

The Legend of the Sun Knight ('s Personal Cleric)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1248592) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1248592>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	The Legend of the Sun Knight
Characters:	Roland (Legend of the Sun Knight) , Grisia Sun , Ceo Storm , Lesus Judgement , Georgo Earth , Chikus Blaze
Additional Tags:	Crack , Alternate Universe - Crack
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-02-28 Completed: 2014-10-29 Words: 8,810 Chapters: 3/3

The Legend of the Sun Knight ('s Personal Cleric)

by [Dragoncounsel121](#)

Summary

Because somewhere somehow, the universe must have made sense at least once. Also because I like imagining Grisia all cute and shit.

The Sun Knight must be perfect (and you must help him at all costs)

He is a knight. To be more accurate, he is the Church of the God of Light's Sun Knight of the 38th generation. He was apprenticed to the man known as the strongest Sun Knight in history and is lauded as a genius in his own right. He always holds himself with a serious, noble stature and is known far and wide for his solemn but reassuring smile.

He is also the only Knight-Captain ever who has implemented a combat cleric inside his platoon.

You heard me, a combat cleric.

Hey, holy light isn't just for healing you know! Clerics can do quite a bit of damage if they know the right spells, especially when fighting the undead who can only be killed by the holy element. Clerics have a way larger reserve of that than most holy knights.

What are you saying, a mage? No don't be silly, of course not! The Church of Light would never teach such impure spells that would disrupt one's gathering of the God of Light's holy power.

I learned those my accident when I walk pass the mage college downtown to buy sweets.

"I still don't see why I'm doing your report for you!!!" Ed whined as he slumped over two reports. I chuckled softly inside my head.

"But Ed," I reminded him putting on my best helpless face, the one that gets the priestesses to coo all over me. Take THAT Earth Knight. "Didn't my good friend promise Grisia one favor were he to lose in drinking the last time?...and it is such a small favor, only one report. But I suppose there is nothing Grisia can do if you do not want to honor it. I am just one measly little cleric."

A few female acolytes who passed us on their way back to the Sanctuary of Light stopped and looked curiously over at the comotion.

"I...I.....Dammit Grisia! Sh-shut up! Jeeze I'll do it. Why do you always have to make me look like I'm bullying you?" He grumbled , his face turning red, and took my report like a good friend would.

"But Ed would never ever be mean to Grisia. He is always looking out for Grisia in his own way. Thanks to him, Grisia has never once been unnecessarily injured." I let my face break into an honest soulful smile in full view of those girls.

That's right buddy, Do my bidding and I'll make you look as saintly as the goddamn pope.

Now that I have no more paperwork for the day, I have to hurry and get to my REAL job. you think I'm lazy and unreliable Ed? Try doing what I do.

My path led me to the main hall of the Holy Temple, where the Sun Knight Platoon's Vice-Captain Adair was already crossing the threshold, probably doing more busy work than he really needed to. Adair is that type of troublesome guy who simply does not sit still, even after he's put us through all sorts of crazy training.

I headed towards the back of the temple to their rooms.

The Twelve Holy Knights, along with the pope, led the Church of Light in its mission to rid the world of evil and sin. Their leader is the Sun Knight.

"Knight-Captain Rolaaaaand!" I called cheerfully as I opened his door without knocking.

Perched on the window sill, polishing the Divine Sun Sword, was a man with strong chiseled features and hair the gold of the summer sun. He was the sort of handsome guy whose face made all men irrationally angry just looking at how handsome it is.

It is a good thing that the Sun Knight only loves (swordsmanship) the God of Light and never women.

"Grisia, you should remember to call me by 'Sun' now." There was a soft just barely there smile on his face. It was not his Sun Knight smile.

"But that feels weird!" I complained, closing the door. Roland shook his head slowly, still smiling.

"Even so...Anyways, Grisia, I have to go see the King about taxes along with Storm, I'm sure you have duties back at the Sanctuary of Light..." I know that Roland, I'm going to help Knight-Captain Storm make sure that you don't get horribly taken advantage of. Seriously, how naive can a man get? You think I wouldn't rather be hanging around at the Sanctuary and picking up girls?

Yes, of course you think that. You never notice them.

"Take me with you." Roland doesn't hold my disrespect against me...He's far too used to it, hehehe. "My duties are taken care of."

"Grisia, again?" He asked the bridge of his nose wrinkled slightly. I can tell he's still reluctant to let me follow him to the palace however many times I've wormed my way into it before. "You know, I certainly won't be attacked inside the palace."

Not physically no, but you don't get to frown at the king and make yourself look bad so the fat pig can use that as an excuse to say the Church is biased against him.

"Please Captain? I don't get to go to the palace very often at all and it would be a very good opportunity for Grisia to wonder at our great King's grandness."

"...You just want to go play around." My friends rolled his eyes but by the smile on his face I knew he'd given up. Really he gave up far too easily these days. Do you see why I worry so

much about him? He'll be eaten completely by that pig.

"He has very grand taste in home decorations." I smiled. Roland sighed again. "Sighing will take off three seconds of your life every time, Captain Roland."

"Oh Grisia, very well, let's go." Before Roland started towards the door he turned to me with his amused face. "How's my smile."

