**A group divided**

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**Summary**

Lance considered himself the happy-go-lucky person in the group. Smiling and joking to lift anyone’s spirits. He laughed off almost anything that bugged him, never letting his real emotions shine through his facade.

But when the group decided to pull a prank on him, it left him feeling broken and betrayed.

He left, with Matt by his side.
They've cut off their ties, and haven't spoken a word to each other for the rest of summer. Too bad they were all accepted into Altea University.

Notes

sup homies
Still hanging onto this fandom
Klance has overtaken my life.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Move in day at Altea University was as hectic as one would have expected.

The prestigious university has brought students all around the world, roaming around the campus grounds. Suitcases in hand as they waved goodbye to their family members. Some students were in groups, some were dragging their luggage on their own. It was only 7am, so it took Lance by surprise seeing so many people here so early. Imagine the horde of students that would come by later in the day.

Lance sipped the iced coffee he got from a café on campus named The Castle. It was a bit crowded with other students. The line was as long as he expected it to be; but students took their time staring at the menu before settling on an order. Lance was a happy and joyous person, so his bright smile never wavered as he placed in his order. The smile he offered had sent a small tired smile from his cashier.

*(Even the nicest of people have their limits, however.)*

Standing in front of the dormitory building, he watched as his roommate carried the last of his suitcases towards the Cuban. Lance offered to help the lanky man with them, but he refused and said to just buy him an espresso instead. So, he watched him haul the large suitcases with twigs for arms as Lance sipped his coffee beside a small pile of suitcases.

As soon as his roommate threw his luggage onto the small pile, he gripped his knees and started panting like he had ran a marathon. “You know, I could’ve helped, right? Two pairs of noodle arms are better than one,” Lance said as he offered the iced espresso to him, “Why do you have so many suitcases anyway?”

Matt gingerly grabbed the cup, taking a few large gulps like he hasn’t drank anything for years. “You know me, Lance. I will not live in a place without my sweet electronic children,” The Holt joked, shrugging.

The Cuban laughed, hitting his shoulder. “I should have never agreed to become your roommate; I’d rather be with some stoner than with some mad scientist.” He retorted. But he was relieved with the offer. It was nice to know that he was rooming with someone he was comfortable with; because knowing his luck, he’d be rooming with-
Matt’s attention shot to one direction, distress and panic flashing on his face before quickly grabbing Lance by the arm and turning around to face the building’s large windows. The Holt grabbed Lance’s hood and pulled it over to cover the back of his head while he grabbed his orange beanie and threw it on his head.

“Who is it?” Lance asked in a whisper, burying his hands into the pockets of his black and blue hoodie. He was making sure that the people they were hiding from didn't recognize them.

“Katie, Hunk and…” he turned to face his roommate, careful not to show his face to much. He was concerned, hesitant to speak the third person’s name. But nevertheless, he knew that Lance needed to know. “… Keith.”

Bright blue eyes went dull at the mention of the third person’s name, looking down onto the ground with a blank look on his face. He and Matt haven’t spoken to their old group of friends since the first few days of summer. Ever since that prank they pulled on him, Lance seemed to have left the face of the Earth. He was just glad that Matt was by his side when everything went south, going MIA with him.

It took them a couple of moments before Matt pulled out his phone and moved it to where the trio once stood, only to find them walking down the concrete pathway to where the restaurants are. “They’re gone, for now,” Matt informed, “they must’ve gone somewhere to eat. We should be safe for around… an hour or so before they come back.”

With the look that the Cuban had on, the Holt felt like the incident still cut deep into him. Why wouldn’t it, really? Despite what his boisterous and loud personality; Lance is emotionally fragile. That sick prank had left its dent, even after these past few months. If only he was there that night, he could’ve stopped it. They would have had company going to Altea, sharing fond memories of their vacation trip as Lance and him would sing with the radio to annoy everyone else in Shiro’s van.

But no. Matt just had to fall for Pidge’s trick and help her fix Rover while she was out ‘cooking with Hunk’. Thinking about it now, he realized how stupidly oblivious he was. Pidge always hated staying in the kitchen, preferring on staying inside her room working on a new project.

So now; they spent the 2-hour trip to Altea with Vine references, meme jokes, and just the over-all dread and excitement on being in Altea’s top enrollment ranks. Matt’s tech portfolio impressed the Robotics and engineering division while Lance practically floored the auditions with his dance choreography and aced every exam the Astrology division had to offer.

