

Two Crowns and a Gold Cup

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31112081) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31112081>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Voltron: Legendary Defender
Relationship:	Keith/Lance (Voltron)
Characters:	Keith (Voltron) , Lance (Voltron) , Krolia (Voltron) , Keith's Father (Voltron) , Alfor (Voltron) , Allura's Mother (Voltron) , Allura (Voltron) , Shiro (Voltron) , Pidge Katie Holt , Hunk (Voltron) , Lotor (Voltron) , Haggar (Voltron)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Royalty , Royalty , Alternative Universe - Kingdom , Galra Keith (Voltron) , Altean Lance (Voltron) , Keith/Lance (Voltron) , Angst , POV Lance (Voltron) , Dark , Dark Fantasy , Jon Bellion - Freeform , War , Kingdom Clash , Galra Empire , Altea (Voltron) , Altean Empire (Voltron) , Prince Lance (Voltron) , Prince Keith (Voltron) , Enemies to Friends to Lovers , Enemies to Lovers , Childhood Friends , Queen Krolia (Voltron) , King Texx , Allura & Lance (Voltron) are Siblings , Minor Allura/Shiro (Voltron)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-05 Updated: 2021-06-11 Words: 3,393 Chapters: 2/?

Two Crowns and a Gold Cup

by [ghostlymoths](#)

Summary

Two Crowns and a Gold Cup
And they're coming for your throne, love.

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It was not long ago that two kingdoms lived in complete disarray. Divided geologically by a massive ravine and socially by a matter of class, intelligence, and skill, the Altean kingdom and Galra empire had been at war for eons. Through hundreds of diplomatic meetings and negotiations, it never mattered what one kingdom had to offer, the other one was always better. Infinitely, in fact. One kingdom to rise above it all- there was no room for compliance or coordination. One kingdom to rule them all, that was the goal. And how far that goal was, is where our story begins, a massive problem and a smaller solution.

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A gritty dark royalty AU fic featuring Galra Prince Keith and Altean Prince Lance possibly falling in love?

Notes

Hello! This is my new Klance fic, a royalty AU! I'm super super excited for this fic and hope you guys enjoy it. This is the exposition so I'm eager to get to the actual story in the next chapter!

The title is based on Carry Your Throne by Jon Bellion.

You can find the playlist for this fic here!

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/7b22z9zl2l8shC1p9lBp8e?si=jShwN5t2QJWXgbRJ4ZAnLQ>

Exposition

It was not long ago that two kingdoms lived in complete disarray. Divided geologically by a massive ravine and socially by a matter of class, intelligence, and skill, the Altean kingdom and Galra empire had been at war for eons. Through hundreds of diplomatic meetings and negotiations, it never mattered what one kingdom had to offer, the other one was always better. Infinitely, in fact. One kingdom to rise above it all- there was no room for compliance or coordination. One kingdom to rule them all, that was the goal. And how far that goal was, is where our story begins, a massive problem and a smaller solution.

But to really understand the stakes of this solution, we must read back to the beginning of the problem, where it had all started. In the beginning, there was only one people- one land with no higher power. The creatures there had lived in complete harmony, together in an effort to survive and adapt. That was always the issue though, adapting.

With adapting comes learning and becoming anew- something the people had never done before. What began as learning to craft tools for foraging to weapons for killing, it soon became learning loving another as a partner to hating another as an enemy.

The social hierarchy was created, the need for power and the need for a leader. Once the people's colony had become large enough, chaos was inevitable without the guidance of one voice. This began the Great War, a battle that has not stopped since. Fighting for the right of leadership over the land, the one group of people split off into two groups, who became kingdoms and continued to evolve.

Soon, stone was not enough for a weapon and steel was created instead. Clubs became spears, spears to swords, swords to traps- small mud huts grew into massive castles with marble walls and quartz ceilings. Rags became riches and soon, there were whole civilizations with economies, social status, law, and rituals. And so the two groups became the land of Altea and the land of Dibazaal, great nations divided by a massive ravine in the middle of the land.

The Great War only ravaged lands though, constant fighting and less thriving. This didn't feel like development, constantly warring against the neighbours- this felt like slipping back into the same archaic journey they had started on. Although development had taken hundreds of thousands of years for the groups, to fall back into something so savage seemed so quick.

They had to find a solution and they had to find one quickly, it was only a matter of time before both kingdoms would ultimately fall and create a new era of chaos and abandonment.

