Humans are Weird

by PadawanMaxineKenobi

Summary

Based off the tumblr posts, set in the Voltron universe. Group of one-shots.

Notes

just sorta a group of one shots. I had read about VLD on tumblr and I watched some of the
80s version with my dad when I was younger, so I binge watched the first five seasons in three days. Got this idea in my head and couldn't let it go so... ta-da!
Please Read & Review!
I don't own VLD
“Ugh...” Pidge groaned as she moved her jaw back and forth. Shiro looked up from his tablet.

“You alright there Pidge?”

“Yes. My wisdom teeth are just coming in and it hurts like hell. Really wish I had some gum. Hunk was helping me make some, but apparently the noise I was making was really distracting and I got kicked out.”

Allura frowned.

“You wisdom teeth are coming in? What do you mean by that?”

Pidge leaned her head back to look at Allura. Then she opened her mouth, sticking her fingers in it to hold it open and point at something.

“Sey? Theth a wy withdon theeth. Dey a coning in an if weally hats.”

“Sorry. Did you see where I was pointing though? The little bit of tooth coming out from my gums in the very back? Those are my wisdom teeth. Humans get them when they’re around my age.”

“Ah. I see. Altens get their teeth during their first two years of life.”

Shiro laughed and smiled at the princess.

“We do too. Our baby teeth, anyway.”

“Baby teeth?”

“Sometimes they’re called milk teeth. Technically, the name for them is deciduous teeth.” Pidge corrected. “They’re the first set of teeth we get. We start losing them when we’re around six or seven years old. Then we start growing our permanent teeth, which most just refer to as adult teeth. After that our wisdom teeth start coming in.”

Allura stared at them, looking rather pale.

“Don’t you mean to tell me that all of your teeth fall out a when you are young, and then new teeth come in?”

Shiro and Pidge looked at each other, then shrugged.

“I mean... yeah. Basically.” Shiro stated.

Allura stared at them wide-eyed.

“I... Alright then. I’m going to just- go to the bridge! Yes. Go to the bridge. I will speak with the two of you later.”

The two paladins watched her leave. Shiro turned to face Pidge.
“It’s not that weird… is it?”

“I don’t know. I mean, it doesn’t seem weird, but when you say it out loud it kind sounds weird. I mean, all our teeth fall out as children and then they grow back stronger. That kinda sounds like it’s made up.”

“I guess.”

Suddenly, Hunk ran into the room.

“Pidge! I made you the space gum! It’s kinda got a wacky flavor, like a mix of cherry and bubblegum, and I can’t say that the flavors going to last more than an hour, but it should help with the ache!”

Pidge stood up and hugged the Samoan.

“Hunk I love you so much right now. Gimme. Please. Gimme.”

Hunk grinned and handed her something that looked like a lemon tootsie roll. Pidge popped it her mouth and began chewing with a smile.

“Thanks Hunk. This is amazing. Mmmm.”

“No problem. Glad I could help.”

Shiro watched the two with a smile. Then Hunk turned to face him.

“By the way… on my way here Allura sprinted by me. Either of you know what that’s about?”

Shiro and Pidge shared a grin and laughed.

“Sit down, and let us fill you in on what happened just before you got here…”
“Guys! Guys! Keith and the Blades of Marmora are going to be here in just a sec!” Lance yelled, sliding into the common area. Hunk, Pidge, and Shiro looked up from their homemade game of Space Monopoly.

“Really? Great. I’ve missed him.” Shiro said, standing up. “C’mon. Let’s go and greet them.”

The four young friends quickly left to go see their well-missed teammate.

The Paladins and Coran stood in the hanger bay, watching as the Blades of Marmora walked toward them.

“Princess.” Kolivan greeted.

“Kolivan. It’s good to see you. Hello Antok, hello Keith.” Allura responded. The other two nodded in acknowledgement, while two unfamiliar galra in full Blade uniform stood behind the group.

“It would be much appreciated if we could talk with you, Princess.”

“Of course! We can head up to the control room. Shiro, Lance, Hunk, Pidge, how about you four talk with Keith? I know that you have missed him.”

Shiro stepped forward, giving a soft glance to his surrogate younger brother.

“That would be wonderful, Allura. Thank you.”

The Altaen princess smiled at him, before leading Coran and the galra to the control room. The moment they were out of sight, Shiro walked towards Keith and gently set his hands on the younger boy’s shoulders. Then, to the surprise of all, Keith threw his arms around Shiro and began to sob.

Shiro stood there startled for a moment, before gently petting the head of dark hair.

“Keith? What’s wro- ah. The galra aren’t real fond of touch, Are they?”

Keith shook his head. Shiro gave a sad smile, before looking at the others.

“Allright guys. I’m going to take Keith here, and we’re going to get changed into some comfy clothing. I advise that you all do the same. Also, grab all your pillows and blankets. Pidge, grab your laptop. You have movies downloaded on it, yeah? We’re going to need those. Reconvene in the common area in ten.”

Ten minutes later found the five of them lounging on a nest of blankets and pillows, all wearing sweatpants, socks, and T-shirts. The boys were laying in a row, drinking a version of Space Hot Chocolate that Hunk had whipped up, while Pidge set up a movie.

“So what movie are you guys thinking? I’ve got a bunch of them.”

“Something happy.” Shiro stated.
“Star Wars!” Lance yelled.

“No.”

“Moana?” Hunk offered.

“Hmmm. No, but I like the idea of something Disney.”

“Like a family movie?”

“Brave is good.”

“We watched Brave last week, Pidge.”


“Those are good ideas. What do you think, Keith?”

Keith looked up from his spot beneath Shiro’s arm. He frowned, leaning towards Lance as the Cuban continued massaging his head.

