his phone on speaker and went onto his twitter account. The first thing to pop up was the picture that Shiro was talking about. It was from the night before, tinted in blue lighting from the pool's automatic lighting. It's a photo of them kissing. Lance in his arms, legs locked around his waist with his hands in Keith's hair. There is no way and hell they could deny it's them. There was a second photo where they're smiling at each other.

"Fuck!" Keith spat out, scrolling and finding endless posts of those pictures.
"Are you seeing them?" Shiro asked.

"Yeah, they're everywhere. *Fuck.*"

They're fucked. They're epically and royally fucked.

"What's going on?" Lance grumbled as he sat up, chin resting on Keith's shoulder and looking over at his phone. It took him a long moment before it clicked in his brain to what he was looking at. "Oh shit," he whispered and sat up straight.

"Keith? Guys?" Shiro called out, regaining their attention. "You there?"

"We're here," Keith said, unable to tear his eyes away from the pictures spammed all over all of his social media. "What should we do?" There's a moment of silence from the other end. Keith can faintly hear Adam talking in the background.

"Where are you?" Shiro asked.

"The Holiday House."

"Is there anyone outside?"

"Umm..." Keith got to his feet and checked out the windows and out at the gates. "No. I don't think so."

"Maybe you should go to Lance's parent's place. I doubt there would be any photographers there, just to be safe."

"Okay."

"Keith, are you okay?"

"Yeah I'm fine." He was just numbed with shock.

"Is Lance okay?" Keith's head shot up to his boyfriend who was already on his phone scrolling, face blank.

"I don't know. I'll call you later," he said, not bothering to wait for a reply before hanging up. "Lance..."

"This is bad," Lance whispered, raising his phone for Keith to look at. "Some people are saying it's a publicity stunt." His voice shook as he spoke, eyes looking over the article with frantic eyes. Keith took it from his hand and was quick to delete all social media apps. He did it for his own phone too.

"It's okay, we're fine," Keith reassured, moving back to sit with Lance. He cupped his two hands to his jaw, making sure he was facing him. "You okay?" The last thing this situation needed was for Lance to spiral. He nodded slowly, still looking like he was mostly in shock. "Okay, that's good."

"What are we going to do?" Lance asked, eyes hopeful for an answer.

"I... I don't know," he admitted. There was a stillness in the room.

"Oh my *god,*" he looked up, eyes wide and on the verge of tears. "We had sex last night, what if they have pictures of that too?"
"Lance stop," he said firmly, gripping onto his shoulders like he was going to spring away any second from being so wound up. "The curtains were closed, there is no chance they got pictures like that unless they got in the house."

Lance's brows shot up. He leaned in before whispering, "What if they're in the house?"

A small part of Keith kinda wanted to laugh at that but Lance being on the verge of tears was not a good time. "No, Lance. They're not in the house."

"We weren't ready," Lance said, voice trembling. "I'm not ready. They're going to be in our faces and-"

"Hey, hey," Keith said in the gentlest voice he could. "It's okay, we're going to be fine. They might be a little intense for a while, but we have each other. You're not alone in this." Something flickered in Lance's eyes; a light bulb moment. He nodded, taking in the words and leaned forward to hide his face in Keith's neck.

"This sucks."

"I know."

"I want to cry."

Keith's heart clenched. "You can if you want. I'm here."

"No, that's lame," he said despite sniffling and the tears now wetting Keith's shoulder. Keith wrapped his arms around Lance and squeezed him in tight.

"We'll be okay." They didn't have much of a choice. They had to be.

* * *

did i

did i dream what I have just seen?

wait so wHATT DID I JUST SEE?

*inserts picture*

WHAT IS HAPPENING!??!!

I?

W HA T

MY?HEART?

________

IT'S KLANCE LOVING HOURS

SORRY TO MY BOSS BUT THIS IS TURNING INTO A NATIONAL HOLIDAY I HAVE TO TAKE THE DAY OFF KLANCE IS CANON
Allura was awake early and thrown straight into an interview. It was a casual one, not a lot to it. Just a quick little promotional thing for Voltron since the new season was quickly approaching.

It had planned to be easy, quick, only ten minutes.

What it turned into was a mess.

"Allura, we're all curious on a particular subject involving two of your co-stars." The interviewer said. Allura smiled politely, despite being unsure of what they were talking about. "What do you think of the photos that have surfaced overnight of Keith Kogane and Lance McClain?"

Allura blinked, stupefied.

"Pardon?"

"The photos of them that have been spread around Twitter."

"Photos?" She asked, feeling a cold sweat start to form on the back of her neck.

"Have you not seen them?" They asked, suddenly looking surprised.

Allura straightened her posture. *Show no fear bitch.* "I don't believe I have."

The interviewer, who was a young man from one of the social media websites pulled his phone out of his pocket, bringing up twitter. He extended his phone out to her and it took Allura everything she had to not flinch at the photo that was *definitely* not intended for anyone else but them, let alone the public eye.

She leaned back into her seat.

*No fear, no fear.*

"No comment," she croaked out awkwardly. *Dammit.*

"Are you sure?" They asked. She nodded too quickly.

"Yep." It came out squeaked and unsure. *Double dammit.*

***

so klance canon orr?????

-were those pictures not enough proof?

like i love them but bruh those bitches made out on stage at the JuniAwards I ain't assuming
"Bro, bro, bro, bro!" Cameron’s voice shouted out, getting louder and louder as he ran into the studio where he, Gabriel and Tyler where trying to think some lyrics. They needed a new song for their next album and to be their next single and they needed it soon.

All their heads lifted to Cameron as he exploded into the room, jumping over the top of the couch and shoving his phone in Kendall's face. "Bro!"

"What are you doing?" Kendall asked irritably, pushing the phone off his nose.

"Look!" He said as he shook the phone. Kendall put down the notebook with a grumble, giving his undivided attention to the phone and oh.

His eyes widened a little at the photo he was looking at. Lance and Keith. Lance and Keith making out. Lance and Keith making out in a... pool?

"Is this a Voltron thing? Kendall asked.

"That's the thing! It was taken yesterday apparently. They finished filming season 3 a few weeks ago." Cameron added. "I think this is the real deal."

"Yikes," Tyler said, looking at the photo. "You jealous? Looks like he's got his whole tongue in his mouth."

"Why do you think I'm in love with him? Just because he's good looking does not mean I want to marry him."

"You did have a teeny tiny crush on him-" Cameron said, squeaking out the 'teeny tiny' for emphasis. He was quick to shut up when Kendall glared at him. "Okay, okay! Damn. Now stop looking at me with that scary ass mug of yours."

Of course at one stage Kendall had been interested. But obviously that dream had been crushed when a very drunk Lance rambled on how he had feelings for Keith. It was fine by him, he was pretty much over that thing he had for Lance. He considered him more of a friend than anything now. Just a really, really, good looking one.

Kendall looked back at the photo and frowned. "Something gives me the idea that these photos weren't supposed to be released."

"Wouldn't surprise me," Gabriel added. He pointed to the photo. "It's been zoomed up on, and the
angle is weird."

"So like..." Cameron started out slowly, piecing the bits together. "They just got like? Leaked?"

If they did happen to be in a relationship, it would've meant it would've been relatively new. It couldn't be any longer from the last time he had seen Lance, which was around 7 months ago. They probably weren't ready for it to be public knowledge yet.

Kendall felt bad for them.

He looked away from the photo and picked up his notebook. "I think I can finish this song now."

"Seriously?" Tyler exclaimed, eyes lighting up. "All it took was a Keith and Lance scandal?"

That was one fucked up way of looking at it... "I suppose."

"Dude that's so fucking weird."

"You want me to finish this song or not?"

Kendall was greeted by silence.

*That's what I thought.*

* * *

I'm sorry but I call photoshop

- OH BLAH BLAH YOU JUST DON'T WANT KLANCE

_________

*inserts pictures*

ew

-did you just?

-whats your problem huh?

-look at the username

- ahhhh we love a klance hating pluser

- R.I.P. Here lies all the Kenance shippers

* * *

Social media is exploding over recent publication of several photos of Netflix Original's Voltron stars Keith Kogane (playing the hot-headed Red Paladin, Akira) and Lance McClain (playing the witty Black Paladin Leandro). The two have been sighted in McClain's hometown in Varadero, Cuba, kissing passionately in a pool. This is despite multiple reassurances that their relationship was 'purely platonic as best friends and co-workers', quoted by McClain in a previous interview with West Wide.

This leaves confusion and doubt with Voltron's fans, everyone still unsure of where the actors
Rumours are surfacing that it is merely a publicity stunt with the highly anticipated Voltron Season 4 premiering in a few short weeks, while dedicated fans insist 'Klance' (the chosen 'ship' name for the pair) is genuine.

Both allegations can be neither confirmed or denied though, as the two Voltron stars have yet to make any advances to explain the story behind the pictures. It's going to be an anxious wait to see what happens next. Keep in tune for updates!

* * *

Okay yeah we're all happy because of Klance but uhhhh this is kind of bad?

Neither of them have said anything on social media?
and these pictures look like they were taken at a distance and then zoomed in on
They probably didn't want these photos published...
-oh my god I didn't even think about that ://
-that's so sad I hope they're ok ❤❤❤

anyone else lowkey salty that keith and lance kept their relationship a secret?!?? Think about your fans who have been shipping you guys since day one 😥

-Did you actually sit back and think MAYBE THERE WAS A REASON THEY WEREN'T PUBLIC? no. you obviously didn't. they owe you nothing when it comes to their personal life.
this post is gross.

* * *

I wish to send my biggest apologies to the Voltron fandom with the absolute catastrophe that is the 'Klance' scandal. Honestly, an absolutely disgusting use of power that comes behind the 'shipping' phenomenon.

As you can tell, no, I do not believe these photos are genuine. I believe they're an ugly excuse to cause controversy and give Voltron (a show they are both present on) as much publicity before the newest season is released.

It's a tacky tactic that has worked for them numerous times throughout their career together. Do I even need to bring up the JuniAwards kiss? We all know the insane response that got and have proof how much the ratings for Voltron raised after that award show. Why else would two people who consider themselves to be 'best friends' make out on stage without the aid of a script? I certainly don't do that with my friends.

If you continue to disagree with my opinion, I ask you this. Isn't it a little odd that all this happens literally weeks before the new season? The answer is yes, yes it is odd. It's odd because that was the plan from the beginning.

It's called marketing, and Voltron, Keith Kogane, Lance McClain and anyone associated with the show or them should be ashamed and embarrassed.
I've said my piece and hope these guys can fix the string of lies they have told their devoted fans and stop playing along with this foolishness.

Thank you for reading.

Davidson Myers from DaMy.com

*     *     *

"Yo that Davidson Mysers is a total asshole," Marco muttered as he scrolled through what Keith assumed was a rather brutal article. Davidson Myers was a well known voice for online news from latest trends to scandals. His platform was massive and people liked him for his controversial and blunt opinions.

It sounded like he had a strong one on them.

"What did he say?" Lance asked, not looking like he really wanted to know.

"Uhh..." Marco hesitated and everyone was quick to shake their heads profusely. "Oh... not much."

Lance groaned, head going into his hands. "You are the worst liar ever."

"Idiot," Rachel snapped, smacking Marco up the back of his head, who hissed at the pain and rubbed it with a pout. Lance groaned and shoved his face into the crook of Keith's neck. He wasn't dealing with this stress too well. Keith had more experience in this area, people obsessing over a certain factor of his life. It was happened when he was still a kid at school, it happened when he came out, it had even happened with his hookup with Malcolm.

Lance on the other hand hadn't had to deal with something quite like this at the height of his career. Sure, when he and Jennifer broke up there was interest, but his following had quadrupled since then. This was on a much, much larger scale.

Sofia walked back into the room with a sympathetic smile to Keith as she saw her son hiding away from the world in his arms.

And of course nobody here knew what to do now other than sit and wait. If anything, it should be Keith being the one coming up with ideas. All he had done so far was delete all social media from both their phones. He really should be calling Kolivan or Sandra and Monty...

The sound of the ringing had them all flinch in the McClain living room.

"So would it be a bad thing to ask what you're going to do?" Veronica asked, leg crossed over the other. "You aren't going to deny you're together... are you?"

"There's no point in doing that," Keith said. "People would just get more pissed later on when we eventually did come out. We'd never get ourselves out of that hole."

"So what? Klance is publicly canon now?" Marco asked and that earned a punch to each shoulder from his sisters who were sat either side of him. "Ow!"

"Right now isn't the time for jokes," Veronica grumbled.

Lance whipped his head from Keith's shoulder. "Yeah, Marco! I'm having a crisis!"
"You know literally the whole world has been waiting for you two to get together, right?" He asked looked between them both. "Majority are eager to know if you're actually a thing. The internet is rejoicing."

"That's not what I'm upset about," Lance muttered. "I wanted it to be us to say it. Not for photos to be thrown out for all to see of what I might add was an intimate moment that shouldn't of been witnessed by others."

Marco huffed gruffly. "Intimate is right- ow!" The sisters gave him a sour look after another hit.

"I just hate how negatively it puts us. I wanted it on our terms so it was seen more of a happy thing than a scandal. My relationship isn't a scandal and shouldn't be treated as such like people are probably saying. I don't care people know, I just wish it was in a controlled setting and for when we were ready."

That was something Keith could whole heartedly agree with.

"So, how do you think it happened? Do you think you were followed?"

That was the true question that had yet to be answered. Who was it that took the photos? Maybe someone had spotted them and had taken the chance when they saw what was going on? He wanted to think none of Lance's neighbours had ratted them out. Even then, nobody at that party knew they were together. That was except...

Sofia came back into the room, looking a little trepidatious as Jennifer walked in behind her, shoulders hunched and looking nervous as all hell.

"Hi," she said, rubbing her arm uncomfortably as all eyes in the room went to her.

"Oh this is gonna be good," Marco whispered under his breath to Veronica who (of course) punched his arm. Rachel, however, was too busy glaring at her old friend.

"Well if this doesn't all make sense now," she said, crossing her leg over the other and doing the same with her arms. "Come here for more gossip on Lance to report to the entire world?"

"I came here knowing you might think that way. The timing doesn't really look good in my favour. But it wasn't me who leaked it," Jennifer said, glancing to Lance who still had his head on Keith's shoulder. "I just wanted to make sure you all knew. Especially you two." Her face seemed genuine to Keith, but then again, he just didn't know her well enough to really know.

"It's okay Jenny, I don't think you would," Lance said, pausing when Rachel scoffed. "Rach?"

"Why would you think that?"

"What good would it do her?" Lance said back, looking defeated. Or maybe he was tired with the bickering on top of his preexisting stress. "She would have nothing to gain from telling the press about us." Rachel huffed and looked away, still seeming to disagree. "Seriously Rachel? Why would she risk it when she knows I've got information on her which would send half the internet for her blood? Not that I would do that..."

"Whatever," she got to her feet and stormed out of the room and upstairs. All of them flinching with the distant echo of a slammed door erupted.

"I should probably take that as my leave," Jennifer said. She sighed a little before looking around the room. "Thank you for hearing me out. I hope everything calms down soon."
Lance gave her an awkward smile and nod of his head. "Thanks."

Jennifer was quick to turn around and scurry out of the house, leaving it back to Veronica, Marco, Lance, Sofia and Keith.

"Reckon Rachel will ever get over it?" Marco asked, a simultaneous 'no' came from the rest of the McClain's. Marco nodded. "Yeah, I didn't think so either."

* * *

The next day it was time to go home. Saying goodbyes was surprisingly more upsetting than Keith originally thought it would be. He found himself enjoying Lance's family's company and thought that they seemed to like him well enough too.

At the airport, it was a line up of goodbyes, lots of hugs and well wishes. Even Nadia and Sylvio gave him a big hug, asking when he would be back.

Sofia's was the one who stuck with Keith the most, though.

"I know he's a little... fragile, at the moment let's say," she said after pulling him back from a hug. "But I know he's going to okay, especially since he has you by his side. I can tell you have a big heart, and so does my boy, which may be why he's so sensitive sometimes." Her chuckle was low, but in a warm, calming sort of way. "What I'm trying to say here is, I'm happy because he's a happier person from who he was a year ago. I know you will support each other through this time. It will be hard on him, he might shut down a little, but be patient." Funny, Rachel had said something similar to him once before. "But most importantly, look after each other."

He liked how she said that, that she wasn't just worried about Lance, but a part of her was thinking of Keith too.

"We've got each other. I've got him."

She smiled softly. A Lance matching smile. "I know you do."

After that it was more goodbyes and the flight back home. They were lucky to not have any run ins with the paparazzi. When they got back to Lance's apartment, it was time to take in and reflect.

"Dude." Lance said staring blankly at the roof. "Dude. We're so f**ked."

"It'll be fine. In a week or two nobody will care."

"Yeah but what are we doing for now? The others are getting asked about it in interviews too, we have been MIA from the media for two whole days now. We're going to have to talk about it eventually."

The idea struck.

"Coran."

"Pardon?"

"Season 3 is released tomorrow. The following week we always have Coran's interview. We come come clean then. It'll be with Coran, so we know we won't be put on the spot or attacked with stupid questions."

Lance fell into a silence and sighed, long and hard. "I guess that's the best we can do for now. We
don't have much of a choice. What do we do until then?"

"Law low."

"Can't believe your first trip to Cuba just got tarnished by that," Lance muttered with spite on the edge of his tongue. Keith deflated. Lance had been so excited about him meeting his family and going to Cuba, but since they found out those photos were released, his sunniness had been dampened by a sad cloud.

"I still had an amazing time," he insisted seriously. Lance lifted his head from the couch and looked at him with a disbelieving look. "I'm serious! It's beautiful, your family was awesome and I think they liked me."

Lance smiled softly. "They loved you, fool."

"And that's all I wanted out of that trip. I wanted to meet your family. I wanted to hang out with you. I got to do that. It was a great holiday and I want to go back already."

Lance's worried expression melted. "You do?"

"Of course," Keith chuckled. "One little thing going wrong isn't going to wreck it all."

Lance huffed, a playful one, a curl on his forehead bouncing up at the air. "Little..." he paused, looking uncomfortable. "I don't know how well I'm going to react, if I'm being honest." Keith knew he was talking about his anxiety with the media and paparazzi.

"Either way, we're going to get through it all."

"How about you? How do you feel about it?"

Keith thought for a moment. How did he feel about it all? "I mean, I wish it were in better circumstances, but it is what it is. We just have to get through the first couple of weeks, hope it doesn't affect Voltron's viewings in a negative way, and soon something else will happen and nobody will care about our photos."

Lance nodded, leaning his head against Keith's shoulder.

"You've been in this industry longer than I have, you know more than me when it comes to this stuff." He paused. "Reckon Monty and Sandra will be mad?"

"Nah. If anything this will work in their favour." Lance looked at him with a raised brow.

"How?"

Keith smirked and tilted his head to look at Lance. "Because Klance is Canon King." Lance snorted out a laugh, pushing Keith's face away.

"Stop it," he grinned.

"KICK!"

"Stop!" He repeating, laughing this time. But Keith didn't stop, because despite the complaints Lance was smiling and laughing and that was all the convincing Keith needed to know that they were going to be okay.
SO KLANCE IS OUT!! I would LOVE if you guys sent in some questions for them to answer as they will be doing an interview in a few chapters! It will be on Allura's YouTube channel which means you can make the questions about anything and as weird and whacky as you want so GO FOR IT NOTHING IF OUT OF BOUNDS (a lie but still ask it'll give me and them a good laugh)

also if you haven't yet follow the chapter title link because i think i'm funny

so yeah the people knows IT REALLY WASN'T JENNY WHO LEAKED IT BTW!!!
i had planned it out and then I realised halfway through writing the chapter how guilty she looked lol

what to expect next chapter
- Coran's interview time
- Lance is K E E N much to everyone's disgust
A Step Forward and Loopholes

Chapter Notes

I wanted to give a little thanks to all of those who submitted some Klance questions! Feel free to add some more but just a fair warning I'm being pretty picky with them so don't get offended if I don't pick yours and I'm already half way through writing it so no promises ❤❤❤

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Things were a little... hectic to start with. Lance had refused to leave his apartment for the first couple of days because he didn't want to bump into any paparazzi. Keith wasn't going to force him out. That was not going to be of benefit to anyone, especially when Lance was so anxious about it. It took four days for him to gather enough courage to step out, and even then, he only walked across the street to Keith's apartment because he missed Cosmo.

According to Shiro everyone was as nosy as ever, eager to know the details. There was 'slight division' to quote. Some people were insistent that it was all a hoax, an extravagant publicity stunt. Others were certain they were in a relationship. There were the ones thought maybe they were along the lines of 'fuck buddies' which just made things and rumours even messier.

None of the Voltron cast had said anything, and there ended up not being a Fan Q&A session on the premier night of season 3. Those who attended (Pidge, Allura and Hunk) were instantly flooded with questions about the rumours so they ended it within ten minutes.

Keith could see the mental debate going on in Lance's head just by looking at him. The worst part was there was not really anything he could do but just wait for Coran's interview.

If Keith were being honest, he wasn't even sure in the beginning if he was going to be able to get Lance to leave the apartment to get to the interview. He knew if worse came to worse, Lance could just stay home and Keith tell them by himself, although not ideal he was prepared to do it.

There were also the mood swings. Lance was wound up so tightly he would snap and get frustrated at the slightest thing. Angry Lance wasn't something Keith was entirely used to and certainly didn't know how to deal with. A few fights had occurred on the way, nothing serious, but it really didn't help with the already stressful situation.

But on the sixth day, a mere three days before the interview something clicked over in Lance's brain.

Keith had woken up to Lance sitting on the edge of the bed, large glass cup in his hand filled with a pale yellow drink. He extended it out to him as Keith groggily sat up.

"Banana and passion fruit smoothie." He held the glass closer to Keith. "A thank you and apology for putting up with my crazy ass."

Keith sighed, sitting up and leaning forward to take the cup and plant a kiss to Lance's cheek.

"I love you, and thank you, but don't be ridiculous. You're stressed, we're both stressed. This week
has been a mess and a half."

Lance shook his head. "Doesn't mean I can take my frustration out on you and snap at you."

"It's okay. But thanks for apologising anyway." Keith took a sip of the drink. It was good. "I spoke to Coran," he said casually, like it wasn't a big deal. Lance wriggled in closer.

"What did he say?"

"He said he's going to start with us telling everyone. We're only going to talk about how we're together, keep it short. Then we're going to move on and talk about season 3." Lance nodded along as he spoke.

"Okay, that's a good start. But what are we going to do about the other stuff? I doubt the production team would be happy with rumours painting them as Montague's and Capulet's with forcing us to keep a secret."

"We're going to talk to Sandra and Monty about that on our script reading next Wednesday." Lance nodded, now moving to stand up. He stood there for a few moments, contemplating something. "You okay?"

"Yeah, I was thinking we should take Cosmo for a walk. He's been sad about not going out."

Keith sat up a little more. "Really? You sure?"

"I can't hide away forever." He clasped his hands together, swaying forwards and backwards. "We can't change what has already happened. I've accepted that. I'm still annoyed about how it came about but we might as well just go with it. Take every positive we can."

Keith smiled, relief falling off his shoulders that had previously been weighing him down. There he was, his Lance was back. "I'll be ready in a few minutes."

Lance smiled brightly and turned around and walked out of the room, calling for Cosmo. They were small steps, but at least they were forward.

*     *     *

"So how has it been since... you know?"

"Since photos of us making out got leaked?" Lance asked and Hunk nodded. "Well I thought it would've calmed down so I downloaded Twitter again-"

"Oh no."

"Yeah. That Davidson Myers was really mean. I cried after reading his post."

"Lance..." Hunk said sadly.

"That guy's a dick head." Keith grumbled as he went for a cup of water. They were all gathered in the waiting room for Coran's interview. "I read it too. Saying we're using our fans for more views?" He grunted out a noise of irritation. "Fuck that guy." Keith had thrown a fit when he read the article after Lance. To say he had been furious was an understatement.

"Did you see anything else?" Allura asked.
"My tears blurred up my vision as I scrolled, so no," Lance chuckled despite that painful pang in his chest.

"I deleted it again once tears started falling," Keith said bitterly, sipping at his water.

"You must have been unlucky for that to be the first thing to pop up," Pidge spoke. "Most people are just curious to know what's going on. It's like a whole internet debate. Theories are going around like crazy."

"Well none of them will matter in about an hour anyway," Keith said, moving to sit next to Lance on the sofa. Their shoulders pressed against one another. "They'll all know we're together after our interview with Coran."

There was something so suffocating and relieving about that statement. Of course they had been mostly backed into a corner into telling everyone, but once they did they were free. Free to be able to act like a couple, to share their love with the people who had followed their journey so far.

He remembered Krolia's words of surpassing obstacles and feeling better for the long run and took a deep breath.

Keith grabbed at his hand and squeezed.

"It'll be good for you guys to be out though, a whole less stressful," Shiro said and Lance couldn't agree more.

"And when it all calms down we can post the Klance Video Diaries!" Pidge said, all of them laughing quietly at that.

"So what about all the other rumours?" Allura asked. "There are so many things going around. Are you going to talk about them?"

"No, we're not sure how to go about that yet."

"Have you spoken to Sandra and Monty?"

"Yeah, they were more worried about us than anything," Keith continued. "They cleared our interviews and are refusing any offers. Apparently they've been stampeded with requests and offering big dollars for exclusives. We only chose to do Coran's because we trust him not to screw us over."

Shiro nodded. "That's probably for the best; to wait for the hype to die down."

There was a knock at the door and a girl popped her head in the door. "Hello Voltron cast, Coran will be ready for you in a short amount of time. Would you please follow me." They all shared a look before standing up and following the woman throughout the winding halls until they reached backstage, Coran's voice echoing on stage and making the audience laugh.

"How you feeling?" Lance asked, tilting his to look at Keith.

"Nervous, of course." Lance already had guessed this by the clench of his jaw and the way his hands shoved into the depths of his pockets of his blazer. "You?"

Lance nodded. "Yeah, nervous too." There was a loud applause which sent the two into a few seconds of silence. "This interview isn't even about us. It's about season 3." Saying the reminder out loud made him feel a little better. The focus was only going to be on them for a short time.
"You're right. And Coran will make sure nothing about us is asked. They looked through all the fan questions just in case."

"Still kind of terrifying," Lance admitted as a new person walked by, telling them they'd be going on in less than thirty seconds. He felt a nervous shiver shake his body and took a deep, shaky breath. The unpredictability of it all was causing his anxiety rates to skyrocket.

"We'll be fine." Keith said, fingers grazing Lance's wrist. And just like that, Lance can breathe a little easier. The action caused Lance to look back to his face and could feel a tinge of relief as he saw Keith smile slightly. "Ready?" he asked as the audience roared over the announcement of their arrival.

Lance leaned forward and pressed his lips to Keith for a quick moment. A boost for encouragement.

"Let's go, Mullet," Lance said then followed Shiro and Allura onto the stage. The lights were bright and familiar, not as daunting as the first time he walked out on them despite the cheer being like sticking your head in the cloud during a thunderstorm.

Coran stood to greet them all as they made their way to the long couch. Lance was on the edge of the couch, Keith next to him since they were the first ones who Coran were going to be talking to. The cheers were still deafening as they sat down. Lance smiled brightly, taking it all in and wiped his hands discreetly onto his pants. He was so grossly sweaty. He hoped nobody could see the fear in his eyes.

"Well it is definitely a 'long time no see' scenario!" Coran said with a big cheery grin.

"Far too long," Allura said and the others nodded in agreement.

"So much has happened since we all last met. Season 3 of Voltron came out last week!" The crowd erupted into screams and cheers. "We also had the JuniAwards where Voltron won and spectacular 15 awards. Congratulations!" More applause and screaming. The reminder of all the people in the room made his throat close up a little. "Things have been changing, it seems," Coran grinned, making sure to make the point of looking to both Keith and Lance. The audience caught onto the exchange and tittered.

"That's one way of looking at it Coran," Keith said with a smirk.

"Now I think we're all waiting for this, but we are all quite curious to know what may have... changed." He looked from Keith to Lance, a good natured grin on his face.

"Lots of things have changed," Lance chuckled, tone someone mocking, stretching out the inevitable in a way that had the audience almost falling off their seats in anticipation. Humour really helped with that fear of impending death.

"Care to elaborate?"

Shit. This was it. Lance was going to throw up, but he was grinning. This was good. A step forward. They just had to get through the tough stuff.

Lance and Keith looked to each other. His smile turned nervous and sheepish and he mouthed 'you say it'.

Keith smiled bashfully as he looked back to Coran. "Well there has been a lot of rumours going around but I can safely say that yes, Lance and I are in a relationship." The instant response was as
insane as Lance assumed it was going to be, maybe even more intense. He grinned at everyone's enthusiasm, all the screams and excitement that radiated throughout the room making him feel light. It was one of the most exhilarating things to ever happen to him. It felt good to be out. It felt good to be able to share.

Lance hid his face into Keith's neck for a moment, honestly a little embarrassed by how everyone just went absolutely off because they were that excited. After a few seconds to compose himself he pulled his head back, still smiling like a madman. He looked to Keith who was pink in the cheeks but smiling. In fact, everyone was smiling.

Yeah. This was good. This was a step forward in the right direction.

"Alright then, time to talk about the best season of Voltron yet! Season Three!"

* * *

so now klance is quite literally canon king.... CAN WE PLEASE GET SOME DETAILS

HOW DID IT HAPPEN

WHO CONFESSIONS TO WHO

HOW LONG HAVE THEY BEEN TOGETHER

WE JUST REALLY WANNA KNOW

so yes keith and lance are together but i'm still curious to know if some of the rumours are true... specifically if the voltron team made them keep quiet so it wouldn't negatively affect filming if they ended up breaking up

-thats a good question

-i mean i doubt it but i also wanna know

GUYS GUYS GUYS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

-what WHAT WHAT

GUYS I WAS JUST THINKING AND-

I WAS REFLECTING ON KLANCE AND WHAT ABOUT THAT MYSTERY LANCE LOOKALIKE MALCOLM OR WHATEVER HIS NAME WAS??!!?!?

-what do you mean???

DOES THAT MEAN KEITH WAS ACTUALLY ATTRACTION TO LANCE ALL THOSE YEARS AGO?? HOW LONG HAS THIS IDIOT BEEN PINING??!!??!!

-oh my fucking god that's so true?
-keith is such an inspiration when it comes to being a a disaster gay like he really just spent years pining for lance

-i shouldn't be laughing but KEITH WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK AHAHAHAHHA

_________________

THEYLEOOKEDSOHAPPYIMCRYING

-you okay? ^^^

TEHY'RESOHAPPYUTOEGTHER

*    *    *

Keith was only fractionally surprised when Lance started screaming during the middle of the script reading. He looked up at Keith with the biggest, brightest grin imaginable that would've usually had him melting if it weren't for the reason behind the happy outburst.

"Lance," Sandra said, tone in her voice a clear warning.

