

you can't really plan love

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you can't really plan love

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Summary

“Well, eh.” He shuffled his hair “Oh I got it. Valentine's day is in like, three weeks back on earth? So, you get this three weeks to do a lot of cool stuff with Keith! Get closer to him, look attractive, show him your talents! And then, by vday he will be head over heels for you. So you just have to confess and bam! A space boyfriend for Lance!”

or

Lance is trying to impress Keith. The plan doesn't really work, except that it does.

Notes

hmmmm this probably sucks but here it is!!
i was planing to post this on valentines day but i failed,,
anyways pining boys

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“So you... like *like* him?”

“Uhm, yeah.”

“Lance, this is so great!”

“No Hunk, this is awful! I’m talking about *Keith* . Don’t you see the problem here!?” Lance was *doomed* .

He had just realised his feelings a couple of weeks ago, that he had a big-ass crush on Keith. It freaked him out a little, so he did the reasonable thing and simply decided to not deal, wait for it to go away. He thought that would be quick, considering it’s normal for him to get crushes on everyone (what can Lance say, he was a *flirt*), and those never last long.

Anyways, an incident in practice earlier made him question this strategy, so he came to Hunk for help.

They were all together in the training room, Allura was showing them how to fight altean style. According to her the most effective way to fight a galra, since it was the opposite of how a galra soldier fought.

Allura and Coran made a quick demonstration, with lots of jumping around and some awesome kicks, and then proceeded to explain the basic moves. It was actually pretty neat.

The fighting style was really graceful and used your opponent’s force and size against them, with quick moves and steady rhythm. It felt to Lance a lot like dancing.

He was enjoying himself.

Keith, however, not so much. Not to blame him, it was a total bummer to teach the half galra kid the total opposite of galra fighting.

“Keith, pay attention to your surroundings, and apply more force on the points I showed you, you need to weaken his balance.” Allura told him *again* , firmly.

Keith was paired with Shiro, Hunk with Coran (who had some sweet moves), and Lance with Pidge. They all could kind of sense Keith was getting frustrated, sparring normally came more easily to him, and today in particular he clearly was making the least improvement of the five. Which was not something to stress over, Lance thought, it happened to everyone, you can’t be good at all fighting styles. But, judging for Keith’s frowning face, that was

exactly what he was doing, and it made his technique even worse. They lost count of how many times Shiro tackled him to the ground after ten.

Allura walked in-between then as they sparred, watching and making comments, sometimes stepping in to show a particular move or two.

“Hunk, you’re a little too stiff, loosen up your form. You need to think like water, surround your opponent.” Hunk was an awesome fighter, he was only having a hard time because he was paired with Coran, who *obviously* was better than all of them, and seemed too excited to actually hold back.

Coran was definitely enjoying himself, he kept doing fancy moves and playing Hunk, while at the same time trying to see how all paladins were doing, and shouting encouragements. Sometimes one or two they didn't understand 'Lance, my boy, you’re a natural! Very good nurian kick!’.

Allura got close to he and Pidge, nodding her head.

“Pidge, remember to use your height as advantage.”

“Good timing Lance, keep it up.” Lance immediately shot her a finger gun, flashing a smile “Thanks, princess.”

She rolled her eyes, but smiled back anyway.

Allura continued to watch him as he dodged Pidge’s attack, then her eyes widened a bit and she grinned.

“Actually, Lance, come here and switch with Shiro, I think you could help Keith out.”

“Hah” Shit. There was a *reason* Lance was avoiding sparring with Keith lately, he didn’t need all the extra physical contact when trying to *forget* he was pining for the guy “Okay.”

She called Shiro over to pair with pidge and let Lance to go help him.

Lance hated how seeing Keith all red and sweaty made him fuzzy. He felt so gay.

“Hey”

Keith scowled at him “Lets just get this over with already.”

Lance smirked “Wow, someone is *grumpy* . Relax man, your problem is that you’re thinking too much. So you end up looking like an angry chihuahua or something.”

He watched as Keith stared, shooting up a brow and pursing his lips. Lance took it as sign to go on.

“You have to go with the flow, try to sense what your opponents vibe is, what he is going to do and then stop it. That’s what allura meant by surround’em. Like, you can’t get worked up,

just watch and try to lead the fight, 'cus if you let them attack first, you'll be able to redirect it to them, you know?"

Keith had a different look on his face now, he wasn't scowling anymore and blinked a lot. Ugh, that cute bastard.

"Wow that's... a lot of information?" Lance chuckled at the response.

