**Reserved Books For-**

**by** celestia

**Summary**

Keith has a part time job as a student librarian at his university. Keith likes his job. It's usually pretty quiet, but one day someone comes in needing help finding books for a research paper.

**Notes**

See the end of the work for notes.
Day 1

Keith likes his job as a student librarian. It’s quiet, he can get his homework done during his shift, and he makes some extra cash. All in all, it’s a good job for him. His work hours are after his classes which means he has enough time to swing by the coffee shop before his three hour shift on the weekdays.

Keith has his archaeology textbook open to get some of his reading done when a hand not so subtly slams down on the table.

“Bookkeeper, I need the best books you got!” An excited voice says to Keith. The voice is raised way too loud for the library. Keith glances up from his textbook. He’s about Keith’s age and doesn’t look much taller than him.

“Number one, you’ll have to lower your voice,” Keith sighs. “Number two, you need to be a bit more specific. What type of books do you need?”

The boy raises his shoulders, flinching, realizing how loud he was just now. “Oh, yeah, I forgot. Listen man, I have my first astronomy paper due in a week and I need you to load me up with the best books you’ve got in your fine library,” He says with a smile.

Keith raises points his thumb behind him pointing to a shelf on display about fifteen feet away. “The Stephen Hawki-” but before he could finish his directions he’s cut off.

“Sheesh man, I already own them and they’re in my dorm. I need like, the real deal not your snag it off the Barnes and Noble shelf type book.”

Keith opens his mouth slightly, a little surprised at how serious this student is. His speech pattern doesn’t really scream academic. But Keith knows that you can’t judge a book by its cover.

“Alright then, I’ll show you where they are in the reference section.” Keith stands up from his desk and moves in the direction opposite of the books he tried showing to the guy. The reference section is large and within view of Keith’s desk. He skims the aisle trying to remember which section is the astronomy section. Not many people come asking for astronomy books, it’s not the most popular major at their university.

Keith points to the three shelves in front of them and the reference center couches and tables. “These three shelves are the books on astronomy. I’m not sure what your paper is on, but these should cover it.”

“Awesome.” He puts his hands on his hips and quickly skims all the shelves. “So how many of these can I check out at a time?”

“None.”

“None?” He sighs dramatically before continuing, “Come on! How am I supposed to get this paper done if I can’t take them out of the library?”

“Technically, you could photocopy what pages you need out of the books.”

The boy raises an eyebrow. “Technically?”

Keith sighs and scratches the back of his neck, slightly embarrassed. “I say technically because you
have to use the big copy machine, and I’ll be honest, I have no clue how to use it.” Keith points at
the monster of a copy machine at the far end of the reference section. It’s a monster of a machine.

“Look,” Keith struggles realizing he doesn’t have the person’s name that he’s helping.

“The name’s Lance,” He says with a smile.

“Alright Lance. I can reserve the books for you so you can for sure have them when you need them. You’ll just have to tell me the books and the time you’ll come to use them.”

Lance scratches his chin thinking about if this will work.

“Alright.”

“Good. I’ll be back at my desk. When you figure out what books you need, come back over and you can let me know.” Lance salutes Keith and Keith takes that as his cue to walk back to his desk.

By the time Keith makes it back to his desk and sits down Lance already has three books in his arms and is searching for more. Keith knows he should get back to his homework, but he can’t help but look at Lance thoroughly check through the shelves. Most people hate researching stuff, especially ahead of time. But Lance looks excited. He didn’t look excited at the idea of his research paper, but the material itself seems to excite Lance.

Lance goes around to the next shelf and as he turns, Keith can see the front of his hat, which is being worn backwards, and his backpack. His hat has the NASA symbol on it slightly faded from the sun wearing down on it. His black backpack has a blue penny board that Keith can see popping out of one of the backpack’s larger pockets. Keith decides he’s spent a little too much time watching Lance and gets back to his archaeology homework.

By the time Keith has read a few more pages of the chapter he’s trying to knock out, Lance has brought a list of the seven books he needs on the checkout desk. Keith scans over Lance’s list and opens up the computer program he needs to use to reserve the books.

Keith flicks his eyes back at Lance. “You know, you won’t be able to photocopy, let alone read, all of these books in one day.”

Lance leans on the table. “Aw, are you worried about me-” Lance stops mid sentence realizing he actually doesn’t know the name of the person he’s talking to.

“It’s Keith.”

“Well Keith, no need to worry. I’ll just sign up to reserve them for like a week. Maybe more if I need to. The paper is due in a week, but I can get an extension if I need to. Despite being a tough grader, the professor is pretty nice. Anyway, that’s possible right?” Lance says, still leaning on the desk.

“It is possible. I’ll sign you up for a week with these books then.” Keith begins typing and pauses. “I’m going to need time slots for when you reserve the books.”

Lance taps his chin a few times before speaking. Not hiding how forward he’s being, Lance says, “Whatever times you work.”