"Sorry!" Lance squeaked, giving Keith a smirk across the table, falling quiet again. He squirmed in his seat, still smiling as his eyes darted over the paper.

"We're going to be looking over the other notes at a later date. I want you all to read through the first three episodes. Familiarise yourselves. I know we still have a month before filming, but we want this to go as smoothly as possible. No need to make it harder-" Lance snickered behind his hand. "-than it needs to be."

Lance looked like he was downright about to explode.

"Now," Sandra said as she picked up her papers. "Please excuse me for a moment. I need to go get the timetable to pass around. I also want to speak to you Lance and Keith." She gave them interchangeable looks before getting to her feet and leaving the meeting room. As soon as the door closed Lance shot to her feet, holding the script above his head the main cast all looking in his direction in shock.

"Hallelujah for Season 4 episode 1 because Leakira are finally gonna fuck!"

Keith's head went into his hands. How was this man his on-screen and off-screen boyfriend?

Allura and Hunk clapped, Shiro chuckled and Pidge just rolled her eyes before she spoke. "It's not that surprising Lance. The biggest shock of it all is that it's the end of the very first episode."

"It's starting off the season with a bang."

"Oh yikes Lance, you're jokes just get cornier and cornier," Hunk said.

"I have to contend to that," Keith grumbled which earned a pout from Lance.

"I'm just loving your enthusiasm for this," Allura giggled.

"It's fun!"

"It's actually kinda fucked you're so excited for this."
"How? I've never had to film a scene like this! What embarrassing shit will happen? How many times can I fluster Keith?"

"What?" His question got ignored.

"Will I get a boner? Will Keith get a boner? Will the camera people get boners because we're that smoking? Who knows?"

"Well I won't be getting one, so you don't have to wonder about that," Keith grumbled, sipping at his coffee. Lance had the audacity to look offended. "I'm not going to get a boner in a room full of people Lance."

Lance pouted then smirked. "Hmmm.... challenge accepted."

"Please don't, for the sake of the rest of us and the crew" Shiro sighed, shaking his head. Lance sent a cheesy in Keith's direction, making it obvious that he was joking. He was actually starting to worry there for a moment. It wouldn't put it past Keith for Lance to pull that kind of stunt.

Sandra walked back into the room with the timetables and handed them out. "This is just precautionary hand-outs to make sure you don't make any plans around times we may need to travel. Now you two." She looked to Lance and then to him. "We're going to need to do something about these rumours going around. Specifically the ones giving Netflix and the Voltron heads a bad name."

"Do you want us to make a Tweet or something?" Keith asked. "Because I don't think that's going to suffice. There's no way we can explain everything in a Tweet."

Sure, most people were happy to know that they were together, but people's curiosity still had yet to be quenched. People wanted to know why it was kept quiet. How long it had been kept from them and various other details. Of course some things would be kept quiet, but sacrifices were probably going to be needed to make so things didn't get out of hand.

"I agree. An interview would do the trick, but I know you aren't doing those at the moment..." She trailed off, finger tapping against the meeting table they were all sat at. Lance had been very definite about not doing interviews. A big 'no no' for the time being, if we were going to use his words exactly. Keith of course respected that choice, there was no point pushing something that might cause him to have an anxiety attack. But it did make things a little more complicated.

"I may have an idea," Lance piped up, leaning back on his chair. "Controlled setting, easy to answer questions, time to think through responses and widely accessible for everyone to watch. Get all those rumours and queries explained and answered..."

"Sounds great. And what is it?"

Lance twisted his head to look at Allura. "Allura's YouTube channel. She could interview us. Get some fan questions. Chill environment. Make fans happy. That is if she is willing."

Allura blinked in surprise, looking around the table as everyone stared at her.

"Oh!" She said in surprise, thinking for less than a second before her eyes lit up. "That would be amazing! My subscribers have been wanting you both on my channel forever! I would love to make a video like that with you. It'll be like a Boyfriend Tag!"

Keith had no idea what a 'boyfriend tag' meant, but he assumed Lance did as he clasped his hands with Allura's excitedly, shaking them in sync.
"Awesome! This is going to be fun!"

"Yes! And we can ask fans to submit questions and-" They both rambled off, listing all the things they could do with the video. Keith looked to Sandra.

"I think we have that sorted out now."

She let out a breath of relief. "Thank god."

* * *

"Yah know the one good thing about our relationship getting exposed is?" Lance asked the group as they sat on the couch in Hunk's apartment.

"What?" Allura asked.

"Everyone is so focused on us, they haven't even suspected that Shiro and Adam's wedding is literally in two days."

"You're right! Look at you Lance! Always looking on the bright side of things!" Shiro grinned, looking to Adam who snorted in amusement.

"I mean I did have two and a half mental breakdowns, but sure, I'm a positive bitch."

"Two and a half?" Pidge asked, leaning in to Keith's ear.

"Don't ask," Keith murmured back.

"It is a pretty big miracle no one has caught on," Hunk said, brows scrunched up in confusion.

"I know why," Lance said, smirk growing. He flopped backwards, head going into Keith's lap and his feet dangled over the arm of the couch. "You guys are old and irrelevant now because Keith and I are now the alpha gays."

Keith chuckled. "Hear that guys? You're fucking old and relevant!" Lance snickered and Keith smirked down at him, fingers moving to play with the soft brown curls.

"I'll only let you two take the role of alpha gays once you get a ring bigger than mine Lance," Adam snickered, raising his hand and showing off the massive diamond on his finger.

"Hear that Keith? Put a ring on my finger so we can reign supreme."

"The only ring you'll be getting is a Ring Pop." Keith muttered. The others in the room laughing while Lance's eyes shined mischievously.

"I mean he didn't specify what kind of ring..." He sat up and pointed to Adam with triumphance. "We found a loophole!" Adam rolled his eyes with a smile, looking to Shiro who was laughing.

"Well shit, they found a loophole," Shiro snickered. "Looks like we have no choice."

"Does this mean we can give you guys the safe sex talk now?" Lance snickered.

"No-"

"Don't be silly, wrap your-"
"I am not getting safe sex advice from someone who is practically ten years younger than me," Adam muttered in defiance.

"I'm full of sexual wisdom!" Lance insisted, voice going a higher pitch in offense. "Aren't I Keith?"

"We are not having this conversation," he deadpanned.

"Boo. You're never any fun."

"No, I don't want to traumatise our friends."

"What are you doing that would trauma*ise us?" Shiro asked, looking mildly horrified.

"That's a dangerous question to ask when we all know full well Lance would go into every single detail," Adam snickered which seemed to horrify Shiro even more. Lance smirked a little.

"I'll totally go into detail if you-"

Everyone cut him off with an unanimous 'no!'

Chapter End Notes

EEEEE THEY'RE HEALING~~

What to expect next chapter
-Adam and Shiro's Wedding
"What is he doing?" Pidge asked, brows raised as they watched Lance flounce around the reception room. As the best man, Keith wanted to make sure everything was going by smoothly with decorations and so forth. It was thanks to them hiring the best wedding planners in the business.

"Sometimes it's better to just let him go," Keith sighed, cringing as Lance almost bumped into a worker who was holding a large glass vase. He was quick to flick from apologetic back to dancing around, singing some song.

"That is a little bit upsetting
I'd rather think about... a wedding!"

As he sang 'wedding' he spun around, facing Keith and Pidge with his arms spread out.

"Let's think about cake
Let's think about flowers"

He ran over, grabbing Pidge's hands.

"Let's think about dressing up and dancing around for hours"

Her face scrunched up, obviously not enthused with being forced to move around the area segregated for the dance floor.

"There's an awful a lot of awful things we could be thinking of!
But for just one day let's only think about love."

Quickly he moved over to Keith. Hand extending out to him.

"We could think about lies
that we told in the past
We could think about hurt feelings
and how long they can last"

This song from that one cartoon that Lance was obsessed with was scarily relevant...

"Or we can think about hope!"

He knew the next line and it was sometimes better to indulge Lance than deny him. "Hope?"

Lance grinned as he sang. "You know I've been hoping."
"About what?" Keith asked, snickering as Lance grabbed as hands and forced them both to put their arms in the air.

"That everything is better now
Everything's out in the open"

"I hope this isn't Adam and Shiro's first dance song," Pidge said and Lance poked his tongue at her before continuing to sing around the room, not minding the odd stares he was getting from the people working.

"We could think about flowers
We could think about cake
We could think about wonderful promises we have the power to make
There's an awful a lot of awful things we could be thinking of!
But for just one day let's only think about love."

Lance paused, brain thinking over something, mouth moving as if he was skipping over some of the lyrics.

"We can think about joy-"
He sang with a spin. "We could think about pain!" He then walked to a table and grabbed a chair to dance with. "We could think about sunshine, we could think about rain!"

Keith noticed a few of the workers giving him odd looks and began to walk over.

"There's an awful a lot of awful things we could be thinking of!"

He then he put his shiny black shoe on the chair, causing Keith to speed up his pace.

"But for just one day let's only think about - Just one day let's only think about-"

"Don't you dare stand on that chair," Keith growled as Lance began to do just that. He grinned that evil little smile of his and did the exact opposite of what Keith asked him to do. He stood on the motherfucking chair and sang his entire lungs out for the waiting staff.

"Just one day let's only think about love!"

"I can't believe you sometimes," Keith grumbled, wrapping an arm around Lance's waist to drag him back down. Lance went along with it with a laugh, smiling as Keith plotted him down to the ground. "Come one, I need to go check on Shiro and see how he is going. Knowing him he's probably freaking out."

"Oh that is content I have to see," Lance said. He grabbed at Keith's arm and tugged. "Lead the way!"

"You coming Pidge?" Keith asked, looking over his shoulder to Pidge who was inspecting a table piece. Her eyes shot up and she jumped away, like she was afraid of being caught.

"Yeah I'll come. Matt's with Shiro at the moment and he's probably freaking out just as much. He's practically the third person in that relationship," she said now walking beside Keith.

"That's true. Matt was the one who pushed them together and stopped Shiro from pitifully watching Adam from afar and actually go talk to him," Keith chuckled fondly, thinking back on all those years ago. He remembered being a young teenager, rolling his eyes at the stupidity of it all.
"So if Matt is the third person in Shiro and Adam's relationship, who is the third person in ours?" Lance asked, looking off into the distance as he thought it over. "Pidge?"

"Hell no I'm not. If anyone it's probably Allura. Lance tells her way too many details for her not to be."

Keith's face scrunched up and looked to Lance in disbelief. "What kind of details are we talking about here?" Lance looked ahead, face straight for a few seconds before a smile cracked onto his face and he giggled sounding just as guilty. "Uh? Lance?"

"Nothing bad!" He insisted and tugged at Keith's arm. "Come on, I want to hear more about when Shiro and Adam first met."

"Fine. But I'm going to ask Allura later," he huffed, then twitched his nose as he thought over the beginning of their relationship. "Well they met on set for a movie Shiro was in. Adam's father was directing it and Adam would occasionally join him. He was working on being a script writer at that stage before he wrote his book." It was weird, talking about it brought forward a lot of memories. "Shiro tried to be cool but he was always hopeful that Adam would be on set and would get so dejected when he wasn't there. Shiro didn't even talk to Adam for the entire filming process because he was too nervous."

"I love that so much. So disastrous."

"Right?" Keith snickered. "The first time they actually had a conversation was the celebration night of completion of filming."

"Stop it!" Lance laughed in disbelief.

"Sad but true."

"What about Adam?" Lance asked.

"Well... Adam..."

"Adam barely notice Shiro at all," Pidge snickered and Lance looked on the verge on passing out.

"What do you mean? How could you not notice that God of a man? Those were his 'Golden Heartthrob' years!"

Keith raised his brows. "His Golden what?"

"From what I remember Matt saying, Adam didn't give a shit about his status. He was just another actor who worked with his father. If anything, Adam avoided the actors."

Keith did remember Shiro pouting to him about it and Shiro never pouted.

"Can't relate," Lance chirped, giving Keith a teasing smile.

"You were so deep in denial you didn't even realise you liked me," he reminded him which earned narrowed eyes.

"You expose your own boyfriend like this?"

"He's not wrong."

"I'm being attacked."
"Come on," Keith said, ignoring his fake annoyance. "Let's go see how bad Shiro is going."

*     *     *

Lance was impressed with how put together Shiro was. He would not have even noticed how nervous he was if Keith hadn't pointed out his nervous ticks. Including his jumpy knee, consistently wiping his forehead and closing his eyes as he took deep, controlled breaths.

That composure obviously all went down the drain as he started saying his vows, his voice cracking the second words came out. The words were incredibly sweet and had Adam grinning the whole time, wiping his eyes occasionally. It was the most Lance had ever seen Adam smile since most of the time he was sporting a resting bitch face.

The whole thing was just so gorgeous, the obvious love and adoration making his own throat clog up. Man, Lance was a sucker for a happy love story.

Everyone cheered as they sealed the deal, kissing sweetly before walking back down the aisle to a Limo.

After the happy newlyweds had driven away people started to disperse, mingling and chatting about how beautiful the service was before moving on and going to the reception area. Keith and Matt walked over to the rest of the cast. Matt looking vaguely upset.

"Man, can't believe I bet against Shiro crying," he muttered. "Now I owe Keith $100."

"At least you didn't bet against Lance crying," Pidge grumbled.

"It's not my wedding!"

"You're a sensitive soul," Allura insisted, patting his shoulder tentatively. "Plus you did have tears in your eyes."

"They didn't fall though and that's all that matters," Hunk smiled proudly.

"Disappointed in you guys," Lance said, shaking his head, grabbing Keith's hand and tugging him in to a closer distance. "But we really should get going. Don't you guys and the other groomsmen and grooms... maids? Is that what you call them? Anyway, don't you have a separate limo to get?"

Lance asked, looking between Matt and Keith.

"Oh shit!" and then they were off.

The rest of them then drove off together in their own car to the reception area. It looked absolutely stunning on full display. The roof was covered in lights and had a glistening chandelier, truly looking like a night sky full of stars. The tables were covered in white cloth and simplistic baby pink and white flower arrangements. It was like a fairy tale had just jumped from the pages of a child's book.

Once they all were seated at a table and settled was when Lance could appreciate the big names that were actually invited. Everywhere he looked was a familiar face and the excessive desire to go introduce himself. At their table (which appeared to be the 'close friends' table) was a few of Adam's friends, mostly children of famous actors and writers like himself. They got chatting, getting to know each other as they waited for the bridal parties to walk back in to sit at the bridal table. Keith and Adam's Best man lead the way.

Did Lance mention how good his man was looking in his suit? No? Well, okay, he was
looking fine as hell in the simple, but skillfully tailored black tuxedo. It fit him as if it were made for him, which with the weddings budget, he wouldn't be surprised if all the groomsmen had custom made suits.

Soon after the bridal parties were seated, people began to crackle with conversation until the men of the hour walked in, hand in hand and gold rings glistening. Nothing could take the smiles off their faces and their closest friends and family cheered. They sat at the head of their table and Shiro gave them all a short thank you before going into toasts and speeches.

Adam's Best Man was one of his older brothers. He told the crowd embarrassing stories of 'the ever so serious' Adam which made everyone giggle. When it was Keith's turn Lance noticed the nervous look on his face, especially so when he looked over. Lance gave him a quiet thumbs up and a smile and grinned more as the corner of Keith's lips quirked up. He then cleared his throat and raised his microphone.

"Hi everyone. My name is Keith. I first met Shiro on the set of my first movie appearance. I was the only kid on set and my role was pretty minor, but Shiro was the one who always spoke to me, gave me tips on how I could improve. It didn't take long for me to cling to him like the annoying brat I was." The crowd gave a small laugh, Shiro's being the loudest. "I never left his side, yet Shiro didn't complain. Was always patient and kind and so amazing at whatever he did. The guy became my hero, my big brother."

A part of Lance's heart clenched. So sweet.

"And as my hero I put him on this pedal stool. So skip a few years and he comes to me, yapping on about how amazing this guy he met was I found it pretty hard to believe. Who was this guy who had gotten Shiro's attention? I for sure didn't think it would be some sarcastic, nosy, know it all whose first words to me were 'what's your name emo kid?'" Shiro and Adam burst out laughing, a few other people snickering along.

"As you could probably guess, Adam and I didn't really get along at first. And we still have our fights and disagreements, but I could never ask for anyone better to be with my brother. You've always made each other happy, always respected and looked after one another. You guys showed me what kind of relationship and love I wanted for myself."

Lance grinned, smiling to himself despite knowing a good number of eyes in the room had turned to look directly at him.

"So with that, I want everyone to raise their glass and toast to Shiro and Adam, wishing for many years of happiness because you're now officially stuck with each other." A few more laughs went around the room as glasses were raised and then clinked. Both Adam and Shiro hugged Keith before he sat down which was adorable.

After the extravagant cake cooked by Hunk was cut and it was soon time for the first dance. This was Lance's time to start to get a little nervous as he went to get set up, Keith stealing his seat as he went to the piano guy. Keith smiled in his direction and gave him a small thumbs up. Lance smiled at the sentiment and grabbed the mic.

Time to get this show on the road.

*   *   *

"Hello everybody - hi!" Lance laughed into the mic as everyones attention turned from their individual conversations to him. "For those who don't know me, my name is Lance," Allura beside
Keith whistled which made their table giggle. "Thanks Lura. The reason I'm up here tonight is that I was honoured enough to be asked by Shiro and Adam to perform the song for their first dance as a married couple."

The crowd cheered at that and Lance nodded in agreement.

"I know right? I was just as thrilled when they asked me. I don't know if they know this, but they're a big inspiration to me, especially when I was younger. If 15 year old me knew I'd be here, celebrating the most special day of their lives so far I would have just combusted into flames." Another ring of laughter went around the room. Keith always admired Lance's ability to entertain a crowd.

"So in saying that, I would like to welcome our newlyweds to the dance floor for their first dance!" The crowd cheered and Keith watched as Shiro and Adam walked hand in hand over to the middle of the large dance floor. They smiled lovingly at each other as the piano started and they got into their dance positions, laughing at something together as they did so.

It didn't matter if this day was about Adam and Shiro, because the moment Lance opened his mouth majority of Keith's attention went there.

"You lift my heart up when the rest of me is down
You, you enchant me even when you're not around"

As per usual Lance sounded breathtaking. It stupefies Keith each and every time he sung. He just couldn't believe the raw talent he had.

"If there are boundaries, I will try to knock them down
I'm latching on, babe, now I know what I have found
I feel we're close enough
Could I lock in your love?"

A sweet giggle left Allura as Shiro twirled Adam under his arm and pulled him back in close. Keith was sure he had never seen Adam smile so much in one concession before.

"I feel we're close enough
Could I lock in your love?"

Keith looked back over to Lance as he continued to fill the room with sweet sounds.

"Now I've got you in my space
I won't let go of you
Got you shackled in my embrace
I'm latching on to you"

The notes he sang sent an involuntary shiver through his body and he wasn't alone. He noticed a few people in the room do the same.

"I'm so en-captured, got me wrapped up in your touch
Feel so enamored, hold me tight within your clutch
How do you do it, got me losing every breath
Why did you kiss me to make my heart beat out my chest?"

Shiro and Adam must have loosened up from the nerves of all the eyes because they were talking and laughing, moving more freely around the dance floor. Twirling in and out from each other's
grip, but always coming right back into one other's arms.

"I feel we're close enough
Could I lock in your love?
I feel we're close enough
Could I lock in your love?"

They smile at each other, like the world around them has disappeared. Keith wasn't lying when he said in his speech that their relationship was what set the standard for himself. It made it obvious that this kind of love was out there, was accessible and not just in movies and romance novels. It was there and when Keith saw that love between them he knew he wanted that one day.

"Now I've got you in my space"

He looked back to Lance who was smiling as he sung and it caused something in Keith's own chest to start its own song. He had never really had a musical bone in his body, but Keith knew it was the song he had been searching for.

"I won't let go of you
Got you shackled in my embrace
I'm latching on to you"

Keith promised himself never to settle for anything less than perfect.

"Now I've got you in my space
I won't let go of you
Got you shackled in my embrace
I'm latching on to you"

He thinks he may have just found it and can't help but smile.

"I'm latching on to you."

The song ends and the claps and cheers of family and friends brought Adam and Shiro from their lovesick daze and Keith would be lying if it didn't snap him out of his.

"Thank you everyone! Let's give another round of applause to our grooms and come join them out on the dance floor!" Lance shouted and Allura was already dragging them all out to join Shiro and Adam. It only took a minute or two before Lance was squishing his way through the dancing figures to where their group was. His boyfriend was quick to slink into his side, which Keith welcomed, hand going around his waist to pull him in, hip to hip. It was the most affection they'd shone since going public and Lance absolutely beamed, teeth glistening white despite the dimmed room and colourful lights.

"You sounded amazing!" Allura said and the others - Hunk, Pidge and Matt - all nodded in agreement.

"Thank you so much! Did you see how happy they looked?" Lance sighed happily, hand on heart. "Man, that was adorable as fuck."

"It was so cute," Hunk agreed. "I can't believe they're married now."

"It is weird, but you know what we have to do now?" Matt asked looking around the group. "We have to party!" He shouted the last part, hands going in the air making their group cheer.
And god did they party. One stage Lance was pouring a bottle of very expensive wine into Adam and Allura's mouth, then moving on to dancing (god there was a lot of dancing, Lance never knew when to quit and of course he forced Keith to dance to every one of his favourite songs), they whipped out a limbo stick which ended up with Shiro on his back, laughing and only got up when his new husband pulled him to his feet and a whole bunch of other stuff.

A few people came up to Lance and Keith and congratulated them, which was strange, but in a good way. Especially when Lance smiled, thanked them and held Keith in closer instead of pushing him away

They waved and smiled as the newlyweds went off to their hotel which Lance sneered and said 'off to christen their marriage' which was definitely something Keith rather not think about.

It ended up being an incredible night. With laughter and love and friends.

So he's not sure how he ended up here, in a McDonalds at 4am in the morning, the staff watching them (him, Lance, Allura, Pidge, Hunk and Matt) with obvious starstruck expressions.

And he certainly doesn't know how he got to staring at Lance like he was god's gift to the world while he was slurping on a milkshake and munching on a burger, sauce dripping down his chin like he was some animal.

"You're a mess," Keith told him in disgust and awe. Lance smiled, closed since his mouth full of burger and for some reason it spikes this epiphany. Because this honestly should be really gross, but Keith is still so enraptured by his presence. Still find himself smitten beyond belief.

It's so striking that feeling, that sensation of realisation rattling in his head.

Oh, Keith thought to himself quietly. *He's really the one I want to spend my forever with...*

He smiled, grabbing a napkin and forcing it into Lance's hands for him to wipe the burger off his face.

Shiro and Adam might have set the standard for what Keith wanted from love, but Lance was the one who surpassed it in every way imaginable.

Chapter End Notes

if you're curious about the songs Lance was singing the first one was Let’s Only Think About Love from Steven Universe which you can find in the link below
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KYYMgR0thFA

and the first dance song was Latch (Acoustic) by Sam Smith which you can also find below
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pUK6H1zNWEg

What to expect next update
- It's time for the Klance interview with Allura
- spoilers it's an absolute amazing mess
R.I.P Twelve Year Old's

Chapter Notes

I speak for myself and out creatives who put their stuff out there with saying this, but if you're going to criticize someones work, or an aspect of it, please do make it constructive.

I've had a few anon comments over the past week but majority (and I do thank the one who actually gave me adequate feedback) really just pointed out their opinion and didn't give me examples of said opinion which really left me with nothing but a whole bunch of confusion and anxiety. And honestly? anxiety isn't really something I need at the moment, ya girl has enough as is by herself 😒

I think the thing that hurt most was I asked for some examples and how I might be able to improve but all I got back was radio silence from the original person who pointed this out to me. I'm not saying what they said was 100% wrong, but I'm also not totally agreeing either.

In the end I just felt shitty, had my weak bitch cry, fretfully read over my fics (they didn't specify which one also, so i'm gonna assume it's this one). It wasn't because I felt bad for a little bit of hate (i don't think hate is the right word but whatever), I felt this horrible feeling that maybe I was doing something wrong by you guys. That maybe I was doing something that made you uncomfortable or had potentially wronged a certain group of people and made them uncomfortable and if I have I really am sorry. Truly it was never my intention.

So with this, I found myself too anxiety ridden to write this week, which means there will be no update for Love Interest next week :( But maybe instead, I was wondering if you'd like the first episode of 'Voltron' in this universe? How does that sound??

Also if you read all that you're bomb thank you bye and enjoy the chapter❤

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"This, is going to be my seat for the duration of the video," Lance smiled triumphantly as he sat on Keith's lap as they waited for Allura who was setting the camera up. The setting for the video was on her couch which was comfortable and relaxing.

"No, it is not." A grumbled voice from behind him came. "You can't even see me."

"The way it should be - ow!" he yelped as the teasing earned a pinch to his side. "I am not afraid to turn this into an ex-boyfriend tag," he threatened.

Keith wrapped his arms around Lance's middle, hands clasping and resting on his lap. Lance knew Keith would rather choke than admit he liked it, despite his next words.

"It's not my fault you're heavy."

"I'm calling you out on your B.S because we both know I'm a string bean pole." Lance heard Keith
snicker at his words, then felt his warm breath against his neck and he propped his chin on his shoulder. He pressed a short kiss to Lance’s neck before they both fell quiet, waiting patiently for Allura to finish what she was doing.

She looked back to the and audibly ‘awwed’. "I seriously love you two." She tilted her head so it was in front of the lens. "Look at how cute they are!"

"You're already recording?" Keith asked.

"Yes! Hope you don't mind."

Keith paused. "Ew." Without hesitation he pushed Lance off his lap who fell ungracefully to the side and on the couch.

"Keith!" Lance snapped as sat back up and gave Keith a filthy glare, not impressed. He only responded with a chuckle which Lance resented him for. He leaned forward and pushed his shoulder. "You're such a jerk."

Keith pushed him back which made him laugh, Lance responding with a push back. It was a declaration of war which of course turned into a full-on play fight.

"And this guys, is Klance," Allura mused to the camera. She clapped and walked over. "Okay boys, break it up! We have a video to film!" She separated them both and sat between them. After calming down their breaths and laughter Allura waved to the camera. "Hi guys! Allura here and as you can see today's video is a little different." She raised her hands to indicate to the boys either side of her. "Today with me I have my two beautiful friends; Keith and Lance."

They both gave a little wave and smile each.

"So as you may, or may not know, Lance and Keith have recently become public about being in a relationship. If you've been keeping up to date on it you would know there is a lot of confusion and opinions of the topic, so today I am going to interview them both to get some facts straight and their side of the stories told as there have been a lot of rumours going around. Are you boys ready?"

She asked, grin bright and stunning as she looked left to right to both of them.

"Let's do this thing," Lance smiled despite the nerves bubbling in his gut. Keith nodding in agreement.

"Awesome, let's get chatting!" She smiled to the camera and paused. "I'll do a little cut here. I'm going to move behind the camera so the focus in more on you two. Is that all good?" They nodded and she smiled softly. "If you need a break at anytime just let me know and we can pause this."

"Thanks Lura," Lance smiled as Keith wriggled over to sit next to him so they were centered.

"No need to thank me. Are we ready to get these questions rolling?" They nodded and she smiled. "Alright, first question is how long have you two been together? There's been a lot different of opinions on this, so what is the truth?"

"Do you know?" Lance asked with a teasing smile to Keith.

"Do you?"

"Of course I do. I wanted to know if you did. This is a test to see if you're actually a good boyfriend."
Keith huffed and thought about it. "Well it's definitely over six months but under a year."

"Well I'm happy you know when our anniversary is," Lance chuckled. "So...?"

"Umm..." Keith's face scrunched up as he thought, obviously doing some mental math. "It would be seven months... right?"

"I mean six and three weeks but who is counting?" Lance mocked, ending in a laugh as Keith rolled his eyes. "I saw someone on twitter have a theory that we've been dating since the start of Voltron but the production team was making us keep quiet. Imagine."

"We would not have been able to keep quiet that long," Keith said.

Lance shook his head. "No way in hell."

"So about the Voltron team and Netflix keeping you two quiet, a lot of people have been asking and theorising about that. People thought they were forcing you to be quiet even before the pictures came out. What's your thoughts on this?"

"This one is really important for us to talk about," Keith started up. "There was no forcing us, or even asking us to keep quiet about our relationship. We chose to do that on our own accord. Our personal lives and Voltron are two separate things."

"Yeah. Our directors Sandra and Monty were always doing their best to make sure our private life stayed private. They were very understanding and thoughtful so please don't blame them for anything especially when all they have done is support us and be helpful."

That was one thing down. Sandra and Monty would be happy to have that cleared.

"Please know you don't have to answer this, but a lot of people were wanting to know why you didn't tell the public and media straight away?"

Keith looked to Lance, obviously letting him be the one to answer it. "We could literally make a list to the floor for that answer," Lance chuckled, a little awkwardly. "One of the biggest things was we just wanted time to adjust to being in a relationship. As you know we were best friends for a long time so things changed pretty quick and it was a little weird. There's also the fact we didn't want anything to change or affect our professional lives with Voltron, which is important to us. Umm." Lance took a quick glance to Keith who had a hand on his knee. He wondered if the camera would have that in shot. "There is also a whole bunch of other... personal stuff, that doesn't need to be spoken about. But I guess it really was mostly for us to become ready. Not that we got that anyway with the pictures of us being spread around."

Lance exhaled a long breath, the words had tumbled out so fast. He felt the hand on his knee squeeze.

"Those pictures are something that I also wanted to talk with you two about," Allura said. "There has been a lot of controversy when it came to these photos, so let's get to it. Was it staged for a publicity stunt?"

They both laugh at that accusation.

"God no," Keith chuckled.

"If we were going to do a publicity stunt we would've at least gotten a good photo," Lance joked. "That picture was awful."
"It wasn't that bad," Keith interjected.

"It was so. I look like I'm eating your face." Keith and Allura laughed at that. "It's not funny, you can literally see my tongue and that is not cute."

"No you can't."

"Uh, yes you can. I'm getting this up," Lance muttered pulling out his phone to search up the photo on Google. "So to answer the question, no it wasn't a staged photo. We were having a moment in the pool. A lot of people asked me why I was wearing clothes and it was because Keith pushed me in - here-" he then showed Keith his phone, zooming up on their mouths. Keith only just snorted out a laugh as Lance looked back up at the camera. "Not cute at all. 0/10 for whoever took that photo, also fuck you for taking the photo, sneaky bastard." They all had a little giggle at that.

"I have a feeling I am going to have to blur out a lot of swear words this video," Allura said.

"Oh sorry Allura I forgot!" Lance cringed.

"What's your main audience age?" Keith asked. "Because there is no way Lance won't be able to not say a dirty joke in this interview. I can tell when he's going to say something dirty."

"How?"

"You do this little cheeky evil smile."

"You know I would resent you for saying that but it's the stone-cold truth."

