

Klangst Prompt #1: "Stay for me." & Klangst Prompt #10: "I love you. I love you so much."

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31011779) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31011779>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Voltron: Legendary Defender
Relationship:	Keith/Lance (Voltron)
Characters:	Keith (Voltron) , Lance (Voltron)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Modern Setting , Bisexual Lance (Voltron) , Gay Keith (Voltron) , Cuban Lance (Voltron) , Korean Keith (Voltron) , Keith/Lance (Voltron) Angst , POV Lance (Voltron) , Emotional Hurt , Hurt No Comfort , angst and hurt , Angst with no happy ending , Tumblr Prompt , angst prompts , klangst , Langst , Angst , Hurt Lance (Voltron)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Klance Angst Prompts (from my tumblr)
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-30 Words: 1,298 Chapters: 1/1

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by [DamnKlance](#)

Summary

Lance wants Keith to stay. For once, he just wants Keith to stay.

Notes

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

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It's almost midnight.

Lance can't sleep. He's tired, exhausted even. But he can't sleep.

He stares up at the empty ceiling of his bedroom in his apartment. It's so boring. Bland. He should really put his glow in the dark stars back up there.

But Keith won't like that.

Keith didn't like it in the first place.

Said it was *childish*. That's why Lance took them down. For Keith.

He does everything for Keith. Because if he doesn't, Keith will leave. And Lance will be alone. And he doesn't wanna be alone.

Keith isn't even his friend. He's a friend of a friend of a friend. He's Axca's friend. Who is Romelle's friend. Who is Allura's friend. Who is Lance's best friend. And how did they meet? The same way friends of friends or friends meet: hooking up accidentally, drunkenly, at some club you can't remember the name of.

And that accidental hookup became a regular hookup.

Lance barely knew the first thing about him, but Keith was *addictive*. It wasn't just one thing either, it was EVERYTHING. His beautiful, flawless skin, those gorgeously sculpted hands, his toned arms and even more toned abs, his ridiculously long hair that was so fun to tug on while they were rolling around in the sheets, and of course those hard, violet eyes that Lance loved getting lost in. Keith was literal perfection. Beyond that. And Lance was falling a little deeper for him every time they hooked up.

Which was every other night.

Every other night for almost five months, now.

And of course, Lance has tried to be subtle about his rapidly growing feelings for his dark haired fling. He's tried flowers and dinner and chocolates. He's tried babbling cute, barely coherent love confessions while they've both had too much to drink and are making out like idiots, the mood turning into something more hot and intimate. But it's like talking to a brick wall.

Lance knows how he feels deep down and it's not just some silly little crush. He's known for a long time now, the longest time to be exact. Like when they first met at that stupid club, both in between sober and drunk but leaning more toward the drunk side. Lance won't ever forget how his heart started being way too fast and how tongue got tied in knots in his mouth. He was literally tripping over his feet trying to get Keith to notice him and talk to him and dance with him.

One thing led to another, a few too many drinks here and the unlimited shots being thrown their way there, and boom.

Hookup buddies.

Or.. fuck buddies?

Or whatever!

Lance is in love with him no matter what they are! And Keith doesn't feel the same.

How does Lance know this? Because Keith doesn't fall in love. He doesn't do relationships. He's said it many times before. As a joke. Being serious. He's said it and he means it. Every

single time. And Lance has to get used to it. He *has* to.

Except.. he can't.

Because somewhere in his bones he feels like Keith could.. feel the same?

He feels that their quickie, meaningless hookups and not-staying-for-breakfast-the-next-day are just a shield to protect Keith's feelings. Or his heart? Lance doesn't know. Lance wouldn't know.

Lance wishes he knew. Because as much as he loves their quickie, meaningless hookups, he loves Keith more than that. He loves everything about Keith. Keith is his dream man, his everything and so what if it's been five months or ten months or however long!!! LANCE JUST LOVES KEITH SO GODDAMN MUCH!

