maybe I don't hate him that much

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by [erubescence](#)

Summary

There weren't any lights in the room so that the starlight had nothing to compete with, and it was beautiful and vast and made him forget about everything, absolutely everything… but then there was a slight cough and Lance realized he wasn't alone.

"Shit. Sorry. Wait, Keith?"

"Yeah. Lance?"

"Yes. Sorry," Lance whispered, backing up. "Didn't know someone was here. I'll- I'll go."

Turning around and about to leave, Lance paused when Keith said hoarsely, "It's fine. You can stay."

Lance can't sleep and wanders around, finding himself in a room with Keith and talking about a recent fight.

Notes

I haven't written anything remotely story-like in REALLY a long time, but I have a bunch of essays due for class and I was thinking, what better way to procrastinate school than write a short fanfic? So here I am, several hours and zero essays closer to my deadline, with one ~1,700-word story!

Sorry if it's a little choppy or awkward, as I said it's been a while since I've written something semi-decent... I think I, like, forgot how to write, and it's all coming back super slowly :/ This also hasn't been deeply edited, so I apologize for any grammar/spelling mistakes!

On that note, I hope you enjoy.

Lance definitely didn't like Keith, thank you very much.

He thought Keith's mullet was stupid, his eyes were piercing, his scar was ugly. His entire being was downright horrible.

He absolutely despised Keith's irritating little laugh and detested how Keith's eyes would light up when he figured something out. Lance hated every single thing about Keith, and that's why he couldn't figure out what was happening to him every time they locked eyes. His stomach would flip and his chest would tighten and his heart would do a stupid little squeeze.

This new feeling was annoying, and Lance hated it more than anything… because it made him wonder if he really hated Keith as much as he thought.

~*~

For what felt like the billionth time, Lance was lying awake in his bed, staring at his ceiling. The lights were dimmed to a comfortable level, bright enough only to see the outline of things like his shelves or posters, or the door opposite of him. It was silent save for the faint hum of energy. Perfect for sleep.

But, as exhausted as Lance was, his mind was a jumbled mess of incomprehensible thoughts, and it was impossible to drift off because every time he would close his eyes, the team's most recent fight would replay in his head.

They had been trying to enter what appeared to be an abandoned Galra base on some cold, faraway planet. Gravity was too strong for them to fly down in the lions, so everyone was on foot, and it seemed like everything was going as planned until the very end when a bunch of Galra droids sprung out of nowhere and started shooting. Lance was right in the middle of it and was blasted directly in the chest, then again and again, and suddenly the room was spinning and his head was pounding and he was on the ground, the smell of burning causing his nose and eyes to sting. Right before blacking out, Lance saw Keith shouting, running towards him. Keith, whom he definitely hated, with a horrible, nauseating expression on his face. Something Lance had never seen before.

If he didn't know better, Lance would've thought Keith looked scared. Terrified, even.

And that expression was what Lance's mind was stuck on. It just didn't make sense.

When Lance woke up after the fight, he was in a healing pod, and Hunk and Pidge were waiting for him on the other side. They called in Shiro, Allura, and Coran and told him he'd been healing for three days, and that they won the fight and were glad he was safe and *"Oh, but your armor was completely destroyed. The chest-plate has a huge dent in it now. We're so glad you're okay, but it's a miracle you weren't more injured."*

When Lance asked where Keith was, a little later, Hunk told him he was resting. *"After you were hit, it got kinda scary. Dude, Keith completely tore the droids apart. By the time we were finally able to leave, they were nothing but scraps of metal. I don't know what got into him. And then, after the fight, he carried you back to the pod that brought us up to the castle before collapsing."*

Since then, about three more days had passed, and Lance had barely seen even the slightest glimpse of Keith. Not a whiff of mullet, nothing. It wasn't like Lance was upset; he just wanted to thank him for carrying him back. Or something. But those three days passed, and now Lance was lying on his bed, staring.

"Why don't I just go for a walk?" he said to his ceiling. "Maybe then I'll just pass out."

Deciding that was his best option if he wanted even the possibility of sleep, Lance nodded to himself and stood up, stepped into his blue lion slippers, and, after a moment's hesitation, grabbed a blanket.

It was dark outside of his room. The lights were even dimmer and there weren't any windows that opened to the outside — granted, space wasn't too bright itself and windows wouldn't do much. Lance stumbled a bit as he shuffled down the hallway, glad that he brought a blanket, now wrapped around his shoulders, because there was a faint cool breeze and his thin sleeping garments did little to warm him.

