

An Invisible String

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An Invisible String

by [FonDaBoo](#)

Summary

At that, Veronica laughs a little and steps into the room, the door closing quietly behind her. “You know the doctor told you to rest.”

“I’ve been resting for two days.”

Her eyes harden, the shift startling enough that Lance stiffens. “You almost died,” she sniffs and crosses her arms, “I would think two days of rest is a small price to pay for being alive.”

“I haven’t been allowed out of this godforsaken room, Ronnie,” Lance snaps, “I haven’t been allowed to see Hunk, or Pidge, or—or anyone! You don’t—” he grits his teeth, willing the heat building behind his eyes to lessen “—I just...I want to see them and I can’t, because short of climbing out the window, I can’t get out of here.” He looses a breath, heart rattling in his chest, hands clammy where they’re gripping the sheets. God, why does he still feel like such a child?

- After their hard battle in season 7, Lance just wants to spend time with his space family...unfortunately he's kind of stuck in his hospital bed, BUT with the help of Veronica...he might just get that second family reunion he so desperately wants.

Notes

HAPPY VLD FIVE YEAR ANNIVERSARY!

This fic is for the vld big bang 5 year anniversary (FIVE YEARS CAN U BELIEVE OMG). I did this fic in collab with my lovely artist partner AK who's artwork I will be embedding in this fic later today!

While writing this I exclusively listened to Invisible Strings by Taylor Swift hence the title, and I'll be uploading the second chapter in around two days!

This whole project would not have been possible without Yashu (@youravagemushroom on here and redwlwmushroom on twt) so HUGE THANKS TO THEM, YOU'RE AWESOME YASHU AND WE LOVE YOU!

Happy reading!

Fonda

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

Philosophers have often spent many hours thinking about death. About the period of unconsciousness in between waking and going to sleep, the interval that is void of dreams.

That's what they say death feels like.

Lance had wondered sometimes, when he was much younger and far more philosophical than a seven year old boy should be, what it would be like to go to sleep and never wake up. To just close your eyes to darkness and then

Nothing.

He'd expected it, when he closed his eyes as the galra cruiser filled his vision, all grey metal and purple, but Red had *saved* him, from succumbing to that darkness. But the battle that occurred afterwards...it made the relief Lance had felt turn to rot and fear and when his eyes had fallen shut a second time, ears ringing with the sound of the Komar mecha's laser cannons, he'd been so sure that—well, that, that moment was the curtain call.

And yet, against all odds, all of the predictions of the garrison officers, medics, and doctors, Lance—and the paladins—they...

—they woke up.

Everything is golden when he opens his eyes, faint specks of dust hanging suspended in the air, and speared through by sunbeams. Lance blinks his eyes a few times against the brightness, and sits up on his elbows wearily, eyes heavy with sleep. There are bandages wrapped stiffly around his torso, itching against his skin but that feeling is completely inconsequential when Lance's eyes focus on the sprawled shapes of his family, peacefully sleeping in scattered chairs around the room.

Lance's mouth drops open, head reeling, breath caught in his lungs. “*Ronnie?*”

His sister's head snaps up. “Lance? *Lance*, oh my god you're—” she scrambles out of her chair, hand clasping his desperately as she stops next to his bedside. “You're *awake*.”

Veronica's bright eyes have dark circles beneath them and gleam with unshed tears, but Lance doesn't think his sister has ever looked as lovely, whole and breathing and *alive*. “Yeah—yeah, Ronnie I'm awake I—” he swallows past the lump in his throat, and just grips her hand tighter, as if that might convey everything he can't say. Veronica's fingers wind tighter around his in response.

A soft voice pulls his attention away from his sister, it's warm but trembling with wonder. “*Mijo?*”

Lance's mother is the smallest person in their family, falling at least three inches shorter than his father, with a broad figure where most of her children are tall and willowy. Despite her lack of height, she's always been the strongest out of all of them and when her arms come to crush around his ribs, Lance doesn't even mind, just buries his face in her dark hair, as his hands come up to grasp at the soft fabric of her sweater.

She keeps murmuring his name, like a prayer, the quiet sound drowned out by the waking of his other family members and hidden beneath the rush of their footsteps and cries as they wrap their arms around him, surrounding him so completely that he's almost buried beneath a pile of loving arms. Veronica is on one side, Rachel next to her, his brothers on the other, and then his father and then—his niece and nephew, their small hands grasping at his hospital gown.