“I like Coco. It’s just earth. No- ya know- aliens. Not that I don’t like a lot of the aliens we’ve met. It’s just-”

“You don’t want to be reminded of it every second. I know what you mean. Coco it is.”

By the time they were a third of the movie in, they had given up on just laying next to each other. Lance was spooning Keith, who was not so discreetly playing a game of footsie with Pidge, who was enjoying the fact that Shiro was giving her an amazing backrub, while Hunk braided her hair, having already finished doing the same to Lance and Keith. Lance was pestering Keith for some of his hot cocoa, having finished his own much earlier. The argument ended after Shiro told them to shush, his own eyes never leaving the screen.

Allura, Coran, and the Blades of Marmora walked in as Miguel sang Remember Me to Coco. Shiro was the only one still awake, tears falling down his cheeks as he pet Keith’s braided hair. The aliens blushed when they noticed the sleeping teens and the crying Black Paladin. Coran began to apologize, despite most of the group being asleep.

“Ah! So sorry to walk in on you all liked this. If we were aware that you were engaged in a human bonding ritual, we never would have came this way. Never met time interrupt.”

Shiro looked away from the screen and smiled at Coran, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand.

“It’s not really a ritual. In fact, we would have offered you to join us, had we thought you were interested. Just… none of you really seem like the touchy-feely type, and Keith really needed it.”

Kolivan frowned at him.

“What did he need? I admit that there is much that we don’t understand about human biology, but I believe that we are giving him appropriate rations and resting hours.”

Shiro gave a silent laugh.
“This doesn’t have to do with food or sleep. It’s about touch. Humans need it to survive. If we don’t we become touch-starved, which really badly affects our mental health. So yeah, touch is pretty important, hence us all curled up here. The movie and cocoa are just for fun, as to why they’re sleeping… I’m going to attribute that to emotions and being teenagers. I’ll probably fall asleep soon too, provided we don’t have to move.”

Kolivan had turned his attention to the sleeping half-galra in his care while Shiro was speaking and was now gazing at him with a thoughtful expression.

“I… was not aware of this. Very well. I will now do my utmost to ensure that Keith receives all of the touch that he needs. Thank you for informing me.”

“Of course.” Shiro replied with a small smile. Allura cleared her throat.

“Excuse me but what movie is this? I’m not familiar with it.”

“Coco. It’s almost over, but you’re welcome to watch the rest of it with me. “

“If you don’t mind.”

“Not at all.”

By the time Keith had woken up, Coco was long since finished, the galra and the altaens had both left, and Shiro was fast asleep. Keith smiled, looking at his sleeping friends, and laid back down. Maybe just a few more minutes…
Chapter 3: Cosmetics and Cosplay

Keith stood ramrod straight next to his mother, Krolia, as Kolivan outlined a mission. As he finished, Krolia spoke up.

“I understand the plan and the necessity of his mission, what I don’t understand is who will go on it. Anybody who won’t be immediately recognized is already deep undercover, and we can’t afford to pull anyone out. And there’s no way to avoid the social gathering, that’s how we will get the codes and co-ordinates! So who do you have in mind.”

“That’s one of the reasons I gathered you here. I’m not sure. I was hoping one of you might have an idea on who I could send.”

Keith stared at the projection hard, running a list through his head of all the members of the Blade of Marmorra he knew. Suddenly, an idea popped into his head, causing him to internally groan. Sighing, he spoke up.

“I could go.”

Everyone in the room turned to stare at him, causing his ears to turn bright red.

“Keith, I don’t doubt your capabilities, and Kolivan will likely allow you to go on the mission if you’d like, but we need someone to pose as a Galra officer for the social gathering, and while you did inherit many things from me… appearance wise, you take after your father. Not to mention, as a former paladin of Voltron, your face is one of the most widely recognized in the galaxy.”

“I know, but this mission isn’t for another month, right?” I know a way to do it. Just get me in contact with Voltron.”

At his words, Kolivan and Krolia shared a look, before Kolivan addressed him.

“Are you sure?”

“Positive.”

“Very well. You’re on this one. We’ll contact Voltron after this meeting.”

A month later found Keith, Krolia, and Kolivan aboard the Castle, much to the excitement of its inhabitants. Following some joyful greetings, (Keith) amusing greetings, (Krolia) and awkward greetings (Kolivan), Pidge bounded over to the large, male, Galra with enough glee to make Keith feel unsafe.

“Do you have the outfit he needs to wear?”

Kolivan nodded and handed over the bag to the smirking brunette girl.

“Great! No worries, Keith’ll look like a Galra by lunch tomorrow. C’mon, Keith! We have work to
“Hey Keith, can you stop fidgeting? It makes this a lot more difficult?” Hunk asked, squeezing Keith’s hair with gloved hands.

“Sorry. It’s just kinda itchy. And cold.”

Hunk winced.

“Sorry man. I think I got some of the dye on your scalp. It’ll itch for a bit. I’m almost done though! After this we’re gonna put a plastic shower cap on you so the dye doesn’t go everywhere. The rest will have to wait until tomorrow.”

“Okay. Just one question.”

“Yes?”

“Why are they here?”

Sure enough, Shiro, Pidge, and Lance were sitting in chairs at the edge of the room. Shiro was the first to respond

“I consider you my younger brother, and as such a consider it my duty to not only look after you and advise you, but also to embarrass you and make you feel uncomfortable anytime I see a good opportunity.”

Pidge smirked.

“I’m the honorary younger sister of all of you, and as such I am entitled to do the same.”

“I’m just here in case Hunk needs help. Also, I want to see you with a purple mullet. It’s going to be hilarious.”

Keith let out a deep breath through his nose.

“Thanks guys.”

The following morning Keith was quite literally dragged out of bed by the fellow humans on board. The group then proceeded in throwing the half-galra into the shower, combing and blow-drying his hair, and fitting him into the undergarments of his disguise.