"Just follow my lead and dodge" He got his hands on Keith's shoulder and shook him a bit, pulling at his arms to loosen them "And *relax*."

"Y-yeah, uhm" Keith coughed and avoided his hands "I think I get it."

"Okay then."

Lance found it even more fun to fight Keith. It was nice to give him advice and see him actually following them and improving, but, he had to admit, it was also nice throwing him on the ground.

They rotated, watching each other's moves, so Lance began. He kicked at his legs and danced around him with a playing grin.

"C'mon Keity boy, you can do better than that."

"Put those fine legs to work hotstuff, it's all about footwork."

"Go on. Catch me."

"Like a ballerina, Keith, move like a ballerina, i know you have it in you."

Lance knew he was pushing it, but he couldn't help himself with the flirting and teasing. He didn't think anyone would think about it anyway? He's never shown any real interest in anybody around the team (besides hunk, who helped him with a good number of actual heartbreaks) and he had the same type of joke flirting going on with Allura. They wouldn't notice.

Still, he had to *recompose* himself and fight Keith. Yeah, fight.

But, Keith was all determined frowns and eye rolls and amused smiles, while also super close and sweaty and occasionally grabbing at his legs and hips. God that was difficult.

"Oooh that was nice, but try and *play me*, you have to *trick* the other person to use their strength against them."

Keith huffed. And then, in what seemed like a second, he smiled, swirled around (like Allura showed them), got to Lance's back, grabbed the hem of his training suit, and, kicking Lance behind the knees, tossed him down.

His head hit the floor with a thud. In another second, Keith was on top of him. Their friends cheered, just now Lance realised they have been watching.

Oh my god Keith was on top of him.

Keith was half sitting on his legs, and pressed close to his stomach while holding him down with an elbow on his chest and a hand firmly holding the hem of his shirt, the other hand holding an non-existing knife to his neck.

Wow that's bad.

He could feel Keith's heavy breathing and why was he so hot all over him?

Keith fucking smirked down at him, pulled Lance closer, taking his head off the ground, and asked:

“Like that?”

That motherfucker his heart was beating so fast he couldn't even *oh my god*.

Oh my fucking god.

Nononononotnowpleasei'mgoingtodie.

Lance was hard.

This couldn't be happening oh god please don't let Keith notice.

Oh my god what was he going to do. Everyone was watching what if they saw? What if *Keith noticed!?*

Why the fuck did he have to get a boner right now!?

Keith put him down again, and sat up on his legs, hands laying on his chest.

“And who would've guessed, you're actually a good teacher” he smiled softly, fucking quiznak. “Thank-”

Okay, Lance knows what he did next actually made him look like a total asshole. In front of everyone. He felt kinda bad later, but. He panicked.

Lance shoved Keith aside, *hard* “Don't touch me get *off of me!*”

Then he got up as quickly as he could, and left. Runing.

Oh god.

“Hm, actually, no? I don’t see a problem? Just ask him out Lance, you two would be such a good couple!”

“I can’t *just ask him out* , he would probably punch me! In the nose!”

“Why would he even do that.”

Lance groaned in his hands, they were facing each other, sitting cross legged in Lance’s bed and wearing their pajamas.

“I don’t know! Because I’m annoying and he doesn’t want a guy hitting on him?”

Hunk scratched his cheek.

“Lance. Keith is gay.”

“What.” What!?

“I’m honestly shocked you didn’t know? Why do you think Shiro kept teasing him when we were in that planet with the warrior guys, that kept giving Keith presents and singing him those awful proposal songs!?”

“Because. It was funny since Keith was super awkward and kind of a jerk?”

Hunk just rolled his eyes.

“Don’t roll your eyes on me! What, you saw the warriors gifts and just ‘oh so keith is gay’?”

“Not really, I already knew. He told me.”

“What! No offence but *why*. ”

Hunk shrugged.

“Remember when we were building the teludav? And Allura was being super cold to him because of the galra thing and stuff? We were on that mission together and he was all like ‘man I’m just upset that now that i finally get to leave those people on earth who were dicks to me for being gay, Allura is a dick to me for being galra? I know galra destroyed her planet and family and are super evil, but it feels pretty bad. I didn’t choose to be any of those and stuff.’ Yeah I was kinda sad for him.”

Lance couldn’t believe they had had a bonding moment. Did they hug too or something?

“Uh. Okay, he won’t punch me. But I still can’t ask him out? I have to like, get over him.”
He hated this plan.

Hunk’s eyes got soft “Lance.”

He huffed “...what.”