It was only after both royal families had birthed sons that the new solution had appeared- union by marriage. It was something so simple and small yet so difficult, to marry their sons at the proper age and bring the nations together. It wasn't the favorite decision but it was their only one.

The kingdoms decided to await the twenty first birthdays of both babies so a historical betrothal could take place to unite the land. In this would be ceremonies from both groups,

which would ultimately become a new ceremony of a new land. It was all they could do at this point. Only then could the kingdoms live in a new time of peace.

The land of Altea presented their son first, heir and Prince to Altea, Laynan. His name meaning Bringer of Spring, he was born in the time of harvest, a good omen to the people of the land that things would be okay and he would bring an infinite amount of peace. The whole land was invited to Altea for a celebratory ball, Galra empire and Dibazaal included. Laynan was going to be meant to be the fighter of the future, the one who would join with the Galran Empire and influence the new kingdom with the ways of Altea to form a new culture.

Laynan was born unto King Alfor and Queen Melenor, with an older sister, Princess Allura. Under the command of the Altean Empire, he was sure to bring honor to the kingdom and much more for their people and the entire land. He was their future.

The land of Dibazaal offered their heir up mere days after Laynan's birth, presenting their son, prince, and heir, Yorak. His name, similar to Laynan, meant Bringer of War. While the Galra empire didn't have the resources to throw a ball as extravagant as the Alteans, they did extend an invitation to the Altean empire to visit and meet their future emperor. Yorak had a similar purpose as Laynan; to join with the Altean empire and influence the ways of Dibazaal into their culture to create a stronger nation.

Yorak was born unto Queen Krolia, the matriarch, and the Duke, Texx, with no siblings- an only child his entire life. Under the command of the Galran empire and the land of Dibazaal, Yorak was expected to bring power and ultimate order to the lands.

Together, the two would marry in their twenty-first year and bring ultimate peace through the lands after spending their early years formulating a plan to bring the lands together.

This isn't how it happened, that's how a story is supposed to go though, I suppose?

For the boys, peace was not an option, it never had been and probably never would be either. By their eighth year, Laynan and Yorak had already become enemies of one another, refusing to discuss their lands in a civil manner. It was not as future consorts would react. Both sets of parents were quite shocked at how completely incompatible the boys had become.

Fortunately, for them and for the state of the land, there lived a witch who resided inside the ravine between kingdoms. Her name was Haggar. She was an old Altean witch with a magic and a promise to bring the boys together to ensure peace by their twenty-first birthdays. She promised the spell to work but only if each empire would sacrifice something their lands would find impossible to live without. She promised it would be completely worth it in the future.

The empires decided to do it- anything for the Land.

Altea decided to sacrifice the spring.

For the next thirteen years, the empire promised to continue to thrive without springtime. They would continue to work with Dibazaal to ensure the connection of kingdoms, all without the most important time of the year. Through this sacrifice, spring would eventually

be known as 'The Time of the Gift'. While it wasn't a gift, a terrible time of loss, worse than Winter, the people of the land knew that it would become a gift soon. Everyone would yearn for Spring to return.

Dibazaal agreed to sacrifice war.

For the next thirteen years, the Galran people would agree to live in peace with other lands and not bear weapons against their enemies for that time. They would continue to build up their kingdom and expand their horizons of power through peace and negotiation, rather than violence. No war would be able to tear the two crowns apart.

And when both kingdoms had agreed upon their sacrifices, the ceremony would commence.

The ceremony required the attendance of both royal families. Meeting in a decrepit forest, full of rot and the stench of death, they would gather around a campfire and drop in symbols of their sacrifices. It was the ultimate act.

Altea would go first, as their son had been born first.

Melenor chooses a juniberry flower, their symbol of spring and new beginnings. Alfor chooses to drop their best crop of the season into the fire, and the flames are sure to lick it up and burn each item into ash. Laynan is last, offering his blood and his name. He would go by something else for the next thirteen years to ensure the 'Bringing of Spring' would halt completely. He chooses a new name; Lance.

Dibazaal is next to go, the Galrans stepping up to the fire.

Krolia chooses a long dagger, engraved with the symbol of the royal guard, the Marmora. Texx goes next and chooses to drop in his battle helm. Yorak is last, like Lance, and follows with his own sacrifices, his blood and his name. He would go by something else for the next thirteen years to ensure the 'Bringing of War' would halt completely. He chooses a new name; Keith.

And so, after the ceremony, the thirteen year era of Peace would begin.

THRONE

Lance hated Keith.