“Where to begin, where to begin…” Pidge muttered, rocking on the balls of her feet.

“Probably should start by getting his hair out of the way.” Lance suggested.

“Right!”

Keith’s hair was then put into a ponytail, his bangs pinned back by a large assortment of hairclips.
“Nails next?” Hunk asked, holding up a set of fake nails.

“Hm… yes, you get on that. Shiro, can you start attaching the ears? They’re over on that table. Lance, begin applying the facepaint. His skin needs to look purple. Keith! Such on these candies. And don’t move. This is gonna be awesome.”

“Yeah.” Keith muttered around a grape candy. “For all of you.”

It took nearly two hours, but eventually they finished. The four Paladins surveyed Keith.

“Good job team! He looks great.”

“Agreed.” Shiro said, his camera flashing.

“Okay. Just for the last few touches…”

“There’s more?!” Keith yelled.

“Not much buddy.” Hunk replied. “Just need you to put these in… and these… and we need to take the ponytail and clips out.”

“oh. Okay then. Can I go to the mirror to do that then?”

“Yeah, go ahead.”

Keith quickly fixed his appearance, combing his fingers through his hair before scowling.

“These claws are a pain.”

Lance rolled his eyes.

“Well, c’mon man, let us see!”

Keith turned around. The Paladins ooo-ed and aah-ed at his appearance. Lance grabbed his arm.

“Well c’mon, let’s go show everyone else!”

“Yeah!”

Pidge cleared her throat.

“Ahem. Please, ladies and gentlemen…”

“May we present…”

“The one, the only,”

“Keith! Galra version.”

Hunk and Shiro both face-palmed at their teammates’ antics, while Allura, Coran, Kolivan, and Krolia stared wide-eyed.
Keith walked out from behind the wall, looking very uncomfortable. He was dressed in the uniform of a high-ranking Galra officer, which shouldn’t be so odd. What was odd was the slight violet tint to his hair, the pointed ears, the inch-long claws, the yellow sclera, the sharp teeth, the purple skin and the dark, triangular markings on his cheeks, which matched his mother’s perfectly.

The Altaens and the Galra gaped at his appearance. Krolia walked forward, her hands drifting over her son.

“I… How… He… Keith, you look like me. How? I-”

Pidge smirked.

“Cosmetics and years of cosplay, that’s how!”

All the non-humans in the room stared at her. She shrugged her shoulders.

“What? I’ve had plenty of practice. Matt and I went to Comic-Con every year before the Kerberos mission. It’s just dye, face paint, fake nails, fake teeth, fake ears, nail polish, and special colored contacts. Matt and I invented those years ago. Don’t worry, they’re perfectly safe.”

“He looks like a Galra.” Kolivan stated. Lance frowned.

“Well, yeah. That’s what you wanted, right?”

“Yes. Thank you Paladins. We must go now, if the mission is to be a success.”

“That’s to bad. It was good seeing you all! Bye Keith!”

“See you Keith. Next time maybe you can stay longer.”

“Be safe Keith. You too, Krolia, Kolivan.”

“See ya Keith. Don’t get killed out there!”

“It was wonderful to see you all again. Stay in contact!”

“Be careful out there, Keith! Watch out for those nasty Galra soldiers!”

“Good-bye, all of you! Thanks! See you later!”

After the Blades of Marmora left, Allura turned to her fellow paladins.

“Why didn’t you tell us that humans were masters of disguise?!”
Lance groaned, rubbing his head.

“Uh, hey guys? Where are we?”

Shiro, Allura, Hunk and Pidge all sat up, also groaning.

“I- I believe we are in some sort of cell.” Allura said.

“Joy.” Hunk muttered. “We’ve been captured again.”

“Any idea who did this?” Pidge asked.

“Not the Galra. I know what those cells look like.” Shiro stated.

Thwchk

The paladins all turned towards the door, where a pair of unfamiliar, female aliens were standing.

“The Paladins of Voltron.” A large, teal alien said. “The Galra Empire will pay us well for you.”

“As well as any information you may give.” The green one said.

“Like hell we’re telling you anything!” Pidge yelled. The green alien smirked.

“You just volunteered to go first.”

With that, the teal alien picked her up and dragged her off.

“Pidge!” the other Paladins screamed.

“They took Pidge.” Lance whimpered. “They’re going to torture Pidge.”

“She’s strong. She- she’ll be alright.” Shiro said shakily, “We need to have faith in her.”

It was nearly twenty minutes before the aliens and Pidge were back. The two aliens had thrown her on the ground, neither looking particularly pleased. Pidge had fallen, unmoving.
“Pidge!” Lance yelled. “What did you do to her?” The teal alien growled.

“You’re next, loud mouth.”

The green one yanked Lance up by his hair and dragged him out, locking the door behind her.

“What did you do to Pidge?”

“Unfortunately, we don’t know much about your species, and gave her more than she could handle. No worries, we won’t make that mistake again.”

Lance swallowed hard as he was forced into a chair, his arms and legs tied.

The teal alien walked behind him, and came back with a large container, like a glass milk jar, filled with a see-through red liquid.

“This is what we gave your friend. It is a generally nonlethal poison known to cause a burning sensation in the mouth and nose, chest pain, and if one has too much over a period of time it will permanently damage the bones.”

Lance bit his lip. This is what they gave to Pidge?

“Open up!” The green one said with a rather demented grin. Lance held his mouth shut and glared. Then the teal one came, holding opening his mouth while the green one forced a few swallows down his throat.

Lance grimaced, sputtering as they let go of him.

Wait a sec. He knew this taste. It couldn’t be…

Pidge opened her eyes and sat up the moment she heard the door close.

“Pidge!” Allura gasped, startled.

“Are you alright?” Shiro inquired, placing a hand on her shoulder.