"Mostly ages between 12-17. But it's fine just keep being yourselves, it's funny."

So with that they continued on with the interview.

"Now it's time to get to the less "serious" questions," Allura smiled and Lance exhaled in a sense of relief. "So... who confessed first?" She grinned cheekily.

Lance smiled proudly and pointed to himself. "This guy! Keith's a little bitch baby and wouldn't do it." Keith rolled his eyes with a huff.

"You're never going to let that go, are you?"

Lance grinned. "Absolutely not."

"Next question! Are you in love?" This one got them both smiling and chuckling bashfully. Lance fanned his blushing cheeks with his hand.

"Oh my god this is so weird to talk about on camera," he chuckled. "But yeah. We skipped the whole 'I like you' crap and went straight to 'I love you' because go hard or go home." Lance paused and thought about what he said, smirk edging at the corner of his lips.

"Don't do it," Keith said. "I said I knew that evil smile."

"The opportunity is so good though," Lance whispered.

"Don't," Keith whispered back softly.

"Michael Scott?" Lance asked just as softly.
"I love this but it's getting so out of hand so we're going to move onto the next question. How did you two get together?"

"It took us a while to figure out our feelings," Lance said. "Lots of subconscious pining. But once I told Keith I loved him and he felt the same everything just sort of fell into place."

"Then I asked him to be my boyfriend," Keith said. "So I did do something."

"Whatever you say bitch baby," Lance snickered, turning into a full on laughter as Keith bumped his shoulder with his own.

"How many dates have you been on and what were they?"

Lance scratched his chin and hummed. "I don't know. Not many since I don't think Netflix and chilling counts," he said which Keith gave him a look for. "We haven't watched a full movie in months." Lance laughed which made Keith smirk a little, obviously trying not to laugh.

"You serious can't help yourself huh?" He muttered, scoffing as Lance sniggered. "And we've been on a few good dates. I don't think our first date was a good date though."

"Why?"

"It was midnight and we were eating ice cream in a park, it's a shock we didn't get mugged," he deadpanned, facial expressions saying 'duh'.

"Aww don't diss our first date! It was memorable!"

"Memorable doesn't always mean good," Keith reminded him.

"Alright next question!" Allura announced, flicking through her phone. "What were your first impressions of one another?"

Lance was already laughing, hand covering his mouth. "Oh no! I don't want to say," he said already giving Keith an apologetic look. Keith grimaced a smile, preparing himself. Lance leaned forward, still laughing. "I hated your guts," Lance cackled, laughing louder at Keith's facial expression.

"Ouch."

"You know I did and you know you deserved it," Lance reminded him and looked to the camera. "Let's just say Keith and I had a terrible introduction and he was rude as hell."

"In my defense it was a mistake."

"It's okay I know it was. And look where we are now! Aww-" He chimed, squishing their cheeks together.

"So what about you Keith?" Allura asked. Keith scratched his cheek as he thought.

"I thought you were really... odd."

"Odd," Lance echoed.

"You were just really loud and excitable and not to mention you spoke so fast I couldn't understand you half the time."

They all had a little laugh at the memory before moving on.
"This next question is for Keith specifically. It's a funny one," Allura giggled. "Keith, how gay were you when Lance wore that Spider-man costume?"

Keith groaned, head going into his hands while Lance laughed.

"Oh my god," Keith grumbled into his hands. "That was the worst thing to ever happen to me. How the hell was I supposed to be doing the 'not thinking my best friend is attractive' when you pulled that?"

"It wasn't my fault the fans picked your gay awakening as my costume!"

"To answer the question, I was very gay that night."

"Shucks babe you're making me blush," Lance mused, smirking a little.

"That was until you fell asleep on my shoulder and drooled all over me." His smirk vanished into a pout which made Keith chuckle.

"I remember that! You fell asleep during a horror movie!" Allura grinned.

"I'm chaotic like that. Alright! Next question!"

"Okay," Allura said and looked down, reading the question aloud. "Alright, fess up! Who snores? Who steals the blankets? Then they added on the end 'Also, I love you guys okay bye."

"Aw well we love you too!" Lance smiled. "I don't think I snore or steal the blankets... do I?" he asked Keith.

"No, but in the middle of the night you wriggle into the middle of the bed and take up all the space, then latch onto me like a baby koala." Lance laughed at Keith's entirely accurate description.

"It's funny because it's true," Lance said halfway through his laughter. "I like cuddles, even in my subconscious sleep state."

"I don't think I snore or steal the sheets so this proves I'm the better bed mate."

"First of all-" Lance started, wheezing a little with laughter. "Bed mate? This is not the National Geographic channel." Now Allura was giggling behind her hand. "Secondly, you don't really snore but you do make these little funny noises." "What?" Keith asked, leaning forward and scrunching up his face in disbelief.

"Yeah, it's like this little-" Lance paused, snorting out a laugh because he was about to look like an idiot. "Like this little-" he made the noise which could only be described as a half grunt and half grumble.

"What?" Keith repeated, now laughing.

"That was my reaction when I heard it for the first time. It's like you're annoyed."

"Probably because he's got no room on the bed," Allura piped in causing more laughter to go around the room. "Next question! Who's more romantic?"

"Okay this is a good one!" Lance beamed. "Because a lot of people probably assume me, but it's definitely Keith."
"It's not hard to be more romantic than you. The problem is that Lance is a professional at ruining the mood with that big mouth of his." Lance opened his mouth and pointed at him, ready to rebut that statement. "Don't bother denying it. I have a list of examples." Lance closed his mouth and pouted. "Next question?"

Allura giggled. "Ohhhh I like this one," she chimed evilly which was never a good sign. "When are ya'll gonna pop the question? Then with a little winky face."

Lance let out a big 'pfft' with his lips in shock and amusement, laughing despite his heated cheeks and looking to Keith who looked taken aback for a moment.

"Uh..." Keith trailed off as eloquent as ever.

"Sorry but there are not going to be any wedding bells any time soon. We haven't even been together a year yet so it's a little early for that. Plus I'm twenty-two and Keith's twenty-three, so we're still young. There's no rush."

"What would you do if I proposed, like tomorrow?" Keith asked, grin showing he was amused.

"I'd be like 'honey, I love you. But fuck no'." Both Allura and Keith started laughing loudly.

"Example A of: Lance is not romantic," Allura snickered behind the camera which made Keith laugh harder.

"Okay now I'm just getting bullied so next question!"

It took another few minutes to calm Keith down from his laughter before they could ask the next lot of questions.

"Does Lance like to braid Keith's hair sometimes? Or put flowers in it? That would be sooo cute!" Allura said, lengthening the pronunciation.

Lance gaped a little, eyes wide at the prospect. "Oh my god I would get on my knees so fast for you if you let me do that."

"Lance!" Keith shouted, face red. "The twelve-year-old's!" Allura was practically sobbing behind the camera as she tried to hold in her laughter.

"Oh!" Lance cringed, thinking of a good way to get around that. "Umm... getting on my knees to... propose?" It came out as a question and his voice pitch went higher.

"You literally just said you would reject me if I proposed to you tomorrow," Keith deadpanned.

"Umm.... get on my knees to pray to god for giving me such a wonderful boyfriend?" Lance tried, grinning innocently and fluttering his lashes hopefully.

Allura howled a scream of laughter, hand on her heart as he hunched over, trying to collect her composure. Keith shook his head in disgrace before looking at the camera.

"Okay no for real though please let me!" Lance begged, wriggling closer to Keith in hope it would sway his opinion. He looked to the camera. "If you noticed, Keith's hair is way longer than it used to be because now that he has a white wig for Akira he doesn't need to cut his hair for the character anymore so it's gotten longer."

"Has it?" Keith looked down at his ends which touched his shoulders. "Oh, it has."
"Yeah you dumb, dumb. I personally love it longer. My mission is going to be to get you to let me braid your hair."

"Do you even know how?"

Lance scoffed. "Of course I do." He leaned forward. "Please let me do it."

Keith exhaled slowly and side eyed Lance, not looking entirely impressed but answering anyway. "Fine." Lance grinned at the camera, bopping his head side to side in a subtle victory dance as Allura moved onto the next question.

"Lance are you going to take Keith to the In the Heights movie?"

Lance beamed. "Definitely! Lin, if you're out there, first of all hi you're probably crying over my dead innocence and umm... premier tickets?" He cut himself off with a laugh. "I'm just kidding, but I am definitely making sure Keith watches it."

"I'd like to actually know the story since Lance just sometimes breaks into song and I'm confused."

"It's a date then!"

"We can add it to our short list of dates."

"Love that for us."

"Lin do these boys a favour and give them tickets to the premier, they need a date." Allura said.

"Anways, next question! What food would you say the other person is?"

Lance snickered. "If you were a food to me you would be a classic eggplant." He looked to the camera and winked before cracking into laughter as he caught sight of Keith's '100% done' expression. A burst of laughter escaped Lance's mouth, now leaning to the side as he snorted, Keith still staring at him.

"Why are you like this?"

"Aubergine," Lance cackled, wiping his eyes.

"You're ruining a whole audience of children's innocence in one video, I hope you realise that," Keith said which made Lance laugh more.

"Well you're cheesy fries," Keith sneered, causing Lance to gasp.

"You pass out in a bowl of cheesy fries one time and you become the cheesy fry guy. If I'm cheesy fries, you're strawberry ice cream."

"You hate strawberry ice cream."

"Exactly! At least I like eggplant!"

"So to not ruin my subscriber's lives any further, let's move on. How do you feel about fans shipping you?"

Lance snickered a little before he answered. "I mean at first I just thought it was funny. We always joked around about it. But I will admit it did make things a little harder once we did get together. It was just another difficulty in the situation. What about you?" Lance asked Keith, curious to hear his response.
"Yeah I'm pretty much the same as Lance. Also wasn't the greatest thing when people began pointing my obviousness," he chuckled, rolling his eyes at himself. "But as long as reality and fiction don't get mistaken for one another I think it's a bit of harmless fun. It's just when things get out of hand that it becomes a bit immature."

"Yeah, there were some... unhappy people when it came to Keith and I getting together. But if you really need confirmation on this for certain groups to stop attacking us, especially Keith - which is not cool by the way - I will say nothing has ever happened between Kendall and I." Lance said with a shrug. "We're friends, I'm friends with all the Plus Five guys. They're all sweethearts. But Kendall and I never dated or hooked up or whatever so yeah."

"There were some theories where people thought you and Kendall might have had a fight or even broke up on JuniAwards night because of the Best Kiss Award kiss," Allura started and Lance could vividly remember the shit storm that had caused. People assumed it was 'canon' and Lance had gotten some very not nice messages asking 'why he cheated on Kendall by kissing Keith'.

"That actually has a really embarrassing story behind it that I haven't even told either of you," Lance laughed which made Allura and Keith look at each other in confusion. "Okay so I got a little bit intoxicated-" both Allura and Keith scoffed. "and I was having a slight crisis because I had just kind of realised my feelings for Keith and was freaking out. So after something someone said - cough, cough, Pidge- I went and looked for you and bumped into Kendall and Cameron and just started crying because I was overwhelmed and didn't know where Keith was."

Allura like the good friend she was 'awwed' sympathetically while his asshole boyfriend snorted out a huff of laughter.

"Don't laugh!"

"You're a mess," Keith chuckled.

"At least I'm a cute mess," said, putting his hands under his chin to cup his own face.

"Debatable," Keith murmured which earned a slap to the shoulder.

"Let's move on before you two get into another brawl. What is the best, and worst thing about each other?"

"There are no good thing about Lance," Keith deadpanned which earned another shoulder slap. Keith snickered. "Calm down, I was joking. The best thing about you..." Keith paused, looking like he was thinking. "There's lots of things I love about you and it's hard to put something on what my favourite. I want to say your personality, but I'm guessing that's too broad of an answer. So I'm going to say your sense of humility and being really caring of the people around you."

Lance pouted, heart expanding in his chest. "Aww, Keith!"

"The worst thing is you're really fucking annoying."

"And you ruined it," Lance muttered, giving him a scowl as Keith laughed. "Well the worse thing about you is you're an asshole."

He chuckled. "Annoying and an asshole. Sounds like a power couple right there," Keith teased.

"Sounds like the fall out of our relationship," Lance said back, only laughing when Keith started to look worried. "I'm joking! I'm joking! Now it's my time to say something the best thing about you." Lance looked to the camera. "Contrary to belief, Keith is an actual sweetheart." Keith huffed in
amusement and disagreement. "I'm serious! You're so understanding and considerate. I literally had a whole conversation about this with your mother about it."

"You did?" He asked, looking surprised.

"Yeah. We bonded over it."

Keith smiled sweetly and his heart just went again and grew three more sizes.

"Aww guys! That was adorable. I could literally watch you two compliment each other all day but we gotta move on. Now, was this how you wanted to tell your fans you were together?"

"Definitely not," Keith started. "We wanted to tell people ourselves instead of pictures spread around the internet. It became more about the scandal than being a happy time, which was tough. It just sucks that it was taken away from us and turned into a tabloid story."

Ugh... Lance couldn't agree more. He'd lost so much sleep over that.

"Someone also asked how are you guys handling things and how have you felt about how others feel? Then added at the end 'not that it matters, of course, this is after all your relationship'."

There was a second too long of silence so Lance exhaled.

"Look, we've been kind of joking around with what happened, but honestly..." He trailed off, paused and looked to Keith. "How honest should I be here?"

Keith shortly thought about it. "As honest as you want it to be."

Lance paused long enough for him to think it through. There was so much he didn't want the world to know about him. He struggled to even tell Keith, the person he loved more than anything, about his problems when it came to his anxiety. He didn't need everyone talking about it. But he also needed to explain in some way the effect those photos being passed around had on them.

"Okay. Honestly, I personally didn't handle it well." Lance looked to his lap momentarily. He hated being vulnerable knowing so many people were going to pin point every aspect of it. Question how genuine it was, or how over dramatic he might be seeming. "There was a lot of tears and frustration and fear over what was being said. All the lies and the way people were perceiving us negatively when that isn't in our nature. Keith was really the only thing that kept me sane."

Keith grabbed one of his hands and squeeze, smiling encouragingly at him. Lance smiled back softly and intertwined their fingers before looking back up to the camera. "And as for other people, we already knew we were going to get crap for being together for being two guys. That was just inevitable, sadly." His eyes dropped a little, rubbing his nose and cheek. "Umm..."

Keith took over, bless his soul. "And we'd been warned about people getting the wrong idea, calling it a publicity stunt or whatever, which was why we planned on telling people after Season 4 had premiered because we didn't want that kind of thing to happen. The timing of those pictures coming out was terrible, so a lot of people took it that way. It wasn't a marketing strategy and those who think that obviously don't know the first thing about us and should probably reconsider their 'facts'."

Lance tugged at Keith's hand as he said that last line. The jab being directly at Davidson Myers who wrote that rather dreadful article about them. Last thing they needed was a feud. Thankfully it was enough for Keith to get the idea and stop.
"Thank you for that last part," Lance added. "I think some people forget we're actually humans and
not just some characters on their screens."

"I wasn't expecting that to get so deep so let's liven it up with the next question. What vine best
represents your relationship?"

Now it was time to bless Allura. He didn't want to be upset in this video. It allowed him to laugh
at the contrast of the two questions and took a moment to think. "Can we section this off? Because
I have three."

"Section it off?"

"Like a timeline. First one would be the one of us when we remade the 'why are you running' vine
for Vine Week because I was in denial and running from the kLlance feels."

"And Keith's just in the background watching it all unfold," Allura added on with a giggle.

"Next would totally be 'bro I had a dream we fucked - bro it's just a dream - gay I wouldn't fuck
you - you wouldn't - unless you wanted me too'."

Keith raised his brow. "I'm not sure if I should be worried or impressed that you managed to quote
that entire thing."

"Definitely impressed," Allura grinned.

"Then next is that one where that guy walks in on his friend to wake him up and finds his two
friends in bed together. You know the one I'm talking. And then he's like 'what the fuck man'. That
was us getting our pictures leaked."

Keith choked on his breath, presumably at the bluntness, which made Lance and Allura snicker.

"Okay this question is rather... interesting," Allura chuckled. "Who tops?"

Lance was laughing while Keith just rolled his eyes amusedly.

"We're not answering this! My mama is probably going to watch this and she doesn't need to know
if I get dicked up the ass or not." Keith beside him barked out a loud laugh while Allura held her
hand over her mouth as she laughed. "I'm her sweet, innocent baby boy."

"You literally said you would get on your knees for me if I let you braid your hair."

Lance closed his eyes and laughed, hand going to his face. When he removed his hand he looked to
the camera. "Sorry mama. Keith is a bad influence on me-" that earned him a light punch to the
arm.

"Don't say that!" The way he genuinely looked worried made Lance crack up.

"Also bold of you to assume we've done it-" He wheezed, cutting himself off. "Oh my god I'm
sorry I can't say it with a straight face," he laughed, holding a hand to his chest. His head went
down to his lap, falling into a fit of laughter.

"This whole interview is a mess and I'm living for it," Allura cackled behind the camera, obviously
not able to hold it back anymore.

It took around five minutes for everyone to calm down again, Allura explaining she'd just cut out
that five minute mess. When it did Lance pointed to the camera with his index finger.
"So the answer to that is hopefully you never know because otherwise it probably means our sex tape was leaked."

"We don't have a sex tape!" Keith exasperated, still laughing.

Lance wriggled his brows with a smirk. "Yet!"

That ended another good five minutes before they could answer the next lot of questions.

"Okay. Someone has asked if you will get another dog?"

Lance gasped and looked to Keith. "Let's get another dog!"

"What? What's wrong with Cosmo?"

"Nothing is wrong with Cosmo. But he's your dog. I want my own dog." Lance looked to the camera with a grin. "I'm getting a dog."

"We don't have room for two dogs," Keith reasoned.

"Do you forget we don't live together? I have room at my apartment." Keith rolled his eyes.

"Did you forget you can't have dogs are your place?" Keith asked and Lance felt a pout form.

"Oh." He paused to think about it. "Looks like I'm moving apartments."

"You have a contract."

"Stop trying to be sensible and logical Keith!" Lance looked back to the camera. "Mark my words, I'm going to get Cosmo a baby brother or sister."

Keith sighed and shook his head. He knew he wasn't going to get out of that one.

Chapter End Notes

If you skipped over my beginning notes please read that if you're confused to as to why there is no update next week (or not, i'm not a fucking cop)

See you next time with
-First day on Set for Season 4
-Time for the Leakira "sex" scene (spoiler, it lowkey sucks also pun?)
Indulge or Deny

Chapter Notes

I wanted to say a big thank you to all those supportive messages from last update. Honestly they were so sweet and beautiful it had me sobbing (I'm a sensitive soul). I'm back and I'm feeling a whole lot better and am excited to keep updating so thank you ❤

Another reminder if you didn't see, but I uploaded the the episode of what the Leakira Voltron would have been like and what these guys acted out!! You can find it by clicking my username and it's called Episode 1!

I also made a Leakira poster which is on my tumblr but the link is here https://iwriteshipsnotsailthem.tumblr.com/post/186231520865/i-made-a-voltron-defenders-of-tomorrow-poster-for

Enjoy the chapter my beautiful friends ❤❤❤

See the end of the chapter for more notes

THEY'RE SO CUTE AT THE START OF THE VIDEO

- they're cute the ENTIRE video
- truth

it's so sad they had the need to 'prove' that they're in a relationship for CERTAIN people.. really just sad. Like there is nothing that makes them have to share their personal lives but they were pretty much forced. I'm happy they're together but it just really sucks that people want to turn something so pure and precious and private into a headline.

keith can go from insulting Lance to looking at Lance like he hung the stars in the sky in 0.001 of a second WHERE DO I FIND ME A MAN WHO WILL LOOK AT ME LIKE HOW KEITH LOOKS AT LANCE??

- they're literally couples goals i?
- where does one find their soulmate??

Lance really just said 'fuck 12yo lives' huh?

- he gave N O shits and it had me absolutely sobbing fuck he's so funny
Lance is right.. keith's hair longer is GOOOOOOD

-keith is such a SNACC

-Keith's long hair is

LANCE JUST REALLY WENT OUT AND ENDED EVERY KENANCE SHIPPER'S DREAMS AHHHHHHHHH I SHOULDN'T BE LAUGHING BUT I AMMMM

Allura ships it so hard

-she was so funny during the video omfg she was like a little klance cheerleader

Keith fucking dragGed Davidson Myers into the goddamn DIRT

-good boi

-it's about time someone did my GOD

Lance sitting on Keith's lap at the start was so cute but then keith just yeeted him off AND LANCE SAID KEITH WAS THE ROMANTIC ONE???????

-this is funny because it makes me wonder how bad that must make Lance

-The possibilities are endless

-Keith said he literally had a list of all the times Lance ruined the mood GIVE US THE LIST YOU COWARD

Can we just remember that lance said he WOULD GET ON HIS FUCKING KNEES FOR KEITH TO BRAID HIS HAIR EYE-

-I was literally cackling at that part

-honestly same Lance I too would get on my knees to be able to touch Keith's hair

-YOU BETTER STOP^~~~
just imagining Lance hugging Keith like a koala in the middle of the night leaves my heart so full ❤️

_____________

Lance saying he hated Keith when he first met him is honestly the funniest shit i’ve ever heard

-I would give ALL of my money for them to reenact it

_____________

okay okay not to be THAT person.. but lance and keith look REAL good in that interview like couple life glowed them up

_____________

You can literally see how quickly Lance's facial expressions changed when they started talking about their feelings over how well they handled the leaked pictures. He looked so sad and that broke my heart

-he looked so upset honestly like he was going to cry when keith took over :(:(

-I will protect Lance with MY LIFE

-I get the vibe that he really, really struggled and that we probably didn't the full story (not saying he has to tell it) but honestly I am a little worried for him..

-yeah i got the same vibe.. definitely more to the story^^

-I hope it wasn't anything too bad ;-;

________

Petition for to make Keith get Lance a puppy

-he was like 'your apartment doesn't allow dogs' BITCH MOVE IN TOGETHER

-GET LANCE A PUPPY AND A BROTHER OR SISTER FOR COSMO

-dogs are literally their children and i relate so hard to it

________

Sad there is not gonna be a klance wedding any time soon but also Lance and Keith's reaction was fuckign GOLD

-'honey i love you but fuck no' is just EVERYTHING

-^keith's face when he says it is even better omfg

***

First day on set together they walked in hand in hand. It was nice, and cast and crew alike all
congratulated them or gave them small knowing smiles. Of course they had been a little nervous, but Keith was pretty quick to tell Lance he'd be having words with anyone who was 'going to be a jackass about it', so Lance didn't have many worries.

They walked into hair and makeup and Audrey (his makeup artist) smiled brightly and gave him a hug.

"I'm so happy for you!" she beamed. "I must say, I've been secretly waiting for one of you to pull the moves on each other, you guys always used to look at each other. Don't think I didn't notice."

Lance chuckled while Keith tried his best to ignore her as he was getting his wig fitted on by his hairstylist Lynn.

"It's been the hottest gossip the crew members, I must say," Lynn smiled as she pulled the cap onto Keith's head.

"I think it's been the hottest gossip everywhere," Daisy chuckled as she fluffed Lance's hair up.

"Everyone was talking about it. I'm glad to see you boys are happy though."

"Aw thanks Daisy!" Lance grinned. "It was a bit tough at the beginning, but we're okay now." She smiled and nodded affirmatively.

"That's good. Shame on whoever took those photos. Paparazzi are roaches." She said it with a shake of her head and like she had a bad taste in her mouth. "Oh you know who the biggest roach of them all is?" she asked, pointing her comb at his nose. "That man from DaMy.com. He made me mad!"

"Davidson Myers?" Audrey asked. "Yeah, I read that too. Took it a little too far if you ask me." She looked cupped Lance's face and pouted. "Look at this face! Do you think a boy with such an angelic face could ever do any wrong?"

"Don't let it fool you," Keith muttered from his seat, making all the women giggle and Lance frown.

"I'm angelic!" Keith only scoffed in response. Lance looked to the woman. "Isn't he mean? You should be nicer to me and my angelic face."

"That's true Keith," Daisy nodded, looking as wise as her years. "You don't find many faces as pretty as his," Keith just grumbled in response, the women finding it humorous and tittering.

"Don't worry, believe it or not but Keith is secretly a sweetheart," Lance said in a teasing tone and the women giggled around him. Keith's cheeks flushed red just how he wanted them to.

Maybe this was going to be more fun than he thought it was.

**

Lance walked into the break room, landing on the couch next to Keith with a long exhale. He'd just finished filming a scene with Hunk and was in need of a recharge. He'd forgotten how exhausting his job was.

Pidge was filming Hunk, something for the Video diaries, just chatting casually. "It's hard to believe this is the last 'first day' on set," Hunk said, looking a little bummed out. It was a weird thing to think about. Roughly nine months of filming and it was all over. He'd been 19 when they started filming Voltron and his life had completely changed since then.
He looked to Keith who was chewing.

"What you got?" Lance asked.

"Gum," he responded. Lance's grin turned wicked.

"Gimme," he said leaning in closer.

"You're not gonna like it."

"Gimme," Lance repeated, grabbing Keith's face to pull him into a kiss, flicking his tongue into between his lips, coaxing them open so he could lick inside. A few seconds later and Lance had retrieved what he wanted and pulled back with a big smirk.

He chewed down on Keith's gum and instantly felt his smile drop. He looked to Keith with a pleading pout.

Keith rolled his eyes. "I told you that you wouldn't like it." He held out his hand to Lance who leaned forward and spat the pink, strawberry flavoured gum onto his hand. Lance grinned as Keith's face scrunched in disgust, standing up to go put the gum in the bin.

Lance turned his head to see both Hunk and Pidge staring at them with dropped jaws.

"That," Pidge started, raising her two hand in front of her, fingers moving with her words like a conductor, "was the single most vile thing I have ever witnessed."

"I kinda can't believe you just did that," Hunk said in dismay, head tilted in shock.

Lance shrugged. "Saliva isn't the worst bodily fluid we've exchanged." Pidge started to fake gag which made Lance snigger. "We're just warming up for our next scene," Lance winked to Keith who had just sat back down, wiping his wet hand on Lance's thigh.

"There is not going to be any gum in that scene," Keith murmured, pulling out his phone to look through social media.

"I can always ask," Lance said, smirk growing.

"Sandra would punch you in the neck," Pidge said.

"Monty would dig it."

"Monty would not dig it."

"Honestly I'm more upset by Keith chewing on strawberry gum when he knows I hate it," Lance said casting a look to Keith who frowned.

"You and your thing with strawberry flavoured stuff," Hunk chuckled.

"It's gross."

"You're gross," Keith murmured under his breath.

"Yeah well jokes on you I'm your gross boyfriend," Lance sneered to Keith who hummed, still scrolling through his phone.

"I can change that any minute."
"You like me too much," Lance huffed knowingly.

"I can change my mind on that too." He looked up at Lance's scowl and chuckled. "Just kidding... I'd wait before Voltron ends before dumping you."

"Keith!"

***

Akira stood in front of the bathroom mirror, leaning over the sink. He stared at his reflection intently, his fingers coming up to lightly touch the white strands of his hair. It was his first time properly looking at it. His face scrunched up, head tilting as he leaned closer to his reflection.

He caught sight of Lance walking in the mirror, Leandro approaching him, wrapping his arms around his waist, chin resting on his shoulder.

"It's a good look," he smirked, fingertip curling around a white lock. He lifted his head to look at his reflection, Akira staring at himself for a moment. "You okay?" Leandro's breath warm against his neck.

"It's weird being back," he admitted. "I feel like any second I'm going to be zapped into another reality, another life." The arms around him tightened.

"You're not allowed to disappear on me like that again, Black Paladin's orders." A kiss was pressed onto his shoulder and Akira exhaled, relaxing in the hold.

"How long was I gone?" his voice came out in a whisper. Leandro nose nuzzled into the back of his head.

"A month."

"It felt longer."

There was a long pause of silence. "Kira," Leandro croaked, head hiding in his shoulder. "I thought I'd never see you again. I thought. " His grip tightened. "You were just gone. I couldn't find you, and I was flipping out. I made so many bad decisions as a leader. I could have gotten everyone hurt."

"Stop," Akira cut him off, spinning to face Leandro properly. He grabbed his face, with two hands, looking into those blue eyes. "I'm here now. You did the best you could. Leandro, we're all here and alive because of you."

"I missed you so much," he whispered, shaking his head in despair.

"I missed you too," he said back just as softly, hands smoothing along Leandro's jawline. He tilted his head, kissing Akira's knuckles fleetingly before look back to him.

"This war is stupid. We shouldn't be in it."

"Maybe not," Akira said, eyes drifting down. "But if we weren't, I may have never of met you."

"Impossible, I would've found you somehow. Maybe I jumped on The Abyss's roof," Leandro said smiling as Akira's thumb played with a brown curl.

"Kova would've beat your ass if you did that," he chuckled, albeit sadly.
He scoffed. "That old man wouldn't be able to catch me. Nobody could catch me."

"What about me?" He asked.

"I would've let you catch me. Then I would've somehow haggled you for your number. Then I would've taken you on a romantic date. I'd take you to the highest roof I could find, set up a fancy picnic and we'd watch the sunset. It would rock your world and you'd fall for me lickety-split," he smiled as he spoke, sounding wistful at the possibility.

"That sounds nice," Akira admitted, face smiling sadly. "But that's not our reality. We're in this stupid war, away from our families, risking our lives far too many times than should be allowed." Leandro's eyes dropped down, only lifting up as Keith's cradled Lance's jaw in his hands. "But it's our story. It sucks but it's us and I'd never change it if it means losing you. You understand that, right?"

Leandro bit his lip to stop it wobbling. It's a heartbreaking sight.

"I almost lost you."

"It's scary, fucking terrifying. But we're going to finish this war, and then you're going to take me on a date to the highest building you can find, we're gonna watch the sunset, and I'll fall for you over and over again."

Leandro's laugh was wet but genuine. "Lickety-split?"

Akira smiled gently. "Lickety-split," he agreed before they mutually leaned in to kiss one another. Leandro's arms stayed circled around Akira, like he was too scared to let go.

Lance's lips were as soft as always. It's easier to kiss him on screen now that they're out with their relationship, but harder to separate him and Leandro. It's weird to think they kiss different in front of a camera, that their characters kiss differently from them. Maybe it's more of the focus on making the kiss look nice. Usually they just have to worry about feeling nice.

Leandro leaned forward a little, hand clasping onto the small of Akira's back, keeping him in place.

A few seconds more of heated kissing and they were yelling cut for the final time. It was probably their third time re-doing to the scene. They had all been practically flawless, but Sandra and Monty were insistent on making sure it was perfect.

Lance smiled his dreamy little smile as he pulled back slowly from Keith.

"Nice work," he grinned and straightened his posture so Keith could do the same, he'd been ever so slightly arched backwards during the kiss.

"You weren't too bad yourself," Keith murmured, hand splaying on Lance's back before pushing him forward. "Come on, let's go see what we're going to need to do for the next scene."

