

Stellar Nucleosynthesis

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Stellar Nucleosynthesis

by [ForensicSpider98](#)

Summary

The future is uncertain, but then again nothing ever is.

Notes

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

“Hey. Beloved. Hey.” Lips brush against Keith’s, fingertips traveling down his bare side to cup his hip. “Beloved, wake up. Your mom’s here and I’m pretty sure she wants to cook and eat me.”

“You’ll be fine. You’d taste terrible. She knows that already.”

“It’s pregnancy test day... We kinda need you for that.” Lance kisses his cheek, cuddling up close behind him. “Don’t you wanna know if we’re having a baby? If there’s gonna be a tiny, miniature Keith running around?”

Keith sighs, lacing his fingers over Lance’s to keep the man’s arm around him. “I’d rather they looked like you.”

“What? No way!” Lance pouts.

“I hope they at least have your eyes. I love your eyes.”

“Aw-w, Beloved. I love *your* eyes.” Lance kisses his shoulder. “But before we can start arguing over inherited traits, we should do a pregnancy test.”

“We can argue now. But,” Keith says with a heaving sigh. “I guess we should take a pregnancy test. Before Thace straps me down and bleeds me by force.”

“Keith.” It’s Krolia, clearly having gotten impatient listening to Lance coo over him. “You have a package waiting from Thace.”

“Okay, I’m coming.” Keith sits up, Lance sitting with him.

“Your hair is a mess.”

“That’s your fault.”

“Yeah. It is.” Lance snickers, kisses his cheek. “I think Krolia got breakfast started, so whenever you’re ready, come join us, okay?”

Keith nods, spends a few minutes finding the energy to deal with Lance and Krolia in the same room and find out if he’s pregnant. He’ll be exhausted before lunch.

Krolia’s cooking breakfast when he emerges. Lance is patting out dough for flatbreads. They’re a little uneven, still a little wonky around the edges, but he’s got a proud little smile on his face. Keith swears he falls in love all over again when the Altean holds one up for his inspection.

“My good man, they look beautiful.” Keith wraps his arms around his mate’s waist, kisses his shoulder. “I’m glad you’re having fun.”

“I know you’re lying to spare my feelings, but thank you, beloved.” Lance sprinkles more flour on the table, starts on another lump of dough. “That came for you.” A long, thin finger

indicates a parcel wrapped in paper. “Thace makes paper, doesn’t he? It’s like a hobby or something.”

“Yeah, he does. It’s how he and Ulaz fell in love, actually. Thace used to write all these letters for him. Still does. And for his kits.”

Keith takes a deep breath, unwraps the parcel. Inside is a small case about the size of his palm, made of dark, brushed metal. He blows the breath out through his cheeks.

Lance opens up an accompanying slip of parchment. “Okay. He left instructions. Step one, open the case and remove the test strip capsule and packaged sanitary wipe.”

Keith opens the box. Inside, there’s a small, metal device of matching color with a narrow screen at the top and a glass capsule containing a thin strip of silver material with a tiny depression at one end. He pulls out the capsule.

“Unscrew the lid of the capsule, removing the test strip. Insert the flat end of the strip into the port at the bottom of the device. Put the lid back on the capsule. Carefully clean the selected finger. Then, pull on the lip of the capsule to expose the needle punch, set it to the side of the pad of your finger, and press down quickly. You should feel a sharp prick. Squeeze a small amount of blood from your finger and put it up to the sample plate at the bottom of the strip. Press the button on the device and wait- *Fifteen doboshes?!* ”

Lance groans. Keith shakes his head, smiling despite his stress. “I suppose we could wait two more movements and I could pee into a capsule and we could have results in one dobosh instead.”

“No, we’ll just do it now,” the Altean grumbles.

Krolia chuckles. “Be grateful you have a test you can take. I just had to wait until I could feel you. Besides, this device will also screen for any deficiencies Keith may have accrued during his season, and send the data directly to his reproductive care physician, in the case Thace.”

Keith bites his lip, staring at the capsule, before handing it to Lance with a pleading look. Lance sits beside him at the table, finding the sanitary wipe and unwrapping it, cleaning Keith’s left index finger, though not before squeezing it to watch his claw extend. Just for fun.

