Are you losing sleep because you can't stop thinking about me? *Insert cheeky grin here*

by CLDJendis66

Summary

“Gee thanks. Take note, this ‘Dumbass’ had the perfect opportunity to see you undressed and completely denied it,” he said with a smug look on his face, his eyebrows wiggling teasingly as he saw pink spread across his rival’s face like fire.

“D-d-d-don’t remind me!” exclaimed his Mullethead as he retreated in shame for putting them in such an awkward situation earlier.

Notes

There is Spanish here, but it's more towards the Peruvian dialect I grew up with. Nonetheless, because I was exposed to and still am exposed to Cuban dialect, I tried to add some of it in there too. It's a mix, but I tried to make it work. If you need the translations, they're all at the end notes.

Edit: I still wrote Lance is Cuban in the tags and failed to realize this sooner, although I was pretty sure I had deleted it before pressing the post button...Welp...I'll see how it goes and decide then if I should leave it there or not lol. [Update: I'm just leaving it there.]
Today was another training session with Keith…

Lance grinned.

Being together without the reason of rivalry was still new to both, so they were quite private about doing things like holding hands or hugging lovingly when no one was around, even though Pidge could access the castle ship’s cameras and spy on them with everyone if she felt like it. Training was another way they could spend time together without worrying about things getting too intimate since interaction was normal in combat. That, and he seriously needed the practice according to Keith.

The doors slid open and there stood his world. Red uniform on, sword in hand, standing with his lean body at the ready for another round, just as Lance summoned his blue gun.

“Sure you up for it?”

“What the hell, Lance? I’m completely rested.”

“Suuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu,” sarcastically said the Blue Paladin before he lunged forward, aiming shots at his rival.

Keith wasn’t called skilled for nothing. His reflexes were sharp and his movements were rapid and calculative. With ease he dodged and blocked the shots before spinning around Lance and elbowing him at the back of his upper neck, breaking his balance and leaving him open to attack.

“One to zero,” he said as he held sword near Lance’s jugular.

“Oh. It’s on now,” declared the Blue Paladin and he pushed away the sword with one hand and lifted his gun with the other. Lance kept his distance and started firing again. Even if he did land a shot on Keith, he had set his gun (with his lion’s help) to hit nonlethal like always for the ‘just in case’ scenario (so if he hit something vital, at least there would be no dead bodies to worry about). Keith was slowly closing the distance between them before Lance suddenly began to aim for his feet. The move startled the Red Paladin, enough so that he lost his balance while dashing away and fell on his side. That wasn’t the only thing that surprised him; Keith found himself in the corner of the training room. No way out. The trap wasn’t something Keith expected from Lance; such a moved seemed too well thought out for the Blue Paladin that was now aiming his gun at Keith.

“You were just lucky.”
“Nuh-uh I actually thought this through for a while!” claimed the Blue Paladin, gesturing with one of his hands before coming over to help Keith up. “One to one.”

“Shut up.”

“NO WAY! I don’t care if I lose. I one upped you today,” he said with a victorious grin before Keith side-kicked him away. “HEY!”

The Red Paladin smirked daringly. “Come at me then, idiot.”

Lance couldn’t fight back the blush that exploded onto his face. DAMN IT KEITH!

Lance was relentless with shooting at his rival this time, but Keith didn’t underestimate Lance’s tactics this time. Round after round, Lance’s initial luck in tricking Keith was lost.

“Seven to one.”

The next round they both settled with hand to hand combat and dropped their weapons to proceed. Lance was good at throwing punches and some pretty hard kicks, but his reaction time to defend himself was lacking, which Keith took advantage of more than once. Repeatedly, Keith grabbed him in a choke hold, pinned him against the wall with just the right twist on one of his arms, and flipped him to the ground.

By the time Keith’s score doubled, Lance had made some distance away from the Red Paladin. Lance charged, despite seeing Keith preparing to redirect his attack when--

Keith collapsed to the floor.

Lance was caught off guard and stumbled to break his dash too late, causing him fall down next to the Red Paladin. Jesus Christ Keith! What the-was that some new move or something? I oughta--Lance’s thoughts came to a stop when he realized he wasn’t being attacked yet.

