

A Self-Indulgent Klance Fanfiction That We Wrote Only Looking At The Last Sentence Of A Paragraph The Other Person Wrote In Five Minutes

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A Self-Indulgent Klance Fanfiction That We Wrote Only Looking At The Last Sentence Of A Paragraph The Other Person Wrote In Five Minutes

by [Vaerllian \(orphan_account\)](#)

Summary

so my friend and I had a great idea.

what if we wrote something together, but only wrote for 5 minute chunks, switching off and on, but we continued the story based on the last sentence of the previous writer's paragraph? we started with a soulmate au and one rule. No asking the other person about what they wrote, and no reading the previous parts, not even your own.

We wrote this in about a week, starting on monday and finally allowing ourselves to read it on friday.

the soulmate au was where you see in black and white until you touch your soulmate, and then you can see color.

Each paragraph is a new switch-off, and it starts and ends with my friend's paragraph.

this is so incredibly bad that it's hilarious.

enjoy our combined lack of braincells and a deep wish for season 1 klance to have been canon and also that voltron didn't end as such a shitshow

Notes

we didn't proofread this, so every spelling error that we made is still there, and we aren't going to fix it. let's just call it the 'beauty of creating a work of art together' or something along those lines

also whenever i switched it off to her, i copy+pasted my last sentence into a new paragraph, while she didn't, so that's why some of the sentences repeat. like the spelling, we aren't going to fix it, yada yada 'joy of art' yada yada

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

Klance Season 1: The Good Ole Days

Lance's POV

Moving to a new place is always hard, moving into an alien castle in space across the galaxy with no contact with your family is even harder. At least Lance had his friends with him to keep him company. There was only one person on the ship who really ground his gears. Keith. His stupid hair and smug attitude really ticked him off. Who has a mullet anyway?

Who has a mullet, anyway? Lance thought Keith's hair might have been either a dark brown or black, not that he could tell. He often fantasized about seeing a handsome stranger and wistfully longing about their eye color before accidentally brushing their hand and seeing the world burst into color. His parents often told him that it was like an explosion, but in the best way possible. His mom also told him that she had been too entranced with the colors to even look at her soulmate. His dad, on the other hand, had told him that he had barely even seen the colors, as he had just been staring at his soulmate. Lance used to love stargazing, until one of his younger siblings had pointed up at the sky. "Look at how blue that one is!" Lance had stared in shock. After all, his brother had been just 7.

After all, his brother had been just 7. Leaving him before he even finished elementary school had been the hardest. Of course his family would look after him but it felt so wrong leaving him behind. He was excited but also scared, all Lance could trust was that he could keep his family safe from the stars.

Maybe getting closer to his friends would give Lance a good enough distraction. Lance got up from his chair, walking out of his room. As he pulled on his coat and searched for his keys (which he somehow lost again, as he always seemed to do), he thought about what he would do when he met his soulmate. First things first, he would pull his soulmate down into a deep, passionate, kiss. The next thing he would do would be to stare deeply into his soulmate's eyes. Lance smiled to himself. He was sure that his soulmate's eyes would be his favorite color. Well, aside from whatever color the sky would be. His parents described it as "blue", and that it was also the same color as the ocean. Lance couldn't wait to look at all the colors in the world with his soulmate. Lance wanted to stargaze, and surf, and grow flowers with his soulmate. Call him a cheesy romantic, but Lance wanted the typical, blissful, cliché love. Lance, honest-to-god, wanted a white picket fence house with his soulmate.

Lance, honest-to-god, wanted a white picket fence house with his soulmate. Lance wanted a yard with flowers. He daydreamed constantly letting his thoughts run wild. Holding hands, sleeping in on lazy mornings. He was beginning to think he might never find his soulmate.

His thoughts were interrupted by Pidge's hand in front of his face, "Uh Earth to Lance." He blinked. He had been daydreaming while he drove to the coffee shop they usually studied at, and he had daydreamed while Pidge had been talking to him. "Hey, what's up?" Pidge raised an eyebrow. "Moping about your soulmate again?"

Lance blushed, looking away. "I was not moping, I was... daydreaming."

Pidge rolled their eyes, punching him lightly. "Whatever, dude. Just focus on your homework."

Lance groaned, pulling out his notebook. Flipping to the most recent page, he scanned the

writing, before laughing.

“Ha! Joke’s on you, pigeon, I don’t have any homework this week!”

Pidge leaned over, examining the notebook. “Oh, damn, you actually did it. That’s surprising.”

Lance smiled smugly, snapping the notebook closed. “Not that surprising. You know, I am a diligent, honorable-”

“Keith was in your study hall so you finished all of your homework to avoid interacting with him.”