“I still really think you should tell him, you know” Lance was going to complain, but Hunk stopped him. “No, wait, just hear me out. I think you have a pretty good chance with him, just think about it! You’re so pretty and handsome, and you and Keith have a really good relationship right now, you guys don’t fight like before. And Keith is gay so he probably is at least a bit attracted to you? Which means even if he’s not so in deep as you, he would agree to go out, even if just to try it, you know? Get to know you better, think of you in another way. And if it doesn’t work out for whatever reason, you guys go back to being friends, simple as that! I don’t think Keith would let it not working out or not reciprocating your feelings get in the way of your friendship. You know him, he values friends so much, even if it’s in that teen angst way of his, and he’s really straight forward? I don’t think it would be that awkward. Worst case scenario, he rejects you and you become bff’s! That’s how *we* became bbf’s, remember when you confessed to me?”

Lance snorted. Of course he did.

But, ugh. He really liked Keith, he would feel so bad and *stupid* when Keith rejected his feelings.

“Hey” Hunk lightly punched his arm “just think about when he returns your feelings! And he liked you too all along but he’s just a idiot like you who bottled it all up, and you can both laugh about it and *cuddle* , and suck face in front of us and be super gross.”

“He doesn’t like me Hunk, why would he” Lance told him, feeling defeated already.

Hunk gasped, frowning .

“Don’t even get me started!? You’re awesome and would be a great boyfriend! You’re smart, talented, funny, soooo caring and considerate and romantic? Honestly if he *doesn’t* like you I will be surprised! And it would be his loss anyway.”

Lance was blushing. He couldn’t help the little smile.

“Uuhhhhh” he shook his head. “Thanks big guy.”

Hunk smiled at him.

“Okay, but, seriously. Do you really think I would encourage you to tell him if I thought it would be bad for you? I think you guys would be a really cute couple and It would make you happy.”

Hunk’s soft gaze on him finally made Lance give up. He couldn’t take those puppy eyes, all big and warm on him.

“Sighs okay! Okay I’ll tell him!” Lance had a bit of an upset stomach at the thought, but Hunk was being really convincing, and a heartbreak was probably the best way to get over him if it all went wrong anyway.

“Yass” Hunk hugged him “You guys will make super cute boyfriends! Ohh you will be *the* power couple!”

“Huuuunnk please don't get my hopes up, I still think he's not interested in dating me.”

Hunk sighed.

“Okay, okay sorry. But look, if you're that worried about it, just show him. Show him how awesome you are! Make him realise you're totally boyfriend material. Would that make you feel more confident?”

“Uh. I don't know? What do you mean?”

“Well, eh.” He shuffled his hair “Oh I got it. Valentine's day is in like, three weeks back on earth? So, you get this three weeks to do a lot of cool stuff with Keith! Get closer to him, look attractive, show him your talents! And then, by vday he will be head over heels for you. So you just have to confess and bam! A space boyfriend for Lance!”

“That actually would make me feel better, I think? Oh. Ugh, but first I have to apologise for being weird and rude to him earlier.” Lance wanted to facepalm himself “I'm such an idiot, we were having the nicest gayest moment and I ruined it!”

Hunk just laughed at him, he found the situation extremely funny when Lance told him what actually happened.

And that's how they started The Plan.

It was simple, get Keith and Lance alone in as more situations Lance seemed cool and datable as possible. By those three weeks, Keith, who, according to Hunk, definitely could have only one reason to not want to date Lance yet, not *realising* Lance was an option, would finally realise it.

So that's what Lance was doing doing push ups in the common room, right after the kitchen, where Keith was just finishing getting a snack; looking cool and datable.

His jacket was on the floor next to him, and his shirt had its sleeves rolled up to his bicep. He was ready to *astonish* with some killer good push ups.

He did two push ups and laid down, forehead on the cool floor. He did thee more and laid down again. Then he did more two, and finally heard Keith's steps getting closer. Lance started counting out loud.

“Two hundred and thirty seven, two hundred and thirty eight, two hundred and thirty- oh hey Keith, didn't see you there!”

Keith looked curiously at him, eyebrows raised.

“I’m just, you know” he continued with the push ups. “Staying in shape, the usual. To be the team’s sharpshooter you gotta keep all your guns sharp” Lance looked up at Keith flashing his best smile “If you know what I mean.”

Keith was fucking giggling at him. Giggling. His eyes closed for a moment and Lance almost fell on his face, but managed to continue the push ups.

He really couldn't believe, however, when Keith stopped the giggles and, with a gentle tug to his lips, booped him on the forehead.

“You didn't even break a sweat.”

After that he walked away, simple as that.

Lance did fall on his face now.