After all, what were they to do for a month and a half with all their summer plans thrown out the
window? He was so fucking stupid, and Lance had to pay the price. Matt still held himself partly responsible, even after the Cuban telling him otherwise. He could’ve done something.

He snapped out of his thoughts as soon as a skinny hand squeezed his shoulder. Lance gave him a sad frown, eyes cast down in… shame? “I’m sorry, Matt. I should have never dragged you down with me. You would have been eating with them by now. Eating with your friends. With your sister.”

The Holt froze, before shaking his head. “Nope. Nada. Nopity-nope nope. We’re brothers by bond, McClain. Brothers of different families. If you leave the pack, I’m right by your side. Plus, they were shitty for doing that to you. You, out of all people, never deserved something like that. It was really fucked up of them.”

The man in front of him smiled before he let the hand on Matt’s shoulder fall to his side. “We should bring these up to our room. 4th floor, right? Geez, that’s going to take a while.” He sipped the last bit of coffee in his cup before Lance threw it to a nearby trashcan.

“Come on, Lance! You really can’t expect me to carry my suitcases up stairs! I can barely drag them here! On flat ground!” Matt complained as he slouched onto the pile of suitcases, sliding down to the ground. He can feel his back ache already.

Lance shook his head as he sat down on the ground next to him, not very excited to haul so many suitcases in under an hour before the trio comes back. Too bothered by their current predicament, they failed to notice the small group of teens walking towards them.

“That’s quite the luggage you have there,” A smooth, velvet voice commented. It sent chills down their spines, their gazes looking up to see a tall man standing in front of four women. The man’s long white hair was pulled back into a ponytail, sunglasses on top of his head. It complimented his black jacket and white shirt well.

“Zethrid,” his voice stayed smooth as he glanced back to meet with the buff looking woman of their group. Her short hair was dyed a bright blue and pink, with a scar across he right eye to match. She looked like she could crush the two boys like twigs. “Carry their suitcases for them, will you? I’m sure they would appreciate the help.”

With a firm nod, the woman marched forward. She started to haul the larger suitcases onto her shoulders, tucking away the smaller ones underneath her arms. She carried them like it weighed nothing. Matt looked at the woman, trying to wave her off. “No, no. We can deal with these ourselves. You don’t have to, really.”
Zethrid turned to look at the smaller male as she held onto all of their suitcases. “It’s fine. I’ve carried far more heavier things than these. Hell, I’d carry you and twiggy over there too if you want,” the woman shrugged as she looked back at the white-haired male. Almost like she was waiting for her next order; like a soldier listening for instructions from their commander, or a general waiting for the president’s next order.

But Lance was more amused with the nickname pointed to him. “Twiggy?” he echoed back, cocking an eyebrow. Thanks to his lanky figure and tanned skin, he’s been compared to sticks and twigs many times before today, this wasn’t out of the ordinary. But the only nicknames he’s ever received based on his appearance was “Splinter” and “Stickster.” Twiggy was a new name to add to the list.

Lotor started for the dormitory entrance, his girls and Matt and Lance to follow him inside the building. “Don’t mind her, I think you have a wonderful figure,” The man with the smooth voice complemented, his hand in between the two as they walked side by side. “I’m Lotor Daibazal, it is a pleasure to finally meet you in person.”

The Cuban took Lotor’s hand, shaking it with a smile. “I’m Lance McClain, and that’s Matthew Holt. It’s also nice to- wait a minute.” Lance drew away his hand, like it had burned him. “What do you mean by, ‘finally meet me in person’?“ he squinted his eyes as he eyed the man head to toe. He wasn’t a bad looking guy.

“I was there at the dance auditions when you performed. I was accompanying Ezor for she was also trying to get into this course. We watched you dance, and it was an amazing combination of ballet and hip hop. We wanted to congratulate your amazing performance backstage; but by the time Ezor finished her segment, you were already gone,” Lotor explained, his smile as smooth as his voice.

Come to think of it, the pink haired girl with the rainbow scrunchie did look familiar. She was loud and pretty excited for the whole thing, almost bouncing off the walls. Her adrenaline hopefully helped her get a good spot. “Yeah, I remember seeing you backstage before auditions,” Lance replied, “You were pretty hyped up for the whole thing. Your outfit back then looked like you were gonna dance to pop?”