“Haha funny. Showing off that you don’t even have to try to beat me?”

There was no response.

“Keith?”

…

“Seriously dude. This isn’t funny,” he said with a tap to his partner’s shoulder.

…

Oh my God. “Shit!” he muttered as he carefully moved Keith to lay face up. Quickly, Lance removed Keith’s helmet. Please tell me your breathing! Were you running a fever? Were you hiding an injury? Keith-

Lance hesitantly removed the helmet to find the Red Paladin was simply deeply sleeping.

Lance’s face dropped in utter lack of tolerance as his heart attack subsided. I oughta kick you right now, you--However, the Blue Paladin then felt warmth spread over his face as his jaw dropped in shock at how adorable and vulnerable his Mullethead looked. Ay dios mío...porque tuvo qué ser ÉL con quien me enamore?

“Augh!” muttered Lance as he facepalmed at the situation and pondered on what to do. For a
fleeting moment, he worried that any sound will wake the Red Paladin, but he quickly realized that unless he was truly trying to wake Keith, Keith probably wouldn’t care about the noise surrounding him.

Lance was far too kind to leave Keith there and without hesitation, Lance carefully sat him up and crouched in front of him with one knee to ground. He carefully wrapped the Red Paladin’s arms around his neck and held them together with one hand, with the other hand positioned under one of Keith’s knees. As he stood up, he leaned forward to prevent his rival from sliding off and adjusted until both his arms were looped under Keith’s legs. Soon, he had Keith supported on his back with Keith’s arms dangling by his neck. All the while, Lance was trying very hard to not blush at how embarrassing the scene must have looked and prayed that no one saw them.

As he made his way out, he pondered on leaving him to sleep as he was; drenched in sweat. Lance shook his head. Granted, Keith might be used to sleeping in a dirty state with how he lived in a shack after getting booted from the academy. Lance lived at a different standard. Resting was best when you were clean and comfortable, which brought forth the thought…

How am I going to undress him? I am not prepared for this…

Coño, que hago? Wait a sec… how did they undress me when I nearly died?

…

Oooooooooooooookaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay, time to look for Coran and ask him.

Lance forced himself to stare ahead as he continued on the unexpected journey of carrying Keith around piggy-back style. Well, at least there were no witnesses to the spectacle.

Or at least, there wasn’t. Speak of the devil. Coming into view from the end of the hall was none other than Pidge.

Oh shit…

She was too distracted with her laptop, analyzing some data she had hacked earlier that week, to notice Lance at first. The Green Paladin just passed him and he breathed a sigh of relief. That was a mistake. The noise unfortunately caught Pidge’s attention. She paused and walked backwards until she had Lance—and thusly Keith—in her sights.

“What in the world? Y-” she started to say, but Lance cut her off.

“You can do anything you want to me later, but PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE don’t wake him! The idiot hasn’t slept well for days.”

Pidge could have easily dismiss his warning, but when she looked at Keith she couldn’t recall him ever looking so relaxed. Even the naps he took on the couch didn’t give him such a peaceful expression… With a sigh, she calmed down and smiled before stating quietly, “As annoying as you can be Lance, I’ll give you credit for having a big heart.”

Lance was speechless at that, crimson flooding all over his slightly agape face.

To compensate for not being able to do what she wanted, she took a several photos with her laptop of the scene before her before Lance could protest. “I’ll tease you guys some other time,” she
snickered, then saluted with two fingers as she walked off to continue with her task.

The Blue Paladin released the breath he didn’t realize he was holding and continued on his way looking for Coran, who had spent the day repairing some connections in the control room. Lance just prayed that Space Mom wouldn’t be there to bombard him with questions regarding the situation.

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He felt fortunate when he found only the elderly Altean without much hassle. In turning around, the old man was about to energetically greet whoever had just walked in. Or at least, he was, until he saw that it was Lance carrying an unconscious Keith on his back. “Erm-can I help you with anything Lance?” he asked in a leveled voice, trying to comprehend what was going on.