Their tiny voices rise like the sweetest birdsong. *We missed you* , they say, *w e missed you so much*.

When Lance replies, his voice breaks. "I missed you too."

Lance is bored.

He's been awake intermittently for the last two days, but utterly *barred* from leaving his room. He's basically being kept prisoner, but, when he'd mentioned that little fact to Rachel yesterday, she'd merely scoffed, fluffed his pillows, and said he should be grateful ' *for being alive and being able to spend time with his family, and do you have any idea how much I would like to sit in bed all day?* '

And Lance was grateful, of course he was, he thought he was going to be dead as a doornail and, *surprise*, he's not, but he hasn't seen the other paladins since he'd woken up and it's driving him crazy, the knowledge of how much time he's *wasting* just lying here like a constant itch under his skin. Veronica told him they were alive and safe but he hadn't *seen* them and it—Lance knew that the fact they were *here* , wouldn't settle in until he saw them, all of them. It was something he couldn't...articulate properly, not in a way that his family would *truly* understand.

They were connected through Voltron, through everything they'd gone through, it was like...like there were five other souls in his body, he wasn't just *Lance* anymore, he was an intricate amalgamation of five other people, it was like there was an invisible string tying them all together, a bond that was...so *deep* it was almost unfathomable.

Unfortunately, due to a lack of telepathy in the human race, Lance can't convey all these deep and introspective thoughts to his captors and instead has to *wait* until the doctors (or his mother) let him leave his hospital room. Which he projects to happen in about...a *million* years.

"You look a bit bored there, Lancey Lance."

His eyes snap to the doorway, narrowing when they spot Veronica in the doorway, a teasing smile tugging at her mouth.

“Yeah, well, maybe if you let me out of this prison I might be able to look a little more excited,” Lance points out, mouth curling into a pout despite his best efforts to try and look serious.

At that, Veronica laughs a little and steps into the room, the door closing quietly behind her. “You know the doctor told you to rest.”

“I’ve been resting for two days.”

Her eyes harden, the shift startling enough that Lance stiffens. “You almost died,” she sniffs and crosses her arms, “I would think two days of rest is a small price to pay for being *alive* .”

“I haven’t been allowed out of this *godforsaken* room, Ronnie,” Lance snaps, “I haven’t been allowed to see Hunk, or Pidge, or—or anyone! You don’t—” he grits his teeth, willing the heat building behind his eyes to lessen “—I just...I want to see them and I *can’t* , because short of climbing out the window, I can’t get out of here.” He looses a breath, heart rattling in his chest, hands clammy where they’re gripping the sheets. God, why does he still feel like such a *child*?

Veronica’s voice is soft as she says, “They’re...important to you?”

“ *Jesus* , Ronnie—of course they are!”

“No I just,” she rubs the bridge of her nose in exasperation, “I just meant they’re important to you like—like how I’m important to you, like how Nadia and Silvio are important to you.” Her eyes are bluer than ever behind her glasses, hard expression cracking open in a way that Lance feels mirrored on his own face. Cracking open like the set of gilded porcelain he broke running into a cabinet when he was five. The memory—the comparison—startles him enough that he looks away, eyes swallowing the golden light in the room instead of the blue swell of his sister’s eyes.

“At first, I thought your relationship with them was more... *professional* but—they’re like your family too,” she says quietly. There’s no envy there, just a sort of stark understanding and frankness that’s so unique to Veronica, that it makes something in Lance’s chest ache. Like homesickness, for a—for a place that you’ve never lived in but still miss all the same, a homesickness that’s coloured by nostalgia for somewhere you haven’t been to in a long time. It makes his heart settle.

Lance sighs and rubs the back of his neck. “Yeah, you could say that.”

Veronica taps her foot on the floor, once, then twice, before she snaps her fingers. “Let’s get you out of this room then, I suppose it’s about time you saw them, huh?”

He blinks at her, a little dumbfounded, a little amused and a little wary. “Okay let’s say I believe this crazy one-eighty degree turn of yours, Ronnie, how are we going to, y’know, organise this?” He drags a hand over his face, this is why he hates hospitals. Impenetrable fortresses of pain and boredom. “I mean, don’t the medics have to discharge me or something?”