Ezor grinned as she nodded excitedly. “Yeah I was! Sorry if I was a bit too excited for your liking, I just like to pump up before a dance battle or an audition. I feel like I’d faint if I don’t,” She said, smiling brightly. It almost reminded him of himself. The bright and cheery person in their group of friends. At least her friends haven’t proven themselves to be cruel.

“I know the feeling,” the Cuban replied, chuckling a bit. “What rank did you get, anyway?”
“Ah, I got 2nd. You were half a point higher than me! We could have tied together if you weren’t so good! I’ve been practicing for like… my entire senior year for the auditions. I even had to get help from coaches and stuff to get my moves right,” she pouted, “How long have you been practicing?”

Entire senior year? Lance had been either hanging out with his friends, studying last minute for exams, and sleeping through most of that year- most of high school, in fact. He didn’t want to seem like he was bragging, but he didn’t want to lie either. But if he and Matt were to become better friends with these people… “I’ve been practicing since the start of summer…,” Lance admitted in a hushed town.

The pink-haired girl’s jaw dropped, looking at the boy with mixed emotions. “A MONTH? You’ve been training for a MONTH. YOU MADE THAT AMAZING CHOREOGRAPHY IN A MONTH!?” Her yelling gained a few glances thrown their way as they climbed up the stairs, making Lance shrink into himself. Matt seemed to have noticed, his conversation with Zethrid and the hooded girl falling into silence to listen to Ezor's outburst.

“Actually, Ezor- “The slimmer girl with short blue hair spoke up, sharp eyes looking at the girl like she was unphased by the way she reacted. “-It’s a month and two weeks. Entrance exam week was in the middle of summer.”

Ezor pout got deeper as she glared at the girl, “Is that your way on trying to cheer me up, Axca?”

The woman, Axca, raised an eyebrow. “No, I was just telling you he had a month and a half to practice- not just a month.” She let her slim fingers fix her dark blazer, dusting her matching pants. She almost looked like she was a business woman, with the way she presented herself. If she came up to Lance and claimed to be the university's secretary, he would’ve believed her.

Ezor pouted before turning to Lance. “You need to tutor me sometime! I’m not going to be the runt of the dancing course,” she clasped her hands together, her eyes silently pleading to him. Was this her version of puppy eyes? “Pretty please with a cherry on top?”

The Cuban looked over at Matt, who shrugged. “Sure, as long as we get to hang out with you guys. You all seem nice,” Lance replied with a smile. “And Ezor, I bet you were amazing on stage! I don’t really think I can teach you anything apart from just practice. I bet we’d even turn out competing against each other in class!”

Lotor chuckled as they finally got up to the fourth floor. They strode down the hallway, Matt
continuing his chatter with the three other females as Ezor and Lotor paid attention to Lance. “That’s very nice of you to say, Lance. She was absolutely graceful on stage.”

“I prefer the term wild, Lo!” Ezor said as she punched the other man’s shoulder. “The only thing graceful about our group is your hair.” That earned a laugh from Lance, nodding in agreement. Whatever products Lotor was using did the trick, he’d have to ask him about his beauty supplies later.

They stopped in front of their room, opening the door with Lance’s copy of the key. The room was empty, with two beds on either side of the room and a large window. There were two built in closets on either side of the doorway the group stood in, and a desk on the right side of the room. Whoever stayed in this dorm had cleared out the place nicely.

“That’s just unfair,” Zethrid said as she set down the suitcases to one corner of the room. “Mine and Ezor’s room was a trash site when we came in a couple of hours ago! It looked like they had some sort of sex party before they left or something.”

Matt chuckled, “Sex party?”

Ezor shrugged as she leaned in to the Holt. “We found used up condoms littered all over the ground, and old ones under the mattress and the bed. A few of them had holes in them.” The Holt snorted at the information.

“I fucking hope those bitches end up getting pregnant. They didn’t even empty out their closets, either! They have so much trashy clothes in there, like they lived in the streets or something. Wonder how they got into this university in the first place,” Zethrid complained before she stretched, having all the luggage on the ground.

Acxa shrugged before sitting down on the desk, crossing her arms. “They probably slept their way in. A prestigious and high ranked University such as Altea does not mean their teachers, and especially their students, would live up to the Alma Matter’s name. It’s sad and disappointing, but it’s the truth.”

