

Golden Hour

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by [CreativWit](#)

Summary

Lambert loves taking every kind of picture. He takes snapshots of his boyfriends posing for him, whether they're trying to be funny or a bit more...sensual. Either way, Lambert treasures them, but his favourite kind of photo just so happens to be the kind his lovers hate the most.

Notes

Here is Day 3 of Haven's birthday week! This one is Kennel because...I can't help myself. Oops.

Either way, if there's one thing I appreciate about Haven, it's her patience. She's super sweet, lets me rant about anything and everything. I know that if I'm having a hard time, our Discord is a safe space, and if I just wanna get a ship or trope off my chest, she'll happily lend an ear. That's just one thing I like about her, but there's plenty more where that came from.

Without further ado, here is day three!

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

Sometimes Lambert contemplates retiring from his law firm and becoming a full-time photographer. He likes it well enough, and his boyfriends always encourage him to try pursuing it. Truth is, while Lambert loves photography, he loves getting paid to argue *more*, and he also built his law firm from the ground up with his own two hands. He'll give it up when he's six feet underground. Until then, he keeps photography as a hobby, and he likes it that way.

Buying a camera and taking pictures hadn't been on Lambert's list of hobbies to pick up, but when he has three hot boyfriends, who could blame him for wanting to frame every moment? Lambert loves taking every kind of picture. He takes snapshots of his boyfriends posing for him, whether they're trying to be funny or a bit more...sensual. Either way, Lambert treasures them, but his favourite kind of photo just so happens to be the kind his lovers hate the most.

Candid photos are near *impossible* to achieve when each of them makes it their personal life goal to never let Lambert snap a casual picture of them. Aiden might be the worst. He always seems to know when Lambert is nearby, no matter how quiet Lambert tries to be. It might be the military training - it *has* to be - because Lambert likes to think he can walk like a mouse, but Aiden catches him every time and strikes some stupid face right before Lambert snaps a picture.

Eskel is just as bad. Not because he doesn't catch Lambert, but because he never lets himself be seen. If Eskel even *thinks* Lambert has a camera out, he'll duck his head and let his hair cover his face, especially the scarred side. Lambert hates when he does that, hates that his boyfriend still feels the need to hide away, and it makes Lambert want to cut Eskel's damn hair off. He wants to see his lover's face, even if a camera isn't involved at all.

Geralt is just an asshole. He always knows when Lambert is planning on taking a picture, whether Lambert has a camera out or not. Every time Lambert reaches for his phone, Geralt has suddenly disappeared, and Lambert has no idea how he can move so fast. Capturing Geralt on camera is like capturing a ghost, and Lambert *has* contemplated putting up night-vision cameras just for the hell of it. Maybe he'll see Geralt creeping around the kitchen in the middle of the night like a little gremlin. Either way, at least he'll have a single picture!

Sometimes, though...sometimes Lambert gets lucky. And those are the pictures he treasures the most. For all he gripes and complains, Lambert does love the goofy photos he gets of his boyfriends, and on the bad days, he likes to scroll through them, chuckling at the antics of what appears to be three overgrown children. Despite that, he loves the candid pictures the most, and those are the ones he frames.

He tries to make them a surprise. Lambert doesn't flaunt his achievements. Well, at least not these ones. Getting a *decent* candid picture is as rare as finding a four-leaf clover or spotting a double rainbow, so he holds these moments close to his heart. He'll take the picture, hide it, print it out at his firm, and then frame it, leaving it somewhere in the house for his boyfriends to randomly find. It's safe to say that Lambert has his favourites.

Once, Lambert got a perfect photo when he went to pick Geralt up at work. Geralt's car had broken down, so Lambert drove over after work and waited until Geralt finished up an

emergency surgery at the vet clinic. Without noticing Lambert, Geralt walked up to a chestnut mare - Roach, he called her - that stayed at the onsite barn. Lambert almost missed it. The sunset cast an orange hue over the sky, and Geralt stood with the horse right in front of the setting sun. Grabbing his camera, Lambert positioned himself and snapped a quick picture. In its frame, the photo looks beautiful. With an orange and pink background, Geralt's silhouette matches Roach's, both black against the horizon. Geralt has his forehead pressed against Roach, stray hairs scattered in the evening breeze.

That picture sits on the fireplace mantle.