“They didn’t do anything really terrible to you, did they?” Hunk asked.

Pidge grinned and shook her head.

“I just faked being unconscious. I don’t think our kidnappers know much about human biology. They gave me a drink, and told me it was poison, but-”

“Poison?!” everyone else yelled. Pidge sighed.

“Yeah, they said it was poison. But then I tasted it, and the symptoms they described… it’s not really a poison at all. It’s not good for you, but it isn’t going to kill us. Especially not in the doses they’re giving.”

“What are they giving us?” Hunk questioned nervously. Pidge turned to him, a large, Cheshire cat
grin on her face.

“Guys, all they’re giving us is carbonated soda.”

“You’ve got to be kidding.” Lance muttered. “Pidge, you little drama queen.”

“What was that?” the teal alien growled, “You ready to talk?”

Lance smirked.

“Sure. Come here.” The teal alien leaned in.

“Closer.” Lance whispered.

The alien frowned but did as he asked. Then Lance grinned, and, at the top of his lungs screamed,

“Hasta la vista, Greedo!” and headbutt her in the forehead, before standing up the best he could and making a run for it. Seriously, if you’re going to tie someone to a chair, you should probably make sure they can’t move the chair. Running down the halls, he found the cargo hold where the other Paladins were. He hit the lock button and grinned.

“C’mon, let’s get out of here!” The other Paladins stared for a beat before they all ran out.

The Paladins sat in the lounge grinning.

“So, what was with that Corbunaatid Sota that they were feeding the two of you? Are you immune?”

“Well, from what I gathered, the effects are much less severe for us. On earth, it’s served as a popular drink.”

“You drink something known to have negative effects?” Coran asked, twirling his mustache.

The humans all shrugged.

“Well, it tastes good.” Hunk said. The Altaens stared at him wide-eyed. Then Pidge gagged.

“No it didn’t.” Lance frowned at her.

“It tasted great. Just like Dr. Pepper.” Pidge scrunched up her nose.

“I know. Disgusting.”

Lance gave a dramatic gasp, placing his hand over his heart.
“You don’t like Dr. Pepper?”

“Ugh. No. Mountain Dew for the win!”

“I think both are pretty good, but my favorite is Grape Fanta.” Hunk said. Shiro frowned.

“I don’t like any cherry or grape flavored drink, but I love Root Beer.” Pidge hummed.

“Root Beer is pretty good.” Lance shrugged.

“Yeah, but know what’s better? Cream Soda.”

“Ooooooh. You’ve got a point.” Pidge said.

“Cream Soda is amazing.” Hunk stated.

“Agreed. It’s my second favorite.” Shiro said with a smile. Lance grinned, stood up, and raised a hand.

“I move to make Cream Soda the official carbonated drink of Voltron. All in agreement, say ‘aye’!”

“Aye!”

“Aye!”

“Aye.”

“All opposed, say ‘nay’!”

“…”

“Great! We now have an official carbonated drink!” Allura and Coran stared while the four humans cheered.

“What just happened?”

“Honestly Princess, I’m not quite sure.”
Lotor, Allura, Corran, Rynar, Kolivan, and Krolia turned from their peace talks at the sound of a knock on the door.

“Enter!” Lotor called out. A Galra soldier walked in.

“What is it soldier?” He asked, the other leaders exchanging confused looks.

“It’s the earthlings, Emperor Lotor!” The poor soldier exclaimed. The other occupants of the room immediately became concerned.

“The earthlings?” Allura asked, “What happened to them?”

“We’re not sure. They were perfectly fine earlier! But half of them are hiding and the other half are running around, occasionally screaming and suddenly stopping in place should they run into each other.”

The leaders exchanged worried looks before running out the door- straight into Hunk.

“Oh! Hey you guys! Sorry. You don’t see Shiro anywhere, do you?”

“What? No. We were looking for you all. We were told you were acting oddly and we came to see what was wrong.” Allura said.

“Nothing’s wrong.” Hunk replied, looking rather confused.

“Than why were you acting so oddly?” Kolivan asked.

“We’re not. We’re playing Hide-and-Go-Seek Tag. Shiro’s It.”

The others stared at Hunk for a beat before Corran asked

“What?”

Hunk sighed.

“Okay, just a sec. I’m going to pause this and we’ll explain.”

“That would be appreciated.”

Hunk turned around, facing the rest of the ship, before cupping his hands around his mouth and yelling,

“All ye, all ye, in come free!”

A moment later, Lance burst into the hallway.

“Why’d you call a stop?”

Hunk shrugged and pointed at the group of confused aliens.

“They were freaking out over what we are doing and need an explanation.”

Shiro nodded as he walked over, Matt right behind him.
“That makes sense. We probably should have explained before we started.”

“How were we supposed to know that they don’t play Hide-and-Go-Seek Freeze Tag in space?”

Lance asked

“Shouldn’t have made assumptions.” Keith replied. Lance jumped and screamed, whirling around.

“Dude! Where did you come from!!”

Keith smirked and pointed at Krolia, causing the other humans to face palm.


“Hey, where’s Pidge?” He asked. Matt snorted.

“My sister is a demented goblin who can hide in the freakiest spots. I don’t- AAaRgh! Pidge! Geroff me!” Matt screamed as Pidge jumped out of a vent on to her brothers back.”

“I am a queen. Not a goblin Matt.”

“Still demented.” He muttered.

“Well-”

“Paladins!” Allura interrupted. “You said you were going to explain?”

“Huh? Oh, right. Yeah. You guys didn’t need to freak out, we were just playing a game.”

“A game?” Rynar asked. Lance shrugged.

“Yeah. It’s called Hide-and-Go-Seek Freeze Tag.”

“How do you play?”

“Well, one person is declared ‘It’. They are the seeker.” Pidge said.