Which they did. Keith made a pointed effort not to look at Lance who was 100% smirking like the little shit he was as they got debriefed on for the scene. They say 'sex scene' but really it's just the implications of the characters doing it. It's not like they were going to have to get naked in a room full of people, just a few pans on a bed and some kissing and suggestive music and shirts off.

It's not that big of a deal but Lance of course has to make it as awkward as possible.
"Will we need cock socks?" Lance asked. Keith watched the thought pass over Sandra's face. She blinked slowly.

"Would you like one? I wouldn't think it would be necessary since you'll still have your underwear on." Lance contemplated it with a pout.

"Kinda wanted to wear the cock sock."

"He doesn't need the cock sock," Keith said, turning to Lance. "You don't need the cock sock."

"Fine, no cock socks."

Sandra's eyes flickered between them both before she nodded. "Okay, good. Are we all ready to start filming then?" She asked and they both nodded in agreement. "Now if there is ever a moment where you feel uncomfortable or overwhelmed please voice it. We can always take a break if need be."

"Thank Sandra," Lance said and Keith was already moving for his position on set. The scene was in the paladin's makeshift hideout, specifically Leandro's bedroom. It was nearing the end of the episode and Akira and Leandro were finally getting a chance to be alone after Akira's return.

It's weird because the bedroom isn't a real bedroom. It's quite literally three walls of plaster in a hall, the fourth being open for the crew to fit their cameras and equipment. The "window" and "balcony" leading to a green screen.

There's minimal awkwardness, and the minimal more likely came from the crew who describe which position they want them in to start with. Keith thought nothing ill of it. They're all probably have that niggling wonder if this was gonna get real weird real quick considering they were in a relationship now.

Keith's so grateful he and Lance were together now because if he had to go through Lance straddling on his lap with everyone watching he would've combusted into flames.

"I don't know about you," Lance started as the crew fiddled with the lighting and camera positioning around them. "But I am super comfy right now." His smirk grew, adjusting his knees on either side of Keith's hips.

"I bet you are," Keith chuckled, pushing back a curl that had fallen from its place. "How are you feeling about all this?" He asked, glancing around the ruckus of the crew who were desperately trying to get the right hue of pink for their lighting.

Lance shrugged. "Meh, we've face weirder."

Keith chuckled quietly, hands resting casually on his thighs. "Guess that's true. You were more nervous for The Wall Scene than this."

"That scene was hard to film. Plus I'd never had to film something like that before. It was like throwing me into the deep end without floaties and with sharks," Lance said, he said holding up a finger. "Then there's also the fact I was kissing you for the first time."

"You didn't like me back then," Keith reminded him.

"Dude, I had a poster of you on my wall when I was 14. Of course I was nervous."

"A The Walking Dead poster that just happened to have my face on it."
"It was my favourite face to look at," he grinned, smiling indefinitely.

"Hmmm, I'm sure it was," Keith teased back, earning a smile from Lance that could only be described as wolfish and sinister.

Keith was so glad they're together now because he had to bite the inside of his cheek to stop himself from kissing him and that would've been highly unprofessional.

"Okay boys, we finally got the lighting right. Are you ready?" Monty called out and Lance gave a thumb up over his shoulder. "Keith?"

"Ready Monty."

"Hell yeah he is," Lance snickered quietly, smirking down at him.

"You do anything weird and I'll kill you."

"That's not in the script," Lance said, grin positively evil.

"Alright boys, ready in 3... 2..." A single click and Keith knew the scene had started. Lance launched forward. Considering how fast he moved, the collision wasn't painful or awkward or even an ounce inaccurate. It's your classic passionate, on screen. Slower, where you can see the passion and love but still heated and hot.

Keith grabbed at the shoulders of Leandro's dumb, signature coat, the material getting thrown across the room and made sure not to be thrown at a camera or in any paths.

Leandro's hand planted on Keith's chest, pushing him with his back against the bed. It gave Keith a nice view as the other lifted the sleeveless turtleneck off and over his head. Akira's hands raise up from the hem of his jeans, smoothing up his skin as Leandro gives him the eyes. All Keith can think about is how soft Lance's skin is and how cold his fingers must feel compared to the heat under the lights.

He leaned upwards, just high enough so he could grab his neck and yank him back down to kiss him.

Kissing Lance is always nice. He's a good kisser. They're in a relationship, it's not uncommon thing for them. Doing it in front of the camera is different when that actual love follows off screen as well, probably weirder than any of the other actresses or actors Keith's had to kiss in the past. But in saying that, it's not the worst thing he's ever been through on set, in fact it's rather pleasant.

Plus any of that hesitance gets distracted by their chemistry. They've always had it, even before they got together and even before they became close friends. It crackled between them with every touch and kiss and stolen breath for air.

Leandro's heated kisses dull down for a moment, soft lips moving back. Touch replaced by his hand caressing over his cheek. Eyes soft, a little heart broken, a little more terrified but mostly in love. Probably stemming from the fear of losing love.

"I'm so happy you're back," he whispered, lips pursing together. It's a controlled expression. He's seen it enough time on Lance's face to know Akira wouldn't like it on Leandro's.

"I'm happy to be back," Akira said back which unlocked a small smile from the man above him. He moved back to kiss his lips, gradually moving across to his jaw and to his neck.
If it were any other actor or actress, they'd probably be pretty minimal when it came to kissing the neck since not every detail would be noticeable. But of course since it's Lance, he has to be that little bit extra and actually suck and nibble at his skin. Keith could even feel the little smirk edging on his lips against his neck.

_Little shit._

He grabbed a fistful of Leandro's hair, fingers threading through his curls as his eyes flutter closed. They'd probably focus on the upper body here, maybe his fingers going through his hair. They always pay attention to detail with these sort of moments.

It went back to kissing, and along the way Keith's shirt was gone and Lance's mouth was kissing down his chest. It's a pleasurable sensation but as he sternly told Lance before - there was no way in _hell_ he was going to get a boner with a bunch of cameras and middle-aged people watching them. Still, he doesn't have to stray too far from the truth with Akira's facial expressions.

He tensed his stomach up, arching into his touch because if he knew there was an actual fucking reason they made them put body oil on. It always made skin glisten under the lights. This time no different, his skin taking a pink tinge under the lighting. He hopes for Lance's sake it doesn't taste bad.

It doesn't, because Leandro's movements make him reach for Akira's lips once more. Kiss heated, needy. Stop pops of lips louder than they should be and god what Keith would want to do if he knew there wasn't a literal audience watching. That thought follows through, maybe strengthens when Lance's lips go back to his neck, trail to his ear and whisper a raspy 'Can I?'

Akira's nods, and Keith is happy they added that little bit of consent in. It's really important to see that in media.

Leandro moves back down his body and Keith knew that they weren't focusing on Lance this moment. The cameras were on Keith and his expression, not even showing Lance in the shot since 'implication is powerful'. Despite it he grabs a handful of Lance's hair and gives a quiet, subtle pleased inhale of breath. They hold the position for a second longer and the cut is called.

"That was... perfect," Monty calls out, looking a little mystified.

Keith looked to Lance who is halfway down the bed, plotted between his legs comfortably.

"You sure you don't want another take? I'm quite open to doing that again," he grinned, the cheekiness in his tone making a few crew members chuckle.

"Uh... no. That was really good boys. Good job," Sandra said making Lance pout as two crew members brought them over new shirts to put on. When they covered themselves again Lance held out a fist towards Keith.

"Fist bump me," Lance instructed.

"Okay." Keith had said it before and will say it again. Sometimes it's better to indulge Lance than deny him. He bumped their fists together. "Why though?"

"Because we didn't get boners!" Lance announced happily. A few eyes glanced in their direction but of course Lance didn't care because he had zero ounce of shame. Keith huffed a breath of laughter. Lance took that as a sign to continue. "I'm proud of myself, honestly. Kept my cool even though I was smooching all over your abs. Then you had your fingers in my hair and-"
"Okay yes, I know. I was there too," Keith teased, getting off the bed and began to move towards Sandra and Monty to look over the recorded footage.

"We're doing a rain-check on that though," Lance smirked. "Maybe a little less cameras and a little less clothes and actual boners."

Keith laughed, rolling his eyes and gave Lance the side eye, smirk a little on his lips. Lance caught sight of the expression and bit his tongue in attempt to hide his salacity.

Indulging Lance rather than denying him wasn't always a bad thing.

Chapter End Notes

back at it with shameless Lance not giving a single fuck and also hating strawberry flavoured anything

ALSO I'M SORRY THAT 'SEX' SCENE SUCKED BAHAAHA YOU HAD NO IDEA WHAT KIND OF RESEARCH I HAD TO PUT MYSELF THROUGH TO TRY FIND INSPIRATION

Another reminder to check out the first episode of this universes Voltron (called Episode 1) and also to check out the poster I made for it on tumblr by going here https://iwriteshipsnotsailthem.tumblr.com/post/186231520865/i-made-a-voltron-defenders-of-tomorrow-poster-for

It's seriously good to be back (one week and I missed you all ahaha) but anyways I'll be seeing you next week with...
-Lance is Thirsty with a capital t
-that's literally the only way I could summarise the next chapter
Thirst Trap Thursday

Chapter Notes

A reminder that I wrote the first episode of this universes Voltron (it's called Episode 1 because I'm creative like that)

also fun fact for those who bother to read this, I was reading over some of my original notes for this fic and was reminded that when I first planned the JuniAwards kiss between Lance and Keith originally after they kissed Lance was going to lick Keith's face but instead I gave him a crisis... it be like that sometimes

(also hi I'm early again lets go off)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Now that we've gone through that," Sandra said as they closed their scripts after reading through the latest episode. "I wanted to let you know that Friday will be a half day. We have guests coming to set tomorrow and they're coming to film so we don't want anything to be disrupted during that process."

"Do you want us to around for the filming?" Shiro asked.

"Yes, I want all of the main cast around."

"Who are the guests?" Pidge asked.

"That will be kept a surprise."

"How mysterious," Lance grinned. "If it's Davidson Myers I'm going to throw a chair though. Fair warning."

"No, it's not Davidson Myers."

"Can you give us a clue?" He asked, eyes gleaming hopefully.

"No."

Lance looked to him and shrugged. "Well I tried."

"Either way, we're going to allow you to share it on your Video Diaries. It'll be a good way to build hype."

"Woo hype worthy," Lance chimed. "Must be pretty important."

"I'm excited!" Allura smiled. "Do we need to memorise anything for the filming?"

"That won't be necessary. They'll be coming after Lunch, so be prepared."

"Lion King style?" Lance asked making Pidge snicker behind her hand.

"No, not 'Lion King' style," she said.
"Whatever you say Scar. As long as you doing go throwing anyone off cliffs to their death, I'm Gucci."

"I'll pretend like I know what that means," she murmured before standing up. "Alright, let's go get ready for filming."

* * *

Lance zoomed the video diary on Keith's ass from across the hall. He was filming a scene, working hard while Lance watched the show.

Oh how he loved how Akira's clothing made his boyfriend's assets.... pop.

"What are you doing?" Hunk asked, leaning over to look at the display screen of what he was recording. "You do realise you're zoomed up on Keith's butt, right?"

"Of course! I'm doing the world a service for the video diaries," Lance explained to him, moving the camera, following his boyfriend's steps. "I'm calling it Thirst Trap Thursday."

"The fact you say Thursday makes me worry if this is going to be a weekly occurrence," Pidge muttered.

"Sorry to break it to you Pidgey, but I've been doing this for two months, ever since we started filming," Lance said.

"I can't believe I'm about to ask this," Pidge sighed. "But what is Thirst Trap Thursday?"

"Good question Pidgeotto!" Lance grinned. "It's basically just me filming Keith in secret to give the people shots of him because everyone thinks he's so mysterious. Plus he's a babe so as his boyfriend I'm gonna share that with everyone." He zoomed out the camera as Keith turned around suddenly. "Oop, crotch shot. Lets go up a little," he said mostly to himself, going upwards until Keith's face came onto view on the monitor. "Aww that's my man, look at his pretty little face," he cooed.

"Keith's going to kill you if he finds out," Hunk said.

Lance scoffed. "Bold of you to assume he didn't figure it out straight away when I started following him around blasting 'Blurred Lines'."

"And you survived?" Pidge asked in disbelief.

"You're forgetting Pidge," Hunk started. "Lance pretty much has Keith wrapped around his little finger. He could probably get away with anything."

"That makes me sound like an evil witch," he said. "But yeah Hunk's pretty much right."

"So what's the point?"

"Well, I have officially announced myself as the biggest Keith Kogane Stan so I have to lead my fellow Keith stans and give them quality content. I give them a few nice pictures and videos and they will rejoice. Their crops will grow, their skin will clear, I'll become their hero for generations to come."

Her brow raised suspiciously. "So... you're exploiting your boyfriend?"

"Somewhat. Plus I gotta remind some people the man's off limits. A big 'No Go Zone' and 'Off the
"So you're A) Exploiting your boyfriend and B) Staking your claim."

"Bingo."

"That makes you sound like a crazy person, you do realise that, right?"

"A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do to make sure his mans stays his mans."

"Two many mans in the one sentence," Pidge cringed. "Also you still sound crazy."

"You haven't even heard the best part," Lance smirked which made Hunk wince, dreading what he was about to say. "I made a secret Keith Kogane fan page."

"You didn't!" Pidge laughed, eyes widening.

Lance nodded slowly. "I did. It's hilarious. I take all these pictures and post them and everyone goes 'where did you get these pictures from?' and so I just tell them I found them on Google. They have no idea it's me."

Pidge began to cackle. "Okay, I have to admit, that's pretty freaking hilarious."

"I use my boyfriend privileges for good... sometimes."

"Only sometimes?" Hunk asked.

Lance smirked, nodding along. "Sometimes.

*     *     *

Lance wasn't sure how Keith kept up with his work-out regimen. Sure, Lance worked out regularly. He did what their dietitians and his trainer asked of him. But Keith was kind of a freak about it. Not that Lance really minded. It was quite the show actually, he just had to be sneaky about it.

He was currently pretending to do sit ups on the ground while Keith was doing his usual chin ups. He was sweaty, evident in the shine in his skin and the little wet patch on the back of his shirt. Should totally be a little nasty, but Lance is nasty and loves the look.

He zooms his camera onto Keith. It's still Thirst Trap Thursday which means he can still exploit his boyfriend's hotness.

Keith dropped from the bar and shook out his limbs before turning to face Lance. He frowned.

"Are you even doing anything?" he asked walking over to Lance who was back flat on the ground, closing the camera off.

"I finished my requirements," Lance whined, grabbing at Keith's shoe to gain his attention. "Come on, let's go back and play with Cosmo, poor thing is probably bored."

Keith looked to his watch and sighed. "It's close to the time when he wants to be fed. Alright, come on. I'll cook." Lance cooed excitedly at Keith's suggestion.

"What's on the menu?" He asked. "You?"

Keith huffed and grabbed his hands, pulling him to his feet. "I'm not food."
"Still a snack," he winked and Keith rolled his eyes. Good naturedly of course, Lance could tell by the twinkle in his eyes.

"Come on, let's go up."

"Yes sir."

* * *

Lance's boyfriend is a babe, that's just fact. Truth. No denying it. Guy's gorgeous, has been on the front of magazines and has been voted Hottest Man Alive (under twenty-ones division when he was still eligible, but still impressive). His boyfriend has thirst tweets tweeted about him on the daily. He's weirdly humble and dismissive about it, which of course made him even more attractive in Lance's opinion.

It was only fair he share it with the fans.

However, some things were best left not blasted all over the internet.

"Get that shirt off and lay on your stomach."

Keith raised a brow at the demand, looking to the bed then back to Lance. "...Why?"

"Because I've decided it's pamper night. Come on, chop chop!"

"Pamper night," Keith repeated.

"Yes. Look! I even got this oil stuff!" He held out a small glass jar in front of him. Keith squinted.

"Is that just another way of telling me you got overpriced lube?"

"Get your mind out of the gutter Kogane. This is massage oil."

Keith blinked a few times, slowly, like everything was slowly fitting into place. "You want to... massage me?" Keith asked. "Why?"

"I thought it would be nice to just unwind a bit. Filming has been hectic these past few months and we barely have been able to spend any real time together." He was right in this, filming was about double the intensity lately. It was the last season, so of course their timetables were filled to the brim. Lance just wanted to have a quiet night in and pamper his boyfriend. He smirked. "Plus I could always use the extra 'romance' points."

The corner of Keith's lips twitched up as his eyes went down.

"Okay, sure," he said with the same smile following his words. He grabbed at the hem of his shirt before pulling the material up and over his head, leaving him in his grey sweatpants. As he turned to the bed, plotting himself on his stomach Lance pressed his palms together and looked up to whoever was watching over him and mouthed 'thank you'.

He smiled with child-like glee as he made his way over to Keith lying down, smooth, muscular back on display.

"Giddy up horsey, this cowboy's looking for a ride," Lance grinned as he straddled his thighs either side of Keith, sitting comfy on his butt. Keith's laugh was muffled by the pillow's his face is smooshed in.
"So romantic," Keith murmured sarcastically.

"I'm a romance machine," he agreed, pouring a little too much of the oil on Keith's back. "Oop," he whispered at his mistake, but decided to roll with it as he smoothed his hands up and back, kneading through the tense muscle. "How does this romancing feel?"

"It feels like you used too much oil."

"Oh hush," Lance shushed which had Keith chuckling. He took a deep breath, sounding at least a little relaxed which was a part of the intention for this. Keith was such a serious guy sometimes, so set in routine and rarely straying from it. He lived for pattern, thrived in it. Lance was more of the spontaneous type, he liked to try new things and spice up life, even if it was just in small ways like this.

Lance found himself humming quietly as he moved his palms up his spine slowly, ending at his shoulders to work there for a moment.

"You gonna start serenading me too?" Keith's voice sounded playful and a little dreamy, like the relaxation had intoxicated him.

"Give me your best shot, McClain."

Lance cleared his throat comically and took a deep breath. "Everybody was kung-fu fighting-" He sang (laughed) and began doing the chopping motions against his boyfriend's back. Keith's laugh rumbled and vibrated with the chops. "Those kicks were fast as lightning!"

"You're nuts," Keith laughed, tilting his head to peer over his shoulder to look at Lance. "Absolutely insane."

"Wanna skip the song?" Lance teased.

Keith held his hand up and pressed his thumb down against his closed fist, like he was clicking a remote control. "Beep."

"Okay, lemme think," he said as his hands travelled slowly up and down his spine. His lips cracked into a grin. "Because your best friend is in love with you and you don't even notice-"

"Beep!"

"Aww no! That's a bop!" Lance whined.

"I do not want to be thinking about Plus 5 when we are in our bed."

"Alright, alright," he said, pushing down Keith's arm back onto the bed and into a relaxing position. "Let's get down to business."

"Business?" His tone teasing.

"This is serious stuff. Now shut it and let me think of a good song." His brain began to flicker through potential songs to serenade the shit out of boyfriend in his shirtless, oiled up glory.

A tune clicked into this back of his head, a grin etching across his face as he moved his hands.
"The sun is setting, and you're right here by my side, and the movie's playing, but we won't be watching tonight," Lance sang out softly, only coming out quietly and sweetly, but was plenty loud enough in the quiet room. "Every look, every touch, makes me wanna give you my heart." His smile grew as Keith didn't "beep" it over. "I be crushin' on you, baby, Stay the way you are."

The calming, slow tune must have been calming to the man underneath him, Lance could feel him relaxing more and more under the tips of his fingers.

"'Cause I never knew, I never knew, you could hold moonlight in your hands." He couldn't help but smile a little to himself as his hands caressed up his back and over his shoulder. "Til the night I held you." He held out on that last note, turning it sweet and silky. "You are my moonlight, moonlight."

His hands trailed along Keith's sides in warm, loving movements.

"I kiss his fingertips, as I'm wishing he's all mine, he's giving me Elvis, with some James Dean in his eyes." He moved the mop of black hair off Keith's neck and to the side. "Puts his lips on my neck," he sang, placing a soft kiss to the once hidden nape. His lips slowly drifted to his ear as the next lyrics left his mouth. "Makes me want to give him my body."

Lance's smirk grew as he felt an unintentional shiver shake Keith's body from underneath him.

"I be fallin' for you, baby," his voice continued as he hovered his lips along his shoulder. "And I just can't stop." He gave a light, feather-like kiss to the dip in Keith's spine.

"Lance..." It was grumbled out of not irritation, but demure.

"'Cause I never knew." another kiss, a little lower. "'Cause I never knew," and another. "You could hold moonlight in your hands, 'til the night I held you." His hands roamed aimlessly along with the kisses.

Sometimes he wondered if Keith ever felt unattended for in their relationship. Lance knew he was a good boyfriend, he was there to talk and listen and laugh, not to mention their chemistry was off the charts. The thing though was that Keith was a great boyfriend. He knew exactly how to keep Lance together. He had reassured Lance when everything seemed helpless.

Lance adored Keith, well and truly loved and cherished him. They both knew this as he said it all the time, but sometimes it was nice to have a physical form of it displayed instead of verbal. Although his choice of words could use a little more polishing, Keith was much better at the physicality of expressing love.

That was something Lance wanted to improve on, which is why the massage was a good start, the singing part hadn't been planned but hey, going with the flow had gone swell so far.

"Baby, I be fallin'." His delicate kiss turned a little sweeter as he sucked lightly at the skin, the taste of the oil thankfully not horrendous on his tongue. "You're my moonlight, moonlight."

He pressed open mouth kisses along the line of his back, a twinge of an idea ticking over in his mind. He smirked, teeth grazing against his lower back before sucking again. Keith stirred.

"He's so bossy," he sang, tongue licking over hot skin in a long stripe. "He makes me dance." Lance sucked at the pale skin, nibbling on his bottom lip as he pulled back and noticed the red spodge.

He placed a few more hot kisses along his desired path, creating a nice pink pattern.
"Tryna sit in the back of his whip, and just cancel my plans."

A few more open mouthed kisses that left behind red lines and teasing fingers gracing over skin.

"Sweet like candy." His teeth nipped at his shoulder.

"Lance," Keith murmured. Tone definitely bashful, like he was a little unsure with what to do with himself as Lance's hands and mouth touched all over.

"But he's such a man," his voice was sung low, nose nuzzling into his neck for a smaller, sweeter kiss. Being a little closer to Keith's meant he could hear the placid sigh that left his mouth at the action.

He lowered himself back down Keith's back, one hand touching up his side while his lips did the rest.

"He knows just what it does, when he's holding me tight, and he calls me "Moonlight" too," he sang it out softly, concluding the number with a soft kiss to the center of Keith's spine.

That's for sure going to earn him some well deserved romance points.

He sucked a few more kisses on his skin in silence, only Keith's shaky exhale being heard. That was all the encouragement he needed to keep going, lips smoothing over his back and teeth nipping occasionally. All enough to make Keith squirm and sigh. When Lance moved back he admired his work with a snort.

Oh *that* was definitely going to subtract a few romance points.

"What are you laughing at?" Keith asked, stretching his arms out beside him.

"Your skin is more sensitive than I thought," Lance snickered, tongue going between his teeth to stop himself from laughing. A few seconds of silence indicated Keith was thinking.

"What does that mean?" The way Lance only let out muffled laughter had Keith tensing up.

"Lance," Keith growled, moving to sit himself up.

Lance flopped himself to the side, landing on his back next to Keith who was quick to stand up and storm into the en suite. Lance peaked around the corner of the door from the bed, watching and trying to not go into a fit of laughter and Keith looked over his shoulder and at his reflection in the bathroom mirror.

Lance knew he had seen *it* when he heard a loud 'Lance!' shouted from the bathroom.

"Yes sunshine?" Lance chimed innocently. Keith torn around the corner, mouth pursed shut and jaw tensed as he glared at him.

"Why the *fuck* do I have a giant 'L' hickey on my back?"

Lance's mouth wobbled as he tried not to laugh, unable to reply because he knew that he would just start pissing himself with laughter.

"Don't you dare laugh," he grumbled, narrowing his eyes. "You're dead, you do know this right?"

"I think it's cute," he said, ending with a wheeze as he tried not to laugh.

"You *branded* me!"
"With love!"

Keith took a deep breath, closed his eyes and counted for a few moments, while Lance tried to hold in his laughter.

"You wouldn't let me give you a single mark for months and then you give me a giant L for Lance?"

He blinked angelically and smiled sweetly.

Keith shook his head, stalking over to Lance who was sat on the edge of the bed. "Oh no you don't! You can't pull that cute little smile shit this time." Keith stopped right in front of Lance who was sat on the edge of the bed, looking absolutely pissed, but not his 'real' pissed. It was just his usual temper flare. Lance wouldn't be acting like such a little shit if Keith was really mad.

"I can't?" he asked, tone and smile sultry as looked up at Keith who had his arms crossed.

"No."

"You telling me what I can and cannot do in the bedroom?" Lance asked, smile as he tilted his head. "Interesting."

"You talk so much shit with that big mouth of yours."

"My mouth's talented, you know that."

Keith closed his eyes, taking another few moments to count. With his eyes closed Lance covered his mouth as he tried not to laugh.

_God he loved messing with Keith. That shit never got old._

After a few moments his opened eyes, nodding a little to himself. "Okay, okay that's it," he murmured. "Paybacks gonna be a bitch."

Lance laughed, unconvinced. "Is it?"

Keith smirked before giving Lance a shove backwards, not rough, but enough for Lance to get the hint and flop down, landing on his back. Keith crawled on top, looking a little like a Disney villain but like... a sexy Disney villain.

"Yeah," Keith said smoothly. Lance could feel his heart pumping overtime in his chest as Keith stared down at him. "It is, and you know why?" His question was answered when Lance shook his head, not even daring to breathe. Keith chuckled, leaning down until the tips of their noses just touched. "It's going to be one hell of a payback because I've been wanting to mark you with my mouth for months, and I'm going to make good opportunity of this."

"Christ," Lance wheezed as Keith's hot, whispered words burned his body.

"Yeah," Keith repeated smugly. "You may need to pray a little."

"Am I dead?" Lance whispered. This had taken a real sexy turn that he was not expecting.

Keith smirked. "Not yet." He grabbed one of Lance's wrists in each hand, pinning it above his head.

"Oh wow." Lance's poor little heart was going too fast, face flushing red and stomach doing little
excited flips and it was all Keith's fault.

The smug smirk above him deepened as he torturously leaned down closer to Lance at a snail pace. Only a breath away from his lips he stopped, eyes fluttering open again before moving to Lance's neck and *bites*. No sweet little kisses or sensual sucking, *Just bites* him like a fucking animal.

He chuckled darkly, leaned back to make eye contact again before he spoke, "Now it's your turn to become my canvas." Then moved his mouth back to Lance's neck and began to paint his masterpiece.

Chapter End Notes

Lance is such a crackhead I love him (and so does keith)

So next chapter we got....
- the consequences of cheeky lovebites
- also special guests! (take your bets)
"I wouldn't," Lance smirked as Keith grabbed the hem of his shirt, ready to do an impromptu shirt change since his had a rip in it for the scene they were filming.

Keith narrowed his eyes at him and pursed his lips. "Why?"

Lance e raised his right hand to make the shape of an 'L' that had Keith bristling. He scrunched up the shirt in his hand, huffed and stomped out of the filming room to somewhere without the whole cast and crew watching.

"Love you," he chimed and laughed as Keith flicked his middle finger over his shoulder. Lance looked back to the group and put a hand to his heart. "Makes my heart swoon."

"What was that all about?" Shiro asked, looking mildly amused by Keith's departure.

"I think would kill me if I told you." They all looked at each other with concern. "Okay calm down, it's not that deep. But Pidge would be like 'ya nasties', Shiro would go into dad mode, it may scar Hunk and Allura... uh Allura probably would think it's funny. Because it is funny."

"I'm terrified but intrigued," Allura said.

"Oh god I do not want to know," Pidge muttered. "You guys are so nasty I don't even want to think about it."

"Love is not nasty Pidge."

"No, but you two are."

"I'm offended. Are Shiro and Adam nasty too?"

Pidge rolled her eyes and crossed her arms. "No. They're normal."

"Thank you Pidge," Shiro smiled before turning back to Lance, a small frown forming. "But it's also concerning me that you think I'd go into dad mode."

"You've given me more safe sex talks in seven months than my father has my whole life. My papa was just like 'ponte condón y no embaraces a nadie'."

"What does that mean?"

"Doesn't matter because it really doesn't apply to Keith and I."

"I'm too scared to ask," Hunk admitted.

"Yeah, probably for the best. But like, wanna all do me a favour and make L's with your hand, it'll
piss Keith off and that's the aim of the game."

"I'm honestly so shocked Keith hasn't murdered you yet," Pidge murmured.

"It's called love, Pidge," Allura giggled.

"Well if that's love, love sounds annoying. Either way, I'm gonna do the L thing because I wanna see Keith go ballistic."

"That's the spirit Pidge!"

* * *

Pidge was right when she said Keith would go ballistic.

Shiro was the third person to make the 'L' sign and it seemed to be the snapping point. His face went red and Pidge watched curiously (pointing the camera in their direction) as Keith stomped over to Lance who was sitting quietly and watching with a smile.

You should always know never to trust a quiet Lance. It either meant he was sad, overthinking or up to no good.

By the smirk planted on his face Pidge took an estimated guess the later suggestion was the correct one.

"Why did you tell them?"

"I didn't tell them anything!" Lance chimed innocently. Keith crossed his arms and scowled down at him.

"You're so lucky you have that turtleneck on," Keith grumbled which had Lance grinning wickedly, leaning back against the couch.

"Your 'payback' just wasn't as bitchin' as you wanted." He shrugged, still smiling smugly.

"You wouldn't think it was so funny if Leandro's costuming didn't cover it all!"

"Oh boohoo! Wanna have a cry about it?"

"It's like they have their own language," Hunk murmured beside Pidge. "I have no idea what they're talking about."

"Probably for the best." Who knew what those idiots were thinking?

"L, is for the way you look at me-" Lance sang out and screamed as Keith lunged for him. It was a quick scramble off the break room couch. Lance dodged Keith's move. He ran but stumbled, almost tripping as Keith landed on the ground and grabbed his ankle.

They might be doofuses, but they were sure fun to watch.

* * *

Lance was changing out of his costuming in order to go meet 'the special guests' and got a little too excited about it. By a little excited, he meant he had dashed to the changing rooms and was trying to get his turtleneck off and had managed to get his big head stuck, leaving him wandering around in the darkness with his arms over his head, half shirtless and thrashing around
like a wild animal trying to get free.

He faintly could hear Sandra's voice in the back of his head saying something about being on their best behaviour for their guests.

"And these are our changing rooms-" Shiro's sweet, sweet voice came. Thank god it wasn't Sandra, thank god! "Lance? Are you okay?" He asked and Lance could hear faint snickers of laughter, probably from their guests. Shiro being the most responsible of the main cast had tasked with showing their guests around the set while the others got out of their costuming. Lance just happened to be the one there in the moment. How cruel.