The next thing on the list was show Keith his had brains.

Hunk was working on the engine of one of the pods that day, and Lance decided to hang with him to come up with something that would make Keith swoon at how smart Lance was.

So. They decided on random engineering facts.

“Okay” Hunk tightened a screw “How about... Uh, satellites? Like, telecommunications satellites, and some others that gotta stay always in the same position, have to orbit at 35,786 kilometers and travel in the same direction as the earth's rotation! ‘That a good fact?’”

Lance crossed his arms, satellites were pretty cool.

“Yeah that sounds smart. How many kilometers you said?”

“35,786.”

“Uh, okay. What else do you got for me? I gotta have options.”

“Well, a basic thing is that the word engineering actually comes from latin” he spoke looking at the engine, not stopping his work. “It means something like-”

“Lance? Are you in there?” Keith's voice, he was probably going in in the hangar.

Oohhh no, I don't have enough facts yet.

He grabbed Hunk’s arm (which was actually very nice? He had to tell Hunk later his biceps were great).

“Hurry up man, plan b. Hand over the screwdriver, quick.”

“What. What plan b? We didn't plan a plan b!”

“Shh, Keith is coming” he whispered now

“I just made one, just move over a little, yeah like that, okay good.”

Hunk had been using a piece of cloth to clean out grease. Lance grabbed it and, for the sake of the plan, rubbed it in his face.

“Ew, gross” Hunk pointed out.

“Ugh, yikes, I know.”

“Lance!” Keith footsteps we're getting closer, time for plan b.

“Oh, Keith, over here” Lance called in response, using his chill voice.

Hunk widened his eyes “ *What are you doing*, Lance i can't be here you know I can't lie.”

“Psshhh he's coming, just- just roll with it.”

“Hey” stopped next to them, eyeing Lance with a weird look. “Hi Hunk.”

“Hello, Keith, how... uh, are you doing, hmm today?.” Lance wanted to hit his head on the engine. He told Hunk they had to act casual..

For the both of them, Lance had to *sell it*.

“Keith” the name rolled off his tongue. He leaned against the wall, rolling the screwdriver in his hand “How's it going, buddy?”

“Uh, fine, i guess?” Keith raised a brow at him.

“Good, good. Peachy.” Lance wiped non-existent sweat off his forehead, grinning.

“Lance. What are you doing.”

“Oh you know, the usual, just-”

“Ooh guys i just remembered” Hunk spoke in, playing with his hands. “Pigde wanted my help with uh, something, so I really... gotta go bye.”

So he waved and left. That traitor.

“Oh, Hunk, always needed somewhere else.” Nice save.

“Yeah, okay. So, what are you doing in the hangar if you are not with blue?” Keith asked him, looking around. He grabbed a stool and sat down.

“I’m just working on this engine, It was, you know, malfunctioning.”

“Oh, I didn’t know you were good with engines.”

“Pfft. If I’m good? I was the king of engineering class, back at the Garrison.” He took something that looked like a fork from Hunk’s tool box. “It just happened that I was even better as a pilot, so they couldn’t have me” he shot Keith a finger gun, just to be sure. “I taught Hunk everything he knows, actually.” Then, to add some reality to it, Lance started to use the fork thing on the engine. He hoped it wouldn’t do so much damage.

Keith smirked “Really?”

“Uhm, yeah, *really*. ”

The engine made a weird noise, kind of like those noises your stomach make sometimes, and Keith rolled his eyes.

“I can definitely see it now.”

“Hmpf, yeah you have no idea the noises it was making earlier.”

Lance felt like puking, but in the good way. Keith was still smiling at him, clearly amused with the situation.

“I can't imagine it.”

They got quiet then. Lance didn't know what else to say, so he just focused on looking at the engine and trying to pretend whatever he was doing with those alien tools was actually useful.

Keith got up after a moment, walked over to lean on the wall right next to Lance, looking him in the eye.

“So, hmm, I was going to ask if you wanted to spar a little with me, but I can see you’re busy.” He scratched the back of his head. “I don't wanna bother you or anything, so I’m going to... go, now.”

“Uh.” Lance felt his face warm, Keith was really close.

“Bye, Lance.”

Keith turned around and left. The hangar felt really empty all of a sudden.

The next step on the plan was to show him how caring Lance was.

To do that, Lance had to be nice. Do something Keith would like. But. All Keith liked was training and knives.

Of course, Keith liked a lot of things. He liked quiet places, flying, sports, space. He liked to wake up in the middle of the night to wander around the castle. He liked racing Lance with whatever they were doing. He wouldn't tell anyone, but he loved when the team spend time together in the common room, chilling (Lance liked that, too). And he actually liked all kind of weapons, knives just happened to be his favorites.

