Don't go shopping when you're bored

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Series: Part 1 of Shopping

Stats: Published: 2017-06-29 Completed: 2019-05-11 Chapters: 60/60 Words: 317822
Don't go shopping when you're bored

by bluehair

Summary

Legolas is thrown out the house and town by his grandfather and ends up in dire straits. Thranduil is bored to tears, so he decides to get a boytoy. And shopping when you are bored brings a shitload of problems, not just debt on your credit card...especially when you don't really know what - or who - you are buying.

Notes

Not my characters, not making money off this.

This is my first try at writing - but please don't go running for the hills. It is not betaed. And is not for people who are easily offended - the warnings and tags do apply in full. Please let me know if you think I missed a relevant tag.

Edited to add: English is not my first language, so I'm sure some things squeak. If you take the time to point obvious mistakes, I'll be eternally grateful.

I started adding images to show how I see a character or a place, since my descriptive skills still need practice. Of course, the images are not mine.

It will be long - I already have some 50,000 words written - holly Molly, I know - and I know how it ends, just have to tweak some things around. Also, there will be at least 1 more story in the series. And it ends well for the main characters - I hope that's not a bad spoiler.
I'M BORED, LET'S GO SHOPPING

Chapter Summary

There is a list of characters in Chapter 15, to clarify for everyone how I'm going to use them. That chapter is updated from time to time, when I add important characters. Also, there are the pics that inspired me to come up with this AU, there.

“My dear Azog, you know very well that you are not my type,” Thranduil purrs, taking another sip of his wine.

“Really, you can't get it up if he isn't your type?” Bolg smirks, watching him greedily with his pig eyes.

“You are quite young Bolg, so I'll remind you of my preferences, this time,” Thranduil whispers venomously, making both of them come to the edge of their seats to hear him better. “I always have ways to get it up, but when somebody is so not my type, the best way to get my cock rock hard would be to put a nice long knife in that somebody's belly. Slowly.”

There is a moment of thick silence, punctuated by Bolg's gasp, Azog's eyes watching the pink tip of Thranduil's tongue slowly licking the plump lips, and then Galadriel starts laughing, seeming to not be able to stop.
“Oh, Thranduil, for that I would pay to watch!” she manages to utter finally.

“I promise to invite you, my lady, if that actually happens, Thranduil smirks. But I’m afraid those... brave types... are much too rare around these parts.”

Bolg almost jumps from his chair, wanting to say something, to rage at the humiliation probably, but his father stops him short.

“Entertaining as usually, Thranduil. Actually, I know what I want from you, on top of that amount, if you really want the boy,” he smiles lewdly, then licks his own lips. “A show, in the club, after you break in the boy. Let’s say, 3 months from now?”

Thranduil sips some more wine, considering.

“Seriously, I think you are lying to me, Azog. If the boy is as innocent as you claim, you cannot imagine he would have the proper responses in such a short time. And no, Bolg, just beating him half to death would not be such a show to attract the people your dear father wants here, for that he has you,” he drawls, contemptuously.

He sips some more wine, considering, licking again those maddeningly plump lips.

“Let’s do it like this, Azog: I want to have a little discussion, alone, with the boy – just a discussion,
and if what he tells me is interesting enough, I will agree to not one, but 3 nights of showing him – but not in 3 months – I will choose the date, somewhere between 6 months and a year from now. You know very well that I would not put on a lame show, so I need the time to properly make him respond. So, what do you say, do we have a deal?”

“You just forgot me here,” Thorin fumes, throwing his glass on the floor.

“Nobody can forget your presence, Thorin,” he drawls, and Thorin fumes even more, because he knows that's not a compliment, “but since you are not willing to offer more to our greedy host, you can just hope I don't really like what the boy has to say to have him,” Thranduil smirks again.

“Why would you want a whore to speak, 'tis beyond me,” Thorin grumps, knowing very well the amount of money Azog can make from 3 nights of special shows, when the ticket will probably be at least 1000 per couple. He is not willing to pay more than 100,000 dollars extra, even for the privilege of having such a pretty doll just for himself. He is sorry that he can't have him for a night, but since Azog claims he's such an innocent, he would not let him sample the wares. Too bad, but hey, did he really want a boy who does not know how to please a man? Also, he's so skinny, he might have broken him if he used him like he enjoys, nice and rough. Maybe it is better that that whore will get him, he thinks, and starts laughing, a whore buying another, that's rich.

“More beer,” he yells, since his glass is on the floor.

*

Thranduil still wonders why he's here and what the fuck he's doing, seriously considering buying another human being. He hadn't drunk enough to say the alcohol has addled his brain, and even with all his previous history, this is something he had never condoned. Playing master and slave is one thing, but the young man – practically a boy, a little voice in his head screams – clearly is not playing anything at the moment. Or is he?

He snorts to himself - whatever the boy thinks or wants, clearly he has to do what Azog demands, because the consequences would be dire indeed if he doesn't. Thranduil knows that the talk about cut off body parts and broken bones is not just talk, and he's sure the boy does too. So, maybe, he could actually do him a favor by getting him out of there, he muses – he never actually mistreated somebody, no matter what people may say about his tastes in the bedroom.

And he's bored out of his mind lately – all he does is work and sleep, he didn't even fuck somebody in the last 3 months – which must be a record for his adult life. Not that he didn't have offers – without being vain, although he is, it's been years since he'd need more than 5 minutes to convince somebody they would be lucky to have his attention like that (and seriously, he can't say he couldn't have found 30 minutes for doing the deed, if he really wanted to). The trouble was that he was really fed up with meaningless things, where the sack is all there is; or, worse, the friendship fucks, where both parties are just scratching an itch, or, worst of the worst, just doing a friend a favor.

No, seriously, he realizes that he didn't even masturbate much during the last months – probably once a week, to be able to sleep after 16 hours work days, and what for? He actually does have more money than he could spend, and nothing really relevant to buy – he already has an estate and mansion, limousine, fancy sports cars – which he hasn't found time to drive during the last year -, a helicopter and a private jet (yes, they belong to the company, but he is the company), priceless art, jewelry… He's not even old, for Christ's sake, he's just turned 37 and should live his life, he can't enter some stupid midlife crisis or something.

Yes, this might be the thing to do: have his own personal boytoy. He gets up, straightens his shoulders, stretches a bit, for good measure, knowing every eye in the room will watch, knowing the
tailored silver-gray shirt will show his torso to the best advantage, and tells Azog to let him speak with the boy.

After the scummy one leaves the room, Thranduil pulls out his little toy from his pocket – he doesn't really think Azog has bugs around, but if he does, it will thwart him to no end to not be able to know what the two talked about, so he enjoys starting the program and is sure he actually has privacy.

“It's a device which stops microphones and cameras from working, in case there are any around,” he tells the miffed youth. “So that your master can't know what we speak about and you can be honest with me.”

“But I was honest!” The boy seems very disturbed at the idea he could be lying, and isn't that strange?

“I didn't say you wanted to lie to me, boy, but Azog has a certain reputation, so I would never find fault in anyone trying to please him, so they don't have their bones broken. I didn't believe in heroism when I was 20, I won't start now.”

The boy just nods and waits for him to go on.

“Look, I will tell you what I want and what I don't and we'll see what deal we can reach.”

The boy seems to be really bewildered now.

“Deal?” he asks. “With me?”

“Yes, I understand Azog will collect the money this time,” Thranduil goes on, and the boy does flinch at that, “but I'm more interested in other things than what he sells, for now.”

“I... I'm not sure I understand,” the boy says. “You are here for sex, are you not?”

He blushes so prettily that Thranduil might actually believe he's an innocent. If not, he's an Oscar performer, and then, where is the difference, really?

“Well, as I was saying, I want some things clear,” he states, calmly. “Number one is trust. And, to gain yours, even if this deal doesn't go on, I will pay Azog an amount, so he will not be mad at you and accuse you of ruining things for him. But if I will have you permanently in my house...”

At this, the boy gasps and his eyes become very large.

“Permanently what?!?”

“Seriously, they did not tell you they want to sell you for good?”

At first, the youth seems to not be able to find words at all. He seems to breathe hard and have issues swallowing, and Thranduil looks around for some water, but the room is completely bare: a table and two chairs and brick walls. Typical.

Thranduil opens the door, yells for Azog and demands water, orange juice and more wine and just glares Azog away after they arrive, putting the tray on the table himself. He then pours a glass of water and hands it to the boy, who gulps it and seems to recover just a bit. Satisfied, he pours some wine for himself and sips a bit.

“I am in this room for quite some time,” the boy says, finally. “I was brought here sometimes in the morning of Tuesday, the 2nd,” he adds. “I had a... discussion with Mr. Bolg and Mr. Azog, where I
was told that it would be a very good idea from my part to keep my mouth shut and just do as I am told. Then you and the other persons came and looked at me, and you also wanted to see my ankles and my arms. And then you came back. This is all I know about what is happening."

“OK, we are still on the 2nd, barely. It's almost midnight now,” Thranduil says. “Since when are you working for Azog?”

“I arrived in the city 2 days ago, in the morning, a little after sunrise. I tried to find work everywhere – but nobody has any need of a farm boy, so… I need to eat and a place to sleep would be nice, so I decided that I will become a prostitute. But I had no idea the streets here are owned by other people, so Mr. Bolg caught me on his territory and…”

“And you decided you want all your bones whole, I see. How did you decide to become a prostitute?”

“Well, if I could not earn money, and I don't know how to steal, what else could I do?”

“It's just strange, men do not think that often on this option,” Thranduil says. “For how long did you know you are gay?”

“I am not gay,” the boy answers, “it is a sin.”

Thranduil can't stop his laugh. Really, the boy is a treasure.

“And being a prostitute is not?”

The boy sighs, and his shoulders slump.

“I'm afraid I am too hungry to care at the moment,” he says, with a blunt finality.

“And, of course, since this morning you didn't eat anything?”

"No, I just had some water when they allowed me to go to the bathroom."

Typical, Thranduil thinks again. The guy will make 250,000 cash for the boy, plus a ton extra from showing him, and can't give him some fucking pizza. And calls himself a businessman. Or the ass of one.

So he opens the door again, asks for food to be brought in – which actually is an issue, since apparently they don't serve any kind of food there, ever – but really, Thranduil doesn't care about that. So somebody donates his sandwich – it looks a bit crumbly, but hey, if the boy really didn't eat the entire day… And Thranduil starts to be pretty convinced that he didn't – because he eats with a passion totally unjustified by the poor offer – and is still trying to restrain himself and eat politely, and is so thankful that Thranduil starts to wonder if he wasn't starved for several days. He is pretty thin, actually.

“OK, one last time, from the beginning,” he says, after the boy finishes the food and he refills his glass with orange juice. “I don't really care that much how much experience you have or you don't, I want you not to have any diseases – and this I will check with a medic, so you better tell me now if you have any. Same goes for drugs – I can easily check that too.”

“I am healthy, the boy says, ”although there are many years since I saw a doctor, because it was very expensive, so I wouldn't have any drugs.”

The explanation starts to seem off and, together with the rest of things, doesn't make so much sense.
“Where are you from?”

“Green Prairie, Ohio. It's a small community, so I only worked at farms and such, I…”

“Why did you leave?”

The boy's face looks conflicted, shamed? He sighs then, straightens his shoulders and answers:

“I turned 18 and I wasn't good enough for grandfather, I didn't listen well enough, didn't work hard enough... so he told me to go.”

“And your parents?”

“Well, my mother had me out of wedlock, and then she died when I was 7. I didn't know my father, but grandfather said he was a scoundrel.”

“And I imagine the neighbors agreed with him?”

“Grandfather is the head of the community, the pastor,” the boy says, and finally Thranduil starts making heads and tails of his situation.

“Was it a special kind of community?” Thranduil asks.

“It was surely different from the city,” the boy says. “But I think I know what you are asking – he always said that our community was virtuous, that the neighbors were sinners and doing bad things.”

A cult then.

“And you guarantee this is not a story concocted by Azog, to have you in my house and spy on my organization for him? Because, ” and his voice turns glacial, “if that is the case, whatever Bolg promised to do to you, is way better than what I will do, do you understand this, boy?”

“I don't understand what you are talking about,” the boy answers, not very sure, but seeming very, very tired. “I told you only the truth, since I am not a good liar and I prefer not to try it and be punished for it. All I can say is that I am willing to work as hard as I can, for whatever that is worth, and would be very grateful to have food and a place to sleep. And maybe warm water to wash with in winter,” he adds, wistfully.

“And if you don't need work, I can... have sex with you or with whomever you want,” he adds, gulping. “I don't know what else to offer.”

Thranduil remains silent, studying the young face, realizing once again that, if the boy is not telling the truth, he must be the world's best actor. A world which seems to be made of dark shadows, because an 18 years old boy should not speak like that or find himself begging to be used for some food and a bed. And, really, warm water in winter, if he's lucky? Is this the Dark Ages?

“OK then, I suppose you'll have to wait here until I finish the deal with Azog then. Drink some more juice, you seem to need it. I will take you, and I decided to believe you, for now. But you did hear what I said earlier, right? Or do you need me to clarify?”

“Please tell me exactly what you expect from me, to do and not to do,” the boy answers, with a decisiveness Thranduil approves of.

“I want honesty and loyalty,” he answers. “You have only one boss – and that is me. I tell you to do something, you do it. I tell you not to do something – you do not do it. You do not keep any contact
with Azog, Bolg, or anyone from their organization. Or anyone from Thorin's organization. Or any other rival I have.”

“I do not know anyone in this city,” the boy says, “so I wouldn't speak to them anyway. And I don't know who you are, or what do you do, so I do not know who your rivals are. I can promise to be obedient and do what you ask, as much as I know how. I don't know much, I'm afraid, but if you tell me how do you want me to do something, I will.”

“Even if it's a sin?” Thranduil decides to tease.

“The biggest sin is to commit suicide,” the boy replies, monotone. “So if I can do something to stop my death by hunger or cold, I will do it.”

Thranduil shivers, because he can remember how black despair feels, and this is exactly what the boy shows right now. He starts wondering again if he should really do this, but squashes the thought immediately. Life with him will be way better than this boy has ever known. Oh, he shouldn't call him just “boy” anymore.

“I am Thranduil Green,” he says. “You are?”

“Legolas Robertson, Mr. Green.”

He nods and leaves the room, tells an agitated Azog, in front of the others, to have witnesses, that yes, he will pay $ 250,000 and will do 3 shows for the boy. Yes, he will get the cash, probably by tomorrow evening, but wants the boy now. Yes, he throws him a $ 100 bill for the time spent with the boy and the sandwich and whatever else, but he wants to leave now, and take the boy with him. No, he doesn't want to stay anymore.

He sees that everyone thinks he is in a hurry to fuck the boy, and that makes him want to break all their necks, but sees a bit of something else in Galadriel's eyes. Really, she is the only one who's opinion he would give a fig on, and she looks a bit unsettled.

“My lady, may I speak with you a moment?” he asks her, and moves to the other corner of the big hall.

“Yes, Thranduil, what is it?”

Her tone is icy and he understands she judges him lacking. He wants to turn away, but that wouldn't be right.

“Could you let Elrond know I need him to look at the boy, as soon as possible? I think he didn't have a very easy life, and I want him to do a complete check up – he might even be malnourished,” he says. “Also, infections, things like that. I would have to pay cash, of course, since insurance would be complicated in this situation, but I want this done, and fast.”

Galadriel smiles a little now.

“This is what you asked the boy?”

“What did you think I'd ask him?” he counters.

“Well,” she calmly replies, “everybody knows I have long questionnaires for people I play with, so I can't complain about other people's questions.”

“But you don't approve of this,” Thranduil adds.
“I imagine you have your reasons,” she replies. “But yes, he is not consenting.”

“Actually, he is. No, he doesn't really understand what he consents to, but tell me, my lady, do all your submissives really understand where the night will take them?”

Galadriel laughs again, and shakes her head.

“No, many do get surprises,” she says. “I will speak to Elrond to make an appointment but, Thranduil, you do realize he won't like it, don't you?”

It's Thranduil's turn to laugh, because this could be the understatement of the century.

“I'm going to wear ear plugs,” he says, leading to another peal of laughter.

Really, Galadriel is his kind of woman. If she wouldn't be old enough to be his mother, and happily married.
Breathes deep. No, they will not move faster, nobody will tell Thran what to do, until he's damn well and ready to do it.

“Come,” he says, turning to the door on the left side, and Legolas follows him, because he doesn't know what else he could do. He's so tired that he does not register where they go, after the long trip in the night, and he's still very hungry, but it's better to be obedient right now, and maybe he will be allowed some rest.
When they stop, Legolas sees that they are in a bathroom, one more opulent than he's seen in his life, with marble everywhere and a beautiful leather bench right near a huge walk-in shower. He's sure 5 people could enter it and not hinder each other. Maybe they do, he thinks bitterly, surely he's not the only whore they brought here. He realizes Thranduil had said something and is waiting for an
answer, but he wasn't paying attention, so he starts apologizing, but feels a finger touching his lips, silencing him, then the hand cups his chin, making him look into the brilliant icy-blue eyes.

“You are really very tired, aren't you?” the man asks, quite kindly.

“Yes, I am sorry, but I did not really sleep in almost 3 days,” he admits, ashamed.

“Three days?” The man seems shocked, but stops him when he would continue. “No, no, it doesn't matter now why or how, just that being so tired, you might well just fall asleep and hurt yourself. Just one more question: is this how long you didn't eat, also?”

“No, I ate today, when Mr. Azog…”

“Before the crumbs that Shylock gave you,” Thranduil snarls, then gentles his tone. “Please, just tell me.”

“Well, I did eat some apricots I... managed to get,” Legolas blushes hotly. He shouldn't have stolen those, but he was so hungry…” "But yes, I ate very little during the last five days,” he decides to admit. What's the point in lying, he wonders, and who would actually care? But he does not dare to look at the man's face, so he does not see the flash of pity and horror on it.

“OK, it's all right now. Have a seat on this bench here for a second, I will be right back.”

He's so grateful to be allowed to sit, that he does not wonder why the man just leaves him there. The bench is actually pretty soft, so he sighs and allows himself to close his eyes, keeping his hands on the bench, to offset the dizziness he feels. God, if he could only sleep... even the hunger would not matter.
TIRED LEGOLAS

But too fast, he hears the door and reluctantly opens his eyes. He is amazed to see the man holds a tray with a small bowl and a plate with sandwiches.

“Here, have this,” Thranduil says. “I know they are cold, but you need rest too and it would have taken too much to get the grill going. Some have cheese, some ham. I didn’t know what you like, but I hope you like at least one.”

“Oh, no, thank you, I can eat mostly anything, I’m not picky!”

Legolas takes the plate and starts to eat, only to feel a hand stopping him.

“Slow, please, OK? We don’t want you feeling bad, yes?”

“Sorry, I... sorry, slow, I understand.”

Legolas uses all his remaining will to bite small pieces and chew slowly, until he eats two sandwiches. He gives the tray back and sighs again. He would have liked more maybe, but even his clouded mind knows that it is not good to eat a lot after fasting. He still remembers when he felt so sick after he had pilfered that meatloaf when he was punished to fast for 3 days when he was smaller,
and really does not want to feel that again.

“Thank you,” he remembers to say. “I really don’t want to be a bother, I am sorry.”

“You are not a bother. Now, let's get you washed,” the man says, starting to undress.

Legolas feels dread in his stomach, almost nausea; he had forgotten why he was here. He will have to pay for his dinner, but had hoped he could sleep first. No matter, this was his… job now, but he was so afraid…

“Hey, are you all right? Do you need my help to undress?”

“No, no, I can... I...”

“Look at me!” the man says, in that cold, commanding tone, which Legolas cannot resist even should he want to. He looks at those demanding, ice blue eyes, and does all he can not to shiver.

“Nothing will happen tonight, do you hear me? I will enter with you in the shower, because I do not want you to slip and fall. I would not put you through this, but seriously, you will rest better if you are clean, so, now you will undress and let me help you wash, then you will have some broth, then you will sleep, and we will talk more tomorrow, OK?”

“Yes, I understand, thank you.” Legolas is so very relieved that he almost trembles, no, he really trembles, and wonders why, it is not so cold in here, surely?

Then the man's hands start unbuttoning his shirt, they move it down his arms, then take his t-shirt off, and Legolas lets him, because he does not have control of his body anymore, and it feels so good to have somebody take care of him. It reminds him of childhood, when Nana was still alive and was helping him get ready for bath, and he does not realize there are tears falling on his cheeks, and does not see the sadness in the man's eyes.

His breath hitches when he feels the hands unzipping his jeans, and realizes that his underwear is really dirty and tries to get away, only to be stopped again by the hand cupping his chin, the blue eyes looking into his:

“Hey, I said I will not...”

“No, sorry, sorry, it's not that, just... my body... my underwear...” he mumbles dejectedly, not knowing what to say, blushing, ashamed to be seen like this, so weak, dirty, really pathetic.

“OK, is it better if I turn around, so you can take them off yourself and just throw them in the garbage can?”

Such a lovely smile the boy has and it rips Thranduil's heart in two to see the relief in his eyes that he is spared such humiliation. He turns, listens to the boy fumbling with the clothes, and adds one more bullet to the list: no humiliation play for a good while. No, this little lost puppy will have to be coddled first, to be able to get back on his feet. But he feels like he will enjoy coddling him, nurturing him. Probably a lot of teasing will be good for him, entire nights of light touches, of denial, until he squirms and can’t even beg for it...

“I... should wash my hair too, but that would take a lot of time,” the boy sort of asks, hesitantly.

Thranduil turns and has very mixed feelings: the boy is clearly a beauty, but his ribs are showing too much, too many bones are poking at his skin, he's probably more than 30 pounds underweight, and he clearly does not know how to behave. Obviously he wants to cover himself, but is probably afraid
to do it entirely. He just let his braids, partially unraveled, to cover a big part of his face. He looks just like a scared child like this, and Thranduil loves the vulnerability and innocence of it, but deep down, he knows a lot of this is not right.

He sighs, pushes the thoughts aside and gets the boy seated on the bench again and starts to unravel his braids.

“Help me here,” he asks him, “four hands are better than two.”

The boy acquiesces and starts unraveling them, so they finish pretty fast. He hopes Legolas will be capable of staying awake. Thranduil knows how bad it is not to sleep for 3 days, but he cannot imagine doing it without food also. It's a fucked up world, he muses, but that's nothing new.

They finish with the braids, so he takes the boy in the shower, turns the water on, not too hot. The boy is still shivering, but if the water is too hot, he might faint, so he takes his shampoo and starts washing his hair. It should be OK, he will see if he needs a different type of shampoo to make it shine, but for now the hair is too dirty for that to matter.

He's happy to see that, after an initial flinch, the boy just lets him wash his head, even starts to lean on him, enjoying the attention.

“Don't fall asleep, OK? Just a little more, or, even better, start washing your front, OK?”

He would just love to explore this fragile body, but it would be too much today, better to let him wash his own sensitive spots. He will help him with his hair and back, but that is enough for now.

The boy obeys and they manage to finish pretty fast, and Thranduil forces himself not to ogle too much. He cannot help but notice the whiteness of the skin though, the pinkness of the nipples, the pertness of the ass, the little (well, all cocks are small when they are not erect, he amends) dick dangling limp between the long, slim legs.

He gives the boy a big fluffy towel and lets him dry himself, while he cleans himself fast, then takes the boy to his bed. Entering his closet, he comes out with two old T-shirts and some boxers – he usually sleeps naked, but that would scare the boy. He dons the t-shirt and just loves how the boy looks in his old shirt – it's too big, almost like a short dress, and he looks so young and innocent that Thranduil has a hard time breathing. But his boxers are too big for the boy – clearly he's too skinny.

“OK now, the broth,” he tells the boy. “I know you want to sleep, and that's what we'll do, just as soon as you drink some, OK?”

“Sure,” Legolas answers, and this time he does not have to remind him to go slow. He can't even drink it all, but that's OK, he will have more tomorrow. The moment Galion finds out about the problem, he will be on him like a mother hen, which is just what the boy needs now.

Legolas is so tired that he falls asleep as soon as his head touches the pillow, so there's no more issue about sharing the bed. Good. Thranduil turns off the lights and joins him in bed, but he keeps the distance. The boy needs his sleep more than anything at the moment, and they have time.
NEW SURROUNDINGS

Chapter Summary

We see the house, meet new characters and see how $250,000 looks like. Exciting, right?

The voice clearly belongs to a stranger, but it says his name, so Legolas manages to open his eyes, and is completely disoriented. He was on the road, so why is he in a very soft bed, covered completely with a very soft and silky duvet? His eyes clear a little and he registers the high ceiling, the completely foreign and opulent room and the probably 40-something man, dressed in black, standing next to the bed. Legolas wants to ask him where he is, but suddenly he remembers that he was brought to a new place after yesterday's complete debacle, but where is…

“Good day, Legolas,” the man says, “I am Galion, the butler here.”

Seriously, people have butlers nowadays, Legolas wonders, but doesn't dare open his mouth, and the man continues anyway.

“I know you need to rest, but you need to eat too, and it's lunch time already, so…”

Legolas gasps, because he does not remember ever sleeping so long, he always had to get up early, because laziness makes you weak and gets you punished, so he starts to scramble to get up.

“Don't worry, there is no problem,” the man, Galion, soothes. “There’s no need to fret, you can get back to bed afterward, but you should eat something and also see the house, so, there, on the left, is the bathroom, you can go refresh yourself and your clothes are there on the bench. I took the liberty of cleaning them and adding some necessities, everything is on the bench, yes? I will be back in 15 minutes, so please don't hurry, just get ready and I will take you to the kitchen.”

Then the man turns and leaves, leaving Legolas still shocked in bed. After a few seconds, the door closes and Legolas manages to understand where the bed ends – it's huge, clearly the biggest bed he had ever seen, so he actually needs to move some to be able to get off it, it seems he had managed to get right in the middle of it, creating a nest with the duvet.
He is suddenly very grateful that Galion left, because he is naked under the soft T-shirt he wears. Clothes, yes, the man said they are in the bathroom, so Legolas opens the door he was shown and remembers that he was there before, yes, last night, the... his new master, he realizes, brought him there last night and helped him clean himself. He blushes remembering he was naked in the shower with the man, but, even if he doesn't remember very much, he knows the man did not hurt him, and
that is a very good thing at the moment.

He sees the bench near the shower and is glad to see his clothes on it, as few as there are, and they are really nice and clean. He reminds himself to thank Galion for this and to ask what he will have to do to repay him for helping him with this. He is even more grateful to see several pairs of new, plain, white underwear and socks on the bench, along with a new toothbrush. Looking around, he sees there is toothpaste and mouthwash on the sink and surely there is soap too, and what looks like a million fluffy towels on the counter.
The bathroom looks even more grandiose than he remembers from last night, but he shouldn't waste time gawking, the man will come back for him and Legolas remembers that he is really hungry, so he gets on with seeing to necessities, washing his face and teeth and getting dressed. Wearing enough clothes helps him be a bit more confident, so he exits the bathroom and then the room, because otherwise he would be sorely tempted to explore everything, and that would not be nice, it is still somebody's private bedroom.

He closes the door and stops right near it, because he does not remember at all from what direction they came last night on the huge hallway and, anyway, surely they did not come through the kitchen, so he has no idea where that is. Since he is alone and has to wait, he starts to study the surroundings, amazed by the sheer beauty of a side table, a very glossy black, with curved legs, holding a dainty sculpture of a girl's head, in what is probably white marble. The girl's expression is so tranquil and pretty, her lips curved in a faint smile, the eyes are so expressive, even if they have no color, that Legolas feels the compulsion to touch her. So he goes near it and is amazed by the details of the hair, held back from her face in a bun at her nape, the difference between the roughness of the sculpted hairdo – it seems like each hair was rendered - and the extreme fineness of the polished cheeks.

This is how Galion finds him, and Legolas starts and is afraid he did something bad.

“I see you are ready, good,” the man says, seeming to ignore his action. “Let's go to the kitchen, I will also give you a short tour of the house today, because you will have to learn to move around by yourself, but no worries today, yes? Just follow me.”

“Yes, sure. I wanted to thank you for my clothes, it so nice of you to have them cleaned, I don't know what can I do to repay you... ”

“Oh, not to worry, my job here is to organize such details,” the man answers. “And I am well paid for it, so no thanks needed. I will show you the washing and drying area later, but surely you were in no condition to worry about such things when you arrived. Let's go, I'm sure you are hungry.”

Legolas' stomach chooses that moment to agree that it wants food, so the boy's cheeks get red and he meekly follows the butler, trying to remember the direction they take, then the stairs they go on, then the new corridor. At least this one is not really as opulent as the top one – although it is clean, spacious and really well appointed, with honey colored wood on the walls and some paintings here and there, but no more side tables and sculptures and vases and flowers.
AND THE KITCHEN, BUT WOODEN CHAIRS

The kitchen is huge, the eating place could easily sit 20, he thinks, and he's amazed to be presented to the cook, Mrs. Baggins, who is a sweet old lady, she can't be more than 5 feet tall, and she smiles so nice, like he wished for years his own grandmother would.

He doesn't even register how decisively she makes him sit and then his eyes grow bigger and bigger with the amount of food she places in front of him: omelet, bacon, sausages, beans, two kinds of bread, at least 3 kinds of cake, milk, several types of jam. He's so overwhelmed he doesn't know where to start and is really afraid to make a mistake.

"You don't like this, do you want something else?" she asks him.

"No, 'mam, it's great, really I just... I never had so much food just for me, it wouldn't be polite to pig out…"

The old lady just snorts and goes to the window, then yells:

"Sam! Frodo! Get in here!"

She then turns to Legolas and says:

"Well, I think you are too shy for your own good, so watch my nephews at it and do like they do, OK?"

The nephews are two nice looking youths, a bit short, one slender, one with a bit of a belly, both having curly hair and nice eyes. They are wearing work clothes, just like Legolas knows from people working around a garden, and their hands are dirty.
“Boys, this is Legolas, he is a little shy” (and doesn't that make Legolas blush, being the center of attention), “and he is way too thin. I want you to show him how you have a snack, if you are not too full.”

“There is no such thing as too full,” the slender one says. “I'm Frodo,” he says, “but I'll shake your hand after I wash it.”

He has a very nice smile, Legolas thinks, and Sam too, who also goes to the sink to clean himself, then both shake his hand and just dig in, starting to eat sausages and bread.

Legolas joins them, and the omelet is just divine, and the bread is actually warm from the oven, crusty and delicious. He tastes the sausage too, because Sam says he can't miss it for the world, and it is indeed very good. The beans are good too, just a bit spicy and not at all mushy. In no time, they polish the savory food, and he has completely forgotten that he should eat slowly, because the cinnamon and apple cake he started with is so good he also forgets he shouldn't pig out, and he's already at the third piece when the phone rings and Galion calls him to speak with Thranduil.

He is afraid now, but sees everybody around is just doing their thing, without any worry – but most probably, they were just normal employees, not… But it's not polite to keep somebody waiting on the phone, so he picks up the receiver, and only says “Hello,” because he has no idea how he should address the man.

“Hello Legolas, I'm glad you are awake. Are you all right?” the man asks.

“Yes, thank you, I just ate the best apple and cinnamon cake I ever had,” he answers, blushing then, because why would the man care about that? But the man chuckles, so he mustn't be upset.

“Good, good. I am glad things are well. I just wanted to tell you I arranged for a doctor's visit later, so listen to Galion and a car will come for you, I will meet you at the clinic, OK?”

“Yes, sure,” he answers. “I will do what Mr. Galion says.”

“Good, see you later then,” the man says and closes.

Legolas breathes deep, that wasn't very bad. He remembers the discussion about checking him for diseases, and doesn't really know why would the man think he is sick. Maybe because he said he didn't eat? But he's not that frail…

“Everything OK?” Galion asks him.

“Yes, I am to listen to you and…”

The man smiles, kindly.

“And to go to the doctor, yes. Don't worry, Mr. Peredhil is a very good medic, and he treats all his patients very kindly,” he adds. “He does poke and prod a little too much, but that's what doctors do, right?”

Legolas nods at this, because he doesn't have much experience with doctors, but what else could he say? He's no longer hungry and decides he shouldn't just eat for the sake of eating, so he thanks both Galion and Mrs. Baggins for the meal and agrees with Galion that he should see more of the house – which might not have been the best idea, because it is huge and he really doesn't even know how he would go back to the room he slept in. Galion realizes that, it seems, because he tells him not to worry, he will have enough time to learn it, and then already the car is there for him.
It is the huge black car from last night, most probably, and there is a man riding with him in the back. Now that he has slept and is no longer dizzy with hunger, he realizes the man is probably dangerous – not only because he obviously has a gun, but really, he is tall and, unlike Legolas, has a big body, with strong, wide shoulders, solidly muscled arms and probably legs too, and he's studying Legolas in a pretty disturbing manner.

He wonders if he will have to sleep with this man too, and that opens a big can of worms. Did the man – Thranduil – buy him just for himself, or would he want Legolas to sleep with many men? Does he, like Azog, have ownership of some streets or places where he has boys – and maybe women, too – selling themselves and making him money? Legolas thinks that, if he does, he must have so many, because that house surely is expensive, and this car cannot be cheap, and having so many employees...

He's startled when Thranduil is getting in the car, because he didn't even notice it stopped. Reality is he had never ridden in such luxury – clearly the car is a very good quality, because the interior smells good, and the seats are all plushy and soft, in a nice soft gray color, and you could easily sleep all stretched out on any of the benches, they are that big – so surely, 12 people could ride inside easily. There are also wooden inserts everywhere and there's even a TV screen, and the ride is so smooth he can't say when they are moving and when it's stopped.
THRANDUIL

The other man wants to get off when Thranduil comes in, but he stops him.

“Wait a second Boromir, I want to speak with you first. You'll ride with Bard when we return,” he says, and the man remains seated.

“So, have you got the money?” Thranduil asks.

The man, Boromir, just takes a metallic suitcase from under his chair – Legolas had no idea there are things under the chairs – and opens it and shows it to Thranduil, and Legolas cannot stop his gasp, because the suitcase is filled with money.

“Yes, this is how $ 250,000 looks like,” Thranduil says. “Good,” he turns to the other man again, “you will deliver it personally, right?”

“Yes, I will take two of the boys with me though.”

“Of course. I would like it if you can give it to Azog with witnesses, I think Thorin should be around after 9, as usual. If there's somebody else gawking there, it's even better.”

“Sure boss,” the man answers, and Legolas cannot breathe, because he realizes that this – this must be the payment for him. He is worth a quarter of a million dollars for this man? His stomach clenches, because for this amount, really, the man can demand anything on God's green Earth and nobody would dare say it isn't his right. He can't even imagine what could he do, for how many years, to earn that sum. He didn't think he would ever meet somebody who has that much money at all, and this man... just spent them to have him?

The men continue to speak, but Legolas is too stunned to register what they say, so he is again startled when Thranduil grabs his hand, because they have to get off.

“Are you all right?” the man asks again, and Legolas has no idea how to answer.

“I…” he tries, but his mouth just doesn't know what to say, because his mind does not know what the answer should be.

“Are you that afraid of the doctor?” the man asks again, and Legolas gets it together and manages to mumble that no, he is not afraid. Both men smirk, but they leave him be and they get inside a big, white building, with lots of huge windows.
There are people milling around in the lobby and there is a nice, sleek, reception desk, and a lady wearing scrubs takes Thranduil and Legolas to an elevator, which looks exactly like something Legolas saw in movies, when he was allowed to watch them. The ride is smooth, and not too long, and then they enter an office and a tall, brunette man gets up from behind a desk and starts looking at him, very focused, just throwing a “Hello, Thranduil,” without looking at the man at all.

“So I understand Galadriel told you all about this?” Thranduil asks, amusement in his voice.

“Honestly, Thranduil, I don't have time now to wonder at your antics,” the man replies. “Although this one is over the top, even for you. Now, you will wait outside and…”

“And why would I do that, Elrond?”

“Thranduil, I will only say this once: if you want this done, you will get out, I will do all the checks and tests we discussed about and let you know if I think anything else is needed. Or, you can both get out of my clinic right now.”

Legolas is totally bewildered the man managed to say all this in a very calm voice, but making it so clear that he really is not scared of the other man and really does not care what he decides. He watches Thranduil and is also amazed that he seems to smile.

“Oh, so Galadriel told you about the ear plugs, I see. OK, I'll wait outside and take my punishment like a good boy.”

The man, Elrond, snorts at this and looks pointedly at the door. He only turns to Legolas after the door closes and tells him to have a seat, indicating the chair in front of his desk. After that he seats himself also and starts:

“I am Dr. Elrond Peredhil,” he says. “You are... Legolas?”

“Legolas Robertson, Mr. Peredhil.”

“OK, I will need some data from you, Mr. Robertson,” he says, bewildering Legolas to no end. Nobody ever called him Mr. Robertson and he didn't really expect somebody who knows his situation, which clearly this man does, to think they should do it. But the man continues, so Legolas tries to pay attention and answer, giving him his date and place of birth, his height – he is unsure about his current weight, so the doctor says they’ll check that. Then comes the part where he is completely unsure what to answer – he has a little idea about diseases suffered by relatives on his mother's side, because until the accident, his mother was pretty healthy, from what he knows, and his grandparents are good, except some arthritis and things like that, but he has no idea about his father's family, so he has to admit, shamed, that he never knew who his father was.

He is amazed that the man doesn't comment this or try to shame him though. Then, the man starts asking about his sexual partners, and startles Legolas by throwing something off the desk when
Legolas tells him he has no sexual experience. He also starts muttering something which sounds suspiciously like curses, gets up, goes to the door and calls Thranduil inside.

“Are you fucking serious, Thranduil?” This time, his voice is not so calm, Legolas observes.

“I'm not sure what you are asking, Elrond.”

“You asked for STDs checks.”

“Yes, and?”

“The boy is a virgin,” Elrond hisses.

“Then you will find nothing, is that a problem?”

“Do you want me to find a problem, Thranduil? Besides the fact you are buying people? Besides the fact that this boy should not...”

“Besides the fact that this boy should not work the streets for Azog, you mean, Elrond?” Thranduil's voice took that coldness Legolas remembers well and he tries to make himself smaller, because both men are now standing aggressively in front of each other, and they are so tall and both have a dangerous glint in their eyes. He doesn't know what STDs are or why should the doctor be so offended by them, and what does that have to do with him being a virgin, but he is too afraid to ask.

The doctor sighs and lowers his head.

“Yes, that would clearly not be good. But still, would it leave you bankrupt to just pay the money and let the boy go?”

“Legolas, please tell the good doctor here what you told me last night, about your family and job perspectives. I’m sure he will love to hear your take on things, while I will wait outside.”

Thranduil leaves, so Legolas has no choice but to tell his story to the doctor, his cheeks turning very red, not daring to look at the man. There's a long silence afterward, and finally the man speaks.

“I'm sorry, I didn't want to make you feel bad. Let's do the damn tests then. Please, let me know if something makes you uncomfortable, OK? I will explain everything and, believe me, everything is safe.”

“Thank you, doctor,” Legolas says. He would really like to tell the man he appreciates what he tried to do for him, but is pretty sure the doctor has no idea of the sheer amount of money Thranduil pays for him, because surely nobody would even dream to throw away a quarter of a million dollars and not expect Legolas to work for it.

He is then taken to an adjacent room, where he has to undress and wear a strange, flimsy confection which, it seems, should be worn backwards. There is a second man coming with them to that room, another brunette, much younger but resembling Elrond a lot. He has a chart where he writes what Elrond tells him and gives him all kinds of instruments, takes the two vials of blood Elrond draws from him, brings Legolas some water and just smiles kindly throughout.

But, of course, things can't finish that easy.

“I'm afraid this last exam is more delicate,” the man says. “But I promised to do it and, also, I think it is better for you if I do it now. Do you have any idea about how gay sex works?”
Legolas blushes hotly and has no choice but to admit he really has no idea how human sexual acts work. He has seen animals doing it, but...

The doctor sighs again.

“Elladan, please, get out now,” he tells the second brunette. “I'm already breaching too many rules, it's much better if the boy is a little more comfortable. You could keep Thranduil company, I'm sure he would just love to barge in by now.”

“Yeah, I think this might be just up his kink alley,” the young man laughs, gaining an outraged glare from the doctor, and leaving the room in a hurry, after he puts the clipboard with the chart on the bed.

“I'm sorry for this,” he tells Legolas, who has no idea what was bad in what the young man said, or what is supposed to happen.

“Look, I will have to check your sexual organs now and your anus,” Elrond says. “It is indeed less than comfortable, but I can promise you I will not touch you more than it is necessary. I need you to lift the gown first, please.”

Legolas is almost paralyzed, but what would he gain if he refused? The man had treated him very kindly and politely, so he manages to do what he asked and just watches as the man looks at him, then gently makes him spread his legs more, gently touches his cock with his gloved hand, then lifts it and inspects his balls, touches them, pushes a bit at his groin, then takes the chart and scribbles something there.

“OK, Mr. Robertson, now please put your elbows on this table, here, like this, and bend on top of it.”

It doesn't sound the best, but Legolas is a bit reassured, the man didn't do nothing bad to his sex, so he does as he was told. The man spreads his ass cheeks and Legolas tightens instinctively, because nobody actually touched him there from what he remembers.

“I'm sorry Mr. Robertson, I understand this is unpleasant,” the doctor says, “but please, I really need you to relax. This will only take one minute, on the clock, but it is much more comfortable if you do not tighten your muscles. It is important to assess your health here, OK?”

“I will try, doctor,” Legolas manages to say, and takes a deep breath, trying to escape the shivers he feels in his legs and back.

The doctor's gloved fingers are cold and... slippery now? He probably uses some disinfectant while touching such a dirty part of his body, Legolas realizes, while the doctor gently pushes around the area, until Legolas remains breathless when he pushes a finger inside him. He didn't know this was done and he squirms while the finger moves, so desperate he almost doesn't hear the man's calming words, but feels the other hand on the small of his back, trying to reassure him, and he sobs and stays as still as he can and he's very, very happy when the finger stops moving and is taken out of his body. The weird sensation still lingers, but he's very grateful that he's allowed to dress and told to use the door on the right when he finishes.

*

When he opens the door, Thranduil sits on the chair in front of Elrond's desk, and the two seem to be arguing again.

“Really Elrond, you think you need to tell me I have to take care not to hurt a virgin?”
“Well, I didn't follow all your exploits, so I'm not sure if you have that much experience with…”

“I know you are thinking of Celebrian now, but let me remind you of a few years before that?” Thranduil snarls, and Legolas sees the doctor flinch and become pale as a sheet.

“I'm sorry Thranduil, I really am. I don't know how such an experience could have slipped my mind, I realize now that I…”

“Don't, just don't, OK? Let's just finish this up,” Thranduil says, with a hint of… sadness? in his voice, and Legolas does not understand what they are speaking of, but dares to go closer to the desk and then takes a seat, squirming a little, because he still feels the weird sensation of the last examination.

“OK Mr. Robertson,” Elrond says in his official voice, “I am glad to say that everything is good with you. Yes, you are too thin at the moment for your height, but rich, diverse meals and sleep should solve this problem. Of course, there are still results from the blood tests we need to receive, and we will address any problems if they should appear. Do you have any questions for me?”

“No, doctor, I have no question,” the boy says. What question could he have, he is no doctor.

“Anything else, Thranduil? Do you need tests too?”

“No, I am clean. I always take good care to wash my hands before I play,” he quips, and Legolas doesn't understand, because adults don't play like kids, do they? But surely there must be a meaning, because the doctor snorts.

“Seriously, you want me to believe that…”

“Believe it,” Thranduil says. “The damn Chinese are obsessed, I worked like crazy these last 3 months, didn't have time for anything.”

“Take care and rest then,” the doctor says. “The boy needs rest too, he…”

“Yes Elrond, of course he needs rest and good food, it's obvious. In any case, even when I do not work 16 hours a day, I still sleep, so he will always have enough time to rest. And Mrs. Baggins sicced the boys on him to make him eat well,” he adds, and Legolas blushes when the doctor laughs too.

“Give Mrs. Baggins my regards then. I am sure that Mr. Robertson will reach a normal weight very soon under her care. Does she... no, don't answer that, it's for the best. Better you both get out of here. I will email you the rest of the results, as soon as they come in.”

“Thank you Mr. Peredhil,” Legolas says, because it is polite, and also because, except for the few awkward moments, the man was really good to him. He is glad that the doctor smiles warmly at him and then they both leave the clinic.

*

The trip to the estate is uneventful, Thranduil is doing something on his tablet and Legolas just falls asleep in his comfy seat, exhausted after all the drama of the last days. He is again woken up at the gentle touch of Thranduil's hand, and he is again very ashamed, because he should do something for the man, not just be a nuisance. But he can't say anything because Galion appears and says dinner is ready, so he follows Thranduil to a stately dinning room, where he is amazed to find himself sitting at a huge table, alone with Thranduil. The table is filled with delicious smelling and looking foods and, again, Legolas just doesn't know where to start.
“You are too tired?” the man asks, when he sees Legolas doesn't eat.

“No, I slept a lot, I am sorry,” Legolas starts to say.

“It is no shame to need rest after all you've been through, Legolas. I agree with Elrond that you need a lot of rest and food. And I will not judge if you don't have fancy table manners,” he adds, wondering if that's the issue.

Legolas blushes at this. Of course he doesn't have fancy table manners, he had always eaten simple fare, with the other workers; he was allowed very rarely at the big table.

“I'm sorry, it's just, I never had so much to choose from,” he says. “It's a bit overwhelming.”

Thranduil smiles at this, although his heart clenches.

“A simple rule for polite meals is this: you always take the piece which is nearest to you. In general, this is so you don't show greed, but also, not to spill or drop things. You can also use it not to be forced to choose, you know.”

He loves the grateful smile the boy has and enjoys seeing him take a piece of chicken and some salad and start eating.

“Also, in general Galion serves dinner,” he continues, “but I imagined you weren't served very often and you would prefer less people around. But, for now, I can always tell him to fill your plate already, if you let us know what things you don't want to eat.”

“I… I can eat anything that is not spoiled,” the boy answers. “You don't have to worry much about me,” he adds, blushing again.

Thranduil loves seeing him blush, but this is definitely not the best reason for it, he thinks. Maybe... but no, not yet.

“OK then, for now, you will have your plate full from the start,” he decides. "But remember, you can always ask for more, doctor's orders.”

Legolas nods, blushing even harder and squirming a bit, and Thranduil wonders what brought that about. But the door opens and it's Boromir, so he is distracted.

“It's done, boss. Thorin was there, with his entire gang, and some of the Wargs were around, so we do have witnesses,” he says, and Legolas almost chokes on his bite, realizing what they are speaking about.

“Great. Did he count them?”

“Of course he did,” Boromir laughs. “He's an idiot.”

“Yes, but for the moment this is good for us. Thank you, Boromir. One more question: who do you want to assign to introduce Legolas to everybody?”

“Well, I can do it boss, I am doing the schedules again, so I can have him in the office when I tell everybody what they have to do.”

“Good, Legolas, the security detail needs to see you and also, Boromir will tell you where you are allowed to go and where not, for the time being. Tomorrow – right,” he turns and asks Boromir, and the man nods – “you will see lots of people then. I understand you will be a bit overwhelmed, but the
men will remember you, and that is the important thing now.”

“Yes, I will listen to Mr. Boromir,” the boy says. He has lost his appetite anyway, being again reminded of his situation.

“OK, anything else?”

“No boss, all quiet. Enjoy your evening!”

“Thank you, go and have a bite, Mrs. Baggins really has some treats for us tonight.”

The man leaves and Thranduil notices the boy doesn't eat anymore. He's sure he's just tired, but he shouldn't sleep without desert, so he cuts a piece of the chocolate cake – nobody can resist chocolate, right? and puts the plate in front of him.

“Taste this,” he says. “You don't have to eat it if you don't like it,” he adds.

The boy is pretty hesitant at first, but when the taste registers, he makes a little sound of pleasure that stirs something in Thranduil's groin, something good and hot. Of course, the boy turns beet red when he realizes he's the one making the noise, but Thranduil soothes him:

“Do that again when you are eating in the kitchen,” he says. “Mrs. Baggins loves it when her work is appreciated.”

Of course, he appreciates more this kind of sound, but the boy will have better reasons to make such sounds. Soon. Until then, Thranduil is happy to see Legolas eats all the cake he gave him. He wonders if he should give him some more, but he decides it's better to let him start to ask for himself.

Then Galion comes and tells Legolas his room is ready, and the boy looks startled once again.

“It is best to have your own room,” Thranduil tells the boy. “Everybody needs their own place to rest and relax, and there is enough space in this house,” he smirks. “Go, Galion will show you the way.”

“I... Thank you very much…”

It's clear the boy doesn't know how to address him and also, he expected something else.

“I am Thranduil or Thran, whatever is simpler,” he says. “And we will speak about your duties, but not tonight. I am not sure I will have time tomorrow, so I promise you Friday we will talk and everything will be clear. Until then, you may ask Galion anything and don't forget about Boromir tomorrow, OK?”

“Thank you very much, Thranduil,” the boy says. “I will listen to Mr. Boromir and Mr. Galion and will wait for our talk. Good night to you.”

“Good night, Legolas.”

* 

Thranduil realizes he's also tired, so he decides to go to sleep instead of working some more. He is half hard, he notices, and wonders if he should do something about it. He touches himself lightly, thinking about the boy, and realizes Legolas is not the only one who needs a clarification on how things stand.

Elrond was right – he does not have much experience with virgins. Well, with the exception of... He realizes now a funny thing: the boy's name is also Robertson. But yes, it is such a common name that
the coincidence is not even a big deal. Of course there are Robertsons in Ohio, just like there were in Wyoming, just like there are in any state.

And that experience is different, because... well, because he's no longer an 18 year old virgin himself and they are not kids in love. Although... he smirks and thinks that maybe, just maybe, this can be a great idea. He saw Elladan Peredhil earlier while waiting for Elrond to finish, he should ask him or his brother where do they take their young conquests. Yes, that's a good place to start.