Keith leans back in his chair further away from Lance. “Excuse me?”

Lance grins knowing that Keith caught that he was flirting. “Come on Keith, you’re the only one that knows what books I want and the urgency of this project. We’re in this together.”
Keith rolls his eyes. “Okay. I work shifts from two until five. Does that work for you?”

“It’s a date. Sign me up, Keith. You and I are gonna kick this astronomy paper’s ass.” Lance hits his hand on the table and smiles.

Keith pauses, looks at Lance, his eyebrows furrowed. “Okay.”

Lance puts his hands on his hips and parrots Keith’s affirmation back to him. “Okay.”

“Tomorrow, you’re signed up from two until five. I’ll leave the books out on the table over there,” Keith points to a table visible from his desk that’s in the reference section. “There will be a note that says reserved books for-”

“For me,” Lance adds.

Keith nods. “Yes, for you. Just make sure that when you’re done you put the books back on the shelf. Sound good?”

“Sounds amazing, Keith.” Lance hits the table one more time and starts to walk off. Before he leaves the building he turns around waving goodbye at Keith eagerly with a smile.

Keith gives a small smile and lazily waves back.
Day 2

Chapter Summary

Day 2 in the library that Keith works at

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tuesday rolls around and like promised, Lance rolls in too. Literally. Lance pushes the one of the doors to the library open while he’s riding on his penny board. Lance steers his skateboard to Keith’s desk to chat before getting to work on his research.

“Lance,” Keith says through gritted teeth. “You can’t skateboard in the library.”

Lance seems to have taken one foot off of his board in order to lean on Keith’s desk. He rests his elbow so he can rest his head on his hand while he talks to Keith.

Lance hums with suspicion. “That’s funny, Keith. I don’t see a sign telling me that. Correct me if I’m wrong?”

Keith grips the pencil he was using for homework tightly. “I’m telling you that you can’t.” Keith unclenches his pencil not wanting to let Lance know that he’s riled him up. “It’s funny how you’re wasting time arguing with me when you should be doing your research.”

Lance flinches realizing he’s been bested. He waves his index finger at Keith. “Oh man, Keith you are good.”

Keith relaxes, then points to the reference section. “Your books are over there on that table.” Lance nods and Keith continues. “It has a sign on them with the library’s official paper that says ‘Reserved for Lance-’” Keith pauses. “It should say your last name too, but I didn’t catch it yesterday.”


Keith writes a note in the margins of his homework: Lance Mcclain. It’s in pencil so he can erase it later once he’s put it into the system when Lance leaves to do research.

“Noted,” Keith says. “Literally,” he adds quietly as an afterthought which gets a small laugh out of Lance.

“Keith has anyone ever told you how ever so thoughtful you are?” Keith rolls his eyes. “And in the margins of your notes? I feel like I’m in middle school and you have a crush on me.”

Keith has already figured out that Lance is a flirt, but didn’t think he would keep up with it. Keith didn’t exactly shoot him down, but he hadn’t egged him on either. Keith could shoot him down right here. He’s at work, he should be working, not letting some guy he barely knows flirt with him. Keith opens his mouth to tell Lance to just go away, but Lance smiles and pushes off from the desk to get speed for his skateboard to get to the reference section. Leaving Keith by himself, speechless.

Keith hits the desk knowing he can’t yell at Lance for skateboarding. It’s a library. He can, however,
give him a death glare. Lance turns around after hearing the smack of Keith’s fist to the desk and 
winks. The jerk breaks the library rules, makes Keith angry, and winks.

Keith is fuming. Or, he wants to be fuming. Keith finds himself smiling.

He runs his hands down his face trying to ignore this. Whatever this is. He’s only halfway through 
his archaeology questions that are due tomorrow and his professor is strict on homework. For some 
god awful reason it’s worth as much as quizzes. Keith isn’t a math major, but even he knows that’s 
some bullshit. It’s not terrible though, Keith likes archaeology. He loves it. It’s not hard for him to 
knock out the other ten questions within an hour and a half. His coffee may not survive, but the 
workload is bearable.

Keith sighs as he closes his textbook. He’s got about twenty minutes left until his shift ends. He rests 
his head on his textbook and looks to the reference section. Somehow Lance is still working. He’s 
dedicated. He has three books open at once scanning each page with speed while taking notes. As he 
flips a page from one textbook he doesn’t stop writing. Lance is focusing to the point that he’s 
sticking his tongue out. Keith wouldn’t have pegged him for the studious type yesterday.

And there’s that pang of guilt. Keith knows he shouldn’t judge like that. He’s just so used to seeing 
people goof off in the library he can’t remember the last time he saw anyone work as hard as Lance. 
Lance goes off around Keith, but when it comes to work he’s in the zone. Keith admires that. He 
probably wouldn’t get as much of his homework done as early as he does without working at the 
library.