Still, Lance couldn't figure out how to fit any of those things in the plan. He was looking for something more romantic.

He could go and challenge Keith to a race, but, even if that would be fun, it wouldn't be any different of what they usually did. Giving Keith a present was also a no-go, he wouldn't know how to explain *why* a present without ruining the plan.

Maybe Lance just had to find out what Keith liked doing with his free time before Voltron, and ask him out on a date.

Yeah, then he would be like “Look Keith what I planned just for you... that's right I put energy and my free time in preparing this for you because I'm just caring like that...”, *and Keith would be like* “Wow this guy would be an awesome boyfriend!”.

Okay, that was a good idea.

Except that he couldn't tell Keith it was a date, because that's against the plan. But it would still be one in his head.

Now he just had to find out *what* he was planing.

Lance was going to ask Shiro.

It was risky, but probably his best option. (All of Hunk's ideas involved candle light dinners and couple's massage sections).

He and Keith were pretty close, and they knew each other for some time, so Shiro definitely knows what Keith would like to do for a date, right?

If he didn't, then Lance would revisit the couple's massage option.

“Hey, Shiro!” Lance stopped him on his way to the control room.

“Oh, hi Lance. Did you need anything?”

“Nah, I just wanted to ask you a thing, real quick.”

“Go ahead” Shiro tilted his head.

“Hah. So. What does Keith like to do in his free time? Besides training and playing with his knives, I mean.”

Shiro raised a brow and crossed his arms, thinking.

“Well, he spent a lot of time in the flying simulators, back at the Garrison. He also was very passionate about those alien documentaries” he shook his head. “ *Really* passionate. One time he called me from his dorm, at two in the morning, saying something about the Loch Ness monster actually being an alien who could camouflage herself in earth water.”

“You’re kidding me!” He couldn't believe this.

“I wish I was” Shiro told him, amused but fond at the same time.

Oh my god, Keith was a nerd . Lance was having such a good time, and that was actually good information.

“But, could I ask why do you want to know about Keith?” Shiro asked with a knowing smile.

Lance didn't like the course this conversation was taking.

“I was just wondering” he answered, quickly. “Thanks, Shiro! Bye!”

Lance ran.

He got what he needed with Pidge and Hunk, and went to find Keith.

Lance looked first at the training deck, then at the observation deck and at the common room. Keith wasn't in any of those places. Which meant, he could only be in his room. He made his way to the room's floor and stopped in front of Keith's.

Holding his breath, Lance knocked.

“Just a tick!” Keith's voice sounded muffled through the door.

It didn't take long for Keith to answer, but it was enough time to make the butterflies in Lance's stomach flutter.

Keith had a towel over his shoulder, and his hair was still wet. He was wearing only a loose red shirt and really short shorts.

God, his thighs.

Lance flushed.

“Hey, what’s up.” Keith leaned on the door frame, drying his ears with the fluffy towel.

“Uhm. H-hi. You just took a shower?” Fuck that was a stupid question.

Keith’s lips perked up a little.

“Yeah, was practicing till late. I was pretty disgusting with sweat.”

“Oh, cool” Lance has seen a sweaty Keith after practice. If by disgusting you mean something you wanted to lick, yeah it was a pretty disgusting sight.

“So,” Lance cleared his throat “we were, uh, talking about movies earlier, and Shiro mentioned you used to like alien documentaries and stuff. Pigde had this one downloaded on her computer and I was wondering if you maybe... Uh, wanted to watch it with me?”

Keith bit his lip, as if containing a grin, and rolled his eyes, one eyebrow raised.

“Lance, you do realise we are in space? And that we have two and a half aliens on the ship right now?”

Shit.

“Yeah, yeah I do, but I thought it would be, like, fun and stuff, I even got this chips thing from Hunk so we could have a snack, I know it’s not the same as popcorn but it actually tastes pretty decent.”

“Lance.”

“I don’t really know where he got it from though, so it is kind of suspicious, but it’s still a good movie snack, i think, even if i haven’t watched a movie in a while, which I think you haven’t, either?” Damn, he was rambling.

“Lance.”

Which is like another reason why it should be fun to watch and uh, you know, just chill for a while, besides spending some time together! That’d be cool too, i-if you want.”

Shit, he just rambled like an idiot, there was no way Keith would want to watch the movie with him now.

Keith expression softened “Yeah, that’d be cool.”

“What. Seriously?”