Even his cock finds this fun, so he starts touching a bit harder, with longer strokes, then starts adding that twist at the end. He doesn't even need to imagine much – just that nice sound the boy made when tasting the chocolate cake, and the beatific smile he had – yes, that's it, and he comes. He's so tired, he just manages to clean himself a little and falls asleep, more satisfied than the was in months.
So, to clarify, I try to post every Friday and Monday :) And this is the last chapter without much hot action, you can breathe easily. I was away on holiday, and the internet was atrocious, now I'm gorging myself back :) Enjoy!

Legolas both waits for and dreads the talk they are about to have. He knows why he is here, he knows he has to keep his master happy, and it is better if he is told specifically what he has to do, but he really enjoyed these days without pressure, when everybody just seemed to try to make him feel better. Well, this is another reason to just be grateful and try to please the man. The last person who cared so much about his well being was his Nana, and he would have done anything to keep her happy, so he should do this.

But this doesn't stop him from wishing he could beg the man to give him a job just like Sam's and Frodo's. He enjoyed a lot doing something in the garden with them, at least that's something he knows how to do. Galion had told him he didn't need to work, and not to exert himself, but what should he do all day, just sit around and watch the other people's faces, wondering what they think about him and his situation? At least the boys were really very good to him and it was nice to hear their little jokes and just feel he does something.

Just, he can't forget how much the man already paid for him; that would probably cover any wages due him until he's old, and he would still have to provide… No, that is enough.

But he delayed this long enough. He breathes deep and knocks on the door and enters when he's bid.

Thranduil's office is, of course, huge – it shouldn't be different from the rest of the house, he thinks. He loves the fact that one wall is all glass, and you can see the pool and then the trees further away. Thranduil is seated behind a huge wooden desk and signals him to have a seat on the chair in front.
He does that, trying to sit straight, not knowing what to do with his hands.

“Look at me, Legolas”.

He does, and he's very relieved to see the man is smiling lightly.

“Relax, please. I won't bite today. I promise. I'm going to be pretty blunt about all this, because I like clear things. Please listen to me first, and then I will answer your questions, OK?”

“Yes, Thranduil. I would appreciate clear instructions.”

“Good. So, the first thing would be that I checked your story and I'm happy to see you told me the truth about your situation. I don't know how much you remember from that night, because you were very tired, so I will repeat some of the things I said then.

Honesty is something I value above all else, so I want you to know you can always ask questions and speak your mind. Just, for starters, do this while we are alone or just with my employees – if there are unclear things when we are in the presence of strangers, I would prefer it, when possible, if you keep your questions for later. Do you think you can do this?”

“I... I am not sure if I will have a proper behaviour in all situations,” Legolas says. “I am not used to the city or to the way rich people behave, so I could make mistakes”. He knows that might displease the man, but he told him to be honest.

“Of course you do not have experience, that is understandable. I will try to teach you the things you don't know, all I ask is that you be on your best behaviour. Also, it's important for you to remember that I said I want loyalty – and that is something which has to work both ways. So, I know you feel very unsure about your position. I will not treat you like a slave, like what Azog might have told you. That man is just sick.” He sighs then, seeing Legolas gulp, and really doesn't want to know what...
kind of parting words the man would have had for him, then continues.

“I also understand that you don’t have any clue about how a relationship should work between two adults, and you will surely hear all kinds of stories about my proclivities and demands. I will make you a promise now, and this is something that anyone who knows me will confirm, even my enemies, that I always keep my promises. The promise is this: I will never do lasting harm to you, no matter what. I will always pay attention to your needs, will listen to you – actually, will demand to know how the things I do feel – and will always bring you pleasure when we have sex.”

The boy has turned bright red now, and he seems to want to speak, so Thranduil beckons him to.

“I don’t... it is not necessary for you to worry about my pleasure”, he manages to say. “I will be happy to...”

“I will disagree with that”, Thranduil says, sharper than he intended. “Look, human nature is clear on this: no matter what somebody is forced to do without enjoying – be it work, sex or learning, they will resent it and will do it badly, and will look for ways not to do it at all. And it can lead to very ugly and even extreme things.” He thinks he should maybe make the boy think of somebody else a little.

“Did you hear about harems in your studies?” he asks.

“Yes, they were the place where Arabs and Turks kept their slave women”.

“Yes, this is almost accurate. Just, other people had them too and this has led to many problems. For example, in China, in certain eras, the concubines were only allowed in the emperor's room completely naked, with their hair free, no pins, because there were several instances when they tried to kill the emperor, when he was asleep.”

The boy gasps then, and starts trying to say something, but Thranduil stops him.

“I am not accusing you of anything. I am just telling you that, unlike some people, I am not into rape – and any sexual act where only a party enjoys it is rape in my book. So I want you to relax, because I’ve seen how afraid you are, and that is also normal. I will not just want to take you now, and will do my best to spare you unnecessary pain. I cannot promise you no pain at all though – because it’s not possible to avoid it certain times. And I do indeed like things other people might consider perverted, but I will say again – whatever I do to you and with you, you will enjoy it.

Maybe you should think about your position here as a sort of an arranged marriage of sorts; let's consider today we got engaged and I will start courting you and getting you used to my touch, until you will be relaxed and will feel good.” The boy's eyes are wide as saucers, but then a sort of acceptance appears on his face, and he nods.

“Just like in a marriage, nobody else has the right to touch you or hit on you,” he says, and sees relief on the boy's face. “This means that, in case somebody actually does try to pressure you into anything, you are allowed – you are supposed – to refuse them and you can ask for help from security, no matter who that person is. Also, you should let me know in case absolutely anyone behaves inappropriately towards you, including security, OK?” The boy nods eagerly, so he goes on.

“Unfortunately I can't allow you to go around town by yourself for the moment, you will have to be content with the estate and to come with me and the men from security, when it's necessary. I will see about documents for you, but that...”

“What kind of documents?” Legolas asks.
“A sort of ID, in case you need to show it to a police officer or when entering some places.”

“But I have my driver's license”, Legolas says. “It was in my backpack and Mr… Boromir was very kind to get it for me when you brought me here.”

Thranduil laughs out loud now.

“Seriously? That is great news, I will be sure to send my thanks to Azog for not making me have to buy false documents. At least this will annoy that lowlife. Still, I will have you go out only with somebody from security for now. As you have seen, the streets are not the safest place and…”

“No, I don't have anywhere to go”, Legolas says. “And I really like it in the garden here, and in the forest.”

“About that, I do not need or require you to work, Legolas. I'm not against you helping in the garden, if you enjoy it, but don't consider you have to work for your keep. And do not work 8 hours a day in any case; you still need to recover, and later you will need rest because of other activities.”

“I don't know what to do if I don't work”, the boy says. “I always had chores to do and work since I was 14…”

“There will be many things different from your old life, I understand that. But you will have many things to learn anyway, so there will be things to occupy your time. Actually, I hope you like learning.”

The boy squirms a bit, then breathes and answers.

“I liked it a lot, but I wasn't good at it.”

“What exactly does that mean, you were not good at it?” Thranduil asks, already expecting some out there answer by now.

“Well, in order for me to be worth it to continue with high school, grandfather would not accept more that 1 grade less than A per year. And I wasn't able to do that”.

“What does being worth it mean?”, Thranduil asks again, and it sounds colder than he wanted it.

“Well, the high school was in the neighboring town, and since there were only two girls of that age going, besides me, and they did not need to finish high school to be married, the cost in gas and the fact that I did not have enough time for my work too, would not have been justified”.

“How old were you when this happened?”

“16”.

“And what work was that you were supposed to do?”

“Farm things – cleaning the paddocks, watering the animals, feeding, weeding, harvesting, and I couldn't do everything early enough before having to leave, and I was coming back late…”

Thranduil hisses and the boy stops, scared.

“I'm sorry, please relax, you did nothing wrong. Your grandfather, on the other hand, would deserve several hits with a shovel and a few mouthfuls of manure, for starters.” He breathes deep a few times, trying to calm himself. He doesn't try to smile though, because he knows that, at the moment, the result would be disturbing. The boy is still quiet.
“So you finished two years of high school?” The boy confirms. “The fact that you did, while working so much, no matter the grades you achieved, actually proves you are good at studying. And the grades he wanted are only achieved by children who only have to study, maybe just work 2 shifts a week, in an undemanding place. And they generally have a lot of time to spend on various clubs and supplementary learning activities and at the library, which wasn’t you case, was it?” Of course, the boy confirms again.

“OK then, I'll see what can be done so you can return to studying – just have a bit of patience to see what's best to arrange, can you do that?”

“I... that would be my greatest wish”, Legolas whispers. “But if it is too much trouble and taking too much of my time I...”

“Don't worry about this. You were just saying you need to do something with your time, and it's way better than working in the garden with the boys. They are good boys, and I appreciate their work, but there's no need to limit yourself to that. And since my work takes at least 8 hours of my day, when I would not need you in any case, it's better to use the time.

One thing to keep in mind: please don't worry about things like menial costs – gas, books, food or the like. It's been many years since I had the slightest idea how much these cost in a month, and you will not see them as obstacles when you want to do something. I understand you lived in a place where every dime was counted, and maybe there were reasons for it, although I seriously doubt it, but this will never happen in my house. I think, if I started asking about the price of such things, Galion would call for Elrond to check my head.

And speaking of this, we need to go shopping, you cannot live with only two pairs of jeans.”

“I couldn't...”

“Again, I know you have no fault in this, it's not a critique. But, if you are clearer on what your status is, we can go have a snack and solve this wardrobe issue.”

The boy doesn't look very settled yet.

“I said I will answer your questions, so, if you have some, we deal with those first.”

Again, the boy blushes and his hands try to find something to do, until he manages to speak.

“I am sorry, but I still don't understand very well what my role is, and exactly what can I do for you. It is true I do not know what is required in a marriage, physically, aside from working for the master of the house, cooking, cleaning and raising children. And you already said you don't need me for such. I know there is more, but...”

“Yes, of course, it was not allowed to speak of it. And I imagine you were not permitted to attend SexEd classes, because they were sinful”. The boy only nods. Thranduil is really floored on this, because the level of innocence this implies is very attractive, but he realizes the boy could actually be terrorized by this lack of knowledge, imagining all kinds of wild things. Still, he does not feel like giving the boy a book on this would be the right answer and, of course, his special movie collection might just send him screaming for the hills.

“I have to admit this complete lack of knowledge on the subject is a bit strange”, he decides for honesty. “Most 12 or 13 year olds I know of have at least a basic idea of this, but of course, they practically lived in a different world. I want to be honest with you and I will tell you that I enjoy the way things stand, because this means I get to teach you everything about sex.
The thing is, I would prefer to show you than explain it to you beforehand. Do you think you can trust me enough to just give you, each day, indications on what I want from you that very day, and not tell you everything in advance?"

The boy's face is scrunched in a very cute thinking pose, and he sighs before answering.

“I'm sorry I'm being difficult. I was under the impression that sex is something that happens in like, half an hour maybe? I don't understand what would you tell me each day or why would you do such a thing.”

“My God, those people were bloody incompetent, besides being mean. Legolas, human sexuality is a very complex thing and I am not fond of the approach of just snuffing the lights out and fumbling for a few minutes under the blanket. That is the best way to lose most of the good things of sex. And sex is not just the physical act of penetration, people can play many games around this and increase their enjoyment.

At the moment, as I said, I know you would not understand such games, and I want you to be at ease around me. So, in the beginning, I will go on dates with you, spend time with you doing various things together – things that can be done in public - and just start touching you a little, so you can be relaxed and start to understand how your body works. I can't say exactly how long this will last, we will see how it feels. But I'm in no hurry here. I am tired of short relationships, I had too many during the last years. I would really appreciate if we can get along outside sexual matters too, so we can actually call this a relationship.

I think one of the reasons I started this is because you don't have a hidden agenda, like most of my latest partners did, which made me keep the relationship short. I know you need somebody to look after you, so I will do it, and in exchange, you just have to learn what I like and feel good spending time with me, OK?

Does this sound like something you can do, Legolas?"

“I would really like you to be happy with me”, the boy answers. “If this is what you wish from me, I will be glad to do it, I'm just afraid that my lack of knowledge would make me do something wrong. And you did not say what is the punishment when I do something wrong, I would be grateful if you would tell me that.”

Thranduil's cock thinks the last request is the height of sexy, especially the way the boy said it, blushing even harder, trying to be brave, although he clearly is very afraid. His eyes are such a beautiful blue, he muses, they will look amazing glassy with pleasure. But he has just promised the boy to take it slow, and what comes to his mind is anything but.

“I do not punish people for doing poorly things they have no way of knowing. Also, I don't think punishments are to be used when the person is obviously trying to learn something, but just does not have enough practice. When a transgression is intentional, I tend to start with reducing perks – like no dessert or other pleasurable things.”

His mind, of course, is in the gutter, and doesn't think he should speak about that kind of dessert, but he pulls himself together and continues.

“In really bad cases – that is, when the transgression could lead to something dangerous happening, or it is a repeat offense, there are corporal punishments.

And, as I told you the other night, for certain types of betrayal, I do harsher things – but I trust we do not have to discuss these, do we?”
“No, Thranduil, I understand this style of doing things. And I do not have any reason to want to do something dangerous or help your rivals.”

“Good. Did I make things clear enough?”

“Yes, thank you. I will trust you to tell me what you need of me.”

“I promise you will enjoy it,” Thranduil smirks. “OK, some food then, and let's make you presentable”.

His usual haunts are not appropriate for this, and although he intends to end the evening in a coffee shop catering to students, they should do something else first. The opera or the theaters might be too much, and anyway, he only managed to get Legolas a suit off the rack, and he is loathe to show him around so poorly outfitted. He also wonders if the boy would dare speak too much, so they should have something to do. Thus they end up at an arcade, playing with various machines, throwing bowling balls and having a good laugh.

He loves to see the boy lightening up and being relaxed among the crowd of people having fun, and this continues at the coffee shop, because, based on the twins indications, he chose a very busy place. Of course the boy wants a strawberry milkshake with his burger and fries, looking suspiciously at the dark Irish coffee Thranduil favors. Finally, he decides they had enough and, upon leaving the cafe, he takes them to the shaded part of the street and catches Legolas in his arms and starts teasing him.

The boy's lips are petal soft and Thranduil can barely restrain himself not to nip at them. That would surely scare him, and he likes Legolas compliant for this, so he continues to tease them maddeningly soft, holding him tight to his chest, loving the feel of his rapid heartbeat.

He starts licking at them, pushing just a little at the corners, but not trying too much to get inside. It's actually thrilling to remember his first tries at kissing, so many years ago, and at least now it's no longer two people who have no clue trying to do it.

But Legolas makes a little sound, and Thranduil can't not take advantage of the fact his lips were parted for a moment, so he starts to lick at the inside of the lip, no longer allowing him to close them completely. He tastes absolutely delicious, of course, all innocent milk and strawberries from the milkshake earlier, and it's getting more difficult by the second not to bite a little. It seems the boy is wildly affected, because Thranduil can feel a lot more of his weight with the arm that holds him, and Legolas makes another little sound, and his breathing starts to be short and shallow.

Maybe he should let him breathe, but he's reluctant to do so, because he has only explored his nice, pink bottom lip; he promises himself he would give him a little break after he explores his upper one too, so he sets on doing that, licking it and sucking it very gently, feeling his cock getting very happy about the idea. He seems to have come back to a time when he could come from just kissing and necking, and he almost laughs, because life was so fun then.

He manages to part their lips, but holds Legolas tight, and just watches his dazed expression, the way he tries to open his eyes, no doubt having no idea why he closed them, keeping himself in check in order not to claim the shiny pink lips again.

"Legolas," he whispers. "Let's get to the car and sit, it will be easier. I will let you go, are your legs steady enough?"

Just saying the words make his cock jolt, because making somebody's knees weak with just a sweet, light kiss didn't happen anymore for such a long time.

The boy nods, ashamed it seems. He will have to give him many more reasons to be ashamed, Thranduil muses and allows him to move, keeping a hand on his waist though. It's funny how slow they move towards the car, when he can't wait to go on. He has to remind himself that, really, they will only be necking tonight, but it still does not cool his enthusiasm. Of course he will jerk off before he goes to sleep, and he will tell the boy not to; he knows that, actually, the boy might listen, which is both good and bad, but at this point in time he starts to imagine
how those soft lips will feel around it and stops it immediately, because the image is way too hot.

“Text me in an hour,” he tells Bard before getting into the car, and is so damn sure the man smirks, but he brought that upon himself, so he can't complain, and doesn't want to see. An hour is enough for many things, but it should be more than enough for sweet torture.

And sweet torture it is, because he's getting completely lost in mapping the boy's face, his neck, getting a symphony of thoroughly arousing little mewls and whimpers, and even more satisfying twitches of the boy's entire body. He does his damnedest not to bite, because the first experience should be only honey for the boy, even if he's sure Legolas will love it next time.

He decides to leave his ears alone tonight also and just starts the most thorough exploration ever of the sweet mouth, not caring how out of breath he makes the boy, because Legolas had finally got the courage, or maybe desperation, to grab his shoulders, and then to move a hand in his hair, soft and tender, and it feels divine. He wants to squeeze hard the warm body, to feel it's real, because this could be just a sweet, sweet dream, but hears his phone and realizes time flew and surely they are home now.

He smiles when the boy just doesn't want to let go, so he hushes him and disengages, trying to get his breath back. He is in no mood to check what cheeky thing Bard had actually texted, just closes his eyes a little, because the way the boy looks, flushed, his lips nicely swollen, his eyes almost black and glazed, his chest raising and falling abruptly, might just make him go on, and he promised himself something else.

He almost laughs realizing that it's been years since a completely dressed partner made him feel so hot. He didn't even open one button on Legolas' shirt, because that would have been too much of a temptation to go on.

“I think we should respect the curfew,” he jokes, “tell me when your legs are holding, so we can get inside.”

The boy seems to want to ask something, but doesn't look very sure about it.

“What is it, Legolas? Is everything OK?”

“Is... I... I'm good, just... I was thinking you need to undress for sex,” he says, blushing even more, and Thranduil laughs, completely startled.

“You do,” he manages to say. “But this wasn't sex, by any definition.”

“No? But… ”

“Legolas, I promised you we will go slow. So no, I wouldn't expect sex the first time we went out. Why did you think this was sex?”

“It feels too good,” the boy says. “My whole body is on fire and... oh God, you didn't feel good!” he whimpers, his face stricken.

“Legolas, stop!” he commands. “I feel great, I actually didn't feel this good in quite a while. Don't worry your pretty head about my satisfaction for now; I promised I will tell you what to do for it, and I will. All you need to do is be relaxed and listen to me, OK?”

“Yes, but... I'm very afraid I'll make a mistake, and you will not be satisfied and... ”

“There's no mistake you can make if you just let me have the lead. Even if there would be one, I will
always let you know if you don't do something right, and will show you how to correct it, OK? Let's go inside.”

UNCERTAIN LEGOLAS

The boy follows him, but he's no longer in that beautifully aroused state, so Thranduil has to remedy that. He stops them in front of the boy’s door and claims his mouth again, still very slow, until he feels him tremble again.

“Now, I want you to go to sleep, Legolas,” he whispers to the newly dazed boy. “You will put on your pajamas and will get to bed, you will do nothing else, OK? And you will keep your hands above your navel, until you fall asleep, do you understand?”

“I... sure, just... don't you want… ”
Thranduil laughs again, and thinks there is just a very small strand of something more than perceived duty in the boy's question.

“As I said earlier, don't worry your pretty little head with this. Just do what I say. Good night, Legolas.”

“Good night, Thran,” the boy breathes and manages to get in his room.

He will find out tomorrow if he obeys, Thranduil muses and goes to his bedroom. He takes a towel with him and now he does imagine the boy's sweet mouth on his cock, and damn, he doesn't last five minutes. He falls asleep very quickly then, nicely sated, and wakes up with a serious hard on. It actually feels demanding, not just the usual morning reflex, so he jerks off in the shower, realizing he didn't do this for some years now. He laughs to himself: he will be doing this again for a few days, for sure.

He wants to see Legolas before going to work, so he decides to just visit him in his room. The boy generally gets up early, but he would love to catch him asleep.

He enters without knocking, and finds a strange picture: Legolas is frantically trying to... rub the sheets?

“What happened?”

The boy is startled and blushes furiously and doesn't know what to do with his hands. Or his mouth.

“It's not such a big deal if you spilled something on the bed,” he says, imagining the boy had a cup of tea with him, or some juice. “Galion will deal with that, why don't you have breakfast with me?”

But, of course, when he turns, he tries to hide something about his... pants? Of course, so he shouldn't ask more about his obedience; clearly he didn't play with himself, so he had some interesting dreams.

“I do have time for you to take a quick shower. And will you stop worrying? It's just sheets.”

“I... you don't mind me having... I sinned…”

“Wait a second, my understanding is that you had a wet dream, was it something else?”

“Ah... yes, I think you can call it... I... don’t recall what I was dreaming, but it must be sinful because I spilled…”

“Damn idiots, if that is a sin, it's probably a sin you are blond with blue eyes!” Thranduil growls.

He's shocked that the boy seems even more ashamed after this.

“I... yes, I've been told I take after my father in this... I am sorry…”

“OK, this is too stupid to conceive!” Thranduil huffs. “What I wanted to say was that it can't be a sin, and you can't be held responsible, for something that is pure biology and outside of your control. I mean, I would really like those pea brains to show me how you can control what you dream and how your body behaves when you are not conscious. I heard there are some Yoga guys who can do it, but then, they are anathema anyway, according to their precious Bible. And second, who did they expect you to resemble, if not your father? The lamp post? Please, just leave all this be, take a short shower and come join me in the kitchen. And forget the word sin and that idiot of your grandfather!”
Legolas agrees to the shower, subdued, and Thranduil starts wondering if it would be worth it to just take them by plane to that hell forsaken town and thrash the damn pastor, in view of everyone, just to stop hearing such bullshit. But seriously, does he have time to waste with such a lowlife? Maybe it would be better just to spoil the boy rotten. After all, it's exactly what the guy didn't want, right?

He goes to the kitchen and is happy to see there are several kinds of sweets. Legolas does seem to have a sweet tooth and is still too thin, so plying him with goodies should work for a start.

He fills two plates by the time Legolas arrives and puts them in front of him, one with sweets and one with savory food. But he can't resist to kiss him on arrival, just because he can, and the boy turns crimson immediately, because there are other people around.

“Eat,” he says, “unfortunately I don't have too much time. Look, I want you happy, Legolas. And if the only way to make that happen is to kiss you, I will do it anywhere and everywhere; I can even take you with me to the office to keep an eye on you. So, do we have a deal that you will tell Galion whenever there is a need to change sheets or whatever, and just enjoy?”

The boy is so shocked at his threat that he's gulping air like a fish; so Thranduil can't resist to kiss him again, and then to put a piece of cherry cake in his mouth. This has potential, but not this morning.

“Eat,” he says again.

Legolas nods, swallows and starts eating. But he won't escape until he acquiesced, Thranduil muses, starting on his plate. He almost chokes, suppressing his laughter, realizing the boy started with the sweets plate. It's worth a good laugh indeed, and that brings by another idea.

He waits for him to finish all the cake on the plate first.

“So, do we have a deal?”

The boy seems much better, and indeed mumbles his agreement.

“Good, now, I won't be home in time for dinner, so don't wait for me. But, hold the dessert, OK, Galion? That we will enjoy together.”

“Now, Legolas, give me a kiss, and finish the other plate too, OK?”

He wonders how long can he blush; this is another thing to study. Of course Legolas tastes so very sweet, and Thranduil decides he will have a great day.

In the car, he starts thinking about the next date, and since Bard is his driver for the day, that is perfect. He lowers the glass between them and registers the guard is one of the new men, Leithir maybe? So he will have to have Bard run around for things.

“Bard, is there time in your schedule today for some errands?”

“I only have to take you to lunch and back, and then home at the end of the day, for now. Shoot.”

“Good. I need you to go to the best chocolatiers in town and get the widest selection of pralines and truffles. And maybe toffees and such?”

“You want them at home or at the office?”
Home and in the car. Fit as many as possible in the fridge here, even if you have to take out some booze. Oh, and change some of the wines, I want some sweet wine and champagne in here, speak to Galion.”

“Sure boss, anything else?”

“How are my sports cars doing?”

“Ahh, finally fancy a ride? All are in good shape, I keep checking them once a month. But if you have one in particular in mind, I will check it again.”

“Hmm, I'm not sure. Which would be the most impressive on a date?”

“The Veyron, of course.”

“Do you think Legolas will enjoy it?”

And of course the damn man smirks. Thranduil swears all his employees are developing bad habits.

“I don't think the boy can see the difference,” Bard answers. “But at 18, anything moving fast would do the trick.”

“You might be right on this. I was thinking of the Spyder, but in that neck of the woods, anyway James Dean would be Satan, so surely he hasn't seen the movies.”

“Boss,” the guard says, “there's an old movies festival at the end of the week, and I know for sure there will be presentations about James Dean and Marilyn and a few others. It starts Friday morning and they'll show films old style, to watch them from the car.”

“This is a great idea. Check with Crystal or with Dora, I want my schedule free to see one Dean movie and one with Marilyn, and the presentations.” Or he could... damn, that's right.

“Bard, the other errand, Legolas really needs a phone and a... laptop or tablet? What does Bain like more?”

“Bain likes anything he doesn't have to pay for. You could just ask Legolas what he would like.”

“Hmm... one second...” because of course his inbox is full and he has to answer this right this second...

“I have a better idea. Speak with Legolas, get him whichever he wants. Tomorrow we go see Sigrid for our hair, so while we wait I can show him the basics of using them. You just get them today and take them directly to Feren, set them in the security network and stuff. Now, I'm busy.”

He closes the glass and starts working, because the first emails reminded him both Faramir and Eowyn are out of town, so he'll have to deal with everything. And he wants to be home by 8:30 PM, no matter what. He sends a reminder to his secretaries about this and starts to dig in, and doesn't really know when it's 8 in the evening already, so he can breathe and go home.

“What did you get, Bard?”

“About 30 kinds of pralines, 10 nougats and toffees and a laptop.”

“That's one hell of a list. Did he actually have an idea about computers?”

“He said they did have some at his school, so he isn't completely unaware of them. But he was
speaking of Pentium chips.”

“My God, they still have those outside museums?”

“Yes, that was bringing back memories. Remember Chuckie Egg?”

Thranduil snorts and can't wait to get home.
EATING FROM THE PALM OF MY HAND

Chapter Summary

Mmm... long haired beauties dancing without shirts on and heat in the shower...

Chapter Notes

All the lyrics in this chapter belong to their respective writers, singers, producers, etc., as follows:

Metallica – Seek and Destroy
Slayer – Raining Blood
Amon Amarth – Destroyer of the Universe
Chris Isaak – Wicked Game
Bryan Adams - Let's Make a Night to Remember
Rod Stewart - Sailing

The weather is still too cold for the pool, Thranduil muses, so the only mellow enough diversion should be watching some movie. He is completely out of the loop on what's the hottest new movie and he's sure the boy is too. Maybe just some old favorite? They could just start with Stargate the movie, it could lead to good jokes about all mighty gods and what's a sin; and he can show Legolas there are the series too, so the boy can have something to do while Thranduil is working. If he doesn't like it, they could even try some cartoons.

He goes to change into something more comfortable while Galion prepares popcorn and desert, and then he goes to collect Legolas. He likes that the boy smiles when he sees him, and the way he looks in the soft gray cashmere sweater over light blue jeans is very endearing.

“I thought we should see a movie”, he says. “I don't know what kinds you like, and probably need to explore more before you decide anyway. This is an old one, really, it was made before you were born, but it has very interesting premises. And you will tell me if it bores you to tears, OK?”

The boy nods and smiles.

“I always loved movies, almost as much as books. Even the moralizing stories approved by the Elders could be interesting, after a whole week working on the fields.”

“God, I don't want to see such movies ever!” Thranduil shudders. “With me you'll see more things with guns blazing and scantily clad people”, he smirks, and of course the boy's cheeks get rosy. “But tonight it is just guns and some philosophy. And cartoons if you really don't like it.”

He settles them on the couch in the den, holding Legolas close.
“Here, this is the remote for the entertainment center,” he shows the boy. You can have fun with any of the movies on those shelves while I am away – just pay attention if they are DVD’s or Blu-rays, it's written on each case, because, you see, you need different settings to watch them right.” He proceeds to show the boy how to do that, and remembers to tell him he can always have snacks while watching them.

The boy is excited to start, so he does, and just allows himself to study him for the first few minutes. Thranduil likes to see him smile and his eyes gleam, and likes it even more that Legolas trusts him enough to have no issue to be so close to him, leaning on his shoulder. His silky hair smells like the new floral fragrance Sigrid recommended, something that his hair must be a bit too dried out from no-name brands and needs lots of attention and hydration. Of course she knows her stuff, but he's glad she didn't choose some of those medicinal smelling things she sometimes recommends. He almost snorts remembering the time she actually convinced Bard to use more than just plain stuff, but he had said something about dessert, right?

He brings the plate of mini-tarts close and decides to start with a strawberry one, lifting it gently and bringing it to the boy's lips. That startles Legolas a bit, but, after glancing at him, the boy opens his mouth and tries to take it as gently as possible. Thranduil allows this at first, feeding him a caramel one, then a strawberry again. The boy seems to enjoy both the movie and the food and is even more relaxed against his shoulder. Thranduil wants to hug him very tight, and does it with his left hand, and smiles when the boy glances at him again. That reassures him, and he pushes a bit against him, just like a cat.

This deserves a reward, so he picks up a truffle and squashes it just a bit against the boy's lips, before
he has a chance to part them, and dirties his fingers too, in the process. The boy's pink tongue darts out to lick the cocoa from his lips, and Thranduil keeps his fingers there, so tentatively the boy touches them too, and it's absolutely exquisite. He keeps it up for a few more bites, and then can't resist not to kiss the pretty mouth, reminding himself not to be too aggressive.

He feels the shiver that causes, and his cock starts to be really on board with the evening's activities. Good foresight to get the larger pair of jeans on, not the form hugging pair he thought of first.

He keeps his grip on the boy's body, but stops feeding him for a while, allowing him to watch the screen. He's sure the boy isn't clear on what to do, but he doesn't feel tenseness, so he's fine, and really seems to be engrossed in the Stargate team's predicament.

Thranduil loves the movie, but the temptation is too great, so he picks up the pop-corn and shamelessly puts each kernel right inside the pretty pink lips, and is glad to see Legolas easily licks the salt off his fingers each time, giving him the most pleasant tingling sensation. The boy is really a fast learner, he muses, because he dares start feeding Thranduil, so he uses his considerable experience to tease the slim digits to the hilt, making the boy sigh and squirm. Then he can't resist to take them really deep into his mouth, then bite sharply at the tips. Legolas is jolted by this and makes a little surprised sound, and then moans when he soothes oh so slowly with the tip of his tongue.

Indeed, the cerulean blue eyes are very beautiful when they start to glaze, and the lips just beg to be taken, so he starts to alternate soft nips with languid licks and moves the boy completely into his lap. Legolas has found his hair and moves his fingers through it so maddeningly soft, when Thranduil would enjoy a pull, so he shows him, grabbing the golden tresses, and the boy's breath hitches and his pupils are huge.

He kisses him senseless now, and probably because he's so zoned out Legolas manages to squeeze his fists in Thranduil's hair a few times, and that is delicious. They are panting, both of them, and it's just perfect, even the straining of his rock-hard cock against the jeans is delicious, and the pressure he can feel in Legolas's pants is thrilling.

And of course the movie has ended, and they should stop, or he will not want them to.

He disentangles and drinks some juice and gives some to Legolas too. The boy looks wickedly tempting, spread on the couch, breathing hard, his body so slim and enchanting, his hands gripping the edge of the couch.

“I'm sorry I didn't let you watch the entire movie”, he says. “You are just too enticing”, he compliments him and the boy blushes and squirms. “Should we replay it or put on a cartoon?” Thranduil asks, but just then the phone rings, and he curses, because he left clear instructions not to be disturbed, so this must be damn important.

Of course it is: Eowyn explains that they did all they could, but right now the clients need the CEO's reassurances, and they worked too much on this to let it flounder because he wants to have fun. He settles back on the couch, not allowing Legolas to leave, and starts the conference, while his left hand continues to pet Legolas' hair. But of course this can't be settled in a few minutes, so he pauses everything to ask Galion to bring him the other phone, so he can keep it on speaker, and the tablet, to check things out. Also to settle better on the other end of the couch, with Legolas between his legs, with his entire back against Thranduil's chest. He tells him to be silent and then resumes the call, hoping that petting the golden tresses will keep his annoyance in check.

But this keeps dragging on and on, and he doesn't realize his hands have a mind of their own, because he seeks different textures, touching lightly the boy's face, almost moaning when the boy suckles on his finger, then starting to tease his ears, then slipping a hand under the soft sweater and
finding the little nipples and teasing them, making the boy shift and squirm against him, inadvertently rubbing against his still hard cock.

His voice becomes hoarse, but since nobody says anything about it, he plods on, and it starts to become clearer that they still have things to clarify, so more work, and his hands become more demanding. He pulls at the boy's hair, and at his hardened nipples, enjoying a lot the way he arches and pushes and just hoping their rugged breathing is not heard over the phone. But Legolas is so obedient, because somehow he manages not to make any other sound, and Thranduil knows this is hard, the boy deserves a reward, so he starts flicking one of the nipples until the boy trembles just like a leaf; yes, such an appropriate nickname that would be, he muses in between market shares and various projections, until enough is enough.

“It's almost 3 in the night”, he tells them. “None of us can keep our eyes open, so we might make mistakes. Let's adjourn and we'll start at 9 sharp again.” They reluctantly agree, so he can close everything and just now he really sees Legolas again.

The boy is a wreck, doing all he can not to just trash in his hold, his lips bitten not to moan, his eyes closed, trying to go on. It's unbearably arousing, and Thranduil feels his cock screaming for more, so he gets up and breathes, allowing the boy to calm just a little.

“I'm sorry,” he says, “that I got carried away, but I am really bad when it comes to work. Are you all right?”

“I... think so,” the boy manages to reply. “It's just... God, why is it so hard to keep silent?”

Thranduil laughs, delighted.

“Oh, little leaf”, yes, he muses, you tremble just like one, “the sounds are normal, and I love to hear them from you. I will try as much as possible to allow you to make them, next time. And now I really have to go to sleep. But I have to apologize again, in advance, because the next days I will be swamped in work, so I might ignore you a lot.”

“I understand work”, the boy says. “And I... I would be glad to help you relax, whenever you can”, he adds, uncertainly.

It's really hard for Thranduil not to just take the offer, but he knows too well the boy doesn't have the slightest clue what he offers.

“I will try to see you at least a little each day,” he says. “It might just be for you to accompany me on the way to work and then return home with Bard or such. And if you need anything, just tell Galion, he will know who can help you, I will not be able to take calls during the day, OK?”

The boy agrees and they both go to their respective rooms, and Thranduil goes directly to the shower. He only needs to tug at his cock three times to explode, thinking of how beautiful the boy looked. He needs his sleep, but really hates it that they will not go further until all this is closed. It would be unfair to do it now, he knows this, because he can't spare enough time, and misusing the boy would not help anybody.

So he goes to work, barely having seen him at breakfast, again ashamed – of course he had to have spilled during the night, with how much he tortured him – and starts plodding through the boring details. It seems a lot of it is just cultural differences – the clients come from a society where hierarchy is much more important and just can't understand that he really gave his younger and lesser in the hierarchy employees so much power, so he has to suffer through.
He will be home way too late to keep Legolas awake, so he just has Bard bring him and spends the trip to the fancy club where he will entertain the clients for dinner kissing his neck and ears and playing with his delightful hair; then the next day he takes the boy with him in the car, tasting him all the way to the office.

And the next day he does the same, also spending the unexpected free hour in the afternoon with him in his office, holding him tight in his arms and kissing his neck and shoulders and his beautiful and creamy and silky back, letting him rest when he leaves, because he is beautifully tormented.

This torments him too, but he prefers to have to control his erection than his boredom; and the power he has to make that innocent being tremble with a kiss or a touch is making him drunk with pleasure.

He wants to give him a gift, and really has Bard check about back to high school programs, but it seems all have hours only in the evening or week-ends, and he can't have the boy busy then. He will have to arrange for private tutoring, but doesn't want just anybody for this, so it will have to wait a little longer.

LITTLE BASTARD, JAMES DEAN'S CULT PORSCHE

They barely make it to the film festival, and he loves the way everybody just drools looking at them there, coveting both the car and them, because, without being vain, even if he is, they make a startlingly gorgeous pair.

It's fun to meet Elrond and his new serious boyfriend, Lindir, there, because Elrond is still uncertain about the situation, so Thranduil can needle him a bit, very subtly, of course. But Elrond seems only to be happy that Legolas looks well and is not distressed, so Thranduil behaves and asks Lindir to sing at Eryn Galen's gala in two months, making him blush very prettily and making Elrond look at him scornfully, he has no idea why.

He takes him apart, leaving the two young ones to speak alone. They are both so shy and cute, it's really endearing.

"OK Elrond, spill, what did I do now?" he asks, because soon the movie will start and he wants to cuddle Legolas all through it.

"You don't have to buy me!" the brunette growls.

"Sorry, what?"

"Inviting Lindir, I know..."

"It's not to buy you, Elrond. It's to have music I actually want to listen to while I have to be bored to tears paying attention to all kinds of petty pricks. If I don't do this, I will have to listen to some stupid Bieber or the like, and pay a ton of money while I pull my hair out and want to rip my ears from my head."

Elrond laughs at this.

"So you actually do everybody a favor, right?"
“Well, I'm sure they will prefer to hear your little nightingale instead of some death metal band I would favor”, he grins.

Elrond laughs openly at this.

“Actually, being you, I have no idea why you don't do that”, he says.

Thranduil grins.

“For the moment, that is too good of a menace for everybody to get in line and organize everything properly”, he says. “If I do it, as much as I would enjoy it, I would need some new thing to threaten them with.”

After the laughter dies down, Elrond becomes very serious again.

“I am glad the boy looks better. Sorry for doubting you will take good care with him in the beginning. You would be glad to hear Galadriel actually snipped at me about this.”

“I never actually know what to feel when you two speak of me”, Thranduil answers, honestly. “You know there are certain things I don't like to speak about, but I really hope you won't consider me a monster for this. I know I did things that...”

“All of us do what we must, Thranduil. I always prefer to bring succor, but indeed certain people deserve anything but. And I must apologize, because you never preyed on innocents, so it wasn't fair to think that you would start now. Let's just enjoy this evening, the movie is about to start.”

“Yes, we should go back to our young ones,” Thranduil can't resist needling, and he's really happy to see a light blush in Elrond's cheeks. “You deserve to be happy, Elrond, Lindir is radiant near you.”

Elrond sighs then, and nods.

“I know he loves me dearly, and some days I'm really not so sure why. It's still unsettling to have a lover the same age with my sons, though.”

“You know what they say, about gift horses and teeth”, he says, moving back towards the car. “I find that asking less questions offers a healthier mind.”

Of course, back to the car they see both the young ones flustered, and have to pry and find out Lindir invited them to dinner, to which Legolas had no idea how to agree or refuse, and of course Lindir is not apprised of the situation, because Elrond considered this too sordid an affair.

“Legolas is some days even shyer than you, Lindir,” Thranduil says, “and he had some family troubles making him unsure of his situation. Sure we want to come to dinner, it is just my schedule is even more hectic than that of a surgeon for a while yet, so we will have to arrange this after I finish with the mess. The event manager will contact you about the gala and, as soon as I'm clear on how things stand, I'll speak to Elrond about seeing each other. Also, thank you for keeping my boyfriend company while we chatted”, he adds with one of his charming smiles.

Lindir is completely flustered, but a grinning Elrond takes him away, so Thranduil can settle back in the Spyder, whispering and showing Legolas the context on his laptop. The youth is awed to find out what they will watch, and after the short presentation, which, of course, contains a picture of James Dean's famous car, realizes this is the same car and just thrums with excitement, understanding why everybody checked them out so. Or, Thranduil admits, understanding part of it.
He hugs Thranduil of his own accord, thanking him for allowing him to ride in such a famous car, and really tries to see the movie, but it seems to be a pattern that Thranduil can't resist to kiss him senseless and distract him by touching various sensitive spots. It's really indecent, most probably, Thranduil muses, but fuck it, everybody had wet fantasies about them in that car, didn't they? And it would be a shame to waste such a good opportunity, watching the boy come apart beats any cult movie any day.

The madness continues, and he becomes more and more angry because he has but snatches of time to spend with the little one, so one day he just says fuck it and takes both of them to the spa, to lounge by the pool. But he barely has the time to spread some sun screen on the delectable body and there are fucks to be given, and he's eternally grateful for Elladan and Elrohir happening to be around with two of their friends and letting Legolas play with them in the pool, chasing a ball, because he has no choice but take some video conference calls.

But he takes them sitting on his pool chair, in his fucking red Speedos, and doesn't care one bit if their eyes fall from their sockets. They wanted the head honcho, well, they will have to deal with him. Still, he almost doubles over laughing when Glorfindel offers to keep him company, wearing the most indecent gold slip ever, having his arms around his newest two conquests – Brandi and Candi? Or Tiffany and Jennifer? Or something like that. He has to decline, but really needs to have a party.

Finally, it's fucking over, everything is settled and signed, the Chinese go back to their country and he has to celebrate going dancing. Surely the boy doesn't know how to dance, but that can be solved, and of course Glorfindel has seen him on the cameras and comes join them at a VIP table, and they attract the twin's attention too - are they following him around or something?
THRANDUIL READY TO PARTY

Somehow he ends up on the dance floor, doing anything else than he imagined: he's in a mosh pit with the twins, after “convincing” Glorfindel to change the music, no matter what everybody else feels – fuck it, why else should one of your best friends be the club owner, if they don't put on whatever music you ask for? - and the shameless twins are now losing their shirts. They came alone tonight, so of course they want to attract flies to the honey.
Alright
We are scanning the scene in the city tonight
We are looking for you to start up a fight
There is an evil feeling in our brains
But it is nothing new, you know it drives us insane

But Legolas is watching breathlessly, not daring to do much more than move his pretty head and
gold locks around, after he tried it and almost tripped and fell. Plus, he's still weighing less than any
of them, so probably full-on contact would be harmful anyway. Thranduil can't stand this and loses
his own silver shirt, and his gaze also brings Glorfindel on the ring, so he thinks that nobody in the
audience really minds the change in music anymore. The four of them are fey and elegant in their
rough ballet, starting an intricate sequence in which they challenge each other in turn, soon becoming
covered in sweat, their lovely tresses starting to become plastered to muscled backs and rippling
chests, harsh breaths and taunting smiles.

The sky is turning red
Return to power draws near
Fall into me, the sky's crimson tears
Abolish the rules made of stone

This is perfect to expend all that nervous energy he accumulated, relishing the strain against similarly strong bodies, and he remembers he forgot about his fighting training too, lately, so he should return to having at least two mornings a week of sparring practice with the guards, to keep himself in shape.

The waves of flames that
I've unleashed will eat us all alive
The rage that burns within my heart
Is uncontrolled and wild

The music thrums in their bones, and it's just perfect to have had such worthy opponents, but of course soon there are enough pretty chicks around for Glorfindel to choose the Brandi and Candi for the night, and the twins each predatorily circle a frail little Thai girl and a superb male specimen, all sculpted muscles and huge shoulders and full lips. So, he decides this is enough and takes his pretty leaf back to the table and settles down with his head in Legolas' lap, letting him untangle his silver hair. The boy is exquisite at this, and Thranduil wants to purr, something he notices the others seem intent on doing, too, because they brought their conquests to the table and all are starting the kissing and groping. Elladan especially is a tease, seeming to want to nip at every well defined muscle of his lover's perfect body.

At first he feels Legolas tense under him, but when the boy sees everybody just minds their own business, he relaxes again, and suddenly he dares to bend and kiss Thranduil lightly. He tries to retreat, but that can't be allowed, can it? He grabs the boy's pretty locks and holds him prisoner, kissing the taste of the non-alcoholic drink from his mouth, thinking that, damn it, the boy deserves something more, so he takes a break and orders sweet pink champagne.

This rouses Glorfindel, who laughs and tells them that his office is free tonight, and he's generous enough to offer it. Thranduil laughs and declines, but Elladan smirks and grabs the hand of his Adonis, disappearing for a while, only to come back looking like a proud tomcat, while the other man is all dreamy and boneless. His brother disappears too, but returns alone, mentioning he sent the girl home by taxi, because she was too tired. They snort at the bragging, but, hey, that's what happens at 25, right? And, shamelessly, Elrohir goes to the other side of his brother's choice and whispers something in his year, making him shiver.

Meanwhile, Legolas dared to kiss him again, and to touch his naked chest, and Thranduil is warm and hard and happy, and allows the boy another half glass of champagne, because he seems a bit more brave now. No more, because he might fall asleep, but it's delicious to have his slim hands tormenting his muscles and then his nipples, oh so gently, almost making him purr out loud in between hot kisses.

But he wanted to dance with the boy, so he takes the chance when the slow dances start, still without bothering to put his shirt back on, and slowly moves him around the ring.

What a wicked game you played, to make me feel this way
What a wicked thing to do, to let me dream of you
What a wicked thing to say, you never felt this way
What a wicked thing to do, to make me dream of you

Such a pleasant heat against his chest, their long hair mixing together, his cock hard and wanting.

Let's make out, let's do something amazing
Let's do something that's all the way
'Cause I've never touched somebody like the way I touch your body
Now I never want to let your body go

Of course the boy is hard too, so Thranduil takes just a moment to press against his crotch, making his beautiful blue eyes open wide when he gasps, but continuing without acknowledging it further.

Can you hear me, can you hear me
Through the dark night, far away
I am dying, forever crying
To be with you, who can say

Three songs are enough, they should leave now, so they say their goodbyes and go back to the car. Legolas is a perfect weight cuddled in his arms on the way, kissing hungrily, shivering with want. He's just a little buzzed himself from the wine he had, and looks forward to the shower and jerking off.

But the boy flinches when he wants to leave him at his bedroom door, so he has to know what happened, and is completely shocked when Legolas starts crying and says he can't take it anymore, he can't sleep like this any longer, it's just too much. Just now he realizes how long it has been since they started this game, and of course the boy has been obedient, so his case of blue balls is really unwarranted.

PLEASE, I NEED

“Hush, my dear, please”, he says, trying to calm him.

“I'm sorry, really, because it feels so good, but there's something missing”, the boy keeps crying, “what did Elladan do?” he asks.

“Erm, it could be several different things, I didn't ask,” Thranduil answers, miffed. “But what does that have to do with anything?”

“Surely there is something you don't do to me”, the boy answers, “and surely he did it, because the other man looked so happy after it.”

Thranduil laughs, because this is quite a perceptive observation. The champagne might be to blame for his courage, but the boy is right.

“You might not want exactly what they did right now”, he says, “but you do deserve to feel satisfied. Come to my room tonight and I promise you will sleep really well.”

Once there, he starts undressing, until he's just in his silver silk boxers, and just knows the boy looks avidly at each piece of barred skin. He thenundresses Legolas, slowly, first his white cashmere sweater, so softly following the contours of the slim body, followed by sweet kisses and nips of the neck, then the soft undershirt, and a thorough laving of the already pebbled pink nipples, making the young one moan helplessly, grabbing his shoulders to stay standing. Then the nice white jeans, baring the deliciously creamy thighs and the simple white underwear barely concealing the hardened cock.
“Come on the bed, it will be more comfortable” he whispers, and then loses his boxers and the boy blushes even harder. “But take the boxers off first.”

Legolas does it, albeit shyly, and looks positively scrumptious. Thranduil licks his lips and sits on the bed, arranging the mountain of pillows so both of them can recline.

“What we’ll do today is, of course, a sin,” he says, “for certain self-deceiving people. But everybody does it, and I only want one thing from you: to only do it in my presence, for now. Promise?”

“Anything,” Legolas breathes.

“Give me your hand”, Thranduil says, and he covers it with his larger one and then takes it to the engorged pink shaft, making Legolas moan long and loud when he just encircles it.

“There is no hurry, you have to feel it”, he adds, grabbing his own hard erection with the other hand. Legolas’ eyes are huge and he doesn’t know where to look – at the hands encircling him or at the slow strokes Thranduil starts making, pulling so good, squeezing hot, knowing that he will come fast this time. He guides the boy’s hand, applying a little more pressure, touching the glans, loving the raspy breath and gasps this elicits, loving the tremble and tenseness he sees in the boy’s body, the tenseness in his own, and then the boy gasps hard and fountains over his belly, triggering Thranduil’s orgasm too.

It’s delicious to feel him straining and then going boneless, to listen to his breath becoming normal, to watch the sheer amazement on the pretty face.

“Better?” he asks after a while, and the boy nods enthusiastically, making him smile.

“Good. Rest a bit, then we should take a shower. I clearly need it, after all the craziness.”

The boy approves, and they manage to move in a few minutes, and he loves to see Legolas has no issue to enter with him in the shower this time. He doesn’t comment, just starts soaping him up, insisting on sensitive areas, but still avoiding the genitals, and then bids him do the same. It’s delicious to have the supple hands spread slick soap all over him, teasing his sides and thighs and nipples, and of course both are soon rock hard again.

“Come here”, he tells the boy and bids him brace his hands against the wall, then uses one hand to grab his hip, arranges his thighs with the other, then pushes his eager cock in the slick space between, almost wanting to scream at how good it feels.

“I need you to keep your legs close to each other” Thranduil tells him, “and support yourself well with your hands. And trust this will be good,” he adds, and of course the boy agrees, because he feels so hot again. The first push rubbing all over his heavy testicles surely feels good, so he nods and lets him continue, and Thranduil rapidly finds a languid rhythm, then softly encircles the boy’s cock with the other hand, making his breath rasp again, his soaped hand gliding perfectly. He keeps going, so hot and exquisite, slowly increasing the rhythm and pressure, until the boy instinctively tries to buck both against his hand and his cock, whimpering, pleading for more, and now he’s unhinged. He grabs hard the hot, pink cock, and the boy comes again, wracked by shudders, and Thranduil lets go too, seeing white lights against his closed eye lids.