"Make brighter, by about four times, and be nicer....nicer....there," I coached him gently into some semblance of old man Neo's smile, only more serious. Roland does everything seriously. Even if he were to have to dance like a drunk goat while leering lecherously at the princess he would set to the task with the utmost seriousness.

Storm greeted us with an easy grin at the front of the holy temple.

"Good morning, brother Storm," Roland paused a bit, probably still not really used to saying so much. Not that I blame him. Compared to the former Sun Knight who could talk on for hours and hours, I'm glad Roland hasn't picked up such an awful habit. "May you receive the blessing of the God of Light."

"Mornin' Sun," the Storm Knight nodded. "And Cleric Grisia, again."

"The God of Light be willing, I've allowed Grisia to accompany us today."

I smiled innocently from behind Roland tipping my chin down a little bit to look generally harmless.

What? Not becomming of a man? I'll show you not becomming of a man...if you think I'm going to compete with Roland's ridiculous height, you can forget it! Of all the knights only the Judgement Knight is taller than him.

...and sometimes the Moon Knight...It depends on how high he wants to raise his chin that day.

Anyways, the point is I don't stand a chance. It is much better to play innocent and know that I will win in that division instead.

"You really do spoil him," Knight-Captain Storm sighed and shook his head, throwing a coniving grin my way for added effect.

"The God of Light would want his children to be kind our brothers." Roland reminded him in return.

"There's kindness and then there's doting, Sun," Storm teased as we began to walk towards the palace. He pat me softly on the head as he passed. I let it go because even I know that sometimes, guys just need to feel like a man again when standing next to a ridiculous creature like Roland.

The royal palace was, as always, terribly opulent. It might not have been carved white marble, but it was almost hilariously large enough to fit three or four Holy Temples inside

maybe, decorated on every conceivable surface, and somehow still managed to be overstaffed with maidservants.

Which was all well and good for me. I'm not exactly complaining....ok maybe I am a little. SLOW DOWN ROLAND! I can't look properly if I have to keep catching up with you. And it wasn't just me, Captain Storm has both eyes winking so fast, he looked like he was having a seizure. Poor poor Knight-Captain Storm, cursed to wink at any woman who passes his vision even if she were only slightly more beautiful than a dragon. I know of no one who can do what he does.

The fat pig of a king was sitting like a sack of butter three hulking warriors wide in the throne room. Seriously, how is he not dead of obesity?

"You! What are you doing here?" He scowled. Please, as if you have anything to be unhappy about.

"Greetings your majesty, may the God of Light smile upon you." Roland hesitated a little before kneeling to kiss the king's hand. I'll let him slide for that because eeeeeeeew.

"Bah! Go away! Nothing good ever happens when you lot come around." The pig grumbled earning a stiff sigh from his son.

"Surely not, your majesty. We only wish to fulfill our duty under the God of Light," as usual Roland hopped right down to business. "For example, the servants of our great Light God has come to me with news of a failing harvest. I come only to inform you. Surely it is not the best time to raise..." Ah Roland, short and sweet as always.

"Sun, I'm certain his majesty wishes to take care of the Light God's Children as well, no?" Storm cut in rudely. Roland gave him an odd look, but that's ok. It's always been part of the Storm Knight's character to be carefree and brusque. Now it's my turn.

"That's right your majesty! Just the other day Grisia happened across a terribly sick old grandmother on the road whose vegetable garden has wilted by some harsh turn of fortune. Grisia is ever so glad that such a kind man as your majesty would understand the kinds of hardships his people undergoes as we are all children under the benevolence of the God of Light! Surely Grisia can beg your majesty to ease their pains." Unfortunately, he is so short and sweet that the Holy Temple has enlisted me to make up for it....well it beats doing ceremonial duties. They pay me Roland's bonus for it too. Till this day, I don't think he knows he's supposed to have a bonus.

Not that he would care. Roland doesn't spend that much money.

Luckily, I can see that I have managed to successfully confuse the King...in fact, even Knight Captain Storm was giving me an impressed look. It's ok Knight Captain Storm, I know.

"Wha-no!" the King roared, "Where would the funds for the Palace renovations come from?"

"Your majesty, at this time such things are..."

"Your Majesty." Knight Captain Storm said airily, "All the kingdoms on this continent agreed that the taxes will be 20 percent. If you insist on raising them. We won't be able to help at all if things become...problematic."

That's why I love Knight Captain Storm. He alone amongst the Twelve holy Knights can threaten a Monarch with impunity.

"Storm!" Roland at least was quick to reprimand him as expected. It was even just for show. "The followers of the Church of Light do not threaten! Of course we cannot stand idly while the citizens of Leaf Bud City are harmed. Your majesty under the God of Light's benevolence."

"You keep saying the God of light's benevolence but you people do nothign but cause more trouble."

Ah Roland, you really are such a good guy to be able to resist murdering this fast bastard of a king. Ah well, it's my turn again.

"Trouble?" I gathered water elements into my eyes to make them turn bright and shiny. I, a cleric, am definitely allowed to lose my composure."But Kn-knight Captain Sun would never think to caus anyone trouble, only.....Isn't it much too pitiful? The gentle God of Light, since ancient times, has loved his children with all of his heart so that he aches even if a single one of them is hurt. Even in these times of trial designed by him to test his children, he must be so sad. It's much too pitiful to leave our fellow brothers unable to care for themselves and their families!"