Lance sputtered as the roles were suddenly reversed, Pidge now smirking at him.

“N-no! Well, maybe! Look, he’s a dick, why should I subject myself to his ego for longer than I have to?”

Pidge rolled their eyes, pushing themselves back to their place on the couch they were sitting on. “Cool your jets, hotshot.”

“Cool your jets, hotshot.” Keith smirked. Lance flushed, “Hey I’m passionate about finding my soulmate! I want to find her ASAP.” Keith shrugged, “When I find em I find em.” He leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms, “Lance how do you even know your soulmate will be a woman.” Lance opened his mouth to protest then shut it again. “I um never considered that it could be a guy.” He rested his chin in his hand.

“I feel like I’m so close, Keith.”

Lance paced around the empty classroom, his hands flailing wildly over his head as Keith watched impassively. “I’m so damn close to graduating with my degree, but it’s you holding me back, every single damn time!”

Lance whirled around the face Keith.

“If your stupid mullet head gets me expelled, I’ll make it my life goal to ruin the rest of yours.”

Keith rolled his eyes, lip curling in disgust. “Nice life goal. Nice to know you’re so obsessed with me that you’re willing to dedicate your life to following me around and trying to make me miserable.”

Lance sputtered. “N-no! That’s not what I meant!”

Keith raised an eyebrow. “Then what did you mean?”

“Not that! It’s not like that!”

“Not that! Not like that!” Lance twitched away from Keith’s hand before he could take his hand. “Keith the touch has to be natural!” Lance held his hand close to his chest. “I-I’m going to take a nap”, Lance turned away from Keith and walked away. “Lance wait!”, Keith called out. Keith started to reach for Lance’s hand once again but stopped short, letting him walk to his room. “Did I fuck it up?” Keith mumbled to himself. Lance quickly closed his door.

Lance collapsed on the bed, his heart racing. The fight with Keith, and almost getting expelled from college had left him flustered and anxious. Taking deep breaths, he tried to calm himself down. He succeeded for about two seconds before he grabbed his pillow, shoving it over his face and screamed.

He flipped onto his stomach, glowering at the plain white wall. Stupid, idiotic, Keith. Lance hated Keith from the moment he first saw him, arguing with the professor in his Intro to Psych class. Lance screamed into the pillow again. Stupid, stupid Keith, with his stupid, stupid mullet. Lance squeezed his eyes shut and screamed into the pillow for a third time.

Lance squeezed his eyes shut and screamed into the pillow for a third time. "God whyyyy", Lance rolled over and hugged his pillow. "I should go apologize, what's the worst that could happen? He's my soulmate that wouldn't be the worst." Lance sat up. "God ok." Suddenly there was a knock on the door. "Come in!" Keith poked his head in the door. "Ummm hi, it's me, I'm sorry Lance. I pushed you and I shouldn't have." Lance smiled and let go of his pillow. "It's ok, I mean what's the worst that can happen."

Lance smiled before standing up. Hunk patted him on the back as he stood. "See, buddy, it's alright. You didn't get expelled, and you and Keith just have some public service for a couple weeks. The worst thing that happens is that you help clean up the campus with Keith."

Lance smiled thankfully at Hunk. "Yeah, I guess I was overreacting a bit. I just got so irritated that Keith was the one who crashed his dumb motorcycle into the statue, and I'm the one who got blamed, just because I was waking past."

Hunk shrugged. "I dunno, man. Just keep doing you. You're so close to graduating, so don't let some dumb accident get you off-track."

Lance nodded. "Right as always Hunk."

"Always there for you, buddy."

"Well, it's not like you have a choice, considering we're roommates." Lance stuck his tongue out at Hunk. "You're stuck with me, you're stuck with me!" Lance danced around the room, jokingly repeating the sentence. Hunk sighed.

Hunk sighed. "You guys are such idiots dancing around each other, you obviously like-" Pidge slapped a hand over Hunk's mouth. "Uhhhhhhh you guys obviously like... being friends, but Lance you need to really consider how you feel about Keith."

Lance clasped his hands together, "How do I feel about Keith?" He scowled. "He's an utter asshole who nearly ran over me, and then nearly got me expelled because he crashed into a damn statue."

Allura looked at Hunk sideways, and he rolled his in return.

"Lance, have you ever actually talked to him?"

"Of course I've talked to him! He's always so mooney all the time, and I always want to know why! But he nearly bites my damn head off every time I open my mouth, so I stopped trying!"

Allura sighed again. "Lance, I'm good friends with Shiro. You know this, right?"

"Yeah, and?"

"Shiro is friends with Keith, and he tells me that Keith is actually a very nice person when you get to know him. He just has trouble getting to know people."