It’s good he had a hand on his hip though, because the boy sways on his feet and needs both him and the wall to keep upright, and for a while their gulps of air are a very erotic sound in the enclosed area. Thranduil gets them clean and back to the bed and keeps the boy tight to him and sleeps better than he did in ages.
KILLING ME SOFTLY

Thranduil wakes up bounding with energy, so he decides to work out. The boy mumbles something when he moves from near him, but he shushes him and tells him to go back to sleep. The men are happy to see him join them again for sparring and it feels damn good to be included in the light banter, to stretch and feel his body move and then to enter fight mode – even breaths, ignore outside sounds, just pay attention to your body and the enemy, no more looking for hidden meanings, thinking about paragraphs and clauses and figures.

THRANDUIL PREPARING TO WORK OUT

Legs are moving on their own accord to maintain balance, to evade a punch or a kick, hands parrying and striking, fast as snakes; he manages to grab his opponent and throw him, but the man
gets up before he can pin him down, and the dancing starts again, and then he's the one thrown down and needs to roll around and get back to his feet, and again, and again.

Of course, since he didn't practice for a while, he gets tired faster and is all covered in sweat, but again that is a tangible proof he did something. It's a good feeling, and it gets even better when he comes back to his bedroom and sees the boy just opened his eyes and is still in the middle of the bed, just his face peaking from between the sheets.

“Slept well?” he asks, smiling.

“Very well”, the boy blushes. “I... I'm sorry if I was too forward last night. And I shouldn't have cried like that, it's just...”

“Don't worry, I told you I want to know how you feel, and I should apologize for teasing you for way too long. The idea was to not take you too soon, not to get you crazy for lack of fulfillment. I'm afraid such things might happen when I'm too busy at work, as I am a bit obsessed with that. Please, if this happens again and I get carried away, just tell me, OK?”

The boy nods, and Thranduil notices he's watching a bit too intently the way his t-shirt is plastered to his chest.

“Wanna help me shower?” he smirks, and of course the boy does, and Thranduil allows him to peel the t-shirt off him and to soap him well, insisting on the spots that make him sigh. Then he returns the favor, still hungry to ingrain the contours of the young body into his memory, to elicit shivers and trembling and moans and the final, hot explosion, so the day really starts well, and both of them manage to make Mrs. Baggins happy, polishing everything she gives them and asking for seconds.

Work is less demanding today, and he would love a ride, so he leaves just after lunch and takes out the Ferrari and brings Legolas to the sea. The boy is giddy when he races Boromir, who is supposedly following in the Corvette with Elros, but of course he's a competitive bastard, as always.

Legolas has never seen the big expanse of water, he tells Thranduil, and moves rapely just near the place the waves end, gazing in the distance, like he would love to just be carried away on a foamy crest.

He watches him from the back for a while, such a lone figure, dressed in white today, on the blue-on-blue canvas, and something cold gathering in his belly almost forces him to go to the boy and put a hand on his waist, and is appeased when he doesn't flinch, actually leans a bit into his touch. The breeze is light and they stay like that for a while, the only sounds around the waves and gulls, so much peace he's loathe to leave.

On the way back, he brings the top down and the wind plays havoc with their hair, the little braids Legolas has made again of his hair slithering like snakes, and the boy squeals, and it's a perfect sound. Thranduil desperately wants to have the boy squeal for other reasons though, so he stops them for a while on a more remote secondary road ending in the forest and indulges in undressing
him and having him lay naked over the warm, bright red hood. He starts teasing his chest and belly and licking at his creamy thighs, loving the contrast his pale skin makes with the red paint, starting to wonder how the fragile skin will look all reddened out.

Car and youth have the same slim, long, pure lines, Thranduil muses, with just hints of curves in the right places. He wants to paint the scene, an angel with a halo of golden hair all stretched out on a field of blood, and shudders at his morbid thoughts. To forget them, he gets back at mapping the slim body, lifting his back and tasting the drops of sweat coming out at the points of contact with the metal, but the strange, salty-metallic taste keeps bringing blood into his mind. Decidedly, he spreads open the coltish legs and his tongue just swipes Legolas' balls and cock from bottom to top, making him arch so abruptly Thranduil fears for his spine. His eyes are huge, crystal orbs, looking just like a startled doe's, his lips open, giving a tantalizing peek to darker depths.

Of course, that also makes him slide over the perfectly polished metal, right down in Thranduil's arms, his thighs parting perfectly against his waist, his cock rubbing against his shirt, gasping, half frightened, half aroused. Thranduil can't resist to take his own hard shaft out, to pull Legolas down on his feet and to grab both of their dicks in his hand, dry and silky and perfect, pushing and rubbing, forgetting he should go slow. Of course Legolas doesn't care right now, it's too good, he pushes right back and grabs his arm to steady himself and whines. The older man ravishes thoroughly the young mouth, stealing every breath and every sound, until he himself has to breathe and groan and come when he feels the boy shivering in completion.

"Are you cold?" he asks, after a few minutes have passed and the boy is still trembling.

"No, I don't think so," he answers, "it's just hard to control my body right now. I'm sorry," he says again, his pretty eyes looking down, long lashes shadowing the rosy cheeks.

"Stop apologizing all the time," Thranduil smirks. "I know it's all new, so I'm not going to be angry with you. Plus, I like making you lose control," he whispers darkly, lifting the youth's chin to catch his gaze. "I think this is what I'm going to do as soon as we will be back home: I'm going to make you forget everything but the pleasure I'm giving you, because you were such a good boy."

Legolas shivers harder and whimpers softly and he has to kiss him again, but then he forces himself to stop and clean them up a little and race home.

The adrenalin and arousal makes him forget anything else, so he doesn't let go of the boy's hand and just storms towards the bedroom where he unceremoniously divests both of them of their clothes and pushes Legolas on the bed, happy the sheets are plain white. Immediately he just starts licking and sucking, from the beautiful ivory arched neck, down, down, until he has his prize and mercilessly starts to tease and suckle the heated pink shaft. There's nothing like enjoying the warm weight of it against his lips, on his tongue, forgetting this is new for the boy and just taking it all in, greedy to feel it's his, to feel the boy tremble under the assault and lose it completely. Legolas still tastes of their mingled seed from earlier, and Thranduil can't have enough of it, the flavor exploding from the tip of his tongue to deep into his throat, the empty spot inside him craving to taste more, to let the heat of sex fill his mind completely, putting everything else aside.

"Please, please, stop!" Legolas manages to wail, and Thranduil lets go of his cock, wondering what is the matter.

"What's wrong," he asks, his voice low and rough, "does anything hurt?"

"No, nothing hurts," Legolas pants, "this is just... it's too much, I can't take it, I will... "

Thranduil smirks, disbelieving. He never had somebody refusing a blow job, ever, and he really
wants to know what scared the boy so.

“What will you do if I continue, Legolas?” he asks.

“I... I'm afraid I can't control my hips anymore,” the boy answers, shamed. “And really, I feel I will just… ”

“Just come down my throat?” Thranduil says, enjoying the redness of Legolas' cheeks, the way he squeezes his fists, his eyelids, trying so bad to be a good boy.

“It's OK to feel all that, my dear. You just have to relax and let it happen now, I want you to come, I want you to enjoy it, can you do that for me?”

The boy really doesn't sound convinced, it seems.

“I can take it,” Thranduil says. “I like it,” he stresses, “I like the feel of your cock on my tongue, pushing at my throat,” he purrs, loving the way the boy's cock jumps at the dirty words, the gasp he emits, the pink tongue unconsciously licking the now full pink lips.

“This is what will please me today, to have you all disheveled and at my mercy, and once will not be enough,” he tells the boy. “And you promised to please me, didn't you, little one?”

“Yes, Thran, I want to please you so much!” the boy breathes, and Thranduil knows the boy wants the pleasure, because, who wouldn't want it?

“But?” he asks.

“But… it is a big sin for anyone but the husband in a... in a family… to feel too much pleasure,” he manages to say, and that makes sense then.

“Legolas, look at me,” Thranduil says in his commanding voice.

“That is a load of shit,” he says, because there's no need to be polite when speaking of such... well... absolute shit indeed. “Pleasure has nothing to do with your gender or your preacher, it only has to do with the persons in the bed. That is a narrow minded stupidity, and it's only used to make people unhappy and obedient. I don't care about stupid things, and I am the boss here and say I want you to feel as much pleasure as possible tonight. Will you do as I say now?”

He sees the boy is conflicted, but he is used to obeying, so he breathes deep and acknowledges his right to do as he pleases. Thranduil smiles then, predatory, and returns to the beautiful pink cock, teasing it with his tongue a bit, then just swallowing it whole, enjoying the boy's renewed gasps.

He takes care to hold Legolas' hips steady on the bed with his hands, and just starts sucking and squeezing, and this time the boy just caves in, moaning and panting and coming so very sweetly.

Thranduil licks his lips and watches him getting his breath back, loving the nice pink color his cheeks have now, the plump lips, the abrupt rise and fall of his chest.

He would just love to continue without pause, but it would be too much, too soon, so he starts moving his hands slowly over the boy's thighs, then over his abdomen, gentling him.

“So, was it that bad,” he asks, when he knows Legolas should be able to speak.

“It was fantastic, Thran. I... I never thought one can feel so good.”

“It's only the beginning, my dear.”
“It can't be!”

“And why is that, Legolas?”

“Because... because how can one bear more than this?”

Thranduil laughs, delighted. It's not the best endorsement, coming as it does from somebody with no experience at all, but it's completely honest, and that makes it much more precious.

“Well then, let me show you how,” he purrs, and starts kissing the boy's shoulder, neck, jaw. He then licks the plump lips, and the boy opens them eagerly, allowing his tongue to explore.

He loves that sweet mouth, and can't wait to have it stretched around his cock, but that won't happen today, so he starts kissing and nipping downwards, stopping a bit at the rosy nipples. The boy clings to his shoulders, breathing hard and whimpering when he bites lightly. He soothes with his tongue and the boy just arches instinctively into his mouth, tempting him to suckle, to bite again.

Almost reluctantly, he goes lower, but his reluctance disappears fast when he sees the boy's cock half hard already. It's really a pretty cock, just like the owner.

“You have such a pretty cock, Legolas,” he whispers, and watches as the boy gets all crimson and would want to protest, because of course that's such a dirty thing to say, but he has no idea how to say it so it doesn't also sound dirty, he just scrunches his pretty face and bites his lip, and that deserves a kiss, so Thranduil gives it.

“Yes you do, so silky and pink and straight,” he coos. “And you taste absolutely delicious, did you know that? I could enjoy you all night.”

And he proves it's such, licking it just like a lollipop, a warm, silky, hot one. He swirls his tongue around the head and starts nibbling very, very lightly, mostly with his lips, really, at the soft foreskin, making the boy moan deeply, and the slender cock twitches and seems to follow his mouth.

He licks it in broad stripes, pressing his tongue on the underside, and on top, and then he pushes the tip of his tongue in the slit and the boy whines now, his hands gripping the sheets, his legs trying to push him up, up, following the teasing tongue.

“How does it feel?” he asks, and the boy gulps a breath and manages to speak.

“It's so hot and it tingles in my entire body,” he says. “I can feel the heat spreading in my belly and my hands are shaking and I'm dizzy... please, what do I do,” he wails, when Thranduil's tongue flicks rapidly at the head.

“You will just be a good boy and take this pleasure I'm giving you,” Thranduil purrs and sucks his head in, then groans around it, knowing the vibrations will feel maddening. Of course the boy moans and tries to buck upwards, and he restrains his hips again, because he has no reason to hurry this time.

He alternates licking with swallowing, each time going a bit deeper, and his own cock is rock hard now, he wants to touch it but his hands are busy. No matter, the pressure feels so good, and he will take care of it afterward, but now, he has to make Legolas really lose it. So he continues to tease, to take little breaks for nipping at his thighs, enjoying each jump of the muscles, for suckling at his swollen balls, inhaling deep the delicious musky aroma, loving the music of the boy's constant whimpers. All until he starts deepthroating him, slowly, so slow at first, enjoying the friction, the startled gasps the boy makes, the way he both tries to escape and to go impossibly deeper.
“Please,” the boy manages to gasp, “please, you are killing me here!”

Thranduil chuckles around him, and that makes the boy arch off the bed and start begging again, and of course he won't last, because he lacks experience, so he lets go of him for a moment, looking him in the eyes and licking his lips, enjoying the shivers that causes. He supports his weight on one hand and starts caressing himself with the other, long and languid, and the boy's eyes are glued to his hand and his cock and he unconsciously licks his own lips, making Thranduil's dick jump, wanting so bad to feel that tongue, those sweet lips. Soon, he reminds himself, soon.

He's getting back to suckling the sweet treat, knowing it's just a matter of minutes, yes, he can feel the tension reaching a peak and then the boy comes, giving again that delicious cream. This time Thranduil doesn't swallow it all, he collects it and feels it coating his tongue, banishing the idea of another ichor, shares it with Legolas, kissing him breathless, and sees the boy realizes what he did and a big tremor wracks him. Legolas moans and his hands grip Thranduil's already tangled hair, inadvertently pulling deliciously, he arches instinctively and rubs against Thranduil's cock, hissing when he's too sensitive, but Thranduil doesn't care now and pushes, needing to come too, needing the friction, yes, that's it, so he lets himself go, painting both of them with his seed.

“Yes, my dear, such a good boy,” he manages to say, turning on his side, breathing hard, trying not to look at the disheveled boy for a few moments, trying to calm down. “You are such a sweet, good boy,” he praises, getting a satisfied whimper, while he breathes and wills his blood to stop pounding so hard in his veins.

He thinks the boy will fall asleep like a log, but has the surprise to be kissed lightly on his shoulders, down on his back, and a hand hesitantly reaches over his front, moving lightly over his pectorals, then down on his abdomen and tries to get lower.

“What are you trying to do, Legolas?” he asks, turning to face him.

“I want to pleasure you too,” the boy answers, blushing deliciously.

“There's no hurry, you know. I'm perfectly happy if you need to sleep now. Or I can tire you some more,” he adds with a smirk, enjoying the little shiver the boy evinces.

“I'd like to,” Legolas whispers. “It isn't fair to just please me.”

“It is if I enjoy it. But I'm not the type to refuse pleasure, so, have at it. Just, don't try to do all I did, it requires some practice, OK?”

The boy nods and, at first, just touches him lightly, learning his body, and it's arousing to watch the wonder on his face, like he is caressing his fingertips with Thranduil's warm skin. Hesitantly, he pulls a bit at his nipples and then kisses them, then seems to just watch them from two inches away, and it's delicious to feel his heated breath over the laved buds. One of his hands dares to very softly touch his spent cock, and he relishes the fingertip caress. He's not that fragile, but stays still, allowing the boy his time, and then he's laughing, because the movement over the side of his abdomen is way too soft.

“You are not allowed to tickle me,” he smiles. “Use firmer strokes, just like this,” he shows him, and sighs in bliss when the boy does. He feels like stretching like a cat, so he does, and Legolas watches in wonder how his body tenses everywhere and then relaxes and then bends his head to lap at his belly. The boy's braids spread out over his sides and his groin and part of his chest, a perfect tease of shiny silk rope. He runs his fingers through them and really starts to think about using them as reins for fucking the pretty pink mouth that now goes dangerously close to his cock.
“Don't try to swallow, just lick, like you would do a popsicle”, he tells the boy, grabbing the golden tresses and making him look him in the eyes. Of course the boy blushes at this, but nods his agreement. Thranduil almost laughs, wondering if unwittingly he already turned the boy into a tease, because he seems determined to kiss every bit of skin around his sex, avoiding it completely.

It's still delicious, and he really is not in a hurry and loves to be worshiped, so he relaxes and lets him have his fun, and then moans, startled, when he feels the soft tongue running from the bottom to the top of his now engorged member. The boy stops and looks at him, probably equally startled, and he laughs and bids him to go on. Indeed, he's treated just like a popsicle, and it starts to become hard to restrain his hips from moving, searching for more.

He moves them around a bit, having Legolas turn and come completely on top of him, so he can access the youth's once again hard erection. He starts languidly and it's very pleasing to see the boy tries to copy every move of his tongue, and he dares take one of his balls in his mouth, and the boy moans deliciously against his perineum, pushing just a bit against his face.

Thranduil returns to the pretty cock, but it's clear he distracts Legolas if he tries to do more, so he decides to tease them both to death and avoid anything else but tongue strokes, and soon they are both trembling with it. He knows he can last a long time, but the boy is too green anyway, so he cheats and just engulfs him completely in his mouth and groans around him, making him scream and thrust instinctively, deliciously rugged on his throat, so he grabs the pert ass and helps him push deeper, so deep, until he spills with a whimper.

Thranduil is still hard, but of course the boy needs to get his breath back, and it's maddening that he just collapsed on top of him and every breath teases his throbbing member.

He's a determined little thing, because he barely got his breath back and Legolas latches on just the head of his cock, as much as he can get into his lovely mouth for now, and licks it mercilessly, grazing with his teeth, because of course he doesn't know how to open his mouth more. It's still exquisite, and just finally seeing the plush lips wrapped around him makes Thranduil want to come like a rocket.

“Don't try to swallow everything, just let your mouth go slack,” he grits and lets himself go, groaning in ecstasy, keeping his eyes open to see his issue dripping from between the pretty petals and down on the chin, shuddering from the debauched picture it presents.

He kisses Legolas then, tasting himself with relish, sharing the boy's taste with him again, hugging him tight and not letting him move away.

“You taste delicious,” he tells him again, glad the boy is completely relaxed, after all this. “Let's sleep and continue in the morning.”
Sorry for the delay, as mentioned, the boys just did not cooperate as I would have wanted. Thank you so much for the encouragement, it does make chasing them around way easier!

It's a beautiful day, almost no clouds on the light blue sky, the perfect weather for a swim or for lounging by the pool. It's completely unusual for him to do this all afternoon long, but Legolas is lying on his side on a lounge chair by the pool in front of the big house, wearing only a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. His sensitive skin is sheltered by a big, white umbrella, and he is not very sure if all this is not just a mad dream. And not just because he never had the opportunity to have such a great place all for himself, or to have a butler ask if he wants more snacks or freshly pressed juice, or some cookies.
No, he never felt this languid and happy physically, although there is still some pain when he moves a certain way. This is also why he didn't swim, just sat there, because somehow the effort needed to swim might rob him of the lazy pleasure he feels in every part of his body. A little voice in his brain says he should feel strange because of what happened last night, but the rest can't help but enjoy it.

Also, the strangeness of Thranduil telling him to keep sleeping when he got up to go to the office and leaving orders for Galion to serve his meal in bed almost matches the unusual way he was taken. If the man wouldn't be satisfied, he wouldn't reward him with such a luxury, would he? So he actually did good for him, although he didn't have the slightest idea how to behave?

On a normal day, Legolas would not just sit around and ask himself questions, he would do something in the garden with Sam and Frodo, or help Mrs. Baggsins with whatever she needs – he can't cook, but can well peel vegetables, stir a pot, give her things from the top shelf. If nobody needs him, he might read a book or see a movie, but today Legolas' thoughts are swirling and skipping around in his head and he just can't concentrate or understand the depth of sensation he experienced. He never thought there could be more pleasure than having his erect penis taken deep down the man's throat and teased until he sees stars, but of course, he was wrong, and Thranduil was right. Now he's really wondering if this is finally the limit of what can happen, or if there's still something more to experience.

He tends to think there are no more places on his body that can be penetrated by Thranduil's big cock, but he had been wrong before, hadn't he? Before last night, he would have sworn it was absolutely impossible to contain that great chunk of flesh in his tight anus, and it had indeed been difficult to make it fit, he thinks and shudders again, and the heat wants to start pooling anew in his loins.

He's grateful beyond belief that he was lucky enough to be brought here and taken care of like this; he is sure if he would have remained in Azog's clutches, what happened last night would have been a nightmare. Still it was painful at first, even if his master had taken a lot of time to make him crazy with want and need, getting him to beg for anything to just make the emptiness inside go.

Every inch of his body had been kissed and touched and licked and nipped, making his blood boil, his hands convulsively clutching either the bed sheets or Thranduil's mane, then his cock had been teased until it was leaking constantly and he was arching and begging to come, as he had been taught to do recently. Then Thranduil had dared to kiss and taste and tongue at his asshole, ignoring his unease, and it was electrifying, and he blushes anew remembering the wanton way he finally had pushed himself against the supple, moving muscle, trying to rub and push deeper and just feel. And he had gladly kissed Thranduil right after that, not caring it was unspeakably dirty, desperate to feel more of him, because it was too scary to be bereft of his heated touch.

The way Thranduil had opened him up after that with his fingers had been sheer, burning torture – all the while kissing and petting him and crooning at him to relax and breathe and let him in. It was the hardest thing he had ever done, because his body only wanted to squeeze and to expel the invading digits, until he was rendered mad with desire when a completely unexpected hidden spot inside was touched and jolted him with enough pure pleasure to forget everything else.

The sensation was so strong he thought he'll just come on the spot, completely forgetting about the due permission, but somehow he didn't and it traveled up his spine, spreading waves of heat in his entire body, making him sweat and grunt and just mindlessly wail for more.

Of course he had no idea what the more he asked for entailed though, and his heart is just melting because, while he was trying hard to stay still and relax and breathe, Thranduil had continuously petted his face and kissed his eyelids and just told him that it was good, he was a good boy, he was
taking it so well, just relax and breathe, relax and breathe, until he was all the way in and Legolas had screamed and trembled and tried not to burst from his skin at the crazy mix of pain and pleasure.

And God, was the pleasure mind blowing! How could such an ignored spot on his body feel so much pure bliss, it was beyond his imagination, but it did, making him howl with it when Thranduil had started to move slowly inside. The movement was jolting the pleasure spot each and every time, rubbing against the stretched ring at the entrance, sending flares of mixed pleasure and pain into his limbs and his belly, making his entire body a furnace of need and thrill and impossible greed for more. When he had increased the rhythm and grabbed his hard cock and started to stroke it in time with his thrusts, Legolas had just lost it and doesn't remember much, aside from the ripples of delight annihilating any fear or shame. After he recovered, he was mortified to see he had bloodied Thranduil's back with his fingernails, trying to anchor himself there, in the room, and not just expire when he came.

Of course Thranduil had laughed, with a dark gleam in his normally impossibly light blue eyes, then almost black and huge, and seemed actually to appreciate his reaction, he couldn't figure out why, because surely it hurt. But, probably, he had been as buzzed as Legolas had been, he thinks, because he had growled so loud when he came and just stayed there, on top of Legolas but supported by his own arms, his silver hair veiling them both, creating a sheltered little space of their own, for quite a time, until he had managed to move to the side.

Maybe it was just like he had said, that he enjoyed making Legolas lose any control, because he seems to do that often, almost every time he touches and takes him, in any way he chooses. Legolas would have expected each experience to be similar, but, even when Thranduil seems to do the same thing like before, somehow it's not; the pleasure Legolas feels seems to be greater with each day that passes and he can barely wait for Thranduil to come home and spend time with him, touch him, at least like this he knows he does something for the man.

He's still mind-boggled by the amount of money the man paid to have him and even more by the way he's treated; nobody behaves toward him as he was taught to do towards a whore, nobody looks at him as he was expecting to be looked upon. They deal with him way better than most wives were treated, in his town. Better than his mother was handled by his grandparents, he remembers bitterly.

His expectations were that at least the men who had seen him with Thranduil – or heard him, he blushes, thinking how the man had played with him in the forest, on the hood of his car, making it a sheer impossibility not to make lots of noise – would have regarded him differently, if not making various crude jokes, but they didn't. He doesn't yet understand what can they think about his situation, or if only Boromir and the two men who went with him know he was bought. He wonders who the two men are, but of course he can't ask. Maybe they were ordered not to tell the others and the rest of the men really think he's Thranduil's boyfriend, as he introduced him to Elrond's young friend.

This term is still strange, but he found it often in shows and books and his searches on the marvelous laptop he got, it seems it's something pretty normal for people not to get married, just to have a girlfriend or boyfriend and live together or just meet from time to time, if they don't live in the same house. His education tries to tell him it's not right, but still, what good would it come for him if he would start telling these people they are wrong?

And he wonders now, seeing there are so many interesting things to see and do, even in his very restricted present state, if he would have preferred to remain in his grandparents' house. Yes, life would have been simpler, and he didn't mind the work, but no matter what he did, he was still regarded badly. He knows nobody would have wanted to give their daughter to him in marriage there, maybe only if his grandfather had requested it, but that wasn't likely. You needed to be able to
provide for a wife, and he couldn't even feed himself, and his grandfather didn't want to give him any gifts.

Of course he would have never even thought to have relations with a man and, even if it's a sin, he realizes, with a shock, that he prefers this: it feels too good to think that there could have been years until he could have had an inking of it, and he doesn't feel so lost anymore when Thranduil is with him. Of course, he wonders if the sensations are so very different when it's a man and a woman together; maybe they are, but he wonders for naught. The man said nobody is supposed to hit on him, but, of course, Legolas is not supposed to look at somebody else either.

And why would he, the little voice in his mind asks. He couldn't offer that woman anything – he is not even his own person anymore, even if he is treated so well. It's unsettling to remember this and he squishes the thought very fast – he should just be grateful for what he has: a huge, comfortable room and bath just for himself, very nice clothes, delicious food, as much as he can eat, at any hour of the day, people who don't pick on him and, he has to admit it, the sex makes him feel better than anything.

All he has to do is listen to Thranduil, which may seem difficult at first, but, as the man promised, it always feels good in the end. Yes, this might be bad for his soul; but his only other choice was death, and he really didn't want to die then. And now he really wants to live, because now he knows how it feels to have almost everything you wish for – at least things that are possible, because nobody can bring his mother back or change the years he missed her so dreadfully. He would have liked to study, too, but probably Thranduil forgot about that. That would be normal though, he doesn't need Legolas to have a diploma to have him in his bed, does he?

“Hey, pretty, how are you feeling?” Thranduil's voice startles him from his musings.

“I... very good, thank you, just... just thinking. How was your day?”

“Normal, I suppose. And what were you thinking about, was it something sexy?”, the honeyed voice teases and, of course, Legolas feels his cheeks burn, while he turns on his back and dares to look at the man's face, and the smile curling the wide mouth makes him want to smile too.

“I... yes, I did think about last night and... and the other day when we went racing.”

Thranduil smirks and bends down and kisses him, hot and deep, his unbound hair falling around them, smelling so deliciously solid, like always, cedar, Legolas thinks, and really forgets all else, kissing back hungrily, loving the strong tongue that plunders his eager mouth, wanting this to go on for ever, but the man stops it.

“So you are OK, nothing hurts?”

“It burns a little when I move certain ways, or when I sit on a chair,” Legolas answers.

“If it's just a little, that is normal,” Thranduil soothes. “What I want is, in case anything hurts more than just a little, or in case you ever notice blood or something else that shouldn't be there, you tell me immediately, or tell Galion, in case you can't reach me. Promise?”

“I promise”, he acquiesces. “But why... ”

“I promised you I will not hurt you, Legolas, and really I don't want to. I always try to take as much care as possible, it's just, bad things can happen sometimes, even when we don't want them to. I can't know how you are feeling, if you don't tell me. Don't worry, my dear, I'm just worried a bit, it is always more difficult the first time, OK?”
“Sure Thran, I trust you.”

“Good. Are you hungry?”

“Not very, Galion brought me a lot of snacks.”

“Well then, maybe we should swim, celebrate the good weather, what do you say?”

Legolas smiles and nods, but then his eyes become huge when Thranduil just gets completely naked and plunges into the pool.

“Come here”, he says, “and don’t worry, nobody will bat an eyelash. Don’t be so shy!”

Legolas is shy, but he knows it's better to listen. Anyway, Thranduil is naked too, so who could complain, since it's his house? He dares to lose his clothes, but uses the stairs to enter the pool, and maybe that wasn't the best idea, because he's very self-conscious and, if he would have just jumped in, he wouldn't have had to encircle the pool, all naked.

But the moment he sets foot on the first step of the stair, Thranduil starting to splash at him, laughing when he doesn't dare move more and just provoking Legolas to catch him, until he accedes and joins the game. He's dropping to the bottom of the pool and trying to catch the man's legs, splashing at him too, doing a few laps, getting breathless with laughter; but then Thranduil catches him in his arms and brings their bodies together, and it makes him shiver how they can just glide one against the other, feeling pressure on the entire length of his body, weightless, free to just soak in the tactile pleasure.

He's encouraged to bring his legs around Thranduil's taut waist, and he's kissed again, slow, languid, while the man's strong hands glide slowly over his spine, his back and then his ass, heat followed by the cooler water, squeezing him, hugging him, teasing him so good.

It's perfect that he can just support himself with his hands around Thranduil's neck, because, as always, he's sure his legs would have just given way. He wonders why that happens, but he can't ask now, can he?

“What's got you thinking so hard, little one?”, Thranduil asks, uncannily attentive.

“I was glad I can just hold on with my hands around your neck, because I feel my legs like jelly, and I am not sure why this happens to me every time.”

“It's one of the things happening when you are very aroused, there's nothing bad with it. After a while, you learn to control it, if you need to, but for now, just enjoy the feeling.” Thranduil kisses him again, and Legolas can feel his cock rubbing against him, the head gliding teasingly under his balls and pushing at his crack, and he loves it, although he is just a bit afraid; the initial pain yesterday was unsettling, and what if today it's worse? But Thranduil moves through the water and then disengages, and at first Legolas doesn't understand why, until he sees him finding a little bottle on the edge of the pool, a bottle that clearly wasn't there earlier.

He feels himself becoming crimson: for sure somebody, maybe Galion, brought the bottle there, and that means they saw them kissing and touching, all naked. They didn't say anything, of course, but still, it is too awkward to know they have more things they could judge him for.

“What happened?”, Thranduil asks.

“Nothing”, Legolas answers. They saw him already, what more can he do now?
“Are you scared? You didn't enjoy it yesterday?”

“I did enjoy it, Thran. No, I'm not that scared, you kept your promise.”

“You are not that scared, that means you are, at least a little.”

Legolas breathes then and decides for honesty.

“Yes, the sensations were so strong and it still hurts a little, I'm not sure how I will cope tonight. But I know you'll take care of me.”

“OK, I understand what we do can be very intense sometimes and it will become more so in the future. I am always trying to understand how you feel from your reactions, but you are the only one who knows all of it. For these reasons, we will establish what's called a safe word – that means, whatever we do, there is something you can say, something that you would not normally speak in such a situation, that tells me you need a break or you need to stop completely. Generally this should not be used for normal sex, but you are still very new to all this, so it's best to have the option.”

“So I just choose a random word and say it? And you won't be mad at me because you are not satisfied?”

“There are two ways to choose the safe word – one is to choose a very weird word, like platypus, for example, something you would have absolutely no reason to say normally. The issue with this is that you might actually forget it or won't be able to say it, because it's too long. Another classic is the traffic light system – red means everything must stop, immediately, yellow means a little break or decrease of intensity and green means all is good and we can go on.

About being satisfied or not – it is not my intention to push you beyond all limits of endurance, Legolas, and harm you. Yes, I will give you more than you think possible many times, but every human being does have a limit they cannot go above, or, at least, not that day. Yes, I would be upset if you would use this instead of just telling me what's wrong, when you are clearly capable of doing that; but this is a good signal regarding your well-being, when things get to be too much. Today could be such a case, because what we are doing is still too new, so I would not hold it against you. And, as you have seen, as long as I have a working hand, I do not need to remain unsatisfied. Is it clear enough?”

“Yes, it's clear. I think the traffic light thing sounds easiest, if that's OK with you.”

“Yes, that is perfect. Is there anything else you would like to tell me?”

The boy is squirming now, of course there's something else.

“That bottle was not there earlier”, he says.

“No, I told Galion to bring it and some towels when he told me you are by the pool.”

Again, the boy blushes.

“Well, I am really not used to be seen naked and...”

“Naked and involved in sex?”

The boy nods.

“I don't care that much about other people's opinions”, Thranduil grins. “But I do like to be seen with
a beauty such as you are”, he adds, predatory. “I'm afraid you have to get used to the idea. It's not that bad, you'll see. And you are very pretty when you blush.”

The discussion and staying in the cooler water seems to have spoiled their mood a bit too much, and that needs to be addressed, so Thranduil guides them towards the edge of the water, gets himself settled on the ledge and tells the boy he would benefit from a little lesson in how to play with his cock.

“You see, my dear, it's much easier to get more in when my dick is not very hard.” He grabs the boy's wet hair and pulls him gently towards his groin, bringing the plump mouth to his cock. “Open nice and wide”, he says, “and take in as much as you can, while still being able to swirl your tongue around. Yes, that's it, and just keep your jaw relaxed, as if you'd like to let it drop, yes, little one, that's so good, make me nice and hard again, yes, so I can take your sweet ass, yesss, that's it,” he moans, loving the delectable look of concentration on the boy's face, he way his breath hitches just a little when he pulls his hair just a little bit harder, wanting so damn bad to just thrust all the way in. Instead, he takes the boy's hand and brings it to cover the root of his cock, allowing his mouth to only take half of it in, because that is still too much and it's damn frustrating when the boy coughs and gags, way too soon.

But he's hard enough, so he lets himself slip back in the water and kisses the boy, thrusting his tongue into his mouth just like he will soon thrust his cock up his ass. It's so enticing to feel him moan around him and then he changes their places and has Legolas lying on his back right over the edge of the pool and starts teasing the semi-erect cock with his tongue, while he coats his fingers with oil. He will take a lot of care tonight, and he specifically wanted oil, because it's better for water sex. He tells Legolas this, because the boy should start learning some safety things, and slowly pushes the tip of a finger inside, teasing the tender muscle.

Thranduil keeps at it, with kitten licks and steady pushing, watching the boy's reactions; he squirms and whimpers, but not in a bad way, and his cock grows steadily, so he goes on. Thranduil watches raptly how his long fingers pierce the pink orifice and are squeezed so well by the velvety maw that constricts abruptly every time his tongue chases a drop of water on the peach-and-cream inner thighs, the soft squelching sounds of his fingers saturating the entrance with oil arousing beyond belief.

When he deems him ready, he turns them around again and moves to the wide steps on the one side of the large pool, seating himself where the water is half a meter deep, and has Legolas straddle him, startling the boy when he asks him to lower himself on his cock.

“I want you to see how it feels from each angle, and show me what you like most,” he tells the frozen youth. “No hurry, just try and see.”

Hesitantly, the boy lowers and manages to take his swollen head in, and he whines so beautifully that Thranduil wants to push so deep, but restraint is indeed a virtue, so he stays still, letting the boy feel it, knowing it's easier because the water supports him in part.

It's torture for both of them, of course, because the boy hesitates maddeningly, and then drops too much at once, and moans and squeezes so damn tight, and his hands have gripped Thranduil's so hard it hurts, until finally Legolas is taking his shaft all the way in and just stays there, dazed.

He lets him breathe, but then urges him to move, to try it first moving straight up and down, and then to lean a bit to the front or to the back, helping him find his sweet spot. Then it's easier to get the boy to continue and push at it, stabbing himself and letting out a breathy moan every time he falls, his eyes wide in wonder, his slender neck straining and his back arching, the pearly teeth biting the plush lower lip. All the while, Thranduil keeps himself very still and just enjoys the forcible way his cock is slowly taken inside the furnace heat, enveloped in trembling silk, dragging against fluttering walls.
But after a time, that is just not enough, so he takes control, moves them to deeper water and grabs Legolas' thighs and ass and just moves his pliant body up and down, mercilessly, taking care to hit just the right spot each time. He loves to hear the youth screaming shrilly at first and then deeper, rougher, see him tremble with each jolt, his nipples small, hard points, his mouth slack. Then he leans his back against the wall and grabs the boy's hands in his left one, bringing them behind Legolas' back, and flattens their abdomens together, so the youth's cock can get the necessary friction. The trapped shoulders are straining and relaxing with each breath, with each push, the line of the slim bicep bewitching, so spare and yet, somehow, so perfectly arousing that it makes him growl.

The collar bones are still a bit too prominent, so Thranduil doesn't yet dare to nibble at them, instead biting the straining neck, tempted to just press until he tastes blood, stopping at the last moment, although there's a deep seated itch in his gums and teeth to press and overcome the resistance of the innocent flesh. He takes care to support the boy's hip with his right hand and just lets himself fuck him with all his force, the beast inside insisting it's his due, until they both explode and the boy goes completely limp in his grasp.

Legolas is overwhelmed and stunned by all this, so new and raw, so much pleasure that it's almost hurting; maybe it just hurts, but he doesn't know anymore, just being grateful he doesn't have to move, or say anything. Being happy to be moved this way or that like a doll, because being the one who sets the rhythm has scared him like nothing else before, until Thranduil withdraws and Legolad hisses because of the empty feeling, and then again because all the heat inside goes out and the cooler water of the pool tries to take its place.
COLD LEGOLAS

He's trembling, but this time it might actually be from cold, and he wants to say something, but his teeth are chattering too, and luckily Thranduil realizes the issue and helps him out of the pool, pats him dry fast with a fluffy towel and covers him with another, sits down on the lounge chair and gathers him to his chest. Yes, Thranduil is deliciously warm and it feels just perfect, so Legolas nuzzles his throat and has no idea when he falls asleep.
I NEVER FORGET A PROMISE

Chapter Notes

Sorry again for the delay, I was a bit maudlin these days, and this chapter should have been fun, but I promise, everything is still good! I was wondering, since my descriptions are not very extensive, would you like to see pictures of places, rooms and such, something like what I have in mind when I write them? If I manage to understand how to add them here, of course. Anyway, enjoy!

It's morning, it seems, because Thranduil wakes him up, although he'd just love to sleep some more. He has no idea how he ended up on the bed, the last thing he remembers is snuggling on Thranduil's chest, by the pool, trying to get warm. And it's toasty warm and good under the covers, so he would prefer to stay there. He's not very hungry yet, so why doesn't the man just let him rest?

“Common, sleepy head, time to move, we have many things to do today.”

Legolas is almost scared at the idea he'll be taken again, although he wouldn't try to refuse. Movement brings an ache, worse than yesterday, but, opening his eyes better, he sees Thranduil is already dressed, so he's showering alone, does his hair in a messy braid, because the man seemed in a hurry, and gets to his room to find clothes, wondering why he has a separate room, since lately he always sleeps in Thranduil's bed, and joins him downstairs for breakfast.

The kitchen is pretty full, besides Mrs. Baggins and Galion there are several of the guards sitting at the long counter and having breakfast and Boromir comes in just after Galion puts a full plate in front of Legolas. Legolas is hungry, but can't seem to sit well on the chair, squirming again and again, searching a position where the tension in his backside is not increased. He never thought the wooden chairs uncomfortable before, but today they are horrendous. Still, he doesn't dare look up, sure everybody knows exactly why he's fidgeting, and of course he doesn't notice the cup Boromir left for a moment near his elbow, while looking for a plate, and inadvertently pushes it down.

He's paralyzed by the heart-felt curse the man utters, because of course most of the hot coffee somehow ended up on his legs, and it must hurt. It also clearly ruined the cream slacks he wears, and, although the man just shrugs his apology off and goes to change, Legolas has no appetite left and wants to tell Thranduil to just get this over with; at least after he takes him, he's allowed to sleep.

“Put these on a tray”, he hears Thranduil say, and then his hand lifts Legolas' chin, ice-blue eyes gripping his gaze. “Let's go outside for a bit”, he says, and Legolas follows, wondering why would he want to take him outside again.

The man goes to the back of the house and they stop right at the edge of the trees surrounding the mansion, and Galion has followed them with a tray containing their plates and cups. Thranduil takes his plate and leans against the trunk of the nearest oak.

“Get your plate and join me”, he says, and dismisses Galion, who puts the tray with the cups down on the springy grass and just leaves.

“Eat”, he says again, and gives the example.
Legolas copies him, leaning on the tree to his right, and tries to eat, but he's still unsettled.

“I'm really sorry I... ”, he starts, but Thranduil doesn't want to listen.

“There's nothing to be sorry about. Everyone has broken a plate or a cup, and Boromir should have smirked less about your unease and taken more care to put it in a spot where you couldn't have touched it.”

Legolas doesn't even know why he blushes anymore, since he knew from the beginning everyone would make fun of his situation. It still hurts though, and when he doesn't eat nor says anything, Thranduil sighs, puts his plate down, takes Legolas' too and then hugs him to his wide chest.

“It wasn't meant to be disparaging,” he says, “everybody is amused when Elros is too sleepy because he had too much fun with his wife or when Connor and Damien are both eating standing, for similar reasons. They tease them mercilessly, too, they don't do it with you because all have seen you are too shy and would feel bad about it. They did that with my previous girlfriends and boyfriends, the ones who deigned to eat in the kitchen, anyway. Boromir teases me when I indulge too much, and you don't want to know how cheeky Bard can be. It's normal male behaviour, I'm afraid.”

“How... ”, he tries to start, “why would they not be disparaging?”

“Why would they be? None of them is a saint, so why would they expect others to be?”

“It's just... a wife is... ”

“A wife is permissible, and a necessary evil, but you are a man and all that shit?”

Legolas just nods, and again Thranduil lifts his chin and makes him look him in the eyes.

“As I said before, I had both girlfriends and boyfriends, and this was never a reason to disparage me. If they don't think I'm bad for it, why would the other person deserve contempt? Enough of the men are either gay or had attempts to be bisexual, and that was never an issue. I mentioned Connor and Damien specifically because they are a couple, the others generally have partners outside of the house. Mistreatment based upon what a person does in bed was never accepted in my house, and nobody who thinks that way will stay in my employ for long. Am I wrong on this and somebody actually said something bad to you?”

“No, no, really, everybody treated me so good! Actually, I didn't expect to be considered... normal, I suppose, by the others. It's just that I'm afraid this will change when they see that I... I don't know, I expected contempt and... ”

“The only thing not normal about you is the way you were raised, and that was not your decision. You deserve to be treated as an equal by any of the others, and please stop worrying. I am very happy with you and want you to feel good and at ease, regardless of my presence or absence. Now, should we finish breakfast?”

Legolas nods and takes back his plate and reluctantly goes to lean against the other tree. It felt good to be in Thranduil's arms, they seem to protect him from the world around every time. He's looking at the man and realizes he looks completely incongruous at the moment – he's wearing one of his usual fancy suits, a shade of blue-gray Legolas has no name for, but of course it looks perfect on him, going great with the white shirt, steel-gray tie and perfectly polished dark-blue shoes; his hair falls in perfectly straight lines over his shoulders, and he's leaning on a tree, with a plate in his hand, eating here instead of in the house.
“Why did we get outside?” he dares to ask.

“Because you clearly couldn’t sit properly and it would have felt even more disturbing to eat standing in the kitchen, with everybody around. And I understand you like to come here and relax among the trees.”

Legolas is startled that the man was actually interested to find out something about what he does during the day.

“Yes... I like the quiet here, and... but don’t you worry about your suit and you could have... ”
“Yes, I could have just told you to go eat alone someplace, but I don't want that. I like your company, Legolas, even when we don't have sex. And clothes… I have plenty of them, if this suit is ruined, I'll get another. Speaking of which, I need you to finish your food, because we have things to do today. We will go get you some proper suits, so I can take you out places, and also, I don't want to be late when we'll meet your professor.”

“My professor? What professor?”

“I know I promised you can go back to studying, but unfortunately all established programs have hours mostly in the evening and week-ends. That makes sense, I suppose, since most adults needing them would work regular hours, but that was in conflict with my schedule. So I had to arrange for private tutoring, and it took a bit of time.”

“A private professor just for me?” Legolas manages to choke.

“I think there will be a few other people, from what I understand, three I think, Mithrandir will tell us today. There will be also a second professor, but you'll meet him a bit later. I would have liked the idea of a larger program, because that would have given you the opportunity to make friends and such, but, well, maybe these other colleagues will be nice and you can spend time outside the house with them.”

“Oh, Thran, thank you so much! It's great, I thought you... oh, it's perfect!”, Legolas gushes.

“You're welcome. I promised you this and you shall have it. Now, please, let's eat and be ready, we shouldn't be late the first day you meet the professor, right?”

Thranduil is glad to see now the boy has recovered his appetite and almost wants to caution him on eating too fast, but it's way better to see him happy, eager like a kitten given a new ball of yarn. He wonders if he advanced too fast, but the boy did not protest the previous night, even if he gave him the opportunity, and does not seemed anguished by the physical pain. His emotional fragility is a different matter, of course, but confidence can only be built in time. Maybe the study program will help, he muses, at least he will be occupied a good portion of the time and will no longer have the time to fret.

“Let's go,” he says, seeing the food was consumed, and walking back towards the house the boy does have a spring in his step, although he stops and hisses just a bit after a brusque movement, making Thranduil smile. “Take it easy for a day or two, will you? Also, in the car, you can lie on your side or on the belly,” he says. “And you can just remain standing at Mithrandir's, he's pretty eccentric, but has no qualms about this kind of things.”

The ride is fun for Thranduil, who thoroughly enjoys the boy's warring need of seeing where are they going and to protect his well-used ass, relishing this sign of possession it screams. He's very tempted to squeeze that pert ass, when Legolas gives up watching through the window and lies on his side, but that would make him want to remove the gray jeans the boy wears, because they are in the way; they are not even tight enough, he muses, but it's true that, when they first went shopping, the boy was too underweight for skinny jeans to look good on him, so they only got classical cuts. They might look just fine now, maybe after they finish with the suits they should go shopping again for other clothes. Some leather pants, too, those will definitely accentuate the slender legs and hug the round ass. But not black, maybe a pair in natural, undyed leather? The boy seems to favor gray and light blue, and both colors look very well on him, and white too; yes, an all white leather outfit might just look spectacular, the softest leather he can find, thin and made to measure.

He also needs some more accessories – clearly something for the alabaster throat, and now
Thranduil's gaze falls on the mark his teeth left last night. The perfect imprint of each of them is visible, the boy's skin is perfect for showing any abuse. He wants to bend and lick a bit at it, but again, then he will want more.

“Thran?” the boy dares.

“Yes, what is it?”

“Well, how does this private teaching work? I mean, can just one person – two, sorry – teach me all the subject matters, isn't it necessary to have more professors?”

“Since you are supposed to learn all the subject matters, I think one or two persons should be capable of teaching them, otherwise we have a problem. I understand this is new, and honestly I'm not very sure how it should work – Mithrandir will tell us. Just like you, I went to a regular high school, but there are many persons who home school their children, so it should work just fine. Mithrandir was always a prodigy, he has 3 PhD’s and I don't know how many other diplomas, and has taught in several universities.

At the moment he took a sabbatical to write a book he didn't have time for when working full time; but then he decided he is bored if he only concentrates on one thing, and started this. I will leave you at his place, go to check things at the office and then return to have lunch, and there he will tell us exactly what your schedule is supposed to be, what do you need and whatever else he thinks we should know.”

“Will he test me?”

“Not the kind of graded test you'd expect, no. Since there are two years where you didn't study, that would be stupid. You'll have a talk, I imagine about things you liked and disliked in school, other interests you have, so he can see how you communicate and what should be improved, things like that.”

“I promise I will be very good and...”

“I know you will, Legolas. You told me you want to study, and that's always the best motivator. And do not worry if it proves to be more difficult at first, there is no rush, you can reach the moment when you take your GEDs in two years or in one year or in three; whatever you need, OK?”

Legolas nods, because at the moment he has something in his throat, impending speech. He realizes he was very worried that one morning he will just wake up and be asked to leave, or maybe just be taken back to Azog, or who knows what else; but if the man takes him to a university professor and speaks of years, he wouldn't just throw him out, right? Still, this is scary also, because he knows he forgot so many things and, well, he wasn't a straight A student, and probably such a professor will want perfection... But they are there by now, so he has to get up, try to straighten his clothes and follow Thranduil into a neat little courtyard, filled with pretty wild looking flowers on both sides of the cobbled little alley leading to a nice house – it's a house, not a mansion like Thranduil has, but it's not small either.

The facade is all brick, with some wooden accents, and it's probably old, it doesn't look like the architecture he saw in the newer parts of town. The entrance is arched and painted white and the door has a big knocking ring, with the head of some strange creature on it. Thranduil hits it to the door, hard, and then they wait. And wait some more, and Thranduil takes out his phone, ready to call the man, when the door opens and a tall, skinny, bearded man looks at them through roundish glasses, perched high on a big nose.
“A, Thranduil, come in, and you must be young Legolas, sorry, I was speaking to Radagast, he found the manuscript that… Sorry, it doesn't matter, do come in.”

“Good morning, Mithrandir. If you don't need me right this second, I think I'll go to the office,” Thranduil says, “and let the two of you to get to know each other. Did you decide where you want to have lunch yet?”

“Ah, lunch, well, we can go nearby, at the Green Dragon, it's just a block away. They have some mean pies, I'm sure you'll enjoy them.”

Thranduil doesn't look convinced, but he has no time to argue, so he says his goodbyes and leaves, and Legolas has to follow the old man into the house. The entrance is cozy, with a largish bench and place for coats and 5 umbrellas hanging on different pegs. It's strange, but he doesn't know how many people live in the house. He doesn't have a coat to leave though, so they go right and end up in a large kitchen, with lots of white cabinets, and the man offers him tea and gestures at him to take a seat at a white corner table, right under the window.

“I... would you mind if I drink my tea standing?” Legolas stammers, deciding to do exactly what Thranduil told him, because well, the idea of sitting down just doesn't appeal right now.

“Of course, my dear, I always forget you young ones have so much energy”, Mithrandir chuckles. “I'm afraid I prefer to rest my weary bones though, if you don't mind?”

