The Reason
by Neon_4_Kingdom

Summary

Cristiano asked for Lional's hand in marriage, who is Gerard: The king of Cules 's brother, in term of accepting the marriage, The king of Catalonia asked for his best man, Sword expert: Sergio Ramos, to work for him. Sergio, even he was against the arrangements, couldn't say anything, even he had given right to choose, he couldn't separate his king from his lover.

I suck at summaries .. sorry

Title is taken from song "The Reason" by Hoobastank

Notes

"A lonely road, crossed another cold state line
Miles away from those I love purpose undefined"

Dear God: By Avenged Sevenfold

See the end of the work for more notes
Sergio was half way away from the border of the land he was born in, the land for he vowed to die fighting for. Now, he was leaving it. He was leaving the country he loved, he lived for. Just to fulfill his enemy's pride. He was leaving the countryman, he grew up with, played with, loved.

He wanted to cry, to not leave. But he couldn't do that. His pride was one he still has inside him, making him live. He had given his head in return to the king, if not his pride stopped him. Pride and a thought to make the other king regret his decision.

He remembered how his king, his best friend of childhood, Cristiano, looked at him when he took the decision to leave. He looked sad and guilt-ridden, he couldn't do anything. He had to. He had to leave.

"Sergio, we are here" He looked up from the horse, he was riding, Iker, their captain, who taught him how to use sword, who made him expert, whom he fell in love with, he didn't return the love, but Sergio loved the man, nonetheless.

"You have to go alone from here" Iker said, his eyes shown how sad he was. Sergio wanted to cry, to tell him he didn't want to go. But he couldn't. God, how he couldn't.

He nodded and climb down from the horse, Shadow, was the name, his favorite, complete black, always ran to him by one whistle. He ruffled the hairs and walked to Iker and embraced the man.

Iker's body was tense, but as he did embrace the Captain, he relaxed, he always knew the younger's feelings for him, but he couldn't return them. He loved someone else. "You have to leave everything here" "I know"

"Look after yourself. Everyone will feel the emptiness you are leaving here for years. And be loyal, no matter how much you hate him. That's your country now. You will serve that with utmost loyalty" Iker said, in his captain voice, as he pulled away. His hand was still lingered on other's shoulder. Sergio could feel the warmth radiate from other's worried expression. Iker, Indeed, was worried about the younger. He was worried about his inclination. He was worried about his anger.

Sergio didn't answer, he nodded in response, not really sure of his words. And walked away to the border, where people of Catalonia were standing with horses, waiting for him.

He looked around last time, wanting to envelope everything in his eyes, wanting to take this beauty of his country with him. A sigh of despair left form his lips, before turning away to begin a new life, that wasn't wanted by him.
Dear Agony

Chapter Summary

"Dear Agony
Just let go of me
Suffer slowly
Is this the way it's got to be?"

,Dear Agony, Breaking Benjamin

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A month Ago -

"Lional? our enemy?" Sergio questioned, he wasn't sure he heard him right. Like how could he be, his majesty - his childhood best friend - who hated the guts of other, was in love with him. It was like the tales he had heard but never believed in.

"He is not enemy" Cristiano started,"I ..." There, his face seemed getting red second by second. Sergio was sure of that his majesty was blushing, couldn't help but quirk his lips into a smile. Seeing that other was incapable of forming words, Sergio took the queue to ask question, those he had in mind.

"So when I was helping my majesty sneaking from Palace to meet the person, it was him, all along?" Sergio asked, he was surely angry at this, but Lional alone wasn't the reason of his fury.
"Yes, It is him, all these years. When I used to believe that I hate him, before I even become a king, I met him at Spain's Royal Ball. And I saw him. " The king sighed, fondly at the memory. His eyes could tell how precious that memory was for him. For Sergio it was the worst one.

Sergio looked away from his King, he knew the meaning of love, and god, did he choose this? Did he? He couldn't blame his king for falling in love. Even with enemy. Even the one he fall for was the brother of the one he hated the most.