Keith rubbed his neck “Seriously. I do like documentaries, and now that we know aliens exist, they are even more relevant.”

“Uh, true” okay, maybe not true, but Keith is cute.

“And now I wanna try those space chips.”

“Oh. Should we go to the projection room, then?” Lance asked.

“Sure. Let me just grab a hair tie.”

“Okay.”

“Did you get blankets already?”

“Nah, I forgot”

Keith nodded “I’ll get those too.”

They found the projections room, an almost empty room with only a projector and plenty of comfy sofas and bean bag chairs to sit.

Lance choose a big bean bag chair in the center of the room and sat down, while Keith put on the movie.

After hitting play, Keith turned off the lights and sat down next to Lance on the bean bag chair. Really close. Not minding at all that his role right side was pressed against Lance.

Lance was not prepared for this.

He felt giddy and warm all over. Ugh. Keith’s skin felt really hot against his own. Thank god Lance was wearing sweatpants, he didn’t know what he would do if they were both in shorts.

Keith pulled a blanket over the both of them, and adjusted himself, snuggling into the couch. And, as a consequence, into Lance.

This boy was going to be his death.

“Hey, pass me the chips thing.”

He got the chips bowl and placed it in Keith’s lap, trying not to think about how cute Keith looked focused on the movie.

It was fun. Even when Lance thought the movie was totally non-sense and they argued about it, even when their tongues became kind of green after finishing the whole bowl of chips. It was really, really fun.

After Lance got over his gay thoughts and relaxed against Keith, they both leaned their heads against each other and it was really nice. At some point, Keith even threw his legs in Lance's lap, and they were *cuddling* . *Keith was cuddling him.*

Keith comments during the movie were also great.

"No, Lance, you don't understand. They're saying that because the moon landing was fake."

"Of course Big Foot is real! Just because we're not sure about his origins-"

"Oh my god Lance. Do you think *the Galra built the pyramids?* "

"You're adorable, but" he had told him about the Galra building the pyramids "the galra have never been to earth, they would've taken blue if they did."

Keith looked at him with wide eyes, face flushed.

"Uh, what" Keith was blushing !? *Oh you just told him he's adorable* . "Oh, oh. I-i mean, uhm."

Now they were both blushing. Great, Lance, you just ruined everything.

"Uhm, y-yeah. You are right about the galra, uh, it was probably other aliens that built the pyramids" Keith said, finally, turning his head back to the movie and avoiding Lance's eyes. He was still a little pink, though.

"Yeah."

They watched in silence after that. That is, until Keith snorted at space joke the narrator told. And that made Lance start giggling, which made Keith laugh and wow, Lance had never heard anything like it. So he had to retell Keith the horrible pun every five minutes just to watch him break into a fit of giggles.

Next step: show him you can be funny.

That was a piece of cake.

Lance waited for dinner time, and after everyone got quiet (it was normal for them to have those kinds of peaceful dinners, they all spent a lot of time together, and by the end of the day they were always tired, so they ended up not having anything to chat about, besides), and then he started the puns.

“Hey, Keith” he whispered in Keith's direction, leaning in close.

“Hmm.”

“What’s a light-year?”

“Uh, what do you mean?”

“The same as a regular year, but with less calories” he grinned.

Keith stared at him “What.”

He took it as a sign to go on.

“What do planets like to read?”

“I don't know? Lance, why-”

“Comet books!”

“Oh my god.”

“Where would an astronaut park his space ship?”

“Where.”

“A parking meteor!”

“Uhhh.”

“Why did Venus have to get an air conditioner?”

“Stop.”

“Because Mercury moved in.”

“Lance shut up please.”

Lance dramatically sighed, “Okay, okay, if I can't be appreciated...”

Keith shook his head and went back to his food.

The table was completely silent now, everyone’s been watching them, trying to figure out what they whispered to each other.

Lance grinned.

“Keith, do you know what the alien said to the cat?”

Keith turned his head, clearly annoyed, and without looking away from Lance's eyes took one more spork of his food goo. A clear challenge.

“ *Take me to your litter.* ”

Keith snorted. Food goo came out of his nose.

Now, he had to show Keith he was good-looking. And, the best way to flatter your features Lance knew of was makeup.

Lance had some altean cosmetics and makeup laying around in his room, from the time allura found a room in the castle full of noble altean's stuff. But he never wore them around anyone, not because it was makeup, he just wasn't confident he was applying them right, since the products were different from earth ones.

However, it was now essential for the plan. And, well, he's been practicing.

He did a full face. Lined brows, sparkling black eyes and red lips.

He looked good, there was no denying it.