"Grisia." Darn it Roland, you're NOT the one who's suppoed to be moved! But by the way the councilors looked subtly sideways at the King, I knew I had their attention.

Knight Captain Storm on the other hand was conversing with the prince.

"You know I've always liked you, Crown Prince," he grinned lazily. "When do you think I'll be able to call you 'your majesty' huh?"

That did it. Still glaring at us the entire way, the king finally relented and had his servants usher us out as quickly as possible....which meant cute girls to console me because they were so moved! I let Roland skitter back along to his room to once again polish the Divine Sun Sword as I stayed to be fawned...to say good bye properly.

Life was good as a back-up Sun Knight candidate.

Life is good as a back-up Sun Knight candidate.

The Sun Knight must entertain his audience (and you must prepare it for him)

Chapter Summary

lol so my second little installment. to be truthful this is kind of running away from me, but I hope to like it anyways. tbh I think the premise is a little bit overdone and this chapter feels drier than the last one but wish me luck!

Heading back to the Holy Temple to bug Roland - I mean watch after him - some more, I saw a very interesting sight behind the edifice. I walked a little closer to investigate and....yep...it was the Earth Knight alright!

Now let me explain something. I don't have anything against the Earth Knight personally. I understand where he's coming from.

What you don't think so? Please brother, we prowl the same hunting grounds! I need to at least know my competition, especially since he is a nasty perverted wolf who dresses as the kind, gentle, shy Earth Knight to chase women!

No I am NOT being a hypocrite!...really I'm not....After all, I'm not the #1 person all women wish to marry! I really do need to save those poor unsuspecting girls!

I snuck up behind the building wondering what was the best way to interrupt them without the Earth Knight seeking me out later to beat the living daylights out of me for revenge.

"Grisia, what are you doing skulking around behind the building like that? Are you looking for something?"

Goddammit Roland. Can't you see I'm trying to sneak around here? Look Earth has heard you and is now trying to sequester the girls away!

"Oh, Brother Earth is here too." It looks like Roland finally noticed him. To my surprise (and maybe a tiny bit of elation) he walked straight towards the Earth Knight calling out to him making the two girls he was with turn and jump suddenly back, crimson blushes on their faces. "Brother Earth, I wish to share with you the recent counsel of his holiness the Pope."

God of Light bless you Roland!

Now this was good in a way and bad in a way. It was good in that Roland, being the kind of unfairly handsome guy that he was, his serious but good natured Sun Knight smile (after all Neo had been VERY adamant about training his formerly really pathetic half smile) was all it took to blast all thoughts of the Earth Knight out of their delicate maiden heads. It was bad in

that they now have only eyes for the Sun Knight and. even if he was not the least interested in women at all, it will take at least a few hours for either girl to shake off the sight of him.

Oh the other hand that means, because I'm with Roland, they'll probably recognize me and I will have an excuse to talk to them either in a few hours or tomorrow. So I STILL have a leg up.

"Storm and I have been given time to quietly reflect on our devotion to the Sun God," Roland continued. Ah so they've been given time off. The Pope must have seen Storm's poor swollen eyes and felt sorry....for his beautiful carved marble pillars that will constantly have a half blind Storm Knight running into them for the next few days. Storm has probably already holed up in his room to do more paperwork.

"That's....great Sun. You can take a vacation," Earth forced his face into a smile, but I can see the annoyed twitch at the corner of his mouth, probably saying things like 'so scram already' or 'why are you still around, you swordfreak? Can't you read the mood?' inside his head. Roland just nodded, the subliminal messaging flying straight by him.

"If Brother Earth and Brother Leaf wouldn't be troubled by our absence...." Roland persisted uncertainly,

"Of course we wouldn't be, Sun, It's no trouble at all." Earth said quickly, already patting him on the shoulder and trying to usher him off. I kind of have to admire Earth for trying to salvage situation even though those girls were already far far away.

"Very well, if you're..."

"I am Sun. I REALLY am."

"...then I will be back on duty following three days."

"Have fun!"

By the time we left, I almost felt like cackling, really, I wasn't even the sad that the girls only have eyes for Roland anymore, that was too funny! Since there was no use sticking around anymore, I followed Roland back to the Holy Temple like a good little cleric before he could ask if I shouldn't be tending to my non-existent duties at the Sanctuary of light. It was a good thing too, Roland probably has no idea what to do on his vacation and would probably end up going to practice sword training once again. That just won't do!

...He's already scared most of the Holy Temple's denizens away from the training field.

Which reminds me, there's something we still need to do today. I tapped Roland on the shoulder and nudged him towards the Judge's complex.

The Judge's complex is where the Holy Temple holds trials against and interrogate the criminals we've arrested, but you must already know that just by it's name. It's a dark, scary place where screams pierce the air all day as wrong doers are punished severely for their sins. Why would the kind Church of the God of Light require such a place, you ask?