"I'm stuck!" Lance whined out, flailing his arms that were starting to ache over his head. "Please help."

"Hey, why don't you go? It'll probably be the only chance you get to undress-"

"Don't finish that sentence."

Lance squinted to himself at the familiarity of those voices and the dynamic. Something clicked and he squawked. "Is that Plus 5? Tell me that's Plus 5!" Lance asked and jumped a little in a bounce.

"Stay still," Shiro's grumbled as he grabbed Lance's sleeves and pulled up. Lance took a deep breath as he was finally out of the tight turtleneck, feeling like a newborn.

His mouth dropped, still smiling as he saw none other than Plus 5 in front of him. These guys were the special guests?

"Holy shit! Hey guys! I had no idea you were the guests!" He grinned, a hand going through his hair to settle the mess his hair probably had become.

"We've recorded a song that's going to be featured on the soundtrack. We're here to film the music video," Gabriel explained and Lance beamed. He hadn't seen these guys in months, they'd been on tour around Europe.

"That's awesome!"

A sudden quietness that spilled over the room felt foreign, like he was the person missing out on something. He noticed Cameron and Tyler snickering while Kendall looked anywhere but him.

He blinked owlishly, wondering where the awkwardness had come from.

"Lance," Shiro mumbled, face admittedly a little red as he ran his hand down his face. It was the 'disappointed dad look'. What the hell had he done wrong? "Put a shirt on."

Lance frowned then looked down on himself. It clicked in his head when he looked at the 'payback' scattered across his skin in the form of lovebites. They were the darkest around his neck and had previously been hidden by the turtleneck. They travelled down his chest and stomach and continued under the band of his jeans, leading to a very obvious location.

If Lance had any sense of shame he'd probably be embarrassed but he doesn't so instead he couldn't help but laugh. He looked up to see Shiro's stern expression and the embarrassed or amused ones of the Plus 5 boys.

Lance smirked smugly. "I was a naughty boy last night-"
"Lance," Shiro growled while Cameron and Tyler turned away to laugh into his hand, probably worried at the chances of getting scolded by the older man.

"Sorry Shiro," Lance smiled and turned around, walking to where his shirt folded neatly. He threw it over his head and turned. It still wasn't covering all of it, but it was the only shirt he had. "Better?" he asked Shiro who nodded reluctantly. "Awesome! Now come on, I want to join this tour!"

Shiro sighed but obviously knew it was a lost cause so began to walk out the door to continue. Lance grinned at the band members and followed behind. After the complete tour, they were making their way to the break room to meet with the other cast. As they did Cameron picked up conversation with him.

"I can't believe the last time we saw each other was at the JuniAwards," Cameron said and Lance had to wrack his brain for a moment, trying to remember seeing Cameron. He knew he spoke to Kendall, but anything before that was a little fuzzy. Cameron laughed, obviously picking up on the action. "You were pretty drunk, don't worry I'm not offended." He leaned in a little closer to Lance, eyes wide. "Do you remember talking to Kendall?"

Lance looked up to where Kendall was walking a few steps in front of him, listening to a conversation between Tyler and Shiro.

"I remember a little bit," Lance said, scrunching up his nose. "And I remember crying. I should really apologise for being such a mess." He thought for a second longer and groaned. "I really should apologise for that. So many pictures of me crying to him that travelled around and rumours about us..."

Cameron flicked his wrist dismissively. "Eh, I wouldn't worry too much about it. Kendie's got pretty tough skin when it comes to that kind of stuff."

"I'll still apologise properly though. I probably put a dampener on his mood that night."

Cameron smiled softly and nodded. "I think he'd appreciate the sentiment. And speaking of rumours and pictures going around..." he trailed off, leading into a new subject. "Congratulations with getting a boyfriend! Seems like it's going well," he added with a nod to Lance's neck.

"Thanks, and it really is. If only you could see what I did to him," Lance snickered which had Cameron's brow shooting up, intrigued.

By the stage they reached the break room where Pidge, Hunk and Keith sat on the couch chatting idly to one another as they waited. Hunk's eyes lit up as he stood and walked over to greet them. Lance introduced Pidge to them and everyone fell into excited chatter at what they were planning on filming for the video. Gabriel mentioned the cast were going to featured in the clip and that it was going to lighthearted and comical which fit into the song's theme, despite it being quite rock centered.

Lance was listening to the song with one earbud in, the other in Keith's. Lance's head bopped along with the beat, it was catchy with fun lyrics that somewhat contrasted to the sound they were going for.

It was clear evidence of the Band's evolution away from the pop 'boy band' sound and Lance loved it.

"This is insane guys," Lance said handing Tyler back his phone after the song finished. He looked
to Kendall who was watching then curiously, like he was eager for their input but didn't want to ask. "Did you write this?"

He crossed his arms tightly across his chest and nodded stiffly. "Yeah, we had a few co-writers but I wrote most of it."

"That's awesome! This is gonna be perfect on the soundtrack." He beamed as Kendall smiled gently.

"Thanks Lance."

A crack in the door turned everyone's attention as Allura stepped into the room. She grinned as she strode in making the Plus 5 boys eyes widen in awe.

"Oh good! Our guests are here! Sandra, Monty and the crew are ready for filming!"

Cameron practically jumped to his feet and in a blink was by her side, smile sweet with puppy love. "Lead the way Allura! By the way I'm Cameron," he added with a wink.

"Oh god he's worse than Lance," Pidge muttered. Gabriel sighed, already rubbing his temples in attempt to decrease his stress.

Allura giggled. "I know who you are Cameron," she smiled and the look of pure joy on his face made Lance snicker. Tyler then threw himself at Cameron and pushed around him and flashed a smile.

"Tyler," he introduced himself.

She smiled knowingly. "I know you too Tyler."

Now it was time for Tyler to explode into a beam of light with his smile. Those boys were putty in her pretty hands. Gabriel grabbed the two guys by their collars and yanked them back a step.

"You guys have no sense of personal space," he murmured and looked up and extended a hand towards her. "My names Gabriel." Allura smiled as she shook his hand firmly. Once he let go, Gabriel threw his thumb over his shoulder. "And that's Kendall." Allura peered over his shoulder.

"Hello Kendall!"

Kendall nodded and raised his hand for a wave before lowering it again.

"Well now we're all introduced, shall we head out to the hall?" Shiro asked as he stood up and like ducklings to their mother the Voltron cast followed.

Keith walked beside him to the main filming whole with a frown. He grabbed the collar of Lance's shirt in attempt to hide one of the dark splodges on his neck.

"You're going to need some concealer," he said more to himself than anyone else. Lance huffed and grabbed his hand, twining their fingers together.

"You're such a hypocrite," he said with a fond roll of his eyes. "Where's Mr. Payback's a Bitch?" He teased, laughing lightly at Keith's scowl.

"It's not fun when you don't actually give a shit and have zero shame," Keith grumbled. Lance just laughed, letting go of Keith's hand to sling it over his shoulder.
"It's a part of my charm."

"Just make sure you get Audrey to put concealer on before we film anything."

"Yes, yes. You sound like Shiro," Lance drawled.

"Shiro saw?"

"Shiro saw a good 90%." Keith gave him a 'look' which Lance explained. "I got stuck in my turtleneck again."

"Again?" Keith huffed in disbelief. "Thought you would've learnt from the first three times."

"Don't be an asshole. I was just lucky the guys were there otherwise I would've gotten a lecture about being 'work appropriate'."

"The guys?" Keith repeated, voice lowering and brow going up. "As in Plus 5?"

"Yeah that was pretty awkward not gonna lie. More so for them, not me. I don't care."

Keith rolled his eyes with a fond smile. "Of course you don't."

"Not to be a crazy fan but..." Cameron said coming up behind them. "Y'all cute." Lance looked over his shoulder to him and grinned big and proud.

"Thanks Cam!"

"Just wait," Pidge said trudging along. "It gets old real quick when they start making out in front of you."

"And seeing hickies, gross by the way."

"We don't make out in front of you," Lance insisted as Keith went red.

Pidge gave him a pointed look. "I literally watched you exchange gum yesterday."

"That's lowkey iconic though," Cameron snickered.

"Thank you!" Lance grinned smugly and looked to Pidge who rolled her eyes and continued to walk ahead.

* * *

Shooting the music video was as fun as Lance thought it was going to be. They all managed to get along well and find the whole experience hilarious with every opportunity to make sure the video was entertaining. The whole thing was goofy but things only started to get weirder once they finished the video clip and were hanging around set.

But before Lance could fully relax, he wanted to talk to Kendall. He hadn't had a real chance to speak to him. It also didn't really help that Kendall was quieter than his other band mates, so once they were back into the break room Lance took his opportunity to strike up a conversation with Kendall who stood by the outer of the group, looking mildly awkward.

"Hey Kendall," Kendall seemed surprise by him being there but ignored it as he continued. "Are you happy with how the shoot went?"

"Uh, yeah. It was pretty cool. Especially having the cast in it too." He nodded casually as he spoke, eyes glancing across the room to where Tyler, Keith and Pidge were talking.
"It was fun to film. I'm so glad it was you guys who were our special guests! It's been so cool to show you all around set." When Kendall looked back to Lance he nodded and cleared his throat. "So..." Lance restarted when there was a silence. "I actually wanted to talk to you about something."

Kendall suddenly looked mildly nervous. "Okay..."

"I want to apologise for JuniAwards. I was a proper mess. I hope I didn't make you uncomfortable with whatever I said." He watched both of Kendall's thick brows go upwards and lips part slightly. "I don't really remember much of what I said but I really wanted to say sorry if I ruined your night and all those rumours about us being together starting... again"

Kendall stared at him for a few moments before he let out an amused huff of air. "I thought you were coming out for a very different conversation."

Lance's forehead scrunched up. "What do you mean?"

"It doesn't matter. But don't worry I wasn't mad at you, that wasn't your fault." Lance could already feel the weight in his chest lift. "Also congratulations with Keith, you were pretty lovesick when you were talking about him that night. He's a lucky guy."

The compliment caused a small smile on his lips. "Thanks."

Kendall scratched his cheek and averted his eyes. "No problem."

"Okay guys, gather up!" Allura started. "I have a plan so listen up!"

"Let's go sit and listen then," Lance said and him and Kendall went to sit on the couch. He soon had both Kendall and Keith either side of him.

Allura had decided they should make their own music video for the Video Diaries and had elected the song Boys by Lizzo. Obviously everyone agreed (especially Tyler and Cameron who were very much at her beckon call) and it fit especially because of all the guys they had on set.

Lance obviously had the 'Got this boy speaking Spanish, ay Papi' part because it was just obvious.

Hunk was our residential 'big boy' because he was a giant teddy bear beast.

Gabriel was their Mississippi boy. He didn't live there, but apparently his mother lived there when she was a kid, so close enough.

Tyler was their inner city boy.

Kendall was wearing the bow tie found in the costuming rack and was already wearing chipped red nail polish so that fit as well.

Nobody had extensive facial hair, so they grabbed Akira's wig which would do the job and Pidge called dibs on that part.

They were gonna use all of them for the clean shaven part.

Cameron was nominated the playboy and of course their gay boys were Shiro and Keith. There was only one thing missing.

"We're missing an 'itty bitty' boy!" Allura exclaimed and they all looked around the break room where everyone was hanging out. The smallest they had was Pidge, but she was quick to refuse.
The next smallest was Keith and Lance and they were exactly little.

Who else...?

Lance squawked as the obvious answer came to mind making both Keith and Kendall either side of him flinch.

"Cute Intern Kane!" Lance shouted out, gaining the others attention. Kendall raised a brow.

"Who?" he asked.

"Cute Intern Kane! He's my costume designer's assistant. He's super cute, the fans love him!"

"Is that the one people also shipped you with?" Cameron asked.

Lance nodded. "Yeah, that's the one!" He sat up straighter, eyes lighting up with ideas. "I'll have all my K boyfriends together in the one place! We could totally have a foursome!"

Kendall beside him choked on seemingly nothing. Keith rolled his eyes and the rest had a mixture of laughter, shock or disgust (that came mostly from Pidge). The shock was mainly from Plus Five who gaped and laughed, looking unsure if he was being serious or not.

"He's joking," Keith said in a monotone voice.

"I don't have a mouth and two hands for nothing Keith," Lance stated, snickering until Keith slapped his hand over Lance's mouth. Kendall's coughing only got louder. Cameron doubled over in laughter. Tyler was smiling despite his jaw dropped and looking around the room as if waiting for cameras to pop out of nowhere and tell him he's been punked. Gabriel just looked shocked as he walked over to Kendall and patted his back.

"The best part is I actually can't tell if he's joking or not," Cameron wheezed, wiping his eyes.

"He's joking," Keith repeated, pulling his hand back to reveal Lance's smirking mouth.

"Yeah I am," he chuckled, pausing for a moment and slowly turning to face Keith. "Unless...?"

"Lance." Keith's tone was enough for Lance to back down with a chuckle already getting to his feet.

"Alright, alright, watch me go find Cute Intern Kane."

* * *

Keith watched Cameron go into a fit of laughter the second Lance left the room.

"I mean this in the nicest way possible, but I never realised how much of a crackhead Lance is until today. That guy has no filter." He wiped his eyes, little tears wetting the corners. "I love it. I love it so much."

"Our Lancey has quite an interesting sense of humour," Allura mused.

"More like he doesn't have an ounce of shame," Pidge said.

"Either way, it's goddamn hilarious," Cameroon snickered, letting out a big breath as he tried to control his laughter.
Keith looked to his right, noticing Kendall sitting on the edge of the couch. A wave of quietness went between them, it was so awkward now Lance was gone. The more he thought about it, the more he realised he'd never really had a proper conversation with the guy. He just looked so uncomfortable, eyes drifting everywhere in the room but him. He thought back on all of their encounters, especially the last one.

Oh.

Maybe that's why.

"Kendall," Keith started impulsively, not even thinking through what he wanted to say to him. The looked at him, face stoic and unreadable. "I'm sorry about how I acted at JuniAwards towards you." Kendall blinked slowly, brows shooting up. "Lance is my soft spot, so when I saw he'd been crying I got mad and assumed you'd done something wrong. So I'm sorry for being a dick."

Kendall stared at him for a few long seconds and scrunched up his brow. "You don't... hate me?"

That took him off guard. "...No? I barely know you, why would I hate you?"

Now it was time for Kendall to look taken aback. "Because I liked your boyfriend?"

"So?"

"So... aren't you afraid I'm gonna pull a move on him anyway?"

"No? Should I be?" He asked and Kendall faltered.

"No! That's not what I meant. I just always got that vibe that you didn't like me, or that you didn't like me around him."

"If I'm being honest... Why was he about to say this?" I was more jealous of the fact you had the guts to ask him out when I didn't." That was definitely true. It had shaken and wound himself up so much the thing he most feared was Lance getting a girlfriend or boyfriend. "I don't care if you liked Lance, or asked him out. And let's get this straight, I'm not some possessive piece of shit who tells him who he can and can't be friends with. He's not an idiot, he's capable of picking his friends."

Kendall stared at him for another few seconds before the slightest curve appeared at the corner of his lips. And if Keith didn't know Lance better, he would've called him crazy for not going on a date with this guy, he's frustratingly attractive.

"Well I'm glad you don't hate me."

"The feelings mutual."

Thumping of feet and the door swinging open made everyone stop their individual conversations as Lance whipped back into the room, dragging a confused looking Kane in behind him.

"I found him!" Lance announced the obvious. "Plus Five! This is Cute Intern Kane!"

"Just Kane is fine," Kane anxiously sad, picking at the sleeve of his sweater. "It's nice to meet you guys, I'm a fan." Keith couldn't help but notice the way Kendall sat up a little straighter than before.

"Come on, Kane, come sit with me while we give you a run down on what we have planned for the video." Lance pulled Kane in and sat back down on the couch next to Keith while forcing the
other to sit next to Kendall. "Kendall, Kane, by the way," Lance smirked deviously. That was never a good sign.

There was a moment of hesitation before Kendall extended his hand out to Kane.

"Hey."

Poor Kane, poor, jittery, awkward Kane just stared wide eyed for a moment before taking his hand.

"Hi," he said after a few moments of staring. Kendall's lips turned upwards ever so slightly.

Keith was interrupted by watching the embarrassingly awkward exchange when Lance leaned into his ear.

"I'm playing matchmaker."

Keith snorted. "No you're not."

"Yes I am. Watch me. They'll fall in love and then we're all gonna have a wicked foursome."

"Shut the fuck up," Keith couldn't help but laugh out, shaking his head as Lance snickered beside him, curling up against his arm.

"Okay let's get this video underway!" Allura cheered.

And the chaos commenced.

Chapter End Notes

translation
wrap it up and don't get anyone pregnant - Ponte condón y no embaraces a nadie

no one:
absolutely no one:
lance: KEITH, KANE, KENDALL AND I SHOULD HAVE A FOURSOME

and so we say goodbye to our Plus 5 friends. I'm sad to see them go :( forever in our hearts ❤

Next chapter:
-Garrison trio interviewing the public
-Klance diary and S4 responses
Meet and Greet the Fandom

Chapter Notes

a little later than usual please forgive me take this chapter as a humble offering ❤

EDIT: there’s a lil Shane Dawson reference in here fyi ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Klance diaries may just be the most beautiful thing I have ever laid eyes on. Literally the best 15 minutes of my life. 10/10 would recommend

_________

The beginning of this made me kinda sad because it was Pidge explaining to the camera that this footage was only to be uploaded when Klance came out as a relationship but still wanted to show us the progress of their relationship and that it would be posted after season 4 and that hurt me because it's a reminder that they weren't ready to tell people but it got exposed :((

_________

Pidge acts like Klance is gross but you can totally tell she's so happy for her friends aHHHH MY HEART

_________

Lance getting upset because he couldn't do the pocket thing was so adorable god i love him

_________

I think you’d have to be classified as stupid if you didn't think Klance was real after watching this video like LOOK AT THEM THEY IN LOVEEE

_________

kEITH NAPPING WITH HISHEAD ON LANCE'S LAP IS THE CUTEST THING I'LL EVER SEE

-Lance to voltron cast: if you wake him up I'll kill you

-he just want his man to have a good nap uwu

_________

I HAVE NEVER WANTED TO HOLD SOMEONES HAND MORE THAN AFTER WATCHING THIS VIDEO GODDAMN WHY ARE THEY SO CUTE STOP MAKING ME WANT LOVE
Keith always tries to act tough and shit but as soon as Lance is there he is so soft

-8:24 is literally the visual rep of this comment like Keith is all pouty and then Lance walks in the room and he just looks so happy when he sits next to him AGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

My favourite moment in the diaries is when Hunk, Pidge and Allura were fooling around with the camera and talking for a while and it totally could've been used in the normal video diaries except that in the background at 7:12 you can see Lance and Keith having a smooch in the mirror in the background

-I WAS WATCHED THIS PART FIVE TIMES AND COULDN'T FIGURE IT OUT OMFG I'M A DUMBASS

yeah so if klance ever break up I won't believe in love

-agree

-yep

-the truth

-so true it BURNS

-they're so perfect for each other I????????

ok not to be petty but those dislikes were 100% Kenance shippers and I just want to know their address I wanna talk

Lance following Keith around playing Barbie Girl by aqua had me cackling

-and when Keith chased him bahahaha omfg that was hilarious

-they're so goofy with each other i love them

***

"Do you really think that people won't be able to recognise us?" Pidge asked Lance as she pulled her hair into a tuft of a pony tail, tucking it under a beanie.

Lane was busy putting his coloured contacts in, the colour going from blue to a dark brown. He
blinked, letting them adjust for a few moments. He grinned as Kane helped him fit into the shaggy, mousy blonde wig.

"I mean I assume someone will realise it's us sooner or later," Lance admitted, putting on the bright purple, blocky glasses. "But these will be enough for now. How you going with the beard Hunk?"

He looked to his buddy who didn't look too happy about his disguise.

"It's itchy," he murmured.

"But you look like an absolute beast, you should really think about growing a beard dude."

"You think?"

"Yeah man, you look good!"

"Aww! Thanks Lance!"

"No problem buddy!"

"Okay now your bromance moment is over," Pidge started after sticking on a blonde goatee. "What are you going to do about your accent?"

"What accent?" Lance asked in his American accent. Pidge's nose scrunched up.

"That freaks me out every time."

"Yeah well if I go around in my real accent it's going to be so obvious," he said, switching back to his usual voice.

"I was thinking," Kane trailed off as he spun around, making his way to the makeup desk, shuffling through a few products before coming back with two. "We could give you a few more details." He raised a brown pencil and leaned in closer to Lance's face. The pencil went to his eyebrows, thickening them up and making them look a little less groomed. Kane then grabbed the other black pencil shaped device and drew a little beauty mark under his right eye.

Lance looked at the mirror and grinned. "This is even better!"

Kane smiled at the praise. "Thanks Lance."

"Come on guys, I think we're ready. Do you have the camera Pidge?" Lance asked, standing up. He felt so weird in his disguise. Baggier clothes than he was used to and a little plain.

She nodded, holding the camera up. Pidge was also in baggier clothes, but that stray too far from the truth. Her more masculine appearance though was humorous with the goatee and her hair hidden underneath the hat.

Hunk's was the best. A normal shirt and pants, but the beard, glasses and extensions added to his hair made him almost unrecognisable.

"I think we're ready to go interview the public," Lance announced. "Thanks for the help, Kane. Our disguises would've been dreadful if you weren't here to help us. So as a thank you, gimme your phone." Kane's immaculate brow (they're literally perfect to the point Lance is mildly jealous) arched up.

"M-my phone?"
"Yeah. It's good, don't worry."

Reluctantly, Kane dug into his back pocket and unlocked it, passing it to Lance. He grinned menacingly as he brought up Kane's contacts and added a new one. He handed it back to Kane and grinned.

"Now you have Kendall from Plus 5's number."

Kane blinked, staring at his phone before turning red, throwing his phone in Lance's direction like it was on fire.

"I can't have his number!" Kane shrilled.

"Why not? I know you've been talking to him on social media after the day they were on set. That was a month ago. You can't continue to talking to him on the Twitter DMs."

Kane's face went even more red than Lance thought possible. "How did you know that?" Kane asked with wide eyes and a frantic tremor in his voice.

Lance smiled smugly. "I have my sources. Thank you, Cameron."

Kane hunched slightly and sighed as Lance held his phone back out to him. "He might not want me to have his number," he said softly, little pout on his face.

"Oh no, trust me, he does. I asked him before if I could give it to you. He sounded pretty happy about it."

Kane's jaw dropped. "He what?"

Lance smirked and patted his favourite ex-interns back. "Go get yourself a rockstar."

The other looked back down to his phone, nibbling on his bottom lip but Lance could see the hint of an excited smile on his lips.

***

The streets of LA were bright and filled with colours and loads of people. Some had an aim, a goal to achieve, others were just out to enjoy the sunshine and ambiance only California could provide.

And what were Pidge, Hunk and himself doing with cameras and disguises you ask?

Video Diaries content.

It was Hunk who had inspired the purpose of the video which was to approach random people and ask questions about mainly the cast and Voltron. The disguises were to make sure they didn't get stampeded with fans. But really, it was just a bit of fun and to mess around.

Lance held a microphone that wasn't even real as they looked for their first victims.

"What about them?" Hunk said, nodding over to a woman and her two teenagers. One probably 13 and the other 15 or 16.

Lance looked directly to the camera that Pidge was carrying and raised the microphone to his lips as he readied his mind to do the American accent.

"Let's go baby." He then began to walk over to the woman and her children. They were standing
outside a shop, the woman on her phone as if looking for directions. "Excuse me!" She looked up and glance to the camera. "Hi, my name's... Jeremy, and I'm with website Talking Tea and we were wondering if we could ask you and your family a few questions?" Her kids, the younger a female and older a male looked amused, waiting for her answer.

"Oh..." She thought about it. "Sure."

"Awesome!" Lance extended the microphone to their direction. "Have you heard Netflix original Voltron?" All three of them nodded and said. "Have you watched it?"

"Not me, too much blood and violence," the woman admitted with a scrunched up face.

"I have," the older said.

"You like the blood and violence?" Lance asked with a grin that grew as the boy's did.

"Hell yeah. It's badass."

His mother gave an unimpressed shake of her head while Lance leaned forward and gave him a high five.

"What about you?" Lance asked the girl who nodded.

"Yeah, it's cool... Especially the bloody parts," she grinned, giggling as her mother gave her a horrified expression.

"Now you deserve a high-five! I love it!" Lance laughed as he gave the girl a high-five. "You guys are awesome. What are your names?"

"Kayden and Tracey," the brother supplied.

"Sweet, sweet. So who are your favourite characters?"

"I like Petra," Tracey smiled and Lance could see the happiness emitting off Pidge from behind the camera.

"Me too," Kayden said. "She's funny and cool."

The happiness grew on her features no matter how much she tried to hide them.

They all rotated so they each interviewed a person. The next person Lance approached was a girl wearing Voltron merchandise in the form of a shirt.

"I take it you're a Voltron fan," Lance smiled charismatically.

The girl laughed, looking down at her shirt. "What gave it away?"

"You just have that 'Voltron aura' about you," Lance played along making her laugh. "I'm hoping it'll make you want to join in on our Voltron interview?"

"Sounds great!"

"Awesome! So what's been your favourite season of Voltron so far?" Lance asked.

"Definitely 3, it was the perfect mixture of action and comedy genius. Also there was lots of Leakira moments which I loved."
Lance couldn't help but grin. "A Leakira shipper?" She nodded. "That's wicked. What would you say your favourite Leakira moment from season 3 was then?"

"There's so many!" She said, biting her lip as she bounced on the tips of her toes. "I think probably the reunion."

"Good choice," Lance nodded. "So how big of a fan would you say you are?"

"Massive. I've probably watched it ten times over."

"So you know the characters well, you'd say?" She nodded. "What about the actors?"

"I love them all. I watch the Video Diaries religiously."

Lance took a quick glance to the camera, trying not to smile too much. "So you would say you're a part of the Voltron Fandom?" He asked.

"Definitely!"

"So would you say if you saw one of the actors on the street you would recognise them?"

"100%."

He grinned at her. "Are you sure?" Her nod became more affirmative. "Well something gives me the vibe you're gonna love the Video Diaries this season."

"What?"

"Okay thank you for joining in on the interview! That's all we have to ask you today!"

They could barely contain their laughter as they moved away and switched the camera's around for the next interview.

There were some pretty interesting responses from the public. Some including:

When Pidge asked a group of middle-aged women if they watched Voltron and they responded with no, but all expressed their love for Shiro because of how attractive he was.

Another time was the awkward encounter with an older man who had no idea what Voltron was and when Hunk showed him the man huffed and walked away, muttering about how he wasn't gonna waste his time.

But Lance's favourite was when he started talking to a group of young girls who were most likely in their late teens.

"Hello ladies! I'm Jeremy from Talking Tea and I was wondering if I could ask you all some questions about Netflix's Voltron?"

The girls gave each other quick looks before looking back to him.

"Okay," a girl with long brown hair said.

"Awesome! So have any of you heard of Voltron?" He asked them.

"We actually always binge the series together the premier night and have a sleepover!" One girl with a beanie on said. "It's basically tradition."
"Sleepover, snacks and Voltron? Sounds like a pretty good time."

"Don't forget the Cast Livestream," the blonde added in.

"How could I? So I take it you're all pretty avid fans, huh?" They nod. "Okay so can I fire you with the question of your favourite Voltron moment?" He extended the mic to the girl with impressively blue hair.

"Oh man, it's gotta be when Petra got reunited with her family. It made me so emotional."

He moved the mic to the girl with the beanie.

"Anything with Henare in it, but specifically when his character arc in season 2 and he saved Hachiko and Alzina."

Lance then adjusted the mic to the blonde girl.

"Umm... oh my god you've put me on the spot..." she nibbled her lip and looked to her hands as he thought. "Maybe when Leandro and Akira went roof jumping to get away from the M.R.O and started to get along."

"I second that but only change it to every Leakira scene," the shortest girl with cornrows added, making her friends giggle.

"So you all like Leakira?" Lance asked smugly.

"The only ship I like better than Leakira is Klance," she said.

"Now refresh my jargon, but Klance is Keith Kogane and Lance McClain, right?" Oh how he loved fucking with the fans.

"Yes!" The beanie girl confirmed. "It's even better now that they're in a relationship."

"The fandom called if years ago," blue hair girl added.

"It was so obvious! Keith especially." They all nodded in agreement with their friend.

"So you saying Keith is a useless pining gay?" The question Lance asked made them go into a fit of laughs and they nodded. He looked back to the camera. "Hear that Keith Kogane? You're a useless gay."

"We love you anyway!" A girl said and waved.

"Yeah we do," Lance grinned with a wink towards the camera. He could see Pidge forcing herself not to comment or gag.

"I honestly don't blame Keith for pining so hard. Lance is hot."

Oh how Lance loved the fans.

"Really?" He grinned.

"Yeah like I'm a lesbian but he could like...get it." The blue haired girl said which made Lance bark out a laugh. "I would prefer Allura though."

"If Lance wasn't Keith's soulmate I would steal him," one of the girls said and the group went into a
fit of giggles.

Now Lance had said he wouldn't expose himself to the fans but he really wanted to see their reactions. So...

"I've been told I look a little like Lance," he added casually. He watched as the girls squinted, looking at him closer. The girl with the braids leaned closer.

"Wait what?" she gaped and looked closer. "Wait..." Lance smiled as he watched as a light bulb appeared in her eyes. "Wait! Lance?" She shrilled. "This better not be a joke or I am actually going to cry!"

Lance laughed, dropping the accent as he spoke next. "Come on guys! I thought you would've recognised us sooner!"

Chaos commenced throughout the group. One stood frozen with her hand over her mouth, another gasped and began to run away before coming back and then running away again, blue haired girl screamed 'brooooooollllllllllllllll!' and the girl with the braids started jumping and screaming, pointing to Lance's face.

Lance loved, absolutely adored meeting fans. Seeing their excitement was heartwarming and felt like he had just reunited with a long lost friend.

"Oh my god can we hug you?" One asked with tears in her eyes and Lance was instantly squished into a group hug after he nodded.

"This is so weird! I didn't recognise you at all!"

"I guess that probably means you didn't notice Pidge or Hunk either?" Lance asked, nodding to the two hiding behind their camera. More screaming happened as they all ran over to Pidge and Hunk and more hugs and hellos occurred. After hugs happened, it was time for pictures.

Lance was getting a photo with the girls, him in the middle with two either side of him. Some onlookers noticed but otherwise didn't say anything until a man walked past.

"Hey can I get a picture too?" Lance gave him an odd look, wondering if he somehow recognised who he was until the man started to laugh. "I'm just kidding! I have no idea who you are." He laughed some more.

"I'm a pornstar," Lance grinned sweetly and watched the man freeze, instantly stop laughing. His laugh was replaced by the girls who giggled behind their hands.