He catches Eskel during a summer picnic. The four of them had settled down underneath a willow tree in the park, complete with a blanket and stereotypical wicker basket, courtesy of Aiden. They sat near a pond, watching the ducks pass by. Some ducklings had come up to them, and they stayed very still, not wanting to pose a threat to mama duck, who glared at them from a few feet away. As if blessed by the duck god, Eskel became a jungle gym for the ducklings. They clambered over his lap and fought their way up to his shoulder. One even decided to make itself at home on his head. Aiden and Geralt had promptly lost their minds at the sight, and Lambert has to admit keeping his laughter at bay to snap a picture had been more difficult than he'd anticipated, especially since he was trying to remain inconspicuous about the whole thing. Nevertheless, Lambert got the picture with Eskel half in the shade provided by the tree looming over them. His scars can still be seen in the photo, but not enough that Eskel would throw the picture in the trash. Pure joy lights up Eskel's face, showing off teeth in a bright smile and tears of laughter in his eyes.

That photo sits on their bedside table.

Aiden, for all his chaos, manages to have the calmest picture of them all. Lambert knows his boyfriend well, knows that Aiden can be larger than life and louder than a flock of seagulls. Beneath that happy exterior, memories haunt Aiden's dreams, nightmares of an attack that left most of his team dead and his leg scarred to hell and back. Some days, on very rare occasions, Lambert can catch Aiden reminiscing over the good times he used to have with his teammates. Aiden doesn't think about it often, too caught up in grief and survivor's guilt to linger on it, but once in a blue moon, Lambert can find him indulging just a little. Lambert snaps a photo of him sitting in the comfy armchair by the window in the living room, curled up and staring outside. He props his elbow up on the windowsill and rests his head in his hand. The rain beating against the glass makes the scene look melancholy, but the small smile on Aiden's face makes the picture so worth it.

That portrait hangs on the living room wall.

Lambert loves those pictures, but the hardest part about being a photographer is taking a picture with him in it. He hates taking selfies. They leave a bad taste in his mouth, and the idea of framing himself seems so narcissistic. It doesn't help that he can see every flaw in the picture, in himself. Each attempt gets deleted almost instantly, so the photo album Lambert painstakingly puts together has not a single picture of him. His boyfriends complain about it constantly, but Lambert shrugs it off. What does it matter anyway?

He finally understands how they feel when he walks through the door after a long day at work. Not even Wednesday, and Lambert can't wait for the week to be over. He throws

himself on the couch, eyes drifting to the coffee table to pick up the TV remote when he sees it.

There, right in the middle of the table positioned in the centre of the living room, sits a framed photo of Lambert in a Starbucks cafe. He's facing away from the camera, and Lambert thinks he knows the exact moment when this was taken. He doesn't go to Starbucks that often, so it isn't hard to figure out. He'd been talking to an old high school friend, catching up despite being on a date with his lovers. They hadn't minded and even told him it was nice to see him getting along with a friend since Lambert doesn't have many.

Lambert has a bright smile on his face, laugh lines prominent enough that he hardly realizes that the picture focuses on his scarred side. He looks *relaxed*, completely relieved of work stresses or nightmares of his childhood. For a moment, Lambert doesn't recognize himself. He actually looks his age, young and devoid of life's burdens. He can see a beauty in himself that he...never knew he had.

"Like it?" Strong arms reach around from behind him, and someone places their chin on his head, hands resting over his chest.

Lambert takes their hands into his own, squeezing gently. "It's nice," he whispers.

Aiden hums. "Not quite the reaction I was hoping for, but I can't say I expected anything less."

Chuckling quietly, Lambert tilts his head up, forcing Aiden to move away to look down at him. "Who took it?" Lambert asks.

His answer comes in the form of a chaste kiss Aiden plants on his lips. With a gentle smile, Aiden says, "Does it matter who took it? You're as beautiful to us as we are to you. That should be what counts, not who got it framed."

Emotion clogs Lambert's throat, and he can't find the words to thank Aiden. He wants to because how could he not? All his life, Lambert has been told he's not worth the effort, that he's no better than shitstains left in a toilet. To think he has not one, but *three* people who care about him enough to teach him how to love himself...

Lambert doesn't think he could ever find the words to describe this feeling, so he takes every picture he can to capture those moments he cherishes the most and frames it to remember: *he is loved*.

End Notes

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