“Absolutely, I just... well, it's not that I don't appreciate the offer and... ”

“OK, calm down. I understand it has been a long time since you went to school, and please don't worry. I'm not going to test you or have unreasonable demands. Thranduil mentioned your situation was quite complicated for a time, so all I want today is to have a chat with you, show you the house and just get to know each other a little. And if you prefer to stand or to lie on the floor or to stand on top of the stair in the library, don't worry, you'll not be the first student of mine to do that.

I bet you'll just love Merry and Pippin, well, only if you don't have a problem with people fidgeting all the time, that is; those two can't go to a normal school, because they drive everybody bonkers, but they are very good kids, just a bit... well, you'll see. Please tell me, did you have problems in school, was it difficult to pay attention the entire hour?”

“No, I didn't have problems in school. Well, Mrs. Reese' hour was very boring, because she kept repeating the same things again and again and she had a very monotone voice and… I'm sorry, I shouldn't say…”

The man chuckles now.

“It's OK to tell me a professor does a bad thing, as long as you use polite words. Nobody is perfect, and some people choose their profession for the completely wrong reasons. Grab a cup of tea and tell me more about this Mrs. Reese.”

Legolas takes some tea, sips a bit at the fragrant brew and starts describing what happened during those hours, and then they pass to other teachers, the subjects they taught, and the tea is finished, so he puts the cup on the table and is taken to see the living room, where there are several mismatched but solid looking desks and chairs, besides a huge couch and two armchairs with a flowery print. A part of the day they will stay here, he's told, when they need to write things down or watch videos on the big screen hidden behind some maple doors.

Then he sees the library, and just loves the room: it's probably the biggest in house, at least from
what he has seen until now, with 3 walls lined with shelves from top to bottom and one with large, white-rimmed windows, letting in the morning sun. There are several overstuffed chairs scattered around the room, a metallic, movable stair for getting to the top shelves, two tables, one of them filled with open books that look really old, and then there's a cat's play tree, with a lot of balls and feathers and trinkets tied to it. There's no cat in evidence though.

MITHRANDIR'S LIBRARY

“Ah, you saw Saruman's little hideout? He's wary of strangers, so he will hide for about two days, and then just dart around, so you can't catch him. After that he'll try to chew your pants, until he allows you the honor to feed him.”

Legolas laughs out loud at this, because he likes animals, so the perspective of seeing the cat playing around while they study makes everything just... safer? He'd love to look at all the books on the table, but if they are very old, they are probably important, so he goes to look at the ones on the
shelves for starters. The only trouble is he can't read the titles right, and at first he doesn't understand why, and then he realizes those books are not in English.

“The books on the western wall are mostly in foreign languages,” the man tell him, “you would probably not know Greek and Latin and other such, right?”

“No, we had Spanish in school, but not much.”

“Of course. Don’t worry, if you don't want to study archeology, those books won't help you much. My friend Balin will teach you French and Spanish, Thranduil didn't say anything about needing you to learn other languages. Anyway, I think this should be enough for today, let's call him and tell him we'll wait at the inn.”

They stroll to the inn, and the neighborhood is very nice, only older houses, with lots of trees and flowers in the courtyards, and very few cars passing them by on the street. And walking to the restaurant is new, because Thranduil took them everywhere by limo. Not that it's a bad thing, Legolas thinks, because he likes the comfy car, and the safety he feels when he's taken from one place to the next, but the weather is fantastic and it's nice to have time to see the details around.

The inn is also a brick building, with lots of beams and arches on the inside, and it's not very busy at the moment. They sit at a table made from wooden logs, and, of course, the bench is also straight, hard wood. But he will have to deal with it, because he can't spend the rest of his life just standing, can he?

He sighs and sees that Mithrandir is ordering for all of them – and wonders what Thranduil will say to this, but what can he do, he can't contradict the older man and, of course, he will eat whatever this house pie it is anyway. He's relieved when he sees Thranduil arriving, and even more relieved when the man doesn't comment the order, just asks for some red wine.

The two men then settle his schedule – he will study for 3 days each week, mostly Tuesdays to Thursdays, although there might be changes when needed, and he can attend classes from his laptop, when he can't go directly. He wonders why Thranduil wants this, but maybe the car will not be available or something? He will need books and other supplies, so Bard will take him to a store to get them, tomorrow after class, and he will go to register to the local library. That's so gorgeous that he wants to jump up and down in glee, and really jumps a bit on his chair and almost makes Thranduil choke with his wine, because Legolas makes a very undignified sound when he falls back and the man tries to laugh and drink at the same time, but Mithrandir just smiles indulgently at the younglings, as he calls them, and everything is fine.

That is, until Thranduil finds out one of his colleagues will be a certain Gimli Gloinson, but Mithrandir does not want to have them at separate times, no matter what, so he has to grudgingly relent. Legolas has no idea who this Gimli is, but if it's such a problem, he can just wait some more, he tells the man, but Thranduil doesn't want to budge on this either, so he'll start tomorrow.

On the way to the tailor, because this is where they are going next, Legolas is extensively cautioned against the boy; it seems his father is one of Thorin Oakenshield's lieutenants, and this Thorin is one of Thranduil's rivals. And all his people are pretty boorish, stingy and two faced. He promises he will not speak with the boy about anything else but class and such, and be weary of any nefarious thing the boy wants to do, and Thranduil seems to relent.
Chapter Summary

Thranduil is very naughty. ’Nuff said. And the Monday chapter will surely be on time, because it is almost done, and it will be hot, hot, hot.

Chapter Notes

Thanks to the grrreatttt TVJunkie, I managed to add pics in the chapters, things like how I see a place or a character. Check it out, until I manage to refine my descriptive skills, and I hope you enjoy.

The tailor is completely overwhelming, because it seems Thranduil wants to get for him a smoking, 3 day suits, 3 evening ones and some pairs of slacks, and there is a mountain of fabrics to choose from: there are a hundred shades of blue or gray he would like, and various creams too, and then there are the ones with very small squares and the striped ones and the plaid ones, and it's just too much when Thranduil shows him all kinds of silvery, satiny and shiny or embroidered fabrics.

The normal thing Legolas would do when confronted with such a choice is to find out which ones are the cheapest, but of course, there are no prices, and an offended sales assistant explains that clients who get an appointment at Bree never care about such details, and he needs a chair when he finds out that a suit may cost anywhere between 3,000 and 10,000 dollars. And he's supposed to get… 7 of them?

Predictably, Thranduil is amused by the situation and finally makes the choice for him, and then he has to be measured and, when he is measured for shirts, which he had no idea should be made on order too, the mirror shows him the huge bruise on his neck, where he was bit the previous night. So he turns crimson again, wondering what the tailor will think, so he doesn't register at first the sheer number of shirts he's supposed to get – 2 dozens, for starters. And of course Thranduil likes more fabrics, so it seems he will have some 10 suits? He's no longer able to count.

Legolas is totally quiet while they are back in the car, because he has no idea what he could say after this, stunned by the man's generosity. He can just resolve to give him anything he wants, and never complain that he's sleepy or hurt or anything else, so he can't even react more when hearing that there will be another day, after they go for the first, or maybe second fitting, when they'll go looking for shoes and various accessories and other clothes Thranduil wants to get him. It's the first time he understands that maybe he will actually need the huge closet his room has, the one that miffed him completely the first days, when he only had his backpack and the clothes on his back.
Dinner is a quiet affair and he's steeled himself to be taken again and hurt, but of course Thranduil has other ideas, telling him he'll start by tasting him. Of course, he does it in such a tortuous manner, bringing Legolas to the brink and pausing or squeezing him hard and not allowing him completion, again and again, having him so desperately aroused that he's out like a light immediately after he comes screaming, when the man relents, and he only realizes in the morning the man didn't get his pleasure. It's one of the few times lately that he wakes up before Thranduil, so he starts considering what he could do for him and how to wake him up.

It's also the first time he can actually see him sleeping and it's so strange to see that he's no longer the pure image of strength and adulthood. Unlike himself, Thranduil sleeps mostly lying on his back, with the covers only up to his belly, leaving all his torso naked, and now Legolas can actually feel the heat starting to prickle in his belly when he looks at him. It can't be denied that the man's chest looks incredible, all perfect skin over well defined muscles, such wide shoulders and very dark pink nipples, perfectly taut waist and abdomen, and yes, Legolas knows what the man looks like under the covers, too, but somehow he is torn between wanting to bare him completely and just starting with the exposed parts.

He found strange the idea to sleep naked under the covers, but he likes it now, because it allows him this shameless ogling. He's fascinated by the light movement of the chest on each breath, so regular and just so steady, like everything he associates with the man. The well rounded shoulders are also so attractive, and the neck too, so small compared with the width of the shoulders, but perfect in every way, especially, he manages to remember, when the man strains it when he comes.

Thranduil had braided his mass of silken hair before going to sleep, and this Legolas doesn't like, because he would have liked to run his hands through it; and now his eyes fall on the face, so relaxed in sleep, the red lips just a bit parted, and he itches to feel them on him again, his arousal surging when he remembers the way they tormented him last night. He thought he'll go mad right there, when the man had repeatedly denied him completion, wondering desperately what did he do to be treated like this, so aroused it hurt, and he knows for sure he had said some stupid stuff, promising
just anything in order to be allowed to come. He doesn't remember exactly what he said, his mind all hazy after a point, but he's still shamed of being so wanton, just, how can he resist the man's killer mouth, so hot and vibrating all over him, making his body take control and ignore his mind completely.

He doesn't even have the words to name the feelings he experienced, but feels them again when he thinks back, and now he has aroused himself completely and still doesn't know what the man would like best from him this morning. Legolas realizes, again, that what he thought as the limit has changed and wonders if he will ever be capable to make Thranduil feel like he did, because yes, it was excruciating to be stimulated beyond bearing but, when he finally came, nothing mattered anymore but the sharp pleasure, and he would gladly go through it again. He will probably feel it again, knowing Thranduil, but still doesn't understand how to take all the man's cock in his mouth, his throat is just rebelling after he passes a certain point, and all he can do is try to breathe and not to gag. The man makes it seem so easy but, again, maybe it matters that Legolas' cock is smaller than his? It probably does, he thinks and sighs, and is startled when the man's palm lightly touches his face.

"Morning, pretty. What makes you think so hard?"

"I... well, good morning Thran, I was thinking about... about last night and I wanted to thank you..."

"Mmm, I would love a little thanks", he purrs, throwing the covers away and revealing he's as hard as Legolas is. “Come here,” he adds, making Legolas bend towards him and kissing his throat.

"Your throat is scrumptious. Remind me to get you something to adorn it, other than my teeth, little one."

The boy's hand goes directly to the bruise, and his breath hitches a bit, when the wicked tongue laves both bruise and finger.

"I like to have my mark on you”, Thranduil growls against his neck, the vibration making Legolas shiver, “for everybody to know you are taken.” He's then bitten again, in the same spot, and it hurts, of course, but it makes his spine tingle too, and he did promise himself to take whatever the man gave, so he shouldn't worry that the mark will be even more visible to everybody around.

The man keeps kissing and nipping at his neck, and one of his hands finds a nipple, making him try to arch into it, straining his neck, wanting more, relieved that he doesn't have to decide what he should do anymore. Still, when the roving hand starts stroking his shaft, a tiny part of him remembers that he was the one pleased the night before too, and somehow he manages to express this in words, eliciting a dark chuckle.

"My dear, I love to watch you lose it, as I have already said. So just enjoy it, or... hm... tell me now, what would you do if I would repeat last night now?"

Legolas shivers and moans at this, making him laugh.

"The only problem, little one, is that if I would do that, your first day of school would be over before it began, and the same would happen for a while if I were to take your tight little ass right now. So what do you say, care to practice taking my cock nice and deep?"

It's not exactly Legolas' favorite thing, but he should please the man, so he nods and tries to bend towards his groin, but Thranduil's hands signal him to change his position, until they are both lying on their sides, heads to each other's groin and a hardened cock within easy reach.
“Remember when I told you to keep your mouth slack? Don't worry very much for now about moving your tongue and stuff, let your lower jaw just fall. And don't try to go inside in one go, first lick and let enough saliva cover me, see, like this”, Thranduil says, starting to take him in a little, then withdrawing and going back in, which is so damn good that for a moment Legolas forgets that he should do the same.

“Please, you make me forget everything when you do this,” he manages to say. “I don't know how you can do both at the same time, but can you let me just do this, without... licking me?”

Thranduil chuckles and nods, and he can start, paying so much attention to open his mouth wide, and it is just a bit easier for a few moments. Thus he remembers he can use his hand to fondle the rest of Thranduil's member, and his balls, and then recalls how good it was to feel the man's fingers play around his entrance, so he tries to give him the same pleasure, only to have him withdraw abruptly.

“Sorry, I... did I scratch you?”

“No, no, it's OK,” he says, but surely is not, because his whole body is rigid, and Legolas is dismayed at what he did, though he's not sure what was wrong.

“This is one of those cases”, Thranduil breathes and says, “where not everybody likes the same things. I don't enjoy having my ass played with, at all. I should have mentioned it, but I forgot. Just avoid this area, and it's fine, OK?”

“Sure, is... is there anything else I shouldn't do?”

“No, no other limits at the moment”, Thranduil smiles and settles back. Legolas pays attention not to go to the area again, but would really like to ask how Thranduil knew he would like what he did to him, if the man doesn't like that area touched. Does it show somewhere or what?

“My darling, don't worry so much”, the man says, “this is why I said I want you to tell me every time how you feel, because nobody can know what you like and what you don't otherwise. Yes, I'm good at reading body signals, but keep in mind to tell me if something doesn't feel good, OK? And now let it go and take me into that pretty mouth!”

Legolas obeys and tries to get back where he was, but then things get so much harder, OK, he allowed his jaw to just drop, but what can he do about his throat? He pulls back almost immediately and tries to go back deeper, but it's just impossible, and he feels tears in his eyes and he's drooling, and it's just...

“Oh yeah,” he hears Thranduil gasp, “you're so pretty with your mouth all stretched around my cock, such a good boy, yes, take more, yes, just like this, you make me want to fuck your pretty mouth until you can't breathe at all, ohhh... yess... ”

Legolas can't stop now, it's bad but he still loves the sounds the man makes, the way he praises him, although these are such dirty words, and he's scared to not be able to breathe, but the man looks to be having a grand time. After all, he knows from experience how good it can feel to be swallowed completely, so he keeps at it, tears running freely on his cheeks now, his breathing rapid and his heart beating raggedly, until the man withdraws almost completely and fills Legolas' mouth with his salty-bitter issue, groaning, telling him to swallow it all, which Legolas obeys and takes every drop, until the man stops moving and waits to get his breath back.

“You are perfect, my darling”, Thranduil tells him after, and starts playing with his cock, which by now is twitching angrily at each touch, although he wasn't aware of finding the act so arousing. Very soon though, he doesn't have the power to worry anymore, because he's completely caught in the
heated cavern and Thranduil hums and suckles at the same time, so he can't fight it and just comes, and
everything is pure perfection.

It is indeed complicated to get up and go to school, or however this can be called, after that; but it's
still not all, because Thranduil dictates he will be coming and going with the Ferrari, since he needs
the limo and the only other cars he has are the sports ones. Today he will be accompanied by Bard,
and Boromir will appoint one guard for each day, because of course all can also drive him around.
He is not to go anywhere by himself, but the guards are ordered to take him wherever he needs – the
library, a store to get books or supplies or a cafe to get a snack or something to drink. Legolas wants
to thank him, more than with the paltry words, but what more can he say?

* 

The first day of school is a bit strange, because indeed, Merry and Pippin are the most restless people
he ever met; he can only compare them with the young goats, all the time in motion, all the time
finding something to poke at; the maximum amount of time they seem to sit still is about 15 minutes,
although they do try. This is why each of them also has the manuals for 3 separate subjects in front,
because it seems that helps them actually do schoolwork for a longer time, and Legolas can totally
understand how this would not work in a normal school.

There is also a girl, Rose, who is so dainty and pretty that he can't help himself compare her to a doll.
She smiles very cutely at him when they meet, and then seems to be the most attentive pupil ever, not
saying a word if she is not directly asked a question and, even then, seeming reluctant to do it,
although her voice is as pretty as the rest of her.

And finally, there's Gimli, who is quite short, but with the widest shoulders Legolas ever imagined
someone of that size could have, with a serious red beard – so he must be older, he thinks, because
surely that needed a lot of time to grow – and a very grumpy attitude. He's immediately mad at
Legolas, because his presence made Saruman hide, and it seems he had a special treat for the cat.
He's also mad that Legolas is too tall, so his head is in the way when he looks this way and that. And
he would probably find more reasons to be upset, if Mithrandir would not just tell him, sharply, to
shut up. Legolas is pretty amazed, because the man was so calm and smiling all morning that he
never thought he could get so stern, but he does, seeming to be larger when he towers over the boy
and just makes him swallow any protest.

Since Bard will take him to get supplies and textbooks after class, Legolas only has his laptop, which
is set to record the lesson in an audio format, and a plain notebook and a pen. He's dismayed to see
that he's writing slower than before, which makes sense, since he didn't write much in the last two
years. Also, the other kids are mostly typing, very fast, but he'd be way to slow at that, since he has
the laptop for just some short weeks. But this can't be helped, he knows, he needs to practice and that
is that. Happily, the professor is satisfied with the way he listens and takes notes, so all in all, it's a
great first day. Although when they all leave and Bard waits for him with the Ferrari, Merry and
Pippin are whistling and congratulating him, but the look in Gimli's eyes is even worse than before.

* 

Thranduil wants to scowl at Boromir, but the man is right; he didn't go to any of the meetings lately,
and he should, because until he can actually put an end to that part of his life, he will have to be seen
and to seem to respect the other bosses. He doesn't, of course, who could respect such idiots when he
has such better comparison terms? He sighs then, and decides to go tonight; the boy is surely tired,
and work can wait, and comparing Azog or Masters to the Feanorions is so preposterous that he can't
even laugh. He has to remember himself that, if Maglor wasn't so good at recognizing potential,
Thranduil himself would have probably still been a goon; well, the head of the goons maybe, and a
completely ruthless one at that, because nobody did ruthless better than his mentor, Maedhros, but
still. Even though, that ruthlessness had a purpose, and the Feanorions had only one word, and no slimy one was allowed in their midst, he would not have been free.

He's not completely free now either, but the leash is very long, and he will manage to cut it, soon. Thinking about that beautiful day, he tells Legolas to rest and not to wait for him and proceeds to Azog's club.

Predictably, there he finds Thorin, Masters and Azog, and some of the Wargs, but the night announces itself to be very boring; Galadriel is not there, and the entertainment seems to be some poor street worker who managed to piss off Bolg, and will probably end up dead soon. It's disgusting, and the mens' leers and attempts at jokes regarding Legolas are just pathetic.

"This is fucking boring”, he states. “I know something more interesting to do: let's see who can drink the most.”

It's a stupid challenge, and he will berate himself quite thoroughly tomorrow, but he just doesn't see any point in dragging everything out and looking at the piece of broken meat on the stage. Or at Bolg, panting and grunting, drooling over the blood.

"Let's get everybody drunk”, Thorin laughs, “not just us, also the men. Let's see who is really better. Or will you chicken out, Thranduil?"

Thranduil thinks for a moment; this is not a smart idea, at all, but maybe... he looks at Boromir's bored expression, and chuckles.

“Well yes, Thorin, this is a great idea. I'll have Boromir here take us all home, because my chopper was just refurbished, but let's get everybody else under the table. I just hope you have enough good wine, Azog, 'cause I'm not getting foxed on beer or other stupid shit.”

“You came by chopper?”

“No, but while we start, Boromir can go bring it, and bring a driver for the limo, since my men will need a ride too. I'll take the bosses in the chopper, not everybody else,” he drawls, throwing looks full of contempt at the lieutenants and goons.

Boromir is barely restraining his mirth, because of course he has guessed what Thranduil had in mind, and he knows all of them are itching to see what he did with his chopper, and to be driven around by his proud chief of security. The solid man takes his jacket off and then unbuckles his harness, slowly, offering his two guns to Thranduil, without even a glance at the others. Yes, Boromir would never leave him defenseless, especially since he knows that, even after a ton of wine, he can use them. Thranduil smiles and thanks him, and remembers the boy, so he grabs his hand, pulls him close and whispers to get Legolas to sleep in his own room tonight, and not to come wake him in the morning, because he will be a mess.

Then, the booze is brought, and he enjoys seeing how Masters is the first to get tipsy, and Azog's men are only given the worst moonshine, and Thorin's morons mix beer and vodka, until the whole night resounds of the drunken songs, making his head pound. He's not that drunk, but seriously, it's like somebody made elephants jump on nails. He can't wait for somebody to crack, and finally all of Master's men are passed out, and most of the Wargs; Azog's crew seem to be standing, if they would be newborn kittens, that is; and the songs of Thorin's band are just bad enough he should record them and send them to some documentary channel, for a piece on stabbed pigs' mating habits, and he forgets how he manages to get them to leave.

The ride is exhilarating, because as soon as they are up, Boromir starts having his fun: abrupt turns,
brutal up-down climbs and drops, all the shit he likes to pull, just like when he was in a war zone, under fire. Thranduil’s chopper is not a Black Hawk, but it’s the fucking best of its line, so he has no worry in pulling everything it can give, making his guests go green around the gills. Of course Masters is the first to crack, and then Azog disgustingly pours his huge stomach all over himself too, and Thorin very valiantly tries to resist, but the retching sounds and the absolutely awful smell finally get the better of him.

Of course Boromir doesn't care; surely he did see worse things in the field, and he doesn't like the cretins, so there's no remorse; and Thranduil uses this as a damn test of his will, keeping his gorge down by sheer stubbornness, very proud to prove to himself that yes, nobody will manage to turn his stomach, once he made a decision. But he's still eternally grateful to Boromir, who gives him a small bag with slices of lemon, immediately after they dropped their passengers off.

Yes, tomorrow morning will be awful, Thranduil thinks, while trying to make the bed stop spinning, but oh, even Maedhros would have fucking laughed at this!

Indeed, the morning brings a mighty headache and the feeling he has been hit by a freight train, but he loves the sweet way the boy tries to make him feel better, so scared when he sees him looking like shit. Boromir is grinning from ear to ear, boasting proudly to everybody just how he made all of the big shots lose it, and finally life seems to look like fun.

After that, time flies and they seem to find a nice routine; he's trying to work regular hours, Legolas happily studies and gushes over new things he learned, and about Mithrandir's library and fat cat, who seems to like him more than it likes Gimli, and that is damn funny; about how smart Rose is, she actually studies for her first masters degree, not high school; about the funny, crazy stuff Merry and Pippin are saying, and about how great life is, in general. He's ecstatic when Thranduil gets Bard to show him what's different in driving a power car, so he can drive the Ferrari around, although he's still not allowed to leave all by himself.

And, most of all, the boy is deliciously obedient in bed, doing whatever Thranduil wants – although he never yet asked him anything very special – and seeming to enjoy it more each day, arousing him to no end and making him decide the time has came for the next step.
FIRST PAINS

Chapter Summary

Thranduil gets a pleasant surprise

Chapter Notes

This was actually the first bit I wrote for this story :) Naughty, naughty me. Nooooot sorry at all!

He wanted to laugh at himself at how giddy he felt tonight. Like he was the one undressing, not Legolas, not knowing that everything was going to be so different after tonight.

He stopped thinking so hard and enjoyed seeing the easy way Legolas was getting undressed. It was such a good progress from the crippling shyness and uncertainty from the beginning. Yes, he would have to learn to do it sensually, but there was time. He was so beautiful now that he started filling out, because he had enough to eat, that it was not really a concern.

He watched him losing the last bits of clothing, then confidently raising his eyes to him, waiting to be called to the bed. He would really have a surprise, Thranduil mused.

“Wait a moment, beauty,” he said, still pondering if he should be naked too. Normally it was good to be clothed, to establish dominance, but he still did not know enough about the boy’s reactions in certain conditions, and clothes would be in the way. And the boy never defied him anyway. He didn't expect too much of an erection from Legolas after he really started to bring pain into the equation, that would be a thing to develop and nurture, but there were degrees of tenseness and flinching, and he did not know how well the boy would be able to communicate his needs. Yes, naked was better.

“Come undress me,” he said at last, enjoying the smile in Legolas’ eyes at the request. The boy was reacting like it was Christmas and he had the best present to unwrap or something. Thranduil really enjoyed that eagerness and hoped what they started tonight would not change it for too long.

He liked the way Legolas sneaked small touches on his skin while undressing him, lingering and teasing a bit. He caught the hand trying to worm its way under the waistband of his pants, stilled its movement, then caught his chin with the other hand and raised the boy’s face, looked into the clear blue eyes. So beautiful.

“You remember I told you, at the beginning, that I like special things in the bedroom?,” he asked.

“Yes, I remember.”

“Tonight I will start teaching them to you, and you might not understand or like it much, at first. No, don’t interrupt.”
Chastised, the youth closed his pretty mouth and stopped trying to protest. It warmed Thranduil's heart that the boy was so eager and trusting. Yes, trust, this was essential.

“There is just one thing I want from you at first: to trust me, no matter what. Even if you don't understand why I ask you to do or say something, I want you to do it, and I want honest answers to my questions. Like we discussed before, I do not want to cause you lasting harm, whatever happens, and really need you to be very honest with me about what you feel. Can you do that?”

“Y... yes, I think I can do that,” the boy answered.

“No, I want you to do it, no matter if you consider it childish, or humiliating, or any other way, not think you can do it, you have to do it, understand? And, maybe this will make it easier for you, while we do this, I want you to call me Sir. Not Thranduil, not Thran, not anything else, you understand?”

“Yes... Sir,” the boy acquiesced.

It was clear he found this strange, but Thranduil's cock jumped when he heard the word falling from his pretty, pouty lips. Yes, it was good like this.

“I want you to trust me that, no matter what I do to you, unless you do something very bad and I tell you from the start it is a punishment, you will feel good before we are done, very good. Can you trust me on this?”

“Yes... Sir, I trust you.”

Thranduil smiled when he saw the boy's cock starting to fill a little at the idea of pleasure. Yes, starting their relationship with pleasure had been a good idea, the boy's body knew Thranduil knew how to pleasure it and reacted the right way. Good.

“Also, as I start training you, I will always let you know in advance what will happen. Later on, you will enjoy surprises very much, but now they would only confuse you, so I will only do things you expect. What we start tonight will last for three days – not three entire days!”

Thranduil laughed at the completely amazed expression on Legolas's face.

“Oh, silly boy, nobody can fuck for three days straight! No, what I mean to say is that, for three evenings, I will play with you, hurt you some, and then play with you some more. During the day, you will be able to rest, you will need it. Hurt you, now, means I will spank you, pretty hard, and it will be worse each new night, because you will not have enough time to heal completely from the previous day. But, once again, I promise you will also feel good. Also, I will take you each morning, too, and you will feel each slap when I rub myself against your little ass and push myself deep inside. But you will come from it, every time, will you not, my little leaf?”

The boy's face was torn between excitement and fear, and that sent another jolt to Thranduil's member. He loved to see the mixture of dread and anticipation, especially on this beautiful fresh face.

“Answer me, Legolas!”

“Yes, yes Th... Sir, I trust you will make me come for you.”

Thranduil smiled at the boy's choice of words. Well, lust was always a good motivator anyway. He took off his pants and underwear, then went to sit on the little loveseat near the bed. For what he had planned, it was better than the bed, because it was a bit harder. He pulled the boy with him, sat and then bade Legolas sit across his lap. The boy started squirming, trying to find the best position, wiggling his pert bottom in the most enticing way.
“Sit still,” he said firmly, glad the boy listened immediately.

“You can make any sounds you like for now, do not worry about that. You can grip my leg and hold on, but whatever you do, you will not try to escape from here, or stop me in any way, is that understood?”

“Yes Sir, I will stay here and let you do to me what you will,” the boy managed to say, in a very unsure, trembling voice.

Thranduil almost laughed, the poor boy really didn't know what was in store for him. Yes, today was not going to be easy, but tomorrow would be even worse for his poor cheeks. He liked the idea very much, so the moved his hand slowly over Legolas' back, down, to his nicely rounded ass, feeling the body in his lap shiver a bit. It was not yet a fearful shiver, because he had only been good to the boy. Such a beautiful alabaster skin, he was betting he would make it pink very fast, but tonight, pink was clearly not enough for what he had in mind.

“Good boy. I will start now. First, it will not hurt a lot, because I need to warm you up, but I will keep going even when you feel you cannot take it anymore. I want you to be brave for me. I will give you breaks, and I will want you to answer my questions during those times, so I can know how you feel, so stay still now.”

He hit first on the left cheek, loving the soft slapping sound, the way the muscle gave way, the way the boy took it well, not even yelping a little for the surprise. He then hit the right one, then the left again, not at all in a hurry at the beginning, letting the boy get used to the rhythm. Yes, the skin was getting pink so fast, so beautiful. He counted to ten, then stopped. He had to get Legolas used to answering him, and he better start now, while the boy was coherent, because that would not last long.

“How are you feeling, Legolas?”

“I am well, Sir,” the boy answered.

“Good boy. Keep staying nice and still and answer my questions. It will be more difficult now.”

He started again, ten more slaps, all harder. Legolas' hands gripped his calf, but he didn't say anything yet. The interesting thing was that he felt the boy’s cock starting to poke at his thigh. Was it really that?

“Legolas, are you getting hard?” he asked.

“Y... yes Sir, I... I like your hand on me so much,” the boy whispered, surely ashamed.

Thranduil smirked. This was such a good sign.

“That is such a good boy,” he praised him, moving his hand again over his back, over his sides, taking in the way Legolas was enjoying the touch.

He started again, this time real hard, ten more slaps, hearing the boy start to make little sounds, gripping his leg so much harder, starting to squirm in his lap. He paused, putting a hand on the small of his back. He was not very clear on what those little sounds meant.

“Legolas, how do you feel?”

The boy pushed a bit into his hand, was trying to stay still, but didn't answer.
“Legolas!”

The stern voice seemed to reach him.

“I... I do not... I... it hurts, my buttocks are getting so warm, and my neck is... I don't know how to keep my head, I... my cock hurts so good, I want your hand on it, I... ”

Seriously? His cock hurt? Thranduil was smirking in earnest now, disbelieving. He sneaked a hand under the boy's body and yes, his cock was hard as a rock, making his own cock twitch so good, suppressing a gasp. Was he really so lucky and Legolas actually enjoyed a little pain? The anticipation was making his stomach clench now, he really, really needed to see how far this was going, but, since he planned to do this the next days too, he had to be doubly careful not to get too carried away.

If the boy was enjoying it, he would not try to make him cease, as he had expected, so it would be difficult to gauge when to stop. He had to pay more attention.

Legolas moaned, long and broken now, and Thranduil realized that, while musing, he had gripped the boy's erection and was playing with his head, rubbing precome on it. He shouldn't make the boy come just yet, no. He let go and was amused to hear the boy moan dejectedly at the loss.

“You are a very good boy, Legolas,” he said. “I like it when you are so hard and ready for me, so I promise, you will feel extra good when this ends, OK? You just have to stay still and keep taking this for me, yes, little leaf?”

“Yes, please, Sir, please, yes... ”

Thranduil was betting the boy didn't know very well what he is begging for, so he chose to think he was begging to be spanked some more. Yes, he would be very careful, so he would do twenty slaps now, then take a break again, than twenty more, and ten really hard at the end.

After the twenty slaps, he moved again his hands over the boy's back and sides, noting the many fine drops of sweat covering the lustrous, flushed skin, looked at the pretty dark pink of his abused ass cheeks, then grabbed his shining hair and made Legolas turn his head and look at him. The boy's face was streaked with tears, long blond strands getting stuck on it, so he took them very gently and cleared Legolas' face, looked at the cherry red, swollen lips, bitten lips. It seemed the boy was so lost that he drew blood on his bottom lip. And his eyes were so beautiful, so dilated, so glassy... God, he almost couldn't go on, feeling his cock ready to burst just from watching the beautiful, ravaged visage.

He kissed the boy's tears away, then licked at the swollen lip, feeling the delicious coppery taste, mixed with the boy's sweetness. He pushed his tongue between the sweet lips, glad to encounter no resistance at all, just a hitch in Legolas' breath when his mouth was claimed. He wanted to devour him, devour his breath, his soul, oh God, oh God, he needed to control himself. Yes, control, that was good.

“Legolas, do you hear me?”

“Yes, yes, please, yes... ”

“Legolas, I need you to tell me, what day is today?” he asked, in a sterner voice, watching as the boy's eyes seemed to focus a little, his lips stuttering a bit, trying to keep pleading, but...

“Day? Day... but it is night... ”
“Yes, Legolas, it is night outside,” he replied patiently, “but what day of the week was today?”

He saw the boy's face scrunch a little, saw him think, then had his answer:

“Wednesday, it is Wednesday night.”

“Good boy. I am pleased with you. Tell me, how do you feel now?”

“I... I feel on fire. I feel so empty, I need you, I need you inside me, Thran, please, please, or... oh, God, I feel like bursting, I... please,” he whined again, so beautifully that Thranduil had to breathe deeply and count again in order not to just throw him on the ground and fuck him senseless.

“Such a good boy you are my sweet, so obedient. I promise I will fuck you real good, just wait a little more, yes, can you do that for me?”

“Yes, please, fuck me, yes, please, yes…”

The boy's aroused voice was so wonderful, his rock hard cock leaking against Thranduil's leg was wonderful, the way he was slowly pushing it, rubbing himself with every breath, everything was so perfect that he wanted to weep. So he slapped again, hard, barely managing not to lose count when Legolas started moaning incessantly, higher and higher, his body clenching and relaxing in Thranduil's lap so devastatingly arousing, the long golden hair thrashing on the carpet, the hands clenching and unclenching so hard on his calf, the boy's nails scratching his skin, maybe breaking it towards the end, he didn't know really, his own breath so ragged he just could not stand it anymore. This had to be enough for now, he could not do the last ten or he would just come like this.

He looked again at the now glowing red globes, touched them gently, making the boy say some garbled thing, probably a plea, then took them gently apart and saw the pink hole in between twitching, like trying to get something inside, and groaned with want.

He turned the boy, got hims securely in his arms and somehow manged to take him on the bed. He put him on his side, careful not to rub his abused flesh on the sheets, then went to the little side table, poured a glass of water, drunk it, poured another and took it with him to the bed. Legolas was shivering, his hands grabbing and releasing the sheets, his lips just moving, not making any clear words, his breathing harsh, his beautiful hair spread like a halo around his head.

Legolas looked amazing, but he needed to be checked. Thranduil gingerly sat near him, turned him a bit, then supported his head, enjoying the way the youth pushed into his hand just like a cat.

“Legolas, you need to drink some water, sweety.”

Obedient, the boy drank a bit, then shivered again, harder, and started begging again.

“Please Thran, please, I beg you, I cannot, please, I…”

“Shhhhh, it's OK, no more slaps tonight, you were such a good boy. No more, it's finished. Now, you will drink the rest of the water, and I will make you come, yes?”

“Yes, yes, yes, please…”

He lifted his head enough to drink the rest of the water, then turned towards Thranduil, his hands seeking, finding his painfully engorged cock and starting to try to squeeze and pull at it, making Thranduil growl and just wish he could come right that second. But no, he had to keep his word, stay in control, yes.
“Legolas, my darling, I want you on your fours, can you do that for me,” he managed to say, and was relieved to see the boy scramble to obey, letting go of his cock, allowing him to breathe deep, put the glass down and start looking for the lube.

Yes, he wanted nothing but to fill Legolas right that instant, but he had to check if the boy prepared himself well, as instructed, he could not hurt him more. Thranduil was extremely relieved when his first lubed finger entered so easily in the boy's hot hole, then the second too. He had a bit of work to do for the third finger, but had to maintain his patience, he had to. He kissed the red cheeks, making Legolas whimper and push against his fingers, blabbering brokenly, clearly drowning in need, having no patience left.

“My sweet little leaf, you are so good, almost there my dear, I will fill your sweet little ass so good, I promise you you will come so hard tonight, yes, that's right, the hardest ever.”

He loved the needy sounds the boy was making and the way he opened for him, so he lubed his cock and slowly, damn fucking slowly, gritting his teeth, entered that hot crevice to the hilt, only to have Legolas just scream, high pitched, when he bottomed out, and come around him, squeezing his cock so hard that Thranduil, taken by surprise, saw stars and just fell into him, feeling his seed explode from his cock, almost fainting himself from the searing pleasure, falling on the bed, together with Legolas, whose limbs had given way.

He stayed there for a few minutes, getting his breath and vision back, then withdrew slowly from the exquisitely clinging flesh, to see that Legolas was actually passed out under him. At first he was scared, cursing himself for leaving his entire weight on the boy, but then noticed the even breath, the steady chest movement, so he was relieved. Nothing bad, just too much sensation, that was not something unusual.

He managed to get up, take a wet cloth, clean the boy, then clean himself. He then got back in bed and took the boy in his arms, then darkness got him too.
It was morning already? It seemed it was, so Thranduil stretched and, seeing that Legolas was still out of it, all curled up and covered up to his ears, went to take a short shower to dispel the sleepy feeling. Now, should he wake the boy up completely, or just prepare him lightly and take him? Both had their merits, of course, but maybe he should be cautious and check that everything was all right? Not that he did something too outrageous last night, but still, the boy did faint on him.

He returned to the bed and managed to move the covers a bit, insinuating himself behind the boy's warm body, then moved the tangled hair out of the way and nuzzled a bit at his lithe throat. As always, Legolas smelled deliciously fresh, even after their sweaty exertions in the evening. Thranduil was very tempted to bite, but it would probably be a bit extreme, so he settled for kissing the pink shell of the ear and lightly rubbing his pelvis against the probably red ass cheeks, his right arm hugging the sleeping body.

“Hey pretty”, he said softly against the ear, “time to wake up.”

Sleepily, Legolas mumbled something and pushed himself against Thranduil and then twitched and tried to get away from the tongue teasing his ear. Grinning, Thranduil continued, taking care to tighten his hold a bit.

“Ticklish this morning?”, he asked and then nipped at the tender cartilage, making the boy squeal and thrash, taking a short break to laugh and then licking slowly, with the very tip of his tongue.

“Go take a short shower, it will wake you up. I'll wait here.”

Still sleepy, the boy managed to move to the bathroom and Thranduil turned on the lights. He wanted to see everything when he returned, and it's way too early to have enough natural light.

The boy looks a bit less sleepy coming out of the bathroom, and it's lovely to see him moving, all naked, his hair tangled but still lovely, falling wildly over his shoulders, tantalizingly covering one of his perky nipples.

“How do you feel?”

“Good, thank you, and you?”

“I'm very good,” Thranduil smirks. “But I wasn't the one fainting last night.”

The boy blushes, and Thranduil just loves that, after all this time, he can still elicit such a response.

“It's not unheard of,” he continues, soothing, “but I want to make sure everything is fine. Also, you remember that, if it is too much, you can use the safe word, right?”

“Yes, Thran, but I didn't want you to stop last night, I just wanted more. And you didn't give me a safe word for that.”

Thranduil can't stop laughing at this; it's indeed better than he would have imagined possible.

“Well, I'm afraid I do love to tease you, my dear, so I can't give you such a word. Turn around for me now.”

Yes, his ass is all red, and starting to get blue in certain spots. Damn it, he can't wait for tonight, to
make it even bluer, and he desperately wishes to bite, too.

“Oh, you look so beautiful, my dear, your pretty butt, all marked up, makes me want to keep you in bed all day. Come closer, I want to kiss it.”

The boy is eager for this and obeys and sighs as soon as Thranduil's tongue starts laving the bruises, then shivers just a bit when his hips are gripped tight and pushes just a little against his mouth, showing his pleasure. It's the hardest thing not to bite, fuck!, but he has to grab the ruddy cheeks and squeeze them, eliciting a perfectly carnal moan.

“Yes, please, that's so good”, Legolas breathes, widening his stance a bit and pushing harder into his hands.

“How does it feel, my dear?”

“Good, so good, it's both relaxing and arousing, it goes straight to my cock.”

“Mmm, turn around and get on the bed, on your hands and knees.”

The boy obeys and then Thranduil starts kissing and licking again, spreading the cheeks and teasing the pink orifice, the heavy, round balls already nicely swollen, enjoying the sighs and gasps Legolas emits freely, the way he wantonly pushes against his mouth, showing how much he likes the attention.

“Turn on your back,” he tells him, while he picks up the lube bottle, and starts teasing his already hard pink prick, while slowly pushing a finger inside the heated rectum.

“Yess,” the boy moans and stretches his body, squeezing his finger for a moment and then relaxing. “More, please.”

“What do you want more, Legolas,” he says right against his swollen cock head, “more fingers or more of your cock in my mouth?”

“Both”, he gasps, feeling the delightful vibration of the words against his sensitized flesh.

“Say it, Legolas!”

“I want more of your hot mouth on my cock, please, oh, yeah, that's so hot Thran,” he says, squirming on the bed, because it's damn hard not to thrust in the inviting heat.

Thranduil swallows him and licks and groans against him, but the finger remains alone in the hot crevice, until the boy can't take it anymore.

“Please, more!”

“Say it, tell me exactly what you want!”

“More, more in my ass, please, I'm too empty, fill my ass, please, ohhh… ” he thrashes now, trying to push both his ass on the invading fingers and his cock in Thranduil's mouth, “faster, please, I need you, please, harder!”

Thranduil loves the words falling from the petal mouth, loves the contrast of heat and perfect beauty and can't prolong this anymore, so he turns the boy back on all fours and enters him, one long, excruciatingly slow and deep thrust, making Legolas claw at the sheets and issue some perfect, shrill noises that go straight to Thranduil's cock.
It's a fucking exquisite torment, because the silken, scorching grip on his shaft is better than any words could express, and the way the boy pushes back against him and grips whatever he can and trembles, combined with those delicious sounds, is just the worst combination possible, in the best possible way. He needs to stay still and breathe, because otherwise he will come just like a teenager, so he grits his teeth and wills himself to hold on, hold on, yesss, this is better.

“I'm gonna fuck you so hard, my leaf, be relaxed for me, and take it all, like a good boy, yes, just like this,” he growls, withdrawing and snapping back in, loving the “yesss” this garners, and does it again, and again, and there's a sound of fabric tearing, so he chuckles, and snaps his hips again.

“You like it, don't you, my cock so deep, the pain in your buttocks, how does it feel, little one, can you take it all?”

“Thran, please, don't stop, just don't stop, God, you fill me so good, fuck me, please, can't... ohhhh”

The sheet is torn again, because now Thranduil fucks him relentlessly, moving his pelvis with all his force, each movement shaking the youth's entire body, making him tremble, his head turning from side to side, tearing from him perfect, broken sounds each time he bottoms out.

Both of them are panting and gasping now, the slaps of flesh-on-flesh mixing in the perfect counterpoint, the greatest song ever written. He can't last much longer, so he sneaks his right hand under the boy's body, grabbing the iron hard erection and the boy shudders from head to toe and creams instantly, squeezing Thranduil's brains through his cock.

It's hard to get up and go to work, but Thranduil is so relaxed that he ignores even this hardship; the boy doesn't have to go anywhere today, so he tells him to just relax and sleep as much as he wants, and the last image he has before he exits the room is of his content smile and almost closed eyes, and of his languid body just lying on the well-used bed; at least he's not so scared anymore, or he would have started to apologize for tearing the damn sheet or something.

The day is easy, and he doesn't even register the suspicious looks his employees throw at him, because he constantly has a little smile turning up the corners of his mouth, something indeed unusual. He can't wait for the evening though, and wonders exactly how to proceed; he's very tempted to start training the boy to come untouched; after all, if he managed to come just from being breached last night, and exploded so fast this morning, it shouldn't be that hard, should it?

Somehow the day finishes, and he positively relishes dinner, because he gets the boy in his lap and feeds him each morsel, and the boy seems to love it, because he licks his fingers teasingly and squirms so very prettily and pushes against his erection, looking at him from under his lashes. Thranduil can't resist to kiss his lovely eyes, making him sigh, and to just squeeze his warm, slim figure to his chest, especially when he returns the favor and feeds Thranduil little pieces from the plate and moves his fingers teasingly, slowly, over his lips, on his tongue, making both of them shiver with want.

The boy should probably eat more, but they are both too impatient, so they go to the bedroom and now Thranduil undresses them both with ruthless efficiency and starts kissing the boy's nape, light as a butterfly, going slowly downwards. He doesn't stop at the buttocks, as the boy expects; no, he keeps going lower, until he reaches the sensitive, thin-as-paper skin behind the knee and starts laving it, teasing it with his fingertips, and Legolas groans and trembles already, as always, exquisitely responsive.

“Come to bed”, he whispers to him, and smiles, seeing that Galion remembered his instructions to put on silk sheets. The shiny silver hue perfectly compliments the boy's porcelain skin, as he lies there, on his back, with his gold locks spread wildly around him. The only drops of color are the
already pointy rosy nipples and the purplish cock. God, he's scrumptious like this!

“Turn on your belly, dear”, Thranduil tells him and winks, and the boy's cerulean blue eyes dilate instantly while he obeys. Damn, those buttocks look so good, red as they are, but he can't wait to bring on a more violent shade.

“Come here, closer to the edge of the bed, and put a pillow under your groin, like this,” he tells him, picking a sturdier one, making the abused ass lift higher. “Any questions about tonight?”

“I... how many... I don't know,” he says, turning his head towards Thranduil. “You keep doing things that are almost unbearable, and I have no idea what to ask, or what to expect. Is it really possible to feel more than I did last night?”

“Yes, my treasure,” he answers and kisses the rosy cheek, the perky little nose, getting a giggle. “You should always be as relaxed as possible, and ready for pleasure. I enjoyed last night, and this morning, tremendously, and want to take you even higher, to paradise. Care to go there with me?”

The boy's smile is heart wrenching when he agrees, and his palm itches to start.

“It will be harder tonight though; seriously, if it's too much, use the safe word, we will take a break, OK?”

The boy nods, so there's no reason to delay anymore; he starts again with lighter strikes, to warm up the muscles, but of course the area is already more sensitive, so the boy starts clenching almost immediately.

“Relax”, he says, “I want to feel your ass give way, I want you to feel it jolt, yes treasure?”

The boy nods and spreads his legs more, and it's such a fucking temptation; he can't wait to get back inside the perfect heat, but also, the creamy, feather soft skin on his long thighs would look perfect reddened, too. Thranduil smiles to himself, and sternly tells himself he should stick to the plan. Now he's striking harder, and the boy does try to relax in between, but of course it's complicated, and he alternatively opens his legs more or tightens them, the muscles dancing enticingly under the skin, until Thranduil can't resist to follow them with his tongue and grab one in between his aching teeth.

The groan this elicits is liquid sex, so he has to bite harder, just a little, yes, just like that.

“Thran... ohhh, what are you doing?”

“I'm marking this beautiful leg”, he says, “it belongs to me.”

Legolas giggles but then moans when his tongue touches the crease between leg and buttocks and then goes higher, just for a few moments. He starts again, and damn, the boy almost pushes into the strike now, and he would pray to any god, giving thanks for finding such a perfect youth, who seems to enjoy so much the glorious pain he's inflicting.

The skin is hotter now, as is Thranduil's palm, but that doesn't matter at all, he relishes the tightness of the skin, each jolt he feels when he makes contact. But what is this, clearly the boy tries to rub his hard cock on the sheets, of course. He stops, lifts the youth's hips a bit, adds one more pillow and gently pulls the hard member, making it point downwards over it's edge.

“Naughty boy, did I say you are allowed to come?”

“But I didn't come!”

“And were you so far from that point?” he asks, chuckling, and the boy moans dejectedly. He's
actually a very good boy though, so Thranduil spreads his legs well and licks the heavy balls and silken shaft, then teases the pink opening, and damn, it's glistening with lube, the boy really did open himself well. This deserves a reward, so he licks again the twitching member, then moves a bit, bringing his own cock close to the rosy lips.

“Don't go deep, just lick it,” he instructs, and shivers at the delicious sensation. He stays like this for a few moments, allowing the boy a little time to cool down, and then swats again the pretty cheeks. Pretty indeed, they are now the shade of a perfectly red apple.

“Please,” the boy whimpers, “it's burning me!”

“Mmm, yes, my dear, you'll feel the burn for several days, every move you'll make, you'll feel my hand on you! Yes, cry for me, yes, I'm gonna give it to you, yes, and you are a good boy and you'll take it all, take me so deep.”

Legolas almost lifts himself on all fours, trying to feel his hand better, muttering pleas now, and Thranduil keeps going, but suddenly realizes he completely forgot to count. This is completely irresponsible on his part, so he has to stop, and it galls him to have been so careless.

“I'm gonna take your tight ass now”, he tells the boy, receiving enthusiastic nods, “and you can come as soon as you're ready, but no touching your cock, OK?”

The boy doesn't seem to appreciate the second part of the idea, but is still eager to be taken, groaning lusciously as he's breached, pushing his ass higher, moaning his delight. But just maybe he shouldn't tear down another sheet? Thranduil makes him bring his legs together and grabs his hands, keeping them pinned at the small of his back, and this tightens the lithe body so beautifully that he has to curse a blue streak, and of course the silken inner muscles flutter against his cock, getting him mad with desire.

He stays buried deep and starts making small circles with his hips, pressing relentlessly against the burning ass cheeks, and loves the shudders wracking the smaller body.

“Yesss, yesss, don't stop, more, just don't stop now,” Legolas manages to grit, and Thranduil doesn't even imagine he could stop, grinding against him and bending down to nip at the tops of his arms. They strain in his grasp devastatingly beautiful, and yes, the boy does come just from being fucked, clenching around him maddeningly, so he has to stay as still as possible until the inner movements stop and the body beneath him goes limp.

“You're such a good boy,” he praises, trembling with need to really fuck him now, “just take me, now, treasure, I'm going in so fucking deep”. He keeps Legolas' hands trapped and his legs together, but the grip is easier inside, all the heated flesh relaxed, so he can glide much easier and faster, all the way in, and the boy sobs, but doesn't try to escape.