"Leave it to Lance," Pidge murmured as the man scattered away.

***

Ok so i know Klance becoming canon is the best thing to ever happen in the history of this fandom, but can we also talk about how good season 3 was?

-YES CAN WE PLEASE??????!??!

-It's got to be the best season so far?? right? I'm not crazy

-definitely not^^
-season 3 is god tier

Leandro acting borderline crazy because he misses his boyfriend is such a mood

-fucking so true! remember when they were in that building and didn't know how to get out so Leandro was just like 'blow up the walls' and everyone was like 'ummm..... wot?' and he just threw a grenade and screamed 'blow it the fuck up'

-I love chaotic leandro

Those AU episodes were 100% self indulgence for the Voltron writers they were practically writing fanfiction

-Timi was just loving writing it you could tell

-I hope all those AU paladins are living their best lives

I will say this over and over again to the day I die... HENARE IS THE BEST BOY

A G R E E

PRECIOUS CINNAMON BOYO

so we really gonna ignore that they made Hachiko a teacher??? bold of anyone to assume that hachiko would have the patience for a room full of teenagers when he can barely handle the paladins

okay yes the fan favourite of all the AU's is between the ballroom scene and the high school one, but there is one major fault in the hs AU that should be discussed more

-being??

they had EVERY opportunity to have high school music nerd Leandro sing and have Akira being in big love. LANCE CAN SING LIKE AN ANGEL WHY DID THEY DEPRIVE US OF THAT CONTENT?!!

-FUCK YOU'RE RIGHT

-we were lowkey robbed
Alzina and Leandro's friendship was so pure this season she really stepped up to help him because he was so upset about Akira's disappearance

SUPPORTIVE PLATONIC MALE/FEMALE FRIENDSHIPS ARE IMPORTANT

______________

Black and red working together with leandro to try and get Akira back was so goooood but like you can also see the toll it took on Leandro mentally like poor baby :((

I wonder if there are going to be any repercussions of both lions being in his head in S4?? Like we got some foreshadowing that it's been messing with his head but to what extent

______________

remember that stage in the fandom where people were scared that Akira's white hair meant he was gonna die and become a ghost??

-yess that was some danny phantom bs

- fuck i almost forgot about that pfft

-so glad Akira is alive

______________

Leandro using Akira's sword was honestly the best thing ever

it was so hot 😊

I wonder if Akira will ever use Lea's dual guns

I WANT THAT SO BAD NOW FUCCCCCCC

______________

Bro leandro walking slow motion out of the water was just the most glorious thing to ever happen in cinematic history

-Voltron feeds up well

-keith is so lucky what the fuck HE'S SO PRETTYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY

Chapter End Notes

fun fact: there are officially only four chapters left of this fic to go
DEBATE: what is Kendall and Kane's ship name?? I was thinking either Kandall or Kandie (since Kendall's nickname is Kendie) what do you guys think??

next weeks update with:
-testing the new voltron merch
-future talk
okay guys bittersweet times because I'm going to need some cast questions (yay) for the last season launch livestream (sad). As always, you can put them in the comment section or send me a message on instagram or tumblr!!!

also for those who are intrigued about the Shane Dawson reference from the last chapter i present you this ( go from time 7:23 to 7:39) https://youtu.be/lYoaZePzlFM

also Kandie got the most votes but call it whatever the hell i ain't gonna fucking stop you, now go be chaotic

"Paladins, do you copy?" Leandro struggled to keep him tone even and controlled which was totally understandable in the dire situation he was in. Alongside the jolts and hits here would be crackles of the coms picking up voices of the other Paladins who were unable to reach their Lions like the plan they relied on needed. "Paladins, do you copy?"

They played over the prerecorded audio as Lance struggled in the seat of the Black Lion. His breath hitched as Pidge's voice came through, Petra shouting. Then Akira's orders were jagged, but distinct words like 'too many' and 'stuck' were obvious. It was an intense scene.

"Shit!" Leandro spat slamming his fists on the control panel. The flickering red button was Lance's cue to click it, hands going back to control his lion and make sure to protect the other lions since their paladins weren't there.

"Leandro, the others have been captured," Hachiko's words came.

"I can't hold them off by myself," he growled back. "Black can't handle it. We need Voltron if we have any hope of-" he was forced to the side, the sound of crashing as he was hit.

"Leandro? Your order?"

"I don't have one!" He snarled, slamming the buttons as he protected the rest of the robotic pride.

They had a shot of Lance's face, focusing on the panicked expression. He didn't speak in this part, but there would be a voice over where Leandro begged the Black Lion to assist. That was the end of the scene as it would flick into Leandro going into Black's realm with the other Lions.

That scene was something that had Lance's anticipation and excitement growing. If Lance looked back on all the scenes he's done, he knows that one was going to be the biggest scene for his character in the whole series.

"Good work Lance," Monty said as crew members started to get ready for the next scene. "I think we're good for now, go on your lunch break with the others. I think they're looking at the new merchandise."
Lance gave him a salute as he spun around, ready to make his way down to his fellow cast members and look at the new merch.

When he walked in, he was surprised by the amount of boxes scattered everywhere and the cast holding up posters towards the video diary cameras.

"Lance!" Hunk shouted and held up the poster which had him beaming.

"Show me, show me!" Lance cheered as he tiptoed around the boxes, careful not to rip or damage anything. The poster he was looking at was a group poster with all the main cast. "They look awesome!"

"They even did Leakira posters!" Allura said holding one up.

Lance looked to Keith with grin. "Babe we have our own poster!" Keith just smiled gently in his direction.

"What an upgrade for you then, instead of going goo goo over his Walking Dead posters you're actually in the poster," Pidge said making the group snicker.

"Thank you so much for reminding me of that," Lance said sarcastically, leaning down to pick up the new Akira poster.

Along with the group poster each main character had their own individual posters so fans could get whoever their favourite character was. The individual posters were a torso and upwards shot, mainly focusing on the face.

Netflix had released the first line of merchandise before the launch of season 2, mainly a method to build hype for the upcoming season. The new merch was an update from the first line. Showing clothing chances, new scars, weapons and in Akira's case, new hairstyle.

Lance held the poster up to his face. "Seeing this makes me wanna hang it on my wall and draw love hearts around it."

"Well then you're gonna love this-" Pidge said as she threw and object across the room. Lance fumbled, using one hand to catch it because he didn't want to drop the poster. Looking at the object in his hand he was quick to gape excitedly and laugh. He put the poster down so he could get a proper look.

"An Akira doll!" He put the poster down so he could get a proper look at the collector's item. He flipped the doll in his hands, in awe with the meticulous detailing from his jacket to the white hair. "Look at the little Akira, aww!" He cooed, patting the white hair which was ridiculously soft for a doll.

Lance pulled at the little pants that Doll Akira was wearing and looked down.

"Wow didn't realise they were making it life-size," he snickered and yelped as a scrunched up ball of tissue paper was hurled in his direction. Following the firing line he smiled as he saw Keith glaring at him.

"Lance you really shouldn't defile the Akira doll," Pidge muttered.

"I have to agree with Pidge on this," Shiro started. "Especially in front of the video diary camera you shouldn't act inappropriately-"
"Stop!" Lance cut in abruptly. Everyone looked at him with confused eyes, obviously since not really many people cut Shiro off mid sentence. But this was important. "Dude I have the perfect song to break out into right now!"

"What?"

"Is he really gonna sing right now?" Hunk asked and Keith shrugged, knowing the possibility was exceedingly high.

"Stop telling me what to do," he sang.

"Here we go," Pidge murmured, leaning back on the couch.

"Don't treat me like a child of two." Lance held up two fingers.

Shiro sighed. "Lance I just wanted to-"

"I know that you want what's best," he put a hand on Shiro's shoulder. "But mother, please-"

"Mother?"

"Give it a rest!" He made the beat with his mouth, pretending there were drums in front of him. "Stop! Don't! No! Please! Stop! Don't! No! Please! Stop! Don't! No! Please! Mama. I'm a big girl now!"

"Why is he a girl?" Hunk asked.

Pidge shrugged. "Who knows."

Lance rolled his eyes but despite it continued to sing.

"Once upon a time when I was just a kid, you never let me do just what the older kids did, but lose that laundry list of what you won't allow," he skidded his way over to Pidge and Keith on the couch. "Cause mama, I'm a big girl now!"

He forced the Akira doll to bounce along the head of the couch. "Once upon a time I used to play with toys." He flopped himself over the side of the couch, laying himself on top of Keith who let out an 'oof' in surprise at the sudden weight- "But now I'd rather play around with Keithy-boy!" He ended the line by ruffling Keith's hair who grumbled. "So, if I get a hickey, please don't have a cow, 'cause mama, I'm a big girl now!"

"I still don't understand why this happening," Shiro said behind his hand as Allura giggled. Lance threw his hands in the air.

"You guys suck! I was getting there!"

"How?"

"If you were all cultured and knew the song, you would know there's a part where it goes 'Once upon a time I used to dress up 'ken', but now that I'm a woman, I like bigger men' and it was gonna be funny because of the doll!"

Keith snorted out a huff of laughter.

"See!" Lance exasperated. "Keith would've thought it was funny!"
"I'm laughing because you're insane."

Lance pouted and smacked him with his own doll.

***

"Kolivan, can we have this conversation later?" Keith asked, leaning over his coffee. He didn't want to talk about this shit yet.

"It's practical Keith. Your role with Voltron is ending next month. Your contract will over and you'll want to move onto the next project. You'll have a three month break from the end of filming to launch of the final season. That's usually you're max in breaks, any more and you tend to get antsy. You're the one who always tells me to get you auditions as soon as possible, why are you so hesitant now?"

Keith knew that. He was a self proclaimed workaholic. He used to be barely able to take breaks in between filming because he would get horrifically frustrated by not working. But now...

He bit his lip.

"I don't know."

Kolivan took note of the silence before speaking. "Has this got to do with Mr. McClain?"

When did it ever not having anything to do with Lance anymore? Keith groaned, hands ruffling his hair.

"He's going to be in Cuba for the three month break, maybe even longer afterwards."

Kolivan took another few long moments to think his answer through. "You wish to not be away from him after Voltron's completion?"

"... yeah." Lance had made it very obvious in the past he couldn't handle a long distance relationship. Would that mean he'd want Keith to move to Cuba with him if he went back home? Or would Lance feel obliged to stay in America with him and miss his family? What if Keith's new role was far away and he needed to constantly relocate? What if they both got different roles where they both had to work in separate states, or maybe even different countries?

Kolivan nodded, eyes moving around his papers. "Well that's entirely up to you, but something that should be spoken about between the two of you. You won't be on the same set most likely for your next job, you won't be able to see each other everyday like you do now."

Right. Lots of changes.

Cosmo barking at the door, paws scratching against the wood brought Keith to attention. The door slowly opened and soft coos could be heard as Keith turned his head back to Kolivan.

"We can finish this later," he murmured.

"Very well."

Lance toed the door closed, hands too occupied with plastic bags.

"Ya boy brought food!" He announced, holding the bags above his head. He grinned as he spotted Kolivan. "Hey man, what's up? Hope I wasn't interrupting a meeting or anything."
"Nope," Keith insisted, casting a look to Kolivan who looked like he was about to say otherwise.

"Cool! I totally would've brought you some ramen if I'd known you were here. We've got plenty of rice if you want to eat something," Lance said to Kolivan as he skidded to the kitchen, grabbing plates. "Should I bring you a plate?"

Kolivan's mouth quirked ever so slightly, only for the duration of an eyelid closing, but it was enough to remind Keith that Kolivan secretly liked Lance, despite always acting gruff and tough. Lance just had a way of softening people apparently.

"That's quite alright Lance, I should be heading home now anyway."

"Alright, it was nice to see you again!"

"Yes, you too Lance." Kolivan looked to Keith and lowered his voice. "Speaking to him of the issue would be best done sooner, rather than later. Letting me know as soon as possible will be best for me to know what our next move should be." Keith just narrowed his eyes at him as he made his way out of his apartment.

"What were you guys talking about?" Lance asked as he placed the two cups down on the table before sitting. The plastic crackled as his hands rummaged for his take out. "Rarely ever see Kolivan come here. Must have been important. I feel bad for barging in."

Keith wasn't much of a liar, or a delayer in the truth more appropriately. He preferred to be upfront and honest, but the thought having this conversation scared him. What if it went down badly? Was it unrealistic to think it could really wreck their relationship? It was hard to say because he had no idea how Lance was going to react to the reality of their situation.

So for now, he really just rather not go into it.

Keith shrugged, staring down at his ramen to avoid his eyes. "It wasn't anything important, don't worry." He used his chopsticks and picked up some noodles, lifting them to his mouth. He made the mistake of glancing towards Lance who was staring him with furrowed brows.

"Nothing important?" Lance asked, and it's definitely not coded in the suggestion of a genuinely curious question.

Keith swallowed and shook his head. "Nope."

Another round of silence.

"It freaks me out that you're having to lie to me about it," Lance said, leaning back on his chair. "Am I going to have to force the truth out of you like a dog with lockjaw?"

Looks like they were going to have to get into it.

Keith scratched the side of his neck. "We were just talking about the future."

"The future," Lance repeated.

"Yeah, like future roles and projects and stuff."

Lance nodded slowly. "O...kay... why is that something you feel the need to hide from me?"

He rubbed his knuckles across his cheek anxiously. "I wasn't sure what to do."
"We haven't even finished Voltron, why are you so worked up over it?" Lance asked gently, tone seemingly soothing every scared cell in his body. It made him feel like it might be okay.

"I just... didn't know what that would mean for us."

The silence was spent awkwardly for Keith, but confusedly for Lance who just stared at him.

"Us... as in our relationship?"

"What else?"

More silence. "Why would anything change? I mean, yeah, we're not going to see each other as much since we probably won't work together, but it's not like we're never going to see each other-"

"But what if we don't get to see each other?" Keith asked. "There's a chance one or both of us may need to relocate. I don't even know if you're going to move back to Cuba or not."

Keith watched Lance take a deep breath, eyes drifting down.

"I love my home country, my family is there, but I'm not moving back. At least not this point in time. My career is finally getting somewhere, why would I ruin that?" He said. It's a small obstacle overcome. "And as for moving for future jobs, we can make it work if it ever comes to that." His words came out sad and that broke Keith's heart a little.

"Would you really be okay with something long distance?" Keith asked. "I know the idea freaks you out after what happened with Jenny and it's not worth it if it makes you miserable."

"Woah! Woah! Keith, stop talking like we're going to break up over this!" The raise in in volume was due to disbelief more than anger, still, Keith felt the need to match it.

"We might though! Don't you see that Lance?" The silence that followed after that was killer and it hurt. It really fucking hurt to think like that and seeing Lance consider it. Keith closed his eyes for a moment and took a big breath to cool himself down. "I don't want that, trust me, it's literally the last thing I want. But I also don't want us to hold each other back from our dreams, our career, but if doing that leaves us unhappy because we can't be close to each other..." He trailed off, head dropping because he really didn't want to see the look on Lance's face.

"We don't know if it's going to come to that," Lance reminded him stiffly.

"But if it does?" Keith asked.

His face contorts, he's clearly annoyed. "We can figure it out then. I don't get why you're so willing to just... give up if it does," Lance argued, hands moving around with his words.

"I'm saying this for you. You're the one who said you couldn't handle another long distance relationship. I just don't want to make you miserable." The last part came out a little warbled, wet, emotional.

"Keith..." Lance sighed softly. The scrap of the chair against the ground indicating him getting to his feet. Keith felt the end of Lance's chin on his head and arms pulling his face into his chest, nose burring into the soft purple fabric of his shirt. He already felt a little safer there. "I know you're thinking about me and I love that you do." He pressed a kiss to his head. "You have no idea how much that it means, but you can't go deciding things by yourself when it comes to my feelings, okay? We do this together, so don't go making decisions on your own."
Keith only felt himself capable of nodding, grabbing Lance's shirt tighter. He never wanted to let go.

"Keith, I love you. Distance or breaking up, I'll be miserable either way. If I can help it, I want us to stay together, long distance or not. That is if you're willing to do the same."

"Of course I am." He was surprised by how thick his voice was with emotion.

"Good, so we on the same page? Figure it out as we go?"

"As we go." Keith could sense the soft smile on Lance's face as he squeezed him tight.

"A couple of years ago I wouldn't have considered another long distance relationship," he said quietly into his hair. "What happened with Jenny really hurt. I always wondered if I was there she might not have done it, but really, it still probably would've happened even if I was there. She would've broken up with me eventually." He exhaled quietly. "I don't think that's going to happen with us. Even though long distance would suck, I don't think I'd mind if it was with you. If I miss you for a couple months in a year I think I could live with that rather than a lifetime not having you there at all."

Keith doesn't want to say anything for two reasons.

1) he's almost on the verge of tears and he knows he'll cry if he talks
2) that was really romantic and sweet of Lance to say and if he points that out Lance say something incredibly stupid to make up for it.

So instead he just squeezes him tighter. He just wants to hold him, feel the warmth of his presence.

"You know, after Voltron, I was thinking..." Lance trailed off.

"After Voltron..." Keith prompted.

"I was thinking of taking a break. Filming four seasons of a show in a row is kind of intense. Smell the roses, enjoy life, go travelling maybe, stay with my family for a little. I don't know the details, but I think I need some serious hibernation shit or something. Just for a few months. I was thinking maybe we could hibernate together. Chill out and enjoy some of life together before he throw ourselves into something new. It'll also give us time to figure out things like roles and if we have to go long distance. Also, I think my mama would really like it if you came back to Cuba with me before the launch of the new season like last, she keeps asking if you're gonna come too."

"I love you Lance."

Lance's laugh was soft and airy. "I'm gonna take that as a yes. I love you too." He pulled back enough for him to crouch down to Keith's eye level. With soft, caring hands head grabbed his face and kissed his lips sweetly. When he pulled back, he readjusted Keith's hair and smiled just as kindly. "Now, let's eat food and then go cuddle."

Nothing could ever sound just as good.
Chapter End Notes

AGAIN if you have any please comment below some questions for the last cast livestream!!!

Next chapter we have
- the last week of filming Voltron :(  

The Final Week

Chapter Notes

We're getting close to the end guys :( 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was the final week on set.

That made it all start to feel a little more real, that it was really ending. Everyone was getting nervous, excited and a little sad. Lance was going to miss the people he worked with, from his cast members, directors to his styling team; Audrey, Daisy, Ingrid and Kane.

He knew he was grateful for it all though. He loved every second, no matter how physically and mentally taxing it had been, he would never forget this experience. It made him even more thankful for his idea in creating the Video Diaries, he knew in years to come he'd watch them and smile as he thought over the incredible memories he had made with some of the best people he had ever been blessed to meet and work with.

He wanted to have fun with the video diaries this week, he had plans. But first he needed to work.

Lance was in the green room, water tapping and dripping as he waited for his cue to restart and try to film the scene again.

In Lance's opinion, it was one of the biggest scenes for Leandro as a character, so he wanted it to be perfect.

"We ready for take three Lance?" Monty asked.

"Third times a charm," he winked and got himself ready.

"Let's do this then. Starting in 3, 2-" he used his hand to indicate a one and he was away.

The camera started close of his face, zooming out as he gave a sharp exhale, eyes snapping open. Leandro blinked, looking around as he tried to figure out where he was and why he was suddenly out of his Lion.

"Hello?" Leandro asked, turning to take in all he could see, which for Lance was just a bunch of green screens and a little bit of water at his feet, but for Leandro it was a tad different. The green screen surrounding him would allow it to turn black, so he looked as if he were walking in an endless abyss.

"Black," Leandro whispered reaching out to touch it. It moved, floating away from his grasp as it guided him through the darkness.

With a quick pause in filming, they set up the props used for the orbs in a formation. Yellow and blue appeared first, the legs of Voltron.
"Guys?" he whispered, looking at the two holograms of what the Lion's spirits wanted him to see. Currently Lance was looking at nothing, but again with the editing magic he would be seeing Henare and Alzina beside their orbs in their current location, struggling in a fight as they tried to get back to their lions.

Next was the arms of Voltron, red and green. Leandro looked to Petra's green orb and to where the hologram would be. He lingered on Akira's. From the description of the script, he would be fighting someone, swinging his sword around ferociously and teeth gritted with determination.

Lifting his head, he looked back up to the black Lion's orb, its spirit flickering a purple hued glow.

"Black, I don't know what to do," he said. He indicated to the orbs over his shoulder, and where the holograms would be. "I'm leading everyone into a suicide mission. If we have any chance of winning we need Voltron. I can't do it alone." He circled his arms around himself, knees buckling for a moment. "Kova was right," he looked up to the orb prop, tears wetting the corner of his eyes, "I'm going to get us all killed. Black," he wobbled forward. "Black what do I do? How can I save my team?"

Lance staggered around, knowing this part was where a voice over of his own voice would be added. He held his hand to head.

Save them.

"How?" He asked looking at the orb.

Lead.

"I've been leading them this whole time!" He gritted out. "My leading is what got us here." He straightened himself, clenching his fists. "I've done everything you've told me. I brought us together! I taught them how to build our bonds with our lions! I got us alliances to aid us! I... I did everything you told me to do with this freaky connection so why is my team in danger?" He shouted, tears tracking down his face. "Tell me how I can save them," he croaked, dropping to his knees, water splashing. "Please. They'll die."

No.

"What?" he whispered.

You could die.

He shot to his feet. "They're my team! My family!"

Forming Voltron alone is dangerous.

"But possible?" He perked, stepping closer.

You could die.

"So could my entire team you dumbass! If I could kick your spiritual ass if I could!" He snapped. "How the hell do I form Voltron by myself?"

Bad idea.

"You know what else is a bad idea? Giving the reigns of the most dangerous weapon in existence to a seventeen year old, moron! Now tell me!"
The rest of the scene involved a few more lines, lots of cuts and props moving as Leandro got help from the spirits of the other lions, ending with Leandro saying 'form Voltron!'

After that they got to film the final fight scene with Leandro forming Voltron to save the team. Once those scenes were done he was finished for the day. The next scene they were shooting was going to be after the fight and Leandro being nearly dead after all the power it took to form Voltron by himself. But for now, he was done.

As they got out of costuming and makeup Hunk approached him.

"Good work today Lance! You killed it!"

"Aww thanks buddy, you too," he held a fist up for him to bump. "It's so surreal that it's all coming to an end."

"One day this will all just be a distant memory." Now that was a weird thought. "Thinking like that gave me an idea," Hunk added, gaining Lance's attention.

"And what was that my dear friend?"

"Well..." He twiddled his fingers, "I was thinking that maybe we could make a sort of time capsule video. Each of us could make a video from past us to future us. And then one day in maybe like... I don't know? Five, maybe even ten years we could all sit down and watch them together."

Lance blinked slowly, the words processing even slower. After his lack of response Hunk began to backtrack.

"Or not... it was just an idea-"

"Dude! We have to do that!" Lance exasperated.

"Really?"

"Hell yeah! That's genius!" Lance shot to his feet and ran to decrease the space between him and his friend to grab his arm. "Oh man this is gonna be awesome! Let's go tell everyone!"

So like giggling school children they ran off to find the rest of the cast who had just finished some audio recordings to share the idea and get their approval.

"A Time capsule?" Keith repeated.

"Yeah! We can leave a little message to our future selves and in a couple of years we can watch and see what each other said!" Lance explained, grabbing at his boyfriend's arm as he spoke.

"That sounds fun! I'm in." Allura said, clapping her hands together.

"That does sound cool, good idea Hunk," Pidge said making Hunk smile sheepishly.

"Oh it was nothing, I just thought it would be fun."

"Well it seems like everyone agrees. It will be something we'll all look back on fondly to remind us of our time working together," Shiro added.

"We can film it on the last day," Lance suggested. "Get the full effect of the feels."

"Another good idea," Shiro chuckled. "But for now, the rest of us should get out of our costuming,
see you later Hunk and Lance." The rest followed as he walked, Lance making a grand departure from Keith by blowing kisses. He blinked and gave him a blank look.

Once they were gone Lance turned to Hunk.

"Yo, wanna film me put my arm in the vending machine and try get some free snacks for the video diary?"

Hunk took the camera. "I could never say no to free snacks."

Sandra just walked away when she saw Lance with his arm stuck in the vending machine.

Pidge took pictures.

Keith and Allura just laughed.

Shiro was the only one who tried to help.

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Lance couldn't help but laugh as they got Shiro to sling him over his broad shoulder like a sack of potatoes. The other man held him with little to no effort and that just added to the hilarity of it. The other cast members were also finding it amusing, snickering along. It was such a contrast to the scene they were about to film.

"Are we all set?" Sandra asked as they got into their positions. Lance looked up to the camera and grinned, pulling the peace sign. A few others said yes in agreement. "Okay then, make these count guys, action on one. Three, two-

Hachiko ran across the rubble, Leandro over his shoulder and unresponsive.

Shiro placed him on his back and ripped his helmet off. With Lance's eyes closed he could feel Shiro lean his ear to his face, Hachiko trying to hear if Leandro was breathing.

"Leandro?" Hunk's voice came, speaking for Henare.

"What's happened?" Alzina spoke as Hachiko pulled off Leandro's chest plates.

"Is he dead?" Petra's voice croaked, horrified for the answer.

"Come on Kid," Shiro's voice came, hands pressing to his chest before giving him chest compressions.

This was where it got tricky, Shiro's a big dude, he didn't want to accidentally crack one of Lance's ribs or something, but he also needed to act properly for the situation to make it look realistic. Lance wasn't worried, Shiro was a pro.

There was the scatter of footsteps, meaning a one Akira had entered the scene.

Let the heartbreak commence.

"What's going on?" His voice sounded strained, shocked. "What's wrong with him?"

Even with his eyes closed, Lance knew what was going on in this part of the scene. Akira was gonna flip his shit and Henare was going to have to hold him back from disrupting the chest compressions.
"What's wrong with him? Hachiko!" Akira pleaded. "Why isn't he moving? Let me fucking go!"

Akira wriggled and writhed, trying to get out of Henare's iron grip.

"Don't you dare leave me asshole!" Akira screamed out, words wobbled out and wet. "We won! You promised you would take me on a date to the highest building you could find when we won!" He let out sobs, voice broken and raspy. "You promised me a picnic and to watch the sunset! So don't you dare fucking-" more broken noises came and crumpling as Akira dropped to his knees. "Don't leave me."

Aww Keithy. His man was one hell of an actor. His deliverance was always perfect.

The scene was only officially over when they called cut.

Lance sat up abruptly and looked at Keith who was a solid five meters away from him. He had tear tracks down his face as he stood up.

"I'm not really dead dude!" He cheered, smiling as Shiro pulled him to his feet. Keith laughed as he wiped his eyes. The soft smile he sent him had Lance's heart reeling. "You did it! You killed it!"

He shouted as he bounded over and encased his talented boyfriend into his arms.

He knew Keith had been a little nervous for this scene because of how emotionally raw it was, but he fucking killed it. Lance wasn't even being biased.

"Thanks Lance," Keith chuckled, laughing more as Lance momentarily raised Keith off the ground with his hug.

"Good job everyone, want to overlook the footage?" Sandra asked and as if anyone would deny that.

***

On the last day of being on set Lance went around the cast and crew for them all to say their goodbyes to the video diary camera. He first decided to go through all the stylist teams, starting with Allura's and ending with his own.

"I just wanted to say a big thank you to you all for making me look amazing throughout this whole experience. You guys have been the best team I could have asked for," Lance said before Audrey tackled him into a big hug. Next to hug was Daisy and even Ingrid hugged him. Last but not least was Kane.

"It felt like it was just the other day you forced us to dance around the dressing rooms with you," Audrey giggled.

"I remember that!" Lance laughed.

"Yeah I remember that too," Kane chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck. "I was so nervous because I was only an intern, but you made me feel at home. I have to thank you for that. You really brought me out of my shell."

Lance trapped Kane into a hug again. "I swear that's the most I've ever heard you say in one sentence."

They all went into another round of giggles.
"Now before we film the final scene for Voltron," Sandra started, sad smile on her face. "I would just like to thank every single one of you for all the hard work you have put in over the years."

"We could never have done this without you all," Monty said. "We're all so proud of the product we have created together, and are so prideful to have spent it all together as a team. I wish you all the best for whatever you do next and what you work on."

A few of the crew brought them a bouquet each and a bottle of wine and everyone clapped and whistled for them. They really deserved it.

Then Allura and Pidge came forth and admitted they had made 'mock awards' for the cast and crew. A few of his favourites consisted of:

Hunk winning 'Best uwu Boy'.

'Best baby on set' was won by Pidge.

'Nicest Villain' of course went to Zarkon who took the award with a laugh and grin.

'Best on-set dad' could not have gone to anyone other than Shiro.

'On-set Goddess' was given to Allura.

'Cutest intern' went to the cutest of them all, Kane.

'Best person to get Lance to stfu' was given to Ingrid (Lance couldn't deny this, that woman scared him sometimes).

'Favourite Directors' award for Sandra and Monty.

Lance won 'Best at Breaking props' award while Keith won 'The best/Worst at pinning for their co-star/love interest' award. That one almost brought Lance to tears from laughing so hard.

But Lance's favourite had to be them both winning 'Worst at keeping their relationship a secret and stealing Season 3's thunder' award.

After all those fun and games it was time to film the last scene of Voltron.

This scene was after Leandro was discharged from the hospital. Akira had stayed by his side the whole time and even met his mother and three younger sisters in the process (which had been a very cute moment that Lance knew the fans would love).

Now they were huddled together, Leandro's arms around Akira's shoulders and holding him close while the others murmured and laughed as they all shared a picnic on the tallest building (props and a green screen), watching the sunset (also a green screen) together as a group. They probably deserved it after saving the Earth from its own government from trying to take over the galaxy.

"This wasn't exactly what I had in mind when I said 'date on building watching the sunset'," Leandro admitted which Akira chuckled at, nuzzling into his side closer.

"Neither, but it's kind of perfect. You, me, our team."

"Yeah," he agreed with a content sigh. They rested their heads against each other comfortably, watching their team goof off for a few seconds. He turned his head the same time Akira did.
"Hey Lea."

"Hey Kira."

"Wanna ditch and go Roof Jumping?"

He grinned wickedly, leaning into the minimal space between them to give him a short kiss. "This is why I love you." They smiled at each other before leaping to their feet, running for the edge of the 'building'.

"No!" Hachiko cried in disdain as they jumped, leading to the others following and laughing along as they run along the top of the buildings, all chasing each other and having fun like the kids they were.

Hachiko sighed, hands on his hips, small smile on his face as he shook his head. The shot went back to the paladins jumping along the 'roofs' and that was where it ended on them all smiling and laughing together, friends for life just like the actors.

"Cut!"

There was a big round of applause as they finished the scene. Of course Lance's first reaction was to pull Keith in and give him a big hug as the others around them cheered and high fived each other for finishing.