“When you say ‘wait until you could feel him’, what do you mean?” Lance asks, pulling off the capsule lid. The outer dome pops off to reveal a smaller, similarly shaped piece of metal beneath, with a hole at the bottom.

“After a phoeb, I could press down on my lower abdomen and feel a hardness where my womb would be.”

“I guess fifteen doboshes doesn’t sound so bad now, hm?” Keith asks. Lance kisses his cheek. The Galra smiles, opens his mouth to say something else, only to let out a surprised squeak when Lance presses the pricking device down on his finger. “There we go. All done.”

Lance squeezes a bead of blood from the tiny wound in the side of Keith's finger, presses it to the sample plate. He looks back at his husband. "Whenever you're ready, beloved."

Keith hesitantly presses the purple button on the device, eyeing the Galran text on the screen:

TEST: ANALYZING...

"Now what?" Lance whines. "I wanna know."

"I mean, the chances of me being pregnant are not in our favor." Keith says, accepting some steak and eggs from his mother. "It's my first season, and my family has a history of fertility issues. Plus, even if I am pregnant, the chances that I won't miscarry are also not in our favor for the exact same reasons. Best not to get our hopes up." The Galra shrugs, scooping his breakfast onto a piece of already cooked flatbread, sprinkling it with salt and spices, and shoving it in his mouth. "Besides, I was spotting for a couple quintants after my season, so--"

"That happens either way. You know that," Krolia prompts. At Lance's confused looks, she explains. "It's not uncommon to spot blood following season."

"Come on now, beloved. Let's try to be optimistic, okay?" Lance watches Keith's enthusiasm for his breakfast fade before his eyes, ears drooping. He places a hand on his husband's shoulder. "Hey, why don't you go take your bath while we wait? The test will be done when you get back and you can keep yourself busy with this mess."

Lance tugs at a tangled lock of hair. Keith nods, worrying his lip. "Yeah. Yeah, okay... You won't be mad, right?"

"Not even a little. And I won't peek. Pregnant or not, you'll be the first to know."

Keith nods, resets his demeanour. "Don't get your hopes up."

Watching him retreat into the bathroom, Lance turns to Krolia. "He's going to be devastated if we're not pregnant."

"Oh, absolutely. One hundred percent." She sips her tea, frowning after her only child, a worried furrow to her brow. "Totally crushed."

Lance nods, snatches up the uneaten half of Keith's breakfast, sets it back out by the fire to keep it warm. Now he just needs to keep himself busy until Keith comes back.

"I should get packing," he muses. "We're leaving tomorrow either way, and Keith has managed to acquire many presents." He turns back to the warrior at his table. "Will you kindly bring yours tomorrow? It should make leaving easier on him."

"Certainly." Krolia sets down her borrowed tea cup, rises to her feet. "I assume that is a dismissal?"

"A soft one, but please, if you don't mind. Whatever the near future holds, let it be ours, first." Lance inclines his head. Krolia nods, leaves, leaving Lance to his waiting.

After fifteen doboshes, the device on the table beeps. Lance lunges for it, misses at the last tick. “No, no. I said he got to see it first-” Lance groans, cards a hand through his hair. “Okay. I’m okay. I’m a grown up. I can be patient.” One tick. Two. Patience is not Lance’s strong suit. “I’m just gonna...”

Keith’s still in the tub, hair still tangled, knees tucked up to his chest.

“Hey, beloved. The, uh. The results are in, if you want to come take a look.”

“O-Okay.” Keith begins raking fingers frantically through his wet hair, cursing when they snag on the knots.

“Whoa, hey.” Lance gently coaxed Keith’s hands into his lap. “Let me do that, hm? Before you hurt yourself.”

“It’s just hair,” Keith whispers.

“Not to you.” Lance kisses the top of his head before pouring a lightweight creme into his hands, coaxing it through Keith’s hair. “Though I’ve noticed you don’t braid it so much anymore. Isn’t that what your father did?”

“Yeah. But I’m not my father. My father is gone... I could be becoming a father right now.” Keith draws in a rattling breath, tugging on a detangled lock of hair.

“Yes, we both could be.” Lance starts on another section of Keith’s hair, wrinkling his nose as loose strands tangle around his fingers. Their servants must *hate* cleaning their bathroom. And their quarters for that matter, given Keith’s fur. “Beloved, are you alright? You don’t seem like yourself.”