Lance smiled nervously. “Yeah, actually. Um. So. Keith just, uh, happened to fall asleep while we were… ah, taking a break from training! And sure, I could leave him like this, but, you know. Being the awesome good Samaritan I am, I’d rather have him be clean while he was resting. You know, not covered in sweat. And stuff. So…”

“Y’re wondering how to undress ’im and have ’im cleaned without the situation turning… awkward.”

“Well, I-I-I-I mean I could wash him myself, I’ve done it for my siblings before, but, butthismyboyfriendwe’retalkingaboutandwe'renotwanttocrossanylines-”

“Ah! I see! Lance. Calm down. I understand your situation. You came to me because of your injuries in the past.”

Lance nodded, afraid that if he spoke, he’d carry on rambling.

“No worries, mate. Our ship has a system just for situations like this! It helps undress and clean an unconscious body without disturbing them.”

“You’re a lifesaver, Coran.”

Coran waved away the praise, deeming it unnecessary as caring for the Paladins was part of his duty. He then proceeded to guide Lance out of the room to another that was similar to the healing chamber. “It is recommended that we take off whatever we can to put less toll on the system.”

“Wait, what? What do you mean? Doesn’t it just remove with robotic arms or something?”

“Oh no no no, that’s old school. We use molecular technology that’s strong enough to teleport objects off of a person like clothes and gear, but it’s best to not push your luck because in emergencies, the less time here, the sooner you can heal.”

“Gotcha,” stated Lance as he carefully placed Keith in one of the chambers and took off what he could from his gear. Um...“Will we need to dress him after this is done?”

The elderly Altean was at a control panel when he heard the question. “The system provides its own basic set of clothing to put on people. There’s no need to worry about any awkwardness Lance.”

He sighed in relief because yes, as easy as doing this himself could be, he wasn’t about to let his status go down to creeper for trying to do something like that, regardless of good intentions. Besides, he doubted he could handle all the not-safe-for-work scenery in trying to accomplish the
task.

“You can head off to clean y’rself Lance. By the time you finish, the machine should be done.”

The Blue Paladin was reluctant to leave, but gave in moments after with the goal to be back as soon as possible. He normally took his sweet time in the shower as indicated by how he took a long time to get up on a normal non-emergency day.

Usual shower time: 1 hour. This time: 10 minutes.

Lance was practically dashing back to where his unconscious Mullethead was while Coran had already gone back to continue the repairs in the control room.

Several long minutes passed before Lance heard a ‘ding’ from the capsule. Slowly, the capsule opened to a motionless Keith. Lance was never going to get used to the adorable look on Keith as he slept so serenely. Carefully, Lance lifted him like he had before and took Keith to his room, ready to leave him there, but the paranoia of someone coming in and waking him was too much to disregard. So Lance stayed. The Blue Paladin only left briefly to find something to keep him distracted as he guarded his treasure by the edge of the bed at the outer corner where his head rested.

A comic book could’ve sufficed, but Lance didn’t want to laugh out loud and be a nuisance, so he actually chose something that Space Mom Allura had suggested he read a long time ago. It was a complex book, but it helped him practice Altean. He needed to reinforce the basics he barely managed to understand a short while back. After a while, he leaned against the wall when he started getting a minor headache from pushing his already tired eyes. No. He straightened up. No, there was no time for resting. He had to make sure Keith could sleep peacefully, so he shook his head and turned to look at Keith for some motivation. Instantly, his heart got caught in his throat. *asdhfbwnragobktnt* I really feel like I’m sinning from simplemente mirandote Querido, he thought, sighing in defeat for having fallen for his rival though there were no regrets to be found.

Lance persisted on reading the book when he felt a shift of movement next to him. Lance looked down to see if Keith had woken just in time to feel a head snuggle onto his lap. Keith’s left arm draped over Lance’s leg, pulling him closer against Keith’s chest near his right arm.

Ay dios mío, me voy a morir de humillación si esto continúa, he thought, covering his face and holding back from making a loud, overwhelmed groan. The cuteness is slowly killing him. *When I’m dead, somebody put “Blame Keith” on my tombstone.*

Suddenly, the door opened.