Keith pressed a quick kiss to his lips as they moved apart and went on to hug all their co-workers. Lance hugged and said thank you to all his cast and crew, silently chocked up because it was really all over.

When he was done with saying thank you to the cast and crew he went back to Keith for another hug.

"I'm so sad! Hug the sad out of me," he whined and tucked his face into the crook of his neck. He could hear Keith chuckle, feel it against it against his chest as well.

"There, there," Keith deadpanned as he patted Lance's back.

"Comfort me properly! I know you can do it," he grumbled. Lance could feel the smile on his lips as he kissed his forehead. "Better, now all of us should go get shitfaced."

"We're not going to get shitfaced," Shiro sighed.

"Let's go get shitfaced then," Keith smirked and Lance made sure to match it as he raised his face up.

"I agree!" Allura cheered.

"End of filming party!" Hunk beamed.

"Let's do it!" Pidge said mischievously.

"Let's get baby drunk!" Lance hooted and high-fived her. "Also I totally vote for us to all go and get matching Voltron tattoos."

"Oh dear," Shiro sighed, suddenly looking like he understood Hachiko's situation exactly.

***
Just as they were all about to walk out for the last time, Lance pulled the Video Diary camera out and faced it towards himself.

"And there we have it! Voltron is over," he started with a grin which slipped as he sighed. "I thought since I started these video diaries, it was only fair I finish it. It's been a crazy couple of years, and I'm so happy to of had this amazing opportunity, to meet you guys and for you to enjoy what we create. It's been fun. But as you know, *most* great things have to come to an end, and Voltron is one of them."

Lance glanced up, noticing Keith waiting for him by the door.

*Most things.*

"Voltron has changed my life, but we couldn't have done it without you all, so from the bottom of my heart, thank you. I'm so honoured to be a part of a show that has really taken leaps and bounds above everyone else when it comes to representation. I hope other shows take note of that," he joked playfully.

"I have to say goodbye for now and to Voltron, but I'll always hold it in a special place in my heart, as I know you guys will. So for now I say goodbye, but not forever," he pointed to the camera with a cheeky grin. "You haven't seen the last of me and the others," he winked, then laughed some more, albeit, sadly.

"Aw, I really don't want to stop filming this, it makes it feel too real." His sigh got cut off by Keith's voice.

"You coming Lance?" he called out.

"Yep! Give me a sec! I'm having a tender moment with the camera!" Lance looked back to the lens. "Well, that's my cue to go, so impatient. See you guys later, love you loads!" And with one final breath he turned the camera off and sped over to Keith, taking his hand and walked out together for the last time.

**Chapter End Notes**

I got weirdly emotional writing this chapter.. hope you all like it and like the Voltron scenes splashed in there :)

Next week:
- A few surprises
- Voltron Livestream
So things are coming to an end! But are they really? I like the thought of adding some bonus chapters for this fic and I'd love to hear some suggestions! I have one very concrete one that I want to write but am very open to some more! Maybe you'd like a spicy scene (their first time together maybe)? Maybe you want some more video diary footage or some interviews!

Let me know in the comments or you can message me on tumblr or instagram ❤

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I don't get why I have to wear a blindfold," Lance chuckled, hands out in front of him, making sure Keith wasn't gonna be a prick and make him bump into walls or some shit.

It had been three months since filming Voltron had ended, and Lance and Keith spent those three months in Cuba. Relaxing by the pool, hanging out with his family, it was honestly probably the best three months of his life so far. This year had been a really good year. He would've liked to stay there, but the last season of Voltron was premiering tomorrow and they wanted to be there to watch it with their friends and also do the final live stream (especially since they missed it last time).

But this? This right now was weird. A weird but exciting adventure. They had literally just got back from the airport, their suitcases still in the boot of Keith's car.

Keith chuckled, hand on his lower back as he guided him. "It's a surprise."

"A kinky surprise?" Lance purred.

"No."

Lance laughed went quiet as he tried to pick where they were. The was the crunch of gravel under his shoes and the chirping of outside life were all he had. Outside?

"We're approaching some steps," Keith warned.

"Bro I can't even walk up steps most of the time with vision," Lance said, waiting for Keith's response.

"Good point. Here-" with that he picked Lance up by the waist lifted him up the steps, ultimately making Lance laugh. Now back on his feet, he held his hands out, touching something smooth.

"What's that?"

"A door."

Weird. Lance knew they weren't at either of their apartments. He followed through and waited as the door was opened and they walked inside.

"Can I take it off now?" Lance asked as he heard the click of the door closing.
"Yeah. Let me get it," Keith murmured as his hands went to the blindfold.

Light entered his vision and Lance looked around, curious to see what this surprise was.

What he saw was light. Lots of it. It took a moment for his eyes to adjust and really take in his surroundings. It was a bright room, with large windows and marbled floors. It was open living, the space absolutely enormous, kitchen, living and dining room all in the one room which was nearly the size of Lance's whole apartment. The view was what drew Lance in. It overlooked hills and houses and had a slight peak of the ocean on the horizon.

"Woah," Lance gawked, looking up at the high ceilings. "This place is bonkers and everything, but why are we here?" he asked, turning to his boyfriend.

Keith smiled sneakily. "I brought it."

Lance's jaw dropped, looking around the space.

"You..."

Keith dug into his back pocket and pulled out a key and jingled it.

"Dude!" Lance grinned, turning around slowly, in total awe. This place was huge, plus the views were killer. It had to of cost an absolute fortune. "When did you buy it?"

"A week or so ago. I've had my eye on this place for a while. You like it?"

"How could I not? It's stunning." He walked slowly over to the kitchen, fingers touching the marble counter that was bigger than Lance's current one by three.

"I'm glad," he said before reaching into his other pocket, pulling out another key and handing it to him. "Here."

Lance stared at the shiny key for a few moments, a gooey smile forming on his face. "You're giving me the key to your house?" He asked, feeling a little more than honoured that he would trust him to have the key to this very expensive house.

Keith chuckled, looking to the side as he smiled. After a moment he looked back to his eyes. "Lance, I was hoping it could be our house."

Lance blinked, heart almost just stopping right there.

"Did you just ask me to move into your hella nice house with you?" Lance asked and Keith's smile grew more.

"Yup. I mean, you don't have to but-" that sentence never got finished as Lance slammed into Keith, screaming as he jumped practically on top of his poor, unsuspecting boyfriend. But he must have seen it coming to some extent because he managed to hold Lance up before they both crumbled to the floor.

"Fuck yeah! Oh my god, you're serious?"

"Of course I am," he chuckled fondly.

Lance grabbed a big handful of Keith's face and yanked him into a big mooshy kiss. Noses scrunching up against each other and everything.
After a minute of kisses Lance pulled back, grin on his face.

"I can't believe you just asked me to move in with you!"

"I'm just happy you said yes. I was nervous." Lance cooed at his boyfriend's silly worries and pulled him in for another kiss. This time when he pulled back he took a step back and looked around.

"I can't wait to fuck in every single room in this house," he grinned. Keith rolled his eyes as Lance pointed at the kitchen. "We're gonna fuck there!" He pointed to the couch. "We're gonna fuck there!"

"Lance," Keith laughed, pulling him in by the hips.

"We're gonna fuck there too!" He said pointing to the dining room table. "We're gonna go at it in every room."

"You're ridiculous," he snickered, shaking his head.

"You telling me you don't want to get nasty everywhere in this house? Speaking of where's the bathroom, we're definitely fucking in there-"

"Before we go looking through the rest of the house," Keith said as he grabbed his hand to stop him from further exploration. "There is one more surprise I have for you."

"Another surprise? Dude you already asked me to move in with you, you really shouldn't- wait! You better not propose to me right now because I wasn't kidding when I said I would say 'fuck no'."

Keith chuckled, shaking his head. "As much as I love you, no, I don't have a ring prepared." He grabbed Lance's hand and pulled. "I have a feeling you're going to like this better."

Lance raised a brow but followed along anyway. Keith grinned and led him through the house towards the kitchen, and out onto the porch. Which was totally extravagant by the way, and from there it lead to the backyard. It was a big expanse of grass, perfect for Cosmo to have plenty of room to wander around. Much better than an apartment.

Speaking of Cosmo, Lance spotted him behind a small gate, wagging his tail and barking at the site of them.

"Cosmo!" Lance cheered. He'd seriously missed this little guy while they were in Cuba, they're lucky Shiro and Adam were happy to have him for so long.

Keith and him raced over to say hi and it was only then that Lance noticed a small ball of white in the pen as well. His jaw dropped as Keith opened the gate, smug smile on his face. "You didn't!" he exasperated as Cosmo jumped up high enough to lick Keith's face.

"You said you wanted a dog of your own," Keith said, patting Cosmo on the head as Lance walked into the pen towards the small white puppy. The puppy seemed hesitant until Lance squatted down and extended his hand out. It sniffed and then its tail started to wag and then bounded over to nip and lick Lance's fingers.

Lance was in love.

He picked up the puppy who licked his face and yipped. Lance then looked to Keith who was
grinning at him.

Lance was in double love.

"I am overwhelmed," Lance stated, feeling his vision start to blur a little. "A good overwhelmed. Holy shit Keith. When-"

"Shiro picked her up today and brought her over. Apparently she and Cosmo are already best friends."

"It's a girl?" Lance asked and Keith nodded. He turned to look at the soft white bundle in his arms. "Hi sweet little lady, I'm your new papa!" The puppy barked and bit at his fingers more. Lance couldn't even begin to care. She was so cute.

He walked to Keith and kissed his cheek.

"Thank you so much, this is the best present anyone's ever given me."

Keith grinned and redirected Lance's lips to his own for a few brief, sweet moments. When he pulled back he gave the puppy a quick pat on the head, laughing as she licked over his hand.

"Got any idea of what you want to name her?" he asked.

Lance ponders on the thought for a moment, scratching the white pup behind her floppy white ears.

"I was thinking Luna. Kinda goes with the space theme with Cosmo. Our own little universe." Keith smiled, petting the soft fur of the new member of their family.

"Luna... I think that's perfect."

"You're perfect," Lance grinned giving him another kiss.

***

Originally, they were planning on doing the livestream in Allura's apartment but when Lance screamed into their groupchat about how Keith asked him to move in together and brought a house everyone decided they wanted to see their new place.

Their place. It sent happy buzzes through his stomach.

What they didn't know was that with along with the house came Luna. Well that was everyone except Shiro, of course.

Allura almost scared the poor puppy to death when she screamed and ran at her to say hello. But once Allura started to play with her Luna was more than happy. Pidge and Hunk had similar reactions, all so excited to greet his new puppy.

"Don't worry Cosmo," Lance grinned to the older dog who wasn't quite used to the majority of the attention not being on him. "You're still a gorgeous boy," he cooed, giving the husky a tummy rub which had his tailing thumping on the ground.

They all got a small tour of the house, ordered a bunch of food and sorted through some questions ready for the live stream. It was a weird feeling, especially with the last season coming out in a couple of short hours. It was sad to say goodbye to the show they loved to work on, but it was
exhilarating to be able to share it with the world.

Luna bounced over to him, jumping on his feet with high pitched yaps. She was small enough to pick up with one hand which was crazy adorable. She jumped around excitedly as Lance placed her on his lap, eventually settling down and sitting between him and Keith on their couch.

"We doing it on your phone?" Keith asked, talking about the livestream.

"No Allura's."

They all gathered on the couch and chatted until the livestream was ready to start.

It took a solid ten seconds of it being started and they had already hit thousands in viewers.

"Hello everyone! It's time for the last Voltron live stream!" She grinned. "My name is Allura and I play Alzina, paladin of the Blue Lion..." she passed around the phone for everyone to introduce themselves and their character like they always did.

Lance was the last one to get the camera.

"And last but certainly not least, I'm Lance McClain and I play Leandro, Paladin of the Black Lion." He gave the camera a small salute, grinning as he saw the comment section flood with greetings. He then picked Luna up who started to go crazy and lick his face. "And this is Luna! Say hi everyone! She's a 14 week old samoyed puppy, Keith got her for me! Isn't she adorable?"

He grinned as he watched the comment section explode with people talking about how cute she was and what a good boyfriend Keith was. Lance agreed with both.

He eventually gave the phone back to Allura and the questions commenced.

"Alright so let's get this started!" she cheered, eyes quickly reading over the flooding of questions. "Do all of the cast plans on staying in touch and keep being friends?" Allura asked and the room made noises of horror.

"Of course we're all going to stay friends!" Pidge insisted.

"These guys are some of the best friends I have ever had, I never not want to be their friends," Hunk said which was totally sweet.

"Has there ever been a moment on set where you just thought the directors or any of the others are trying to kill you whether it was for a stunt, embarrassment, prank etc? If so elaborate." Allura asked and Lance was the first to answer.

"I mean there's an obvious one we can't talk about yet because spoilers," he smirked wryly. "But you know what was really embarrassing? The slow motion walk I had to do out of the ocean for season 3 in those shorts. I nearly flashed the whole crew multiple times. I think that was Sandra's way to get back at me for being a little shit."

"Wouldn't it be Ingrid's fault? She's the costume designer," Pidge said which made Lance pause in consideration.

"Ya know, she'd probably want to get back at me for being a little shit too. But other than me I always think of that scene from season 2 with Henare and he goes through that wall, I think Monty and Sandra were lowkey trying to kill you."
Hunk straightened his posture. "Yeah! Holy moly I was scared when I had to do that stunt. I thought it was going to be simple but it was pretty damn terrifying. I nearly threw up."

"You *did* get a nomination for that scene though for the JuniAwards," Shiro reminded him.

"Yeah... guess it was pretty worth it, huh?"

Luna looked over the edge of the couch at to where Cosmo had jumped off from Keith's lap, moving to go for a walk around the room. Lance carefully plotted her on the ground so she could bounce over to her brother.

"Would I ever do Keith's makeup on my YouTube channel?" Allura asked, glancing to Keith who groaned. "Come on Keith! It would be so fun! Everyone would love it!"

"I hate having normal makeup done for filming, I wouldn't find it fun." Allura gave him the puppy dog eyes. "No." She pouted and Lance joined. He grumbled and then sighed. "Fine." Allura leaned around Keith and gave Lance a high five before she moved onto the next question.

"What was your favorite part about filming Voltron, and what was the funniest thing that ever happened on set?"

"Lance face planting the sandbank was a good one," Shiro chuckled.

"And Lance dropping us in the wall scene," Keith added on.

"Okay we get it I fall a lot," Lance said, giving Keith a teasing narrow of the eyes, pretending to be mad. "One of my all-time favourites was Pidge falling in the Healing Pod in season 1."

"That was pretty hilarious," Hunk laughed while Pidge rolled her eyes.

"But I think we can all agree meeting everyone was a highlight for each of us. We're all close now and I wouldn't imagine doing it without them," Shiro said.

"Yes, I agree. All the memories and things I've learnt from the past few years because of the team and my new friends has changed me for the better as an actress and a person," Allura smiled.

Keith's arm rested on the back of the couch, fingers idly and innocently playing with the soft part of Lance's undercut that was slowly starting to grow out. The casual affection was a comforting sensation.

"What were you like in high school? Did you think you'd end up where you are now?" Allura said and looked around. "Who didn't go to high school here?" Hunk, Shiro and Keith all put their hands up. Figures, they were from famous families.

"I was home schooled," Hunk said.

"Same here," Keith said and Shiro nodded along.

"I wish I was home schooled. I had to go to this bullshit rich kid prep school," Pidge muttered. "I'm just lucky I finished it early.

"Did you go Lance?" Allura asked.

"For the most of it. I finished it online though." Lance answered. "I left for In the Heights in my Junior year."
"I saw a picture of Lance in high school," Keith snickered. "He had braces and his hair was crazy. It was so cute."

"Shut it," Lance said with a playful push to his face to make Keith look in the opposite direction. "I was a weird looking kid. Super disproportionate and stuff. Don't look it up. What about you, Allura?"

She hummed. "Well...I got my first modelling contract when I was 16 and I stayed at school until I graduated. It was weird juggling those two things together," she said.

"High school is weird," Pidge said.

"Agree."

"Now, let's move on. If you could have starred in any movie ever made, what would it be?"

"I think I would've loved to been in the original Lord of the Rings movies," Hunk said.

"Seriously? When you could've said Star Wars?" Pidge asked. "That would so cool."

"I would have to say The Breakfast club."

"The Breakfast Club? Keith asked amused. "Man, I have to go with Pidge. Star Wars would be insane to do."

"Clueless would've been my choice," Allura smiled. "I loved that movie as a kid."

"That's such a good one!" Lance shouted, eyes wide. "That movie's a classic."

"What about you, Lance?" Shiro asked.

"Oh easy! The original Spider-man so I could've been Keith's gay awakening."

The cast all began to laugh while Keith's cheeks dusted pink.

"Woo, now everyone is asking who your bisexual awakening was," Allura giggled.

Lance winced. "Do I have to answer this?"

Everyone's simultaneous reaction was 'yes'.

"Oh god, okay. I have two."

"Why two?" Hunk asked.

"Well I thought everyone had celebrity crushes on the same gender. Like I just thought it was normal and it was something everyone did. Apparently not. So I didn't count them at the start as my bi awakening. But my first real one was this guy from the track team my sister was swooning over and I was also like damn, Sebastian from the track team is kinda hot? So yeah, Sebastian with the thick thighs," Lance nodded to the camera. "I hope you're living your best life."

"Wait who was the celebrity?"

Lance cringed, face contorting. "This is so embarrassing! No!"

"So it was Keith?" Pidge asked with a smirk.
"Well no... like I obviously had a thing for Glenn, which *is* Keith but that came after the other one."

"Which was...?" Pidge prompted.

Lance groaned, hands going over his face, pouting some more. "It was... Shiro." Everyone started laughing, even Shiro had a little chuckle while Keith gave him a disgusted look.

"I had no idea, I'm flattered Lance," Shiro said with a smile.

"Seriously? I nearly creamed my pants when I shook your hand for the first time at the Meet and Greet day - *ow!*" Lance yelped as Keith smacked him over the back of the head. "You want me to *lie*?"

"He's basically my brother! It's *weird.*"

"Aww don't be jealous Keithy!" Lance cooed, grabbing Keith's head and patting his mullet. "There, there, great love of my life-"

"Let me go!"

"My sweet sunshine boy-"

"*Lance!*"

"My precious, mullet man-"

"It's not even a mullet anymore!"

"I'm going to move on because they're gonna bicker for ages, if you were in a zombie apocalypse, who would chuck at the zombies?" Allura asked.

"I'd give them Lance," Keith grumbled.

"Now that's rude. I'd let them have you then." Keith gave his shoulder and light shove and this then started a pushing game where they continued to push each other. Getting harder and hard each turn and laughing more as the game went on.

"I can't believe people religiously ship these dorks," Pidge murmured, shaking her head as Keith shoved Lance off the couch, both going into a fit of laughter.

By the time they stopped everyone had answered the question and they moved onto the next question.

"What are all your plans for after Voltron?" Allura asked. "Well I've been given a new modelling contract which I am very excited for, and I also really want to expand my makeup business and YouTube channel."

"Well I'm going into acting retirement," Pidge started. "At least for now, don't get me wrong, I love acting and these past few years have been incredible, but I want to go and further my studies at university."

"That's amazing Pidge," Shiro smiled and everyone congratulated her. "The book launch for Adam's new novel is soon, so he's going to travel for book signings so I'm going to go with him and relax for a year."
"Dad's finally getting some rest," Lance grinned and everyone snickered.

"Yes, I finally am having a break, a short one, but still a break."

"Well you deserve it. Looking after us all probably gave you gray hairs."

"I definitely have more gray hairs now than I did when I first started," he chuckled. "What about you two?" He asked, looking to Keith and himself.

"We're going to take a break as well for a while, just hang out and stuff for a couple of months, Lance already has another job set up that I'm not even allowed to know yet." Keith's grin pridelful.

"Yeah, don't bother asking either. I'd get my ass beat." A month after they finished Voltron his managers called and explained to him that there was a role in the next upcoming animated Disney movie and the role of the main character was all his if he wanted it. He was actually pretty excited to start it, but for now he had to keep quiet.

"Hunk?"

"Oh well, actually I have exciting news! Netflix has asked me if I want to start a new series where it's a cooking show and I get to invite guests each episode to cook and follow recipes."

"That's so cool!" Lance awed, eyes sparkling.

"Yeah! It's super exciting! They have organised for the first season is going to have 10 episodes!"

Lance was so happy for his friend, that sounded like an amazing opportunity and it sounded so fun.

Allura laughed as she read over the next question. "Why was Klance's first interaction so bad?"

"Oh my god remember that?" Pidge laughed. "That was honestly the funniest thing ever to see Lance just storm away from Keith."

"He was so rude! He's lucky I didn't smack him out," Lance grumbled, giving his boyfriend the stink eye.

"Am I ever going to allowed to forget this?" Keith whined.

"No," Lance snickered. "But I really want to recreate this, I need a champagne glass, hang on..." Lance trailed off before racing to the kitchen. "I'll be Keith." He held the glass up and brooded in the corner.

"I did not look like that," Keith said.

"Yes you did," they all replied simultaneously.

"I'm Keith Kogane and I'm too cool for everyone," Lance said in a voice trying to imitate his boyfriend's voice. "Also that Leandro guy? Homophobe."

"I didn't call you a homophobe!"

"Homophobe! You should quit so I don't have to look at your stupid homophobic face!"

Pidge and Shiro had lost it by this stage and Keith was rolling his eyes.
"I can't even try to act like you because I had no idea what you said," Keith muttered which made Lance laugh.

"Okay real talk though," Lance said, walking back to the couch. "I wasn't originally the person who was cast to play Leandro, but the person who we won't name because they'll probably try sue my ass, was apparently homophobic and didn't want to play a bisexual character so they fired him and cast me instead."

"I thought Lance was the homophobic Leandro so I was... a little rude to him," Keith explained.

"A little?"

After a little more bickering they moved onto the next question.

"Keith, who is your favourite Cuban?"

Keith proceeded to look at Lance who grinned at him. He then looked back to the camera.

"Pitbull." The others laughed while laughed gaped in offence. Keith snickered at his facial expression. "Just kidding... it's definitely Lance...'s mum."

"You're so rude!" Lance shouted before they moved onto the next question.

"What would you say are just the little things that tip you over the edge about one another?"

"Hunk's too nice, Allura's too pretty, Shiro's could bench like, three of me which is really annoying, Pidge is too smart and Keith is an asshole," Lance said instantly.

"You complimented everyone but Keith," Pidge snickered.

"That's because he's an asshole." Keith responded to Lance's teasing by jabbing his fingers into his side which made him laugh and wince in pain.

"You know what tips me over the edge with you?" Keith asked.

"Friction and my sexy self?" The ended with another jab for Lance while the others laughed.

"That's what tips me over the edge with you Lance," Pidge started. "You have no filter when it comes to you and Keith's private time. You'll walk into a room and announce 'yo guess what Keith and I did last night!'

"Can't believe you just exposed me like that to the viewers," Lance wheezed a laugh and pushed Keith's hands off from jabbing and tickling his sides.

"This is a nice lead onto the next question," Allura said, "which is what meme/vine would they each use to describe Klance? I already have an answer for this! It's the one where there is that couple in the restaurant and the other person goes 'is this allowed?' and that person is either Pidge or Shiro."

"You bitches always wanna ruin our fun," Lance agreed. He turned to Keith and pressed a few loud kisses to his cheek which Pidge responded with gagging noises, getting louder when Keith tilted his head to peck Lance on the lips, ending with them giving each other a gooey smile.

"What is your favorite Disney movie and why?"

"Mine was always Pocahontas, I just really liked it, I don't know why." Shiro said.
"Lilo and Stitch, it was just always so sweet and cute." Hunk said.

"Aristocats and Fox and the Hound always made me happy as a child and even now. But Fox and the Hound did tend to make my eyes well up." Allura smiled.

"I dunno," Keith murmured, obviously thinking it through. "What was the one we watched together?" He asked, looking to Lance.

"Coco?"

"Yeah, that one." Lance grinned at that answer before answering for himself.

"Well mine is Moana or Mulan, the soundtracks are bomb."

"I think this next one is hilarious, and one for Keith in particular." Keith's brows narrowed as he noticed Allura's amused expression as she spoke. "It's been a few years since we first asked this, but we still want to know which Lance was the better kisser?"

Everyone laughed at the reminder of that minor Keith scandal. Poor Keith's face turned red and his head went into his hands as he groaned. He raised his head and looked at Lance with a smirk.

"The other one."

Pidge started to cackle as Lance grabbed a pillow and started to whack him with it.

"I was joking!" Keith snickered, using his arms to cover his head as Lance continued to hit him with the fluffy pillow. He wrapped his arms around Lance and squeeze him, mostly to keep his arms by his side so he couldn't assault him with the pillow anymore.

Lance started to wriggle, trying to get free.

"Aww, no Lance," Keith cooed mockingly and kept Lance stuck in his grip. "I love you, you're the best," he chimed, falling into a little laugh as Lance pouted.

They continued to answer questions for another hour, everyone laughing and joking around.

"I think that was probably the last question we have time for," Shiro said as he looked at his watch. "We've got five minutes until the launch."

"Well then, we better say goodbye..." They all pouted and looked a little sad. Lance decided to be the one to speak up first.

"Thank you guys for joining us in our last Voltron livestream, it's been so fun chatting with you all and we all hope you guys love the last season. You have been the best fans ever, you've supported us through both good and bad times and we're all so grateful to you."

Allura then took over. "We know this show means a lot to lots of people, it's an escape, a creative outlet, but just because the show is soon going to be over doesn't mean it's gone forever. I think we can all learn a lot from the characters we have all grown to love which means they live on."

"It's been an amazing experience that I wouldn't trade for the world," Hunk smiled. "I've grown so much as a person in these past four years, I've become so much more confident in myself and I've made life long friends along the way. Plus we get to talk to all of you! It's like I have thousands of friends!"

"I was so nervous when I took this role," Pidge admitted. "I hadn't done any acting in years, but I'm
so happy I did. It was one of the best decisions I've ever made."

"I can safely say I'm glad I decided to take this role," Keith agreed. "I love you all," he said looking around the room and then to the camera. "You guys too, you're awesome. I'm happy you're all here, enjoying Voltron together." He flashed a cheesy grin. "And as Akira would say, it's been an honour flying with you all."

They all got a little sad as they finally said their goodbyes and waved to the camera goodbye. When it turned off it was a heavy feeling in the chest, so epically bittersweet.

"Group hug!" Hunk announced and they all jumped to their feet to meet together in a massive, amazing and love filled group hug. "Aww man, I'm gonna cry," Hunk croaked out.

"Shit don't cry, or I'm gonna cry," Lance chuckled back with a sore throat.

"It's too late for me," Allura sniffled, dribbles of tears rolling down her cheeks. "I'm so happy I met you all."

"Stop being emotional everyone, I'm trying to keep cool," Pidge murmured but Lance could totally see the tears in her eyes.

"Lance is crying now," Keith snickered but he's also totally on the verge.

"Shut up mullet!" Lance whined but proceeded to wipe his face with the sleeve of his shirt.

Shiro cleared his throat, sniffling a little. "Come on, Voltron will be uploading any minute."

They parted from their big group hug and huddled on the couch. Luna and Cosmo coming back and sitting on the ground by Lance and Keith's feet. Snacks were passed around and then it was time to turn the TV on.

They all cheered as the Netflix ding appeared and it slipped into the first episode.

***

HAHA
I'M FINE
IT'S TOTALLY FINE
I'M NOT CRYING 2 SECONDS INTO THE FIRST EPISODE BECAUSE I'M SAD IT'S ENDING
NOPE
-u alright bro
NO I'M SOBBING I DON'T WANT IT TO ENDDDJFEKL

anyone else forget that Akira's hair was white and when it just appeared on the screen it scared you so you scream? am i alone in this? okay cool
I love how the first episode was so intense and then BAM SOFT LEAKIRA and then DOUBLE DAM THEY GET NASTY

-they fRICK

-never been happier for two characters to do the do tbh

-like happy for those two yes go to the sideways tango BUT ALSO HOW GOOD OF A SCENE WAS IT?!?!?! lighting? stunning. Characters being in love? yes and yes! talking of consent?!? hECK YEAH!!!!

voltron changing the game yet again

Hachiko... is so.... hot

-why is this post me???

I’ve cried three times already during voltron for no other reason than that it's finishing.. what am i gonna do when it ends? Die i guess

-well damn I was just gonna watch it again but you can do that too

My favourite thing about Voltron is that it's so damn good and gives us fans everything we want there is almost no desire for me to binge a thousand fics because canon is so satisfying

-ONLY VOLTRON COULD DO US THIS GOOD

When Hachiko and Kova hugged Akira when he came back DAMN BITCH I ALMSOT CRIED

-almost? bruh i had a river flowing

that fight scene was sexy

-it's funny because there was no context to this post but i know exactly what show and scene you're talking about

OKAY OKAY I KNOW PRESIDENT KAPLIN IS THE BAD GUY BUT HE'S KIND OF A DADDY
-delete your account

It's honestly not my fault i have daddy issues and find that man sexy

-DELETE. YOUR. ACCOUNT.

_________________

Leandro sassing the Black Lion just showcases the raw 'i don't care who you are, i'll still roast you till your char' aesthetic he has and i live for it

''I would kick your spiritual ass if I could'' and then calling black a 'moron' was such a power move

The Black Lion, part of the most powerful weapon in the universe, big enough to squish a human like an ant: ...
Leandro, banging on Black's paw: yOU STUPID CAT

__________________

The Black Lion's Spirit: if you form voltron alone you could die
Leandro: i don't care
Me, a Leandro stan: *say sike right now meme*

__________________

i for one LOVED the scene with Leandro in the lion's spiritual world! it was super dope and cool

-yeah same like i know why it scared people but the way leandro looked at his team in those hologram things??? dude loves them all so much

-and the effects were incredible! also don't get me started on Lance's acting because that was some top tier shit

__________________

if anyone feels victimised by episode 24's ending i'm gonnna start a groupchat

-i thought Leandro was really gonna die on us there for a second HOLY FUCK

-i sobbed so hard I've never cried over a near death so much

-Akira: WHY ISN'T HE MOVING
Me: oh my fucking god he fucking dead

-TOO SOON

__________________

the people who believed Leandro died at the end of episode 24 and went into a rage so they refused to watch the last episode:
akira bonding with leandro's family was the cutest shit i have EVER seen and nothing would have prepared me for how sweet it was

-it was so cute i nearly fucking ended myself right there

-When his mother was like 'he's been waiting for you to wake up, he hasn't left your side once' to leandro about kira HIT ME HARD

I told myself since it's the last season I'd pace myself and enjoy it but here I am sobbing at 3am because it just finished

the ending was just so perfect AKIRA FINALLY GOT HIS PICNIC DATE!!!

