

Fascination

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Fascination

by [Kiyutsuna](#)

Summary

Lesus had a thing for Grisia's eyes and hair.
Grisia had a thing for the tattoo on Lesus' chest.

Relationship exploration (?), with a bucket of sap that may or may not be totally necessary.

~*~

Post series, established relationship.
Includes illustration.

Notes

The second half of this fic contains spoilers for volume 8! If you haven't read the ending yet, proceed at your own risk. ;P

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

Jesus had a thing for Grisias eyes and hair.

He would always plant a kiss upon Grisias eyelids just before he drifts off to sleep. Taking comfort in the knowledge that behind those closed lids lay blue orbs- beautiful and clear, so easily lost and so hard to regain. But they are there now, no longer overshadowed by the darkness that had caused them so much loss and pain. And Jesus was determined to keep them that way, he would defend those blue eyes with everything he have.

It was always then that he would turn his attention to the halo of white that framed Grisias face. Running a gentle hand through the colorless strands. Heart clenching as the memory of the golden color fading away replayed itself again and again. A constant reminder of his own carelessness that took away that brilliant gold. He would bury his fingers in the soft hair, breathing in the sweet lavender scent and vow to keep both of them safe, for their mutual well-being.

Grisia knew of Jesus' fascinations, and he did not mind in the least.

He never used his sensing ability during those quiet moments. Choosing to revel in the soft touch of Jesus' lips as they ghosted over his eyelids. He liked how the sense of touch alone was enough to communicate all that was needed and more. It made his lack of sight feel less like a handicap and more like an advantage- for it heightened his other senses, and Grisias was glad for that.

He knew that Jesus felt guilty about his hair. And it annoy him slightly, for he did not find it to be a big deal. Jesus' life was worth much more than something as trivial as his hair color. So, even though he knew of Jesus' guilt (his stupid, stupid guilt), he would always take off the disguise whenever they were alone and let his hair fade back to white. To him, it was a welcomed reminder of the fact that Jesus was alive- alive and well and his. He would inch closer to Jesus whenever he felt his hands running through his hair, letting the other's warmth wash over him and lull him to sleep. Because as much as Jesus belonged to him, he belonged to Jesus as well.

~*~

Grisia had a thing for the tattoo on Jesus' chest.

Often, he would find himself absentmindedly tracing the runes that made up the magic circle that adorned the area above Jesus' heart. As his thoughts drifted back to the sealing of the Demon King within him, and the reckless plan of Jesus' that had made it a success. Jesus was rarely ever reckless, for a good reason too. Because when he did abandon rationality, the danger level of his actions can give even Grisias a run for his money.

Such as when while the other knights had only put on a tableau and faked their death-like injuries, Jesus took it upon himself to be stabbed through the chest by Grisias personally. To this day it left Grisias chilled when he thought back on how dangerously close he was to actually killing Jesus with his own hands back then. Remembrance of the gamble Jesus took for him always left his eyes stinging. But he would not let any tears fall, instead he would focus on Jesus' heartbeat beneath his fingertips and think *never again*. Never again will he lose himself, never never will he hurt his most beloved person.

Jesus knew of Grisias fascinations, and he did not mind in the least.

Sometimes, just to see his lover blush, he would tease him about having a thing for seeing him shirtless. But he knew -of course he did, his title as Grisia's number one tapeworm was not for nothing-, he knew what went through Grisia's head as his hand traced over the inked runes, again and again. His eyes lidded, his mind faraway- in the past, in the future; regretting, promising.

Personally, Lesus liked the tattoo. It was solid proof that Grisia was bound to them - to him. As selfish as it may be, he was grateful for the seal, grateful for the magic that brought Grisia back to his side. He would always pull Grisia closer whenever the other started tracing his fingers along the tattoo, feeling the warmth of Grisia's hand seep into his heart and think *mine. You're mine and I'm your's, and nothing will ever change that fact.*



End Notes

Dear BrooklynNessy:

Hello! I hope you'll like this small fic, as well as the accompanying artwork! =)

(I also really hope that I had not assumed wrong and you have read v8... Judging from your requests it seemed very likely. So I went ahead with the spoilers @.@ ahaha.....)

Grisia/Lesus is totally my LSK OTP xD;;; And I am very much a sucker for sappiness between the two :3;;;

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