“Pardon?” Corran interrupted.

“The seeker. I’ll explain more on that in a sec. The person who is It has to close their eyes and count, typically to ten. During that time, everyone else has to hide. After they count to ten, the person who is it, the seeker, has to seek out everyone else. That’s a game itself, Hide-and-Go-Seek. But we mix it with another game, Freeze Tag. That means that once the seeker has found someone, they must tap them. If you’re tapped, you have to freeze in that position until someone else comes along and taps you, then you’re free to go. The game ends when the person who is ‘It’ manages to freeze everyone.”

Krolia cocked her head.

“Is this a training exercise?”

Pidge shook her head.

“No, just a kids game. It’s a lot of fun though.”

“You teach your children to hunt and rescue one another?” Kolivan questioned’
“What do you mean by that? It’s a game.” Lance responded.

“But you are tracking each other down, learning to hide from one who is tracking you, how to hunt and flee, and when to rescue a comrade.” Lotor argued.

“I… never thought of it that way.” Shiro said, looking stupefied.

“Yeah, I mean, I guess it teaches you that stuff. But mostly it’s just fun. Unless Pidge is it. Then it’s terrifying. Because she will hunt you down by dropping from the ceiling and leaping off of bookcases while screaming.” Hunk said, shivers going up his back. Pidge grinned widely.

“Yes. I will. So be afraid. Be very, very, afraid.”

Allura swallowed, smiled, and brushed some imaginary space dust off her dress.

“Well- well, if everything is alright, then we’ll leave you to it.” She said brightly, before turning around and heading back into the meeting room, the other leaders following her, occasionally shooting glances at the humans.

Pidge blinked as the door closed.

“Ooookay then. Who wants to restart the game? I call not It!” She yelled, touching her nose with her fingertip.

“Not It!”

“Not It!”

“Not It!”

“Not It!”

“Oh, come on!” Lance groaned.

“Close your eyes and start counting!” Pidge said in a sing-song voice. Lance sighed and covered his eyes.

“One… Two… Three…”
“You know, it’s a miracle Lotor is giving us free reign on his ship after what we did last time.” Hunk commented.

“I’m not sure this is ‘free reign’. Not with that list of rules.” Pidge replied, raising an eyebrow.

“Whelp, I think that we should find something fun to do that we haven’t already been banned from.” Lance declared.

“We could always hack one of the sentries again.”

“We did that last time. Besides, it’s on the list of Things We May Not Do.” Pidge said with a sigh.

“I wish Keith were here. Shiro’s less likely to yell at us when he’s around.”

“Aw… Missing your boyfriend Lance?”

“Not my boyfriend Pidge!”

“Ah! Denial. It’s alright, we accept you. Your sexuality is perfectly valid and you two make an adorable couple.”

“Pidge. I came out as bi to you literally the week we met.”

“I remember.”

“Hey, what’s that?” Hunk questioned, pointing towards a large window. The group peered inside.

“It looks like… a greenhouse?” Pidge replied, confused.

“Why does Lotor have a greenhouse?” Lance asked. Hunk shrugged.

“I don’t know. Maybe he enjoys gardening?” Pidge and Lance both snorted at that.

“Hey, he could!” Hunk defended himself.

“Doubtful.” Lance commented.

“Hey, let’s check it out!” Pidge exclaimed, running to the door.

“Okay!”

“Sure!”

“This place is huge.” Pidge declared.

“Yeah, no kidding.”

“Let’s split up and explore it!” Lance announced, “Bring back part of the coolest plant you find. Best one wins!”

“Oh, you are on!” Pidge challenged.

“We meet here in an hour, kay?” Hunk reminded the other two paladins.
“On your mark…”

“Get set…”

“Go!” The paladins took off in different directions, each in search of the coolest, weirdest, alien plant they could find.

“Alright,” Pidge announced, a smirk plastered on her face, “On the count of three, reveal what you found!”

“1… 2… 3!”

Each paladin produced a different part of a plant.

“Uh… Pidge? What is that?” Hunk asked, staring at the squirming vine in Pidge’s hand.

“It looks like those carnivorous plants in those Mario games.” Lance commented. Pidge grinned.

“That’s what I thought too! But this thing isn’t carnivorous.”

“It’s- it’s not? Cause it looks pretty carnivorous to me.” Hunk said, eying the large sharp teeth.

“Nope, it’s not. It’s a cannibal.” Lance and Hunk both stared at the short girl.

“… It’s a what?”

“A cannibal. There were a bunch of these things, and they were all trying to eat each other.”

“Okay then. Hunk, do you want to explain what that is?” Lance asked, gesturing to the yellow paladin. Hunk looked down at the object in his hands.

“Huh? Oh, this. Well, I thought it was pretty cool. It looks like a gray pumpkin, right? But check this out.” Hunk stated, cutting a wedge out of the vegetable, revealing a fluorescent, rainbow inside, with a texture and pattern similar to a pomegranate.

“Freaky.”

“Is it edible?” Hunk smiled.

“Yeah, it is! Try it!” Pidge and Lance both shared a glance, before shrugging and taking a seed and putting it in their mouths.

“Huh. It… it tastes like blueberries.”

“It does.”

“I know! It really surprised me at first. I think I could make a pie out of one of these.”

“Great!”
“I miss pie.”

“What did you find Lance?”

“What, you don’t recognize these? They’re from earth.”

“Paladins! I’m glad you’re here. We’re about to have dinner.” Lotor declared from his place at the head of the table, a smile on his face, and Allura and Shiro on either side of him. Coran sat next to Coran. Hunk took a seat next to the Altean man, while Pidge and Lance took their seats near Shiro.

“So what have you three been up to? I was almost worried when I didn’t hear any explosions or general mayhem.” Shiro asked.

“We were exploring! We found a greenhouse.”