I want to thank voltron for being such a game changer in the action genre, like we have plenty of representation for different races, genders, mental health and sexuality. NO ONE ELSE has put all that into a storyline and at the same time have such an amazing plot. It's made people feel included, valued and not alone in their struggles and battles, so for that I want to say thank you Voltron

I came out to my family after season 2 with Leandro and Akira being together and my family didn't really understand at first, but they slowly opened up to it and accepted me. I'd like to think the representation of Leakira really helped with that, so thank you voltron!

I was going through a real rough stage of my life when season 1 came out. I'm so happy I had something to look forward to with each new season and it would get me through the months of pain. Now, four years later I'm a much happier person and I love my life. I might not of been here without voltron, which is kind of crazy so I'm giving all my thanks to voltron ❤❤❤❤

Can't believe it's over but I am happy I came along for the ride! So much love for the creators and cast who made this wonderful story come to life!

THANK YOU PIDGE

THANK YOU HUNK
THANK YOU LANCE
THANK YOU KEITH
THANK YOU ALLURA
THANK YOU SHIRO
THANK YOU FOR BRINGING ALL THESE AMAZING CHARACTERS TO LIFE
_______________________

As Keith and Akira say,

It's been an honour flying with you all :)

Chapter End Notes

thank you to all of those people who submitted questions! I obviously couldn't fit them all in but i hope you enjoyed!!!

also shoutout to I_do_not_want_a_username who asked if klance were gonna move in together and get a dog like when i saw that comment i was like WHAT SORCERY THEYY GUESSED I?!?!? ahaha but for real that gave me a good laugh

What to expect next time...
- The epilogue
- Opening the time capsule
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

And here we are at the end! I'm so thankful for every single one of you for coming this far with me. It's been really fulfilling to write this and to have people like it (nearly at 30k hits WHHATTT?? youneverplayeditubersimulator))

On more than one occasion I've had comments saying how people can't wait for fridays/saturdays for a new chapter, or the updates makes them happy and can be a highlight of their day. I just want you to know that I feel the exact same way. I would get excited to upload because I was so keen to read all your wonderful comments and see your reactions to any twists and turns. I've had fun, and I'm glad you've had fun too!

I hope you enjoy the last chapter!

It's really been a pleasure writing this all for you ❤️

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ten Years Later

"What that?"

"That's a microphone, my dude."

"What that?"

"A green screen."

"What that?"

"That one's a camera."

"That?" Rory asked, extending his little chubby finger across the room.

"Another camera," Lance chuckled.

"Oh!" Rory exclaimed, like he was surprised. Everything seemed surprising to toddlers.

"You're asking a lot of questions huh? I thought your brother was the curious one," Lance teased, looking to the other small child waddling along, hand scrunched up on the material of his pants like he was scared he'd get lost. "You good Kai?" Lance knew he always preferred to be held in unfamiliar places with unfamiliar people, compared to Rory who was certain on walking and asserting his independence.

Kai nodded quietly, dark curls bouncing.

Lance was so happy Allura taught him the ways of black girl magic with natural hair, their hair was looking so much better now.
"Good to hear it, bud. Come on, let's go find dad." At the suggestion Rory sped up, almost pulling Lance's arm out of his socket as the leash he forced upon his children tugged. "Oi, don't run. People are working."

Lance was aware of how crazy he looked at this current point in time with the toddler leashes. He was far too tall to hold his both of his two and a half year old's hands and there was no way he was letting them wonder free. He'd lose one of them for sure. So the leashes were his best bet. Sure, he got tangled every once in a while or pulled in two different directions but it was the easiest solution.

"Hello Lance," a voice caught his attention, smile forming on his lips.

"Ryan, hey man!" Ryan was the main director on set, guy was a legend. Lance himself had never worked with him before, but his talent for directing was obvious and well recognised, with plenty awards under his belt.

He smiled. "Nice to see you again. Your husband has just finished filming. He's in the hall."

"Better go find him then. I'll see you later, thanks for the tip." He peered down to Kai and Rory. "You gonna say goodbye to Mr. Kinkade?"

"Bye!" Rory shouted, not even looking at him but raring to go, already dragging Lance away. Kai waved, almost tripping over his feet at the sudden movement.

As they walked towards the hall they past cast and crew. Some said hello and others gave him acknowledging nods or waves. They all knew who he was and always smiled at the kiddies trailing close by him.

"Papa!" Rory said, pointing to where he wanted to go.

"You don't even know which way we're going," Lance laughed, guiding them in the proper direction which was very much the opposite way from where Rory had pointed.

They approached the hall and he was quick to spot his husband sitting on a chair, reading over his script. His hair was pulled back off his face into a scrappy ponytail, but Lance knew when it was out it exceeded the length of his shoulders. He had a look of concentration on his face, brows furrowed and index finger tapping his face as he hunched over the paper.

Once upon a time Lance would've loved to sneak up on his lover and surprise him with a scare, but with two toddlers and one of them having no volume adjustment and heavy feet (cough cough, Rory) it was pretty apparent they were approaching.

Keith looked up in their direction and smiled.

"Well isn't this a nice surprise," he said, grin growing as Rory jumped and squealed excitedly gaining the attention of anyone in a 5 mile radius and Kai bounced on his toes, giggling. Keith took a moment to greet his twins before looking back up to Lance. He leaned closer, hand going to his waist and smiled confidently. "Now what do I owe this pleasure?"

"Don't tell me you forgot." Lance head tilted and grin teasingly. He watched Keith hesitate.

"About what?"

"It's the ten year Voltron anniversary get together." He watched Keith's eyes widen and barked out a laugh. "You actually forgot! Dude!" He laughed more, still going even as Kai tugged his pants
and Lance leaned down to pick him up.

"What?" Kai asked, obviously curious to what they were talking about. Lance pressed a kiss to his child's temple.

"Work dinner, chiquito," he explained. "Daddy forgot."

"Uh-oh, daddy," Kai said, mimicking Lance's unimpressed tone.

Lance hummed, nodding to show his son was right. His dad was an idiot. Keith twisted his head away and mouthed 'shit' before looking back.

"When do we have to go?" Keith asked.

"As soon as we can. We still have to get dressed. I have our clothes in the car."

Keith exhaled in relief. "You're a genius."

"I know I am." Lance said. Keith grinned at the words and leaned in to give him a quick kiss on the lips. "Are you allowed to go?" He asked, looking around the near empty set.

"Yeah, screw them. Let's go." Keith scooped up Rory who groused over his stolen walking freedom.

"So how was work today?" Lance asked, it was only just now that he was getting used to Keith not being home all the time. They'd both made the collective decision when they adopted the boys that until they were more independent that one of them would always be home with them instead of having a nanny. That meant only one of them could be working full time at once.

Lance had been the first to get a big project on a movie. He worked on that, then when he finished that it was Keith's turn to do a project, which was the movie he was doing now. Lance however did have the odd jobs in between, interviews, brand deals, small, one off things like that.

"Ryan said we were working ahead of schedule, so I'd say pretty good. How about you guys?"

"We had a super day, didn't we?" Lance asked the twins.

"Suber!" Rory cheered in agreement.

"Suber," Lance repeated with a coo, then looked to his husband. "That's so cute," he whispered out, not wanting Rory to hear just in case he thought he was making fun of him. "Keith, did you know we have the cutest children ever, wonder why that is?"

"Probably because they don't share the same D.N.A as you," Keith mumbled quietly, but unluckily for him Lance heard.

"Oh so it's funny when you make those jokes but when I do it it's bad?"

Keith's lips quirked ever so slightly at the corners. "Yeah."

"You're lucky you're holding precious cargo," Lance murmured, looking at Rory who was playing with Keith's hair.

"Sorry, sorry," he grinned, then put Rory on his shoulders. "Race you to the car!" He shouted, going into a sprint. Rory squealed with joy at the adrenaline rush.
"Hey!" Lance shouted out, putting Kai on his shoulders to go chase after them. Kai was laughing high pitched as he did. "Cheater!"

"Loser!" Keith shouted back, not even looking over his shoulder.

Lance really loved his boys.

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When they pulled into the car park he saw Hunk half hanging out of his car, pulling his lovely wife Shay out. She seemed to be having a bit of trouble with it and it probably had to do with the prominent baby bump showing.

Lance remembered very vividly the day Hunk had called him to say he had scored a date with the formidable Shay who was a guest star on his Netflix cooking show. The rest was now history. It had been a while since he'd seen the happy couple, maybe a month or two.

"Hunk! Shay!" He called out, waving as they looked in his direction, grinning and waving as they spotted him. He got Rory out of his car seat while Keith got Kai. They dropped the leashes and opted to carry them over. Shay's eyes beamed.

"These two get cuter and cuter each time I see them, I swear," Shay cooed, hand hovering over her own stomach. She obviously was impatient and longing for her own.

"Yeah, yeah and they become more trouble," Keith grumbled which seemed preposterous with Kai half asleep, head on Keith's shoulder looking like a little angel.

"Let me guess, this one," Hunk said, tickling Rory's side and making him giggle, "is the trouble maker."

Lance scoffed. "I wish. Rory's too loud to get away with anything naughty. Kai is like a ninja. He's gone into this climbing phase. It gives me heart attacks on the daily. You know I found him on top of a cupboard the other day?"

"That sounds... dangerous."

"Yeah no kidding. I almost exploded. He's like a rock climber." He shook his head in dismay, remembering how horrified he'd been when he saw Kai just sitting up there casually, not quite sure on how to get down. Lance didn't even want to think about what would've happened if it had toppled over while he was climbing.

Both him and Keith shuddered, obviously thinking the same thing.

"I know they said toddlers were tough, but I swear they both snort crack while I'm not looking," Lance murmured, making Shay giggle and Keith give him a halfhearted push of the shoulder.

"Why don't we go inside? I'm pretty sure we saw Adam, Shiro and Amelia walking inside when we were parking."

Amelia was Adam and Shiro's 10 year old daughter they adopted six years ago. She's an awesome kid, super sweet. She was even the flower girl at their wedding. Lance loved her, but definitely not as much as Keith did. As soon as Adam and Shiro adopted Amelia, Keith fell in love and made it very obvious he wanted some of his own someday.

With that, they began to make their way inside to the place where the interview was going to be.
Netflix had gotten Coran to conduct it, so it really felt like the whole gang was getting back together.

When they all walked in Lance caught sight of Adam and smirked before mockingly giving a courtesy.

"The Alpha gays have arrived," he chimed, then raised his ring finger in the air. Adam huffed a laugh as he and Shiro walked over, Amelia trotting behind with a smile. Keith knelt down to her level and chatted to her quietly, making the girl giggle.

"Can't believe you're still bringing that up," Adam said with a playful roll of the eyes.

"Me? Letting up an opportunity to bring up my reign of supreme? Never."

"And it doesn't surprise me," the voice of a particular female made Lance twist his head. He grinned as he spotted Pidge.

"Well, well, if it isn't the great Pidgey Pidge!" He walked over and wrapped a single arm around her for a hug, still using his other arm to hold Rory. "How you going? It's been a while."

"Great! I've been travelling a lot for my research," Pidge did a lot of activist work these days. It was incredible what she had achieved at such a young age. "How's diaper duty?"

"Superb. I think Keith's finally ready to be potty trained."

"Ew, dad humour," she winced.

"Hey, at least I'm still funnier than Shiro," Lance said, ignoring Shiro's frown as he turned to Rory. "You think Papa's funny, don't you?" Rory shook his head, going into a fit of giggles as Lance gave an offended expression. "How rude! I'll have you know I'm hilarious! You just don't appreciate it," he said and dug his fingers into the toddler's sides, making him squeal and laugh and you bet your ass it made Lance's heart soar.

"I hear children!" Allura's voice came as she stampeded into the room. She threw her clutch over her shoulder, almost smacking her fiancé in the face as he attempted to catch it. She looked between elegant and batshit insane as she ran across the room to Lance, her rose gold dress flowing elegantly behind her.

Her arms were outreached for Rory who was more than happy to leave Lance and go into her arms. She cooed, kissing his cheek and smiling as she booped him on the nose.

"Nice to see you too Allura," Lance chided and she rolled her eyes teasingly.

"Oh yes, yes because it's been so long," her voice dripping in sarcasm. "Come here," she giggled, giving him a kiss on the cheek. "So, how's their hair going? It looks fantastic," she said in admiration.

"You saved me there. Now I just have to teach Keith how to do it," he chuckled.

He looked over Allura's shoulder to her fiancé ; Lotor. He wasn't going to lie, at first he didn't really like the guy. His reputation was... less than mediocre. But since he'd gotten with Allura he had seemed to straighten himself out a little bit, plus he was obviously smitten with her. It took a bit of effort, but after some time Lance found himself quite liking the guy.

Even weirder, he was Zarkon's son.
He noticed Lotor watch Allura with Rory fondly.

"Looks like you're in strife," Lance joked to the taller male. He was tall, even for a model.

"Her baby fever gets worse and worse with every visit with the twins," he said with a fond chuckle.

"Well watch it spike when Shay and Hunk's baby is born."

"Don't be rude Lance, or I'll steal Rory and Kai and take them home with me," Allura pouted, hugging Rory close to her chest.

"You'd last two days with those crackheads."

"Stop saying our children are on crack," Keith said popping back up from his conversation with Amelia. Kai looked like he had woken up a bit more, eyes wide and curious as he looked around the room and all the people.

"They're my little crackheads!" Lance insisted, ruffling Kai's hair, making him smile sweetly then duck his head into Keith's shoulders.

"Well, well if it isn't our favourite cast," a voice made everyone twist their heads.

"I didn't know you two were coming for the interview. It's so good to see you," Shiro smiled towards Monty and Sandra as they walked over.

"Coran's talking to us to start with, then moving onto you guys. After that we're going to the party venue to be with the other cast and crew members," Monty explained, hands half in the pockets.

Alongside the interview, they were going to be celebrating the ten year anniversary with the others with a massive party, coincidentally the same place they hosted the Meet and Greet Gala.

"Man you guys are looking old," Lance teased, walking over to them both for a hug. "It's so good to see you!" He hadn't seen them properly since his own wedding, a solid five years ago.

"Trust me, you guys look a lot older than the last time I saw you," Sandra mused. "Most of you were just kids when we started Voltron."

"Only feels like yesterday Sandra was yelling at you for acting like an idiot on set. Now look at you," Monty said, nodding towards Keith and Kai then looking to Allura with Rory.

"Kids age you, now we know why Shiro has so many greys with having to look after us on set."

Shiro glared at Keith's words. But the other was too busy putting Kai down on the ground to notice the sour look.

Kai trotted over to Lance, clutching onto the material of his pants and peeping around him to look up at the two unfamiliar faces.

"Which one is this?" Monty asked.

"Kai," Lance pointed to the toddler behind his legs, "Rory," he said nodding to Allura who still had him.

"This makes me feel so old," Sandra murmured with a sigh. "Especially Amelia, she's grown so much," she said looking to the little girl. Sandra probably hadn't seen her since Lance and Keith's wedding either.
Not too long later after their quick chats and reunion it was time for Monty and Sandra's interview and for the cast to move into the room to wait for the interview and to open the time capsules. They sat on the couch, Kai on Lance's lap and Rory on Keith's. The topic of the time capsules was the main topic.

"Does anyone actually remember what they said in their time capsule?" Pidge asked and everyone shook their heads.

"I'm worried about what you said," Keith admitted to Lance.

"Why?" Keith gave him a look. "What?"

"Lance in his twenties was quite... something," Hunk chuckled.

"Don't bully past me!" Lance gaped. "What did he ever do to deserve this?"

"I could list some examples but there are innocent ears present," Pidge said, causing everyone to look over to Amelia who was playing a game on Adam's phone, legs kicking up and down since her feet couldn't reach the ground. "But if I do remember, you once asked Kendall and Kane to join you and Keith in some... questionable activities."

"Nope don't remember didn't happen."

"You totally said it."

"Oh shut it mullet."

"Again, not a mullet anymore, but whatever."

"Why don't we just ask Kane and Kendall tonight? They should be there, right?" Hunk asked.

"Oh man I hope so. It's always fun to fluster those two," Lance said which Keith rolled his eyes at.

"Well if it isn't the successful six!" A voice so distinguishable spoke, Lance recognised it instantly.

"Coran!" He cheered and another round of greetings commenced.

"Well it's been quite some time since I've seen some of you! Last time I saw this one," he said looking to Amelia. "She was about this tall," he said indicating a height with his hand. "And these two rascals barely had a hair on their head, now look at them!"

It had been almost a year since Lance and Keith had seen Coran, even longer for the twins who were both looked intrigued by his moustache. Keith grabbed both of Rory's hands subtly and put them on his lap, full well knowing the little shit would grab the facial hair and yank it at any opportunity.

"Well since this is all pre-recorded we've done Monty and Sandra's interview and we're going to be doing all of yours in about fifteen minutes. Are we good with someone looking after the little ones?"

"Lotor, Adam and I have got that covered," Shay beamed, smiling hard enough for her cheeks to ache.

Coran clasped his hands together. "Perfect! Let's go get everything sorted then we can go party with the rest of the crew!"
"That sounds like a plan I can get down with," Lance grinned as he stood up, placing Kai down where he had been sitting, bopping his nose before telling him and Rory to be good for Lotor, Shay and Adam. "Now don't do anything I wouldn't do. You know..." Lance said to them both in a very serious tone before blocking a nostril and sniffing. The twins gave him blank, confused expressions.

"Jesus Christ Lance," Keith hissed under his breath and pulled him up by the collar to drag him away. The glare he gave Lance didn't stop him from laughing.

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Walking out on stage with the whole gang again felt like returning home after a holiday. It had been a long time since they'd all been on the same interview together. In fact, it was probably 10 years ago after season 4 of Voltron came out.

The crowd cheered as they walked out and took their seats with Coran, giving just as much enthusiasm as they did back then. The first part of the interview was chatting about life after Voltron. Including everyone's work and personal live milestones, like engagements, weddings and children.

"Now that we've all been caught up on what you've been up to, we have a surprise for the audience," Coran smiled, making the people in the crowd titter with excitement. "10 years ago, these cheeky individuals decided to make a video each to be played in the future as a Time Capsule and today we will be watching those videos!" The crowd cheered and they all turned to look at the screen which came up with Allura first.

Allura gasped, eyes wide as she looked at her younger self. It was evident her face had matured, by otherwise she still looked exactly the same.

"Hello future me! I'm guessing it's been ten years since Voltron has finished. In my time, it's been quite the interesting week. We've been working very hard to finish filming Voltron and it's been emotional to say goodbye, but I'm excited for the future." Past Allura paused, taking a big breath and smiled. "The future is an exciting prospect, I'm excited to live my life and do good things. Like with my makeup and YouTube channel and all other things. I hope you and everyone else is doing well and that we're all still friends. Umm..." she trailed off, trying to think of something else to say. "I guess one of my biggest hopes for my future self is that I've taken a step back to work on my personal life, rather than being fully focused on my career. I never really give myself a break, so I hope I've done that, or that I am going to do that soon. Maybe this message is the push I need to make myself take a break for me time. Maybe if I do that I'll actually get into a relationship."

Everyone had a quiet laugh at that, especially Allura. She twisted the gold band around her finger.

"Other than that, I'm curious to know where I am at this stage of my life. Wherever I am, I hope I'm happy and content." Past Allura smiled brightly and so did present Allura. "I should probably say goodbye now, which is strange to say goodbye to myself..." she thought about it for a moment and jolted, as if remembering where she was. "Goodbye! And I hope everyone looks after themselves. I love you all."

The camera flicked off and everyone turned to Allura who looked so overwhelmingly happy.

"How was that?" Coran asked her and she laughed lightly.

"A very strange sensation. It seems like I did what my past self wanted. I took a break, got myself into a relationship and I'm happy and so are my friends. I couldn't have asked for more!"
Everyone applauded and next up was Hunk. He looked so young compared to the man he had grown into.

"Oh wow, hi everyone! It's Hunk here... well I guess you all probably know that," past Hunk chuckled and rubbed the back of his neck. "So I had this idea for the Time Capsule thing, and everyone seemed to like it so that's why I am here. So... hi future me, oh and everyone else too! I hope you're all well. I guess I should start from where I am, which is the last week of filming Voltron. I had to get Lance's hand out of a vending machine earlier, which was... eventful."

Present Lance and Hunk looked at each other before bursting into laughter, remembering that moment very vividly.

"Oh! I also got asked the other day if I wanted to host my own cooking show for Netflix! The concept is so cool, hopefully it works out. Future me could probably answer that! Did I do it? I hope I did. Maybe it was a flop? Oh man I hope it wasn't a flop." Past Hunk pouted, before shaking his head. "Anyway, I guess that's all I have to really update right now. I hope you're good, I'll be what? Thirty-three now? I wonder what life holds for me. I'm excited so I hope future me has made a good path for me! Like... I could be married or something! That's so exciting! But umm... no pressure if you aren't married yet future Hunk, you'll find someone special. I'm just excited to meet them, so hopefully if I haven't met that person yet, I'll find them soon!"

They watched Hunk smile as his past self gushed, full well knowing he had fulfilled his past self's dream of finding his soulmate.

Next up was Shiro. He had obviously changed the most with his hair being black, now it was fully grey.

"Hello I... Oh, is this working right?" Shiro leaned closer to the camera.

"This is when we all should've realised Shiro needed glasses," Keith chuckled earning a glare from present Shiro.

"A lot has happened for me this year, other than Voltron finishing I got married to the love of my life."

The audience awwed.

"I don't have any doubt we're still married now, which probably means we've been married for ten years, which is pretty impressive." Past Shiro smiled proudly at the thought. "I think of where I'd like to be in ten years. I hope I'm still doing what I love with who I love. Adam and I have been talking about kids recently, so I'm hoping maybe we had a child by now. That's really exciting to think about."

Lance noticed the tears welling in Shiro's eyes and how genuinely happy he was about succeeding his past self's dreams.

"Maybe my passions have changed in ten years, I'm not sure. Maybe I'm acting still, maybe I'm not. But where I am in my life I know I still want to continue acting. I am no way ready for retirement. If anything, I think I'm only just starting. So I hope we, me and future Shiro have kept going with that."

He got another thing right.

"I guess I should go now and let the next person do their video and to make sure nobody has broken anything. Lance dared me to say this so here I go..." Everyone sat on the edge of their seats
as they waited. "On-set dad, signing off." He waved to the camera and the cast all screamed with laughter at his 'signing off', Shiro himself laughing too.

"I can't remember doing that," he chuckled face red.

After a few more comments on the Space Dad phenomenon the next video up was Pidge's. She looked so much younger, like a little iddy biddy baby. Lance was surprised to see her old glasses perched on her nose, loud and circular.

"Hi, I'm Pidge. Well, past Pidge to you all. This is a video from our second last day on set for Voltron. I was surprised about how sad I am that it's ended, it's all hitting me at once I think." The past Pidge fiddled with her glasses as she thought. "I wasn't sure how I was going to go with filming Voltron, it had been so long since I'd done any acting, but I'm glad I accepted. I was never really any good with people and never had many friends. Don't get me wrong, I like being on my own sometimes, but I also really love having the friends that I've made on Voltron. The cast are some of the best people I've ever met. So I'm glad I can call them my friends."

Everyone awwed at her words and that made present Pidge blush lightly.

"I'm young, the youngest of the main cast, so I have a long future ahead of me that I'm excited for. I don't know if I'll do any acting again, I hope so. But even if I do it probably wouldn't feel the same without it being the current cast I work with. Whatever the future holds for me and my friends, I hope it's good, and I am hopeful that I still can call my cast members my best friends. I should probably end this video, it's gooey enough as is, no more emotional talk needed."

A snicker went around the old cast on the couch.

Next up with Lance's video.

He was somewhat surprised when he appeared on the screen, big toothy smile on his face and a much younger face.

"How's it going? I'm Lance... well, a younger Lance." It was a strange thing to see your younger self wave at your present self. "It's been a while since you've been on the set for Voltron, but for us it's very recent, so memories are fresh compared to what they are now. Plus let's be real, you're starting to get old guys, I'm like what? Thirty-three or something? Man let's hope my skin care regime has worked because I'm going be so mad if I spent all that money just to end up looking crusty."

"We still lookin' good it's okay little me," Lance joked, making the audience and his friends laugh. His husband just rolled his eyes fondly at both versions of him.

"Life is really good for me at the moment. Voltron's has been awesome, but I'm excited for future projects and work. Amazing friends, an unreal boyfriend-" Present Lance turned to look at Keith who smiled at him. Past Lance's face screwed up for a moment. "I don't know if that's still a thing, Keith and I. At this stage I'd hope it is, but the future isn't always certain. Even if we aren't, I know us being together would never be a regret. How could it? He's helped me so much throughout these past few years with dealing with all my shit."

Lance could see the thought going through his own head, thinking of his insecurities and anxiety.

"I hope wherever we are in our lives we're still in each other's somehow. In a relationship or just friends whatever. Very much hoping it's the former, because let's be real, that man is gonna age like fine wine and would be looking real good tonight and I don't want to miss out on that."
The audience laughed again and Lance couldn't help but join. Keith was snickering, running his hand down his pink face.

"I wasn't wrong though, was I?" Present Lance grinned to Keith, giving him a wink that earned another eye roll and a playful shove.

"As for everyone, I hope you're all doing well and that nobody is like... dead." Past Lance's mouth dropped. "What if I'm dead. Fuck that would be morbid. And my last words would be saying that Keith looks like fine dining... unless he's dead. Oh god I have to shut up or I'm going to make everyone cry in ten years if someone is really dead." The panic on his own face made Lance laugh. "Please no one be dead? I've really dug myself a hole here I'm just... I'm just gonna stop now, goodbye! Is it really goodbye though? Like since I'm still kicking and right there? Unless I'm dead... Okay time to stop bye~"

The video cut off and everyone laughed.

"Well we knew Lance's diary was gonna be highly inappropriate, I just didn't expect that," Pidge cackled.

"You mentioned us all dying way too many times," Hunk said.

"Forgive baby Lance! Baby Lance was a dumbass!" Lance called out, defending younger self's honour.

"Dumbass is correct and you still are one," Keith said.

"Hey, don't speak too soon, yours is up next."

That was definitely right, and Lance couldn't help but coo at the sight of the younger version of his husband, face young and hair much shorter. He looked a little stiff, a little awkward.

"Aww, baby Keith was so cute," Lance said and went quiet so he could hear what younger Keith was saying.

"Uh, hi. I'm Keith Kogane. This is a time capsule video for our last week on set for Voltron, a show I play a character called Akira... but you probably know that already..." Past Keith groaned, rolling his eyes at himself. "We're doing this for the last week of filming Voltron - and I said that already. This is why I'm bad at this, I usually know what I have to say since I have a script or whatever. This? I'm not so sure."

"I guess it's probably because I'm talking to the future, and the future is something entirely unpredictable. I don't know where I'll be, or if I'm still doing the job I'm doing, but I guess the one thing I'm pretty certain about is who I'll be surrounding myself with. My friends that I've made through Voltron, my family and Lance."

Even after all these years Keith still somehow knew how to melt his heart.

A soft smile crept onto Lance's face as he continued to watch Keith on the screen.

"I don't know if it's naive of me to believe Lance I will still be together in ten years. But at this point in time in my life I can't really see a future without him in it, so I hope future me can respect that and not get embarrassed if I'm wrong."

Past Keith cringed at himself as Lance held present Keith's hand. "God, that's so mushy, everyone's going to make fun of me for that. It's probably because I've never really let my walls down completely with someone before. Walls I didn't even realise I had. I guess I should be thanking the casting team for hiring Lance to play my love interest. It's probably so far been the happiest coincidence of my life."

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Keith paused, mouth wobbling for a moment. "Fuck, I'm out of here," past Keith said, getting to his feet, walking out of the camera's focus. Just as he began to walk away you could hear him say "I said I wouldn't cry!" which had everyone laughing, except Keith and Lance. Keith too embarrassed and Lance's mouth too busy to laugh because he was kissing Keith's cheek.

"You mush-ball," Lance teased.

"We should've seen that coming really, Keith was always so smitten," Shiro said, giving his younger brother a nudge of the elbow.

"We really had to go through months of pining," Pidge added and they all took a moment to laugh and reflect on how oblivious they had been.

"Remember when people thought we were a publicity stunt," Lance laughed. "If we are, this is another level of dedication."

There laughs continued and so did the interview. When it was over, Keith and Lance dropped Kai and Rory off at Keith's parents so they could go out and party with their old work colleges. It was amazing to see everyone again.

Kane and Kendall were stuck together like glue, Lance relived his twenties with Allura by drinking champagne, he forced Audrey to dance with him (effects of the champagne) and to just hang out with all the people he hadn't seen for years. From Daisy who floofed his hair to the hilarious lighting guy and even Timi, who wrote the script they all worked with.

By the end of the night Lance was more than happy to flop onto his bed, face first into the pillows. Keith tiptoed back into their room after triple checking the boys were asleep before he too flopped onto the bed.

"That was a long night," Keith murmured, wriggling under the sheets to get comfortable. "Fun, but long."

"Mhhm, crazy how much things have changed in ten years," Lance said, rolling on his side to face him. He moved closer and that was a sign of wanting to cuddle. Keith twisted their legs together while Lance put his arm around him. "Also crazy how little has changed. Like-" he bopped Keith on the tip of his nose, "how sweet you are. What you said in the Time Capsule was gorgeous. Had my heart fluttering and all."

"Yeah, well I still stand by it. I'm just glad I was right in what I said."

Lance smiled, kissing Keith's lips softly, showing his agreement. "Of course. And we were both right about things." Keith raised a curious brow. "I was right when I said you would age like fine wine. If past me knew what he's got now, he would've figured out his shit earlier and started dating you much sooner."

Keith laughed, rolling his eyes fondly. "You're such a loser."

"Married to my hot as hell husband, nice house, two adorable dogs and being a parent of two of the most precious children in the world? I don't think I'm losing in anything."

Keith smile was gentle and even in the dim room he could see the love in his eyes.

"Yeah, we both did pretty well, didn't we?"

Lance pressed a kiss to Keith's cheek. "We did."
Thanks for reading

What to expect from me next
- My next series will be single dad Lance and tattoo artist Keith (aka the fluffiest yet saddest thing I'll ever write (but mostly fluffy cuteness (seriously i get cavities from writing it)))
- A oneshot of college students Klance and their first three interactions Lance is outrageously drunk (and hilarious, welcome back crackhead lance) and Keith is unsure what to think (but he thinks the drunk guy is kinda cute)
- And my other mini series (or one shot, not sure yet) is a Spider-man AU with spidey Keith who has a crush on the cute school newspaper boy Lance
- and ofc Episode 2 of Leakira Voltron will come out eventually

I'll be taking a little break which I think is well deserved, I've been uploading fics at least once a week for over a year with both Lucky in Rivalry and Love Interest. So I'll be gone for a while, but if you're keen for more of what I write, feel free to user subscribe me or follow me on tumblr or instagram so you'll know when I do manage to update

Again, thank you and I'll hopefully see you soon ❤️

I also have another klance fic called Lucky in Rivalry (hi anyone who is also reading that i love you cuties)

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