*Fuck me. Now what?*

He brought down his hands to find himself facing: Shiro.

Shiro’s face of astonishment is priceless, especially with his eyebrows furrowing, the struggle to understand how this came to happen evident on his face. He quickly recovered and spoke to the
flustered Lance with a fatherly smile, “I’ll come back later. Keith needs his rest anyways…”

“Wait.”

“Hm?”

“Do you know why he’s been overdoing it in the training room? Like why he’s barely getting any good sleep lately?”

Space Dad made another dumbfounded expression. “I thought it was obvious.”

“That he’s determined to get back at Zarkon?”

“Well…there is that, but that’s not the real reason.”

Lance tilted his head in confusion.

The Black Paladin sighed, disbelief clear on his face. He crossed his arms over his broad chest. “Keith can have an attitude and be tough, but he does have fears too.”

“What do you mean?”

“I think you’ll have to ask him yourself.”

Lance glanced down at Keith, frowning. *Keith, when you wake up, I’m giving you a piece of my mind, cojudo de mierda.*

The sudden lack of response worried Shiro. “Lance?”

Lance snapped out of his thoughts and stammered a reply. “S-Sorry. I spaced out, but I heard you, Shiro. Thanks.”

The Black Paladin smiled. “I think you can handle it when he wakes up.”

“I hope. I’m torn between punching him in the face first or just scolding him.”

Space Dad stifled a laugh with the back of his hand at how serious Lance looked.

“Can you pretty please find Hunk to tell him to not come in here?”

“Add on that if he tries anything, I’ll kill him myself.”

“Little harsh coming from you, don’t you think? Just to keep him from entering.”

“Well, technically I can’t do anything to prevent it now can I?” Lance protested quietly, gesturing with his arms to dramatically exhibit Keith’s sleeping body on his lap.

Shiro muffled a chuckle before approaching Lance and placing a reassuring hand on his head. “I’ll think of something,” he said, disheveling it slightly before leaving.

“Thanks DAD. I owe you one,” said Lance gratefully as the Black Paladin gave him a thumbs up, his back already turned to Lance and Keith.

Following that event, his only concern for interruption remained with Princess Allura, but since she was resting under strict orders from Coran, he doubted she’d stop by. Still, she could be
unpredictable sometimes. He debated which would astonish her more: him reading Altean or Keith resting on him. Lance wasn’t interested in finding out so he returned his focus to reading while his Mullethead remained comfortably on him.

As the time passed, he kept giving himself small breaks from the difficult read, until he reached a point where he was ready for a nap himself. However, the fear of Keith being interrupted from such a deep sleep kept him alert, even if the chances were small from Space Mom.

Speak of the devil.

The door opened and the still recovering Princess walked in.

...

Lance’s face was slightly agape from seeing her, but the fact that she’s not reacting how she normally would did calm him down enough to manage speaking. “Um…hey Allura…Please don’t yell. Just talk in your normal speaking voice.”

Initially, she wore a similar expression to what Shiro had when he first saw Keith unconscious on Lance’s lap. Unlike Shiro, Allura quickly deduced the situation and her expression softened. “I’m guessing you were worried I’d be the last obstacle?”

“Sorta. I had the gut feeling you’d check in on everyone, even though you should be resting.”

“Well, you’re all my Paladins after all.”

“And children. Minus Shiro. He’s got the title of Space Dad in here.”

“Meanwhile, you’ve titled me, a Princess, Space Mom…”

“I think this situation proves it accurate.”

Allura huffed incredulously at him, a smirk tugging at the corners of her mouth. Then, her eyes traveled to the book in his hand. “Are you actually making an effort to be productive in your free time?”

He felt it was obvious that that part was true.

“And that it just happens to help you not to stare at the sleeping Red Paladin?”

No doubt the Princess witnessed the explosion of crimson on his face as he struggled to find words to say. Stifling a giggle, she walked over and plucked the book out of his hands, leaving him with a question mark over his head. “You should rest,” she encouraged softly as she placed a hand on his shoulder. “Now you can without concern.”