“Let... me... know... if it's... too much!” he growls with each movement, but the boy just pushes his ass against him in answer, so Thranduil fucks him blind, loudly growling his mounting pleasure, wanting it to last for ever. It's too much though, so he has to spill himself way too soon, seeing fireworks and trembling for a while, almost as hard as Legolas does.

Reluctantly, he pulls out as soon as he's capable and lays on his side, panting, his hand possessively going to the boy's nape, grabbing the silky tresses and turning his face towards him. If he would be able to get hard again so soon, he would, because he never saw a more erotic sight than the boy's face, slack with pleasure, his eyes almost black with arousal and his lips so completely fuckable he wants to scream.
The boy makes a little content sound and attempts to kiss him, although it's clear he can't yet control his body right, and pouts deliciously when he doesn't succeed.

“Wait for a few more minutes, treasure, and I'll kiss you all you like,” he tells him, but, of course, the boy falls asleep too soon. It's OK though, because Thranduil is equally drained, so he lets himself drift away, too sated to care they should clean up a little.
WHY NOT?

It's morning again, and he loves Thranduil's hand slowly touching his face, his hair, to wake him up. Legolas pushes just a bit against the hand and makes a little happy sound.

“You're such a kitten, my dear”, Thranduil says, chuckling. “Open those pretty eyes and let's take a shower.”

Yes, he's right, because when he tries to move, Legolas feels everything sticking to him. They should have cleaned up last night, but he was feeling so good and lazy that he had fallen asleep immediately.

“And I will give you those kisses”, the man adds, “if you still want them.”

“I always want a kiss”, Legolas dares to say, and manages to get out from under the covers. His hair is a mess, too, and he tries to unglue the strands stuck to his face and neck. Even Thranduil forgot to braid his, it seems, and he looks a bit funny – especially because Legolas is used to see him always pristine.

“Let's take a bath better”, Thranduil decides when they are in the bathroom. “Probably you'll have to take your lessons from the laptop today, but that's not a problem, right?”

Legolas nods and is excited to get to use the huge, fancy tub; his bathroom has a much smaller one, not that that isn't a luxury in itself. They will take a bath together, and that sounds just delicious right now. Thranduil turns the water on and then pours some nice smelling oil in it and settles in, beckoning him to come sit in his lap. This is quite the recurring theme lately, but a very arousing one at that, and he's very happy to lean over the man's broad chest, allowing his head to fall over the strong shoulder. After a moment, he hisses, because abruptly he feels the warm water stinging his ass.

“Hush, my dear, relax and it will stop stinging. The hot water helps make the blood flow and heal faster. Relax,” Thranduil tells him and starts moving his hands, slowly, over Legolas' shoulder, neck, then down on his chest, soothing him. Indeed, after a few moments, the sting eases and Legolas thoroughly enjoys both the strong body behind him and the roving hands. His buttocks and asshole are tender, but it would be impossible to regret the pleasure he felt last night, or the previous morning, or the day before that. He sighs and just lets himself float, enjoying the heat, the touch, the delicious pine scent of the oil. He could sleep some more, but he does have to study today and, also, he's sure Thranduil has more planned for him. It's still a bit scary but, at the same time, he can't wait to see what's in store for him.

His mind still tries to tell him such things are weird, wrong, that he shouldn't enjoy them, he should not want to do them, but lately he tries lot not to let those thoughts linger. It is his duty to please the man, that can't be denied, and he had no other way to survive, still doesn't, since he can't find another job. Indeed, he doesn't want another job, although maybe he should. Studying will help him with that, and he applies himself to it, but it's true he forgot many things, so it will be at least a full two years until he can get a diploma, and that might not guarantee a job either. In the meantime, he needs to do what he's told – so why would it be so bad to enjoy it?

A hand lingering on his cock abruptly interrupts his thoughts, and immediately he pushes a little in the wet grip, making Thranduil chuckle.

“Stay still and kiss me”, he says, and Legolas eagerly turns his head to do it; the man's lips are warm and soft, as always, and at first they only move very gently against his own, and the hand just holds
him, grounding him a bit. But the steady mouth sends tingling down his spine, and the hand squeezes just a little bit more, so he makes a little eager sound in his throat and feels the man's cock stiffening under him. Forgetting the command, he pushes his buttocks down a bit, and that makes the hand on his cock drag heavenly.

Thranduil smiles against his mouth and his other hand catches Legolas' hip, holding him tight against his larger body and effectively stopping his movements. His warm, wet tongue starts teasing the boy's upper lip, making his breath hitch, and the hand moves to tease and fondle his balls, all very slow and soft. Then he grinds against him, still very slow, but strong, and that jolts Legolas' body to the core and he has to moan. The sounds are greedily captured by Thranduil's mouth, who sets this terribly inflaming rhythm of very slow touches, gentle kisses and timed grinding, covering Legolas' world in a haze of desire. He doesn't know how long this lasts, but then the grinding stops, the hand on his hips moves him a little and the other hand starts probing at his asshole.

He's as relaxed as possible, and can feel the finger is oiled, but it still burns on entry; no matter, he wants the burn, desperately, but the mouth covering his just became more demanding and doesn't give him any break to say something; the hand on his hip moves to his cock and just grips him at the base, holding him still, and the finger inside probes as deep as possible, finding his pleasure spot and just teasing it, slow and light; too slow and too light actually. He whimpers, but feels the man's lips smiling against him again, and obeys the unspoken command and relaxes as much as he can.

He' rewarded with a second finger, but the rhythm remains unchanged. The hand on his cock squeezes harder when the prostate is touched, and he feels his whole body vibrating with need. The effort to stay still and relax is tremendous, but indeed, there's also a growing pleasure invading his system, making his muscles twitch, his hands and feet trying to curl. He pants and wants to say so many things, but even his breath is stolen from his lungs by the kisses that somehow can still be amazingly, excruciatingly gentle. The pressure keeps mounting, and he feels just a hairbreadth away from exploding, so he just has to bite at Thranduil's lips and scream when his mouth is freed.

“Such a naughty boy”, Thranduil laughs. “Why did you do that?”

“I... I can't resist anymore, I will come if... ” he manages to pant, shamed at what he did. “Please!”

“Hmm... we can't have that so fast! Put your hands behind my head, yes, just like that, and let me in, yes my dear, relax, OK?”

His body is stretched to the limit and all that keeps him from unraveling are Thranduil's hands on his hips, keeping him still while he's impaled on his iron-hard erection, crazy slow. He gulps air and his hands grip the mass of tangled hair, making Thranduil grunt and pant also, but the progression is way too slow, and it's like he never took the man inside, a burn so strong that he screams again, and the man stops at that.

“Is it too painful?”, he grits, trembling with restraint.

“Please! Please just go in! I need you so!” he yells, not caring, trying to move and get it all in, but the man's grip is too strong.

“You're sure?”

“Please, stop torturing me!”

And then it's all in, a movement so sudden that his whole body shakes and freezes and then it's so stunningly good he lets out a cry that isn't at all human. He wants to move, but Thranduil just stays there and then grabs his hair again and turns his head and continues kissing him. After a minute, he
starts thrusting, sharp jabs making Legolas arch and mewl in his mouth, making him pull at the tangled silver hair and suck at his tongue with all the desperation he feels, pushing against the invading shaft, seeing great white spots behind his closed eyelids, desperate for completion.

He hears the man growling in his mouth, feels the vibration in his chest, and the thrusts become more erratic, while mercifully a hand grips him and drags itself so perfectly over his painfully hard cock that he can't do anything else but let go. All the muscles in his body are contracting in a frenzy of pleasure, somehow he's still sensing the way Thranduil discharges too, and he's feeling so good, so out of this world, that he's deaf and blind and numb to anything else for a while.

All he wants to do is sleep, but the man prods him to clean up and get dressed and go to the kitchen, where he devours everything he's given, ravenous with hunger. Boromir was supposed to accompany him today, and really wants to play with the Ferrari, and Thranduil laughs at his eagerness and agrees, warning him to be cautious or he'll have his hide, so he's going to school after all. Good thing he always prepares his bag for the next day before Thranduil returns home for the night, so they can leave immediately.

His ass hurts, but he can't stay any other way but seated in the two-seater car. It's good that the man takes them there in a blur though, and he's still floating on his own little cloud, so he doesn't complain.

They will stay in the living room today, and that's a great thing, because he can just lay on his side on the couch. Legolas doesn't feel like standing for several hours, and, after seeing Merry and Pippin alternating in listening to Mithrandir hanging upside down, like bats, from the highest rung of the stair in the library, surely this will not seem outrageous, right?

Indeed, nobody says anything, until he's startled by a yelp and bray of laughter and he feels... claws in his side? There's an outraged “Miaooow!” a hiss and he feels Saruman jumping from atop him and running to hide somewhere, but the fact is, he had fallen asleep, and of course the boys filmed him and they are laughing shamelessly at what happened. Instinctively he turns to a seated position and has to hiss, because it hurts.

He is mortified but, before he can say anything, Gimli just has to taunt him, getting closer and saying that pampered pretty boys should just stay home and be the toys they are supposed to be, especially since its clear they look way better with their ass high in the air, instead of annoying their betters. That is beyond disturbing, but the taunt is also heard by Mithrandir, who was bringing Boromir in the room, for no reason Legolas could think of, and in a few wild moments the man has Gimli in a death grip, one hand on his throat, the other pointing a gun at him, demanding he apologize that instant or die.

Everybody is frozen, Legolas unable to move, Gimli gaping like a fish, until Mithrandir bellows at them all to stand down. He wonders if the older man would dare challenge Boromir, but the younger man seems to censure himself, slowly freeing Gimli, although he doesn't seem in a hurry to put the gun back. He comes to help Legolas get up from the couch, although he could just as well do it himself.

“I will speak with Thranduil about this”, Mithrandir says, but immediately shuts up Gimli, who wanted to start taunting them again. “And with Gloin, and with Thorin, if I need to. Such a thing will not happen again in my house, or you will no longer be welcome here. Merry, Pippin, you two will have a paper to write, on why certain pranks can be distasteful. 1500 words from each of you – you choose if you write separately or together – and together means 3000 words. Gimli, you will write 5000 words about why bullying and bad language should not be tolerated. Is it clear?”

Legolas wants to apologize too, but the man doesn't want to listen.
“No, Thranduil warned me about your situation and this is not a problem. Just, in the future, when you are very tired, please just stay home and rest.”

“I'm sorry Mithrandir, this is my fault,” Boromir says. “Thranduil said he should attend from the laptop today, but I just had to take the Ferrari out for a spin. I'll probably be given a bicycle for a month, but still, I'm sorry.”

Mithrandir smiles and the boys chuckle, but Gimli is still fuming.

“By the way, Gimli,” Mithrandir adds, “this was a narrow escape, because if I ever hear you uttering such words when Rose is present, you will never set foot in my house, is that clear?”

Grudgingly, he obeys and the boys leave. Legolas is amazed when Boromir keeps him in the room, asking Mithrandir to let them wait a bit. The man apologizes to him, but Legolas is still bewildered as to why the man came inside.

“Mithrandir was not sure if you were feeling well,” the man answers, “so I came to see if you need help getting to the car. Please, tell me if you have a problem sitting, I'll see if Bard is available or we can order another limo.”

“I'm not that fragile”, he manages to say, and of course he can feel his face is red as a beet.

“Look, we all know the boss can be very demanding, and he will have my hide if you get hurt. Just tell me if you need the limo and we'll get one here.”

“No, I can sit well enough. And,” he says and gulps, just now processing the magnitude of the issue, “was it really necessary to pull the gun on Gimli? He didn't...”

“Yes, it was necessary. My task is to protect you, against any kind of threat, physical or not. Such things can easily degenerate, and it is better for that one to understand the consequences, before he actually thinks to hurt you.”

“Still, he just said some stupid stuff, it's not like he did anything dangerous.”

“He'd better not do anything dangerous, because he should know to prefer me or any of the guards threatening him, than Thranduil's rage if something actually happens to you. Don't worry, Thranduil will have a word with Thorin on this and he will not dare do more. So, are you ready to leave?”

Legolas nods and feels really embarrassed when the man treats him like he's a piece of fragile China or something. Also, he doesn't drive fast now, and it's too quiet in the car, because he has nothing to say, since, well, he must have slept for most of the lesson, he thinks now, as he doesn't remember almost anything. He sighs and again is asked if everything is OK or if they should stop, and it starts to become disturbing.

At home, when Galion finds out what happened, he starts fussing around Legolas like a mother hen, and it's not that Legolas doesn't like to be treated well, but he can damn well move by himself and undress by himself and no, he doesn't need a doctor and they don't have to call Thranduil to return home early. Yes, he would like some food, but whatever they have for a snack is fine, and he can eat very well standing.

He's almost ready to snap when Thranduil does get home, a bit earlier than usual, but they probably didn't call him, because at first he's not concerned or anything. Still, his expression turns cold and scary when Boromir tells him what happened, and it's way too intense when the man's icy eyes bore into him.
“I’m fine, really,” Legolas says before he can be asked something. “I’m sorry I didn’t pay attention, but it's not necessary to make such a fuss for...”

“For you being the subject of contempt, just because Boromir wanted to play and because that mongrel can’t behave in a civilized manner to save his life?” Thranduil says in a voice so frigid he shivers. “I do think it is necessary, and Boromir's job is to make sure you are treated well and respected, and that should come before his need to show off. He will apologize to you for this and I'll think of a fitting punishment.”

“He did apologize, Thran, immediately, to me and to Mithrandir.”

“Good. And I need to apologize to you, also, my dear. I'm really sorry.”

Legolas is flabbergasted at this.

“Sorry for what?”

“I knew better and I should have insisted you stay home, not give in to his demands. I will call Elrond and...”

“No!” Legolas says, a bit too loud. “Look, it's nothing that bad, it's just... I felt too lazy to remain standing all day, and the couch was too comfortable, so I just fell asleep, it's not a big deal! And Gimli is not the first person to say stupid things to me, and it's not like he didn't have a reason or something.”

“And what good reason did he have?”, Thranduil asks, so toneless that, at first, Legolas is not sure he actually heard the question.

“That... well, the reason I hurt was... I fell asleep because...” He really tried to say it, but couldn't, something was stopping him from repeating the other boy's words, although, well... he was, indeed, Thranduil's toy, wasn't he?

“Oh, little one, I really hate what that family of yours did to you. Come here and give me a hug, and please, let us take care of you. Can you do that for me?”

It's good to be in Thranduil's arms, real good. Nothing bad can touch him there, and he doesn't have to worry about anything else, so he lets himself be held and happily inhales the man's soothing scent, doing his best to forget what happened. It hurts, really, because, although he had expected such words at first, he had now gotten so used to Thranduil's household, with everybody treating him politely, and it really was a blow when the words fell from Gimli's lips. And somehow so much attention from everyone just made the thing bigger, gave it power, presence.

“Please, can we just forget about this?” he pleads. “I'm fine, and it's over. It will not happen again, I'm sure.”

“Oh, you bet it won't happen again,” Thranduil thinks. “Or I might just have to break that idiot's neck myself.”

“Sure, treasure, let's forget it. I'll let you rest tonight and...”

“I don't want to rest!”

Again, Legolas says this just a mite too loud, and then stops and can't continue. What should he say, that he really wants to be fucked? Wouldn't that just confirm what Gimli said?
“Fine, let's eat and see a movie, and we’ll talk after”, Thranduil concedes, way too easily.

Food is good, and Legolas feels a bit more clearheaded after he eats. He realizes he overreacted, towards everybody, today, but doesn't understand why that happened. He would apologize, but he doesn't know where to start, and while he thinks what to say, Thranduil's phone rings and its Elrond, and Thranduil invites him over.

“Legolas, stop sulking. Elrond is my friend first, and he will come here as such. You and everybody else will take your safety and well-being seriously, and I will not hear any more on that subject, is that clear?”

“I understand, I'm sorry, it's just that... ”

“That you felt too powerless and exposed?”

That is a stunningly clear way to describe how he feels, and Legolas wonders, for the millionth time, how does the man read him so well, better than he understands himself.

“Yes”, he acknowledges. “I know I should be grateful for this, I am, please believe me!”

“I know, little one. But, as we have discussed, I do not want to harm you, and wanting tonight to continue because you think it's your duty to take anything is not... ”

“It's not about duty! I want... I... I felt so good, I don't want to stop!” And he's blushing again, feels even his ears are crimson, and it sounds shameless and wanton, but it's all true.

Thranduil laughs and hugs him again, and he gladly relaxes against his chest, listening to the vibrations of the laughter in it, playing with a strand of silver hair.

“OK then, this is what we'll do: we'll go to the bedroom, I will check you out and see, for my peace of mind, you are physically fine; if you are, then you'll start doing whatever homework or such you have, and I'll have a couple of drinks with Elrond, and then we'll continue as planned. If I'm not sure you are well, we will impose on Elrond to check you and we'll do as he says. Let's go.”

Legolas doesn't like the plan that much, but can't find any good reason to oppose it, so he follows the man upstairs. As soon as they are in the bedroom, he takes off his pants and underwear and goes to lie down on the bed, face down, spreading his legs, making Thranduil chuckle.

The man slowly seats himself near him on the bed and moves a hand from his ankle to his thigh, and a finger presses lightly on the bruise formed there.

“Such a beautiful canvas your skin is, my dear. It's exceedingly tempting to mark you just everywhere,” he tells him, moving upwards, touching his ass cheeks, tracing the most painful areas with his fingertips. Legolas wants to push and feel more, but this is just supposed to be a check-up, so he orders himself to stay still. Now both hands have grabbed him and are spreading him lightly, and it's impossible not to clench just a little, before he breathes deep and spreads his legs more, relaxing.

“I'm afraid you are quite inflamed, my dear. You should take 3-4 days to rest, before I take you again.”

“Please, what is the problem if we don't?”

Thranduil sighs at this.
"Little one, believe me when I say you are a huge temptation at this point, and there's nothing I would like better than to take you; but it will hurt, much more than you expect, and you will need a much longer time to recoup after, probably more than a week. And no, if I take you tonight, without any discussion, we will take a break until you are fully recovered, because otherwise you'll need a trip to the hospital - inflamed flesh is very easily prone to abrasion and tears and bleeding. I trust you do not want that, right?"

"Of course I don't want that but... I don't understand. You wanted to do this and now..."

"I want many things, Legolas, but the price for my pleasure should not be your health. And I think one of the issues is that you were way better at this than I expected. When we started, I thought about half of what we did will happen, if I was lucky, so this is very good."

Legolas is just bewildered to hear this.

"Wait a second, what did I do so good? I mostly did what you told me, and that was to relax and enjoy, and yes, I enjoyed it a lot, but..."

"That's exactly it, treasure, most people wouldn't enjoy this so fast or so much, so I was expecting to have to go very, very slow, taking many breaks. Tell me, when I do certain things to you, it does hurt, is that correct?"

"Yes, but, well, the ache is most unpleasant afterward, when I have to do other things, when I have to sit down and such. When you do it, it's just that you do it and I'm already feeling so hot and it's tingling down my spine and it's so very arousing that, well, it's not that bad. It's actually... I'm not sure..."

"It feels better when I do something a bit painful than if I didn't?"

"Yes, I think it does."

"Thing is, Legolas, for many people, pain is a very big deterrent in sex, especially when they are feeling it. So I was expecting you to just be able to stand a very small amount of it at first, and to very gradually learn to take a bit more. You behaving like somebody very experienced with that threw me off a bit, but in a very good way."

"Experienced? But I..."

"Sshh, I know that. And I'm not saying you did or said anything wrong, on the contrary, you did everything so good that right now I think I'm one of the luckiest guys alive, to have found you. My sexual preferences are not so easy to take, so the fact that you enjoy this so easily is absolutely stupendous.

You see, what's responsible for feeling pleasure or pain are nerve endings - you heard of those, right?" The boy nods, so he can continue. "Thing is, because the same nerve endings transmit both the pain and the pleasure message, they can be tricked to report one as the other - just, in your case, there's no need of a lengthy process, it seems they do it already, on their own. But this mustn't be abused.

Let's get you dressed, before I want to do something I shouldn't. I'll let you do your homework, and see if Elrond arrived."

It's great to hear the man is satisfied, it really is, and he starts putting his pants back on, but Legolas can't help but have many more questions. And a very niggling one is what will happen tonight. He needs to know if he should open himself up for later, and there is that small issue...
“Thran, still, I have a question, actually two.”

The man chuckles.

“Of course my dear, what is the question?”

“Well, I... should I open myself for you tonight? And if I should, the lube bottle is pretty empty, may I use the oil?”

“Hm... well, this might be a good moment to get that out of the way”, Thranduil muses out loud. “Let me show you something, you should enjoy it, I think. Come,” he says and goes towards the bathroom.

Legolas follows him in the bathroom and then through a door they never used, in the far wall. It's a big room, of course – he hasn't yet seen a small room or closet in the house – with a big chunk of the walls covered with cabinets or mirrors, a leather couch and various objects that look pretty weird, scattered around the floor - some kind of scary, some plain... well, he has no idea what they could be used for.

“This is my playroom”, the man says, “and everything in it has to do with sexual play. To answer an older question you had, each object in here is designed to make you feel more that you did previously, and I do indeed plan to use them on you and with you. Don't worry about the how for now, I will thoroughly explain each thing we'll use, when we do it.”

Legolas is stunned; a whole room full of things having to do with sex? It doesn't make sense, and well, except for the strange looking contraptions, it looks pretty innocuous; but the man continues.

“The thing is, you are not to come here alone and try to use anything, unless you have my clear permission to do so. I want you to understand that some things in here can be very dangerous, if not used right, and that I am taking this order very, very seriously. I need your clear promise you will obey me in this, Legolas.”

“Yes, Thran, I will not come here unless you tell me to and will not try to use these things. I have no idea what all these are, anyway.”

“I know you don't, but this order is also valid for later, after you learn to use some of them. Anyway, there is a little closet you are allowed to use for now, it is this, here, left from that door that leads to the corridor, the light blue one, see?” He demonstrates, opening the cabinet and letting Legolas see four small shelves, most of them with little bottles and cream recipients.

“Whenever there isn't enough lube or oil, you can get more from here. For starters, just take a bottle identical to the one you emptied – some of them have specific uses. There are also condoms here, but we don't need them at the moment, these are sterile gloves, in case you ever have to clean an abrasion or something else where there is blood, you should use them, I'll show you how. There is disinfectant for toys, we'll use that when needed.

The creams here are soothing and antiseptics – I'll make a list of what you should use and when. Clearly we should use a soothing one tonight. Regarding your other question, for now don't open yourself, I will ask Elrond's opinion on this and let you know. No pouting,” he says, sternly.

“No matter what we do tonight, the next 3 days I will not take you; and if I do take you tonight, we will have no discussion about getting more before a week has passed, is that clear?”

“Yes Thran, I understand. I will take a bottle of lube then, anyway, to have it in the drawer?”
“Yes, do take it, and let's go downstairs, probably Elrond will want to see that you look OK. Then you are to go to your room and study.”
LIST OF CHARACTERS

Chapter Summary

Sorry for delaying, RL has a way of getting in the way of fun. This is really short, but don't worry, I'm trying to finish the regular chapter soon. This is a list of main characters and how I see them, because I've been told some things about them were not very clear from the chapters until now. I might edit to add later, as the story develops.

- Thranduil - Owns a huge company, very rich, started everything with mob money, wants to get out of it but it's complicated

- Legolas - orphan, thrown on the streets and mistreated by family

- Azog - Head of a mob family, deals mostly in prostitution and leg breaking, has a seedy BDSM club

- Bolg - son of the previous, sadist

- Thorin Oakenshield - head of the Durin mob family, they deal mostly in weapons and precious metals, contraband. Rough around the edges, a bit stingy, very confrontational

- Feanorions - Maedhros and Maglor, were the mob family having power in the city 18 years before the story happens, "discovered" Thranduil's eye for business after he started working for them. Maedhros died and Maglor had mental health issues since then. Now the head of the family is Fingon, married to Anna. he has a son, Gil.

- Galadriel - mistress, has her own upscale BDSM club, she's not in a mob per se

- Celeborn - the later's husband, hot shot lawyer and involved in covering up things for various mob families

- Elrond - physician, has his own clinic, his dead wife was the daughter of the later two, has 3 children - twins Elladan and Elrohir and Arwen, married to Aragorn. The twins are resident physicians in his clinic and a bit of hellions, like both men and women.

- Galion - butler of Thranduil, runs his house and whatever else he needs

- Boromir - Thranduil's head of security, former military, a bit of a hothead, brother of Faramir, who is Thranduil's second in the legit business, together with Eowyn

- Mrs. Baggins - cook, likes to feed everybody and thinks everybody is too skinny

- Glorfindel - owner of a regular night club/disco, womanizer, likes to always have two girls at once, preferably the Barbie/plastic kind (as in plastic surgery)

- Bard - Thranduil's favorite driver, helicopter pilot, mechanic, head of everything technical needed. He is a widower and has 3 children, Bain is working for Thranduil as a driver also, Sigrid is a stylist, Tilda is still studying.
This was the spark
And this was the tinder - not THAT tinder - making me write this

And a few more pics in that vein :) for inspiration
ONLY YOU COULD HAVE SUCH PROBLEMS

Chapter Summary

Thranduil doesn't know what to do, so he asks for advice and follows it, but the result is not really what he expected. More and black-and-blue do make a theme 'wink'

Chapter Notes

Sorry again for the delay, this is the chapter, and I hope it's long enough to compensate, but I seriously doubt I can write another one for tomorrow. I will post as soon as I have one ready, anyways. Btw, this is my tumblr, if you want to chat with me and all:
https://www.tumblr.com/blog/awesome-bluehair-universe

Elrond hasn't yet arrived, and Thranduil decides he should yell at Thorin, to get that out of the way. Oh, and he had an idea…

“Get Boromir,” he tells Galion, and goes outside, deciding it would be great to savor some wine in the nice summer breeze. “We'll have the drinks outside, Galion, so please bring Elrond directly here. Some wine for me, ask him what he prefers. And whatever you want, Legolas, let’s get a lounge chair near the table for you.”

They settle down, and it's pretty arousing to know the boy has to lounge and not sit. Those bruises were so fucking hot, and he's aching to feel the way the inflamed anus is all puffy and tender and tighter than ever, and the way the boy mewls at the touch. Fuck, better get this call going and think of something else.

He calls Thorin's mobile, because there's no use trying to discuss with Gloin, he's just a second. Thorin answers, pissed already, since probably the little loud mouthed shit had gone complaining to his father. Coward!

“Yes Thorin, this is why I called, because I'm beyond angry at what that good for nothing boy has pulled.”

Thorin starts ranting about disrespect, and it gets to be a little too much.

“Yes, disrespect is exactly what all this is about. And it is disrespect to me, and to my decisions, because we both know who decided on the boy's whereabouts. This is something I do not accept, especially from somebody still wet behind his ears. I only called to warn you, officially, that if any of your men does something like that again, my security has orders to shoot directly. I think it would be good if you let everybody know, and I will not say it again.”

Now Thorin's rant is all about the treatment of whores, of course.

“Thorin, I don't tell you how you should treat your household, and I am not interested in your ideas on how I should treat mine. Oh, not to forget, the boy will apologize for it to Legolas, just like he
would to me, for taunting him because he obeyed a direct order. I have things to do now, so, if it's clear enough, I'll see you at the next meeting. Good bye.”

The man growls a yes and closes, so that's one thing done. Boromir has arrived, and he's smirking, clearly enjoying the discussion.

“Yes, Boromir, I want Legolas to have the number of the daily guard on speed dial, so in case anything happens, he can alert them in an instant. Have Feren solve this, and you heard what I told Thorin, you can inform everybody, right?"

“Yes, I'll get on it right away. Anything else?"

“Not at the moment, dismissed.”

Thranduil takes a sip of the wine Galion already brought and sees Legolas' bewildered face.

“What is it, my dear?"

“Are you really serious about this, killing somebody for... ”

“Legolas, you have to understand, these are not regular people, they don't do things as you would normally expect. I know you are not stupid, so I think you realized that some of the things happening, like Azog threatening you and asking for money for a human being are not exactly legal.”

The boy nods, subdued, so he continues.

“I do not care much for the way they think, but I know how it works; and since Thorin and his gang are mostly weapons dealers, they understand only one thing: power, which can be enforced by violence. I hope it does not come to this, and any guard will not shoot to kill at first, but I can't be seen as weak. Unfortunately there are still reasons for me to need to deal with them, I can't stop at the moment.

This is why you never go out alone, heck, why I never go out alone. Even though my business is now legit, there are things unfinished and I still didn't sever all my ties with them, so I have to face the situation. Can you understand this?”

“Yes, I understand, Thran,” he sighs. “And thank you for taking care of me.”

“Of course, my dear, I always will. Ah, here is Elrond. How was your day, Elrond?”

“Hello Thranduil, Legolas. My day was boring to tears, actually.”

“Well, come have a drink. I don't hear you very often saying that, though.”

“It's reporting time, and I had to comb papers all week long. I didn't become a physician to do that, so it's quite annoying. What about you?”

“Oh well, paperwork is my daily thing, so that is something I can't complain about, I'm afraid. Just had to yell at Thorin bloody Oakenshield though, and threaten his damn collection of idiots, and that's not something I appreciate.”

“I heard you messed with all the bosses, made them lose their dinner. Was that a wise move?”

“Whoever dared call me wise?”, Thranduil quips, and Elrond really smiles now. “But no, it wasn't about that, I'll tell you the issue. Anyway, have a seat.”
Legolas excuses himself, and it's just the two of them now, so maybe he should dive right in?

“Elrond...”

“I'm glad the boy...”, Elrond says at the same time, so they both stop and then laugh.

“OK, you first, Elrond, forgive me.”

“I just wanted to say, the boy looks real good now, he can actually smile and those clothes fit well, on a human and not a scare-crow.”

Thranduil laughs at this.

“It isn't like you to say such disparaging things, my friend.”

Elrond sighs and drinks some wine.

“I just can't understand how somebody can treat their family that way. How poor can you be, to starve a youth so?”

“From what I understand, the starving was more while he was on the road, because he didn't have money to buy food. But yes, you don't know half of the mental mistreatment he suffered. And exploitation, because he worked full time, with just a bed and food. And he didn't even always get warm water to wash with, it was one of his ideal request from a job, for fuck's sake.”

Elrond curses at this, really heartfelt.

“I did have the urge, quite a few times, to get on the plane and break a few of that idiot's bones but, you know, I am trying to leave that part behind.”

“How does that come along?”

“Complicated, as usual. I can't complain much, really, I think the worst of it is having to meet the idiot bunch too often. Trouble is, Fingon is such a distrustful guy; I promised a thousand times I will keep offering them sound business advice and all that, and you know me, there's no reason I wouldn't keep doing it, they are the perfect business partners in this. I always earn well from it, too, not that that is too much of an incentive after a point, but...”

“You know very well what he saw happening, how much betrayal, I doubt it's possible, after a time, to believe anything good can happen.”

“How is Maglor, do you still keep in touch?”

“Well,” Elrond says, gloomily, “once in a blue moon he's fine and he gives me a call, but the last time that happened was some time last year. They tried everything, but without medication it's really bad, and those kinds of drugs don't help that much.”

“I'm sorry, Elrond, I know you had a special relation with him.”

“Honestly, I think what I consider worst is that he lost his music, and looking at Lindir, and knowing him, it's the worst that could happen.”

“I'm sure that is not something that will happen to your sweet birdie, he's not into all the shit we got in.”

“He doesn't have to, you know how we met?”
“No, do tell.”

“He had plain and simple repetitive strain injuries, and was really terrorized this could hinder his performance.”

It's Thranduil's time to sigh and, discovering his glass is empty, to pour more for both of them.

“I think we should leave these mopey things aside,” he says. “Why didn't you bring him with you? I think the two kiddies would have liked to spend time together.”

“You are incorrigible, Thran. I'm actually all alone, everybody is out of town.”

“No way!”

“Yes, Lindir is participating in a festival in Boston, he will only be back on Monday. Arwen and Aragorn are in Palm Springs, they needed a last getaway before she gives birth and both will be to busy with the boy.”

“And the boys?” Thranduil smirks.

“They went to the wedding of a friend, in Seattle. It seems they were really needed, since they organized both the bachelor and the bachelorette party. I don't even want to know.”

“Why not, this would definitely be good for the moral!”

“Of course you'd think that. They are good boys, nobody can deny that, but it's hard for me to understand this propensity for outrageous things they have. Some days I wonder how they are not directly Galadriel's sons, and how come Arwen, whom she raised after... well, is not like them.”

“I suppose some deity decided having three children of that ilk would be too much even for your saintly patience, my friend. How is Galadriel?”

“You got that right. Well, she's busy as usual, seriously considering to also open a resort, since the club works so well and all. And she says she still has a few years until the little one would be in need of a granma to really spoil him, so she will get bored otherwise.”

“I think I'll be her first client, if she does. Knowing her, it will be a wondrous place.”

“Already the boy is no longer enough?” Elrond asks, with a little edge in his voice.

“Far from it, very far. Actually, I wanted your opinion about the boy, I'm in a bit of a conundrum.”

“My opinion?” he asks, pointedly.

“Yes, in a bit of a professional capacity, I think. You see, I just started to introduce pain into play, two days ago...”

“That's impossible! How did you wait that long?”

Thranduil scowls at that.

“Well, it's exactly the issue I told you about, about the fucked up upbringing the boy had. Yes, I know very well that sounds super-weird when I say it, but it's beyond the pale. Did you know that the boy hadn't even masturbated once before being here?”

“That's preposterous,” Elrond says, shuddering. “I didn't find anything wrong with him physically,
but I can do some more tests…”

“No, no, nothing is wrong with him physically, or, anyway, nothing having to do with having an erection or normal lust. No, it was a sin to do that, and the punishments were severe and beyond degrading. It is a sin also to have a discharge during the night, you see, and to take SexEd classes, and so on. Sex is something that should happen in like, half an hour tops, under the sheets, and only the husband in the family is supposed to take pleasure from it.”

“When you put it like that, I would totally accompany you to break that cretin's bones. So what did you do?”

“Spoiled him as much as possible and teased him to tears, literally, advancing very slowly, what else could I do? Also, I had to try and raise his self-confidence a bit, because that was, and still is, in tatters. I started him on lessons with Mithrandir, because of course, since he was 16, it was more important that he worked full time on the farm, cleaning stables and shit, than going to school. And Mithrandir tells me he's very bright, and I saw it myself.”

“I'm really sorry to hear this, do you want me to recommend a counselor?”

“No, it's not about that. I will try to offer as much praise and support as possible, I think that is all he needs, after a while he'll have to start feeling better. No, the problem is a completely unexpected one. As I was saying, I started with pain, a simple spanking, thinking that I'll need a lot of time to make him feel good with it and all that stuff. Imagine my surprise when he liked it so much he just came immediately after I entered him, at the end.”

“That's indeed unusual.”

“Yes, and more, my initial plan was to drag this thing for three days, with pain followed by pleasure and the works – classic conditioning. Well, the second night he came untouched, just from me fucking hard his bruised ass.”

“I hope his oversharing does have a point?”

“Yes, bear with me. You see, I had decided that really, I achieved my goal and way more, so, after he had fallen asleep in class today, I though to cancel tonight and just let him rest. But he's having none of it.”

“And why does that trouble you?” Elrond asks, laughing out loud.

“Because his asshole is really is inflamed and his ass is black-and-blue and this shows just a little lack of self-preservation. I'm very tempted to think he's a born pain-slut. Yes, I know the term is disparaging, but do you have another?”

“Not really, just, how sure are you?”

“Well, I got a little carried away seeing his reactions, and treated him pretty much like an experienced sub – I didn't held my strength in check almost at all, both in spanking and fucking. And for the last hour before you came, I had to explain to him why he would need a three day break, and the clear probability of the need for a one-week break if we do continue tonight, and the almost certainty of a trip to the hospital if we abuse his body too much. And he still finished the discussion by asking for more lube and for sex tonight.”

Elrond's eyes are tearing from laughing too much now.

“I'm sorry, I understand this can be dangerous, I do, but seriously, only you can have such problems, Thranduil. I'll hate myself for saying this, but how the fuck does that happen, you finding only first
rate gems to buy, in any field?"

“Easier with the compliments Elrond, or I'll think you are flirting with me. Anyway, the problem, as I see it, is this: I could just impose my will, and take a break, but somehow I think it will be a hurt on his psyche, on his fragile self-trust, and feeling rejected one more time will not do him good; on the other hand, I'm way too tempted by all this, ad there's the real possibility of a physical injury that could have been avoided. How do I make him understand?”

There are a few moments of silence, and both of them ponder on this, until finally Elrond seems decided.

“You might just let him have what he wishes for. It's useful with kids sometimes, to let them, in a controlled way, to really feel the pain. He will feel seriously bad the next day and start to consider that maybe it's better to listen to you and avoid such situations, as pleasant as they might seem in the beginning. And well, you'll just have to take care and remember he's not that experienced. It should feel good to be so in control, no?”

Thranduil's laugh is a little hollow at this, but it does sound as the most plausible solution.

*

Legolas is quivering, drunk with pleasure, trying hard not to beg continuously. It serves him right, he had to want more, hadn't he, and make the man do more than he wanted, so now he has to take it, although he's not sure for how long he will be able to.

Thranduil has started, again, excruciatingly slow, moving his hands languidly down his back, over his ass, down his legs, making his hairs stand on end, making him melt into the bed, relishing the attention, and then, abruptly, he scratched over the most sensitive areas, making Legolas arch from the soft surface, yelling, a wave of liquid heat spilling over his body in that instant.

The warm, careful hands then returned to their slow petting, and then again he felt the bite of nails, flopping on the bed like a fish when Thranduil started spanking, hard from the first one, making his blood boil so fast that he couldn't breathe. It hurt, it really did, his abused flesh screaming that it was too much, but the burning in his belly and his cock, the tension coiling abruptly in his balls were too good to pay attention to that, he just needed to move, his hands had to grab something, anything, and he had to come. He managed to say it, and Thranduil fucking stopped, God, it was so unfair! He was turned on his back, and it was stinging so bad, so fast.

“Legolas, breathe!” he heard the stern voice, and he did, he tried, yes, deep breaths, as deep as his clenching muscles allowed, yes, it was better.

“Wait a moment, I'll make things easier”, the man told him and went to the bathroom, and then returned with a leather thing he called a cock ring, which he settled around the base of Legolas' cock and around his balls. It was incredibly annoying, but, supposedly, it was to stop him from coming until he got permission. It was also supposed to make things easier, because he didn't need to worry about that, and just relax. That was definitely crazy, how could he relax?

He was moved towards the foot of the bed, so he could keep his hands on one of the solid wooden pillars, and Thranduil had started rimming him, slowly, thoroughly, intoxicating. Even this gentle action sent spikes of pain through him, but they were mixed with such an abrupt pleasure that he couldn't put a stop to it. He was enormously grateful for the grip on the hard piece of wood when he was slapped again, feeling it in his whole being with a sharpness that turned the world upside down, with edges blending and mixing together.
The fingers opening him each felt as big as the man's cock, although he knew that was impossible, and he wondered to himself why did he not want to stop, why didn't he say at least the small word that would give him a break, but he just could not do it. So he took them, and the final slaps, all the flesh on his body itching, the skin too small over his trembling body, muscles spasming, clenching and unclenching randomly, his vision a fractured blur, his throat filled with broken glass from screaming.

He was moved again, Thranduil had seated himself with the back to the headboard and brought him to straddle his lap, making it clear he would be the one to skewer himself over the man's thoroughly rigid member. Legolas' legs seemed to be made of jelly, but he managed to put his hands on the man's shoulders and, mercifully, Thranduil did grab his hips to support him, so somehow he lowered himself and allowed the huge head to tear his swollen entrance open. God, oh God, it hurt like nothing he ever experienced, but he still wanted it, his heart stopping for a moment from the madness of sensation, his nails digging hard into the man's muscled shoulders, making him grunt, but he couldn't care, couldn't stop, allowing the man deeper, fire in his veins, in his ass, in his cock, red all around him.

Somehow he bottomed out, keenly feeling each ridge and bump and vein of the invading shaft so acutely that his eyes watered, and it was true that he didn't have to worry about coming, since the damn ring was another poignant hurt, right in his most sensitive place, making it plain impossible, although the level of pleasure was already mind-numbing.

“Move”, Thranduil snarled, and helped him raise for about two inches, and then he fell back, screaming constantly now, while he saw, from far away, how one of his hands skidded and left big red furrows over the man's chest, making him groan and snap his hips, ripping Legolas' mind to shreds. His mouth was caught and bitten, kissed, something deep, stealing what was left of his breath. He was raised and dropped like a mannequin, only able to hold on by white-knuckled gripping the man's shoulders, along with strands of his shiny hair, wanting to inflict pain on him also, to share the tearing sensation deep within.

Legolas was feeling the world darken, his vision only a glimpse of the man's eyes, darkened and hungry and bottomless, until the restraint was removed and Thranduil growled at him to come, so he did, so hard that for an endless while it was all just pulsing, red and white all around. All sounds came from very far away, his limbs were far away and heavy, just overwhelming pleasure.

Then he finally came around and was still shaking, and crying, he couldn't stop, and saw that Thranduil's face was very agitated, he was still held in the man's lap, but it was OK, surely.

“'m fine,” he managed to say, but then he felt the cramping in his abdomen, bad, oh God, so bad, what was happening now? He couldn't control it, and the man hissed too, and pulled himself out of Legolas' ass, and that hurt!

“Fuck! Ouch... it hurts, why does it hurt?” he gritted, and then another cramp hit, and why did this happen? He fell on his side and curled, and maybe it was better, until another one hit, and why did Thranduil leave the bed, left him alone there? But it was better, not so bad now, Thranduil returned and lifted him in his arms, saying something in a soothing voice, and he took him to the bathtub, oh, he had already started the water, a bit too hot, God, it stung, oh, this was too much, too much!

“Red! Red!” he croaked, and cramped again, grateful for the hand keeping his head above the water.

“I know, little one, but I can't make it stop, you need to relax, you're cramping because you were too tense, relax, let everything go! Shhh, I know it hurts, just let it go, breathe, it will stop, soon, treasure, soon.” He tried, he really did, and after what seemed like an eternity, it finally stopped, and the stinging eased, too, so he could just lay limply in Thranduil's supporting arms, completely wrung out,
afraid he'll have to move.

“Better?”

“Yes”, he barely managed to say, because his throat seemed to want to close, too. “As long as I don’t have to move.”

The man chuckled lightly.

“Well, not for a while. I will lift you and get you to bed, but it would be great if you would be able to hold yourself on the edge of the tub, so I can dry you. Now, or should we wait a few more minutes?”

“Now”, he decided, because if they waited, he was sure he will fall asleep. Or faint, or something.

It was so hard even to just sit, his body completely uncooperative, his head spinning from the slightest movement, but somehow he was in bed, and Thranduil brought him some water, the perfect thing for his throat, and then it was blissfully dark.

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Thranduil put on a robe, got out of the room, went to the kitchen, opened a bottle of wine with shaking hands and went outside, relishing the coldness of stone on his naked feet, scared to death. The boy was a pain slut, there was no doubt about it, and the temptation to find his limits was such a molten lava in his veins that he shuddered. Again. This was completely insane and so fucking dangerous that he just couldn’t think of anything else.
THRANDUIL SAVORING SOME WINE

The only thing he could see in his mind was the boy's tormented face, the fight of pain and ecstasy on it, and knew he wanted to see this every fucking day, and that the boy was not able to say no. It disturbed him to understand how much he wanted this, how much he relished this power to destroy another human being. He had always told himself that he wasn't like Bolg or Azog or others like them, that he was sane and would only take things to a point, but now, for the first time, he had in his bed the perfect victim – somebody who would probably die with a thanks on his pretty lips, with a quivering plea for more.

Fuck, this was insane, he didn't need more alcohol to make his mind crazier. He growled and threw the glass on the stone pavement, enjoying the sound of shattering. Yes, he could shatter the boy just like that, a mess of clinging red liquid and sharp, jagged edges, and he would fucking enjoy it. So he was no better than them, so what? He took a few deep breaths and started to try to come back to his cold, rational mind. He hadn't done that today, did he? He had actually asked for Elrond's opinion and used tonight as a lesson, so the boy would feel really bad the next day and think twice before asking for more. The cramps should be a bonus, indeed, the boy was very scared when they hit.

And you fucking loved the terror on his face, the inner voice supplies. Yes, you tried to help, but you are still hard, after you just came. You adored to watch how he contorted and tried to get away from it, the desperation in his eyes, so stop the bullshit. You are the one responsible for such things happening or not, you could have just fucked his mouth or something, there was no need to put your cock into that velvet prison.
Yes, Thranduil is hard as a rock, and of course he can't take the boy again, he will have to jerk off, because it is impossible to sleep like this. But he just doesn't feel like masturbating, because it will not be good enough. Or it will, but only if he's thinking about disturbing things, and that's not a good way to get himself in check.

He will have to ration every encounter where he will use pain on Legolas, decide clearly, in advance, exactly what he will do, and follow that decision with an iron hand, because he's a fucking addict at seeing the way the boy thrashes and his breath stops and he's just... damn it, stop!

“Everything OK?”, Boromir's voice comes from the shadows.

“There's nothing you can do about it. Night shift?”

“Just thinking, and a bit agitated. Want to spar? I can let you beat me.”

“Not tonight, Boromir, tonight I would need blood or more.’’

“I'm really sorry about what happened, Thranduil. I promise I will rein myself in and not endanger the boy in any way again. But if you really need it, Elros and Connor were still around and awake, come fight us all. I won't complain if I'm all black and blue tomorrow, and they will restrain you if it gets to be too much. Deal?”

Thranduil sighs and seriously wonders if that will help. There's too much want in him, too much sharp, pulsing desire for sex and pain; he can't go back to bed like this, and can't work, because his mind is too frayed. And he doesn't really know how to do anything else.

“Yes, check if they want to do it, but no obligation, Boromir, clear?”

Boromir takes out his phone and calls the men, and they agree, so Thranduil goes to change and meets them in the training room. He's only wearing kimono pants, because his skin is too itchy to deal with more garments, and definitely not shoes. And he's still almost completely hard, and isn't that fun to feel. The men look alert enough, and there's also Bard, sitting cross-legged in the corner of the large room, as usual, looking so very calm. But it's still not enough for the scraping he feels inside.

“Get some kind of weapon”, he says, “and don't spare me.”

There's a moment of silence, and then Connor and Elros pick up some wooden training staffs. Boromir smiles, lopsided, and takes the Chinese spear from the tall weapons rack, and Thranduil's breath hitches, while his eyes focus on the pointed, gleaming tip. It's a real weapon, and it's fucking dangerous. The man would better fight well with it, because Thranduil knows he desperately wants to take it from him and bleed him with it. But Boromir is one of the few who actually trained to use the damn thing, all nine feet of it, so he probably will.

“10 minutes?” Bard asks, so he'll referee.

“15”, Thranduil says, too much raw emotion in his tone.

“At 1”, Bard says, clipped, and starts counting down from 3.

They start circling him, but Thranduil doesn't have the patience for this, so he attacks bluntly, making Elros retreat, protecting himself from Connor's heavy strikes, and of course Boromir hits him on the thigh, with the flat of the blade, from the distance. It's maddening, that thing is way too long and he can't reach the man, having to parry the others' attacks.
It's good though, because he has to concentrate, has to be there, in the fight, and not see Legolas thrashing, his mouth open wide in a scream, begging for more. But he just did, didn't he, and Elros' strike smarts on his bicep, bringing him back to now. And again, until he manages to wrench his staff and throw him down. He turns on Connor, and the damn spear hits him again, in the exact same point on the thigh. He growsl and tries to get closer to Boromir, but the other two are in the way, and he has to jump and parry, dodge, bend, parry, jump, jump, parry, until he manages to score an uppercut to Elros' jaw, making the man sway on his feet and retreat, dazed.

He tries to catch the spear, but instead of pulling, Boromir pushes, so he ends up on the floor, tripped by Connor, and Bard announces a break. Thranduil huffs. He's less aroused, but still seething. Maybe even more, because he couldn't even touch Boromir, so the next bout will also be 15 minutes long. He drinks some water and tells Elros to stand down. Bard offers to take his place, but no, that doesn't feel right, and he fucking wants to punch the smile off Boromir's serene face, so now it's two against one.

Thranduil feels a bit more in control, and tries to get completely back, so he pays attention to his breathing, deep, even, and jumps high towards Boromir, avoiding the weapon, and yes! He manages a solid punch to his face, but gloats too much at this small victory and the man's foot strikes hard in his belly, cutting his air. Fuck, he didn't take such a hit in a long time, so he's winded, and Connor takes him down easily. He doesn't yet feel the pain though, there's too much adrenalin coursing through his system. He'll feel it tomorrow, that's for certain.

His rage comes back in full force, since Thranduil hates with a passion to be bested in anything, so he head-buts the man and gets up, and fuck, again the thigh! He roars and grabs the cursed thing, ignoring the slice the perfectly honed blade makes on his forearm, and manages to yank it from Boromir's grasp and breaks the damn thing, throwing the pieces at the wall with a snarl.

Connor is again in his way, so he mows him down with a low kick and kicks him hard in the side, relishing the broken gasp this provokes, growling at him to stand down, so he can turn to the other annoying prick. Of course said prick smirks at him, taunting, and they start a slug fest, hammer-like blows in the solid shoulders, chest, parries that make their teeth rattle. Boromir grabs him in a bear hug, but jumps away the moment Thranduil is ready to bring his nose down into his brain with his head, and then falls to the ground and kicks his legs from under him.

He growls and rolls toward him, keeping him down also, and manages a few solid hits to the man's straining abdomen, happy to see he's no longer fucking smiling, until Bard yells at them to stand down, and Thranduil feels hands on his shoulders, trying to restrain him.

So much for his fucking calm and concentration; the satisfying, meaty feeling of punching a brawny body brought his cock back up all the way, and no way can he calm down while still breathing erratically, hearing the other man's slight wheezing, smelling the arousing aroma of masculine sweat. Even the hits he took feel too good at the moment, his blood roaring in his veins, chock-filled with endorphins, making him almost fly.