“Did you enjoy it?” Lotor asked.

“Yeah! It was really cool.” Pidge exclaimed.

“No kidding. Look what I found!” Lance exclaimed, holding up a handful of familiar green peppers. Lotor, Allura, and Coran all spat out their drinks and stared at the peppers in horror.

“Lance! Why would you bring those to a meal?” Allura questioned, horrified.

“Uh, to eat?”

“Number Two! Those are highly poisonous!”

The humans all turned to Coran in confusion.

“Uh… No they’re not. Those are Jalapeños. They’re spicy, but I doubt that they’ll kill you.” Pidge responded. Lance snorted.

“Jalapeños aren’t that spicy. Hardly more than a little tingle.”

“No, you’re just crazy.” Hunk commented. Lance rolled his eyes and took a large bite of one of the peppers.

“See? Not spicy.”

“You… you ate it.” Allura gasped.

“Yeah? They taste good.”

“Well, technically spice is a poison.” Hunk stated. “Capsaicin. That’s what makes peppers spicy. It is technically a poison, but it’s not harmful to humans. At least, not in the amounts we eat it. Maybe it’s different for other species?” He asked, looking to the non-human people at the table. Allura nodded.

“No, that is deadly to most species even in small amounts.”
“Well, how about we won’t eat spicy peppers at the table, just to be safe.” Shiro stated, glancing at Lance. The Cuban groaned.

“Oh, fine…”
Before y'all freak out, no, I'm not abandoning this fic or putting it on hiatus. Good? Good.

Now, as I've said repeatedly, I love the suggestions. I do. When I get ideas for chapters or you guys suggest them, I write them down in my notebook (provided I like them). Yes, I have notebook for organizing my fanfiction. I write down my ideas and chapters there. But, I realize none of you guys can see that. So! I decided that I would write them all down here. The ones I've already written will be bolded and I'll update this page as I go. If you have something on the list that you want to see, leave it in the comments of this chapter (?). I make no promises to write everything that gets put up here, but if there's one chapter that you really want then shoot me a message on tumblr (@theeightiesrevivedshows) and I'll see about writing it sooner rather than later.

So! if you don't want spoilers on possible future chapters, don't read after the line. Just please don't give requests, it's a bit annoying to have a request for something once I already have it on my list where y'all can see.

Teeth

Touch

Cosmetics & Cosplay

Tickling

Mom Friend/ Dad Friend

Space Australia- Storms

Persistence Hunting

Cute! (Kittens and Babies)

Adrenaline Rush- No Pain

Food- Soda

Food- Spicy Peppers/ Caspiscin

Food- Alcohol

History- Mythology (Greek/ Roman mainly)

Aging

Music- Dancing

Music- War Songs/ Marching Music/ Singing while Walking
Sunlight (Vitamin D)

Food- Iodine

Tag

Skin Tones/ Skin Color

Food- Dyes

Food (?)- Sugar Rush/ Sugar High

Food- Caffeine

Food- Cheese

Food- Sushi

History- Evolution (Raw Meat and Fire)

History- Evolution (Wisdom Teeth)

Goosebumps

Taller (Standing on Things Look Bigger)

Appendix

Laughter (Why, Different People Different Laughs, Fake Laughter)

Food- Eggs

Competition (Need to Fight, State of War (?), Friendly Violence/ Play Fighting)

Glasses/ Contacts

Fire is Fun!

Fireworks, Guns for Fun!

History- Revolution!

Vines & Memes

Nations, Cultures, & Languages

History (?)- Sound Signals (Whistle, Horn, Trumpets, Conch Shells, Acorn Caps, Fingers in the Mouth to Whistle)

Space Australia- Earthquakes, Volcanoes, Tsunamis and the Tectonic Plates

Space Australia- The Ice Ages

Space Australia- Exploration to the Extreme

Space Australia- The World on an Axis
Space Australia- Our World is Mostly Water

Periods/ Menstruating

The Worst Physical Pain: Stepping on a Lego

Tattoos & Piercings

Food(?)- Omnivore

Food- Vitamin C

Food- Sodium (Salt)

Food- Lead is a No

History- Cannibalism & Human Sacrifice

Braces

Music- Melodies for Memorization

Propriety- Sex in Society

Religion

The Most Advanced Creature on Earth is a Hairless Ape

Temperature

Temperature Changes (Migraines)

Taming (I don't care if it's Dangerous, it's My Pet Now)

Sports & the Extreme Sports

Play Fighting with Random Objects

Comfort Items

Mimicries

Birthday Cake & Song

Gut Feeling

Hangnails

Hair Pulling

Paper Cuts

Brain Freeze

Music- Outlet of Emotion

Shakespeare
Talking to Inanimate Objects

STABBY!!!!

Adrenaline Rush- Hysterical Strength
Freeze, Fight, or Flight
The Body Will Eat Itself to Survive
Earwax, Mucose, Saliva, & Sweat
Stomach Growling
Blushing
The Unusual Strength of the Tongue & Jaw
The Reasons For Crying Are Many
Placebo Effect
Diving Reflex
Double Organs and Organ Transplants
There is Acid in My Stomach
Predicting the Weather: Smells and Achy Joints
This Smell Brings Back Memories
The Effects of Color on Moods
Birthmarks & Freckles
History- WWI & WWII
The Human Stereotypes of Aliens
Humans in Search of the Supernatural
Food- Pineapples
Food- Calcium
Puberty
These Aliens study Humans and are Really Made at how quickly we change shit
Music- Political songs

Bonding- no, we don't care if it's not alive or if it doesn't understand us or if we've known them for literally 20 minutes, we're bonded now.
Superheroes
Sunshine

Chapter Notes

Whelp I'm assuming you all read at least the beginning of my last post. By the time I checked it again I had a bunch of comments so I just sorta fell into the zone. Enjoy!