Keith realizes he’s spending way too much time observing Lance. He still has time to knock out 
some of historic preservation homework. He pushes his previously used textbook to the side and flips 
to the chapter in his historic preservation textbook. Ten minutes pass by before a familiar face arrives 
at his desk.

“Hey there. I cleaned up my books.” Lance points back at the reference section. His table where he 
was working looks as clean as it did before Keith laid out the books.

Keith looks up from his book briefly. “Thanks.” Keith expects Lance to leave, but Lance never 
follows any pattern that Keith can recognize.

“Y’know Keith, you’re always reading.”

Keith flips to the next page in his textbook. “It’s almost like I work in a library.”

“Astounding. I would have never guessed.”

Keith shuts his book to give his full attention to Lance. He doesn’t seem to be leaving quite yet. 
Keith leans back and waits for Lance to continue with whatever he’s got brewing in his mind.

“What I mean is you always look focused on whatever you read. It’s school related right?”

“Yep,” Keith says without a beat skipped.

“Yep,” Lance says in finger quotes. “Come on, Keith! You gotta give me more than that! What’s 
your major?”

“I’m an archaeology major with a minor in historic preservation.” Keith never exactly shouts about 
what he studies. A lot of people think it’s kind of useless. Like astronomy, it’s not a popular major 
area of study. Most people are bored with it.
“That’s awesome,” Lance says with awe written on his face.

He doesn’t seem to be bluffing. Keith furrows his eyebrows, “Really?”

“Yeah! It’s like the opposite of astronomy! You’re focused on the earth and I’m focused on space.
You’re focused on preserving the old and I’m focused on the future. It’s like fire and ice, man! Two
sides of the same coin! It goes hand in hand!”

Keith blinks. “Wow, most people find it pretty boring.”

Lance places one hand down on the desk and points his thumb at his chest. “Well I’m not most
people, Keith-” Lance stops and looks at the ground when he realizes he doesn’t have Keith’s last
name.

“Kogane. My last name is Kogane.” Keith smiles. Lance’s enthusiastic nature about their respective
studies is refreshing.

Lance smiles. “Well, Keith Kogane, when I’m done with this paper you should teach me a little more
about archaeology.”

Keith leans forward and rests his head on his hand. “Really? Should I?”

Lance leans forward to get into Keith’s space. Lance smiles. “That’s what I said.”

Keith looks upwards and leans back in his seat. He looks at Lance, arms crossed while tilting his
head. “I’ll consider it.”

Lance lifts himself off of the desk and throws his arms out to his sides. “Keith Kogane the suspense
of not knowing will kill me.”

Keith laughs. “Do you want me to sign you up for tomorrow, same time?”

“You’re a lifesaver Keith.”

“Five seconds ago I’m pretty sure I was the reason you were going to die,” Keith says sounding
smug.

Lance’s face scrunches up before he says, “Would you shut your cute mouth.”

Keith laughs and turns to the computer to set up Lance with another day of reserved books. This time
he adds Lance’s last name, Mcclain, to the program. Lance Mcclain. He’s known Lance Mcclain for
two days and he’s already made Keith laugh and smile more than Keith thought was possible in the
library.

“Well, Lance Mcclain, your books are reserved. If you don’t mind excusing me because my shift is
over and I’d like to clock out.” Keith stands up and pushes his chair in. When he grabs his backpack
he turns back to see if Lance is still at the desk. He is.

“I’ll see you tomorrow Keith Kogane,” Lance says with a smile. He gets his penny board out of his
backpack and waves before he pushes open the door.

Keith waves back and watches Lance skate off before clocking out.

Chapter End Notes
I'm actually pretty surprised how quickly I cranked this out!! Hopefully I can keep updates quick (especially since the weekend is coming up!)

thank you for the kind feedback! I live for it <3
Day 3

Chapter Summary

Lance and Keith chat outside the library before their usual interactions in the library

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was almost time for Keith’s shift at the library. He still had a bit of time, thankfully. That meant that Keith was able to go to the campus coffee shop his brother works at to grab some caffeine to keep him going. Sitting around in silence for a few hours a day can easily lull anyone to sleep. Even despite how nice a midday nap sounds, Keith can’t do that on the job.

Keith pushes the door open and quickly gets to the back of the line. It’s a little long, but it always is. Keith pulls out a book to read while he waits. There’s no reason he shouldn’t be productive. He can see when people shuffle closer to the counter while he reads so it’s not a problem. He’s only two people away from ordering when a familiar face sneaks up on him.

Keith’s side is poked which sends Keith’s book flying. Luckily, the poker caught the book.

“Lance.” Keith holds his hand out waiting for Lance to return his book. He doesn’t bother asking for an apology. He’s not happy about being poked, but he’s about to order his coffee and doesn’t feel like he should be making a scene even if Lance is so fightable.

“Well look at who doesn’t just live at the library!” Lance beams as he hands Keith his book.