....Well, the Church of Light is not all smiles and daisies, and boundless forgiveness all the time, you know. That's only the job of the gentle warm-hearted faction of the Twelve Holy Knights. Of course there is a cruel cold-hearted faction to counter balance them. The cruel faction believes in the God of Light's severity and hatred of sinners, They are as unforgiving as the scorching light beating down upon the desert, unrelenting and fatal if one does not handle himself properly around them. The cruelest of the bunch, their leader, was the notorious Judgement Knight, a man known for torturing people to death on a regular basis.

It was here that we headed, with a basin of water, a towel and three stools. We headed to a certain bathroom there that was always spotlessly clean but no one ever uses. We'd just settled down when a flurry of black and silver came rushing through the door, slamming the first stall open. From the his place over the toilet, the man who'd just come in vomited violently into the toilet bowl. Today must have been especially bad.

Roland made himself comfortable on his stool as I poked around until I found the bag of sweet snacks waiting for me. I love snacks, and ever since Roland became a Sun Knight and could barely step outside the holy temple without being mobbed, this man was the only one who would go buy me the ones I want, when I really really don't want to walk downtown (the lines are horrible and there's ALWAYS people seeking a free minor heal...HAH as if).

I bit into a cookie relishing the sweetness in my mouth. I offered Roland some but he politely declined. As a result of hanging out with me all through childhood, Roland ALSO developed a kind of sweet tooth, but I guess he's still not as fond of it as me.

Eventually, the sounds died down and and Lesus walked back out of the stall, grimacing. I quickly handed him the damp towel and the water basin so he could clean up and rinse his mouth out.

Meet Lesus Judgement, the evil and notorious Judgement Knight, leader of the cruel cold-hearted faction of the Holy Knights, who was not the least bit evil or notorious. He is actually honorable and good-hearted and perhaps the only man in this city or the next who didn't mind sparring with Knight-Captain Swordfreak over here.

In fact privately, he was kind of a softy. Between Roland's demand for justice and Lesus's soft-heartedness, they would do so much better switching jobs.

"You have not been to the Judgement complex lately, Sun." the black haired man said after wiping himself off. He began to clean the towel in the water basin. Today's criminal had been a domestic abuser and murderer who he'd beaten until the man's skin was flaying off and all his limbs were broken. Poor Lesus must have been extra sick if he didn't even take care to spare his robes.

Really Lesus was so neat.

"I had believed you'd finally come to understand the Light God's true severity." ...Oh no, he was MAD!

"The world is vast, and the time I have to spread our Light God's benevolence is limited." Roland said apologetically (and even here he still sounds extremely severe). Ritual done they

looked at me expectantly. Or Roland did. Lesus picked a crumb from me to try it scrunching his nose and looking at me incredulously. I guess he got curious again. Sometimes I get curious too, because I can't understand why Lesus only likes bitter snacks! How can he even eat things like that?

"We went to see that fat pig king this morning with Knight-Captain Storm," I explained to Lesus. "It's also because of him that there's even more paperwork than normally, yuck!"

Lesus nodded and made a pained face. Also he blinked.

"Yeah we know." I said nodding and turning back to Roland. "Lesus says he's sorry that happened and is Storm ok?" I looked at Lesus again. "Nope, I think he nearly went blind trying to wink at all those women. Not that I'm complaining but jeeze, even I think that the palace has way too many maidservants!"

...what? Did you THINK these two stiffbs would actually carry on a conversation in that kind of ridiculously complicated language? Brother brother, even Roland and Lesus, who is the most patient of the patient in the Holy Temple, wouldn't want to converse like that! Trust me when I say that no Sun Knight or Judgment knight ever actually wants to talk! It was actually how he and I became friends. Lesus, you see, was Roland's friend first. They'd been seeing each other privately for three months until I found them when I was bugging Roland to climb the wall and buy me blue-berry pies.

On the other hand, unlike these two, I do not have to keep formalities even in a place as strange as a bathroom with no one else around.

An amused smile lit up Lesus's face as he shook his head.

"I know right?" Roland also nodded and if he were not Roland, he probably would have rolled his eyes too. "Luckily the Pope gave him and Roland three days off, or he would just keep running into pillars! But we succeeded in getting that pig to not raised the damn..."

"Grisia." Roland poked me in the side two fingers and a a disapproving look. He hates it when I curse. I think of all the holy knights Roland is the only one who is picky about this kind of thing. Really, he is SUCH a stickler for rules.

"Taxes...the blessed taxes." Well, Roland WAS still my captain. Lesus nodded again, one of his hands waving absently off to the side. "Lesus wants to know what you're going to do for vacation...come to think of it what ARE you going to do?"

"I will reflect my devotion to my god from the temples to the training fields." Roland replied earnestly.

"...You're going to practice even more during your vacation? Roland! I swear, there is no point in giving someone like you a vacation in the first place!"

"Training is important to a holy knight, Grisia." he reminded me. "Especially the Sun Knight, their leader."

"Bah! If you spent less time in the training fields you wouldn't have to worry about body masks every night, Knight-Captain Roland. Look at you, you're skin is almost honey colored! If Teacher-Neo comes back now and sees you, he's going to kill both of us!" I berated my silly captain.