"OK, enough, it doesn't help", he grits. "Thank you for this anyway, just let's leave it for another day."

"You're bleeding", Bard says.

"Yes, fuck, I'll take a shower and bandage it."

"Are you sure you can do it one-handed?"

"If I can't, who's on the night shift?"
“Call me,” Boromir says, “if you do it or if you can't. I still need to wind down before sleep.”

He nods and returns to his bedroom. The boy is dead to the world, which is a very good thing. Thranduil doesn't dare look at him too much, sure the angelic expression on his sleeping face would just reignite all his sadistic urges. He just goes to the bathroom, remembers the cut and gets together all he needs to disinfect and bandage it and tries to decide between bath, shower or, maybe the smartest thing, a really cold shower.

Of course, if that would work for his brain too, but he knows it doesn't. Yes, it would calm his body, but even if he freezes himself until morning, his jumbled mind doesn't care. He sighs and decides for the shower and for bandaging himself afterward. It is just a scratch, anyway, but it shouldn't stay unprotected in the tub.

He really did a number on himself though, he realizes when he feels the sting of hot water on his knuckles, since a few of them are pretty scraped. He's sure many more things will complain tomorrow, but well, it's not like the boy will be in a better shape, so something that will stop him from wanting sex too much is good.

Only the thought of the pain the boy will feel makes his prick jump, and Thranduil starts cataloging the list of pains the boy will probably feel. Clearly his buttocks and asshole will hurt like a motherfucker, they will probably need attention too – a bath and a soothing cream, maybe some antibiotic ointment on the tender asshole, to prevent bigger issues. He could use some numbing cream, he has some, but that would ruin the lesson, and the beast inside also yells that it's sooo hot to have the boy squirm at any movement.

He pours some soap into his hand and grips his throbbing shaft, enjoying the few moments of coolness, slicking it everywhere, slow, although he wants to move so much faster. But he has to make this count, make his release really strong, otherwise he will still be unable to sleep. He does what he should have done with the boy, tease himself long and slow, a thoroughly unsatisfying grip for now, breathing deep and keeping his ass muscles tight, because he's so very tempted to come already.

Legolas' throat will hurt, too, because he screamed so beautifully; he should record the boy, he knows for sure that just hearing him destroy his own throat could make him spill. He will probably speak hoarsely tomorrow, or try not to speak; but Thranduil has to make him do it, because it's delicious to listen to him husking, and see him try to speak clearer, better, not realizing what his ruined voice does to Thranduil's insides.

He lets himself moan now, and tighten his grip just a little, slick hand gliding from root to tip, from tip to root, and it's just painful how hard he is right now, how full of seed his balls are, how eager he is to go into the room and let everything fall on the boy's black and blue ass, watch the creamy seed contrast so beautifully with the abused flesh. Then he should massage it into each bruise, digging his nails in just where it's darker, maybe breaking the translucent skin and letting the pretty ruby red blood come out, to mix with it.

The image makes him snarl and grab the base of his aching cock, hard, because such a sight … God, he'd probably come again, immediately, even if he's no longer 20. He tries hard to bring his breathing back in check, and his thoughts too. He shouldn't think of blood, monsters want to fuck somebody till he bleeds, he can't do that to the boy, or else why… No, those are clearly not good thoughts.

He turns the water glacially cold and resolutely enters the spray, set on maximum power; maybe this will make his thoughts more bearable. He stays there for at least two minutes, just counting the seconds, not letting any other image interfere, then another minute, for good measure. His cock is softer, but there's still an inferno in his belly, although he shivers.
Taking more soap, he starts stroking again, purposefully this time, thinking of something else – the boy's lovely lips around his cock, yes, the way he licks his head rapidly, flicking, sucking softly, with the slim hand teasing his aching balls. The boy loves to tease the soft skin down there, rub it between fingertips, then pull lightly, then rub again, and then he likes to suckle one testicle into his hot mouth, then the other, yes, that's so good, to see him kneeling in front of him, eager to bring him pleasure and take his.

Yes, fucking that lovely mouth, stretching it to the limit, bruising the tender throat and the wet lips, feeling the boy suffocate and try to withdraw, but keeping his head from moving with his hand, yes, using his right hand to grab his throat and feel the brutal movements of his penis in it, yesss, he growls and lets himself spill, shaking, grateful for the cool tile at his back, helping him slide down and sit, until he can see again.

No, he will not even think at how twisted this is, so he determinedly cleans himself, takes a robe and goes out in the hallway, calling Boromir to bandage his smarting hand. It's not a dangerous thing, but now that he's a bit more clearheaded, the various places hit do register, so he should just be able to sleep and let tomorrow be far away for just a little more time.
MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T DELAY SEXED ANYMORE

Chapter Notes

Shorter chapter, but I hope you'll like it anyway. :) Let me know if you do, and come find me on tumblr too. Italics are thoughts, in most cases.

Thranduil's throat is parched and he gets up from bed, without opening his eyes fully yet, and has to gasp, because getting from lying on his back to sitting to standing pulls the heck out of his abdominal muscles, which hurt like a bitch. Yeah, he had to fight the men last night, didn't he?

His gasp was too loud though and woke-up Legolas, too, because he hears muffled whimpers from the other side of the bed.

“One second”, he says, hoarsely, “I'll open the curtains and bring some water.”

He manages to do it, first gulping two glasses of liquid to quench his thirst and bringing the carafe with him near the bed. The boy is lying on his stomach, so he should check him out.

“Can you stay like this for a few more moments? I want to look at you and then I'll help you turn.”

The boy manages to croak an “yes”, so he pulls the covers and does all he can to restrain the groan wanting to leave his throat. Damn, his ass is all blue and so enticing that… He huffs and breathes deep.

“Well, the skin is not broken, that is a good thing”, he says. “I will look just a bit at your anus, relax, OK?”

Very gently, he parts the abused flesh; it's pretty warm to the touch, but that was to be expected. The ring of muscles is all puffy and angry red, of course, but there are no traces of blood on the outside. He will have to check the inside too, but not right this second. Carefully, he helps Legolas onto his side, then puts some pillows under his upper body, so he doesn't have to only lean on his elbow. Of course, he hisses at that, because he has to stretch to gather them, and the boy gasps too when he's lifted a bit. Thranduil waits for that to pass and gives him a glass of water, glad to see he manages to hold the glass without his hand shaking, even if his eyes are opened only a sliver.

“How do you feel?”

“Awful”, the boy answers, raspy. “I think only my hair doesn't hurt.”

Damn, chuckling heartily is so not a good idea right now.

“Joking aside, I'm afraid we'll have to make it worse before it gets better,” Thranduil says, and is a bit relieved to see the boy's eyes open wide and he tries to withdraw at this. So he does have a little sense of self-preservation after all.

“Did I do that to you?” Legolas chokes, startling him.

“What?”
“The bruises… and what about your hand, what did I do that you needed to bandage it?”

“Easy, easy, that's not you. I sparred with the men, it's nothing.”

“Did I sleep the whole day?”

“No, I did it last night, after you fell asleep.”

“But weren’t you…”

“Legolas, if I end up having to fight for my life, the enemies will not be so considerate as to wait for me to be well rested, with enough hours after I ate but not too hungry and all that shit; I need to be prepared at any time.” And you don’t need to know exactly why I did it, he muses.

“Doesn’t it hurt?”

“Of course it does, but that's life; I can't say I'm well trained and then, at the first real punch, collapse to my knees – the only way is to do this seriously and be able to take some hits and still go on. Don’t worry, little one, my opponents will probably look worse, we'll see at breakfast.”

At least he hopes so, but it is possible the boy won't be able to stand for long enough, so he might have to eat in bed. He'll see.

“Let's get you to the bathtub now, we both need a good soak. I need you to be very careful, move slowly and tell me the moment you can't take it – no more waiting until it's completely unbearable, OK? And lean on me as needed.”

“Won't that hurt you also?”

“I'll tell you if that is a problem, but yes, because of this I don't think it would be wise to carry you there. I'm sorry, I should have thought about that before. In case you can't walk, we'll get Galion to help us.”

The boy shudders at this and that is a bit much.

“You will not overexert yourself because you are too shy, Legolas”, he says sternly, and the boy sighs, chastised.

“I promise I will let you know if I have a problem, I really don't want more cramps.”

“Good, then let's get you moving.”

It's a slow and pretty painful process, for both of them. Thranduil is actually grateful for the pain, because he's not really into it if the adrenaline isn’t pumping, so it stops him from being overly aroused, even if the boy is trembling by the time they reach the bathtub. He helps him sit on the wide ledge, making him hiss with gusto. He starts the water, pours some calming bath oil and goes to get the antibiotic cream and the soothing one they’ll have to use after. His bandage will have to be protected, and that will be quite a bitch too, but of course the wound is too new to be kept in hot water for long.

Then he gets into the water and helps Legolas in, again straining his bruised abdomen while supporting him, because he whimpers and trembles and fusses until he can settle down a bit. They are silent for a while, maybe too silent.

“I hope you don't plan to fall asleep”, he tells the boy. “As I said, I can't carry you at the moment.”
“No, I understand. Just, I… I didn't expect the cramps.”

“Of course you didn't, but that wasn't the whole problem, was it, little one?”

“No. You were right, we should have taken a break, just… I never came so hard.”

“But it hurt like a bitch, too, right?”

“Yes, it did, even last night.”

“So why did you wait so much until you tried to stop it?”

The boy sighs and is silent for a while.

“I don't know. I asked myself the same question, right when I was doing it, but I just couldn't.”

“Was it because you would have disappointed me if you did?”, Thranduil asks, softly.

“Not exactly, no. I mean, yes, I never want to disappoint you, but it was this crazy mix – it hurt, but it also felt so good that I didn't want to stop. And I wanted to know how much pleasure I can feel.”

“And how much pain you can take?”

“Ah… maybe, I'm not sure.”

“I said it before, but I will repeat it: my pleasure should not cost you your health, little one. You do remember I like to fuck your pretty mouth, too, not just your ass, right? And that I like your hands on me?”

“Yes, but… well, you wanted my ass, no?”

Thranduil sighs, almost defeated.

“I could just make this an order, but I won’t do it right now because this is something too important. How shall I put it so you understand? OK, you know about the athletes, the football players, there was a high school team, right?”

“Yes, of course, but what…”

“Bear with me. They were training, and the best of them trained the most, correct?”

“Yes, the ones who wanted to get a scholarship for football were training almost every day.”

“Was there any case when somebody trained too much and had health issues?”

“I don’t think so, at my high school, but there were discussions about guys in college who did, and professional players.”

“And, by any chance, did you notice that beginners were training the least amount of time, although they would have had the most to learn?”

“I think so, yes.”

“You could consider yourself an athlete in this; yes, you have the least experience, so you would think that doing the most practice is the key; but your muscles need to adapt to the new regimen, your whole body needs to do this, until you can actually use them every day. Really, it is a muscle
down there, a sphincter is a muscle and it behaves like any other muscle – it can be trained, but it can also be broken if used way over its limit. Does this make more sense?”

“Yes, a little. So you are saying that I sort of need to train, like you do by sparring?”

Thranduil has to laugh at this.

“Well, sort of. I can devise some training things for you, but that’s not the idea. The idea is that you could consider each of our encounters a training session, and you should listen to the coach – that is me – when he tells you enough is enough. And to know that, if you do it right, you will reach the point where you can do it a lot more. How does that sound?”

“A bit clearer, yes. I’m sorry I didn’t listen to you from the beginning, Thran. I was too greedy and now you’ll have to take care of me. I promise to listen more, please forgive me?”

“Of course, pretty one. It’s not that you cause me problems, it’s that you will feel pretty bad the next days – and this could have been avoided. I don’t like to see you this hurt, OK?”

This is, of course, a huge lie, but what can he say, really? He doesn’t believe it would be safe to explain to the boy how much he actually enjoyed to hurt him, how he imagined tearing him apart. He likes that the boy trusts him now, wholeheartedly, and prefers to keep it that way for as long as possible. And he shouldn’t tempt both of them too much either.

“OK then, now for the fun part – we’ll get up and I’ll have to apply some cream to help you heal faster, and then we should eat. The same thing applies – you tell me immediately when it hurts too much, OK?”

“Yes Thran, I will.”

They manage to get back to the bed, but applying the antibiotic cream inside makes the boy cry in earnest, sending pangs of heat to Thranduil’s cock. The boy needs time to rest and breathe before they can think of going to the kitchen. Also, putting on pants would be a useless complication, he thinks, a robe should suffice. But he hadn’t bought a robe for Legolas, it completely slipped his mind, so he has to outfit him in one of the plain white bathrobes kept for guests. This doesn’t do the boy justice, at all, but he still looks breathtaking, and it’s hard to keep his hands off him.

“Ready?” he asks softly.

“As ready as I’ll ever be, I suppose. I almost want to say I’d rather not eat.”

“You do need to eat, little one. And I want you to keep the phone with you at all times, including when going to the bathroom, until you feel better. I’m sorry to say, but things could get complicated in there.”

At first, the boy looks at him uncomprehending, but then he gets it and gasps, dismayed, and becomes crimson in 3 seconds flat.

“But… why?”

“Why what?”

“Why do I have to have problems with things outside sex?”

It’s very hard not to laugh at this, but it would probably be hurtful for the boy.
“Did you ever hurt your hand, say working on the field, or cutting something?”

“Yes, sure, it happens.”

“And did that hurt impede other activities, aside work?” Of course the boy nods, so he can continue. “So why would this be any different?”

“Because… well, no reason, just…”

“The fact this is not really magically bad, as your grandfather said, doesn’t make it magically good, with no consequences outside the bed, Legolas. This is a very bad way of thinking, and it gets people to things like unwanted pregnancies in teenagers or STDs.”

“What are STDs? I heard you arguing with the doctor about it, but…”

“I might have to reconsider all this and actually get you a SexEd book or something. OK, STDs is short for sexually transmitted diseases – it's a group of infectious diseases which are mainly transmitted through unprotected sexual contact. Of course, they can also be taken through blood transfusions and such, just like any contagious disease, but most of the cases have to do with sexual fluids exchange.”

“Oh!”, is the only thing the boy says, and then there's silence again for a while.

“I think I would really like such a book,” Legolas says, finally. “It's quite scary to realize how much I don't know.”

“Yes, this might be the right thing to do. I still get to be the first to show you various things, but you have to know how to protect yourself. Anyway, you will remember to keep your phone with you, and will pay attention and let me know in case there is even a drop of blood, OK?”

The boy nods again, seeming exhausted already.

“Ah, and you need to pay more attention to hygiene than usual, for a while, and I left the antibiotic cream in the bathroom, you will use it after, OK? Or do you need my help with it?”

“I'll try and let you know if I need help. Can we please just go eat?”

“We will, now, but one final issue: shame should have nothing to do with protecting your health, Legolas. I will be really angry if you end up having complications because of that, am I clear?”

“I will do all you said, Thran. You did warn me that this will not be fun, and I already don't like it at all, so I don't want to make things worse.”

“Good, let's go to the kitchen then.”

*

Of course, the trip to the kitchen takes an ungodly amount of time, and it sure would have been easier to just have the food brought in the room. Still, there's the perverse pleasure of having to help the boy all the way, and feel him shiver and make little distressed sounds; and there's the rationalization that the lesson needs to be real clear, so this will not be repeated.

Finally, they are there, and indeed, the other men do look a bit worse for wear – Elros' jaw is spectacularly bruised and swollen, and Boromir's face doesn't look too good either. Both of them are paying attention to cut things in tiny pieces and chew really carefully, and it makes him smile, until
he has to sit and does it too fast, pulling at his muscles. His grimace, and probably the gingerly way Legolas just stays near him, with a hand solidly kept on the counter, makes Bard laugh out loud.

“Boss, maybe you should discuss with the doc to move his practice here or something.”

“Yeah,” Damien intervenes, “since you decided to make everybody moan and curse, not just the boy, including yourself, that would be a good idea.”

Thranduil wants to scowl at this, because the boy doesn't need more pressure today, but amazingly enough, Legolas laughs out loud at this, wheezing and taking his hand protectively to his belly – yeah, the afterthought of the cramps, most probably. It's still very good he can find it in himself to laugh, so Thranduil can feel more confident that he didn't exaggerated bringing him downstairs.

“A cute nurse wouldn't hurt either”, Bard continues, encouraged.

“Do you want to need a nurse”, he mock growls, and everybody laughs now, although Boromir winces instantly at this - both his lips were split.

“Well, if she's really pretty and stacked...”

“What are you doing here anyway?” Thranduil asks over the laughter. “Didn't you have Saturday off, since I'm staying home?”

“I needed to discuss scheduling a bit with Boromir, for me and Bain. Tilda will have her first violin recital and I know you'll need the helicopter next week, so we'll have to see who of us you need. Also, Sigrid has established the wedding date, and already set appointments for clothing and flowers and rehearsals and shit, so I need to let him know about it.”

“Congratulations, I wish you luck on both accounts. Boromir can pilot, let him know when the recital is. About the wedding schedule – do you actually want to be available, or should I keep you busy?”

All the men are now laughing at the sheepish face Bard makes, because they know how much he dislikes primping up and dealing with frills for himself.

“I… thank you so much, Thranduil. But you don't really like it when Boromir pilots.”

“Nonsense, your daughter shouldn't choose between her father and her brother at her first public appearance. And Boromir promised he'll behave, didn't you?”

“Yes boss, I'll be good, I don't want another thrashing.”

“See that you do. So, about the wedding, Bard?”

“Unfortunately she wants this, so I'll have to suffer through it. I still can't believe my little girl gets married.”

“So, you'll be a granpa soon, eh?” Damien gloats.

“I still can kick your lily ass, but I don't know about that yet. If they want to have children fast, well, it's their choice.”

“Leave the boy alone and eat,” Mrs. Baggins says sternly, making all of them pay attention to their plates. “And let me know if you need any help with the wedding, I'd be happy to help.”
Finally, Legolas feels well again, and he's very tempted not to go to school today and just linger in bed, enjoying the nest and the possibility to actually sit on the soft mattress without hissing. Being able to stretch again, to bathe without pain, and do other things without crying is definitely a blessing. And going to school means he'll have to see Gimli, who is supposed to apologize to him. Surely he will do it, because Thranduil demanded it, but of course he will not believe it, so what's the use?

Of course, he shouldn't be hiding either, and today or tomorrow or the day after, nothing will change in the other boy's attitude. He sighs, and Thranduil hears.

“I thought you were better my dear?”

“I am Thran, I'm just not sure if I want to go to Mithrandir's or attend from home for one more day.”

“Don't go if you don't feel ready. You have everything needed at home, right?”

“Yes, almost. There is this book I don't have, it's older and the bookstore didn't have it and it was checked out from the library.”

“I'll have Feren make you an Amazon account, so you can get any book you need. He'll message you with the details, OK? Anything else?”

“Thank you so much Thran! That's great! I'll tell you when I need any book.”

The man laughs.

“No, the idea is to be able to get any book without having to ask me. He'll add a credit card to the account, so you can get whatever you need and it will be paid automatically, no need to worry. But I have to leave now, so decide what you want to do and let the men know if they need to accompany you, OK?”

“Thank you, I hope you have an easy day.”

Thranduil leaves, and he has to decide what to do, it's true somebody else depends on this decision to know what they'll do today. He didn't ask for such power, but if… Damn it! He will have breakfast and then he will decide, so he puts on some jeans and a sweater and goes to the kitchen.

Of course, as soon as he actually seats himself at the counter, there's Damien, smiling crookedly and asking if he's accompanying him to lessons, so Legolas decides he should go - it's not like he can't do it, so why should he whine and be terrified by the other boy?

But first, something compels him to change his clothes – one of the new, silver shirts would look much better with the white jeans, and a wider leather tie for his hair, the one with leafs imprinted on it. And why not a black leather tie at his throat, too? He never worn such, but it makes a nice contrast with his outfit. Maybe Thranduil's passion with getting him so many things has a point, because the mirror shows him he looks different, maybe more confident?

He never looked at himself to try to judge his attractiveness, because that was a sin, and anyway, he never wanted to impress anyone before. Still, now he wonders from time to time what did the man find so interesting in him, and he'd called Legolas beautiful more than once, so maybe he is? But that's neither here nor there, he can't change much, can he?
He's ready and tells Damien he wants to drive, and it's good to laugh when the man pouts, good-naturedly. He likes it when Damien or Connor drive him, after he found out from Thranduil they are a couple. They would have the least reasons to judge him, he feels, and he never felt uncomfortable in their presence, especially since both are outgoing and like to chatter and don't mind if he doesn't answer a lot. Anyway they never speak of hard subjects, so he's really fine when they reach Mithrandir's.

Of course Merry and Pippin and Saruman are happy to see him, but of course Gimli is not. Still, he apologizes, his back rigidly straight, his eyes glaring, his lips having to work hard to open around the words. Legolas acknowledges this and remembers Thranduil's talk about having witnesses – and he's sure this is why Gimli does this in front of the other boys. No matter, it's done, and this is what he tells Gimli, taking a cup of tea and going to sit at the nook, right under the window, while they wait for Rose to arrive and for Mithrandir to come and tell them what they'll do today.

The rest of the day passes quietly and he can't wait to go home and see what Thranduil has planned. It's just been a few days, but the man was very careful, because of both their issues, so they just jerked each other off in the bathtub. Not that it wasn't good, but he's wondered why he didn't want at least to fuck his mouth, now that he's getting better at taking him in.

He's resolute to ask it tonight, if the man doesn't do it first, so he's more than disappointed when Damien tells him Thranduil had to leave town a day earlier and couldn't wait for him to say good bye. He knew the man was supposed to leave for 3 days, to inspect some lands one of his companies thinks of buying, for whatever reasons he does that, and of course Legolas knows the man's work is very important, but he will miss him.

No matter, he'll just have to occupy his time with studying, because when the man is back, the week would be passed, and he'll be completely healed, and he wants to take advantage of it. He sets on it, and loves the video call he gets later, because he hasn't changed yet and Thranduil clearly appreciates the outfit.

Still, his excitement has to flag the third day, when the man lets him know he has to stay away for 3 more days, because he has been summoned by some very important business partners and can't postpone it. He pouts a little, but the man's face is a mixture of haggard and hope, so he has to wish him luck and promise he will be very good while waiting for him.

It's true he has been tempted to play with himself, since he is now used to play almost every day, and it's now the fifth day since Thranduil is gone; he'll be coming back tomorrow, and Legolas is sure he'll be as hungry to touch, but today was just a bit off, he doesn't know why, and he's wondering what to do this evening.

He's agitated and hates to just have to be in his room; he likes the room, and is grateful to be given such a great space, and the bed is so nice and comfortable, but he misses having somebody else with him in bed, he misses the man's forest smell on the sheets, he misses being woken up with a caress or a kiss. He sighs, but doesn't yet call the man, because he knows it's better not to disturb him at work. He'll have to find something to do until he calls, but he can't study and… what could he do?

The phone rings and he's excited, but it's not Thranduil but Lindir; still, he'd like to chat with the young man, and again doesn't know what to say when he's invited to dinner, although he said Thranduil is not in town. Lindir tells him to wait and Elrond comes on the phone, and asks his permission – seriously, *his permission*? - to call Thranduil about this. But Elrond knows the situation, so Legolas sees no reason, besides telling him that the man is probably very busy, to not give his assent.

In 5 minutes, the phone rings again, and it is Thranduil this time.
“Hello my dear, how are you?”

“Good, Thran, I miss you. How are you?”

“Tired and beyond annoyed, I'm afraid. I didn't solve anything and I have to leave again, abroad this time, I'm sorry. I know you are disappointed, and I promise that, no matter what, after this last trip, I will let everything else aside and spend some time with you. Can you forgive me, treasure?”

“There's nothing to forgive, Thran. I'm sorry you are away, but please don't worry about me, I'm fine and I study and...”

“And I imagine you are bored to tears. You should go have dinner with Elrond tonight, have some fun and chat with people.”

“I don't know, without you...”

“You know Elrond, Lindir and the twins; believe me, Aragorn is a great guy, too good for his own sake some days; I can't say much about Arwen, since pregnant women are notoriously moody, but I'm sure everything will be fine. You don't have to be cooped up in the house just because I'm away.”

“I'm afraid I don't know what to say...”

“Don't worry, most probably you won't have to say much, because the siblings love to speak a lot. Actually, I should warn you of a few things”, he sighs. “Elrond's wife died in pretty bad circumstances, so it's a subject that's not really discussed. If they mention something about her – her name was Celebrian, by the way, she was Galadriel and Celeborn's daughter; most probably there will be talk of them. Anyway, as I was saying, if she's mentioned, fine, but don't try to ask more about this subject, OK?”

“Sure Thran, I understand.”

“OK, so probably they will respect your situation too and not pry about your family, I know it's still complicated for you. In any case, Elrond is the spirit of propriety, so if anything disturbs you, just tell him and everybody will change the subject. Well, not any subject, I'm afraid you know the twins like to talk about sex a lot.”

“It's OK, they are nice.”

Thranduil laughs out loud at this.

“Don't tell them that, then they will try to prove you they are anything but nice, and that will raise Elrond's blood pressure through the roof. Anyway, go and have fun. Boromir will let the men know to escort you, and also, if you want to go out with your colleagues after classes, just do so – let the guard know where you are going, tell Galion and that's it, OK?”

“Thank you, Thran, you are too kind.”

“Nonsense, you do need to socialize. Oh, you can always invite them home also, only, when I'm in town, check with me about the schedule, in case they plan to stay 'till late.”

“Even... Gimli?”

“Do you want to spend time with that one?”
“Well, not so much, but if I invite everybody else and...”

“Yes, that is correct, it will make matters worse. I suppose you can invite him also, just don't go into Thorin's part of town without more than one guard – the guards will know about this. And don't yet accept an invitation at his home – this will have to be discussed, OK?”

“Sure. I... I'm not sure if he will accept such an invitation, anyway.”

“You are probably right, and maybe that would be the smartest solution, but again, you are right to say he shouldn't be singled out on purpose. Oh, invite them home first, anyway, I need to get you a credit card, so you can pay if you go in town. It might be weird for them to see the guards pay for everything, and I'm sorry if it was weird for you until now.”

“Thran, please don't worry about this. It's more than enough that I can have anything I want, it doesn't matter if I pay or somebody else does, it is your money anyway.”

“You deserve anything you want, treasure. But I have to close now, because there's still work to do. Call me when you come back home, OK?”

“Don't work too much. I wish I could help you relax, too.”

He can hear the smirk in the man's voice then.

“Well, maybe you will. Bye.”

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They are nearing Elrond's house, Damien tells him, and Legolas asks himself why does he worry so much. The doctor knows everything there is to know about his situation already, it's not like he will find out something new, since he even saw him naked and all. The twins have already seen him with Thranduil, and they were behaving very nice – whatever the man says. Lindir seemed a very good person, so surely the man's daughter and her husband will not behave too bad?

He sighs, realizing that Gimli's words and coldness upset him more than he wanted to admit. But Thranduil had warned him about Gimli from the beginning, and told him that Elrond's family is OK, so maybe he should just listen to the man?

He no longer has time to fret, because they arrived, and the house is really, really beautiful. Well, of course its more of a mansion, not really a house – he should expect such things by now from the man's friends. It's all white stone, with many balconies and terraces, and now he realizes the building is on a raise, a little hill – and all the open spaces are meant to fool the eye to the fact that it is built in steps. Or maybe not fool the eye, but just make it look gorgeous? There are tons of arched windows, and he sees a lot of flowers in neat squares, on both sides of the wide stone-paved path leading to the main entrance. The door is painted light blue, and it opens really fast when he rings.

Lindir greets him, and Damien goes back to take the car to the garage – he seems to know the place and has already told Legolas not to worry about him, just to let him know 10 minutes before he wants to leave. It seems Elrond has really good security, so he shouldn't worry about that either, not that Legolas actually thought about such things.

“We'll be having dinner in the garden”, Lindir says, “if that's OK with you, because Arwen says she can't stay inside, she feels the walls falling down on her.”

“Of course, the weather is great, I'd love to stay outside too. Thran was telling me I shouldn't be cooped up in the house.” He blushes then, because... he has no idea why, really.
“He's right on that”, Lindir continues. “I know I tend to stay inside too much, and practice too much, as Elrond keeps reminding me. What did you say you do?”

“I don't think he said,” one of the twins intervenes – it's probably Elladan, Legolas thinks. “But let's get him to Arwen, she'll find out everything.”

Lindir scowls, and there's a chuckle and he sees Elrond coming towards them. He's wearing only black slacks and a burgundy shirt, without a tie, and the sleeves are rolled up – it's the least formal Legolas has seen him but, then, he hasn't seen him at home before.

“Thank you for inviting me,” he says. “I hope it's not too much trouble.”

“Welcome, Legolas, and please don't worry, we love having guests.”

“You didn't say that last week”, Elladan mock scowls, and Elrond rolls his eyes.

“Let's not terrorize the boy with your exploits. You should communicate that to your brother, too, if you can find him.”

“That is discrimination, father. The girls had no fault you are antiquated”, the other twin intervenes, appearing seemingly from nowhere.

“Can it, you two”, a female voice huffs. “This is what I get for being the only woman around!”

“Oh, sis, but we did try!”, Elrohir says, and all of them are laughing.

“OK, so these two brought – was it 5? I think it was 5 – drunken girls around last Thursday, and they made lots of noise, and Elrond got upset,” Lindir kindly explains to a bewildered Legolas.

“Well, we couldn't let them drive, and we wanted to party”, Elladan explains also. “And I thought you don't mind what we do, dad.”

“If I choose to ignore some things, it does not mean I'm blind, and never deaf. Especially now, when Arwen needs her sleep.”

“Sorry, sis,” Elrohir says, sheepish. “We forgot...”

“Well, let's see what you'll forget when we have you feed him at night,” another voice is heard, and a new person appears – another man, almost as tall as the twins, with brown hair to his shoulders and a light beard. He's wearing jeans and a soft, dark blue shirt, but to Legolas the most important is the kindness shining from the dark blue-gray eyes.

“You are mean, brother!” the twins chorus, and Elrond chuckles heartily.

“Yes, that might be their best punishment,” he says. “Legolas, this is my daughter, Arwen, and her husband Aragorn.”

“Please to meet you”, they say, all at once, and then everybody laughs again.

“We should get outside, get you seated”, Aragorn says, protectively wrapping an arm around his wife's waist, and Legolas can see she is heavily pregnant. She's wearing a colorful, wide-skirted dress, almost to her ankles, and the bright purple flowers on it are stretched a bit over the bulging belly.

“Yes, let's get outside so I can breathe”, she says. “I'm sorry to take you out of the house immediately, Legolas, but right now I can't stand the walls.”
“It's fine, don't worry about me. I'm happy to meet you and do something else than watch a movie by myself tonight.”

“I hope you at least like Thranduil's collection,” Elrohir grins.

“Yes, he has so many movies, last night I saw this 'Planet of the Apes' thing and, although it was quite disturbing, it was real interesting too.”

“Don't say it”, Elrond grinds when Elrohir wants to say something else. “You will be civilized for an evening, I'm sure it won't kill you.”

“Yes dad, we will be, but we hoped to keep the boredom out,” Elladan answers for both of them.

Legolas still has no idea what they are fighting about, but remembers Thranduil's warning about the twins' preferred subject, so it might have something to do with that.

“Please, there's no need to change your preferred subjects because of me. I tend to not understand certain jokes though, so don't be mad if I don't laugh.”

“We can explain such jokes,” Elrohir grins again, “but father doesn't like them much anyway. And he thinks we'll corrupt Lindir, so both of you will be safe tonight.”

Lindir does smile softly at this, and his hand catches Elrond's and takes it to his mouth, kissing it lightly. It makes the older man smile so luminously that there's nothing more to say, so they move through a wide, well lighted corridor, with many paintings on the walls, and end up on the other side of the house, spilling in a very beautiful garden.

There are many different shades of green – from old trees and big bushes, patches of grass and a little pond, almost full of big water lily leaves. There are a few purple flowers on it also, and many more colorful flowers sprinkled around the pond, too. Just a little further, there's a gazebo with a table and benches, and it seems that's their destination. There's a pristine white tablecloth already spread over the table, and pretty blue plates for every seat. They settle down, and Legolas ends up between Lindir and Arwen, with the twins on the opposite side. Of course, Aragorn is on the other side of his lady, and Elrond on Lindir's.

While they wait for the dishes to be brought, the conversation starts about how everybody's day was, and when he mentions Mithrandir, the twins are excited, thinking he's studying medicine too. That completely stuns Legolas, and he has to explain, blushing, that he's just in high school.

“I'm sorry”, Elladan says, “we shouldn't have presumed. We had him tutor us is Latin and Greek – a lot more Latin, because it helps for medical school, but of course he can teach many things.”

“No problem, I would love to study more, really, but at the moment I have to get my GEDs first.”

“How is Saruman?” Arwen asks, and of course now Legolas can tell them a few funny things, and the atmosphere lightens again. This starts the twins on stories from when Saruman was a kitten, and the food is spread around on this merry tone. Legolas is happy to remember Thranduil's little trick about getting whatever is closest to his plate and not having to worry that his manners aren't up to par.

But the dinner seems to be really informal, everybody is talking in between bites, laughing, getting more from a particular dish, so he can relax and participate in the conversations he understands. As the time passes, he really starts to feel at home, and it's like he is part of the family at the end, because everybody is warm and smiling and they take care of one another, just like he dreamed for many years a family should be.
After dessert, Arwen is taking him for a walk, to show him the gardens, and Lindir accompanies them. He just loves the peace and quiet of the place, the softly curving pathways through bushes and flowers and trees. It's different from Thranduil's estate, softer, many more colorful flowers and trees with longer, softer branches and foliage. A lot of Thranduil's place is a real forest, with majestic oaks and pines, but here there's a park, no less serene, but maybe more welcoming.

He tries to explain this, and Arwen agrees with him.

“Yes, this was my mother's dream, she designed the gardens,” she says. “She wanted it to be a place of peace and recharging, of healing since father worked so much and, of course, liked to bring people here in order to help them, before the clinic was ready.”

“She did a great job”, Legolas says, and that's the honest truth.

“And her daughter takes good care of it”, Lindir says, smiling. “And of us, because every one of us has times when we need such healing.”

“You are welcome here at any time”, Elrond says, coming towards them. “If you ever want to speak and Thranduil is, as usual, busy, or want to speak about him, I would be happy to have you here.”

“I wouldn't dare to inconvenience you”, Legolas almost gasps.

“Papa likes to do this”, Arwen says, with a bright smile, and goes to hug her father. “If nobody needs his help, he's not that sure what to do.”

Elrond seems a bit embarrassed about this, but hugs his daughter tight, and then Lindir, who came on his other side.

“You have a beautiful family”, Legolas manages to say, “and splendid gardens. I think you are very happy.”

“Yes, we are blessed,” Elrond says, a bit choked. “I hope you are at least a bit satisfied with your situation, now, Legolas?”

“Oh, yes, everything is great! I mean, I don't like it that Thran has to work so much, but everything is so much better than I ever expected, so I would be very ungrateful to complain.”

Lindir chuckles softly at this.

“I think many of us work too much, but it's easier to see it in others than in oneself.”

The evening comes to an end, and Legolas is actually sorry to have to leave, because he's alone at home, but then he remembers he promised to call Thranduil, so he can't wait to get there. He flies up on the stairs and opens the laptop and calls him, and his eyes are shining when the man answers wearing only one of his silky robes, a black, shimmering one now, making his skin look like alabaster and his eyes like the storm.

“Hello, little one,” he purrs. “How was dinner?”

“It was great, thank you so much for letting me go! The gardens are wonderful, and everybody was so nice, and I laughed a lot!”

“Yes, they do have a talent to make everybody feel at home”, Thranduil says, a little wistfully, and then takes a sip from a glass of wine he had on the table, near his tablet probably.
“Yes, well, it was much better than my previous home”, Legolas says.

“I hope now you feel at home in my house, Legolas.”

“Yes Thran, you know I love it here! Well, a lot more when you are around though,” he says, blushing.

“I'd love to be with you right now, pretty one, but...”

“I know you have to work. It's just... I miss...”

“Mmm, tell me exactly what you miss. And show me,” he says, honeyed and rough, and lets himself slouch just a little in the chair.

Legolas tries to breathe deep, because he abruptly feels heat all over, in his hands, his face, his chest. He licks his lips and then takes his fingers there, touching tentatively, and has to bite at one, startling himself when he moans abruptly.

“Don't hurry, little one,” Thranduil encourages. “And lose that shirt, slowly.”

He does as he's bid, watching raptly as the man's hand moves slowly over the silky black material covering him, and stretches a bit to put the shirt on the edge of the bed.

“Yes, like that, my dear, now touch yourself for me.”

His hands unerringly go to his nipples, and Legolas wants to squirm already, because it feels so good, but it's not enough. He moans again when the man also touches his chest through the robe, and begs him to undress. Of course, he smirks and obliges, opening up the cloth and showing himself in all his glory, his cock already hard, his balls hanging heavy at the edge of the chair.

God, he wants to be able to touch, to taste, and his hand squeezes the left nipple a little too much, sending zings of pleasure through his spine.

“More, Legolas, keep tormenting that nipple but touch your cock, too.”

He's so happy to do this, but has to lose the jeans first, and he's not graceful at all, too much in a hurry to care, making the man chuckle.

“Easy, there's no hurry, or is it?”

Legolas just whimpers and finally, oh, finally, he can touch the hot organ, making himself shudder and arch.

“Look at me, Legolas!” comes the stern command, and he does, loving the power he sees in the man's eyes, the hot, red lips, the strong hand stroking the great length, so damnably slow. “Copy my rhythm now”, he says, and Legolas whimpers again, because it's too slow for the heat that grabbed him, but he cannot disobey. His hand is warm and dry, and it feels so very good, but something is missing, the man's scent, his domineering presence, his big hand, so Legolas tells him that, among erratic breaths.

“I miss you too, treasure, can't wait to feel your sweet body under me, to taste that pretty cock of yours, yes, that's it, squeeze nice and hard, yesss,” he hisses, pushing hard into his own hand.

“You've been a good boy, haven't you?”

“Yes, Thran, it's so hard though, at night.”
“Mmmm, what is so hard?”

“I miss your, ohhh, your mouth on me,” he gasps, because it’s so erotic to see the man squeezing hard his throbbing organ, wanting it deep inside him, “your cock opening me up so good, God!”

“Want me deep inside your pretty ass, don’t you?” Thranduil grits, closing his eyes for a second.

“Yesss, yes, I do, it’s been so long already!”

Thranduil laughs darkly, and moves the camera just a bit, so his cock appears bigger, the head huge when he squeezes and shiny drops of precome appear on top.

“I want you to be in my bed when I come back, little one, all naked and ready to be taken. I promise you I will pound that hot ass until you beg me to stop,” he growls, and Legolas agrees wholeheartedly, because there’s nothing else he wants on this world. Well, actually he does want to come now, his hand straining so bad to keep the rhythm slow, and he begs so very sweetly now. Meanwhile, the man’s rhythm increases too, and he moans and gasps at him to let go, so he does, almost perfect, almost wonderful, but still, there’s something missing.

“Clean those fingers for me, lick it all up”, he orders, and Legolas loves to taste himself like this, and Thranduil comes, gasping too, and makes such a wicked show of cleaning his own hand after that Legolas can’t help but whimper, wanting the hot seed so bad it hurts.

“I hope you’ll sleep better now, treasure,” he says in a voice thick as molasses. “I know I will.”

“Thank you Thran,” he manages to say, trying hard to keep his voice from trembling. “Can’t wait for you to return.”

And still, the bed is empty, and he’s not as sated as he’d like. But what can he do, but go to sleep?
The drive seemed to go on forever, and Thranduil was seething. The plane had been delayed, the weather was horrible and the last three days were so mind numbing that he wanted to scream. And the supposed contracts to be signed were a joke.

Why did he not send Eowyn and spend the time at home, fucking Legolas? Because he was a micromanaging idiot, it seemed. Wasting almost a week away from him, on top of the previous lost one, flying half the world away and all for a measly 10 million. He was totally unsure if he would ever deal with the fucking idiots again, a 10 million deal was not something you bothered CEOs for, you could do that by email. Seriously, this was fucked up.

He looked again out the window, but knew Bain had no fault in this. The streets were crawling with cars, so he opened his tablet again, seeing what he could check already, because he absolutely did not plan to do any work until Monday, not even if the world was falling apart. No, he would strip that beauty and fuck his ass raw. And his mouth. Yes, this was a real good plan, his cock was informing him.

It positively ached to bury itself in that nice, wet heat, and pound away, feeling his pretty boy squirming, pushing back and moaning like there was no tomorrow.

Hm, at least they were moving.

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Finally, the car stopped in front of the mansion door and Thranduil could get off and go find Legolas. He was probably waiting for him, he thought, but was amazed that he didn't find him in the big living room. Maybe he was out by the pool? No, not during this weather.

“Welcome home,” he heard, and turned to see Galion.

“Yes, just who I wanted to see.”

The man smirked.

“I wanted to tell you that the person you really wanted to see is sleeping in your bed,” his shameless butler said, with a twinkle in his eye. “Dinner will be ready when you need it, just let me know to bring you a tray there,” he had the nerve to add. But Thranduil was looking just for Legolas, and had no wish to have a big common dinner, so he let it go and turned towards his bedroom.

Surely Legolas was not sleeping at all, the damn boy was probably just now fucking that tight ass of his to prepare it for his master. Yes, probably he was on his hands and knees and... ah, fuck, this was good!

He opened his bedroom door, but was surprised to see that the boy was actually spread like a cat on his bed, the duvet all scrunched, mostly near his body and not on top of it, his beautiful long hair half
over his face, half on the pillow, one hand on his tight belly, the other under a pillow. The sheets were white today, and his creamy skin was just light pink enough to look good on them, not too pale, like in the beginning. His face had a wrenching beauty in its sleeping innocence, so relaxed and carefree, his pretty pink lips opened just a little, making Thranduil's cock jump at the idea of smearing them with precome and plunging in.

He threw his coat on a chair, but did not bother undressing more, just opened his zipper and managed to get his cock out. He started stroking lightly, looking downwards, where Legolas's pretty pink cock was laying, just half full, against his smooth right thigh, the nice balls plump at his groin. His legs were not spread enough for Thranduil to see more, but he knew the damn tease must have prepared himself and just lain in bed, wondering how to make his blood boil better.

Well, then he will deserve what he got, Thranduil thought. He was not going to kiss him or tease him, he was going to just take him, nice and hard, make him awake when he was deep inside. And he was not going to touch his cock, he was just going to fuck him, very fast, because he was not in the mood to wait for his release, Thranduil smirked. No, he was going to leave Legolas with a nice hard-on, and make him beg to be fucked again until he would allow him release.

He went to the bed and tried to get on silently enough as not to awake the boy, but it seemed he was sleeping lightly, so he opened his eyes and smiled that beautiful smile that made Thranduil's heart jump.

“Welcome, Thran,” he purred, and started stretching his body, like the cat he was. “Do I get…”

But Thranduil was in no mood to wait, so he grabbed his hips, used his knees to spread his thighs and started to align his cock with the hot little asshole.

“Oh, yes, I get…” Legolas started again, only to stop abruptly when the head of Thranduil's cock breached him. He whined, high and breathless, and Thranduil growled deep at the same time, because he was so fucking tight that he couldn't breathe, so hot, so good, that he became a mindless beast, rutting, pushing as deep as he could.

He needed real work to do it, because somehow the boy was as tight as their first time together, gripping him like a vise when he pulled back, only to be as mind-shattering good when he fucked himself back in, and again, and then Legolas just screamed and came, trembling around him so deliciously that Thranduil did not know how he resisted to thrust two more times before spending himself deep, filling that hot ass with his seed, growling his name, seeing only white light, trying to get enough air in his lungs, dizzy with pleasure.

He came to and let himself kiss that beautiful mouth, now cherry red, and was amazed to see one lone tear on the boy's cheek. Legolas opened his eyes and Thranduil could see that they were wet, but the pupils were huge and he was not very sure if the boy was not seeing him double. He moved a bit and the boy hissed, then squeezed him, and it was a bit too much so soon after he came, so he pulled out, getting another hiss from Legolas, then his breath stopped when he saw the ruby red drops of blood starting to mix with the pearly cum trailing from the boy's abused hole.

His cock also felt just a bit raw, and in that moment he realized that Legolas was not prepared at all for him, didn't use any lube, so he was probably pretty torn. He felt fear and anger and shame warring inside, grabbed the boy by the arms, pulled him sitting on the bed, which brought out a hiss and a moan from him, and tried not to yell:

“What the fuck did I tell you to do when I came back from this idiotic trip?”

“To b-be in your bed, naked…”
“And fucking ready! Do you know what ready is,” he actually yelled.

“Yes, ready to be taken, to come for you...” the boy breathed, looking wonderfully disheveled, moistening his lips with that devious pink tongue.

“And where was the lube in that asshole I just ripped apart,” he dripped, almost trembling with the warring need to check how much did he hurt him, to grab him and shake him, to hit him for being so careless, again, to hug him...

Legolas turned beet red and tried to say something, stopped, bit his lips, tried again, and finally managed, in an amazingly calm voice:

“I wanted to come as fast as possible when you entered me, and I was wondering for a while, since I like it so much when you enter me and it hurts, if I did not prepare, if I would like it even more. So... I did not prepare and, as you have seen, I came really fast this time.”

Thranduil was speechless. Such a thing really did not happen very often, but this... this was beyond his wildest dreams. The innocent boy in his bed actually enjoyed things a qualified whore did not, and had the balls to tell it like it was just what they will have for dinner.

“Be that as it may, did you, even for a minute, think that this is dangerous?”

“Dangerous? Why, you didn't take me for two weeks already, it's not too much...”

“Get on all fours and let me see, because I might have torn you inside, you might have a hemorrhage now. I hope you don't, but I also sincerely hope you'll appreciate the trip to the ER if you do,” he spoke coldly, trying not to explode with worry.

The boy made a little dismal sound, chastised, and hurried to assume the position.

“I'm sorry, I did not...”

“Yes, you will have reasons to be sorry, either way. I told you more than one time that I wish to know what you want, so I would of course have wanted to do this experiment of yours, if only I have known of it. But on a normal day, not when I'm fucking hungry to pound you into the mattress, after so many days!”

He wanted to spank that cheeky ass, but he didn't dare, because he could have... No more worries, he gently spread the ass cheeks and looked at the abused muscle in between. It was pretty red, but on the outside, nothing seemed too bad. He had to check inside, but he could create more problems like this, so he had to look for the fucking lube and prod very gently.

He did so, and, despite his worry, couldn't stop himself from getting hard again when the shameless little shit in his bed was moaning again at his touch, even if it was surely not the most comfortable thing. He went very slow, touching each millimeter of that tightness, but it seemed there were only those few drops of blood, from very minute tears.

He felt he could relax a bit now, but this could not remain thus. They were lucky this time, but things could have gone very wrong. He shuddered remembering... no, he did not want to remember that. Resolutely, he got up and ordered Legolas to follow him in the bathroom. He got him washed, patiently applied some gel on his inflamed muscle, then decided a talk was in order.

“Tell me what you feel when I take you, when I fuck your ass, give me all details you can,” he said.

The boy did not seem very comfortable, but knew the drill, so he stood tall in front of him and
“At the beginning it was strange,” he said, “I had this fear of… well, of needing to expel poo,” he blushed. “So I was afraid to relax, and it hurt. But after there is more than one finger in, the hurt changes, it's an ache now, I am too full but I need more, and it's very hard to stay still.”

That made Thranduil snort, but he motioned the youth to continue.

“Then, when your cock starts breaching me, the sensation is very, very intense, I feel like I am torn but, at the same time, I want it, I want to be filled by you, to feel your heat, to feel you stretching every inch of me, to feel… loved,” he gasped, and continued very fast, like he wanted that word overlooked. “The first few strokes, when my hole is not yet stretched well and you just touch a little my prostate, it's like my body does not know what to do, it wants to escape the pain, but also wants you deeper, hitting the pleasure spot harder, it burns at the entrance, so good…”

Thranduil watched, bemused, how the boy closed his eyes, almost groaned, as in need, and looking down, he saw that his cock was filling again. His own jumped and he breathed deep, waiting for Legolas to continue.

“After a little, I get more relaxed, and it's easier for you to fuck me deep, and there is so much pleasure, deep inside, and wherever you are sliding over my inner walls, it feels fantastic, but there is still sort of something missing sometime, that intensity of feeling right at the entrance, even if it hurts a bit. You make me feel full, yes, and that is very good, I always want it to last forever, and when you come inside and fill my ass with hot seed, it makes me feel whole and… well, many times makes me have a little orgasm when I feel it hitting my walls, it is just so good…”

Thranduil gulped, he did not imagine his little pet was that sensitive, or that he kept such good track of what he was feeling, because generally he seemed to be so out of it, just feeling. But then, he was confirming he felt a lot, didn't he?

“And then, when you pull out,” Legolas continued, “it's a bit strange and painful, and especially it's bad that you are no longer in me and I feel empty. The way your seed drips out of my hole is… I'm not very clear if I like it or not,” he admitted. “I would love to keep it all inside, to have that part of you there, but I've seen you love to look at it painting my thighs, so that should make me like it, but…”

This boy was gonna be the death of him, Thranduil realized. He was too good to be true and he felt the urgent need to take him again, to leave marks on that pristine body, to make that inner heat show on the outside. He took the mouth in a punishing kiss, devouring the lips, the tongue, the teeth, the hitched breath of the boy, his very air, everything, and it was not enough. It would never be enough.

He pushed Legolas on his knees and thrust his cock in between those cherry lips, deep, as deep as it could go, making the boy gag, then pulled back, thrust back deep a few times, then kissed again that hot mouth, looking for his own taste there, loving the saliva starting to pool. Then he fucked it again, kissed it again, the traces of his bitter seed making him want to howl, until he could not contain himself anymore. He came in his hand and on Legolas' face, then spread all that seed on his lips, licked them clean, gave the boy his hand to clean and kissed him again, like a man possessed.