In fact, Lance wouldn't mind pushing Keith into a bucket of tar. Or stabbing him with a sword. Feeding him to a dragon? Watching him fall off the castle? All these options worked, Lance wouldn't mind any of them one bit. Unfortunately, Lance could only fantasize so much about his future husband and his demise.

Instead, he was stuck sitting on the throne, hand interlaced with his 'lover's' across the space between the two royal seats. The courtroom was full of townspeople who had come from both factions of living, Dibazaal and Altea. While the two men currently sat in the Altean castle, they had their own castle being built across the chasm between the two towns, to represent the unity. Lance had seen some plans for the building, they had been working on it for the past thirteen years. He would hope he could see it soon but unfortunately, that privilege was being kept for marriage- a gift from the townspeople and from his parents and Keith's.

He feels Keith's grip tighten around his own fingers and his eyes flicker over to the other man beside him. It felt like the surface of the sun inside the throne room and the servants beside the seats fanning them wasn't helping much at all. It didn't help that the layers and layers of clothing both men wore weighed more than the two of them combined. Lance could never remember exactly what he was wearing- breeches and undergarments, layers of velvet and silk between those, a corset that was done up too tight, and a few more extra layers of tunics and cloaks. It was completely insufferable, Lance could hardly breathe.

He could see how Keith was struggling- the man's entire body was covered in hair along with the layers and layers. He gives a gentle squeeze back in return. He may have hated Keith but god, he could feel what he was suffering. He watches in the corner of his eye as a bead of sweat drips down Keith's face and he has to release Lance's hand to wipe it away hastily.

"Your highnesses," the duke says, pulling Lance's attention from Keith forward. Today was a special day- they would be discussing which traditions of each township to integrate into their 'new empire' system. Lance was excited at least, he had discussed with his parents plenty about what he wanted to integrate. Keith on the other hand- Lance hadn't gotten a single minute of silence when speaking on the matter; Keith could care less about tradition and integration.

"We have representatives from each of your townships to share more about the traditions and allow discussion. We ask that the discussion remain... Civil," the duke swallows. Content was found in the throneroom often when it came to discussions between Lance and Keith. While they were supposed to be in love and excited to marry, the conversations were full of barking and 'half-insults'.

A special blessing from the witch when she had bestowed the agreement was that the two princes could not speak ill of one another. This made insults and finding loopholes an

interesting game that generally amused everyone.

“To begin, we have a Galran representative with our first tradition,” the duke introduces. He steps back and a Galran woman steps forward- Lance had recognized her. She was frequently visiting Keith for important discussions about the Galran empire. Her name was Axca.

“Your majesties,” she hums, giving a courteous bow before stepping forward. “The tradition I have prepared today is the gladiator fighting. While we know the Alteans prefer peace over all, we’d like to propose a uh- non-lethal form of entertainment for the new empire.”

“Continue,” Keith hums, one leg crossing over the other. He seemed interested in this proposal but Lance did not- the idea of gladiator fighting made him sick to his stomach. Sure, the Alteans really focused on pacifism but this was just... Interesting. Fighting for sport? No, thank you.

“No death would occur, it would just be matches in a tournament fashion. It could possibly become an event every year to have a Champion among the town.”

“It’s barbaric,” Lance spits. “Fighting for entertainment. There’s more to life than beating one another senseless.”

Axca flinches at Lance’s tone but sends a sharp look anyway. She gives him a nod and looks back at Keith- his opinion was taken into consideration. It was ultimately Keith’s turn to either agree with Lance and reject the tradition or offer his own opinion and allow a discussion to commence.

“While I understand the Galran people prefer this form of entertainment, I agree with Lance. This would be... An interesting form that wouldn’t capture the eyes of all the townspeople. I feel it might separate us still.”

“Understood, my Lord,” Axca hums, nodding. “Thank you.”

She steps back and the Duke announces another representative, this time from the Altean side. It’s a short man with a big belly and a large smile.

“Good morning, sires. I would like to propose a feast of thanks every year, following traditional Altean formalities.”

“When would this feast occur,” Lance asks. The Alteans had plenty of feasts and events but a specific one for thanks was different.

“Our faction would like the Feast of Thanks to occur around your anniversary, my Prince. After you are united and the kingdom returns to normal, it would allow us a specific time to offer thanks to you and Prince Yor- Prince Keith as well as the witch who helped us.”

Lance offers a glance to Keith, who seems to shrug a little bit.

“We agree to this proposal,” Lance says with a nod. “Thank you. Next?”

