His Royal Highness

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His Royal Highness

by [Val_Creative](#)

Summary

"I don't want anyone else," she murmured in Leon's ear that night, her womanly features pleasant. The honeyed wine tasted *exquisite* on her lips.

Notes

Requested by anon: "Leon x Gwen after season 5... Gwen needs a king"

DEANONING FOR MERLICFICDRIVETHRU AS FIC'S AUTHOR!

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"*His royal highness!*"

Percival mocks the voice of one of the court announcers, and Lean punches his arm, grinning and flushing, sweeping his reddish-gold hair out of his face.

"You're leading the knights *and* soon to be King, y'know?" Percival snorts quietly, unstrapping his armour. "It's good to be seeing everyone smile again."

His grief, for the dead, for the friends and knights they lost in Camlann, for Arthur, resides within Leon's heart. At times feeling like it could tear him apart.

But… *Guinevere*.

She's the strength and backbone of their kingdom. She took Arthur's untimely fall with the grace and radiance of queens far older and wiser. Guinevere is a *warrior*, but with the kindness of a mother and the beauty of no other.

Leon could hardly believe that she *chose* him. Their kisses were sweet and chaste, hands tangled and foreheads inclining. She still loved Arthur, but even Guinevere was aware of the fragility of Camelot's reputation without its king.

"I don't want anyone else," she murmured in Leon's ear that night, her womanly features pleasant. The honeyed wine tasted *exquisite* on her lips.

And neither did Leon.

*

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