"I do!" Lance whisper-yells to himself, covering his mouth right after. He turns to look at Keith who barely even moves. He's so beautiful with his drool on the corner of that sinful mouth and his hair everywhere.

But that doubtful feeling quickly returns. And Lance continues to lay here in the dark. In his apartment. In his room. Next to a naked, sleeping Keith. Pining. Thinking. Overthinking. Without the glow in the dark stars on his ceiling to help answer his questions.

Life is brutal like that.

Suddenly, Keith stirs awake, rubbing his gorgeously sculpted hands over his pretty face and through his luscious hair. Lance stares at him as he comes to, waiting for him to say something.

Anything.

Keith rubs his eyes tiredly and snuggles up in Lance's blanket. "Time is it?" He asks.

"Um.. midnight.." Lance whispers, like it's a secret.

That gets Keith more awake. He sits up, his beautiful toned, pale back glistening in the moonlight that shines in from the open window. Lance can make out the faint, red nail marks that he made earlier, going down Keith's back.

Keith stretches his arms over his head, then scratches his neck. "I should probably go."

*No. Don't go. Please. **Stay for me.***

I love you. I love you so much..

The words that Lance wants to say are right there. Right on the tip of his tongue. He just needs to say it. Say it. Say it, Lance! SAY IT!!

"Keith!" Lance yells, eyes clenched shut. Keith stops, his discarded pants from earlier halfway up his legs.

"Yeah?" He says, staring at the Cuban boy. "What's wrong?"

Lance stares back, heart beating too fast in his chest, so loud his ears are ringing.

Don't go. Please.

Stay for me.

I love you. I love you so much..

“D-don’t..” Lance takes a deep breath then lets it out. “Don’t.. forget your.. wallet..”

Keith looks on the floor by his feet and picks up his black leather wallet. He resumes putting on his pants and zipping them up. “Thanks.”

Lance nods and stares at the empty ceiling. ‘*Come on, McClain!*’ He tells himself. ‘*You can do this!!*’

Keith slips on his shirt and finger-combs his long dark hair into a high ponytail on his head. He grabs his fingerless gloves and slips them on quickly, reaching down to grab his boots. Lance watches it all. Keith getting ready to leave. Leave for however long until he needs Lance again.. Just for a quickie..

Don’t go. Please.

Stay for me.

I love you. I love you so much..

Tears fill Lance’s eyes as he watches Keith grab his phone and keys from off of the dresser.

But then, Keith looks at him. And Lance is caught off guard. Because this look.. it’s.. different..

Keith walks over to the bed and sits down next to Lance. Then he leans over and plants a small, gentle kiss to Lance’s lips. And immediately, Lance kisses back. He leans forward to deepen the kiss, reaching up to cradle the back of Keith’s head. Keith lets him.

When they part, their foreheads stay touching. And Lance loves this. He needs this. He craves *this*. But as quickly as it happened, it was over. Keith was pulling away and planting a fast kiss to Lance's lips.

"See ya next time, *sharpshooter*." He winks.

Sharpshooter.. It's always *sharpshooter*. Never *Lance*. But nonetheless, Lance smiles through the pain in his heart and nods, smiling his famous fake smile. Keith grabs his jacket and sends another wink Lance's way before he heads to the exit of Lance's room.

Don't go! Please!

Stay for me!

I love you! I love you so much..

"Wait!" Lance calls out. Keith comes to a stop, turning around.

"Yeah?" He asks, confusion plastered on his tired face. His hickeys and love bites becoming visible as he stands in the doorway where the moonlight is reflecting there perfectly. God, he's so gorgeous.

Lance.. shakes his head. "N-nothing.. drive safe, okay?"

Keith smiles, then nods. "Got it."

Then.. he's gone.

Don't go. Please.

Stay for me.

I love you. I love you so much..

-END-

End Notes

Pasted from my tumblr: @damnlance

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