He hated being the one to break his Majesty's heart. But he was there to tell the truth, to be honest. That's what he learned, to be honest to the king. Even he was just a sword man, the best one of the country, he was close to the king, and he was in the position, where he could say what he wanted to.

"What about his brother? King of Cules, does he know?" God, he sounded so like a father, he didn't want to. He sounded like he was commanding the king, didn't he? He thought, If he should take his words back, and polite them as much as he could, Even that wasn't Sergio Ramos's style. Cristiano snapped him out of his thoughts as he stood up from his bed. Sergio seeing that stiffen.

"No, he didn't. But will now, Probably Leo told him" The king said,"I talked to my mother, and seeing that she has no problem with this, I'm here to ask you for a favor" He was now looking at
Sergio, Who hadn't solved the riddle of the words his Majesty just said. But did he has a choice, all he could comply with whatever thrown at his way.

Sergio gave a nod, in response, his brain still occupied by the thought of what could be the favor is. God, help him. "Can you go and take this mail to Catalonia, and give it to the King, in the presence of Lional?" He looked up, was the king requesting to him? Because his King's voice was fragile, like he was sure that Sergio would say no, Like he even have any choice to say No.

Cristiano knew his hatred for the other king, but he never knew why? He never knew the reasons behind the hate. Was it because they taught to hate them, but he didn't really hated the other king, but Sergio by all means hated the other king and kings, by all heart.

"Your Majesty" Sergio started, troubled by his emotions and the request by the king,"Don't say No, please, Sese" And the King, oh no, it was his best friend, who walked to him and crushed him in his embrace, he was pleading to him. What could Sergio do? He embraced the other.

Sergio wanted to cry, too bad, he couldn't. He couldn't show weak emotions, he couldn't be weak. Weakness kills. And that makes you suffer and Love makes you weak. Cristiano pulled away, looking in his eyes to search what could he be ready for. Sergio looked away, faked a smile and then looked back at his king.

He knelt down, bowing his head, he said,"As Majesty wants. When do I have to leave for Catalonia?" He looked up to see, Cristiano was surprised, but still had those big smile on his face. He was happy. Sergio made his Majesty happy. He should be feeling good, only he wasn't.

The king handed him the scroll, he took it, bowed down and backed away a little. The king looked like would jump on him in any second and embrace him and would crush his bones. He looked that happy.

Sergio wouldn't know what was written in the scroll, he wanted to, but couldn't break this happy moment, so he pressed another smile and walked out from there. Leaving the king in his happiness.

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Sergio needed a distraction from all this crying and breakdowns, he needed his brain to stop torturing him. He walked out from the Palace as he walked in the village, as he saw the old saloon (now called Bars), he used to visit, he walked inside and ordered for his usual, beer. He looked around to find the man, whom he always found a good distraction.

Fernando was there, talking to his friends, when Sergio's eyes landed on him. He sighed, relived at the sight of the man, he wanted to meet. The other acknowledged other's presence by raising his cup of beer. As his order was served he took the cup and started to gulp down the bitter sweet taste of it, perfect as he wanted.

"Greetings!" He heard the other man sitting beside him. He nodded at that, not in the mood of talking at all. Sergio gulped down the rest of the drink and walked towards the stairs and signaled the other to follow him. The other followed him upstairs, going back to their usual business.

Skin made contact with skin, heavy breath, kisses was never in their silent contract of seeking pleasure from each other. They were just get down to the business straight. Sergio's face on table, pants half off of his legs, bending for other one to fuck him senseless so he could stop thinking. So his mind go numb.
Fernando was as always capable of doing so, he made sergio bite down his own hand in pain, as he worked roughly on him. Sergio liked this, liked their arrangements, it kept him sane. It kept him away from the thoughts he shouldn't be having. There were things Sergio regretted in his life. But this wasn't one of them.