He felt relieved in hearing that and smirked, jokingly adding a, “Thanks MOM.”

She lightly poked his forehead as if to indicate annoyance when there was none at all.

As soon as she left, sleep finally overcame him, dragging him down to a comforting oblivion.

A pair of eyes opened to the dimly lit area. Lightly, they scanned the room, recognizing an item
here and there. This room, he knew this room. More important, though, his attention was caught by something soft and warm under him.

*I'd recognize these jeans anywhere.*

..

..

...

Keith felt his face flush red as he took in the situation.

..

..

...

**HOW THE HELL DID I END UP IN THIS POSITION?!** Not that I’m not liking it, but SERIOUSLY HOW DID I—His thoughts were interrupted when he realized that he was wearing a different set of clothing; ones similar to Lance’s from the healing chamber that one time.

If he wasn’t feeling flustered before, he definitely was now.

*Just...just...stop for a moment Keith...Lance would not be the type to just go do something that would stoop his status so low to unintentional creep. He probably just did what Coran did to him last time when he was in critical condition. Yeah...that’s probably what happened, but hang on...*

The blush that was subsiding suddenly intensified.

*Oh my God...*

*That means he probably had to CARRY me, and knowing Lance, he wouldn’t joke around in seeing me unconscious all of the sudden...*insert internal face palm here*...I must’ve given him a heart attack of sorts. He’s not gonna let me live that down for sure...I know I was knocked out, but I would figure Pidge or someone would’ve woken me before now...*

At that last thought, Keith gradually cracked a smile, becoming conscious that Lance went through a lot of trouble to keep him sleeping comfortably. *I really don’t deserve you.*

Even if he wasn’t tired enough to go back to sleep, he still felt more relaxed than he had been in a long time. Perhaps it was because he had exhausted himself too much, but in his heart he strongly felt that it was Lance’s presence that had made a noticeable difference.

For a while he stayed there, just listening to their synchronized breathing, until he felt a sudden change in movement. Looking up, his gaze met the marvelous dark blue eyes he first fell in love with, the luscious brown hair, and the gentle smile that completed it all. “Sleep well Querido?”

The Red Paladin nearly forgot how Lance addressing him in Spanish made his heart skip a beat.

*His rival’s smirk turned into victorious grin.*

“I hate you.”

“Really now? Guess I should’ve left you in the training room.”

“But you didn’t, Love.”

“Er-I-uh-DON’T TURN THIS ON ME!” exclaimed the Blue Paladin as he pointed a finger at him,
but the Red Paladin remained unfazed, laughing at his reaction. “Stupid Mullethead,” muttered Lance as he crossed his arms in annoyance. *Hearing you laugh makes me feel relieved.*

“I’ll admit that I deserve that,” responded Keith in a more solemn tone as the Blue Paladin’s face became concerned. Sighing, Lance bent down slightly to where their faces were only inches apart. “Look…I know I’m not as skilled in combat as you, but I don’t get why you’re training yourself to death.”

“Well, I mean-”

“You think I don’t worry about you on our missions sometimes?”

“Lance-”

“You think I didn’t notice when you started losing sleep?” he rhetorically asked as he leaned back, his hands clenching his jacket. “It was obvious to me, but I didn’t pry because I trusted you to tell me.” He pointed at his own chest. “Not-not-not-NOT GIVE ME A FREAKIN’ HEART ATTACK OF HOLY QUIZNAKS!” he finished loudly, his arms flailing as he recalled the fear he felt earlier.

Keith groaned, sitting up with his back to the Idiot. “You…”

“Well what?!?”

“YOU WOULDN’T GET IT, OKAY?!?”

“Sure, keep not telling me. That’s really worked in the past, Einstein.”

“You’re being such a pain in the ass. Shit! Wait, I didn’t-”

Lance really felt that one, but he wasn’t going to stop. “Same goes for you, dipshit! I might as well just punch you, but that’s not gonna solve anything now is it?!?”