But. There was still a chance Keith wouldn't like it? There were a lot of guys like that out there.

Stop it, Lance. He thought.

Okay, despite what Lance used to tell him, Keith was not an asshole. Not like *that*.

Lance was slaying. And he didn't need Keith to like it, he knew he was.

It would still be *very nice* if Keith liked it though, just saying.

Keith was in the common room right now, Lance checked before doing the eyes and lips. And Hunk was probably in the kitchen, close to them if he needed back up.

He just had to make sure Keith saw him, very simple.

Lance left his room and hurried to the common room.

Keith was sitting next to his bayard, in sword form, while sharpening his marmora blade. His head was down, eyes focused on the sword.

With a hand gracefully positioned on his hip, Lance walked into the room. He walked right past Keith and sat at the other end of the big sofa.

“Hi, Keith.”

“Oh, hi.” Keith's eyes didn't look up for a second.

Lance huffed.

He got up and walked past Keith again, back to where he just came. He was honestly annoyed.

Keith continued sharpening the sword.

Lance walked to Keith's direction and stopped right in front of him, stretching.

“Man, I'm tired.”

“Hmmhm” he still didn't look up.

Lance sat down again.

Then he got up and walked past Keith again.

And again. And again.

It was on what Lance thought to be the fifth time that Keith's head shot up, and he said:

“Lance what the hell are you-”

Keith's eyes finally stopped on his face. Lance didn't want to brag, but he was sure Keith's jaw dropped a little there.

“Uhm” Keith blinked at him a few times. His cheeks tinted pink. “You... you look- nice. Very... very nice.”

He wouldn't admit it, but Lance's heart was hammering in his chest. He tried containing his grin, his face felt warm.

“Thanks.”

Lance was feeling restless. There was always so much happening with Voltron, and Valentine's day was just three days away.

He did feel like the plan was working sometimes. But it still made him nervous thinking about confessing. Or thinking about Keith in general. And he thought about that a lot.

It was sometime after lunch, and he was laying in bed, trying to take a nap.

They have just gotten back from a early morning mission, to check a distress signal on a nearby planet.

In the end, they found out the galra were there a week ago, and destroyed everything while looking for some kind of precious metal.

As paladins, they stayed there from four in the morning to whatever time it was now. Probably something around four or five p.m.

They helped the civilians by cleaning all destroyed buildings and monuments with the lions; distributing food, water or medicine; and trying to rebuild some of the constructions. Not enough to compensate the damage, but.

Even with the lions, it was a big job, but they still couldn't help themselves from wishing they could do more. Allura and Coran, mainly. It was hard for them to watch that and not think about what happened to their people. Coran didn't even told them to rest like usual when they got back to the castle, he just retired for his room.

However, the planet's leader, thankfully, accepted joining their alliance. So the mission was considered successful, even if it put everyone's spirits down.

Lance sighed, opening his eyes. He's been rolling around in bed for awhile now.

He jumped out of bed and grabbed his weird alien guitar (just one more of the things Allura found around the castle and gave him), heading to the kitchen. Hopefully Hunk would be there.

When he got to the kitchen, the lights were on, and quiet voices talked in there.

Hunk was wearing an apron; he was mixing something hot in a big pan, and Pidge and Keith sat on the table, talking

"Hey, guys."

They didn't answer him, but they didn't really have to.

He sat on one of the stands Hunk wasn't using, and just stayed there for a moment, looking at the guitar and swinging his feet.

He missed playing for his family.

Hunk nudged him in the arm, asking quietly "you too couldn't sleep?"

“Yeah.” He held the guitar properly, brushing his fingers through the strings to test the sound. Sounded weird.

He proceeded to try and tune it.

It was kind of hard in the beginning, because it only had five cords and the box had more curves than he was used to, but he managed to get the hang of it.

“Can I?” he asked the others.

“Totally, man” Hunk smiled.

Keith and Pidge nodded.

“Yeah.”

“Sure.”

He held the baby blue guitar closer, and tapped his fingers lightly against the wood, before fingering the strings to the rhythm of a song.

It filled the room.

He played for awhile, Hunk cooking and swinging his hips, Keith and Pidge just looking at him. It felt really domestic.

Lance almost wished it didn't. His family wasn't all there.

He stopped playing. Suddenly it was hard to remember the notes.

“Can you sing, too?” Pidge asked him, her eyes wide with curiosity, but relaxed.

“Yeah.”

He played the strings one time, but stopped, trying to think of a song.

Then, almost naturally he started humming, and the notes came to him, sweet sounds left the strings.