Sergio knew Iker would never return his feelings, but he wasn't eager for other to do so. He was alright by that. On the other hand, Fernando wasn't a believer of love, that's why Sergio and him still had their contract going on.

It was the sickness, that complicated feelings he had for some one else. He would never admit it as love or any anything related to that. He was even insane to think that way.

Eyes half lidded, mind clouded, body numb, Sergio came with the most twisted feeling, or no feeling at all. He laid down on the old, unmade bed, that felt like someone before them had the same thing like them. Maybe more gentle with the feelings. Sergio couldn't relate to that. He heard the door shut, Fernando left.

It was their arrangements.

Sergio closed his eyes and drifted into the numb darkness that will scream at him the time he wake up. He had to wake up for a journey. A journey he never expected would be this early in his life.

Chapter End Notes

So, I updated, the questions will be answered in future chapters. As the story progress. The idea just came to me, and I wrote the first chapter, that was a mess I know. I also don't have any Beta. I would like if anyone wants to help me out. English isn't my first language. So I know i will make many mistakes, if you find any please tell me, It will help me learn.

Thank You. I hope you like the chapter.

Please don't be shy in commenting, I love comments. and Kudos are always welcome.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

"The push is always part of us
And gravity's never a friend
Deciding on who we can trust
And finding our way to crescendo, to the unknown"

Atlas falls, Shinedown

Chapter Notes

Here the chapter, I'm sorry that these are so short. I try to make them long, but college assignments and online classes taking the energy left in me. So this is how the story processing. Thank you for still reading though. I'm sorry for the mistakes. English is not my first language and neither second if I think it now.

:) 

After a week, Sergio was there, close to the palace of the king of Catalonia. He decided to go as slow as he could, when he left the Castile, but how one week went away that soon, he didn't know, even though there were tears and sadness and regrets, but still he reached here, the last place on earth he wanted to be.

"Why are you here?" Asked Andres, the hostler. When he climbed down from his own, his eyes catches the suspicion and confusion from other's eyes. "Sent by the King of Castile. I have a message to give to the-" He took a deep breath before mumbling annoyed,"Majesty"

Andres eyes were still filled with suspicion, before he averted his eyes and walked out to call someone, with Sergio would walk to the palace. Sergio looked around, uncomfortable he was, his heart beating furiously as being in the territory of the enemy. He wiped the sweat away from his forehead as he walked towards the new face, a knight indeed.

Sergio was stunned to see the face. He knew him.

"Sergio" The other called out, shocked. Sergio walked towards him, with a last nod to Andres, Neymar started walking beside him. Sergio took a deep breath before he asked,"How is James doing?" He never knew that his cousin brother would run away to this county? The enemy country. He had met Neymar, James made him meet who he loved, but he didn't know that Neymar was from Catalonia.

"He is well." Neymar answered. He looked happy, reason unknown to Sergio, but the younger indeed looked happy. "He always wishes to see you again. Always pray for forgiveness of you and Marco." Sergio couldn't say anything. He had forgiven his brother a long time ago, but he couldn't say the same about Marco. The other was heartbroken.
He had seen the other, devastated, drown in alcohol. But now he had always found Gareth beside the other, trying to comfort him. So, yeah, Sergio couldn't say what Marco feel now.

He gave a slight nod before saying,"Tell him I have forgiven him a long time ago." Sergio looked at the younger,"If it is possible, he should talk to Marco. Or send him a mail, when I return to Castile, I will delivered it to him." Sergio's eyes swim from the younger to around him: Children were playing archery, Women were less to see, were working and talking those in group, Knights were in their positions.

Then he saw the castle, he realized that the younger didn't say anything after his suggestion. Sergio didn't ask again. He kept silent as they entered inside the castle. Knights around him looked like was ready to kill him, but the rule of not harming the messenger keeping them away.

Sergio was uncomfortable. He wasn't scared. He was nervous. He was anxious, yes, anxious indeed.