This goes on for the entire day, representatives coming from both sides. It's not quite civil the entire time of course- there's discourse about the amount of violence and police in the town, how trading and currency will work, what is permitted between the two Princes before and after marriage, plenty. But when they're finished, they've come up with quite a list of integrated laws and traditions to establish the new country.

"You know," Lance says as he steps in time beside Keith. The two of them were making their way back to Keith's quarters as he stayed for the night. It was a room he had had for years and years, right beside Lance's room so they would have more opportunities to bond and become closer before they were to be married.

"You're not as prudish and irresponsible as I thought," he hums.

Keith merely scoffs at that. "Why thank you, what a sincere compliment."

"I mean it," Lance says, laughing. He tugs his top cloak off, tossing it at a knight as they pass him down the hall, going to undo the latches on the fur under-cloak as well. "You were very well versed during that conference today."

"And you didn't sound like a complete dumbass the whole time," Keith offers, rolling his eyes. Lance makes a sound of indignation to that.

"Are you insinuating that I sounded like a dumbass in the meeting?"

"Obviously," Keith huffs. He reaches his room and turns to look at Lance with a frown.

"Why must you constantly follow me to my room? What happened to, 'oh Keith, you smell like horse blessings and tar' or 'God, I wish I couldn't see because of you'. You don't insult me very much anymore."

"Do you miss it, me making fun of you," Lance mocks, faking tears. "Oh, poor baby- you must get off on rejection then, huh? Just wait until you become king- my people will *loathe* you."

"It would be best to warn you that the same applies with my own people, you ignorant d-d-d-" Keith stops, the insult falling at his feet. It's not worth teasing the man about his lack of words, the same thing would happen to Lance if he tried. It doesn't pass that it's frustrating and embarrassing though.

Lance merely rolls his eyes and lands a nasty wet kiss on Keith's cheek before grabbing his chin to squish his cheeks together in a patronizing fashion.

"Sleep well, my butternut. The big day approaches."

Keith growls at the kiss and pulls his face back from the kiss, hissing a bit at him.

"Do not touch me, Lance. You'll lose your hand next time, I swear of it."

The bedroom door opens and Keith disappears inside, leaving Lance to turn on his heel and head back to his own room. It was a bit down the hallway but once he was inside, he managed to let out the breath he was holding, shedding the many layers of 'gown' around

him. It's all left on the floor and soon, he slips into a nightgown, moving to the bathroom to complete his nightly routine, starting to boil up under his skin a bit again.

Totally and completely insufferable.

He was so angry and so calm at once- he hated Keith so much.

Rage was never a word that could really convey how he felt.

Ornery was another way to do it- to channel his rage for his 'lover'.

No, what did that even mean? To have a lover? To have someone love you unconditionally?

Everyone knew the two didn't love one another. So why continue to push them closer?

Lance sucks in a quick breath and splashes his face with water in the basin below him, leaning over the countertop as he pants. He didn't get angry like this often, he tried not to at least. It wasn't fair to himself or his family- it wasn't even fair to Keith at this point. Why did they have to hate each other? Why did Lance feel so much bitterness toward his betrothed?

Maybe it was because Keith was so much better.

He was strong and powerful, incredibly stoic.

He could command an entire army with the flick of his wrist.

He was feared but respected- people actually liked him.

And Lance? Lance was the prince, funded by Daddy's money. Lance was only the prince because Allura had refused the crown. He was only the prince because Alfor was growing too old for the throne- because they needed someone to marry into the Galra side. Lance wasn't important- he was just another body to create unity.

Even then, he felt as if he wasn't important.

Keith would become the stronger of the two, in charge of diplomacy and battle. Sure, Lance could negotiate and Keith had anger issues within discussion but Keith was still the one truly fit for leadership. Lance would become like his mother, a pet to the royal crown, a pretty thing to look at.

He pitied his mother, even more-so now, knowing that he would become like her. He loved his mother so much but she wasn't important to the crown or kingdom at all. In fact, his mother was disposable and he knew that. King Alfor would be able to find another queen within hours if he really wanted to. Not just from the town but from any kingdom far and wide- they would send any princess really.

Lance wasn't built to be disposable.

But he had become so after his destiny was set within Keith's hands.

Lance looks at himself in the mirror above his basin and frowns- only for a moment. If he was going to be disposable, he might as well make the best of it. He was determined to become close to his lover- he wasn't going to be disposed of. Lance wanted to be a part of their empire, even if that meant liking Keith, dare he say 'loving' Keith.

That is what Lance was going to become.

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