Roland and I are alike in that we both tan really really easily, but while I have a few day's reprieve at least (because though I never go darker than raw almond color, Roland will darken to caramel if he let himself). Privately I think Roland looks much more handsome tanned. Unlike normal people who just go kind of burnt Roland's skin glows faintly when he gets tanned enough and looks more healthy than his self imposed fair skinned state....which is why I absolutely CANNOT let him get to that point! He already steals all the girls just by showing up normally, if he goes out tan, my entire presence will be washed completely away and I won't even be left as an afterthought in a girl's head!

Eventually, we left Lesus to return to his work. I would have followed Roland back but as soon as we were out of the Judge's complex Adair found me!

"Hello Knight-Captain Sun I've heard you are on leave, please rest easy." He greeted Roland with a respectful nod. His eyes glittered with admiration and you could just tell that he was Roland's greatest admirer....yes including the girls. When he turned to be though, his expression did a 180 turn.

"Grisia, I was wondering where you went." He frowned at me. "Even if you're a former Holy Knight candidate, you shouldn't slack off so much! We have a reputation as the strongest Platoon in the Holy Temple to uphold!"

"But...Vice-Captain, I'm only a cleric!" I tried to say. " Surely I don't need to attend sword training with you guys! Remember the last time Ed tried to rope me into sparring?"

Roland gave a slight cough that sounded suspiciously like a laugh. I don't see why he did though! Roland hadn't even been there at the time. He'd had paperwork to do to turn into Knight-Captain Storm that day! I'm not Holy Knight material but I HAVE improved....somewhat...since our candidate selection! I glared at him, but he didn't stop. Good think Adair had actually paused to consider my words or he'd have hit me for glaring at his beloved captain.

"....I still don't understand how you became the back-up candidate." Adair said finally with a sigh. " Please excuse us Knight-Captain Sun, It's our patrol shift now."

With a final bow to Roland he dragged me away. The entire way he lectured me about how I should work harder to uphold Roland's image, and that I should at least attend training to practice magic and cast buffs if I'm finished with my Clerical duties and he expected me there tomorrow. I can tell by the annoyed frown on his face, that his speech was habit by now. He's given it exactly the same way, word for word for the last three years. I haven't shown up yet, but Vice-Captain Adair is indeed very stubborn in addition to nagging like a mother. So I have resolved to be even more stubborn. I will absolutely not go to afternoon training!

...But patrols are something that I actually have to do.

With a sigh as I followed Adair back to the barracks to get into my patrol uniform...which is basically the regular Sun Knight Platoon uniform but without the armor and an short Cleric's mantle over my shoulders. Roland got it for me and told the Pope straight up that cleric robes were stupid for someone who was technically a full time member of a holy knight platoon, so now I have a special uniform all my own.

...I only have three sets though because the Pope refused to pay for any more.

Since it was peace times there was no real need for the platoon to split up, so patrols usually ended up being more marching practice than anything. We also stop break up fights now and then too, which is not really our job but Adair sees Roland do it whenever he's out and has taken it upon himself to make us do it too. Luckily, no one makes me heal people for free and directs every one who asks to the Sanctuary of Light because our paychecks partially depend on people feeling guilty enough to 'donate'. It was just another run of the mill patrol.

That was until a skeleton burst from the ground right beneath my feet. Startled, I blasted it to pieces with holy light before Vice-Captain Adair dragged me back. A few more skeletons crawled to the surface as we retreated behind the fighting lines.

"Grisia! Are you hurt? Stay away from the fighting!" He barked. My vice-captain....he really DOES care! "Find Knight-Captain Sun! I know how fast you are at runnign away from things."

Vice-Captain Adair, you really are too cruel!

...even if he's technically right. Since I don't wear any armor at all and coupled with Teacher-Neo's previous training I AM the fastest available member of the Sun Knight Platoon at the moment. This time, I can't actually say anything, even in my own mind. So I saluted and cast a minor physical buff spell on my comrades, nothing major, just an extra layer between them and the bones....I tapped a second one on Ed. I can't let him get hurt. He's the only one who's still willing to do reports for me. He should feel lucky I take such good care of him.

Because it couldn't be helped, I ran all the way to the holy temple...I actually didn't even have to worry about looking properly harried as there was a strong wind blowing tonight making my cheeks flush red with cold and ruffling my mantle until my uniform was thoroughly disheveled.

What? It's all in the tension I tell you!

-flashback-

"Now listen well both of you," our teacher had said on more than one occasion. "Especially you Roland, because you somewhat have trouble with this. even if you encounter the most powerful undead creature ever, you must still remember to have a protracted battle with it before you send it to its eternal rest. You, Roland, with your sword, and for Grisia, remember to prolong it until Roland shows up before you finally use your holy magic."

"But why teacher? Isn't that very inefficient?" My young self had asked not completely unreasonably. Little Roland gave me a concerned look so I added quickly. "I mean innocent

bystanders will get hurt!"

"Children, how long do you think it takes for an undead to appear and start hurting innocent bystanders?" Teacher Neo asked instead.

"How long, teacher?" It was young Roland who asked this time. At least he had by now learned to tell when Teacher Neo actually wanted an answer and when it was better just to let him talk.