“Lance-I-you wouldn’t-”

“What is there to get?” he yelled, grabbing the Red Paladin’s shoulders and squeezing desperately. “I feel stronger when I’m with you…” he said as his voice lowers, resting his forehead at Keith’s neck. “I feel like I’m home…”

It was then that the Red Paladin realized his mistake. In pushing himself, in not sleeping, he had been distancing himself from the very person he was trying to protect. *I’m such an idiot…* Keith turned around, gently placing both of his hands on either side of the face before him. “I’m sorry. You’re right. I just…I’m just so used to depending on myself…” he admitted, glancing away before making eye contact again. “I mean, I’ve gotten better after meeting team Voltron…but I’ve never been in a relationship before and this…this…” He inhaled deeply. “This is different…I don’t have any experience, but I can’t afford to mess up and…” He closed his eyes, struggling to get out what he needed to say. “…end up losing you…You’re my home too.”

Lance put his hands over Keith’s. “Then let me also protect you, Keith. Besides, I can’t let you have all the glory.”

Keith smiled. “Dumbass. You always ruin the moment.”

“Gee thanks. Take note, this ‘Dumbass’ had the perfect opportunity to see you undressed and completely denied it,” he said with a smug look on his face, his eyebrows wiggling teasingly as he saw pink spread across his rival’s face like fire.
“D-d-d-don’t remind me!” exclaimed his Mullethead as he retreated in shame for putting them in such an awkward situation earlier.

The Blue Paladin laughed. “Seriously though, I know the change won’t be immediate, so we’ll have some ups and downs, but…I’ll be here to support you all the way because my love for you is endless, like the universe,” declared the Blue Paladin with a flirtatious smirk until he realized his own cheesiness. He looked away, scratching the back of his head in embarrassment. “Oh man that…that…that was utterly-”

His voice stopped when he caught Keith’s reaction. There was an expression of softness mixed with joy, shyness, and relief at such reassuring words directly from Lance. There was a radiance in Keith’s face that Lance could never put a price on.

processing…processing…processing…ERROR.

Lance couldn’t take it. He had never felt so speechless or immobile, just from seeing Keith look so beautiful, even if his hair was disheveled, even without his typical bad boy outfit.

The Red Paladin quickly noted the change and grew concerned. “Lance, are you okay?”

The question was enough to snap the Blue Paladin out of his trance. He shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts. “Y-y-yeah-uh-I’m fine.”

The skeptical look he got told him he wasn’t going be let off so easily. “Lance.”

Oh quiznak.

Wait…

The Idiot fought off a smirk. “Come closer and I’ll tell you.”

“Okay,” answered the Mullethead as he leans closer, but…

He never gets to hear anything…

Because Lance quickly planted a kiss on his forehead.

Crimson crept up Keith’s face faster than the castle traveled through a wormhole. Immediately he backed away, his hands taking a turn at flailing as he tried to figure out what was happening. “W-W-W-W-WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT FOR?!” Although it did feel really nice-BUT THAT’S NOT THE POINT!

“PAYBACK!”

“What do you mean?! What did I do?!”

“IT’S YOUR FAULT FOR-FOR—-FOR LOOKING SO DAMN BEAUTIFUL AFTER I SAID THAT CHEESY LINE AND LEAVING ME PARALYZED!”

“Are you stu-Wait what?” asked the Red Paladin as he caught onto what Lance said.

The thing was, even though they were fantastic at providing a variety of insults to each other, complimenting each other directly was more of a mission impossible, if anything. They barely managed to say I love you when they confessed to each other that first time, much less in calling each other Love, whether in English or not. They always knew what they wanted to say but finding the words to say it was a struggle. The only development they’d done so far was constantly use the
adjective 'nice’ more than anything. No development on variety…until now.

So tadaaaa.

Progress.

iafnklabaiodgvnbjguijtjorgav...WHY DO I PUT MYSELF IN THESE SITUATIONS??!!!! Lance’s face was bright red as he realizes that he blurted out such a compliment to his universe.

