

It's Always You

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It's Always You

by [Kiyutsuna](#), [lucathia](#)

Summary

The Demon King will always hurt those he loves the most.

Notes

This comes chronologically before [A Slice of Wedding Cake](#) and details Lesus and Grisias troubles after they decide to get together. Set post-canon.

Grisias POV is written by Kiyutsuna. Lesus' POV is written by Lucathia. Enjoy!

Nearest and Dearest

Chapter Notes

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

"You. It's always you.

"How foolish, to be bound by such ties!"

A gash on the abdomen, *advanced heal*.

Cuts along the arms, *moderate heal*.

Bruises, on the neck, in the shape of fingers. *Minor heal*.

"I'm sorry."

I dropped my gaze to my hands. I could sense the bits of blood that stained my nails.

It wasn't my blood.

"I'm sorry."

I kept staring, at the blood, at the fingers that matched those bruises perfectly.

"I'm so sorry."

"Grisia."

His voiced sounded raspy. Another reminder of what I had done.

I did this. I did this to him.

I hurt him.

"I shouldn't have lost control so badly." I muttered. "I should have been focused on fighting Roland."

I should have been fighting Roland, and Roland alone. That was the plan, the plan we had stuck with all this time. So why had things turned out like this?

As always, I felt the dark element wash over me the moment I let go of the Divine Sun Sword and Eternal Tranquility. The overflowing darkness drowned everything out, leaving me intoxicated.

Intoxicated and angry.

That was normal. The Demon King had been angry ever since he was sealed. We knew that, we expected it. What we did not expect this time, was for him to direct his anger at one person.

In retrospect, it was beyond clear why it had turned out like this. I stared at his neck, still seeing the imprints my hand had made despite knowing that it was fully healed.

The Demon King will always hurt those he loves the most.

Friends, family, *lover*.

To him, they're nothing but nuisances, bothersome existences that keep him from being free.

"You. It's always you. How foolish, to be bound by such ties!"

Shoving Roland away with a blast of dark energy, the Demon King only had his eyes on the knight in black.

"If I just kill you, then nobody can restrain me anymore!"

Summoning hundreds of dark blades at will, he fired them at the knight with a wild grin.

"Grisia." He took hold of my hands gently. It was only then that I realized that they were trembling.
"Look at me."

I shook my head. I can't, I have to distance myself...

"I don't want to hurt you." My voice came out as a whimper. "I never want to hurt you."

But I already have. These blood stains -on my hands, soaked into his discarded shirt- were solid proof of that.

Sword in hand, the black knight dodged what he could, and struck down the rest of the dark blades. However, the attacks were endless; the Demon King had more than enough dark energy to spend after all. Eventually, one stray dark blade was able to strike the knight's arm hard enough to make him drop his sword. The moment of vulnerability created the opening for another attack to strike the knight right in his middle, sending him flying backwards. Taking this chance, the Demon King flew in close and snatched the knight in black by his neck, fingers digging in hard enough to draw blood.

I should have known better. I should have stayed away. We shouldn't have crossed that line.

I understand. I understand it all, yet... I couldn't do it.

Because I had fallen foolishly, and hopelessly in love with him.

Carefully, he pulled me close, holding me in his arms as if I was something fragile, as if I was the one injured instead of the other way around.

"I know." He said in a soft voice. "It's not your fault."

Somehow, he always knew exactly what I needed. Locked in his tender embrace, surrounded by warmth, as if nothing else existed, just him and me. At that moment, all I wanted to do was to push everything aside and let myself sink into this safe haven.

Just a bit longer, I want to keep falling, I never want to stop falling.

"No." I can't. I can't I can't *I can't*. "It *is* my fault.

"Don't you see? I could have *killed* you. I would have too, if Roland had not pushed me away. *I did this to you.*"

I was shaking, and practically choking on my words by the time I finished speaking.

"I'm here." He murmured as he tightened his hold on me. "Grisia, *I'm here*. I'm alive. It's alright."

I cannot, I should not, I knew better.

Yet...

Yet at the same time, I was painfully aware of what I wanted.

