

I am a malady, you are my galaxy, my sweet relief

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by [MemeMachine562](#)

Summary

The issue with Grian is this, he is far too easy to control. It's a learned thing, a survival method.

Even the most brutish of killers will keep you around if you prove useful, even the most idiotic will see how you would be better alive than dead.

(A gun does not become dangerous until someone picks it up and aims, Grian does not become dangerous until he has someone to command him.)

(Grian is useful, Grian is loyal.)

(It is his fatal flaw.)

Or; A character study on Grian in 3rd life, and what it means to care for someone.

Notes

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

Once upon a time, Grian met two boys. Their names were Sam and Taurtis - and for a very long time, they were all Grian had. Abandoned at the tender age of five, unable to speak the native language of the server he found himself on, Sam and Taurtis were his only lifeline, they kept him alive.

Maybe that was why he ignored the warning signs for so long and put up with so much.

He needed them, he *loved* them, but they were hurting him - people say that when you are put in a dangerous situation, it's either fight or flight. Grian didn't have the luxury of that choice. He couldn't leave, couldn't run, and he definitely couldn't fight back in any meaningful way - not when Sam had a knife at his throat and had already shown no qualms about using it, and Taurtis was such a pushover he let Sam do whatever he liked.

So Grian chose the third option, to go along with it. He let himself fade into the background and followed them into hell and back. Blood coated his hands because they told him to shoot.

And yes, he argued. Gods, did he argue. He shouted and hissed and growled, but it had no effect - because everyone there knew that with a little bit of pushing, he would crumble.

He still did it, of course he did, he spat vitriol and condemnations with no regard to the consequence. He *needed* people to know that he wasn't happy with what was happening, that he wasn't like *them*. It was stupid, some feeble act of rebellion, his one saving grace.

Rebellion is an easy thing to crush, if you truly try, and in no time at all Grian learned to stay silent. He learned that when someone has all the power, you do everything you can to keep them happy.

He remembers them telling him he was insane, that everything that had happened was his fault, that Sam's degradation had only happened because of him - he remembers going along with that as well, of apologizing time and time again, until his lips turned blue.

It didn't matter in the end, they never listened.

The issue with Grian is this, he is far too easy to control. It's a learned thing, a survival method.

Even the most brutish of killers will keep you around if you prove useful, even the most idiotic will see how you would be better alive than dead.

It happened time and time again, with Sam, with Them, and now with Scar.

They saw the use in him, saw his willingness to submit and be a puppet, a weapon.

Grian is easy to control, that is intentional.

“Grain?”

Grian looked up from where he'd been sharpening his sword. Scar was staring at the wall.

“Yeah, Scar?” He responded, turning back to his sword in some pantomime of disinterest.

“Why are you here?” Scar asked, and Grian could see from the corner of his eye that he had turned, eyes boring into Grian's head.

“Here, as in, the base?” Grian questioned, trying to lightly step around the question they both knew was being asked, “Would you prefer I stay outside?”

No, I -“ Scar cut himself off, appearing to realize Grian's game as he huffed, low and exasperated, “I wish you wouldn't do that.”

“Do what, Scar.” Grian placed his freshly sharpened sword on the ground, turning to face Scar at

last, voice carefully impassive, "I'm just answering your question."

"You're not, and we both know it." Grian conceded that point, humming lowly in reply, "You've lost your first life - you don't need to be here anymore."

Grian was loyal.

"Why would I leave?" He questioned gently, tilting his head to the side. *Where would I go*, is what he didn't say. Scar seemed to hear it anyway.

"I'm not exactly the best fighter, G." Scar laughed, the sound wasn't happy. So little was, these days.

Loyalty didn't mean the same thing to Scar as it did to Grian.

(Loyalty is killing on command, loyalty is dying on command, loyalty is sacrificing everything to see them smile.)

(Grian is loyal to Scar.)

Grian turned away from Scar again, reaching out to gently tug at his feathers.

"What is loyalty, do you think?" He questioned, eyes fixed on the ground, not in shame - in lack of anywhere else to look.

"Its - uh," Scar stuttered for a few seconds, the question clearly coming out of left field for him, "It's not stabbing someone in the back, I think, trusting them."

Grian just hummed.

(He doesn't think Scar understood what he was getting into, when he accepted Grian's offer of a life. Grian is one of the strongest weapons on the server, and Scar had stumbled into him on accident.)

There was a beetle crawling on the ground, inching its way towards the door. *Scar doesn't like bugs.*

Grian reached out and squished it without a thought, Scar didn't seem to notice.

“And you, G?” Scar questioned, soundly slightly tense, “What does loyalty mean for you?”

Grian lifted his chin, exposing his neck in what would be stupidity to anyone else, but was muscle memory for him. Scar, luckily, didn't recognize the movement for what it was, a show of vulnerability and trust.

He didn't think he could explain.

So, he didn't.