Seconds of awkward silence follow, until…

Keith quickly grabbed at the Blue Paladin’s jacket and pulled him into their FIRST real kiss. He honestly wouldn’t be able to explain how he got the courage to do that, but he could easily tell you it was Lance’s fault. Whether blushing from embarrassment, or appearing sleepy from training, or even looking cocky from being so focused on achieving a goal, Lance was gorgeous to him in every way and it was OVERWHELMINGLY difficult to not stare endlessly at the gift that he was to this dimension. Granted, it may not have been the most graceful of firsts since their teeth clacked against each upon contact from the force put into it, but the passion was still significant, especially when his Idiot easily subsequently succumbed to it with a subtle movement from his own lips. Seconds passed before the Red Paladin pulled away to tenderly rest his forehead against his Beloved. “I-,” he starts just as he snaps his mouth shut prior to trying again. “I a-also think y-you look b-b-beautiful…”

If asked if Keith could romance anyone, Team Voltron would tell you in a tick that that was QUIZNAKINGLY IMPOSSIBLE.

0% of success if he tried.

Yet here he was…

and Lance.exe had officially stopped working.

The Blue Paladin was a popsicle that was barely keeping it together from the heat of the moment. He was ready to melt away into Keith’s arms and never return to reality. Seeing the lack of response, his rival proceeded to poke him lightly in the cheek. He ended up chuckling at how quiet Lance was.

A few instances passed before his ability to speak returned. He avoiding eye contact like an adult, his face still engulfed with red. “You’re enjoying this aren’t you?”

“Yeah…a little.”

“Mullethead.”

“Idiot.”

“Bitch.”

“Jerk.”

“Bastard.”

“Asshole.”

The Blue Paladin made the mistake of making eye contact right after. “I give up,” he declared, letting the last of his pride melt away. He collapsed into his Amor’s cross-legged lap, dragging his
legs onto the bed, feet lazily freeing themselves from the high tops, his body overall positioned in the shape of a crescent moon.

Keith had a lost look on his face in regards to what had just occurred. Nonetheless, he recovered and caringly placed a hand on his Idiot’s head, caressing his picturesque chocolate hair as Lance hung his head over Keith’s thigh. It only assured that Lance wouldn’t be moving anytime soon. “I hate youuuuuu…S-Stoooooooop…” he protested lamely. No paras por favor. Wait. Noooo, I must not succumb to thiiiiiiissss.

The Red Paladin simply chuckled and trailed his fingers soothingly down Lance’s face. He continued for a few moments before he found himself quietly singing a Korean song he used to listen to when he was lonely. Perhaps it wasn’t the most fitting song for the moment. The song told of how cold ice held the warmth of love away… and yet.

Here, the Blue Lion’s Pilot lay in his lap, the very spirit of WATER, the origin of ICE ITSELF, endlessly warming his heart with inordinate love.

There was no way he felt lonely in the universe anymore. Not now, not when the one he loved deeply returned his feelings just as immensely, flaws and all.

“Thank you Lance…For…everything,” he said, blushing happily.

Without needing to see it, he felt Lance smile. “Love you too Keith.”

End Notes

Transliterations Below:

Ay dios mío…porque tuvo qué ser ÉL con quien me enamore? => Oh my God...why did did it have to be HIM whom I fell in love with?

Coño, que hago? => Damn it, what do I do?

I really feel like I’m sinning from simplemente mirandote Querido => I really feel like I'm sinning from simply looking at you Beloved.

Ay dios mío, me voy a morir de humillación si esto continúa => Oh my God, I'm going to die of humiliation if this continues.

Keith, when you wake up, I’m giving you a piece of my mind, cojudo de mierda. => Keith, when you wake up, I'm giving you a piece of my mind, you dumbass of shit. (Cojudo in Peru can also mean asshole, but it's typically used for dumbass.)

Querido => Beloved

Amor's => Love's

No paras por favor. => Don't stop please.
The Korean song Keith was humming is Melted by AKMU

Whew, wow I'm so glad I finally got to post this, even though it took a long time. I really hope you all enjoyed it. If you have any questions, or comments, feel free to message me in the comments box here, my tumblr, my instagram, or through my twitter @CLDJendis66

All suggestions, advice, and help is welcome too! Thanks for reading :D

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