“What did you expect? I’m a student just like you are.”

Lance shrugs, “I don’t know. It’s kind of like seeing a teacher outside of class for the first time. Like, oh my god!” Lance waves his arms around, ”You’re real! Y’know, like that.”

Keith rolls his eyes. He understands exactly what Lance means though. Keith will never forget about the time he saw a teacher outside of school for the first time. Mostly because his older brother, Shiro, will never let him live it down. He may have yelled at said teacher and called them a clone. He might have also said how they need to go back to the alien planet they came from and give back their real teacher. Keith denies it completely. Shiro also happens to work at this coffee shop and Keith would rather not have Shiro tell that story to Lance of all people.

It’s Keith’s turn to order. He doesn’t actually have to order. He just hands Shiro his money.

“The usual, Keith?” Shiro asks.

“Yep-” Keith says before being cut off by the excited person behind him.

Wide eyed Lance interjects, “Keith you have a usual? That, like, the baristas know?”

Shiro laughs while writing down the order. Keith shrugs. “Lance, it’s just a large black coffee. It’s not too hard for anyone to remember.”
Shiro is already pouring the coffee when he interjects, “Keith also happens to be my baby brother.” Shiro smiles at Lance’s surprise. “He’s been drinking black coffee since he was like, fifteen?”

Keith nods at Shiro. Keith then looks over at Lance who goes from surprise back to grimacing in Keith’s direction.

“I’m assuming you aren’t a fan of black coffee?”

Lance puts his hands on his hips. “Well duh. I have taste buds! Unlike someone I know!”

Shiro places the cap on Keith’s drink and passes it over the counter to him. “I’ll see you later, Keith.” He waves as Keith and Lance walk out the door.

Keith smells his coffee and looks to Lance only to see he didn’t get anything. “Were you gonna get a coffee?” Keith trails off as Lance waves off Keith’s question.

“Nah, I wasn’t planning on it. I was skating over to the library and I saw you through the window and decided to stop by and talk with you for a bit outside of the library.” Lance smiles. It’s warm and makes Keith feel something.

Keith pauses, he stops walking. He’s happy Lance stopped to talk with him even though he didn’t want coffee. Keith realizes that maybe he wouldn’t have minded if Lance had heard Shiro tell the story about how Keith yelled at his teacher claiming they were a clone. He’d actually like to see Lance’s reaction to that story. He probably would laugh pretty hard. Keith doesn’t know where to start with sharing these thoughts.

Keith expresses it by saying, “You’re weird.”

And Lance smiles. “I don’t know about that. Your older brother says you’ve been drinking black coffee since you were fifteen! That’s pretty weird to me!”

Keith exhales through his nose. “Shiro talks too much sometimes.” He definitely doesn’t hold back on embarrassing stories. Keith always has a handful he can sling back to embarrass Shiro.

“So your brother also works on campus? He definitely looks older than you and me.”

“He’s in grad school here.” Keith takes another sip of his coffee. Lance grimaces at how Keith can drink what he considers straight up dirt. “He plans on being a teacher, so he has a few more years of school to get his degree.”

Lance nods. “So you’re headed to the library now?”

Keith smirks. “I happen to work there.”

“Who would have guessed that?”

“So that’s where I’m heading.”

“Well,” Lance says with a sweep of his arm, “Would you like a gentleman like myself to escort you there? To make sure you get there safe.” Lance looks at Keith with a cheesy grin that’s impossible for Keith to even jokingly say ‘no’ to.

“The path to the library is dangerous.” Keith starts walking again and turns his head to see Lance’s response. Keith sees Lance jog a few steps to catch up to him.

“I would be honored to protect you, Keith.”
Keith checks his phone for the time. He’s got about ten or so minutes until his shift starts. “Alright, knight in shining armor, let’s go. I have work and you have a research paper.”

Chapter End Notes

day 3 is just the interaction outside of the library but hey! we got our shiro cameo! (I'm a SUCKER for the brothers au and wanted to put it in here) the next update will be more library action

comments make my day <3
Day 4 (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

the first half of the fourth day at the library

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Keith is reading his next day’s chapter work when Lance walks through the door. Keith glances up despite knowing that it is Lance, he comes at the same time every day he’s come into work so it’s no surprise now. Keith keeps reading knowing that if he chats too much with Lance he’ll be too distracted to finish his homework. He hopes Lance can figure that out since Keith hasn't looked up yet, but if he has figured it out he’s chosen to ignore Keith’s wishes.

Keith continues reading even as Lance glides over to his desk. “Lance, you know where your books are. I place them on the same table every day.”

Lance leans over onto the desk. “That is true,” he hums, “but what would I do if I didn’t get to talk to you first?”

Keith lets out a dry laugh when he hears Lance’s exasperated tone. “Possibly get more work done.”

Lance continues with his dramatics. “Without seeing your shining face first? Nope, not possible.”