Lance raised an eyebrow. "Tell me, princess. Have you ever tried talking to him?"

Allura looked away awkwardly. "Well, no, but I'm trying! He just sort of... ducks away and vanishes whenever he sees me coming."

Lance raised his arms. "See! You two are one to talk, telling me to try 'getting closer to him' when you can't even do it yourselves!"

Hunk raised his hand. "Well, Pidge actually hangs out with him a lot. They used to tutor him, but apparently they both found out that they're both nuts for conspiracy theories."

Lance groaned. "Great, so he's into conspiracy theories, too." He whirled around in a circle, arms outstretched in frustration. "What's next, he summons mothman to make my life miserable?"

"What's next, he summons mothman to make my life miserable?" Pidge shoves Lance "Oh calm down drama queen." Lance grins. "Ok ok, that won't happen, but like what if I really do like him?" Hunk shrugs. "Then you like him." Lance crosses his arms. "Maybe I do", he mumbles to himself.

Keith's POV

Keith stands next to the doorway, cheeks flushing. He slowly backs up before slowly walking to this room.

The door shuts behind him before he starts to freak out. Lance punched the air a few times, barely holding back screams. Stupid, stupid Keith. Lance flipped onto the floor, his hair falling into his face. He tried to blow it away, but it just fell into it further. Stupid Keith. Always ruining everything. And to think that Lance had a crush on him when he first saw him. Lance blushed furiously at the memory. He had always had a thing for the classic bad-boy look, and Keith had fit it perfectly. Sure, the mullet was dumb, but so was Lance.

Sure, the mullet was dumb, but so was Lance. "Sure I like the idea of holding his hand, and baking things, and growing old together. But that doesn't necessarily mean I LIKE him. He kind of sucked in the beginning but he's gotten more and more ok. Even his mullet doesn't seem that bad anymore." Lance chuckled as he rambled to himself. He was so absorbed in his thoughts he didn't notice the smile spreading across his face.

"You know what he could probably even pull that mullet into a little pony tail, I bet his hair is super soft too. I wonder what it would be like to run my fingers thr-" Lance stopped himself. He stared at the wall. What was he thinking? He hated Keith. He hated him, and his stupid grey eyes that were probably some stupid color that Lance couldn't see because Lance hadn't met his stupid soulmate yet. Lance winced. "Sorry, sorry, I didn't mean it. You aren't stupid, soulmate. I promise." Lance felt like the stupid one now. He had never, ever, insulted his soulmate before.

He had never, ever, insulted his soulmate before. Keith took soulmates very seriously, but at this point it felt pointless. Stuck floating in space with 6 other people didn't leave much wiggle room for finding someone new. He supposed he would just continue seeing in black and white forever. Suddenly overcome with emotion Keith realized he was crying. He hadn't even touched his soulmate and he already felt like he lost someone.

"Maybe seeing Lance will cheer me up" he sniffed. Lance rolled his eyes fondly.

"Oh, come on, Shiro, very funny. What are you actually here for?"

Shiro straightened up, grinning. "What, I can't visit one of my favorite people?"

Lance raised an eyebrow. "Shiro, you and I both know that Keith is your favorite."
"What? No, you're all my favorites. But I did actually come here to tell you something relating to Keith."
Lance groaned. "What does the asshole want now? He's already ruined my day enough."
"Hey! Language."
"It's not 'language' if it's true."
Shiro frowned. "I'd argue with you, but I know I can't change your mind. Keith wanted me to tell you that he wants to start the community service as soon as possible, to avoid spending the summer working."
Lance crossed his arms. "Why didn't he tell me himself, then? He's like, 19, he has a damn phone, and he knows where I live. He can call, or drive over."
Shiro furrowed his eyebrows. "Keith doesn't have a phone, he's already trying to pay for college by himself, he can't afford a phone."
Lance shifted in embarrassment. "Oh. I had... no idea."
"He also crashed his motorcycle this morning, so he can't exactly drive here, Lance."

"He also crashed his motorcycle this morning, so he can't exactly drive here, Lance." Lance crossed his arms, "Well I'm sure this is news to you but we have giant space lians, we can go anywhere we want." Lance began to pout. "So he should be here." "You know for being without soulmates you two are pretty attached", Shiro called over his shoulder. Keith walked in with his jacket over his shoulder, "Who's pretty attached?" Lance jumped up. "Aha! See he could get here just fine." Keith flashed a confused smile.