Veronica's hum echoes through the room, thoughtful. "Leave it up to me," she says, coming to stop next to his bedside and planting a smacking kiss on his forehead. "Leave it *all* up to me, little bro."

His hands lift in protest. "*Veronica don't —*"

She whirls away with frightening speed, striding to the door with a wave. "Don't worry, Lance, I will take care of *everything*." Veronica turns slightly, only half her face visible and winks. "This is going to be wonderful, promise! Have a good afternoon, Lance!" And with that and a final wave, she leaves, a storm of blue eyes and snow-bright smiles.

Lance lets his hands drop. "*— get carried away...*"

Huh .

It's not the ideal escape he'd been planning, but then again he didn't account for the furious tornado of his older sister. And if Veronica's mad plan means that Lance is grounded by his mother forever that would be... *nice* . Lance flops onto his back, hands tucked behind his head, eyes following the scattered shadows created by the afternoon sun on the walls. He bites down on a smile as he muses on the conversation with Veronica. God, he'd missed—his chest tightens — *home* . For the first time in— *years* , Lance feels something warm spark in his chest, hot as a summer day and bright as a supernova.

It feels like hope.

Veronica is...efficient.

Calculating.

And—

Chaotic .

So, it doesn't take her too long to come up with the perfect plan to bypass the garrison's medical officers.

And by bypass—

"Please, Dr Leon, all I'm asking is for you to allow the paladins—the saviours of Earth—to hang out in one of the common rooms for a few hours. It could really help their recovery!"

—she means pleading with the head doctor to free her brother and his friends from their medical clutches.

Dr Celeste Leon is an imposing woman, her thick black hair is barely tinged with gray, dark skin unlined despite the fact that she's been working at the garrison for over forty years.

Veronica remembers the woman from the numerous injuries she collected in the training rooms after combat practice, always armed with a band-aid and stern but kind words.

Dr Leon— *Celeste*, now that Veronica is a senior officer—sighs. “Look, Officer McClain—”
“ *Veronica* .”

Another sigh. “Look—Veronica—the paladins are trying to recover from severe physical trauma, not too mention their bodies are acclimatising to Earth’s atmosphere again, for Paladin Allura, and her Altean friends this is a whole new experience for them, we don’t know how their alien biology will react.”

“Yes, but nothing bad has happened yet,” Veronica challenges.

“Exactly— *yet* .” Celeste, rubs the bridge of her nose, and Veronica feels a niggle of guilt in her gut but Lance’s upset face flashes in her mind and she pushes her guilty thoughts away. “Last time the garrison dealt with something of this magnitude, it ended...” she hedges a little, before shaking her head in annoyance. “Well it didn’t end well. And, I believe Takashi Shirogane can attest to that. Look, Veronica, what you want to do for your brother is admirable, and perhaps you’re right about it assisting his recovery,” Celeste tells her, “but I’m not willing to compromise the health of my patients.”

Veronica’s hands clench by her sides, and the frustrated words she wants to say bubble up into her chest but— *no* . She needs to stay in control. She’s never been a hot head, and she’s not about to start now. She takes a breath. *For Lance* .

“Dr Leon,” she begins, “I can see you really care about your patients physical health, but what about their mental health? You’re right, they do need to acclimatise to earth again, but you saw what they can do with Voltron, what they are to and with each other...” Veronica shakes her head, wonder colouring her voice, she can see it now, even. That goddamn giant robot, filling the sky and gleaming with all the hues of the rainbow, bright with the blistering luminescence of a star. “The paladins share a deep bond, what we on earth would call a *soul* bond,” she presses a hand to her chest, looking up at the doctor, “I can’t imagine how it might feel to be separated from the people you share that bond with, I mean—I can barely comprehend what they’re all capable of. They’re the only people in the universe like that. Their bond is unique.”

Veronica lets her hands fall to her sides. This is really the only plan she has, and she refuses to fail at this. She’s not lying when she says the magnitude of the paladin’s bond is unfathomable but she’d seen a glimmer of it in Lance’s eyes, that bright, defensive spark, the one that says *I’d do anything for them , we go together or not at all* . It was almost unsettling how ferocious that spark had been, but damn her if she’s going to let it go out.