“Paladins! What happened?” Allura cried in concern as the five humans dragged themselves in the Castle. The paladins had just come back from attacking a Galra ship. It shouldn’t have been difficult. They were just supposed to get in, get the data, and get out. They had been discovered while leaving and got into a fight. It should have been fine; Pidge, Lance, Keith, and Hunk had their bayonets, Shiro had his arm, and there were only nine Galra that they had to fight. The paladins had ultimately succeeded, however they all looked worse for wear and their fight had taken nearly three times longer than it normally would have. Yes, Allura knew that they had been travelling for nearly 20 quintents now and hadn’t stopped at any planets so the paladins hadn’t practiced their combat skills outside of the lions much recently, but this was bordering ridiculous.

Shiro ran a hand over his face.

“Sorry. I’m not sure what happened out there. We’ve just been really tired lately.”

Allura sighed.

“Alright then. Coran, can you please start analyzing the data the paladins obtained? Paladins, go get some rest. You clearly need it.”

Pidge nodded tiredly and handed Coran the data disk. The paladins then made their way to their designated rooms for some rest.

It wasn’t until three days later that Allura became truly worried. The paladins had been sleeping more, though they were no less tired. The five of them were now standing in front of her, their forms slumped, and eyes glazed. Coran was currently asleep, taking a chance while the rest of them were awake to keep an eye on everything. Although all of the paladins were continually yawning. Lance kept rubbing his left bicep in discomfort.

“Lance, are you alright? You keep rubbing your arm.” She asked. Lance yawned.

“Huh? Yeah. Just itches.”

Pidge reached under her glasses to rub her eye.

“No, you were rubbing it a bunch yesterday too.” The brunette girl commented in disagreement. Lance glared at her, but it lacked any real anger.
“I got a scratched a bit during that fight on the Galra ship a few days ago. It just itches a bit.”

Allura’s eyes widened.

“You were injured? Why didn’t you say anything?”

Lance rubbed a hand across his face, scrunching his eyes shut.

“Cause it’s not a big deal. I’ve had way worse and healed just fine without any sort of medical care. I already bandaged it.”

Pidge grabbed Lance’s wrist and began dragging him towards the designated medical center.

“Yes, but we were fighting Galra. There could be some kinda poison or bacteria here that we don’t have on earth, so you’re not vaccinated against it. C’mon, let’s check it out.”

Lance groaned as he sat on the edge of a table while Pidge undid the bandage he had placed on the scrape on his bicep. Geez, he was tired.

“Uergh.” Pidge said with a wrinkle of her nose as she took the last of the bandage off. Lance looked over at her.

“What is it?”

“It’s infected and oozing this really gross looking greenish yellow pus. Look.”

Pidge was right. The area around the cut was inflamed and it was leaking a sickly yellow liquid.

“Shoulda got that checked out sooner.” Keith commented as he leaned against a wall. Lance glared.

“There wasn’t anything wrong with it!”

“Is he going to be alright?” Allura asked. Pidge finished running a scanner over the scrape.

“Yeah, I think so. According to this, the pus is just normal pus. Lance bandaged the scrape up too tight for too long, so there wasn’t any oxygen, meaning it couldn’t heal. I’m going to take a blood test to check for poison or foreign bacteria though.” She said before poking Lances’ finger with a needle connected to the scanner, making him flinch. She started scrolling through the statistics of his blood on scanner.

“Hmm. Yeah, kinda expected that. Hmmm. Hmm. Oh. Oh, I really should have realized this.”

Shiro looked up, frowning.

“What do you mean? What’s wrong with Lance?”

“A lot of things. But in this case, likely the same thing that’s wrong with the rest of us.”

Hunks eyebrows knit together.
“What is it?”

“Well you know how we’ve all been super tired lately? I figured out what it is. We’re low on something pretty important. We’re all dangerously low on Vitamin D.”

Keith frowned and walked over.

“Vitamin D?”

Pidge nodded.

“Yeah, it’s a really important vitamin, but you don’t think about it a whole lot because we get the majority of it through our skin from the sun. but we’ve been on the Castle in space for three weeks now and there isn’t a lot of sunlight to absorb here. A deficiency in Vitamin D causes a weakened immune system, fatigue, and exhaustion. In the long run in can lead to heart diseases or cancer.”

“You mean that the reason you five have been so tired is because you haven’t been getting enough of this ‘Vitamin D’, and you need to be exposed to sunlight to obtain this ‘Vitamin D’?” Allura asked, frowning slightly.

“Yes, exactly.” Pidge responded.

“Hmmm. Well then, I shall see what I can do.” Allura stated before sweeping out of the room.

“Aah…” Lance sighed, leaning back, “If this is what minor injuries lead to, then I’ll gladly take a few for the team.”

Shiro raised an eyebrow.

“You know that this is a break to help us get Vitamin D, right?”

“So?” Lance responded, raising an eyebrow over his sunglasses, ”Doesn’t mean we can’t enjoy it.”

Keith walked over, sitting down on a towel next to Lances’. He handed the Blue Paladin a rather familiar looking treat. Shiro frowned.

“Is that a slushie?” He asked. Keith took a large sip of his frozen green drink.

“Yup. Hunk’s making them.” He replied, pointing to where the Samoan was standing under an umbrella behind a portable table with a cooler, blender, and a variety of syrups. Shiro watched as Hunk handed Pidge a large multicolored slushie.

“Go and get one.” Keith commented, watching Shiro’s gaze.

“Yeah, and lose the shirt. We’re at the beach!” Lance declared. Shiro blinked, feeling a bit embarrassed. Keith smirked.