“Oof,” Matt replied before he dropped into one of the beds, “Lance, I’m taking this side. It has a desk I can use for work,” His muffled voice informed him. It was a good thing Zethrid was there to help them carry their luggage, because it looked like Matt was about to pass out.
Lance shrugged, sitting down on his own bed. He watched as Ezor sat on their suitcases, Zethrid lean on a wall, the hooded lady tending to the cat on her shoulders, and Lotor leaning on the doorframe. “Sure dude, I never really study on a table anyway. I’ll probably have a couch or something on my side.”

“Noice,” Matt said, face still buried on the mattress.

“Oh! Matt, Lance!” Ezor perked up, her eyes landing on the two males. “You guys should hang out with us later! Narti’s going to be waiting for her father to bring in some furniture that they don’t need anymore. Maybe there’s a couch or something you can put in your room!”

“That is-” Lotor said, his fingers buried in the pockets of his jeans. He gave Lance and Matt a curious look, like he was considering something. “-If you don’t have any other plans. I’m sure you have friends or family studying here? You may want to check up on them.”

Lance didn’t want to answer this, lips drawing into a thin line. He didn’t want to answer this. He really doesn’t. What would he even answer with to begin with? Good thing Matt picked it up as soon as he noticed his struggle to speak. “We cut off ties with our old friend group. We went to a vacation trip for the summer, had planned it for months. But a few days after we arrived, they pulled a really shitty prank on Lance. I left with him the next day.”

The man in question pulled his hood over his head, eyes casting down to the ground. He didn’t want their looks of pity. He didn’t need it. But at the same time, the words that followed cheered his spirit a little. At least knowing that Lance wasn’t over-exaggerating the situation made the crushing feeling of betrayal feel less heavy.

“That’s so mean of them!”

‘I’ll beat them up for you if you want.”

“The audacity of some people.”

Then a new, hushed and monotone voice sounded. Lance didn’t recognize it at first, but realized it came from the hooded girl. She was tanned, dark blue bangs covering her face. The hoodie she wore almost camouflaged the cat laying on her shoulders. “That was mean of them. Friends would never do that to other friends.”
The shock of hearing her voice washed over quickly before the familiar velvet voice spoke up, “Narti is right. Whatever prank they pulled on you, you never deserved it. Depending on how cruel this prank was, I would say cutting off ties with them was a good call. I’m also glad that Matthew was loyal to you, and left your friends with you. I respect that.”

“Just Matt is fine, Lotor,” The Holt commented, rolling over to face him. “I always feel like I’m in trouble whenever someone calls me by my first name.”

Lotor nodded, facing the two with a smile. “Well then, Acxa; give them our numbers and add them to the group chat. I’d be glad to have them as part of our group.” The woman gave a firm nod before handing a slip of paper to the two.

Acxa also handed a pen to Matt, the one she was closest to, and pointed to the paper. “Write down your numbers on this paper,” she ordered. The Holt did as instructed, writing them down before Acxa pulled out her phone and added the numbers into their group chat.

“Welcome to the team,” Ezor said excitedly.
Flashback

Chapter Summary

The prank and a bit of plot telling uwu

Chapter Notes

It is 2:19 am and I want to sleep

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The waves of the ocean crashed loudly outside, the light of the bright moon reflecting on its surface. Not like anyone was outside to notice. Inside the beach house that belonged to Allura’s family, she and her friends were huddled up in one of the master bedrooms.

Pidge came into the room, smirking as she softly closed the room behind her. She didn’t want to alert anyone of anything, especially their target. “Alright, I got Matt distracted with Rover. I checked on Shiro and Adam and the booze knocked them out on the kitchen counter. I don’t think they’d be awake until like... noon tomorrow?” she informed the group as she set up her phone onto her selfie stick.

Ever the so concerned friend and the voice of reason, Hunk spoke up. “Guys, are you sure this is okay?” Hunk asked. “I-I mean, this kinda seems... a bit too much? And why did we have to get Matt and the two adults of the house out of the situation?”

“Because, dear Hunk-y boy: Matt is a bit overprotective of Lance. Remember comic con? He painted all our outfits with glow in the dark paint. He didn’t prank Lance, and didn’t even say a word about it to him. He cares too much about Lance. He’d snitch to Lance before we do anything. So, including Matt in this prank is a no-go. Shiro and Adam would just try and stop us.”