Lance closed his eyes, still humming in time to the song, waiting for the right beat to start singing.

*Say my name, say my name
If no one is around you
Say baby I love you
If you ain't runnin' game*

His voice was a little hoarse. He closed his eyes.

*Say my name, say my name
You actin' kinda shady
Ain't callin' me baby
Why the sudden change*

The room felt even quieter than before, but full, at the same time. If that's possible. Only his song and the *tssst* of Hunk frying something by his side.

*Say my name, say my name
If no one is around you
Say baby I love you
If you ain't runnin' game*

With his eyes closed like this, fingers brushing against the strings, it almost felt like he was home again.

*Say my name, say my name
You actin' kinda shady
Ain't callin' me baby
Why the sudden change*

With his eyes closed like this, he didn't see the way Keith looked at him. Completely soft and fond, face warm.

*Baby say my name, say my name, say my name
If no one is around you
Say baby I love you
If you ain't runnin' game
Say my name, say my name
You actin' kinda shady
Ain't callin' me baby
Baby say my name*

His hands stopped touching the strings, he finished his song.

When Lance opened his eyes, Pidge was smiling at him, and Keith was already looking away.

He played a few more songs, taking some requests from Pidge and Hunk.

The four of them ate together in the kitchen, their other friends nowhere to be seen.

He was tired.

When finished, Lance excused himself.

Keith didn't talk to him much, while he sang, or during dinner, or when Lance said his goodnights. In fact, Keith didn't say anything the whole time Lance was there. Even though, he was clearly talking to Pidge before.

Maybe Lance did something wrong. Maybe Keith was mad at him, or just tired of him.

Wow. That was a bummer. He missed Keith's voice already, he was hoping spending some time with Keith would lighten his mood.

He should just give up on that stupid plan already. Even if Keith started to think Lance was hot or something, he didn't like Lance. No plan would change that.

“Hey, Lance, wait up.”

Lance let out a breath he didn't know he was holding. *Keith.*

Keith jogged to him, quickly getting to his side.

“Hi” Keith said.

Lance looked down, smiling. Keith was cute “hi.”

“Uhm, Lance? Can I- are you okay?”

That's not what Lance was expecting?

“Uh, yeah? What do you mean?”

“I mean. You’ve been acting weird lately, different. You come out of nowhere, do something really weird, then I don’t see you for the rest of the day. I just wanted to know if everything’s normal. You just... seemed so... off? Right now, in the kitchen. And, well, I- I really like you Lance, I want to make sure you’re okay.”

Uh.

“What? You *like* me?”

Keith looked down, rubbing the back of his neck.

“I. Yeah, yeah, I do.”

“Like *like*? Me?”

He furrowed his eyebrows “*yes* , Lance. Oh my god. I have a fucking crush on you, okay. You don’t have to make fun of me.”

Lance didn’t waste a second to think. He jolted forward and kissed Keith.

He kissed Keith. On the mouth. With his mouth.

Keith made a startled noise, but kissed back anyway. He hugged Lance’s neck and grabbed his hair.

Lance tilted his head and, *wow that’s Keith’s tongue right here in my mouth.* He placed one hand in Keith’s cheek and put an arm around his hips.

“Ilikeyou too” he blurted out “I really, really like you a lot, Keith. I’m. I’m not making fun of you.”

Keith’s hands rested on his chest, he sounded a little breathless “good.”

Keith was going to kiss him again, but Lance just realised something.

“Keith!.”

“Uh, what.”

“Oh, man, you just ruined all my plans! I can’t believe this.”

Keith moved his face away, still not letting go “What plans? Is this why you’ve been acting all weird around me?”

“Uhm” Lance pulled Keith closer by the hips “so, I might have created a two week plan with Hunk in which I would impress you by doing a bunch of cool stuff and win you over. Or I might have not, I don’t know.”

Keith rolled his eyes.

“*That’s it?* Lance, why are you like this.”

“Hey, your gay ass just said you liked me!”

“Yeah, but you're still a dork. And that's your idea of 'a bunch of cool stuff'? Three hundred false push ups and horrible space puns?” Keith snickered. “But I have to admit, the guitar thing was really good.”

“That wasn't even part of the plan!”

Keith sighed “of course not.”

He leaned forward and kissed Lance's jaw.

“And you're silly. You didn't have to do any of those things to win me over” his eyes went soft. “You had me at ‘we’re a good team’.”

Lance felt a bit like melting into a puddle.

End Notes

the song lance is playing is say my name by destiny's child
and btw, im @mooniiisu on tumblr!!! i lov talking about klance if anyone is interested!!!!

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