“Yeah Shiro. Lose the shirt.” He echoed. Lance leaned over and the teens fist bumped. Shiro rolled his eyes, embarrassment quickly fading, and walked towards Hunk and Pidge. Hunk waved and
grinned at him, while Pidge set her slushie down and cupped her hands around her mouth,

“Oi, Shiro! Lose the top! You can’t absorb the Vitamin D if you’re not showing any skin!”

Shiro shook his head as he heard Lance and Keith cackle with triumph. Rolling his eyes, he yanked his long-sleeve shirt off and, without looking back, threw it at them. He, Hunk, and Pidge all laughed as the pair squawked indignantly.

“Lance and Keith,

Sitting on the beach,

K-I-S-S-I-N-G

First comes love,

Next comes marriage

Then comes a baby in the baby carriage!”

Pidge taunted. Shiro laughed, turning to look at the pair as he leaned on the table. Both boys were glaring at Pidge, faces red. The girl turned back to him and Hunk with a large cat-that-got-the-cream grin

“I didn’t say anything that wasn’t true.”

Shiro chuckled. Hunk looked at him smiling.

“So, what flavor do you want? The colors do not match the flavors they do on earth.”

Shiro looked over the wide assortment.

“Hm… give me whatever the purple is.”

‘Sure thing!’

Allura and Coran stared at the group from the ramp of the Castle, nearly 100 meters away.

“Well, they certainly seem to be acting more like themselves.” The Altean Princess commented.

“They are an odd batch.” Coran agreed

“That they are, Coran.”
So this chapter is kinda short and I'm not really sure how much I like how it came out, but I felt like writing for this fic. I might come back and edit this chapter later.
Also! More people have been leaving suggestions, which is awesome, but please leave them in the comment section of chapter 7!!! It makes it a lot easier for me so thanks!
Disclaimer: Definitely do not own VLD. I haven't even really finished watching it.
(I'm on Tumblr. I know what happens. I'm not watching parts because then I can say that I didn't watch it, so it didn't happen. Same reason I put off watching Infinity War for seven months and still have not seen Endgame. So no, I won't get pissed if you spoil something. I likely already know.)

The paladins oohed and aahed as their native guide showed them around the museum. It was always interesting to learn about extraterrestrial cultures. The natives of their current planet, the Fodillions, were a race that was particularly proud of their history, culture, and planet.

“As you can see in this diagram, the top of our planet is entirely composed of mountains. Stretching from these mountains are nine large landmasses. At the bottom of our planet is our Holy Island, where the Great Temples and the Priests reside. In between these landmasses and surrounding the Holy Island are the oceans, large bodies of water that are homes for various different creatures and plants. Despite our planet’s surface being 58% water, we are not an aquatic race.” The guide declared, her large ears twitching proudly. Lance frowned.

“Is that unusual?”

The red-eyed guide looked up at him in confusion.

“Pardon, Blue Paladin? I don’t understand what you’re asking.”

Lance frowned, trying to figure out another way to phrase his question. Thankfully for him, Shiro stepped in.

“I think what Lance is trying to ask is if it’s odd that your race is not aquatic even though your planet’s surface is mostly water.”

“Yup!” Lance agreed, pleased. The guide blinked.

“Well, yes. Planets that have a surface that is more than 50% water tend to be homes to aquatic races. They fact that we aren’t is proof that we are a very clever and adaptable race, able to survive in an environment that isn’t made for us!”

The paladins all shared glances at this, doing their best to smile politely and be respectful towards their almost mouse-like guide.
The topic wasn’t brought up again until that night, when the Paladins, Allura, Coran, and the royal family of the Fodillions were having dinner together.

“So, Paladins, Cheero informed me that you were all rather astounded about the percentage of our planet that is water. Is there little water on your home planet?” The Fodillion king asked.

The paladins all shared glances, before Shiro was silently elected to be their speaker.

“I’m afraid that there may have been a misunderstanding, your Highness.” He began hesitantly. The king raised an eyebrow and took a sip of the sweet fruity drink that they had all been served. Shiro swallowed.

“Well, our surprise more had to do with the fact that most planets that have more than half of their surface being water are homes to mainly aquatic races.”

The Fodillions and the Alteans all stared at him curiously. Shiro straightened himself up the best he could despite his small egg-like seat.

“I suppose that it’s just something that never occurred to us. The surface of our home planet, Earth, is 71% water, yet we’re not an aquatic race.”

The non-humans all stared at the paladins with wide eyes. Finally, one of the princesses spoke up,

“The surface of your planet is nearly ¾ water, but your race is not aquatic at all?” She asked in a nearly disbelieving tone. Pidge shrugged.

“Yeah? Basically. Most of our surface water is saltwater too though, and we can’t really drink that. I mean you can, it won’t hurt you, but it tastes awful and makes you thirstier and hurts if it gets into cuts or your eyes. Only, like, 3%? 4%?”

“4%.” Hunk confirmed.

“4% of our surface water is fresh water that we can really use.”

“Your planet sounds weird and scary.” The youngest princess said. She was about the equivalent to a preschooler. Her older sisters and brother all shushed her.

“That’s rude, Kiki! Apologize!”

“It’s alright.” Keith responded quietly, meeting the young girl’s large purple eyes, “If something is unfamiliar to you or sounds dangerous that it’s normal to think that it’s scary or weird. We’ve been to a lot of planets since becoming the paladins of Voltron, and there were plenty that we thought were scary or just really weird. So it’s okay.”

The little girl giggled, making the rest of the diner’s stare at the pair with soft eyes.

“Well, your planet certainly seems unique. You must be a very clever species to survive in such an environment. That certainly explains your talents as Voltron.” The king declared. The paladins shrugged. These Fodillions clearly didn’t know humans very well. Clever? Maybe 2% of the population. They weren’t going to tell them that though. Not when this sounded way better then explaining what idiots the human race mostly was.

This was going to come back and bite them in the butt, wasn’t it?
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!