Romelle, too, was in the doubt of the prank. “But like Hunk said, don’t you think this is a bit too much? I mean, you never know- “

Her girlfriend rolled her eyes before pecking a chaste kiss on her lips. “Babe, it’s just a meaningless prank. Everyone who meets Lance knows he is as straight as a pole. He’s that one straight friend in a group of homos. The most of a reaction we’ll get out of him is punching Keith in the face.”
“I’d still want to get that on video,” Pidge commented as she set up other cameras in the room. The man in question rolled his eyes as he leaned onto the closet door. “Besides the only reason why Keith is the one who’s doing this is because it’s either this or paying me back for destroying my DS.”

Keith frowned as he turned to look at the younger Holt, “It was an accident!” The girl mockingly echoed back his response, tilting her head side to side as she did.

The blonde-haired girl was still cautious about the situation. “Allura, hon, you weren’t out until sophomore year. Everyone was so surprised when you said you were bisexual, even called you out for trying to get attention.”

A giggle escape Allura’s lips, “Yeah, I can still remember the looks on your faces when I came out. But babe, this is different. Lance has never showed interest in boys, and he tells us everything in his mind. If he was remotely into guys, he would have told one of us. At the very least Hunk!”

That seemed to let everyone’s doubt go away. Hunk and Lance were childhood friends, practically from birth. It was common for Lance to go to Hunk to lay down his secrets to him, and Hunk would do the same. They shared crushes, family problems, and other personal problems. Things that they would never let spread to anyone else.

If Lance was queer, he’d have told his best friend right away. And Hunk would have stopped the prank as soon as it was made a couple of hours ago. In their minds, they thought that Lance was just going to get a mindless prank thrown his way and they’d all laugh about it later.

Too bad that wasn’t what happened.

They all froze as they heard a pair of footsteps coming closer. The teenagers all went into position, everyone hiding around the room as Keith sat down on the bed. They all had to quieten down their laughter as they heard the doorknob begin to turn.

An oblivious Lance opened the door, its hinges creaking as he walked inside. “Hey Keith…,” Lance awkwardly greeted as the door clicked shut behind him. He fidgeted a little as he looked at the other man in the room with curious eyes. “I got your note, you said you wanted to talk to me? What’s it about?”

The paler boy stood up as he strode closer to the Cuban, eyes never leaving him. The moonlight
from the window behind him made him look like an ethereal being, an angel sent down from heaven. Lance could only stare as he got closer. “Listen, I need to tell you something.”

Keith stopped in front of the other male, setting his hands on Lance’s waist. He would have expected that punch to land on his face the moment he made physical contact with him, but was met with a red and flustered face instead. For a moment, the man let himself believe that Lance was actually flustered because of other reasons other than embarrassment. Other reasons that pointed to the fact he was attracted to guys. But he let himself turn a blind eye.

‘He’s probably just confused; this is a pretty intimate situation.’

Letting one of his hands leave the small waist; he moved it to hold onto the other’s cheek, gently cradling it with his gloved hand. “I like you, Lance. I like you a lot,” he breathed out.

He expected a plethora of things to happen at that very moment. Being punched, awkwardly pushed away, or a very gentle rejection from the man; all of which he had mentally braced himself for. What he didn’t expect was slender arms wrapping around his neck, ocean blue eyes lidded as he stared at amethyst ones.

Keith’s brain had seemed to short circuit, ducking out of the situation last minute. The possible situations that he had expected had seemed to fade away, his guard instantly dropped. He didn’t know how to respond to the situation, he didn’t know how to see this situation as. What seemed like the impossible had just become possible, and it was happening at this very moment.

He had completely forgotten the fact that there were other people in the room.

“Holy fuck, he’s actually leaning in- “It definitely sounded like Romelle’s voice from underneath the bed. Allura shushing her before she could finish her sentence. It wasn’t loud by any means, but it was loud enough for him to hear. And if Keith had heard it, then so did Lance.

The man in his arms quickly snapped out of whatever trance he was in, lightly leaning away from Keith to look for the source of the voice. He finally noticed one of Romelle’s pigtails sticking out from under the bed. “What, oh my god-,” Lance said in disbelief, frozen in place.

At once everyone popped out of their hiding spots. Pidge bursted out of the wardrobe with her selfie stick in hand, the phone recording as it pointed towards the two males. Allura and Romelle crawled out of the bed and Hunk had popped out of the closet.
Finally realizing the situation, Lance pushed his crush away. Stepping back from him like he had murdered someone. The look of utter betrayal pasted on his features as he lightly shook his head. He was in disbelief, taking a moment to let his mind catch up to the situation in hand. His voice didn’t seem to want to work. Not like he had anything to say, anyways.