“You’re making me blush,” Keith deadpans. He flips the page of his book to continue reading.

Lance sighs, “You hurt me, Keith.” As he walks off Keith glances up from his reading.

Keith looks at Lances back as he walks to his books. His broad shoulders are obvious even though they are hidden by the sleeves on Lance’s t-shirt. Lance may be lanky, but he’s obviously toned. He looks like a swimmer, Keith thinks. Keith shakes his head. He knows that Lance is attractive. Lance is hot. He’s been flirting with Keith these past few days and Keith hasn’t been shy about the banter either. Keith shakes his head, But is he serious about the flirting? I doubt it.

Keith is fine with the fact he and Lance have been flirting, even if it’s only leading to friendship. Sure he wouldn’t mind more than just friendship. He’d love it actually, but he isn’t planning on fucking that new friendship up by having a full blown crush on someone he’s just becoming friends with. Shiro has already bugged him enough about it. Bring Lance over to our weekly dinner, Keith! I want to talk to him more.

Nope, nope, no way is he going to do that. Shiro has a way of being obvious about things completely on purpose. He is the worst older brother on purpose and he is not going to submit his crush to his older brother again by choice.

Fuck, Keith thinks. It is a crush.

Keith rests his head on his open book for a few seconds and groans. He looks up in Lance’s direction again to see Lance looking at him. Oh god, I’m already in enough pain.
Lance rubs the back of his neck sheepishly and waves at Keith with a gentle smile. *Yep, I'm gone.* Keith waves back with a small wave of his own. Lance lights up. He returns Keith’s wave with a goofy smile. He twirls his pen around and it drops on the table. Keith laughs and Lance pouts and then drags his finger across his neck in a *you’re dead to me motion* which only causes Keith to laugh harder. Lance lets his head drop on top of his book.

*Maybe I have a chance?*

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry I've been away so long!! I had finals and then family at xmas and it's been very busy with no time to write :C I wanted to at least post the first half of this chapter I have because it's been so long so that's why it's a short chapter BUT expect the second half soon!!!
Day 4 (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

the second half of the fourth day at the library

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I have a crush, big deal? It isn’t my first one. I’ve dated other guys before. Just get on with the day and worry about it later. I have work to do and so does Lance.

Keith sighs. Objectively, he knows having a crush isn’t that bad. He’s gotten through crushes, relationships, bad breakups, he knows the terrain he’s in right now. What’s annoying him is the fact that Lance is constantly in his line of sight. Keith just needs to look up from his book to be distracted by him.

Keith looks up again. Lance seems to be working hard, unlike himself. Keith stands up and goes to gather the books from the return slot. He may as well start shelving the books earlier than usual if he’s going to be so scatter brained. If I can’t do my homework I may as well do some of the things I’m actually paid to do here.

Keith goes back and forth across the library. He goes between floors and from side to side putting all the books that have been returned today on their respective shelves. He’s thankful for the cart to carry all the books on and the elevator. His back and forth up and down journey has made him tired.

When Keith makes his way back to his desk he sees a sticky note on his textbook. He glances to the reference section and sees that Lance has already finished up his work for the day and has head out. Well, that explains the note. Keith sits down to read the note.

-Keithy boy, you’ve abandoned me after a hard day’s work!!!!!-

Someone likes their exclamation points.

-and here I was planning to ask you a question and now I have to wait a WHOLE day-
-seeya tomorrow, sunshine!-

LM-

Keith cheeks begin to burn up. He puts the sticky note inside of his textbook and shuts it quickly before packing up to leave. Keith drags his hands down his face before he gets himself together enough to sling his backpack over his shoulders and clock out.

Chapter End Notes

another short chapter to complete day four! day five will be the last day (and most likely be broken down into parts too, but longer than the parts for day four) :-(
Day 5

Chapter Summary

Day 5: what the hell did Lance want to ask Keith yesterday

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Keith is nervous. He’s tried to convince himself all morning that he hasn’t been nervous since he left work yesterday, but with no luck. He likes Lance. He wants to know what Lance wanted to ask him in person. Keith has been running over what it might be in his mind for a whole twenty four hours or possibly an eternity. He doesn’t actually know at this point.

Keith shows up to work early today. It isn’t like Keith hasn’t shown up early before, but it’s not something he usually does. Keith usually shows up to the library about five minutes before his shift starts, not fifteen minutes early. He knows he’s arrived early and dear god is he embarrassed about it. Ruffling through his hair he thinks about how he’s only known Lance for a handful of days. That handful has been so nice though.

“You should ask him to hang out sometime after work.” Ha. No thanks Shiro. Not everyone can be as charismatic as you.

Keith opens his notebook and scribbles not much of anything. Stress scribbles to get himself out of his head. He makes a tally mark for every person he can see outside the window wearing any form of red. Shiro taught him that taking tally of something can get you to stop focusing on what’s bugging you and get your mind somewhere else for a bit. Keith has made thirty seven tally marks by the time he looks at his watch.