He then helped the boy get up on unsteady legs, looking dazed, his eyes almost black instead of blue, his mouth bruised and bitten and wet. Thranduil almost laughed thinking that, because he already abused the boy's ass and mouth, now he would have to go without.

“And how was today?” he decided to ask first.
He loved the ruined, raspy voice Legolas had now, trembling also because he was still not steady, making him feel heat pooling in his loins, knowing he did that to the boy. He wanted to wreck all that innocence, and to keep it forever, and it hurt.

“Today it burned so good that I felt fire on my back, going up. Yes, it was painful too, more than usual, but painful almost like my prostate feels after you hit it too many times, it was so strong that I just couldn't resist at all and had to come. Actually, I think there was a bit of hurt when I came, in my balls, I am not sure, I was probably not ready enough and it was like you ripped it from me, but I… it was so good,” he moans.

“Little one, you will have to learn to take much more care of yourself. And you earned yourself a punishment, to make you remember it. It will not take place until I know you are completely healed from today, but it will come. I know I have a bit to do with this, because I didn't give you the promised books, so we will continue playing today, and you will have your pleasure. But remember this: from now on, until I deem you know enough and can take care of your safety, no more initiative regarding sex – you will only follow what I say, to the letter, and ask me for anything else you want – no surprises and such, clear?”

The boy has no choice but to agree, although clearly he doesn't like it, but Thranduil isn't able to think about any other solution, so he won't budge.

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They should eat something first, so he calls Galion to bring the promised tray, and then takes them to the play room.

“I think our problem is, again, that you don't know enough, little one, and that you didn't yet learn that patience makes everything better. I can totally understand the desire for more pleasure, so I'll show you tonight just a little glimpse on how far can you go with patience, and with just little, safe pain. I'll need you to pay attention to what you feel, and to compare the intensity, when I ask you to, OK?”

The boy nods, a mixture of eagerness and shame on his face.

“I promise you will enjoy it”, Thranduil purrs. “Let's see, come here, under this,” he tells him, bringing the boy in front of a weird, metallic frame. He then proceeds to put wide leather cuffs around his wrists and ankles, securing them to the frame.

“Let me see you try to get out of them, Legolas,” he tells the boy, and checks how much they constrict the tissue, making adjustments to the ankle ones, until he declares himself satisfied. “Are you OK?”

“It's strange,” Legolas answers, “but they are not uncomfortable.”

“There will be a moment when your shoulders will start hurting, from keeping your arms raised. I want you to tell me as soon as it starts, OK? Good. Now wait until I get what I need,” he says and starts rummaging in a few cabinets until he's satisfied.

He comes back in front of Legolas, holding a… well, a pink, probably plastic thing, looking exactly like a cock, complete with veins and mushroom head and big, swollen balls.

“This is a vibrator”, he tells the bewildered youth. “Obviously, it's supposed to be taken inside, but that would not do today. It's called a vibrator, and not a dildo, which is the classic name for cock-shaped toys, because it vibrates, like this”, he demonstrates, rotating something at the base of the
thing and now it makes a buzzing sound and... well, vibrates.

Thranduil smirks and brings the thing to his right hand, letting him feel the movement, and then he slowly moves it up on the arm, then down on his chest, just letting it touch the skin, letting it stop over his nipple for a while, until the boy arches towards it.

Then he starts again downwards, teasing, coming back to the other nipple, making it perk up too. He starts the downward trek again, and bends to lick at the pink bud, making Legolas shudder. He sucks it a bit, and then returns the vibrator to it, pressing more this time, getting a whimper for his trouble. He keeps it there and mouths at the other, and then he bites lightly, making the boy yell and try to push his hips towards him.

“Slow, my dear. We are just beginning.” He stops the toy and uses his hair to tease the lovely skin, moving languidly a few locks over the torso, abdomen, then over the creamy back, making goose bumps appear and disappear, and the boy's breath calm down a bit. He nips at the crease between leg and buttocks, making him jump and squeal, and starts again with the hair. His palms are itching to spank, but not today.

He then picks up the satin glove and puts it on his left hand, and picks up the Wartenberg wheel in his right. He moves his left hand in slow, long strokes over the back of the lithe thighs, then follows with the wheel, and Legolas jumps and yells and seems really unsettled, so he goes in front of him, to show him there's nothing dangerous.

“Easy, little one, it's OK,” he soothes. “I'm sorry, I forgot you have no idea about these things, I promise I will first show you everything, OK?”

The boy frantically approves and he kisses him, slow and gentle, until he feels him melting.

“Better? OK, this is a Wartenberg wheel – I know, it's a mouthful, or sensation wheel.” He rolls it again against the boy's fingers and palm, to show him it's not dangerous. “I will never use it so hard as to break the skin, OK?”

He starts again to touch with his left hand, soothing, caressing the flat abdomen, the chest, and then follows with the wheel, and now the boy trembles and moans. Again he kisses a nipple and passes the pins over it immediately, back and forth, loving the shudder wracking the boy head to toe.

“God! Please!”

“Please what, my dear?”

“I... I don't know, just... ohhh,” he thrashes, because Thranduil didn't really stop and now the pins prick lightly at the area around his belly button, while the gloved hand teases the hard cock trying to reach it. He squeezes a bit, grounding the boy just a little.

“You will not come, Legolas”, he orders sternly and, as soon as the boy acknowledges, he rolls the wheel over him, getting the most satisfying broken wail, while the boy shakes and squeezes, to offset the strong sensation.

Thranduil kisses him again, long and gentle, savoring the shivers and the gasping breath.

“Good boy! How strong?”

“God! So intense! I don't even know!”

Thranduil chuckles at this, gives him another light kiss and brings on the cock ring.
“This will help you, little one. Relax for me now, OK?”

It’s clear the boy doesn't appreciate the ring that much, but he's also aware that it will help, and, of course, that he can't stop it anyway.

To reward him, Thranduil gracefully falls on his knees and starts tasting the hard rod, licking and suckling, and nips at a quivering thigh when he hears the boy moan raggedly, and then swallows him again. The boy starts thrusting, trying to get deep in his throat, so he backs down and brings the vibrator under the heavy testicles, loving the way Legolas loses it so beautifully.

He alternates all the toys and nips in between, until the boy is a shivering mess, thrashing uncontrollably, probably forgetting his own name. He opens first the ankle cuffs, then the hand ones, and the boy falls into his arms, sobbing, so he takes him to the couch and holds him for a while.

“I want to suck your pretty cock, treasure, want to feel you shoot down my throat. Do you want that?”

“Ohh… please, yes, please,” the boy says, amid gulps of air, so he arranges him better on the couch and squeezes a bit at his inner thighs, to bring him back. Thranduil knows, the moment he will take off the cock ring, the boy is lost, so he deepthroats him a few times before that, feeling his whole body tensed like a wire, vibrating with the need for completion. He's loving the weight of the bloated member, the light dew of sweat covering the porcelain skin, the sobs his actions bring, and then he frees him and yes, the boy is out of control, his hips moving of their own accord, stabbing at his throat, filling his mouth with fragrant seed, still twitching for a good while after. He stays there, with the warm organ captive in his mouth, slowly getting softer, soothingly petting the boy's flanks, until he stops whimpering.

Gently, he lets go, and of course, Legolas has fallen asleep, a debauched angel still shining with grace, with his hands fisted and his mouth open just enough to show the pink inside. It's time to take care of his own neglected cock, so he strokes himself fast and long, wishing so bad to fill the boy, to see again the bright blood spilling, lubricating his entry, to feel the perfect tremors this causes the boy, to make him cry and spill, yesss, emptying his aching testes until there's nothing more to give.
Chapter Summary

I have a problem - I can only seem to write smut at the moment, and not much plot. Do you mind very much?

“This will be your first punishment, Legolas,” he says sternly. “You will not enjoy it, but you will take it, like a good boy, will you not?”

“Yes, Sir,” the boy answers, dejected.

“Tell me why you deserve this punishment.”

“I disobeyed you, I didn't tell you what I wished for,” the boy says, loud and clear. “And I did not take care of myself and cold have been injured. And I caused you not to be able to enjoy my body as you wished, Sir.”

“Good. Now, what I will do to you will seem very harsh, maybe unbearable, but the safe word does not apply to this, do you understand?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Do not worry, nothing I will do you will leave lasting harm. It will just be very intense, and you will not feel the pleasure you are used to. Now, since is the first time, I will have you restrained, so it will be easier. But first, come here.”

Legolas watches unsettled how his master puts a plastic thing around his cock, securing it with a padlock.

“This is a cock cage,” Thranduil says. “It is designed to keep you from getting hard. If it's kept on for a longer time, you have to pay very much attention to hygiene, because, you see, you can pee wearing it, see the hole here?”

“Why would I keep it on for longer… what does longer mean?”

“If you behave badly, this can be one punishment: to have you wear it for a few days, or even weeks,” Thranduil says, and Legolas is just horrified, and his breathing starts getting shallow.

“Look at me, Legolas!”

He can't disobey, and he's relieved to see tenderness too in the icy blue eyes.

“It is an incentive to behave, isn't it? But don't worry, I will take it off tonight, after the punishment is over.”

Legolas breathes, relieved.

“Thank you, Sir.”

Good, the boy is learning.
“I will use this paddle to spank your ass, Thranduil continues, showing him a long, wooden implement. You will count each stroke and say thank you. And I will take you at the end, but you will not come tonight. Is this clear?”

“Yes Sir.”

“You are prepared to be used, are you not?”

“Yes, Sir, I am ready for you.”

It doesn’t sound so bad, Legolas wonders if the paddle would be so much harsher than Thranduil’s hand. Well, he will soon find out, he realizes, while he’s taken to the thing he remembers was called a horse. He bends on his belly on it and his hands and legs are secured, so he can’t stop what will happen.

He wouldn’t have consciously try to run, he knows that, but he understands that he might have unwillingly writhed and tried to escape.

“We’ll start now,” Thranduil says. “20 to warm you up.”

“Yes Sir,” he says.

“Yes, Sir, what,” Thranduil's icy voice enunciates.

“Yes, Sir, thank you,” he answers, and closes his eyes, defeated.

The first stroke comes, and it really is not that bad, so Legolas easily says “One, thank you, Sir.” The next ones are tolerable too, each one falling on a different part of his ass, so he relaxes a bit.

But number 7 is harsher, and the next ones are harsher too, and now they fall on top of others. His buttocks start to burn, and his breath hitches on each stroke. At 15 he yelps and needs to breathe before he can count, and yelps again on the next ones.

His cock was trying to get hard at first, but the cage stops him, and it starts to hurt there too. He breathes hard now, and doesn't know why Thranduil stopped.

“Good boy,” he says. “I will let you breathe for a minute. Do you want some water?”

“Yes, please,” he says. “Thank you, Sir,” he adds, not sure if he should, but imagining it can’t hurt. He doesn't know why Thranduil laughs at this, but he brings him water and it helps his throat.

“I think I need you just a bit higher,” Thranduil says, and comes to him and adjusts the various straps and levers, so now his ass is lifted higher in the air. Then he touches him, slow and easy, and again his cock tries to get hard, but it can’t, and that is so unfair.

“20 more, Legolas,” Thranduil announces, and he shivers, but dutifully thanks him for it.

It gets harder with each stroke, because by now his ass is all warm, and Thranduil strikes harder. He whimpers and, after number 30, he starts thrashing in between, unwilling to take more. But the restraints are solid and nothing happens.

“Legolas, the more you squirm, the more strokes you'll get,” Thranduil says.

He sobs and tries to stay still, but it burns now, and it's so hard. He starts begging continuously after 35, and Thranduil lets him, for a while.
“Another break, Legolas,” he says, and it's such a relief that this time his thanks is genuine. “You will get 20 more, but only if you do not squirm and do not beg. If you do, there will be other 20. Is this clear?”

“Yes Sir. Thank you for being so good to me,” Legolas finds himself saying, and he's very scared, because he realizes he means it. He's helpless, and nothing could stop Thranduil from adding 20 or 40 or 60 strokes.

“Good boy,” he hears again, and it soothes him, and he is thankful for the hand moving over his back and flanks, over his thighs, over his burning ass. He whimpers when it squeezes, but does not try to get away.

Thranduil gives him more water and starts again, and this is real torture, because he feels each hit in his balls, and his cock tries again and again to get hard, and his nipples are hard as pebbles and they rub against the leather of the horse, but he can't, he can't, and it hurts, and he can't move. He wails and just says “thank you, Sir,” like a mantra, not daring to be silent, lest he'll start begging, and it's burning, oh, God, it's burning him to the core.

“Good boy, you took it well,” he hears Thranduil in a haze, and can't stop thanking him, until he comes in front and puts a finger on his lips, shushing him.

“It's OK, that's enough, my dear,” Thranduil says, and kisses him lightly. “You took it well, so now I will find my pleasure in you and we will go to sleep. Still, no begging and no trying to get away, all right, treasure?”

“Yes, Sir,” he hears himself saying. “Please fill my body with your seed,” he says, and Thranduil kisses him again, reassuring, and then goes back and then he's being breached, slowly but firmly, until he takes it all. It burns and is actually painful, because the jolts in his prostate want to go to his cock, but they can't, so the heat can't move further, neither to his abdomen nor his spine. It keeps adding up, so Legolas whimpers and sob and then he cries, doing all he can to stay still and not to beg, because he can't take any more, he can't. Still, Thranduil keeps going in deep and even, battering his prostate with each stroke, battering his abused ass, holding his hips tight, and it's too much, too much, until he is too exhausted to fight it and just goes limp.

It's easier, because now that he's no longer resisting, he's in a new, soft, warm place, where it doesn't matter if he comes, it doesn't matter if his cock is trapped and he can't speak his mind, all that matters is that Thranduil is grunting now, his breathing harsh, his body sweaty, and he's surely enjoying this. Yes, he deserves to be enjoying it, he deserves Legolas' surrender, so Legolas says it, like a new mantra now:

“I am yours, Sir, thank you, thank you, I am yours,” again and again, and Thranduil's rhythm increases now. The light around Legolas is so soft, so encompassing, that he moans now in pleasure, because the pain just left somehow, he's right where he needs to be, and he's filled with his master's seed, and can just enjoy it, yes, enjoy it while he is unstrapped and taken in Thranduil's arms and taken to bed, enveloped in his master's heat, and it's perfect, so he can sleep safely now.

* 

There's someone kissing his face, petting his hair, and he opens his eyes just a little, and he remembers the smell, and the rhythm of the breathing, and of course it's Thranduil, who else would wake him up by kissing him? Legolas leans into the touch, and for sure that was a bad dream, but then he turns on his back and hisses, because his buttocks burn when they touch the sheets.

Thranduil shushes him, keeps kissing his face, his eyelids, so light and tender, and he brushes his
mouth and Legolas moans, because that is not enough. He wants to ask for more, but he's afraid to make a mistake, so he just whimpers now, trying to get closer to him, to his hard, hot body.

“Good morning, my treasure,” Thranduil says. “I want you before I go to work,” he whispers in his ear, and he starts nibbling at it, making Legolas tremble, because he feels the touch going straight to his groin, and he's so relieved to feel his cock is free and it can grow, so he enjoys the feeling like never before.

“Good morning, Thran,” he dares to say, and then Thranduil kisses him in earnest, exploring every corner of his mouth, and he tastes so good, so safe, taking his breath away completely. When the kiss ends, he feels empty, and makes needy little sounds, wanting more, so much more.

“Hush my dear, I know you want more, but there isn't enough time, I need you on your belly, common, pretty one,” he says, and Legolas hurries to obey.

Thranduil starts kissing every spot on his spine, giving him shivers, and bites lightly two or three times, making Legolas arch and jump.

“Thran, please,” he dares to breathe, but now Thranduil is licking his ass cheeks, and the heat is instant, and he grabs the sheets and pulls at them, feeling his cock trying to jump where it is caught between his body and the bed. He can't say more because Thranduil spreads his ass cheeks, and that both hurts and sends a(81,735),(758,884)(81,878),(741,996) of pleasure up his spine, but that is not it either, because now Legolas feels his tongue laving his hole, teasing him, pressing lightly in, so he can't stop moaning, again and again, feeling electrocuted when his lover nips at his entrance, sharp and unexpected, electrifying all the nerves in his body.

Before he can breathe again, a lubed finger is already inside, rubbing at his walls, and he tries to relax, he really does, but the second finger comes in too fast, and it hurts so good, the hand still squeezing his ass is just perfect. He feels the pressure rising, so he tries to warn Thranduil, because he was not allowed to come, he wasn't!

“Thran, I... please, I can't hold... ” he moans, speech is too complicated now, it's so good...

“Come for me, little one,” Thranduil says and touches his prostate, and Legolas feels himself soar, the third finger just makes him spasm anew, and he doesn't register the pain, just the pleasure, and Thranduil's encouragement to relax, yes, that's it! Still it's painful when he pulls his fingers out, because he's so empty, so he wails, but Thranduil knows what he wants, and gives him his hard cock, nice and deep, oh God, yes, yes, yes!

He doesn't realize he's yelling this, because this time Thranduil takes him fast from the start, hitting just the right spot, both inside and out, so he's completely incoherent in no time, just a toy to be spread open and used, filled so good it's mind-numbing. Legolas would gladly beg for it and say thank you, just he can't get his tongue to do what's needed, he can just whimper and keen, until he's filled with seed and spasms again, not knowing really why, happy beyond measure.

He hisses when Thranduil pulls out, but he's soothed again with light kisses and petting, so he relaxes, and then Thranduil moves a bit and he feels a wet cloth cleaning him up. He's moved onto a dry part of the bed, some cold cream is spread over his ass and then the duvet is pulled around him just like he enjoys it, creating a nest.

He sighs in pleasure, and he's again kissed lightly, warm and pleasant.

“Go back to sleep, Legolas. Just rest today, OK? I'll tell Galion not to disturb you.”
"Thank you, Thran," he manages to mumble, and he really is tired, so he falls asleep again, and can't see the tender look in the man's eyes.

When Legolas stirs again, there's a lot of light in the room, so it must be lunch time. His stomach agrees wholeheartedly with that assessment, so he should get up, he realizes, no matter how good the bed feels.

The bathroom mirror shows him he didn't dream, because his ass has many red-blue marks, and he's tender in several other places. Why… because he struggled in the bonds? Sure, that could explain why his shoulders and wrists are a bit chaffed. A bath would be good, but he's too hungry, so, better a fast shower first, some more cream, then food. And then he can come back and take a good bath.

The hot water is so good on his tired body, and he inhales the food Mrs. Baggins puts in front of him and asks for more, but he is in no mood to make conversation, so he excuses himself and goes to the library to find a book. He can't stay to read it there, because he doesn't feel comfortable sitting, so he takes it with him to his room, where he can lay in bed on his belly.

And then it hits him that he doesn't really know what the book is all about, because he feels too small and alone, and realizes how low he sunk, because he's the worst kind of whore after last night. A normal whore just sins and wants to be paid, and hates the bad things they have to do; but he liked it, he wanted to beg Thranduil for more, he knows he did. He actually thought to beg at the end, just to make his master punish him some more; and this morning, this morning he was asking for it, he wanted that skewering cock in him, wanted the jolt of Thranduil's pelvis hitting the marks on his ass, he could have come from that alone.

Legolas feels tears on his cheeks, and soon he is sobbing, his body trembles with it, and he doesn't know what he could do. He can't leave, and he can't disobey, because this is what happens when he does it, or even worse. The idea that Thranduil could put the cock cage on him and leave it there for days or weeks hurts more than he can bear; because last night he saw that it would not hinder his master's pleasure one bit – Thranduil can have him anyway, in any way he pleases, he would be the only one who suffered.

That would be the answer, right? He should make Thranduil angry, so he himself won't be able to take pleasure in it, he thinks, but then plain wails when he remembers how, at the end, the pleasure was overwhelming, and it had nothing to do with his cock, just with being fucked and filled. And that's what whores do, don't they, they enjoy being used.

He keeps crying, tormenting himself, but after a while he gets too tired and doesn't realize when he's falling asleep again, exhausted.

* * *

He's awoken by Thranduil, and wonders at seeing worry on the man's face.

"Are you all right?" he asks.

"Yes, sure, why?"

"Because you have been crying. Did I hurt you too much last night? Please tell me what is wrong."

"No, no, you had every right to punish me, I was bad, and I deserved it. Please don't be mad at me!"

"I'm not mad at you, my darling. Please don't believe I give punishments just to vent my nerves on you! It's just supposed to teach you a lesson, and everything is forgotten afterward. Maybe I wasn't clear enough, but you will never be punished twice for one error, I hope you weren't crying because
you were afraid I'll do it again.”

“No, Thran, that's not why I was crying.”

“Then why did you cry?”

How can he tell him that? He's not very sure himself why he did it and, as to being a whore, the man bought him, surely he knows it?

Unexpectedly, he's hugged, and his hair is petted and kissed, and the safety he feels when encircled by the strong arms and the pure power the man radiates are just too much, Legolas finds himself sobbing again, brokenly, and he's allowed to hide his head in the crook of Thranduil's neck, to smell his delicious cedar scent, so strong and comforting, that he just can't stop until he's almost as exhausted as before.

“Hush, darling. Please tell me what hurts.”

“I… I'm so afraid that…”

“What are you afraid of? Please tell me you're not that afraid of me!”

“It's… how could I like it so much, at the end, to just be taken and it was so pleasurable, even if I couldn't come?”

“Can you tell me exactly what you felt, at the end?”

“It was… well it was like a fluffy light, warm and pleasurable, although it should have hurt a lot, like it did earlier, and I couldn't control anything, I was just like a toy, but I liked it so much, I… I only wanted it to go on for ever and for you to be pleased, no matter what happened to me, I was floating on it…”

Thranduil kisses his eyelids and hugs him tight and sighs.

“My darling, this is called subspace. It's something that happens when a person cedes control completely to their partner and it should be cherished a lot. I'm sorry I didn't think that would happen so fast, for most people, it needs stronger stimulation and more experience to achieve, but you are always so beautifully responsive… I want to take you there again and again, treasure, so you should not be afraid of it, you'll learn that in this state you will feel some of the greatest pleasure possible. Do you remember, did you feel less hurt at the end, when the pleasure rose?”

“I… it didn't hurt at all, it was just so good, it's generally good when you touch my prostate, but in the beginning it burned so much, because my cock couldn't get hard, and I thought I will burn from inside, but then it just spread all ove. I couldn't have moved even if I wasn't restrained, and I didn't care to; I only wanted you to feel so good, I was thinking of begging to make you go on and on, but speaking was too complicated.”

He's hugged and kissed breathless, and Thranduil growls in the kiss, making him moan and shiver with it, his cock back to hardness in an instant, but he's still feeling dirty, and of course the man notices.

“But what hurts you still?”

He tries to squirm and look another way, but Thranduil catches his chin and makes him look into his eyes, so he can't run.
“I don’t like to remember what I am, but I can’t hide after last night."

“And what are you, Legolas?”, the man asks, tonelessly.

“A whore who enjoys what they do, and can’t even regret it and want something else.”

“You are not a whore”, Thranduil snarls. “And I don’t want you to ever want something else or somebody else; I want you to enjoy it and beg for it and I will erase that fucking idiot's spewings from your head, if it's the last thing I do; not tonight, and not for a few days, because you need to heal, but I promise you, I will make you forget all of it and you will only want me and you will like it and desire it more than anythin!.

You are a human being and your life doesn't belong to me, I tell you again, Legolas, you are not a slave. Yes, I love to make you lose control with pleasure, but you do the same to me; do you know how hard it is to not be a beast and take you constantly, every moment I see you? I want to come as soon as I enter your tight body, and never want to pull out. Does that make me a whore too?"

The boy’s eyes are open wide and he can't find words to say.

“Answer me, Legolas, what do you think I should be called, how do you think of me?”, Thranduil asks, sternly.

“Master”, the boy whispers, and Thranduil shivers, because he never told him to call him that, although he thought it, and the boy really believes it, albeit maybe for the wrong reasons.

“I will make you scream this,” he promises, “and you will obey me and never think so low of yourself, ever again, you hear me?"

The boy nods, and seems to be breathing easier, but surely all this torment made him very tired, so he takes them in the den to put on a movie – an excuse to have the boy nap cuddled in his arms, before it's time for dinner, and for Thranduil to watch him raptly, wondering at how lucky he is to have such a gem.
Chapter Summary

More of the smut fest, hehe.

I am going to be abroad for two weeks, so I haven't the slightest idea how the internet is going to be. If you don't hear much for me, know that this is the issue and not that I've fallen off the face of the internet. Although, if I fall into a nice lap, well... Ahem.

Let me know what you like, as usual, and have fun!

Legolas is slowly going insane with pleasure, his whole body wracked with shivers, his limbs just quivering jelly, his breath catching in his throat, his mind trying to leave the body and, at the same time, fighting to stay there and feel.

Thranduil was indeed keeping his earlier promise to rip apart all his defenses and make him his at a level he had never imagined possible. He was thankful for the bonds keeping him in place and, at the same time, hated the position in which they kept him – because it made the relentless fucking he received so good he didn't think he was going to survive it.

He had already came two times in succession after being breached and twice before and could not understand how Thranduil could still keep going, maintaining such a deep and languid rhythm, shattering him again and again, piercing more than his body.

It had all started when his master told him he wanted to try something new, so he had expected pain of some sort, but instead, he had only been immobilized with wide strips of leather which had something very soft on the inside. He had a bar to cling to right near his tied up hands and a nice, warm, wooden surface under his feet. His back was kept well arched, with his ass very exposed and somehow made to clench by this position, although his legs were spread by a bar.

At first he had only thought that he was looking really strange, although of course he could not see it. There was also a sort of a shelf on which his belly could rest a bit, if need be, also covered in a velvety fabric. He had felt something really warm in his heart, because it was clear Thranduil had been very careful to make him feel all right.

And then, velvet felt positively abrasive compared to the light touches of his master's fingertips all over his body, exploring at leisure, bringing shivers to his body and heat to his groin. He felt like not an inch of his skin was forgotten, and then that hot, wet tongue took the place of the fingers, tasting him so thoroughly that he felt he was going to burn from within, especially when it teased his nipples to hard little points and made him shamelessly beg for more, only to have Thranduil smirk and stop.

"No need to beg, my beauty," he had said, "tonight you will come more times than you think possible for me. I want you to just feel, don't worry what I will do, don't ask for anything, just take it all and come for me as soon as you are ready, and again, and again, do we have a deal?"

Legolas hadn't realized what a torture that could be though, and now he was dreading coming again, because his groin had become so sensitive the pleasure was excruciating, driving him insane with want both to continue and to stop. No, he was unable to speak anymore or to stop the sobs and
whining coming out of his ruined throat, wanting to lie down and to stay like this for ever, wanting
the hand slowly, slowly stroking his cock to squeeze harder and dreading it, because he didn't know
how hard a new orgasm would shatter him.

He had his safe word, but, aside from not being sure he could speak it, he knew he didn't want to do
it, because the pleasure was addictive and, even if he had come so much already, he still did not feel
complete. He didn't understand why, since other nights coming just once had made him feel so
peaceful, but tonight it just wasn't enough, even if his balls didn't have anything else to squeeze out,
he wasn't getting the peace and satisfaction he was expecting.

He had asked Thranduil to touch him again, and had moaned breathlessly when he had returned to
his nipples, torturing them with lazy flicks of that pink tongue, with light touches of his fingers, then
abruptly scratching them with his nails. Then he was returning to the maddening slow tongue stokes,
then suckling them like he expected to get milk, until they were so red and swollen and sensitive that
Legolas had came, his cock still untouched, when his master asked him to.

He came again on Thranduil's fingers opening and using his hole, filling him with lube, pulling and
stretching and fucking slow and deep, making his cock spurt again at the filthy command.

Then he had been given his master's hard cock, almost screaming when he was entered so deep he
thought it will reach his throat. Only then did the understand the pretty awkward position he had
been put in, the fact that the invading cock had friction on it's entire length, not only at his entrance,
but all along it's length against his inner walls, and it was stimulating his prostate both on the entry
and on the exit, making him feel fuller than ever, getting his cock back to hardness almost painfully
fast.

Thranduil was whispering now in his ear, telling his how beautiful he looked, debauched like that,
restrained and at his mercy, taking his cock like a good boy, and Legolas felt like crying from the
happiness those words made him feel, so deliriously thrilled to make his master proud of him,
appreciate his body so much, feeling the safety of his master's hands holding his torso, his hip,
wanting it to go on forever. He felt pieces of himself unraveling, but that was OK; because Thran
was there to catch them, to catch him, to keep him safe.

He had managed to say that, and came helplessly when Thranduil had grabbed his hair, turned his
head and kissed him savagely, taking his breath away and making him almost black out from lack of
oxygen.

Then he had stayed his thrusts for a while, allowing Legolas to breathe again, holding him tight, until
he could control a bit the tremors wracking his body and managed to answer that yes, he was OK.

Although that might have been a lie, he was considering now, because the fourth orgasm, brought
about by the relentless piercing of his backside and the hand that pinched his nipples to distraction
had been painful in its intensity, making him scream himself hoarse and writhe to get away, although
that was not possible, and his recovery from it was even longer. If he was recovered, because the
feeling of being somewhere else, a warm, luminous place, like he had imagined the clouds to be,
when he was small, like he had imagined Heaven to be, when they told him his Nana was gone, was
getting even stronger. It was like the very air around him changed in consistency, every slight change
feeling on his skin like a caress, like the wonderful silk sheets Thranduil had on his bed, like his long
hair touching his fevered skin.

Now Thranduil was again thrusting relentlessly into him, while his wicked hand was using the same
rhythm on his cock, the sensation so strong it was almost hurtful. It was like his entire body was a
throb of blood, of want, of seed, his skin was too tight and there was not enough air, but he could not
put a stop to it, even if he wasn't to see another morning. The smell of sex and sweat was making
him dizzy and the ragged breath of Thranduil behind him, evincing his pleasure, was making him want to come a hundred more times for him, just to hear him calling Legolas such a good boy.

He knew he would be sore the next day, probably in places he didn't even know he could be, but surely his ass and his cock and balls and nipples were going to burn. Also, he knew he was going to shamelessly beg Thranduil to touch and pinch every painful spot and to fill him again, to bring him to the painful ecstasy he had realized he started to crave, the place where everything was peaceful and perfect and safe.

“Come for me, little one,” Thranduil groaned in his ear, his finger skimming the head of his cock, and Legolas felt himself exploding again, his body hurting with the powerful clench of muscles, although no seed was left to leave his balls, then going limp and floating, filled with so much heat and light that he might as well be in heaven. He did not realize he was crying in earnest now, not able to stop but not caring either, because this, this was better than anything he believed could exist and, if this was what you got for being a sinner and a whore, he never wanted to be anything else.

He came to and realized that Thranduil had stopped again, allowing him his respite, but the man was cursing continuously, without pause, and he did his utmost best to ask what was wrong, only to be again kissed savagely, until he almost forgot about it, and then he got the answer to his unspoken question about completion:

“You are killing me, my leaf,” Thranduil positively snarled, “with your beautiful body which squeezes me so good, it feels like you will drain my soul through my cock when I come. I think all of my blood and mind and heart will come to you then, and I am fucking willing to let you have it all, my beauty.”

Legolas screamed when Thranduil bit him, hard, at the junction of neck and shoulder, then shivered when he felt the blood on his lips when he was again kissed within an inch of his life, proud beyond measure of his master's love, wanting his seed more than anything in the world, willing to let himself be combusted by its heat, offering himself more completely than he thought possible.

“Please, master,” he said, thoroughly enjoying the twitch the word provoked, “please, I came so much but I am not completed until I feel your seed in me, please, fuck me, milk me, ruin me, but give me your seed, please master, please…”

“No begging, I said,” Thranduil growled again, “for this you will come not once more, but twice before I’ll fill you, but no begging tonight!”

Legolas moaned his assent, not knowing how he was going to take it all, but happy beyond belief that he was going to get what he wanted, no matter the price, in this inferno of passion.

The price turned up to be steep, because although at first he was relieved that Thranduil had increased the rhythm of his thrusting, soon Legolas was only able to breathe every few thrusts, his throat positively refusing to open more often, his abdomen contracting so hard that he was afraid he will faint ere doing what was promised and, when Thranduil had ordered him to come again, his orgasm not only left him even more breathless, but his muscles kept contracting, squeezing the hard cock impaling him, sending jolts of pleasure burning up his spine, again and again, all beyond his control. If he thought before Thranduil was swearing, the imprecations he was throwing now were yelled with such a passion he started to be afraid for his master's sanity.

But soon that was a moot point, because Thranduil increased his rhythm so much that no thought had the time to form between one brutal thrust and the other, his battered ass and prostate becoming just one scorching flame, the hand on his cock squeezing painfully the oversensitive flesh, all bringing such a pressure in his groin he knew he will not be able to remain conscious when it was set free.
Then the feel of Thranduil's seed filling his passage brought so much peace that he forgot everything else, even his last, excruciating orgasm, the fact that he couldn't even scream because he didn't have enough air, the feel of Thranduil's body leaning on his, spent, his hot breath on his shoulder, the real pain in all his body which had taken too much, the feeling of dissolving in thin air and being kept there only by his beloved master.

Legolas did not faint this time, but he didn't know why, and he didn't know how long it took for him to come back from that weightless place, but the first thing he saw when his eyes started clearing again were Thranduil's hands gripping the bar in front of him for dear life, and then he felt his body, still trembling over his back, and realized he was so lucky to be restrained, because he felt like a newborn kitten, with no power in his limbs, and realized both of them would have fallen like the dead on the floor otherwise.

He tried to speak, but at first the sound was just a croak; his throat was parched and hurt by all the crazy sounds he'd made, of course.

“Are you OK?” Thranduil managed to ask him, in a voice so dark and deep that Legolas would have become hard again, if only it was possible.

He managed to make some sounds resembling a yes, and the man chuckled.

“I will bring water, but I need one more minute, can you wait?”

He nodded emphatically and just let himself wait, limp in the bonds, his mind somehow lucid and alert. He was determined to enjoy each moment of this delicious state, each abrupt movement of the man's wide chest on top of him, the exquisite weight of him. He was sure it wasn't Thranduil's whole weight, but at this moment the idea that the strong man needed to support himself on his slim body was making everything even better.

He almost protested when he felt the man moving, taking away the cocooning heat. It wasn't cold in the room, but all that gorgeous heat also meant protection, and he felt bereft without it.

“First I'll bring water and check you, and then I will start taking the cuffs off. It would be great if you could walk to the couch, with my help, but let me know if you can't, after, OK?”

The water was the most delicious thing he ever had, and after gulping an entire bottle he could actually speak a few words, enjoying the big hands checking each place after the leather was removed and holding him tight on the waist. He was swaying, but managed to take the few steps to the couch, leaning heavily on Thranduil. Still, he didn't dare sit on it, just lay on his side, making the man smile.

“How bad it hurts?”

“It doesn't yet, I just don't want that to change too fast. I feel too good.”

“Lay a bit on your belly, I need to clean you up and see you are all right.”

He obeyed, starting to feel tired, but in the best way. Everything seemed to move just a bit slower, and the light had a very liquid quality. The man's ministrations were gentle and light, as usual, and he loved being pampered like this, but he was getting dizzy, feeling he was going to fall, even if he knew it was impossible.

“I'm so dizzy,” he managed to say, “it's funny, like I could actually fall, even if I'm already laying flat. Do you have a blanket?”
Wordlessly, Thranduil brought one, but he was trembling now, even with the warm cover. The man swore and left again, for quite a while, returning with a box of chocolates. The shivers were stronger now, and Legolas had curled into a ball, trying to get warm. Still, he wasn't worried at all, and felt like laughing, for no particular reason.

The man helped him raise a bit, enough so he could sit and support his head and brought a chocolate to his mouth, and a second and a third. He started petting Legolas' hair while he chewed the delicious confections, loving the strong heat at his back, moving just a bit to push himself closer. A finger touched his ear and he started laughing, easy at first, but then he couldn't stop, and that amused him even more. Thranduil chuckled too at this and held him, letting him find his bearings, glad to see he stopped trembling.

“Better?” the man asked, giving him another chocolate.

“Yes, I'm a bit warmer now. But I'm very hungry.”

“Relax a little more and we'll raid the kitchen then. Are you feeling all right, besides physically?”

“I'm great, Thran. I can't understand how you could last so long though.”

The man chuckles again and kisses the crown of his head, and then moves him, so they are now face to face.

“That's just the benefit of experience, little one. But that's not what I mean, I know physically you always enjoy what we do, and I love that. I want to know if you feel better about yourself though, not like the other day.”

“I'm very happy right now. And... well, if I get to feel this good, I no longer care if it's a sin or not; I want it again.”

Thranduil smiles wistfully and kisses his face very softly, sweetly, making him sigh, content.

“Thank you for taking so much care of me, Thran. It feels very good to be so pampered and... I don't know, I just like to feel you holding me, to see how much effort you put to have me feel good. I never imagined something like this was even possible, and didn't think I will survive it.”

He loves the rumble of laugh this causes, making the man's chest vibrate so beautifully.

“Well, as interesting as dying of pleasure might be, I still want you around, so let's grab a bite and sleep. And don't curse me too bad tomorrow,” he smirks, making Legolas laugh too.

“It's all worth it,” he says, and really believes it.

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Indeed, he hurts a lot in the morning, but still doesn't care. He has a ton of energy, amusing Thranduil to no end, so he can't study from home. Everything seems bright and pretty and interesting, so he is in an unusual chatty mood, getting into a heated discussion with Merry and Pippin before the class starts, then asking a ton of questions of Mithrandir, smiling all the time and, of course, standing at the desk.

Of course, all this has annoyed Gimli, to the point he explodes during the break.

“He will throw you out on your ass one day, and maybe you won't be so damn chipper anymore!”
Yes, it's Legolas' biggest fear, that he will be alone and helpless again, but he had promised himself to not let it conquer him. Looking at the angry youth, he starts wondering why is he so prickly; what happened to make him so? Actually, why does he study here, he's neither scatterbrained like Merry and Pippin, nor a genius like Rose, so he should have gone to a normal school. What happened to him that made him need this?

And there's something Mrs. Baggins said, when last Gimli had created a fuss, about sour grapes. Maybe that's the issue? He doesn't want to call Bain to threaten him, as he should in such a case. Maybe it's stupid, but…

“If he no longer wants me tomorrow, he did want me today, and that is more than you can say, isn't it?” he says quietly, looking him straight in the eyes. Yes, he seems to have hit the mark, because Gimli's face is stricken and there's such a flash of hurt in his eyes. He didn't want to hurt him, well, maybe not much, but then the boy huffs and amazes Legolas with his next words.

“Yeah, don't let that go to your head. I still don't like you.”

But the words are no longer prickly and filled with hatred, so everything is well in the world.
So, I'm back, but please hold the spanking! I know I've been bad keeping you waiting, but believe me, coming back home, from a warmer climate, to rain and work on a Monday should be punishment enough!

Also, thank you so much for your patience and love! It makes everything better!

You'll find out why Thranduil behaves as he does sometimes - I know everybody wanted to understand that. And please don't wonder why I had tons of fun in vacation and chose to introduce the dark part of the story - I don't even know why my mind does what it does anyway.

He should have listened to Galion, Thranduil thinks and almost snorts, because of course Galion is always right about these details. No matter, he can have fun in his suit as well as when wearing jeans, and the boys do look like they are having tons of fun. It's good Legolas listened to him and brought all of them first at home, and even better that he could come so early and see how everybody behaves.

Legolas and the other two – probably Merry and Pippin, from the descriptions he heard – are up in the trees, moving between branches; that is definitely Gimli, the short, squat, bearded guy scowling at them from down under – although with those shoulders and arms, surely he could just lift himself up; and that's Sam, all red and fussing around a doll of a girl, trying to help her do something – most probably climb, but doing a mess of it. And of course Elros is smirking and just playing guard.

“So what happens here?” he says, smiling, and all eyes are on him, and one of the boys almost falls from the branches.

“Hi Thran, I didn't know you'll be home so early. I can...”

“It's OK Legolas, I didn't know I'll finish so fast either. So I'll just join in the fun, if you'll have me.”

Gimli snorts and mumbles something about things being totally not funny, but the two boys clamor for him to climb too, and Legolas seems very eager for that to happen. And indeed, his shoes are not appropriate for it, at all.

“Well, my shoes would hinder me from it right now, but if Elros can tell Galion to bring me better ones, I think I'll start by helping Miss Rose here do it, first, if you want it, of course?”

Yes, Legolas was right about it, the girl's voice is like a silver bell, and for sure she can't weigh more than 75 pounds, so it would be really easy to lift her.

“This is the first time you try this, right?” he asks her again, and of course she confirms. “OK then, we need to make this as simple and safe as possible.” He looks around, trying to find the most secure spot, and encounters it in an old oak, a place where two very thick branches start, so she will be able to sit just like on a solid chair.

“Legolas, please come here, in this tree, see where these two branches start? OK, I will lift miss Rose
and you will help her balance and sit down, and stay by her until she's used to the height, OK?"

The boy agrees and gracefully climbs down the first tree and up the one he indicated, just like a little monkey. It's clear he's having tons of fun, and that's very good to see. The other two are giggling about it, and Sam doesn't seem to like the situation much, for some strange reason. Still, Legolas is ready, sitting well balanced on one of the branches, so Thranduil grabs the girl by the hips and lifts her high. Yes, she's as light as he thought, he could keep her like this for a long time, but there's no need, because she grabs the branch and climbs on it like a kitten, then settles with her back to the tree and smiles very prettily, thanking him.

Legolas checks with her and, when she confirms she'll just stay there for a while, climbs down and, tentatively, comes near Thranduil. It's clear he wants a kiss, but is too ashamed to claim it, so he pulls him close and teases his pink lips for a moment, smiling when he lets him go.

"OK now, Sam, can you please stay near miss Rose, in case she needs help? And the rest of us, we could do some pull-ups, what do you say?"

“A swing would be nice,” Legolas says wistfully, and instantly Thranduil's mind fills with hot images of his lithe body in a different kind of swing, his hard cock filling him to the brim, his golden hair brushing the floor, and damn it, stop or you'll tent your pants too much!

“Yes, pull-ups would be great,” Gimli gruffs, of course he does, but he said it, so he won't back down. Thranduil takes off his tie, opens his collar and cuffs, rolls up his sleeves and is as ready as he'll ever be. The two boys drop from the trees like over-ripe fruit, happily without breaking anything, and Legolas is near him. They start looking for appropriate branches for their different heights, and a smirking Elros will count; the first series of ten is easy, of course, but at the second, the two boys get bored fast and end up hanging by their legs, like bats, making Gimli scowl and mumble and Rose laugh.

Legolas looks beat after 30, so he tells him to stand down; at 50, his shoulders are killing him, but he won't give up; the fucking mutant boy is puffing also, like a freight train, but of course he keeps going. At 70, it's like somebody put a hot poker through his joints, he's completely soaked and swearing in his mind, but luckily Galion saves the day, because he appeared with sports shoes for him and traction bands, the kind used to move cars, with which to make a swing. Gimli doesn't want to stop, of course, but Merry and Pippin are running around, shouting with glee, wanting the swing, and Legolas says Rose would prefer it too, so that's the best reason to stop, with their egos intact.

Fuck, he shouldn't get himself in such messes; it's torture now even to help the waif of a girl off the tree and to help secure the swing, but he does it and then is able to rest, watching the young ones frolic, knowing he will have a bitch of a pain in his joints later. Still, it's just perfect to watch the little one enjoy it, his hair flying behind him when he speeds, see the two trouble makers try to move together in it and somehow bang their heads, making everybody cramp with laughter, and they keep at it until Elros tells them Mrs. Baggins has food ready.

It's good she thought to make a ton of it, too, because, with the exception of Rose, who eats just enough for a very small bird, all the others are stuffing their faces at an alarming rate. Still, nobody chokes, which should be considered a victory, and the day can be considered a success. He won't put the boy in a swing tonight, because he's unsure if he'd be able to move him to the bed after, but that's definitely in the menu, soon. It's good though, he has more time to decide what he shall do first after having the boy secured in it: breach his pretty ass or fuck his hot throat raw. Yes, that's a hard decision all right.

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Thranduil is deep in his work, trying to finish checking the latest agreements to be signed as fast as possible; if he can do it, he can have a leisurely dinner with Legolas, because they should do that more often, when his mobile rings. He really hopes it's not more work, and is surprised to see it's Elrond.

“Hi Elrond, what can I do for you?”

The other man laughs.

“Well, you could take the boy and move your asses to my house for dinner. Lindir is very unhappy that you didn't keep your promise, and since the gala is this Friday…”

“Fuck! This Friday? I forgot completely, damn, I hope the smoking is ready… Sorry, yes, you know I didn't want to avoid it, just… Well, OK, give me half an hour to confirm if I can make it at a reasonable hour?”

“Sure, but if you don't, I'll tell Lindir what pieces to play, and you won't like them.”

“I'm not sure what did I do this time, but that is a cruel and unusual punishment. I'll call you,” he says and closes the call, amused against himself. It's true he had promised and he's sure the shy musician is fretting about the situation also. He checks his agenda and decides that he will have to postpone whatever he can't finish for another day, then tells Legolas to prepare and speaks with Galion, to check about the clothes.

He will have the youth there as his plus one, no matter what, and he has to look spectacular. Thranduil is already amused thinking of the amount of speculation this will generate – the boy is a nobody in the social arena, so all the jackals will be dying to find out more. This means he has to prepare him really well, otherwise there will be trouble. Damn, that kind of teaching is not fun at all.

The boy is happy to visit Elrond and his family again, and as soon as they get there, he goes to the garden with Arwen, who looks ready to burst. The lavender dress she wears wants to split at the seams over the bulging belly, and her face is haggard. The strange thing is that Aragorn is not right near her, he muses, and that Elrond looks so frazzled and uneasy. Even the twins seem more subdued than usual, and Lindir is positively antsy.

“Ready to enchant us, Lindir?” Thranduil decides to take the bull by the horns.

The young man tries to be valiant, but it's not really working. He sighs then, and fidgets with the shirt sleeves, before answering.

“I'm a bit nervous, because it's the first time I will be the only performer for such a long time”, he admits. “And allowing me to chose all the songs is just…”

“I didn't make his life easier, I must apologize to both of you,” Elrond intervenes, morose.

“What did you do?” Thranduil asks, amazed.

“It's Aragorn”, Elladan says.

“And Arwen,” his brother adds.

This is the moment Aragorn appears from the stairs, and his left hand is bandaged and his hair looks to be singed on that side too. He's wearing a sleeveless T-shirt and it's easy to see several smaller
bandages up the arm. Elrond just glares at him, forgetting he was supposed to say something.

“You were talking about me?” the younger man asks, determined.

“I’m not sure,” Thranduil answers, “I thought I asked about Lindir, but…”

Aragorn laughs, self consciously.

“Well, Elrond tried to get me to switch jobs for a long time, harder since the pregnancy, and the fact that now I got a little burned – and it’s really nothing, the hair will grow back and the burns on the hand are superficial – it’s pretty much pandemonium.”

“And Arwen was due last week, and still nothing happened, so father is totally on edge,” Elladan supplies.

“I’m sorry this happened, Aragorn. It’s true your job is kind of dangerous, what was the alternative again?”

“Well,” Elrond growls, “it’s not as if an EMT doesn't help people, or that he can’t get the qualification really fast, with all his experience. And of course he could study some more and become a physician in some years, it's not like he has to work full time and bring back the paycheck or somebody will starve. He just has to brave fires and such, to get high on adrenaline.”

“Dad!” the twins chorus, and Lindir makes a little dismayed sound.

“Yes, yes, I should be calm and all, but look where calm and patience took us!”

“Nowhere so unusual, dad,” Arwen intervenes, her and Legolas returning from the short walk in the gardens. “It was an accident and, luckily, nothing serious happened.”

“Today,” Elrond grumps, although it’s clear he tries to calm down.

Legolas looks completely bewildered, not knowing what they talked about, so Thranduil has to explain that Aragorn chose to be a fireman, like his father, and Elrond growls again, “His father who died in a fire”, making Thranduil growl louder at him.

“Last time I checked, he's an adult, Elrond, and he was a fireman when Arwen married him, that didn't happen overnight. And I have no idea what fault I have in all this, it's not like I caused any fire recently or, God forbid, have any influence on pregnancies and timely deliveries.”

Elrond breathes deep and tries hard to compose himself, only managing it when his hand is caught and held tight by Lindir, who kisses it very cutely.

“I'm sorry, indeed, I didn't call you here to hear us fighting.”

“I have no problem with discussing all this, having a drink over it or whatever you need, Elrond, just let me know from the beginning what you need of me, and let's find the young ones something else to do.”

“Thank you, but not yet. Let's eat and then we can have a drink in my study,” Elrond decides, so they go to the living room and start trying to make small talk. The food looks delicious, even if they are cautioned they need to add salt seriously, since Arwen can't stand it lately, because it makes her retain too much water.

But of course, things can't really go smoothly, because Lindir is also very unsettled about the amount
of money he will receive for the performance.

“It's the standard amount, I think,” Thranduil says. “I can check it up and increase it if it's too little, of course.” The youth seems to choke at this, and Thranduil has no idea why that happens, but the twins laugh out loud and even Elrond chuckles.

“No, you see, his problem is that the amount is about 4 times more than he is usually paid,” Elrohir clarifies. “And of course, he doesn't feel he deserves it.”

“Nonsense,” Thranduil answers. “If pop guys can charge this, I see no reason to pay you less. I will tell PR to leak the amount to the press, so the next organizers know they need to make you better offers. No discussions, Elrond, I already told you why I do this, but no nosing in the playlist either, OK?”

Lindir is just speechless, the twins grin ear to ear and Elrond and Arwen are just trying to offer their love to the musician, so the silence is really pleasant for a few moments.

“I understand you like certain modern pieces, so I was thinking to include things like Beatles, Simon & Garfunkel or Queen in the playlist,” Lindir says shyly.