“Oh god, Lance-,” Keith tried to step forward, “this is so fucking messed up…”

“We didn’t mean to-“

“Lance, hey, honey… don’t- uh it was just a prank.”

“Fuck Lance, we’re so sorry.”

They tried to console him for what they did. But he didn’t need any explanations. He didn’t need an apology. He didn’t want sympathy or pity from these people. He didn’t need nor want anything to do with them. All he wanted to do was leave. So, as adrenaline spiked through his body, he swung the door open and ran out of the room.

The door hit the wall hard, echoing throughout the hallway. The teens exchanged looks before they heard the front door slamming shut three floors down. That seemingly got someone else’s attention, as another pair of footsteps led to the bedroom they were all in.

Matt popped up, looking around the room. “Hey, what’s going on? I heard the door here and the front door,” He asked, confused and concerned as he looked around the room. He knew Shiro and Adam were passed out at the kitchen, as he had personally drawn on their faces while they slept soundly. But he quickly realized that everyone else was accounted for, everyone except for- “Where the fuck is Lance?”

The others looked away guiltily, no one having the nerve to answer to him. All except Pidge, his sister. “Fuck, Matt…” she said, taking a moment to think to herself if she should approach him or stay where she was. She chose the latter and stayed in place. “It… it was a stupid prank- we…”

He didn’t need to hear more than that to get an idea of what happened. “You all are fucking ASSHOLES, you know that?!” Matt said, backtracking before running down the hallway and to the staircase. Not wasting any time, he slid down the railings and had barely landed on his feet without spraining his ankle. But not even breaking his spine would stop him.
He rushed out the front door, the sound of the wood slamming onto the wall was drowned by his panic. The white sands of the beach crawled its way into his crocs, the ocean gently rocking itself against the moonlight left unnoticed by the frantic boy. “Where the fuck did he go?” he murmured to himself, looking at the sand for any tracks.

He found heavy footprints leading to one of the cliff sides that surrounded the area. It was quite a distance away, but it wasn’t too far. Without a second of hesitation, he sprinted after the prints. Sand continued to get into his crocs, seeping into the holes of the footwear. He didn’t care, however.

The trail led to the rocky cliff, where he can see Lance curled up into a ball on the edge. The sobs coming out of his shaky figure broke his heart. “Lance!” he called out, alerting the wailing boy. Matt quickly jogged over to him, taking off his orange hoodie and wrapping it around tan shoulders.

The poor thing was wearing a white tank top and baggy blue yoga pants. The beach’s breeze was cold, especially from the height they were in. Matt also noticed bare tan feet hiding beneath the baggy blue material. He ran barefoot. “Lance… oh god, are you alright?”

“I can’t believe I fell for it,” Lance sobbed out, clutching onto the Holt, “I’m so dumb…” he continued onto his green shirt, burying his face onto the other’s chest. Matt wrapped his arms around the shaking body, letting himself drop to the rocky ground beneath them as to let the both of get into a more comfortable position.

He started rocking the body back and forth, letting one of his hands run down his hair. It was meant to be a light massage, as a means to let some of the tension in him ease. “Lance, no. You didn’t know. You couldn’t have known,” Matt tried to reassure him, despite not knowing what actually happened. All he knew was that it was a prank that went horribly wrong.

“I… I honestly thought…,” Lance sniffed against his chest, holding onto him for dear life. “I honestly thought he liked me back, Matt… I should have known it would have never happened…”

They stayed on top of the cliff until the sun rose from the ocean’s horizon, the white moonlight reflecting the ocean turned into a bright red and orange. They walked into the beach house and into their rooms, taking a mental note of the fact that everyone else’s rooms- except for Shiro and Adam’s- were all closed.

But they could care less. They had arrived just a few days ago, and they were too excited to go swimming rather than to go unpack. Thank god for their lazy asses. They simply packed up the rest
of their belongings, taking five minutes. And were out the door by then, taking Matt’s car with them.

"Yo, Lance,” a voice threw him out of his thoughts, the sounds of finger snapping rang in front of him. He looked to see Matt waving awkwardly in front of him. “Check the group chat. We need to be there by an hour, they said the last one that arrives has to pay for lunch. We need to be extra early now so chop-chop!”