Ah. It’s 2:15. I don’t know why I was getting my hopes up for nothing.

Keith slumps down and rests his head on the desk. He sighs and runs his hand through his hair again. Maybe I should go back to tally marks?

“Did you know that apparently today is the busiest day of all time? And that today everyone wanted coffee all at the same time?”

Keith lifts his head up off the desk to see Lance smiling with two coffees in his hands. He holds one out for Keith once he meets Lance’s eyes. “Your regular.”

Keith smiles slightly shocked. “You remembered?”

Lance lets out a quick sigh. “Keith, you act like a black coffee is hard to remember. I’m someone who mixes like seventeen syrups together. Your usual is nothing.” Keith smiles. “Also your usual is disgusting.” Lance makes a quick disgusted face before he pulls out of his pockets a handful of sugar packets and places them on the desk in front of Keith. “However, I didn’t know how you liked your sugar so I grabbed some of each kind.”

Keith opens a packet of sugar and pours it in his coffee. “That’s really sweet of you, Lance. Thanks.”
Lance takes a sip of his own coffee. He points at himself as he places his cup down for a second. “That’s me, sweet as sugar, Lance Mcclain.” He winks. He winks at Keith and Keith feels like he’s going to explode any second now.

Keith shakes his head to try to maintain his crumbling composure. He’s the corniest person I’ve ever met. Keith takes a sip of his coffee. It tastes better somehow knowing that Lance got it for him.

“Hey, Lance, you left me a n-” Keith is cut off as Lance sweeps his arm around to shut Keith up.

“Keith, you know I love talking to you, but I need to work. It’s killing me to put off my question, but I swear if I ask it now I won’t shut up.” Lance sheepishly rubs the back of his neck as he finishes his explanation. Keith smiles and waves his hand in a much smaller motion to shoo him off to do his work. Lance smiles back and quickly walks over to his table.

Keith can’t stop looking back at Lance. He wants Lance to finish his work because he wants to know. Keith decides to do more tally marks. Red seems to be quite the color today. He doesn’t even realize that Lance is walking up to his desk while he’s counting up all of his tally marks.

“Hi,” Lance says with much less bravado than usual.

Keith loses count of his tally marks immediately. “Hi.”

Knowing that he has Keith’s attention Lance speaks with unprecedented speed. “I thought about just leaving it yesterday. On the note that is. Then I thought that it wouldn’t be very like me at all. Usually I’m totally fine throwing it all over the place, but I just-”

“Lance,” Keith says slowly, “You have to tell me what ‘it’ is.”

Lance’s eyes go wide. “Ah- I guess I do.” He laughs quietly while he rubs the back of his neck again. By now Keith is sure it’s a nervous habit. “My number. Uh to maybe hang out sometime. Outside of the library that is.” Lance isn’t looking at Keith as he babbles further. “I mean I’m almost done with my research.”

God, he’s so cute. Keith takes a sticky note from the desk as Lance goes on a nervous loop. Keith writes something down quickly.

“Lance,” Keith hands Lance the paper. Lance looks at it with a blank face for a solid second and then looks up at Keith just as clueless. “It’s my number, in case you wanted it.”

Lance snaps back into the real world and grins ear to ear. Keith mirrors his smile, but with his mouth closed. For a few seconds neither say anything until Keith breaks the silence.

“Lance Mcclain, as much as I love a staring contest, I need to clean up and clock out of work now.” Keith glances over towards the books he needs to put away and then back at Lance.

Lance fumbles with his words for a second and then pulls himself back together. “Yeah, totally, uh do that! I’ll text you later, alright?” Lance covers his smile with his hand and Keith wishes he didn’t.

“Alright then,” Keith stands up, walks to the books and then turns back to look at Lance, “I’ll be waiting.” It takes all of Keith’s will power to turn back around to do his work and let Lance head out and go on his way.

When the door of the library shuts as Lance leaves Keith can hear a muffled yell of excitement.
thank you so much for being so good at waiting ToT i'm not the best at regular updates
(shout out to avery for ALWAYS yelling at me to write...literally the reason this chapter is out)

I hope to keep all updates at least this size!! BUT we are getting close to the end!!!!
ooooo wonder what's gonna happen next!!!

anyways AGAIN thank you so much!! your comments and kudos mean the world to me :')
Lance texted Keith most of Friday night as he said he would. Keith sighed in relief when Lance
texted him first. He likes Lance a lot, but he sure as hell didn’t want to text him first. Keith has
trouble being the one to initiate contact even if he really wants to. The talked about nothing in
particular, but it was so easy. Talking with Lance is so easy. Their conversations not only flow
naturally in person, but they flow in their texts too.

Lance has read receipts turned on and at first this terrified Keith. What if he blatantly ignores me?
Read at 11:13 and then nothing else. That was the exact opposite of what happens with Lance. He’ll
begin typing before it can even turn to 11:14. Lance and Keith text until Lance tells him he’s going
to pass out.