Neymar said to wait as he left him outside and went inside with an another knight guarding the hall. Sergio kept his head up, trying not to be swallowed by the angry eyes as he looked back at them with pride, something that provoke his enemies, something that gives him strength to win every battle.

Time seemed to be not ending, every second felt like thousands. Oh how! he wanted to vanish from there, but couldn't. He waited looking around the hall, to keep his mind and eyes occupied. Hall was beautiful as expected from a king's palace. Filled with the color of blue and red, a combination despised by Sergio. Oh how proud! As expected from the king of cules.

Sergio gave a bitter snort. That fortunately wasn't caught by Neymar who just walked out. His expression of sadness gave a slight hint to him of what would happened, but he didn't say anything. They walked out in silence, when Neymar spoke.

"I've tried to talk, but Majesty are occupied by the concern of Kingdom and other operations." Neymar's sombre face lit up and he looked up to the person beside him,"I will try again tomorrow, until then you can stay at my home." Sergio was stunned by the offer, the hope other had was foolish, The king of cule would never have time for an enemy. The refusal on tip of lip got terminated before it was spoken,"James will be happy to see you" And he softened up.

Sergio, too, wished to meet his brother, he raised the other like his child. He was heartbroken when James left him. Now, in this time, he had this feeling that he will regret if he won't see him. Hitherto, Sergio had many regrets in his life, he wanted not more of them.

He nodded without a word. A smile crept on younger's face. They walked towards Neymar's home. In whole this time of despair, Sergio first time genuinely smiled. At least his heart was happy somehow.

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Flashback:::

"Lionel, may I?" Cristiano's voice was full of mockery, Lionel realized. He didn't expect him to have manners. He thought a while as he took other king's extended hand for a dance, as he saw it. They made their way into the crowd of royal princes and kings, queens, were dancing.

Lionel was a reserved prince, wasn't really the heir of the kingdom so he didn't attract attention of people, that he was grateful of. He loved books and writings. He was a curious person, the want to
read people around him, the desire to solve the puzzle: were things he was living for.

From the minute he gained his conscience, all he learned that how the other kingdom killed his family. How he left with his elder brother, who was close to family he got. The elder, who hated the other kingdom, Lionel personally was always puzzled, wanted to know more, know the other side of the story. But growing up in hate, his heart filled with that emotion in some ways.

All of a sudden, he felt a shiver running down in him like cold wind on bare body, he sent back to the earth and realized that other just placed a hand on his waist, for dance. Lionel looked up to see the enemy king, who looked breathless, was staring down at him, their faces were mere inches away, he noticed.

With a nervous smile on his face the king looked away. They swayed with rhythm, every second the touch linger on his waist, Lionel felt like he was going to melt like ice, when it gets close to heat. He sighed making the other one react.

Cristiano looked at him, worry or shock he couldn't name it," Is the dance cause the sigh or I?" King asked. That made Lionel smile," I appreciate the concern, but worry not, you are quite a good dancer" He made a comment, making the King chuckle.

'is this the enemy brother talk about?' Lionel thought as the King looked away shyly. "I take that as compliment. Compliments from enemy prince are not something we quite earn every day" Cristiano said, making the other smile, amused. "Then majesty should be grateful" Lionel was feeling the desire to know more of him. More to break the puzzle, he learned long ago.

And also the puzzle in front of him.

"Crowd is something I am not fond of, would you like to go for a walk outside?" Lionel asked making the other king stunned by other's boldness. "If I'm not going to get murdered. I know not if I should take the risk" Cristiano grinned, with the tease in other's tone.

Lionel had no words so he just waited for other to think or maybe decline the offer, but other king just made his way through the crowd making Lionel follow. With a smile he did follow the king outside of the palace.
Hello everyone, it's Neon. I have read every Serard story and I want more. So I decided to write one. I am still not convinced by the title, Maybe will change in future (if I can) ...

updates are not certain, if they'll be slow or anything. I'm not good at this. Please bear with me.

Comments and Kudos are always welcome. I love reading comments.

I hope you enjoy this.

:)

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