“Dr Leon...Celeste, I’m Lance’s sister, but the paladins are also his family. All I’m asking is for you to allow them a few hours to spend with one another. They almost *died* ,” she adds quietly. Silence hangs heavy between them until Veronica’s next words pierce the quiet. “A few hours...that’s all I’m asking.”

Celeste looks her up and down. Staring her down with night-dark eyes that Veronica meets with her own, unabashedly looking back with that furious sort of starkness she's known for.

Celeste huffs and holds her hand up in defeat. "Alright! *Fine* . A few hours won't hurt them, I suppose they've proven themselves fairly tough already." She narrows her eyes down at Veronica, "I want them in a neutral, clean, space, one of the medical common rooms will be fine, not too much sugary food," she tells her firmly, "no alcohol, and nothing stressful. And —" she adds, brows low, "I'll have medical personnel on stand-by."

Veronica nods quickly. "Yes, yes, of course, yes and whatever you need to make yourself feel better, Doc."

"*Hey* ," she waggles a finger at her, voice stern but eyes sparkling with amusement, "Watch it, kid, I'm doing you a favour, learn to respect your elders."

Veronica preens a little, blinking her eyes innocently. "Of course, Doctor." After a moment she drops the cheeky act, the smirk falling off her face. "This means a lot to me Doctor Leon, truly," she lifts out a hand, mouth lifting again when the woman takes it firmly.

"Thank you."

When Veronica slips into Lance's room the next day, the trouble-making grin on her face made all the more obvious by the late mid-morning sun, he knows deep in his bones her wild plan worked.

"You didn't," he breathes, disbelieving despite the triumph plain on his sister's face.

"Oh but I did," she croons, dumping his jacket on the end of his bed and cocking a hip. "Now chuck this on, I'm busting you out here."

Lance sits up properly, and twists, setting his bare feet on the cold floor. He thumbs the sleeve of his old worn jacket, surprise and warmth warring for space in the cage of his chest. "I—I didn't even think I still had this," he says, throat tight. Sure, before they'd left the castle he vaguely remembers throwing it in the Red Lion somewhere, but between everything that has happened since...he thought it was gone. Turned to ashes or scraps of irredeemable fabric. "How did you find this?"

Veronica shrugs, blue eyes sparkling. "Does it matter? Just put it on already," she laughs. "Oh and," she wiggles a pair of simple beige slip-on shoes in front of his nose, "*these* ."

Lance raises his eyebrows, eyes crossed as he stares at the shoes. "They're kind of ugly." Veronica flicks his nose in exasperation, sighing when Lance yelps and moves away. "Okay, *fine* ," he mutters, grabbing the shoes with a huff, "I'll put them on but, uh," he glances at her, a trickle of foreboding, more a thrill than a feeling of fear, running down his spine at her impish expression. He purses his lips, blinking at her with suspicion. "Where are we going?"

Veronica's eyes spark, twin blue flames to mirror the golden light of day. "Family reunion of course, now," she throws his worn jacket at him, chuckling as it hits him square in the face, "put that on and come with me."

Lance splutters at her bossy demands but shrugs the shoes and jacket on regardless and when he stands up from the bed, legs tingly and weak with disuse, with his old jacket, the one that had accompanied him from Cuba to the garrison to the infinite galaxies of space, a gentle weight on his shoulders, he finally feels *right* .

"Alright," he drawls, holding out his hand to Veronica, "whisk me away, sis, let's see where this crazy endeavour gets us."

She grips his hand tight, their hands fitting smoothly together, just like they did when they were small, and drags him from the room, her laughter lovelier than any concerto or danzon from Cuba, and the sound soothes something jagged inside him.

That and the promise of a promise fulfilled.

The cold, steely insides of the Garrison that they're navigating are both familiar and strange. Even as a cadet, Lance doesn't think he ever wandered these particular halls, but it's been so long that he can barely remember his classes, let alone how to find his way around.

Even so, Lance knows—from the glint in Veronica's eyes and some instinct deep inside his gut—he knows where they are, the paladins, can feel their presences echoing through his bones, down from his head to the tips of his toes in dizzying waves, and as he spies a single door, a sliver of golden light glinting beneath it, his feet take off beneath him and suddenly he's rushing towards it, like a crazed man, and then it *opens* .