Alright, goodnight

i’ll talk to you tomorrow we should do something!!! night!!

yeah let’s

Lance and Keith make plans to grab coffee off campus when they begin texting the next day. The
small shop downtown makes a fantastically sweet coffee that Lance says is to die for even though he
knows Keith will get a black coffee.

You.

Will.

At.

Least.

Try.

My.

Delicious.

Coffee.

- 

When Keith and Lance get together at the coffee shop off campus there’s something in the air. Keith
is positive they both know this. They’ve basically made it very clear that they both have a thing for
each other. Whether Keith can confirm it’s not just him that has an actual crush is another thing, but he knows Lance feels something. For now, Keith thinks that’s enough. Just knowing. Keith likes the feeling in the air. I wonder if it will feel like this if we d- Keith takes a step back in his mind. Slow down Kogane. Let’s not get ahead of ourselves. We’re hanging out as friends and solely that.

Lance has been talking about his roommate, Hunk, and how cool he is. Lance is passionate about his friends. He waves his arms around when he talks about the engine’s Hunk’s designed for his engineering class. Keith smiles at that. He wonders if Lance ever talks about him like that to Hunk.

“It’s just amazing! How can a guy be our age and design jet plane engines! It’s crazy!” Lance takes a bite of his scone and takes a break from talking while he chews. He told Keith earlier than his twin sister used to glare at him for the entire meal if he talked with his mouth full.

“We were super similar and basically had telepathy. I could tell when she was annoyed. She wouldn’t even have to speak and I’d hear her. ‘Lance I swear to go if you don’t shut up-’ She could be scary! I miss her a lot though. We were super tight.”

“She sounds like someone who can definitely keep up with you.”

“She’s not the only one. You’re getting there, too.”

“Lance, you’re major is pretty intense, too. I don’t know how you’ve done so much research on top of your math classes. I only scraped by in my finite math class.” The thought of finite math makes Keith almost shudder. He had put his first semester math class behind him for a long time.

“Math? That’s always been the easiest. Numbers are the same in every language. I occasionally mess up the numbers in English, but on paper it’s super easy.” Lance laughs, “That was mostly in middle school, though. I moved to the US from Cuba back then.”

“You’re from Cuba?” Keith keeps his eyes on Lance as he takes a sip of his coffee.

“Yeah! I moved here during middle school. That’s why my English wasn’t top notch back then. Reading and writing is easy, but speaking? I was still a bit shaky despite being a blabber mouth.” Lance laughs again. “It’s usually my fun fact in classes, so I guess that’s why it hasn’t come up in conversation before.”

“I think my department has given up on introductory fun facts. We all tend to know each other so it feels like there’s no point.” Keith shrugs. “If I do have to give one I usually just say that I work in the library.”

Lance rubs his chin for a second. “Well, that is pretty fun seeing how we met there.” Lance smiles at Keith which makes Keith’s face heat up a bit.

“So, how about you try my super duper sweet coffee now, Keith?” Lance pushes the mug Keith’s way and Keith groans.

The coffee shop provides mugs for warm coffee for people who plan to stay in the shop for a while at their request. Lance’s mug, for the most part, has almost none of his whipped cream left. While that should be a blessing for Keith, it shows how light brown the color of Lance’s coffee is. Lance knows that Keith loves dark coffee and is giving him a mischievous grin.

Keith glares at Lance. “Fine.” He takes a deep breath before looking down and taking the mug up to his mouth for a sip. Keith puts it down almost immediately taking a sip. “Jesus, Lance. It tastes like you put the entirety of Candy Land in there.” He looks up at Lance after spitting that line out to see Lance giggling at his phone.
“You did not.”

“Oh, but I did Keith! I now have the cutest picture of you as my contact picture for you.” Keith lays his head down. “And there’s nothing you can do about it!”

“I’m gonna make sure to get the ugliest picture imaginable for yours,” Keith groans in response.

Lance laughs. “Try it, babe, but I’m constantly beautiful. It’ll be tricky.”

Keith doesn’t understand how Lance does it. How Lance can just throw around pet names like that. They aren’t even dating, but Keith doesn’t want Lance to stop calling him pet names either. He covers his face a bit while looking down. He flicks his eyes up to look at Lance only to see Lance lazily smiling at him.

This boy isn’t good for his health.

Chapter End Notes

look at me churning out another chapter! i said this last time, but we're close to the end (i swear)!! my ending i have planned is in sight and i already have started planning another fic (rip me...)

someone mentioned on tumblr that lance is probably REALLY good at math but messes up his english sometimes and that's why he makes that one math comment in the show that's wildly off and i LOVED THAT i wish i had the post on hand to link to it

your comments and kudos mean the world thank you so much for all of your support!!!!
Day 6 (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

after the coffee get together

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Keith and Lance had to split up for the day after coffee. Lance has to work on his research paper. The paper that actually kick started their friendship, flirt-ship? Whatever stage in knowing each other that they are in now. It hasn’t been a week, but even still Keith really, really likes Lance. Keith’s dated other guys, but this immediate connection is new to him. This whole knowing that, but not saying anything about it is pretty new to Keith, too.