Without any real destination, Lance walked, turning corners and going up flights of stairs and down stretches of hall, feeling ready to collapse at any moment. Until, that is, he went through a doorway, somewhere in the castle he had never been, and realized he was in a sort of observatory, a huge room with a glass-domed roof, completely open to space. There weren't any lights in the room so that the starlight had nothing to compete with, and it was beautiful and vast and made him forget about everything, absolutely everything… but then there was a slight cough and Lance realized he wasn't alone.

"Shit. Sorry," he whispered to whoever coughed, turning around and trying to figure out where the noise came from. There was a faint shadow in the corner, a person sitting on the floor, a blob that looked the tiniest bit familiar. "Wait, Keith?"

The shadow sighed and, in a low voice said, "Yeah. Lance?"

"Yes. Sorry," Lance whispered again, backing up. "Didn't know someone was here. I'll- I'll go."

Turning around and about to leave, Lance paused when shadow-Keith said hoarsely, "It's fine. You can stay."

Ignoring the stupid flip his stomach made, Lance turned again and was about to say, *"No, no, I'll leave,"* or something along those lines, before remembering he wanted to thank Keith and this was the first time they had spoken since the fight with the droids, and Lance should take advantage of the situation while he was still able to.

"Al-alright," he said and shuffled to the corner where Keith was sitting. It was only after he sat down that Lance realized how enormous the room was, and he was *right next to Keith* . But, it was too late to move, and anyway, Lance could suddenly make out the finer details of Keith's face and hair (his stupid hair) and decided he really didn't want to move.

"Couldn't sleep?" Keith broke the silence after a couple of seconds. Lance shook his head. "Me neither."

Thank him now, Lance thought to himself, leaning against the cold metal wall, but he didn't want to because it was awkward and for some reason, there was a weird amount of tension between them. Instead, "The stars are really pretty." Pause. Then, "Do you come here often?"

Besides him, Keith nodded. "When I want to take a break. Or think. Or just get away. It's usually pretty quiet and peaceful."

And Lance barged in on that quiet and peacefulness. "Sorry," he said, looking away. "And, uh. Thanks, man, for. Carrying me." Lance's ears were heating up and he was quite glad for the darkness.

When Keith didn't respond, Lance looked back. Keith was just sitting there, knees pulled to his chest, and if it wasn't a trick of the faint, faint light, his eyes were wet.

"Are you okay?" Lance asked, alarmed. He thought for a second, before scooting the teeniest bit closer. "What's wrong?"

"I, uh." Keith's voice broke, and he cleared his throat once. Twice. "I thought you were dead."

Oh.

"Hey, man, do I look dead? I'm sitting right here, aren't I?" Lance tried for a smile, but it came out as more of a grimace.

"You were hit three times, Lance. I thought- I thought it killed you."

It was Lance's turn to clear his throat. "Uh. Hunk told me you completely destroyed the droids after I went down."

Keith nodded. "I thought I was going crazy," he admitted, then shoved his face into his arms, muffling his voice. "And when you were hit, I was terrified."

So. Lance was right.

"I was terrified and then my body just *reacted.* I had no idea what was happening to me. I kinda just flew into a rage and attacked anything that resembled a droid," he continued, voice still muffled. "I really thought I was going insane."

Lance's heart was pounding so hard he could feel it in his head. His ears were burning even more. "Why didn't you come when I was released from the pod?"

Keith looked up then, and Lance was staring. He had dark circles beneath his eyes, and his hair, his stupid, ugly, beautiful? mullet was a mess. "I didn't know how I'd react. I didn't want to hurt you."

And right then, Keith looked so small. Tiny in the enormous room with the entirety of space surrounding him. Tiny, compared to how big and strong he was towering over Lance during the fight, how swift his movements were in taking down the droids.

Pushing his thoughts aside, Lance shifted the rest of the way until he was practically leaning against Keith. Then, pulling his blanket from around his shoulders and draping it over both of them.

"Keith, I-" Lance paused, searching for the right words to say but coming up with nothing, so he just said what tumbled out first. "I-I trust you. Completely. And you weren't the one who shot at me, it was the droids. From what I understand, you saved me. And everyone else. You might've been crazy, sure, but you saved us."

Keith snorted and shook his head, but Lance was satisfied to see he looked a little less small.

Lance leaned against Keith with a yawn, forcing away a smile when Keith stiffened at the contact, not that Keith would've been able to see it in the darkness. "Is this okay?" he asked.

"Um, y-yeah," Keith responded, and this time, Lance couldn't fight the grin. He looked out at the beautiful glittering stars before closing his eyes, finally feeling content and relaxed enough to fall asleep. A few minutes of silence passed and Lance was almost gone when Keith whispered, softly, "I'm glad you're okay."

And the last thing Lance thought before the world faded away was *Maybe I really don't hate Keith that much.*

End Notes

Thanks for reading! I hope it wasn't too awkward.

Comments/Reviews are greatly appreciated! :D

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