"Ten minutes! during which people may or may not be hurt," our teacher continued, barely acknowledging the question. At least he was careful to say hurt this time. Roland gets a little unresponsive when we talk about death."...in order to demonstrate how powerful the monster is. Afterward, they will spend another ten minutes screaming in panic, followed by yet another ten minutes spent running everywhere, fleeing for their lives, until finally, the knights will arrive to save them. As such, if you only spend three seconds sending the monster to its eternal rest and then turn to leave, do you think that would be fair to the audience who spent thirty minutes waiting for your arrival?"

"But teacher..." Young Roland had protested.

"No Roland...and you too Grisia, since you need to help him with this issue. You absolutely must not finish the undead off too soon!" Old man Neo had cut him off without a second thought.

"...yes Teacher Neo." he had sighed. Seeing him dejected...and also that Neo had been frowning as if he wanted to add something, the younger me had graciously deferred him attention off of Roland for a little bit...I can always work out the morality of this with him later.

"So...how long should the fight be protracted so that it will be fair for the citizens involved, Teacher?" I asked, preparing for another long lecture.

My teacher gazed into the distance with a profound look in his eyes as he said, "Fighting is just like a poem, my child. You and Roland must act as it's bards. Not only does the battle need to have an introduction, development, a turning point, and a conclusion, you must also create tension and suspense in the atmosphere from time to time in order to entertain the audience. It is absolutely essential to the reputation of the Church that you inspire the common people. In fact it would best if you could let the villain thrash you to the point where you're gracefully lying on the ground. If the opponent is at least somewhat of a professional, he will, at this point, mock, taunt, and throw insults at you in order to show off his own power. After that, you will ignite and set ablaze your inner universe..."

"Inner universe..." I wondered. At this point even Roland is listening carefully to see if this inner universe could possibly be a new technique he hadn't been taught yet.

"...Errr, ignite your potential and set ablaze your holy magic. At this point, Roland, you are free to channel holy light into your blade. They'll just keep getting up otherwise. That or have Grisia cover you with holy power and then gracefully thrash your opponent until he's lying

on the floor, and then send him to his eternal rest. Now that would be a flawlessly executed battle.”

...That just sounds very tiring, I thought. To Roland it probably sounds boring to boot. Roland is the kind of troublesome guy who actually liked it when he met opponents so strong they could defeat him! I can't understand why, but he and Teacher Neo really make a pair.

-end flashback-

Roland actually still has trouble with it, so it's usually up to me to stir things up into a fury. It usually involves me looking bedraggled as I come sweeping into the holy temple like the demon king himself is after me. I actually was the one who suggested that Roland not patrol with us too often because having the knights come in their white and gold uniforms are impressive enough that we can build a good exposition either way. Then I would run to fetch Roland and his showing up can immediately precede the climax.

As you can imagine this takes a lot of effort. Usually I'm good enough at sensing the dark element that I can delay or steer the platoon away so some other knight platoon can find the undead...but the Sun Knight needs to come awe the people once in a while.

And as the whole continent knows, the Sun Knight hates nothing worse than the undead, it's perhaps one of the Sun Knight's appearance attributes Roland has absolutely no problem with.

I'm actually proud of myself for how much commotion I managed to stir up this time. There were even a few of the older holy knights and bishops who knew what was going on and nodded approvingly at me. I must have looked really panicked as I pounded on the Sun Knight's door.

"Knight-Captain Roland!" I cried in my shakiest voice. I AM still a cleric. "The town square. It burst from underneath the ground, a whole army of undead!"

I may have been exaggerating juuuuuust a little bit. When I last left the guys it's been maybe ten skeletons....that was kind of a mini-army, right?

Roland's door slammed open.

I shoved him back inside and slammed it close again scowling at him.

"Roland!" I hissed. He'd been in the middle of using his body mask it seems. Green goo was smeared all over his cheeks. He had wiped too quickly to be completely clean and he had just thrown on his uniform shirt and armor without the over coat, all in all messy!

"Grisia!" he protested and tried to walk past me.

"No!" I berated him as I tried to block the door and towel his face clean at the same time. "Look I know I said there was an army out there, but there was like ten. And that's bare bones, Vice-Captain Adair can handle that much. But Teacher Neo is WORSE than any undead army you can possibly imagine. What if somehow he heard of the Sun Knight

runnign aroudn with goo on his face?! There, now you're clean! Put on your coat and we'll go! I won't lead you to the fight until you do Roland! You KNOW how bad you are with directions!"

"There, you look great." I said weakly when he was properly dressed.

Roland doesn't often get angry with me, but I hate it when he does. Even so he has to admit I'm right this time and so goes to put on his coat. He'll be frowning at me for the rest of the night though. Because of that I spared no nonsense and led him directly where he wanted to go quickly and efficiently, hoping he'll forgive me by the time we get back to the holy temple tonight.

Vice-Captain Adair and the rest was now fending off over thirty skeletons, their bony silhouettes knitted together like a wall in the night. When all was said and done, they were actually doing very well, there was some fatigue but they had been joined by the Blaze Knight Platoon and that was helpful. Looks like I'm finally needed. With a wave of my staff I casted a wide-area rejuvenation spell to replenish their strength. I turned back and casted a strogn light shield around Roland as he swept in dramatically showering him in golden light.

...pretty impressive if I say so myself.

You may think that it's a terrible waste of holy element, especially since Roland probably wasn't going to need it at all against something as weak as skeletons, but it's actually not that hard for me, and takes barely enough magic for me to feel it.