It’s only a Saturday night and as much dedication as Keith would like to think he has, he doesn’t have enough to actually work on school work currently. The book he should be reading for his English class is staring at him on his desk, but he can’t get himself to even open it. In the comfort of his pajamas while sitting in his bed on a Saturday night, it seems like a crime to do homework.

Thirty minutes into the crime documentary Keith’s watching on netflix his phone starts vibrating. He has to reach back over to his nightstand to reach his phone. Lance is calling. Holy shit Lance is calling. Keith answers the phone, but Lance gets the first word in.

“Hey, yeah, Keith? I really need to talk to you in person or I won’t end up doing it,” Lance shoots out as fast as possible. “So, uh, can you tell me which dorm is you live in?”

“You never tell me what it is-”

“You, all in due time, but I’m really gonna need to know where you live. Like before I die in the next fifteen minutes.”

Keith fills Lance in on which dorm he lives in and what room on which floor. Lance quickly thanks him and then hangs up before Keith can say goodbye. Lance only keeps Keith waiting about fifteen minutes. Keith could have easily sat down and watched more of the documentary. He had almost an hour left of it. The urgency though, the urgency kept Keith pacing.

Lance. Lance kept Keith pacing.

Keith is on his seventh different idea for why Lance might be dying before he hears a knock on his door. His body moves before he can even think. He opens the door with his hair disheveled from scratching it while thinking. He hasn’t changed out of his sweats and t-shirt either. Keith looks like an all around mess when he answers the door.

Keith gives Lance a once over at the same time Lance gives Keith a once over. Lance is bent over with his hands on his knees, looking up at Keith. His breath is steadying out, but isn’t there yet. It isn’t until Keith starts to speak that Lance makes any moves.

“Lance, h-” Keith is unable to finish because Lance has put his index finger over Keith’s mouth.
Keith’s eyes widen as Lance says, “Listen here Keith Kogane.”

Keith makes a motion of zipping his mouth closed and nods.

“Keith, I am like really, really super into you. Like, more than a friend, date you kind of way.” Lance has long since stopped looking at Keith. His bravado is melting in front of Keith as he confesses. Keith leans on the door frame with a small smile forming on his zipped lips.

Lance looks up, down, anywhere, but Keith as he continues. “And I’m not sure how you feel, I mean I think you like me. I hope you like me, I really, really hope you like me.” Lance scratches his head. “I mean I’m not trying to put pressure on you by saying that. Like really! No pressure!”

Keith’s smile, unseen by Lance, is getting warmer by the second. He has to cross his arms to keep from moving Lance’s head to look at him. He knows Lance wants to tumble through this explanation despite how choppy it is and he won’t stop him.

“I just, I really need to finish my paper now, but I knew if I didn’t tell you like right now I wouldn’t finish it. You don’t have to respond now,” Lance looks up quickly at Keith and then directly away without processing Keith’s expression, “I was just one hundred percent positive if I didn’t tell you now I would chicken out.”

Lance winces when he looks back at Keith again. You don’t have to be so nervous, I like you too, idiot. Keith makes the motion that he’s unzipping his lips once Lance stares at him head on. Keith takes his hand to the back of Lance’s head and the other to his shoulder and pulls him in so he can give Lance a kiss on the cheek. Lances jaw drops.

Keith quietly says, “Go finish your paper, Lance. We can continue where we left off once you’ve finished it.”

Lance’s face goes completely red. “Yeah, uh,” he looks at Keith and his smile grows. “We’ll continue this later?!”

“Yeah,” Keith takes one of Lance’s hands. “It’s a date.”

Lance looks down at their hands together. “Holy shit, I hate astronomy.”

Keith laughs, “No you don’t, you dork.” He takes his hand away from Lance’s and uses it to lightly push Lance’s shoulder away. “Get out of here. I’ll be here when you finish your paper.”

Lance’s smile matches Keith’s in size when he says, “You strike a hard bargain sunshine.”

Chapter End Notes

can you believe it! I actually made it to the end of this chapter fic HOLY MOLY!! I've never written one before so this is big for me thank you for tagging along :) 

special shout out to my pals theresa and avery for cheering me on during this fic <3 <3 <3

every comment has made me so happy and I appreciate all the support I've been given with kudos ;u;
heya thanks for reading my first chapter fic I'm hoping this ride will be a good one! I have it all planned out and should be about five or six chapters? one for each day Lance comes in for his research project. I don't know if anyone cares, but the library layout is actually based off my university's library!

comments would be really encouraging <3

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