"*Lesus.*"

With a sob, I let myself fall apart completely. Like a child, I cried uncontrollably, letting all the fear and guilt give way to salty tears. His name fell from my lips like a mantra- a prayer, as I plastered myself against him, holding onto him like a lifeline, one that I never ever want to let go of.

Through it all, he simply held me in that same gentle fashion as before, running a hand through my hair as he murmured soothing words to me. *I'm here, it's alright, everything's fine, we'll be fine. I love you.*



I did not know how long I cried for, just that by the time the ragged sobs faded into quiet sniffing, I was feeling absolutely drained but considerably calmer. Bit by bit, I loosened my grip on his back, allowing myself to relax.

"Better?" Lesus asked.

I nodded against his shoulder, not trusting myself to be able to speak just yet.

I felt him sigh in relief. A moment later, he spoke again. This time, his voice took on a serious tone.

"When we get back, I will train harder. I will get stronger. Strong enough that I can take on the Demon King alone. Strong enough, so that you don't have to be scared of hurting me anymore. I won't let anything take me away from you Grisia, I promise."

Again, he was able to pinpoint my fears even better than myself. Only Lesus could do that, I have no idea how, but he could read me like an open book. Every thought, every move, all the good and the bad, he knew it all.

Only him. Only Lesus.

"Tapeworm." I mumbled.

"... Heh."

Despite being too tired to use my sensing abilities, I knew that he must be smiling. And in my mind, I could see every detail of his much-too-stiff smile.

I smiled too.

That's right, Lesus is here, by my side, alive and warm and solid- my constant anchor. So how could I let something as trivial as fear get the better of me? To take the easy way out, to run away after all we have been through would be an insult to all Lesus had done for me.

As long as I had him by my side, it doesn't matter how difficult or dangerous the path will be, it doesn't matter if we're walking through darkness or light. Because we had chosen to walk down this path together.

Together, always.

It was truly just that simple.

So, there was only one thing left to say.

"Thank you."

Thank you, for always being the one nearest to my heart. Thank you, for always holding me dear.

Thank you.

For being you.

Chapter End Notes

Kiyutsuna: Well it's proven now, anything I write turns into sap... Apparently not even painful angst could be spared from that. *laughcries*

Lucathia: Oh the angst and sap. This is what happens when you want us to write Grisya and Lesus' love story. They make it too easy for it to turn into an angsty sap fest.

Selfish and Foolish

Chapter Notes

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

"You. It's always you.

"How foolish, to be bound by such ties!"

A sharp, dark blade sliced at my arms. My sword clattered to the ground.

Cut me.

The next gouged right into my stomach. Blood gushed forth.

Hurt me.

Fingers snatched me by the neck, digging in. I couldn't breathe.

Remember me.

"G-Grisia..." I choked out, trembling hand leaving smears of blood on his arm.

Grisia, let it be me. Remember me. Remember our ties, the very ones you're laughing at.

If hurting me can help you remember, cut me a thousand times over.

If being a fool means you'll let yourself love, let us be fools together.

I will always be here.

Shadowy black hair. Dark murky eyes. No hint of gold. No hint of you. But I know you're there. Even as your hair and eyes bled into black, even as you lost all control, you are still there. The Demon King blasted Roland away. The Demon King grabbed me by the neck.

But it is not the Demon King who looked at me with such conflict, such confusion.

I don't mean to put you in such turmoil.

I don't mean to put you in such pain.

But if that's what it takes to see the light return to your eyes...

Hurt me. Use me. Remember me.

T-There, there it is, your beautiful blue eyes...

Panicked, Grisya cast heal after heal. Advanced heal. Moderate heal. Minor heal. Sealing each of the wounds. Blood. Blood was everywhere. I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry.

The pain gradually left me after each heal. Gone was the stabbing pain in my abdomen. Gone was the stinging pain in my arms. Gone was the choking pain in my neck.

But even as warm holy light soothed each of my injuries, the prickling pain in my heart did not recede.

Because I could see how much you hurt. How much you were struggling. How close you were to giving up.

Please. Please don't apologize.