Matt grabbed a bag of his toiletries before he left the room, probably off to the showers. The Cuban rolled his eyes as he sat up from his bed, the ugly yet soft mattress was covered with navy blue bed sheets. The bright blue pillows and the fluffy royal blue blanket made it feel more comfortable for him, slightly making it feel like it belonged to him.

His suitcases were all unpacked, clothes set neatly in his closet. There were a few other things he needed to set up, however. Like his novels and text books. Plus the couch and few other furniture he might be able to get from Narti’s dad. His side of the room didn’t feel like he owned it. Well, yet.

Matt, on the other hand, was a completely different case. His desk already had his next project laid onto it, in the middle of being built. It looked like a sphere with metal body parts, everything attaching to each other with vacuum tubes. It was small and had the potential of becoming something cute, based from its structure.

His clothes were all tucked away in his closet, a few posters already hanging all around its door and on his walls. Brown bed sheets, white pillows, and a thick orange blanket made up his bed. Text books stacked on top of one of the corners of his bed, threatening to fall over with any contact.

Lance chuckled at the sight before feeling his phone vibrate with a short message beside him. He took Matt’s advice and grabbed it, checking the group chat.

**The Generals**

*12:50 pm*
Acxalutelynot: Be by the parking lot at 2.

Nartini: People who are late will be receiving the shit furniture

Natrini: Because I am not making my dad bring back any.

Zethridofthethots: Narti’s a daddy’s girl

Mathematics: I can’t be the only one who read that message wrong.

Dinezor: ^^^ we have dirty minds, Matty boy

Mathematics: The dirtiest uwu

Lotoreal: People who are also late pay for lunch

Dinezor: W H A T

Nartini: You white haired hoe, I’m giving you free shit

Lotoreal: Everyone except for Narti

Nartini: UwU

Mathematics: too bad I ain’t paying

Mathematics: I’m so poor, I can’t even afford oxygen

Zethridofthethots: Can’t relate

Mathematics: D:

Dinezor: NYUUUUUH

Dinezor: Lutur TTwTT

Axcalutelynot: What the fuck

Dinezor: @Lotoreal answer coward =====w===== 

Dinezor: Zeth and I are still cleaning our room!!!

Lotoreal: Aw.

Lotoreal: That’s too bad

Dinezor: :O

Zethridofthethots: If I pay for lunch, I’m putting the contents of these condoms into your drinks

Mathematics: SKSKSKSKSKSKSKS

Nartini: Gross, Zeth
Acxalutelynot: read the user, @Zethridofthethots

Zethridofthethots: Then I’m not paying for you guys

Lotoreal: 😊 Then don’t be late

Zethridofthethots: >:(

Lotoreal: @Mathematics , What about Lance?

Mathematics: Asleep, or daydreaming. Dunno

Mathematics: Imma wake him up.

Dinezor: Nono, let him be late. He’ll pay

Mathematics: Woke him :)

Zethridofthethots: Damnit

Mathematics: Yeeting myself into the showers to stay fresh for the ladies ;) see ya in an hour

Acxalutelynot: I’m going to vid call my gf for a bit, but I’ll be there before everybody else.

Twiggy: OwO Girlfriend you say???

Dinezor: LANCE :D

Narti: Amazing timing Lance

Zethridofthethots: Eyyyyy twiggy

Twiggy: >:( anyways

Twiggy: Spill the tea, sis

Acxalutelynot: fine

Acxalutelynot: I met her a few years ago, only started dating recently. I’ve never met her irl. She lives far away from me. But we skype and facetime almost everyday. She makes me feel like I belong to society.

Acxalutelynot: Makes me feel like the luckiest girl in the world

Dinezor: UWU ACXA BEING SWEET IS MY JAM

Narti: UwU I love soft Acxy

Zethridofthethots: She does have a soul.

Acxalutelynot: nOw lEt mE tAlK tO hEr.

Dinezor: Me and Zeth are going to finish up cleaning then we’ll shower and meet you guys
Narti: It’s ‘Zeth and I’

Narti: Kova hissed at the screen as soon as it popped up, get thine grammar fixed.

Twiggy: Oof. Even the cat has better grammar than you, Ezor :(

Dinezor: :( 

Narti: Runs in the family, Lance

Twiggy: I think I’m gonna hit the showers, too

Narti: Same, right after I feed Kova

Twiggy: UwU

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for any spelling errors

Also; Zethrid's user was supposed to be like
Ze third of the thots
uwu

End Notes

Sorry if my writing seems a bit rusty.

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