"Sun!" Knight Captain Blaze bellowed grinning. "Right on time! We saved 'em up just for you!"

I'm never quite sure if Knight-Captain Blaze knows about the character lessons Roland and I had to go through, he never seems to have needed any. He was just as hot blooded as the previous Blaze Knight acted.

Anyways, glowing like a star, Roland descended with vengeance and began picking off skeletons with ease. The fact that he was going through them one at a time was probably abotu as far as he was willing to prolong things. Oh well, I watched as I began to walk around casting minor heals for all the scratches the holy knights had suffered in the last fifteen minutes.

That was until I felt a cloud of dark element so thick it choked the very air and clouded over even my overdone light shield.

"ROLAND!"

The Sun Knight Must Always Be Graceful (Never let him get away with anything less)

Chapter Summary

Things are getting a bit more serious now as I get better and better at BS'ing lol. Sorry it's been so long.

"ROLAND!!!" I shouted running forward. Of course I wasn't REALLY worried. Roland is a tough guy after all, but geez something that gave off so much dark aura it could engulf even the ridiculous light shield I had around him had to be pretty strong.

...only to be stopped by a forearm knocking the wind out of me. It was Knight-Captain Blaze.

"What hell, are you crazy?!" he nearly shouted me deaf. "You're gonna get yourself killed out there!"

Captain Blaze's grip on my arm was beginning to hurt.

"Look I know you're worried for Sun but you can't just run out there! You're a cleric!" he shouted at me.

"But, Knight Captain Blaze sir..." Of course I'm not going to run in wildly. That would be an exercise in uselessness. But I know how to handle myself in a fight, and nobody else was doing anything! SOMEBODY has to go in there, and if you let a cleric like me run in unarmed, well what does that say about the rest of you holy knights, huh buddy? "Knight-Captain Roland...."

"...Geez, just stay behind me, alright?" He growled and braced his sword. You are a good man, Knight Captain Blaze!

"Sir." From my left Vice-Captain Adair also spoke up. He didn't look very good, a little pale and wane, probably because his buffs were starting to wear off. "Allow me to flank you. Grisia is my subordinate after all...I should be somewhat more responsible for his safety."

My Vice-Captain, he does care!

"Besides this is the most responsible irresponsible thing he's ever done."

Vice-Captain, why must you hurt me so?

Without another word I renewed Adair's buffs and layered another light shield on top of that. Then I place a few over Captain Blaze. As Adair was tired and I wasn't wearing armor, we were probably going to be relying mostly on him to take the brunt of the physical damage.

The rest of the Sun Knight Platoon charged into the barrier of skeletons, managing to force a tight path into the cloying darkness. Between Adair and Blaze glowing like human lanterns we slodged into the mass of dark element. It was really slow going, the substance so thick, there was physical resistance trying to push us out. Dear gods this has never happened before.

Could it really be the work of Pink?

What? What's Pink?

.....AHAHAHA. Well, how to say "what" is definitely more accurate than "who" I think. But since I am definitely not a malicious person, I'll just say that PInk is the name of the person whose job it is to keep the church plied with undead.

No, I am not joking, though I duly understand your confusion.

Yes, the church pays for undead. As to why well...

::Flashback::

"Children, you must absolutely seek out undead creatures at every available opportunity." Teacher Neo had instructed a young Roland and I very frequently.

Roland had nodded at the time and said with much conviction: "Because they are always there and the Sun Knight has vowed to find them and destroy them all."

"Oh heaven's no, Roland. That's ridiculous!" Teacher had chided him. "If you spend your life trying to kill every undead creature, you will never have time to do anything else, even eat or sleep for the rest of your life! What about you Grisia, why do you think so?"

"So the people remembers that the sun knight hates the undead with unparalleled passion?" Well, in line with his other lessons, this felt like a good enough reason for the younger me.

"Huh, that is a very good point, child," even Teacher Neo conceded that. "But no, you do it because you will both definitely need to vent off your emotions."

"What?" I had been confused. And if the gaping mouth Roland had next to me was any indication, so had he.

"Is it because the Sun Knight's hatred of the undead will teach us to hate them similarly?" Considering that he recovered pretty quickly. He was probably just glad that this was the one thing he had heard about the Sun Knight wasn't a total fake.

"No Roland," Teacher had admonished again. "You both need to vent off your feelings of frustration at your reasonable job!"

"What?"

"I mean, think about it! All day every day for the next 20 years you're going to have to forgive every piece of human refuse you meet, praise the god of light whom you will never ever set eyes upon in your life times in every sentence you speak. If you don't have an

effective way to vent, or a top of the line therapist, you will end up with a pathological disorder and be unable to perform your Sun Knight duties effectively. Then you will be fired and lose your job which will make you even more depressed. Eventually you will become so depressed that your earthly bodies will give out entirely and you will be reunited with the god of light at a tragically young age! Now surely you do not wish for that to happen do you?"

"No Teacher Neo." I said, chastised. Roland wouldn't say anything.

"And so you must seek them out whenever you have free time," He said, smiling as always. It honestly just sounded completely tiring to me. As opposed to Roland with whom I would have to have another talk late at night.

"But what if there aren't any to be found?" I asked. Teacher smiled and handed us both cards.