“I'm loyal to you, Scar.” He kept his voice quiet but steady, gentle but sure. He let Scar meet his eyes, conceding that small battle.

There was a thick silence for a few seconds, Grian could taste ash in the back of his throat, all the people he loved and lost - Scar wouldn't be the next. He dropped his eyes back to the floor to wait in silence. He didn't like the silence, but for *Scar* -

For Scar, he could wait.

“Alright.”

Grian looked back, and for a brief moment he almost expected to see rabbit ears atop Scar's head.

(They are so alike, Sam and Scar - except Scar is maybe softer, around the edges. Sam made no effort to hide his insanity, to the point that people let him have his way out of fear.)

(Silver tongued, is what he would call them - except Grian doesn't think anyone really realizes Scar is dangerous, in much the same way they look at him and see nothing more than a prankster.)

(And maybe they're right about Grian not being dangerous- certainly, by himself he is very little threat.)

(A gun does not become dangerous until someone picks it up and aims, Grian does not become dangerous until he has someone to command him.)

(Grian is useful, Grian is loyal.)

(It is his fatal flaw.)

It is a very difficult thing, to break Grian's trust once you truly get it. He is too forgiving, too weak, too cowardly, and far too often lets people walk right over him.

It is difficult, not impossible.

Sam had managed it, and Grian had *immediately* grabbed Taurtis by the hand and ran for all he was worth. Taurtis had died before Grian could see if he would be able to hold onto him, and then They pushed just a bit too hard, and he had run from Them too.

Grian was going to have to add Scar to that list, now.

There is very little you can do to shatter Grian's loyalty as quick as Scar had managed, but there are some things - little wounds never quite healed, that when brushed over, do so much damage.

One of those things is abandoning him. Scar made a mistake, he lost control, and now Grian will bite the hand that fed.

Grian was running, running and running, blood rushing through his ears until all he could hear was his own heart beat.

Traitor! Traitor Scar!

Like a burst damn, red hot bloodlust rushed through him - all the little slights piling up to color his vision with fog.

Grian didn't like traitors.

The sickly sweet smell of blood followed him as he dashed through the forest, taking no care and cutting himself on the myriad branches that got in his way. Uneven ground jarred his ankles as he jumped down hills and ridges with reckless abandon - so different from the careful maneuvering of his yellow life.

His heart was beating out of his chest, going faster and faster and faster - until it was all he could hear. Adrenaline was pumping, and Grian could taste copper coating his mouth and throat.

There was a buzzing behind his eyes, making him blink rapidly in some futile attempt to abate it. He bit his tongue as hard as he could, and ichor dripped slowly from his lips.

Being red was unbearable, he was dying -

No. He wasn't, and he wouldn't. He would survive and live and make Scar pay.

He spit a mouthful of blood onto the ground, and kept running, pushing his pain far behind him.

Scar had been red for so very long, Grian didn't know how he had coped.

(Scar had died of an accident, and immediately been comforted. Scar had been anxious, but safe.)

(Grian had been betrayed in the worst way, he had woken up alone under miles and miles of rock and hurt. Grian was angry, Grian wanted Scar to hurt like he did.)

(Scar woke up, Grian lived his nightmare.)

Grian was unfailingly loyal, but such strong trust leads only to the strongest of hate when the pendulum swings.

End Notes

I wrote this all in one go during math class. I am god.

I think we as a fandom need to acknowledge that Grian grew up with Sam - a very stereotypical "Kill anyone they love" yandere - and asked him for love advice multiple times throughout the series, some of that Yandere-ness must have rubbed off, at the very least, he doesn't have a healthy relationship with the concept of love. He's very ride or die. I think it's worth mentioning that Grian asks Scar what he should do near constantly during 3rd life - if he's making a big decision, Scar's gotta back it up. A lot of this can be tied into the fact that he's still a green life during most of it, and not technically allowed to kill, but still - it ties back pretty nicely into getting dragged around by Sam during YHS, and I wanted to make this.

I think that in this story, Scar is pretty ignorant of everything going through Grian's head. If he knew, he'd probably reassure him that no, actually, I don't need you to do every single thing I say or die for me - but Grian thinks this is so normal he doesn't think to mention it to Scar, so Scar is in the dark when it comes to Grian's borderline unhealthy dedication.

Hope you enjoyed!

EDIT: Ok. I really didn't mean for people to like this? As said before, I wrote this in about 40 minutes under my desk, turning off my phone in the middle of sentences whenever my teacher walked by. It showed, I think. I was just rereading it and found myself dying a bit internally every time the tense would switch, or clumsy words were used, or . . . it was just a bit of a mess? I think, at least (I might just be a stupid little perfectionist who can't stand people seeing anything but my very best.) So I went in and cleaned it up a bit. I hope you don't mind! If anyone really wants to see the original and just despises my edits (I didn't cut anything out dw) I can totally post it as a second chapter, no sweat. This is for my sanity, not yours.

All that said, I'll give Ya'll a customary;

Hope you enjoyed! x2

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