“I’m... *scared*. ”

Lance’s hands pause for a moment, then continue their progress, working up and up until they eventually comb all of the tangles out of his hair.

“Me too. It’s... a lot. I know. And even more for you than for me. But listen.” Lance scoops a pitcher of water from the adjacent basin, pours it slowly over Keith’s head to rinse the creme from his hair and the many loose strands from his hands. “All that test tells us is whether or not we’re pregnant. There’s plenty of time for us to change our minds if-”

“You changed your mind?!” Keith whirls, alarmed.

“What? No! Not at all. But if you have, then-”

“I haven’t. I just- I know I’m the one who has to carry the kits and all that, but if you wouldn’t mind helping? Just maybe picking up a few extra duties here and there, stuff like that.”

“Of course I will. What else would I do? You- I couldn’t possibly do enough for you,” Lance whispers. Keith’s violet eyes meet Lance’s, resolved, but still somehow soft. Lance nods, presses their foreheads together. “Are you ready then?”

“I think so. Can you get me some clothes while I dry off?”

“Sure.” Lance kisses Keith sweetly, hands him his towel. “I love you.”

“Love you too.”

Doboshes later, Keith’s staring at the little device like touching it might kill him. It’s certainly killing Lance. Finally, with a determined huff, Keith snatches the device off the table, looking down at the screen. There’s a long pause, an agonizing stretch of silence, ears full of static instead of the rising bustle of the village outside.

A tiny breath escapes through Keith’s mouth, eyes gaining a dangerous shine to them as they fill with water. He tips forward and melts against Lance’s frame, arms loose by his sides, head resting against his collarbone.

“Woah, hey.” Quite worried, Lance wraps his arms around his husband, holding him close. Lance kisses his fluffy ear, rubbing circles into his back. “Are you okay?”

Keith nods, snuggling closer.

“Do you, uh...” Lance clears his throat, tucking Keith more beneath his chin. “Do you want to give me a hint? You’re killing me here, beloved.”

Keith sets the device in his hand, wraps his arms around Lance’s waist. Keeping on hand on the small of Keith’s back, Lance lifts the device so he can see it, turns it right side up so he can translate the Galran properly.

TEST: POSITIVE

“Oh, my- Keith!” Lance drops the device, ignoring when it skitters over the floor in favor of holding his husband in a tight embrace. “Oh, *Keith*. ”

Keith pulls away. “I can’t believe it. It was so easy! I did it!- Wait, you did it? We did it?”

“Who cares! We’re having a baby! We’re gonna be parents-” Lance tears up. “I’m finally gonna be a dad.”

“Lance you’re not even nineteen.” Keith shakes his head, more fondness than anything else.

“Yes, but I’ve wanted it all my life,” Lance snuffles.

Sighing, Keith draws Lance in for a gentle embrace, though not before a tender kiss. “Now let’s hope I can carry it.”

“I know you can, beloved. I have absolute faith in you.” Lance kisses the crest of his shoulder. “And I’ll be here to help every step of the way, I promise you.”

“I figured as much. You’ll definitely be a thorn in my side more often than not.”

“A thorn is a starving man’s arrowhead.”

“I- What?” Keith pulls back, baffled. “What the fuck does that even mean?”

“A pain in the ass can still be invaluable in the right circumstances.”

Keith snorts, breaking into giddy laughter as he snuggles back in. “Alfor taught you that one didn’t he.”

“No. Coran did. I was the thorn as a child, screaming for attention to rescue him from probing questions about when he and my father began seeing each other... I was a very well-trained son once upon a time.”

Keith laughs again. “I can imagine!... My good man, I love you.”

“I love you too, beloved. So very much.”

“Can we- Can we just go and curl up together? I know we need to pack, but please?”

“Yes. We can definitely do that.” Lance presses their foreheads together, feeling a stir of pride when he hears Keith start to purr, that anxious/excited trembling in the man’s body settling at the loving gesture. “Nothing would make me happier this day.”

Lance’s hands find Keith’s, twining their fingers together.

“Nothing at all.”

End Notes

Next time on Love After the Fact: Goodbyes are hard. So is dinner with the in-laws.

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