"Do not worry about that, my beloved students. Here is the business card of the Necromancer the church regularly employs for such purposes. The best thing is, it counts as a work expense and is entirely deductible!"

My talk with Roland that night would last nearly four hours, three of which had been used to calm Roland down from the fact that he would be actively paying to summon creatures of darkness into the world.

::End Flashback::

This was definitely not normal. Even though it was a work expense the church didn't spare that much money at all, so we always only had a handful of super low level skeletons or sometimes if we didn't order any in a couple months, there would be one big difficult one for Roland to really tear into.

If we were paying for this, we'd be WAY out of budget!

If that wasn't enough, the odd low level dark creature kept popping up everywhere inside this god forsaken cloud! Most of them killed themselves on the Divine Blaze Halberd and sometimes on Adair's sword but there seemed to be no end to them.

After maybe fifteen minutes I completely lost my patience with our slow progress. I think Knight-Captain Blaze did as well because he stopped fighting to gather holy light and imbue it with his purifying fire.

In retrospect, leaving a weary Adair to fend off all the miscellaneous monsters while we did that was kind of cruel. Hang in there Vice-Captain! I believe in you!

Together, Knight Captain Blaze's particularly purifying brand of holy light mixed with my own and tore through the thick dark element.

...Just in time to see a blade of it stab Roland through the chest.

There were three of them, their eyes burning with black fire, their clothes and armor fraying and cracked almost beyond repair. Their flesh, however was eerily, creepily whole and

unmarked. I might have even called two of them rather handsome. It was obvious that these were very high level undead creatures...death knights no doubt.

Of all the times for this to happen! Even I froze for a second.

Roland, it seemed, had not taken Teacher's grace lessons entirely to heart, for he fell not like a knight, but like a brawler, staggering and still stubborn. He managed to take one down with him, holy light pulsing through the divine sun sword that he plunged through its head.

"ROLAND!" I couldn't see anything else besides his body hitting the ground. Somehow I found myself next to him, not even needing to chant the incantation before I was forcing holy light into the gaping wound to try and heal it. Roland was luckily good enough at swordsmanship to have avoided a blow to vital organ but if I didn't work quickly, he would bleed out. I'm not even sure how Blaze and Adair were doing against the other two death knights, I couldn't be bothered to look.

My healing wasn't taking. There was a poisonous amount of dark element festering inside the wound, preventing the holy light from mending his body. No matter how much I called, no matter how much I used, I couldn't break through it.

"Gri-Grisia?" He muttered softly raising his hand up to the injury.

"Shut up Roland!" I screamed at him. "I'm working!"

"Grisia...I'm sorry." I was losing him! His breaths were becoming shallower and his voice was absolutely raspy, such a far cry from the person who had just scolded me a few hours ago.

"You'd better be!" I told him. No one was listening to us anyways, they were too caught up in the commotion. "How dare you call that a fall? That wasn't graceful at all! You'd better do it again after I'm done healing you Roland."

He chuckled. God DAMN IT Roland, you're not supposed to be laughing! It sounds like...it sounds like your resigning yourself to die, which is stupid! You are not going to die. You are absolutely NOT allowed to die before me! He was bleeding out very quickly though, far, far too quickly. If only I could get rid of the dark element. If only I could pull it away, take it out of him!

Wait, why can't I?

I've managed to control all the other elements, haven't I? Even without practice I can learn even complicated spells entirely by accident. I can manipulate elements and make spells of my own if I wanted to...Why couldn't I do the same to the dark element?

I concentrated hard and tried to take the dark element into my hand...it was hard! I wasn't used to this at all. But nevertheless I managed to catch hold of it. Hoping for the best, I pulled.

It came, after the initial tug it rushed out of the wound more easily than I thought. Only it didn't disperse.

Actually I absorbed it by accident I think...oops.

Oh well, I didn't feel any different. I immediately began gathering holy light again to cast an Intermediate Heal to keep Roland alive long enough for more healing. He was in such a bad state now, not even conscious anymore that I have to admit even I was getting really scared. Luckily, this new healing spell began almost right away to mend the ragged edges of his wound and stemming the worse of the blood flow. My Ultimate Heal would begin the painstaking process of rebuilding ruptured veins and organs. I'll probably have to keep him plied with minor heals for the pain every so often for the next few days too.

He owes me SO MANY snacks.

That was when a sword flying overhead knocked my cleric hat right off my head and scratched me badly at the scalp. Hey! Be careful! Who's throwing swords around with a sick person on the field!

Oh, Vice-Captain Adair had disarmed his opponent, well ok I guess I could forgive that. Knight Captain Blaze was working on his but the other death knight was way too fast, and kept lunging in Roland's direction instead. That was fine though as it seemed the dark element that had surrounded us was finally wearing out and the leaf knight platoon could see well enough to start shooting arrows through it to help.

Eventually, at a great disadvantage (especially now with the more minor creatures defeated) the two remaining death knights hopped up into the roofs and disappeared off into the twilight.

"We will return," one hissed poisonously. The Leaf knight platoon peppered them with arrows as they went, but by now everyone's holy element was exhausted so there was no way to chase them down. Oh but next time, next time for sure I would blast ...them with... so....much...light....

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