Lance isn't one for poetry, not really, but he thinks, in this moment, spying his friends lazing around the room, matching in their orange outfits, that he could write sonnets and ballads and — *all* of those wishy washy things that old white men in cravats are known for.

Hunk is the first to spot him, gaping in the doorway like a fish, and he's out of his seat and wrapping Lance in a crushing hug before he can blink.

"Lance, buddy, you're here! Oh man, when Veronica came and saw us yesterday, with this crazy scheme, I had a feeling you were probably behind it, 'cause y'know, schemes are your thing but—" Hunk grips him by the shoulders, pulling back and grinning at him, smile effervescent "— *man* , did I miss you," he whips his head around to look at the other paladins, before turning back to Lance sheepishly, "and everyone else of course, but you're my best bud."

Lance blinks, then snuffles, eyes burning suddenly, and he clears his throat. "Yeah I missed you too, man."

Hunk's grin gentles, just a little and he opens his mouth to say something else when Pidge's voice cuts him off.

“Did you ever consider,” they drawl, arms crossed defiantly in the face of Hunk’s large frame, “that some *other* people might want to say hello to Lance?”

Hunk gasps. “*Excuse* you! Lance is *my* best buddy!”

“Well that doesn’t mean you have to hog him, you...y-you Lance-hogger!”

“Lance- *hogger* ?”

“Yeah, I said what I said.”

Lance whips his head between them as they argue, it’s lighthearted of course, but they’re rather rambunctious for two people that were supposedly “bedridden.”

He clears his throat tentatively, this isn’t quite what he pictured, and from Veronica’s not-so-silent guffaws, where she’s leering in the doorway, it’s not what she pictured either. “Ah, guys—”

A warm hand squeezes his shoulder as Allura sidles up behind him. White hair haloing her head like a winter’s mist. “Don’t worry about them too much,” she notes, “they’re just making a fuss because they’re happy to see you,” Allura tilts her head, a gentle smile playing on her mouth. “We all are.”

Lance grins at that. It feels... *good* . To be missed. To be needed. Another jagged piece inside him soothed, a wound he didn’t even know was there.

“It’s good to see you too, Princess,” he says softly. His eyes dart over her face, grin dampening at the dark circles under her eyes. “You doin’ alright?”

“Oh yes I’m,” she rubs at her cheek, her laugh a little shaky, “I’m *okay* . Just—” she huffs, frustrated “—glad that we’re all here, I suppose,” Allura squeezes his shoulder again. “That’s all. Promise.”

He eyes her shrewdly, but nods, content to let it slide. Just this *once* .

Allura claps her hands, plastering a smile on her lovely face, Pidge and Hunk go quiet at the interruption, staring begrudgingly at each other.

“*Ahem*, shouldn’t we *all* say hello to Lance,” she says, pointedly peering over to the seated figures of Keith and Shiro, the slight pout on her lips makes Lance chuckle.

Shiro only waves tiredly from the soft white couch he’s seated on, knees resting against the table in front of him, the space between the couch and table too small for his long legs. “I’m too old to get up,” he replies dryly, “but Keith isn’t,” Shiro reaches his arm out to shove his brother’s shoulder playfully. “Off you go,” he teases, “go play with the other children.”

“*Shiro* .”

“Now, now Keith, play nice—”

“—Oh my *god* .”

Lance holds up his hands, raising his voice just a touch. “Okay everybody, I know you all want a piece of good ol’ Lancey Lance, but there is *plenty* to go around,” he wiggles his eyebrows playfully, grinning when Pidge gags, “let’s just...sit down for a while, after all,” he bats his eyelashes, “I worked *so* hard to put this all together.”

It’s quiet for only a single moment before Hunk starts to laugh. Then Pidge, Allura, even Keith, with Shiro’s soft chuckles joining into the chorus.

“I think—” Allura gasps out through her giggles “—I think Veronica might have a bone to pick with you there,” at Lance’s mock gasp of indignation she rolls her eyes, “let’s go ‘Lancey Lance.’” She smiles at them all, blue eyes bright and shining, like a new star.

Veronica slinks to his side, grinning, all sunlight, bronzed skin and sky eyes, in her hand she holds a glass, one which she raises promptly, voice clear and warm.

“Let the reunion commence!”

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed that! Second chap will be here SOON!

Find me on twitter (if u like ofc) @FonDaBohh

Mwah!

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