Please. Please don't give up.

It's not your fault.

If anything, I should be the one apologizing.

I'm just not strong enough.

I knew you would blame yourself.

If I were stronger, you wouldn't have to be afraid of hurting me.

"Grisia," I spoke and reached out. I took hold of your hands, covering them up, wishing I could erase the blood from them so you wouldn't have to see. "Look at me."

Do you know how much my heart dropped when you shook your head?

How much more I hurt from that than from the physical wounds you had inflicted?

I pulled you closer, afraid I would lose you, not to the Demon King, but to your love for me.

The Demon King will always hurt those he loves the most.

Friends. Family. *Lover*.

But it is exactly those that anchor the Demon King.

I don't mind.

Being the target of your fury.

I don't mind.

Being your anchor.

I want to be.

I promise I'll become stronger.

I'll become stronger so you'll always have a place to return to.

Grisia trembled in my arms, his words a mangled mess. I hugged him tighter, wishing these thoughts didn't have to cross his mind in the first place. I murmured soft words of comfort in his

ears.

Grisia, I'm here. I'm alive. It's alright.

It's alright.

Was I trying to reassure you, or was I trying to reassure myself?

Look at how much I had hurt you.

I'd hurt you in the past. I will hurt you more in the future. I'm not strong. But even so... I can't...

I can't.

I won't let go.

"Lesus."

My name finally came from his lips, and like a dam that had been broken, tears came without any hint at stopping. They trickled down my skin, and he buried himself against me, clinging onto me tightly. The cold wetness dripped down my newly healed injuries, but I did not mind in the least bit.

I was actually relieved.

Let it out.

I'm here. It's alright. Everything's fine.

We'll be fine.

I love you.

Let it all out.



As I held him in my arms and ran my hands through his white hair, I felt his trembles and his ragged sobs, his guilt and grief at hurting me. I placed a gentle kiss by the side of his hair.

I wish you could understand, Grisia...

How utterly beautiful you are, always thinking so highly of me.

How utterly frustrating you are, always thinking the worst of yourself.

How could I ever let go?

Cling onto me. Let me be here for you. Let me be selfish and tie you down.

Let us be fools together.

As Grisia's sobs finally faded into sniffles and he nodded in response to my question about feeling better, I finally allowed myself to relax. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Roland standing worriedly by the tents, still in his death monarch form. The Demon King had truly done a number on him this time, but Roland had pulled himself up, pushing himself to his very limits to save both of us. Once he saw that we were both fine, he gave me a nod and left discreetly.

If only I were as strong as him.

As I held Grisia, I made my promise.

"When we get back, I will train harder. I will get stronger."

Because I don't want to cause you such pain ever again.

"Strong enough that I can take on the Demon King alone."

Because I want you to be able to depend on me.

"Strong enough, so that you don't have to be scared of hurting me anymore."

Because I want you to be able feel at ease.

"I won't let anything take me away from you Grisia."

Because I'm selfish.

"I promise."

Because I believe we can make it work, fools that we are.

"Tapeworm," Grisia whispered.

I smiled, glad I had gotten through.

Grisia had always been afraid of hurting his loved ones, of hurting me. Of involving me. He had always chosen to hurt himself instead, to bury himself in solitary pain if it meant he could dance on the side of safety and keep me coddled. I knew how hard this was for him, how much he wanted to run away.

So I was glad that he was letting me in.

When a quiet "thank you" escaped from his lips, I could feel his unease wash away as he melted into my arms, finally allowing me to support him completely. I held onto him, never wanting to let go. Even beyond death, he had brought me back. Even beyond lucidity, I had brought him back. Even if either of us fell to the darkness, the other would be there. I would always drag him back, and he would do the same for me.

It should be thank *you*, Grisia.

Thank you, for letting me be selfish. Thank you, for letting me be foolish.

Thank you.

For letting us be fools together.

Chapter End Notes

Lucathia: I told Kiyu that I would really like to see Lesus' POV during the entire scene. She told me to write it myself. *pouts* This is entirely based off of "Nearest and Dearest," so it won't make much sense without reading that chapter first!