"Uh sure, the traffic wasn't too bad." Keith rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. "I mean, it was super weird taking the bus instead of my motorcycle, but y'know, whatever."
Lance mumbled in agreement, avoiding looking at Keith's face. Keith looked away, biting the inside of his cheek. Shiro and Coran had both ducked out of the room, leaving the pair alone with just each other. Lance was debating yelling at Keith everything he had been screaming into his pillow just a little while before, but he had the feeling that both Coran and Shiro, who he was sure were both standing just outside the door, listening in, would consider that rude and uncalled for. So Lance just settled for crossing his arms and glaring somewhere in the vicinity of Keith's feet.
"Uh, so... sorry? I guess? For today?"
Lance's arms dropped from his chest as he stared at Keith.
"You're... apologizing?"
"Well, yeah. I mean, you were walking right in front of me and didn't see me, but like, it was still my fault for crashing my bike. I just sorta... lost my temper and yelled at you."
"Oh. Uh, thanks. I guess."
The two stood in silence, neither really looking at the other. Lance was the first to break the silence, rubbing his arm.
"So, um. How long have you been riding bikes?"
Keith bit his cheek again, thinking. "Good question."

Keith bit his cheek again, thinking. "Good question." He sat back on the couch. "Well I feel like I've been waiting for my soulmate all my life and now that we're in space it will never happen." Keith's expression dropped. "I know it's silly to be thinking about this in the middle

of the war with the Galra but it's... really been bothering me." Lance sighed. "Keith I understand, I've been thinking about it a lot too." Lance stared down at his hands. "I guess I've been thinking about after the war if we get to go home, what will happen. What will normal life even be like then." Keith nodded. "We'll figure it out as we go. Together." Keith gently took Lance's hand. Both boy's eyes widened. Keith quickly dropped his hand. "What is-are we? I-um...I..." Keith stood up abruptly.

He backed towards the door before walking out leaving Lance in stunned silence. Lance fell backwards onto his bed. He had just had an actual, decent conversation with Keith. Neither of them bitched at the other, and neither had slapped the other. Lance curled onto his side, grinning to himself. Maybe Keith wasn't so bad after all.

Shire opened the door, peering in. "You okay there, buddy? Keith seemed okay when he walked out, and we didn't hear any screaming, and the dorm didn't burn down, so I assumed it went well?"

Lance rolled to face him, still smiling. "Actually, for once? It did!" He sat up, eyes bright. "I actually talked to him! And I actually enjoyed it!"

Shire smirked, raising an eyebrow. "What did I say? Keith is a cool guy when you get to know him."

Lance rolled onto his back, gazing up at the glow in the dark stars he had stuck onto his ceiling. Apparently they glowed green, but he couldn't tell. "Yeah. Yeah, I guess you're right, Shiro." Lance sighed in contentment. Maybe this would work out.

Maybe this would work out. Lance walked over the mirror and studied his face. "So this is color", Lance's fingers brushed over his features. "I barely even got to see Keith's face." Lance smiled. "I bet he's cute."

Keith's POV

Keith sat in his room. Panicking. "Omgomgomg I've always liked him but I never thought we could be...." Keith gripped his pillow to his chest. "His eyes are so beautiful...Ugh I can't be thinking about that right now, I have to think of the other issues at hand right now."

Keith began to pace. Shiro chuckled as a blush spread across his cheeks. "Shiro, stop laughing, stop, you dick!"

Lance stared in shock. Keith was blushing? Lance smiled. "That's the cutest thing I've ever seen."

Three pairs of eyes locked onto him, and Lance realized he had said that out loud. "I-I mean the fact that you and Shiro um, banter! That you two banter like that!"

Conan raised an eye, and Keith's blush spread to his ears. Lance felt heat rise onto his cheeks, and he edged towards the door. "Well, alright then, very nice of you three to stop by, I'll be off, then!"

He darted through the doorway, slamming it shut behind him. He ran as fast as he could away from the dorm, before he stopped, realizing an important fact he had overlooked. They were in his room.

They were in his room. The realization left Keith suddenly awkward. They were soulmates but would it be weird to kiss him. "Keith what's that look for?" Lance smiled gently. "You look lost in thought." Keith leaned in awkwardly. "Can I um, shit, can I kiss you?" Lance nodded dumbfounded before closing the gap. Everything felt right. Slowly they clasp hands. Keith pulls away reluctantly. "Wow...." Keith breathed. Lance gently cupped his cheek. "Wow is right." Lance gently laughed. "What? Why are you laughing" Keith eyed Lance.

"You're just so cute."

~~~~~THE END~~~~~

## End Notes

i hope you enjoyed reading this as much as we did. we're probably going to keep doing this until school murders our ass, so stay tuned for more of this nonsense, and maybe i'll actually post writing i'm proud of  
if you actually enjoyed this and want to see more, leave suggestions for fandoms or characters for us to write about in the comments, or something along those lines

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