Kiyutsuna: I am an avid believer that Luca absolutely owns Lesus-angst. So no way I'm letting her pass up a chance to write more of that! *pats self on the back*

Meanwhile...

Chapter Notes

This chapter brought to you by both Kiyutsuna and Lucathia.

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

While Judgment and Sun were off in their own little world, the fact that they were still on the field where the battle had taken place was the last thing on their minds. This meant the other ten knights were able to blatantly stare at them. Like, really blatantly.

"Did they forget about us?" someone asked.

"They totally forgot about us," another answered.

Ruffling sounds could be heard. "This is even better than the time they tumbled out of the cabinet."

"What are you doing?"

The ruffling sounds stopped. "Looking for something to munch on, of course."

One of them muttered, "Someone give Judgment a shirt already."

Immediately, another exclaimed, "And ruin the view? No way!"

"But he just got healed! It won't do if he catches a cold," came a worried voice.

One of the knights, obviously not Stone, said, "Nonsense, you don't see Stone wearing a shirt over there, and he's fine."

"If they're going to keep hugging, I doubt Judgment will ever get cold!"

The moment those words were spoken, even those whose attention had wandered looked over at Judgment and Sun, who were still hugging. No truer words had ever been spoken. At first, they had been worried over Judgment's injuries, but after Sun had patched him up and the two of them began pouring their hearts out, they'd all relaxed but continued to stand guard, just in case. You never knew what monsters lurked in dark forests like this one after all. It simply wouldn't do for anything to interrupt such a great scene!

However, when ten minutes turned into twenty...

And twenty turned into thirty...

More than one stomach growled.

"Totally should have brought food."

"Someone needs to go hunting!"

Everyone looked around, at the sky, at the forest, at each other... Nobody wanted to volunteer and miss out on watching such an exceptional scene.

"Speaking of which, how long are they going to stay like that?"

"You know them. They managed to stay locked in a cabinet together for an entire day. This is nothing!"

"Hey Roland, move over! Your wings are blocking the view!"

Roland had been watching both Judgment and Sun in concern. When he heard those words, he gave one last look at the duo. Seeing that they were fine, he nodded at Judgment. Then, he very obediently moved out of the way, providing them an excellent view.

A much too excellent view.

Little did they know, those wings that had been blocking their view had also served to hide them from Judgment's view. Now that Roland had moved, there was nothing to keep the others from being discovered.

Dark eyes flicked up.

"Oh crap! Judgment is staring at us now! Abort! Abort!"

"Shhh, quiet down! Do you want to draw even more attention to us?!"

"Wow, that's quite some pledge Judgment is making."

"Captain Judgment~ Please SM me harder when you get stronger~~"

"Metal! You're totally ruining the mood here!!"

"Both of you! You're being way too loud!"

"So what? He's already spotted us! Ahh and now he's glaring!!"

"You idiot! Can't you see that Sun fell asleep?"

"Wait what? He's already asleep?"

"Well, with the battle and all those heals he cast, it's a wonder he even lasted this long!"

"Everybody shut up! Before Judgment kills us all with that death glare!"

Everyone obediently shut up. They quickly pretended like they were busy doing other things (but what was there to do in a forest, there was only one Roland to go around, and someone was already "busy" checking to see if he was alright after the strenuous battle). They were *totally* not watching the sappy pair of lovers before them. Now that they were quiet, Judgment ignored them, stood up, and carried a sleeping Sun to their tent.

Immediately, several whispers could be heard.

"Did you see that?"

"Judgment is totally carrying him bridal style!"

A collective chorus of “awww”s followed that last statement.

Judgment paused momentarily at the entrance to the tent. He shook his head but didn't turn around.

It was too bad the others couldn't see the small smile he had on his face.

Much, much later, when Judgment and Sun shockingly announced their marriage, nearly all of them would remember this moment and bet on Sun wearing the wedding dress.

We all know how that went.

Chapter End Notes

Lucathia: This chapter was super fun. A true collaborative effort. XD

Kiyutsuna: That it was~ We literally wrote it together, and boy was the crack awesome. /o/

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