“See, and you say you don't deserve such responsibility! I would love to hear such songs, it will be a relief from the sure boredom to come. Will you be joining us also, Elrond?”

“I really should, but I don't want to leave Arwen alone, and I... I'm sorry.” he says again, and Thranduil sees that he didn't actually ate and, looking at the twins, sees that both of them are worried. Well, he had enough to eat for now, so he gets the man to leave the table and take them to his study. He knows Legolas will be OK with the young ones, so he will try to help the man as much as possible.

Somebody to listen to him is all he can offer, because he's never been good at reassuring people in such matters, and he's not so good with feelings anyways. But the man has stood by him when he was in very dire straits, so he'll do what's needed.

He starts by pouring them both some whiskey – Elrond has a very good assortment, and he knows the man is not the most fond of wine. And he's way too uptight in general, who cares if he gets himself a little foxed for once?

“I don't know why this upsets you so, when you already went through having three children born, but rage all you want,” he tells him. “You know I'm not so easily offended.”

It seems Elrond really needs it, because he downs the drink, gives him back the glass and starts cursing, really heartfelt. After a few moments, he sips slower from the new drink and sighs.

“How the fuck do I go through this again if something serious happens to him, Thranduil? How do I keep Arwen going, and the child, if he dies? And what if something happens to the child, still? What if something happens to her? It's still an ordeal to give birth, women do die from it, I should know! And this starts to look like a toxic pregnancy, we have to do something soon!”

“You do all that you can and just go on, one day after the other, Elrond. I'm sorry, I don't have a magic answer to this, any more than you do.”

“Yes, but at least you didn't have to blame yourself for it!” the man grits, emptying the glass and showing he wants more.

“What the fuck do you have to blame yourself for, Elrond? The man made his own decisions, as any
adult does. It's not your fault his father died as he did, even if he was your friend. What guilt are you talking about?

“Not for him, no, for her, for my dear…” he chokes, and first Thranduil doesn't understand, but then he does and laughs darkly. Of course Elrond can't speak certain words, just like he himself can't.

“Oh, I had very many things to blame myself for that year, Elrond,” he spits, trying hard not to shiver, “and I'm sure she thought the same, but neither of us was right then, and neither are you now. You did all you could, but the damage had already been done, you are not a god to heal everything!”

“Yeah, like what did you have to blame yourself for? For bleeding or what, for fuck's sake! Don't tell me that it was for killing those beasts!”

Thranduil feels he's choking, like every time he has to remember that, and wants to get away from the room. But the room is not the issue, and his friend deserves more than this. It's been 18 years, he shouldn't be so scared, for fuck's sake!

“Not so much for killing them, no, I got over that pretty fast. Some days, for not bleeding enough, Elrond, for not bleeding dry. Some others, for being a tease, and others for not being able to kill them first. There were other crazy things in my mind too, like the classical dirty phase, but these were the main ones. I can only imagine that in her mind it was the first.”

He tries not to rage also, after spewing this, because the other man didn't do this to hurt him, and all his composure is gone, Elrond is sobbing now, like he never saw him before. It hurts him to see his friend like this, because the man usually is everybody's rock, in any kind of crazy circumstances, maintaining his wits and doing everything to get everybody on their feet. Also, he's not sure if the man would appreciate physical comfort from him.

Sighing, he decides to try anyway; if Elrond doesn't like it, he'll let him know, but it seems he does appreciate it, and lets himself be hugged and held for a while, until the sobs subside. Then he gets up and pours himself some water, breathing deep to calm himself.

“Thank you,” he says. “It's hard to talk about this with people who only speak from books.”

“Yeah, but you don't know how much I wish I would also talk from books right now. Actually, I imagine you do.”

“Don't you ever want to let go of control, at least for a night?” Elrond asks, startling him with the abrupt change.

“Oh, that. Well, if I was in control, that night would have never happened, so no, I can't cede control. I think it helped me a lot to be the one in control after, to be the one with the power to hurt and kill, that's why I joined Maedhros, most likely. Anyway, if I can't do it, it doesn't matter if I wish for it or not, it just is like that.”

“You make me want to drink more, you know. Always cerebral, always realistic, doesn't it get tiring?”

“Why do you think I like to play so much? Common, it's not like all that I do is so logical and normal!”

“So you didn't like this stuff before?”

“I hadn't had the opportunity to try many things before, Elrond. If you remember, I was an 18 year old coming from a small town – that's not exactly conducive to too many experiments.”
“And how can you stand doing that to the boy?” he growls, and this really incenses Thranduil.

“He fucking likes all that I do to him, and I give him all he can want. Why is that worse than marrying a viper like Amanda or the rest of them so called socialites, and let them spend my money, which all society would approve? Or maybe someone like Victor, and have fun trying not to be stabbed, both in bed and at the office?”

“I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm a mess tonight. But, seriously, Victor? Did you actually sleep with him?”

Thranduil laughs first, and empties his glass again.

“It's OK, just don't expect me not to react to certain things. No, I didn't, since he only tops also, so that would get complicated really fast. But there were other offers, during the years, people who only wanted my money or my influence, while pretending to love my character and such bullshit. Yeah, you see, even you have to laugh at this.

I am lonely too, sometimes, Elrond, and the boy is at least completely honest. He needs a protector and I need solace, it's probably one of the best deals I ever struck.”

“Are you sure it's enough, thinking of this as a deal?”

“We'll see, but I prefer to have things straight. I would have settled for somebody already, if there was somebody who would have had the guts to tell me honestly what they want from me. I can understand greed or the passion to outshine everybody else, or lust and sex, but I despise the lack of balls. Plus, I don't have the time to worry about guessing somebody's feelings each day, and yes, maybe I'm already too heartless to offer more. If I don't have something, I can't offer it, as much as people believe there should be romance and starry eyed love and shit. It's not in me anymore, Elrond, I just can't.

But we were speaking about you, not me. Or maybe we should get out and have a fight to settle whose opinion is better, I'm sure your sons would love to get wagers upon who wins.”

This does manage to make Elrond smile, and the topic changes to easier subjects, like work and plans for the little one's future and shit, and they drink some more, until finally Elrond seems fine, strangely steadier, although he's well buzzed by now. They can return now to see the rest of the family is gathered near the piano and Lindir plays soft music, soothing everybody's frayed nerves and, probably, his own.

They leave, and Thranduil feels fey and disturbed, because he isn't fine, he didn't want to revisit all that. Does he ever? The boy seems to be in a good mood, but is silent, staying half reclined, with his head resting on Thranduil's shoulder, enjoying the smooth ride. When they get home, he's still not sure how well he'll be able to sleep, and for sure he doesn't want sex, or shouldn't anyway, so he stuns the boy by telling him to sleep in his room tonight, while he gets more booze and cloisters himself in his bedroom.

He fills his glass but can't stand still, so he paces, trying hard to put the monsters back in their cage. Why do people have to say such stupid things, wonder why something happens, why somebody does what they do? That's the surest way to madness, he should know. He gulps at the drink, relishing the physicality of the burn it creates down his throat.

Yeah, sure he'd like to be able to change the past; sure he'd like somebody else to take the burden, but it's stupid to indulge in childish dreams when everybody in the real world only wants to hurt you. It's stupid to let them see weakness and be unprepared, because when you do, they'll fuck you up.
He empties the glass and goes to fill it again, and the thoughts continue to whirl. He couldn't let somebody have such power over him, it's just not possible after all the helplessness and the pain and the sheer humiliation. He dearly hopes he will not crack under the pressure, like Elrond did tonight, but he can understand that, and laughs, thinking the man asked that question because he would like a reprieve from taking care of everybody, for sure. But then, he always wants to take care of somebody, including Legolas now, who's in no way his responsibility, that's his whole nature, why should he fight it?

Taking care of somebody isn't that bad, he muses, thinking about the boy now. That one definitely needs a protector, since it's too clear he's woefully unprepared to stand up for himself. He wonders now if Legolas would be able to kill somebody in self defense, and realizes that, most probably, he never even held a gun, so he might just be incapable of using one with the safety on, for example.

He has to have him taught this, it's a necessity; as much as he hopes nothing bad will happen, you can never know, and knowledge is always better. Maybe some self-defense too? Not now, no, because that needs years to get to the point where he could actually best someone bigger and stronger; he is tall enough, but has the lissome body of a dancer, not the brawn of a fighter; no, he should first shoot well and then they'll see.

He leaves Boromir a message about this, and wants to tell the boy, but surely he's asleep. And anyway, the boy will not gainsay his orders, he likes too much to be ordered around. But really, will he be able to use a weapon against a real opponent? Thranduil knows most people have qualms about this, although he can't really understand them, because he was in shock the first time he did it. Well, maybe not only the first, since it took him quite a while to come back to a semblance of normality, so his first assignments easily got Maedhros' approval.

Takes one sociopath to appreciate another, most probably, but since he actively didn't want to feel anything at the time, couldn't let himself open to all the horror, he did everything precisely, clinically and without seeming to register them, just like the older man did. He emulated him in more than just killing and maiming, creating the whole frozen facade he presents to the business world in his image, and it works.

Yeah, of course that's not normal, but most normal people do crack when they have to go through that, and Celebrian is the best example. The woman had all the help possible to get over the ordeal, had endless love and support from her entire family, and still she couldn't take it and killed herself, too ashamed to live on.

The glass is empty again, and it's totally unwise to keep drinking, but who the fuck cares? After all these years, Thranduil still has the urge to finish with it all when he thinks about that day. He still remembers every second of the debilitating pain and, especially, the abject helplessness, the acidic terror of not being able to fight back and to have to take it, hanging by the flimsiest thread of hope that it will finally be over, or maybe he'll finally die and be free of it, and has to fight as hard to get everything back under lock and key. Cede control, he says! How the fuck, why the fuck would he do that, just to shatter completely?

After that day, he's never been completely sane, Thranduil knows that, and his mind is definitely not healthy, but who is completely sane and completely healthy? Everybody has a breaking point, and some breaks can't be mended; it's better to accept that and move on, and show the fuckers he's stronger than them. After all, their sorry carcasses are all rotted by now, but he's still here, and he fucking enjoys life to the fullest.

Yes, he needs enjoyment now, and the bottle doesn't offer enough of it, so he forgets his qualms and goes to the boy's bedroom, determinedly climbs into the bed, takes the covers off and zeroes in on his
pink prick. Legolas is half hard, probably dreaming something interesting, so it's very easy to get him to full mast and enjoy the delicate weight, the spongy fullness, the arousing heat, the surprised moan when the boy awakens to find himself captive in the suckling mouth, being brought to completion before he's fully awake.

“Suck me, nice and deep”, Thranduil growls then, and grabs the boy's silken hair, pulling the unresisting mouth all the way on his throbbing cock. He's enjoying the exquisite pressure, the way the boy gags, surprised, and tries to relax, to suck at him, his slender hands grabbing Thranduil's hips for purchase. “Yes, just like that, let me fuck your pretty mouth raw, I want to fill you with my seed, ohhh, yesss, fuck!”

He has no self-control now, rutting in the boy's mouth, pulling at his hair harder than necessary, moving way too fast and coming, snarling his relief and managing to collapse on the bed and not directly over the boy. Everything swirls and sarabands around him and there's nausea too, but before he has the time to worry over it all, he falls into a deep, dark sleep.

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His head is pounding and there's a vile taste in his mouth, and of course his bladder is full. Yep, he drank too much last night, and he feels so tired now, not wanting to get up and solve the issues. Why is he so tired again? Damn, the whole Elrond debacle. Better not to think about that. But opening his eyes, he's disoriented, because this is not his bedroom.

“Are you OK?”, he hears Legolas. *Ah, fuck, what had he done last night?*

“Yeah, yeah, just too much whiskey. What about you, what did I do to you last night?” he asks, unsettled.

“It's OK Thran, I'm fine, you just woke me up very pleasantly, sucking me up, and fucked my mouth. I was a bit scared that you just dropped at the end, and I couldn't rouse you. But you seemed to be just sleeping very heavily, and you did smell of alcohol, so I let you rest and now I had Galion bring up some coffee and juice, if you want some.”

“That's really great, give me a glass of water first, please! And the coffee.”

Everything is way better after he drinks them, and he stays still for a few more minutes, to gather himself up, and looks at the boy again. Indeed, Legolas looks well enough, and seems to be moving just fine.

“Galion said the smoking is in the dresser”, the boy tells him, “he said you asked about it.”

“Yes, Friday you'll accompany me to the gala,” he tells him. “Try it on, to see if it fits right. I'll be right back.”

Yes, the boy looks really scrumptious in it, Thranduil sees returning from the bathroom, although he has to help him with the details to get everything right. He'll have to arrange his hair in a more mature fashion – maybe use just a little gel to get it to stay smooth in front and fall in a curtain over his back? But everybody will salivate seeing him, making Thranduil proud.

“You'll accompany me to the office today, but do change, take one of the day suits, the gala will be a mess of people, so I want you to have just a glimpse of what's appropriate behaviour. I have a few meetings this afternoon, both at the office and in town, so you'll be able to see what's expected, OK?”

“Wouldn't people be amazed to see me there with you?”
“I'll say something that you are in training or similar and they'll ignore you. It's true you'll be pretty bored, and I'm sorry for that, but I think it will be easier for you on Friday if you already know a bit, right?”

“I… I think so, yes. But… not that I don't want to go with you, but what will I do at the gala, since I understand it's a work event?”

“It is work related, yes, but all the people invited are generally coming with their partner – wife, boyfriend, whatever is the case. I would love to have you there as my boyfriend, if you'd like to come.”

“Of course I would love that, Thran,” the boy answers, blushing so very prettily. “And I'll be very attentive today, to make you proud of me.”

“I'm always proud of you, treasure. Give me a kiss now, and… ah, I forgot, I left a message to Boromir last night, so he'll tell you this, but you shouldn't be surprised. I want you to learn to shoot, to be able to defend yourself if it's needed. Any of the men can teach you, really, you need to know how most types of handguns work, how to add more bullets, things like that, and how to hit the target, at close range first, and then further, in time.”

“Sure, if you want, I will, but isn't security enough?”

“You never know what can happen, Legolas. I really hope this will be just a waste of your time, a boring chore; but I would feel very bad if you'd need it and couldn't defend yourself. I mean, I'm assuming you didn't learn how to shoot before, right?”

“No, nobody should have guns, because killing is a sin.”

“Yeah, at least that's closer to the truth, but be that as it may, if ever you are in a situation where you are able kill or hurt the person or persons wanting to hurt you, promise me you will do it, Legolas! Promise me you'll fire at the head or torso, if you can't target the head. Promise me you'll do everything possible to be safe and sound, no matter what happens to the others, OK?”

“I… I will try,” the boy gulps. “I will do my best to learn to shoot well and to take care of myself as needed. Do… will you do the same?”

“Yes, my dear, I always take care of myself, and I will do everything possible so nothing ever happens to you, this I promise you!”

He hugs the boy tightly and kisses him hungrily, making him moan in no time. He can't have enough of his sweet mouth, of his fresh taste, of the beautiful, pliant body, and swears to himself that he'll set the city on fire if it's needed to protect this innocent.
Chapter Summary

It's here! Yey! I have also a good chunk of the next one ready, so, if not tomorrow, at least on Tuesday it should be on. Thanks a million to everybody who encouraged me so much through this weird patch of lack of inspiration - you are great!

Oh, and this one has pics too :)

Having finished arranging the latest details, Thranduil moves a few paces back and studies his work. The boy looks good enough to eat, again. Nicely tailored clothes do make him look more sophisticated, and he has an innate grace in wearing them, a very good thing, since he had no education in the field. He is very thankful that this is so, because he hates the guys who look like they are wearing a sack when they wear a suit.
Legolas probably isn't aware, but he is good at learning from watching others, that is obvious, because the other day, when he took him to various meetings, his attitude and posture changed dramatically between the first and the fourth one - and surely that had a lot to do with the fact that he watched Thranduil like a hawk almost all day long and instinctively copied his style.

Actually, it would be a very good idea - not that he wants so much a carbon copy of himself, although it is strangely flattering. But the boy's normal demeanor oscillates between kittenish and plain vulnerable - and nobody knows better than Thranduil how appealing that is for a certain kind of people. A strata of ice masking this would really be welcome, so he will encourage the boy to build it, for the social events, because this will only be the first of a long row, although Legolas doesn't know it yet.

"I hope you will not find this very unpleasant," he says while they are in the car, decided to iron out the last kinks of this before they arrive.

"I'm a bit scared," the boy acknowledges, "but you'll be there, so I'm sure it will be just fine."
Thranduil smiles and all this trust does great things both to his heart and loins; and there isn’t time for the second part right now.

"Yes, I will be there, but it’s pretty probable I will be taken away from your side for various tasks I’ll need to attend to. I need you to know this in advance, to understand you might spend up to an hour alone - I mean, having to speak to various people."

"Well, what do I speak to them about? I doubt they’d find interesting the way Merry and Pippin covered Saruman in toilet paper this Tuesday. Well, and the fun part, that they had to hunt for every little bit of it, after he shredded it all."

"Actually, they might,” Thranduil chuckles, “just, it’s not the best to tell them exactly what you are studying for; its perfect to say you are studying and have a private professor though. Yes, small talk subjects, that’s always a bitch. One thing that will always make people like you, a lot, is to make them speak about themselves - everybody likes to drone on about their magical accomplishments, so you could just turn back the conversation to what they say they are doing, what they bought, what plans they have for the future, for the children, whatever. Ask them about themselves, tell them to elaborate on something you understand or to explain something you don’t, and they’ll forget very fast to ask about you. Does it make sense?"

“Yes Thran, I think I understand this. You did this with the second man we met, that one couldn’t stop talking."

"Correct, the guy is one of the biggest gossips in town, and there’s nothing he likes more than talk your ear off. But it works with the rest of them too. Ready?"

"I... yes, ready," he says, straightening out his shoulders.

This deserves a light kiss, to make him smile, and they are off. Of course there are photographers outside, so he’s glad the boy gets out of the car with grace and is still smiling, even if they blind them; he had warned him that will happen. Taking his arm, so everybody understands the status-quo, they get inside, and of course there are already people around, even if he came early.

He has no idea why his public appearances attract such a crowd - he never encouraged that - but maybe exactly because he tried to be more private about certain things and is seen as a mystery - and, of course, a big catch. Poor Legolas has no idea what hornets’ nest his appearance will stir and Thranduil hopes to be able to stay near him as much as possible, to ward off the most idiotic suitors. Also, the way the boy looks, there will be tons of people genuinely interested to get into his pants for his own sake. Yep, at least it will not be boring.
AND THRANUML ALL SPIFFY

Another good thing is that Legolas doesn't seem to have an issue with grand spaces, he takes them in stride, because, as always, the great hall they booked is magnificent – the event management firm he now uses for the fifth year in a row has done an astonishing job, once again.

The chosen theme was fluidity, trying to impress the idea of his company being the best adapted on an ever changing market, and everything seems indeed to flow, there are great panels of abstract designs made out of flowing lines interspersed with images of rivers and the sea, and the stage is set as a state of the art luxury catamaran, life size, with the sails unfurled, dominating the ensemble, still against the backdrop of a huge screen showing a raging storm.

It's not like he has anything to do with shipping, but he liked the sketch at the brainstorming and decided it will be fun to try it and now he's happy he did it, because it looks different indeed. He liked the forest theme too, but somehow no design they showed him felt right – maybe because he was so bored when they were discussing it, he thinks now, everything had seemed too fixed and stifling. He's no longer bored, so maybe next year.

Boromir is there to give the OK about the security arrangements and it starts - with the fun part of having to greet everybody as they come and to introduce Legolas. Their faces will be stiff from all this smiling, but it's nothing new for him and soon he's just doing it like any other day and then he has to let the boy alone to answer a few questions about their last deal. Everything looks good though, and he'll have to go say hi to Lindir later, the music is indeed perfect at the moment.

He's then stolen away to speak about a potential deal and has to dodge some very persistent shady characters who want donations for something that doesn't make sense. He's trying to keep an eye on the boy, from a distance, and for the moment he seems to be doing fine, managing to keep smiling and changing the groups after some minutes, as instructed.
Decidedly, he excuses himself and goes to him when he sees a particular little viper approaching. It's laughable how much she favors green dresses and materials with a sheen – just like the reptile she is. He signals a waiter to follow and makes a show of having Legolas sample the canapes and gets him a glass of champagne, too. They discussed how he should drink it and how to avoid getting more, although right now Thranduil himself would need something stiffer.

"Hi Amanda, how have you been?" he starts the offensive.

"Well, not as good as you, it seems. But I'm sure this is not serious, you like women more."

That bad, she can't even start with some pleasantries? His hands are itching to teach her a lesson, and not the fun kind. He chooses to laugh instead, knowing logic doesn't work with her.

"And how would you know? You never saw me play with a man, you were too squeamish."

Of course she's not squeamish, she's just more possessive than a bulldog, so he takes a few strands of Legolas' hair and plays with them for some moments, kissing them in the end and smiling at the light rosy blush this causes. He's still enthralled of how self-conscious the boy can still be of little gestures of affection.

"Boys and their toys," she says, dismissively. "You really should grow up and let these flings be, don't you get bored of bringing home somebody different every week?"

The bitch clearly wants to hurt the boy, and most likely she is succeeding. Time for the heavy artillery then, although he didn't want these news to make the rounds just yet. Oh well.

"Yes, I agree with you" he says and then loves to squash the greedy triumph flashing through her green, serpent eyes, "I never felt better than in the last few months since Legolas is living with me. And I do hope you feel the same, darling," he tells the boy, with a smile in his eyes.

"You know I do Thran, I never want to be anywhere else" he says and blushes harder.

Thranduil hugs his shoulders possessively with his left hand and kisses his hair and is very happy to see the harpy go away, fuming. He breathes and takes a drink from a passing waiter, emptying it fast, then gets the boy to a more secluded location, just nodding to the people they pass by.

"I'm sorry, little one," he sighs when they are a bit more isolated from the crowd, behind a huge decorative panel. "That one is very disgruntled she hasn't managed to make me marry her and spews poison on a regular basis. We'll probably see her again, but if she ever corners you alone, you are allowed to escape by any means - even calling security."

"She is very beautiful," the boy says. "Why didn't you like her?"

Of course the boy would not see his own attractiveness.

"You are at least as beautiful, my dear. Trouble is, she's just beautiful on the outside, when you leave aside the pretty dresses and expensive shoes and perfect make-up, underneath there's just a viper, biting your head off. She tries hard to appear perfect and good, but look how she behaves when she doesn't get what she wants - she had no right whatsoever to try to hurt you so. And no, don't even think for a second she was right, I meant what I said, I love having you around, in my house and in my life, OK?"

"I really hope you are happy with me, Thran, because I enjoy it a lot, being with you," he says, still so very unsure of himself. Damn, he really needs to do something to bring Legolas' confidence to more normal levels, but what?
"I know, treasure. OK, we should go back, and well, I don't think any other exes will behave as
stupid. I'm apologizing in advance though, in case somebody does make a spectacle out of
themselves. Give me a kiss and let's go back."

Fuck, he'd stay here all night and enjoy these delicious, pliant lips, would love to make that
scrumptious body tremble, but this isn't the time nor the place, so he has to end it way too fast and get
back to facing the crowd. Well, they should say hello to Lindir too, if they are at it.

Elrond didn't come, the singer tells them, and if the baby isn't born by Sunday, Monday morning
Arwen is scheduled for a c-section. It seems there is an ever-mounting tension between Elrond and
Aragorn and the twins decided to stay home too, providing a buffer, but of course that annoyed
Elrond, because they should have been at the clinic. The young man is worried and uneasy, so
Thranduil is glad Legolas decides to stay near him for a while, especially because he has to go on the
stage now and deal with all the speeches and the part about achievements, bestowing promotions,
scholarships, grants and all that craziness.

He would dearly love to do this privately, because this type of marketing does not do much for his
company, since his business is not based on selling stuff to the great public. The people who use his
services are never fooled by such shit, they like the constant profits he offers and only ever check the
deal itself, but it would be too unusual to not behave like the standard company in regards to this, so
he does it every year.

He goes on with it and, of course, there's no time to check on Legolas until he can finally get off the
stage. And then there's the question: seriously, what the fuck possessed him to believe it was good to
let the two lambs alone, supposedly comforting each other? They are now in a circle of wolves, from
what he can see, the green dress is there, and there's the unmistakable shaved head topping Victor's
very tall and wide frame, and there's Lobelia – the journalists too. Fuck it, so he hurries to get there
and save them.

Surprisingly enough though, it seems his lamb has some teeth – he's standing in front of Lindir,
who's all pale and looking like he wants to disappear inside the piano, and he's actually trying to
seem bigger and menacing – and he's not half bad at it. His cheeks are… no, not pink, that's almost
red, he's… angry? That's a new one.

"Hey Victor, haven't seen you in a while," he says, coming to stay very near to Legolas and in front
of Lindir and obviously checking the man out, head to toe, then doing the same to Amanda. "I didn't
know you were looking for a wife, could have made some recommendations."

Victor snorts and shakes hands, and yes, Amanda seems disgruntled, because she was hanging by
the man's arm, trying hard to look cute and harmless. He had a better opinion of her intelligence, but
chasing both him and Victor, and thinking her game was fooling either of them, that's a sure recipe
for disaster. Still, those two would deserve each other, and could make a fortune selling tickets
afterward.

"I never said that," Victor says, “but I wouldn't have pegged you for robbing cradles either. At least
two boys at once is nothing new," he grins lewdly.

"I don't see the cradles, and have no idea what you are talking about. Legolas and I have been
exclusive for the last… 4 months already, I think, and that will not change very soon. Where did you
hear such news, and, I'm curious, who's the second boy? I'd like to meet him, in any case.”

“Well,” Victor drawls, “a little birdie told me there's only one reason you'd bring an… let's say
unknown to sing at your party. And since the said unknown is a beauty, and a little sub too, from
what we can see, the conclusion is obvious.”
Legolas is shaking near him, and it's quite interesting to realize he's so angry on behalf of the other youth, much more than he would ever be when he's the one belittled. Thranduil moves a hand soothingly over the boy's back and then rests it at his nape, squeezing a little to ground him.

“I'm afraid I'm not that brave,” he drawls, “Elrond is still my physician, and poaching on his territory, as beautiful as the prey is, could put my hide in so much danger that I'd rather be a good boy. Not to mention, I have my hands very full at the moment, so I'm not even interested,” he adds and kisses the boy's temple, smiling very satisfied.

“Oh, this is Elrond's boy? Sorry, knowing Elrond, I had to see it to believe it, but he does seem more like his style, all prim and proper.”

“And who is this Legolas,” Lobelia's shrill voice interrupts, “and what does he have so special to keep your attention for so long?”

“I don't think you want a full answer to that question, Lobelia, you were not working for Penthouse last time I checked, or did that change recently?”

It's very fun to see the woman's cheeks turn splotchy even under the tons of make-up she wears, so he smirks and continues.

“But I think anybody having eyes can see at least a few attractive things,” he says, now making a show out of kissing lightly the corner of the perfect pink mouth. “If you add intelligence, a heart and honesty, well, I can understand why more people won't get it, since such qualities are so hard to find in the high society.”

Victor's rumble of a laugh is now the main attraction, because Amanda has turned tail, Lobelia is most probably swearing in her mind and the rest of the little jackals don't dare to provoke a thrashing.

“Now, I'll leave you to amuse yourselves, without accompaniment, I will have to take Lindir outside, surely he needs some air. Maybe you can use the time to brush up on your musical education, but don't worry, I promise next year I'll bring you something thoroughly special,” he adds with a dark grin.

“We need to have a drink these days, Thranduil, I'd really like to see more.”

Of course Victor wants to see more; and he might even get his wish, in a few months time, but tonight he doesn't have the patience anymore for this game, he just nods towards the man, picks Legolas' arm and tells Lindir to go ahead, towards the back entrance. The youth looks about to crumble, and it's best that happens outside public scrutiny. Once they exited the big hall, he turns them towards the administrative area and one of the security guys points him to an empty office.

“What do you need?” he asks him, because Legolas seemed better, so he can wait for a few moments more.

“I let you down,” Lindir mumbles, falling onto a chair and looking at the floor. “This is real bad, I didn't… you were so nice and I...”

“What are you talking about?” Thranduil asks, miffed. “What else happened before I got there? Legolas, tell me what happened, will you?”

“That woman, she is indeed horrible, she came when you were on the stage and started complaining she didn't like the music, that she had seen better parties, started mentioning some singers and such; she brought the man with the shaven head, and he started to… well, he wanted to touch Lindir, and me, and wanted to know how we play, all three of us. It's disgusting!”
It's almost laughable, and he has to control himself not to laugh, because the boys would interpret it badly.

“Lindir, Amanda is very unhappy I didn't marry her, and already earlier this evening she tried to hurt Legolas with her words. She tried it again when I wasn't present, because of course it was easier, since you two are too good to realize how wicked minds work. I'm afraid I have to apologize to you, because you were just collateral damage – if Legolas wouldn't have been with you, she wouldn't have bothered, she doesn't do anything if she doesn't think she'll gain something from it.

And Victor… well, I suppose he's everything Elrond fears the twins could become – somebody who can't have a relationship for more than 3 days, and he's rabid about being the top – don't take it personally, he even tried it with me.”

That does make Lindir smile, and Legolas doesn't seem to understand.

“How did that go?” Lindir asks.

“Galadriel had a very good laugh, I can tell you that. And we managed not to get to blows, which must be considered a big victory. Anyway, he does understand loyalty, although he's not high on practicing it, so he should behave fine now that he knows you're in a steady relationship. He might try to flirt, but you can just be very blunt about refusing and he'll let you be.”

“Oh, God, Elrond, that's bad!” the young man whines now.

“What happened to Elrond?”

“Nothing, yet, but surely this will be posted somewhere, if it wasn't already, you know how these things work!”

He might be very right, of course; even if Lobelia and the other guys from the written press won't publish anything yet, some gossipy little website might already throw some stupidity online. Most probably Elrond doesn't follow those at the best of times, but it can still be ugly.

“OK, I'll call him and explain the issue, don't worry. I'll do it now, so there's no time for some do-gooder to call him first with the news.”

The youth seems relieved, so he calls and, at first, has problems getting a thoroughly troubled Elrond to understand what are they talking about. It's good they have a clear term for solving this birthing issue, because the man would not be able to resist longer; still, Thranduil apologizes again and makes him understand the issue, which, indeed, came at the worst moment. Still, Elrond gets it, and then he can let Lindir talk to him, getting Legolas and exiting the room, so the two can have their time. He finds another empty room and now he has to take care of the other boy.

“It seems to be the day for apologies, but I'm sorry you had to endure this. The magic of social life, at high levels – people are worse than wolves, they just have prettier clothes. Are you OK, Legolas?”

He doesn't look to be OK, because he's shaking now, and just got paler, so he hugs him and squeezes tight.

“It's OK, treasure, whatever happened, tell me all about it.”

“It's just what I said earlier, just… how dare they treat people like this? Lindir never hurt them, and he played so beautifully, why do they demean him like that?”

“It got you really angry, didn't it?”
“Yes, I wanted to… to hit that woman in the face!”

“Well, it's good you didn't,” Thranduil laughs, “because the law suit would have been a nightmare. Still, I can totally understand the feeling, and have to admit I felt the same earlier. And I am very proud of you, Legolas.”

“Proud? Why?” the boy asks, bewildered.

“You stood up to those two, and yes, you didn't know a lot, but believe me when I say more than half of the glitzy people you saw in the hall wouldn't have dared. Some might say you made enemies, but really, you were Amanda's enemy from the start, nothing changes that, and Lobelia… well, I don't think anyone ever heard of her having a friend. Victor… Victor would want to get into your pants anyway, so yes, no bad repercussions:”

“Well, I… I didn't thought much about it, really, but I hate to see such things, bullying, I always did. It did get me in trouble though, it's good if you say that won't happen now.”

“What kind of trouble?”

Legolas seems to shy away from answering this, but he's too used to listen to Thranduil, so, after a while, he sighs and answers.

“I'll tell you just the worst of it. There was this girl, Frieda, she was our neighbor. A very slim girl, small, like Rose, just she was blonde. Anyway, when she turned 16 they married her, and her husband was real bad to her, one day he… he broke her arm, and I couldn't stand it, I said some bad things to him, and he hit me, so I hit him back. It was pretty bad, because he was among the Elders, so… Well, I suppose it was one of the reasons I had to leave.”

This is a new one, he has to look at the boy with new eyes.

“Did you love Frieda?” he asks, calmly.

“Well, she was very nice, and she never treated me bad, like some of the other girls did, and… Ah, no, no, not like that, it was just that she was always so pretty and fragile and wouldn't have hurt a fly, and well, a little beating was nothing unusual, of course, but breaking her arm like that…”

Yes, of course they would beat their wives, and it would be normal, what else could he expect, from what the boy told him? And sending away the young men, when they started to create problems and would compete for the young girls, that's also a classic. Still, it proves there's something in Legolas that could be nurtured to make the boy stand on his own two feet, and he should find that something.

“It was a good thing you did, Legolas, taking care of somebody weaker. But you never did that for yourself, did you?”

The boy looks at him, wide eyed.

“What do you mean, for myself? I… oh, I… well, I deserve what they say, because…”

“Because what?”

“I… my mother…”

“Your mother did what she did and paid in full, and you didn't have anything to do with her choices, or your father's. You defended Lindir now, what is so different between him and you?”
The boy is at a loss for words, and Thranduil knows he's being cruel, but maybe this will help, long term.

“He's still a man, in a relationship with another man; Elrond is also older than him, maybe by the same number of years, or close; I have no idea exactly what they do in bed, and knowing Elrond, I would tend to assume there's only vanilla, but that's neither here nor there. Yeah, for sure Elrond has more money than him, more social recognition, but that can change in time, if they want it. So what is different with you and I?”

“I… I don't do anything, like a job, I… just have sex with you. And you paid to have me, so…”

“You know how much money my relationship with Amanda cost?”

“No, how… why did it cost?”

“Because Amanda never worked a day in her life, and she definitely doesn’t want to; she only dates rich men, so they pay for her needs – expensive dresses, shoes, jewelry, exotic trips, good restaurants, everything. When she does marry, she will probably have one child at least – but she will want nannies, cleaning personnel and all that, she will never do anything but have sex with that husband and look pretty at his side.

And she will be a very respected person, believe me, although she will make that man's life miserable, because she will never be satisfied and will try to command in everything, even things she has no idea about. So yeah, if I remember well, in 6 months I must have spent about 3 million dollars only in things she kept – clothes and jewelry, I have no idea how much entertainment and other shit cost.

Believe me, if she would have had her way, we'd sign a prenuptial agreement where she would have stated clearly how many millions she wants each year, to spend as she chooses, and she would have kept expecting to receive gifts and for me to pay for the house, new cars and all that. There would be provisions for divorce, and she would expect some good millions there too.”

“But… but would you have to sign such an agreement?”

“Absolutely, because otherwise she would do everything to divorce fast and get 50% of everything I own. And she's not unusual in doing this. Think about this when we go back outside and you look at them, all smiling and pretty, but half of them got their status just like this, and let's not think how many have it because their parents did this.”

The boy is completely overwhelmed, so Thranduil decides to let him mull on it for a while and they go see how Lindir is faring. Of course he's still on the phone with Elrond, both of them probably trying to comfort one another. So sweet, but he has a party to finish, so he takes the phone, tells Elrond he will take utmost care that his kid will no be disturbed again and will get home safely, making the man manage a chuckle, and they get back outside.

He has Boromir put someone from security to guard Lindir openly, so now he won't be disturbed for the rest of the performance. He would have sent him home already, really, but the youth was already worried he didn't do enough, so he lets him force himself to put on a good facade and keep going. It's a testament of how good a player he is though, because the quality of the performance doesn't change. There's still an hour to go until the final press conference, so he arranges for Bard to pick him up and take him home and then return for them and they get back to socializing.

Which, of course, turned worse, because the gossip has spread and they get the same questions ad nauseam – what could he expect, people never managed to keep their noses out of other's business,
but he's very, very tempted to do something outrageous. Still, he reins himself in, because the boy would take it badly, until the hour finally passes and now he only has the press to fend. Lindir has gone, he sends Legolas in the back with Boromir, to be sure he'll be fine, and puts on his wolfish grin.

“Since there was so much talk tonight, I'll start this press conference with the answer to everybody's question,” he states clearly. “Please write it down, because I will ignore all future questions about my relationship status. Yes, I am in a steady relationship, with a partner, Mr. Legolas Robertson, who does not want to be in the spotlight, because he's still studying and hasn't decided on a career path, and doesn't think what he does is anybody's business. No, I am not going to get married to certain socialites, nor to anyone else in the near future; you will be informed if and when I decide to do such a thing.

The relationship was and is exclusive, so I am not involved with anyone else, male or female. Trying to find out more about my partner by following him around or invading his privacy in another way would be considered an infraction and treated as such, both by my security department and by my legal department. This is all you need to know about this, so please let's get back to business.”

Yep, they hate it, but they also know he's a man of his word, so he hopes there will not be many idiots who would brave the nightmare law suit Celeborn can bring on their heads, and Boromir is always vigilant, so everything should be fine.
Chapter Summary

Can you guess what is this all about? ~winks~

Please excuse any typos and such - I'm posting at almost 3 AM, and my eyes just refuse to see more details.

It's finally over, the guests are leaving and they can leave too, none too soon. It's very annoying that things didn't go as planned – Thranduil hates it when everything doesn't happen exactly as he wishes – but there weren't many relevant things that could have been done differently. Still, maybe it's good that he had to tell everybody about Legolas – it's sort of a validation of what he thought from the beginning and what he told Elrond recently, and it should make certain things simpler.

The boy seems to be agitated still, and that's no wonder; even he was abuzz after his first big public gathering, if he remembers correctly, and he didn't have so many hang-ups. Well, maybe, if he already started, he should press a bit more and try to make him understand his status.

“Feeling better?” he asks.

“I'm fine, just… it was really strange to hear you tell everybody, so seriously, that we are together and, sort of, reject everybody else.”

Thranduil has to chuckle at this.

“I sort of rejected them for quite a while now, just didn't say it officially. Before you came to the house, in the last year, I had only slept with a few friends the whole year, a handful of times. That was mostly a mutual service we did, not much else, and not really that satisfying either; and a big reason for it was that I couldn't trust any of these VIPs more than I could throw them.

I know it must have been weird for you to hear it, but, seriously, I just stated an already accomplished fact and, if you care to remember, I had promised you this since we had that first talk in my office.”

The boy seems bewildered, maybe he was too scared then to remember everything?

“What did I say our relationship would be, Legolas?”

“You compared it to an arranged marriage, and said you'd court me and such; and that I should be loyal to you, and that I would be protected in case anyone tried to hit on me.”

“And did you think that loyalty and faithfulness should only work one way?”

“Well, in a marriage, both parties should be faithful, yes, but, well…”

“But some parties have more rights, is that it?”

“It wasn't something approved of, of course, and the wife wouldn't have been able to do much about it, anyway, but I understand it happened. Mostly when men went outside town though, of course.
And, well, I didn't think I was ever in a position to tell you what to do, Thran. Honestly, everything happening during these months since you took me in was way better than I expected, even before reaching the city and running into Bolg. I… I still don't know why you chose me, of everyone you could have. Even I can understand that you could have had any number of other people, and I can't help but think that at least some of them would have been better than me.”

“Better how?”

“More beautiful, attractive; knowing more than I do about all this social thing; with a better family; and, well, a woman can give you children, I can never do that.”

“Yes, the last one is true, but I have to say, although I'm not opposed to having children, neither am I very interested in this, so I didn't give it much thought. In any case, if I'd really want that, there are always other options, like adoption and such.

About socializing, I'm afraid you'll have to learn more, soon. This was just the first time you accompanied me, my darling. Especially after my little discourse, when I choose to attend various functions, it would be the best to have you there too. What do you think of this?”

“Oh… I can't say it's something I want to do very much”, the boy answers, making him smile. “And I think this was still a problem for you today, having me there.”

“At such events, if one thing doesn't happen to cause problems, there would be another. Don't worry too much about it, I won't. Yes, all the newspapers will be raging about this for two days, and then they'll forget. I really hope Lindir won't have too many issues, especially since Elrond is so pressured right now, him appearing in the tabloids as having slept with me today is bad, but…”

“But… but why would that appear, you didn't…”

“Of course I didn't, I did a lot of crazy things, but I never got involved with somebody who was in a serious, exclusive relationship. Still, the fact that I took you both outside of the public area for almost 45 minutes will be interpreted as having a threesome, and there will be someone to publish it, and idiots to believe it.”

The boy seems completely appalled at this, and is speechless.

“I'm sorry, they will say this again and worse, and they will print your name in it over and over; Boromir will have the men take care so you are not followed, but we can't stop them completely. You will get used to it after a while, there's no way to escape. I find that laughing at it is the best thing to do.”

“Like... you were joking when you told the big man, Victor, that you want to know the second boy?”

“Yes, it was pretty clear, seeing how disturbed both of you were, what they implied; it's not the first time this happens, and I don't have a saintly reputation to protect, so it doesn't bother me at all. I actually used this a few times, to distract their attention from things I really didn't want known. It was the first time for you two though, so I understand if it feels bad, OK?”

The boy mulls at it for a while, very serious, and then, abruptly, he laughs.

“Oh,” he says after a few moments, “I'm pretty sure they didn't read these there, but still, the idea that the Elders would see such a pic, with you, me and Lindir, and whatever thing was written, I'd love to see their faces!”
“Why would you want to do that?” Thranduil asks, surprised at the leap the boy's thoughts made.

“Well, when they found out things like this, sins, they always felt compelled to speak about them during sermon, you see; and they had to describe the sin to everybody, because they also had to condemn the sinner, and punish them. It was all the better if the sinner was present, so they could be chastised to their face, I should know, but they did it also when the sinner was not around. And they needed to use pure words all the way,” he says, choking with laughter, his body almost shaking with it, “because you can't use impure words in church. So I'm trying very hard to think about what words they would use for this, since it's such a deadly sin, you know?”

Spine and a sense of humor? He didn't even gave the boy more than a glass to drink, this is absolutely brilliant! He laughs with him, and there's an idea... yes, that's it! It might actually work.

“Little one, do you really want to know how beautiful you are?” he purrs, his eyes gleaming, his mouth smiling darkly. “I can show you what every person in that hall envied in you, and wanted to have, too. So what do you say?”

The boy licks his lips and watches him with big, round eyes, and then he nods, as always. Thranduil grins and is so very eager to reach home, and luckily it doesn't take much. He takes them directly to the playroom, and pulls the couch right in front of the biggest mirror. He brings the lube and towels close, and then he orders the boy to look in the mirror, all the time, and starts undressing him, slowly, touching softly each little piece of skin he bares, kissing it, nipping lightly.

When Legolas is naked, he comes behind him, still completely dressed, and moves his hands slowly over the exposed body, the dark clothes making a very interesting contrast with the alabaster skin. He's sure the rougher texture is so very interesting to feel, too, pressing on the boy's soft back.

“See how perfect your skin is, pretty one, like the most beautiful porcelain, so white and smooth? Do you have any idea how much I like to touch it, to mark it, and how much I love to see it bruised by my teeth?” He sinks those teeth into the right side of the pure white throat, making the boy's pouting lips open in a gasp and his body arch like a bow, while he eagerly bends his head to the left, letting the mass of silky hair fall over and allowing Thranduil as much space as he would want.

He sucks lightly at the skin, wanting to make a big bruise this time, and bites again, sharp and fast, before he lets go. The boy's gaze is already hooded and dark, and his slender cock is getting hard, fast. His hands are trying to squeeze into fists, and he just stays there, spellbound, watching now in the mirror how Thranduil slowly undresses, making a show of it, loving the hungry gaze following each of his motions.

When he finishes, he comes to stay near him, so that both of them can be seen, and takes the boy's hand and brings it to his belly, giving him license to explore, encouraging him to feel. Still, his eyes have to remain in the mirror, and Thranduil wonders what he sees; he himself sees two perfect specimens, yes, he is a bit taller and wider of shoulders and such, but Legolas' slenderness is such a temptation in itself. It's funny, they are actually very similar, in many ways, and it's arousing him almost too much.

“See what you do to me, treasure, see how hard my cock is for you? It's almost ready to burst, if I'd allow it; what does that tell you?”

The boy's hand goes to said cock, grabbing and dragging lightly at first, and of course it twitches and lets out a shiny bead of moisture when the grip gets firmer.

“It tells me you want me now,” the boy whispers, almost in awe, “and there's nothing I want more right now.”
Thranduil smiles and brings them to the couch. He pulls it a little closer to the mirror and sits first, arranging himself well against the backrest and bringing the lithe body on top of his, taking good care so both can see everything clearly, and then starts touching in earnest, and after a while orders the boy to open himself up, nice and slow.

Seeing himself like this, splayed open and trembling, framed by Thranduil's bigger body, his eyes opened wide, his right hand clutching reflexively at the man's forearm that is holding him around his middle. The fingers of the left disappearing slowly inside his pink hole, shiny with lube, right under the place the heavy balls hang, make him jerk and squeeze and moan. Legolas can't take his eyes from the mirror and sees how his achingly hard cock twitches at this, how his lips part, allowing the moan to escape, how his chest trembles with the effort to get enough air.

Thranduil's eyes are stormy, dark pools, following his gaze, his lips slightly curled in a dark grin, his focus so absolute that he feels them piercing his body from the mirror, licking it with blue flame, and he begs now, for pleasure and safety and for anything the man cares to give him, anything at all.

A big hand goes to a nipple and pinches, hard, and he sees his cock jump again, and his hole squeezing the fingers in a death grip. His eyes water and his vision tries to blur, but that wouldn't be right, he's dying to see all this, although the moment his fingers touch his sweet spot, there are pins of burning red light in his eyeballs. Still, Legolas watches, spellbound by the lithe body in the mirror that starts thrashing, trying to feel more, both from his fingers and Thranduil's, and also pushes against the solid body keeping him anchored, the exquisite sensations, as usual, wreaking havoc upon his ability to control that body.

There's a fleeting little voice in his head, trying to tell him it's shameful, but Thranduil's honeyed voice whispers in his ear now, drowning anything else forever.

"See, Legolas, you are so beautiful, my beautiful boy, all opened up for my pleasure! Push those fingers just a little more, yes, I love to see you squirm on them, yes, one more, precious, I want you all ready for my big cock to fill you, yes, just like this, see how hot it is to make that little asshole red, yesss!" he says, grinding his heavy rod against his back. "You'll see how delicious it looks afterward, with my cum dripping out, because you are fucked open so well, I will have you stay like this until it dries up on you, to mark you mine."

The words are unbearably dirty and sinful and make him just moan "yes" and "please" and "more", because this is all that matters, all he wants now, more of this befuddling pleasure. It's hard to understand why it's so unbearably arousing to watch himself, helpless in the man's arms, reacting so shamelessly at every touch and filthy word, but that's just it, he loves the feeling it causes and the images burned on his retinas just add to it, until all he can say is "fuck, fuck, fuck me", repeating it again and again, almost coming when Thranduil smirks and bites his shoulder and pumps his throbbing cock once, twice, God!

"Want to see yourself shoot?" he asks, like it's really possible for Legolas to answer "no", when the large, warm hand drags so strikingly good on his cock, and the image of it moving adds sharpness to the pleasure, and the enjoyment the man obviously takes from tormenting him is almost the final drop in the heat melting his insides.

He can only plead for relief, any kind, although by now he admits he does enjoy the torment too, because of course it's marvelous to come, but some days the pleasure he feels while waiting for it almost seems greater, cutting him to the bone in the twisted mix of exhilaration and frustration.

The hand leaves his cock though, and he sobs to lose it, but is lifted just a bit more and feels
Thranduil's iron erection poking at him, so he yells his acceptance and almost chokes when he feels and sees it spreading him open in one go. He clutches Thranduil's arm with both hands now, trying to press himself even more against him, filled to bursting, but wanting to make damn sure there isn't even a millimeter left out.

The man growls and grinds against him, while his hand grabs Legolas' dick and squeezes hard, making the world hazy, his eyes blind for a few moments, but all his nerves alive with pleasure. Oh, the word cannot encompass all he feels, no word can, and he can't speak words anyway, he can just try to get Thranduil in so deep he will never leave him, never withdraw and let him feel empty and alone and insecure ever again.

Then Thranduil starts moving, brutally fucking his ass and stroking his cock, growling filth into his ear.

"Take this, yes, be a good boy and let me use your ass until you can't close it anymore, yesss, so fucking tight after all this time, you drive me to distraction, Legolas, fuck, squeezing me like this, fuck, fuck, take this, yesss, cry for me, give me all, yesss!"

Legolas is indeed sobbing, because right now he's a puppet, thrown up and down mercilessly on the skewering cock, the jolts so jarring his teeth are clattering and he feels the shaft in his throat, unable to even scream but keeping his eyes wide open, because he can't miss one second of the way he's so thoroughly mastered.

"Yes, watch this and then, every time you close your eyes when we fuck, remember how you look, all wrecked and wanting more, never having enough of my cock up your ass, yesss, squeeze me, come for me, yessss… good boy… fuck, yesss," Thranduil orders him and there isn't even a cell in his body who would oppose it, shooting hard and long, painting the mirror with his white issue.

But it's not over, somehow Thranduil keeps pushing against his trembling insides, and for all he wishes, his eyes can't see clear anymore, his body almost can't take it, but he does, he relishes the pain and the incredible satisfaction he feels when the movements turn erratic and then he's filled with hot seed and bitten again, almost crazy with sensations.

"Look, look how beautiful you are," he hears Thranduil's hoarse voice, "so help me, but there isn't a day when I don't want to see you like this, well fucked and sated and so tempting still! I will get you something pretty tomorrow and we'll go to show you off, little one, I want everybody to drool and envy me for having such a pretty treasure!"

Legolas can only look through bleary eyes, startled to see pretty much a stranger in the mirror: he never knew he could look so flushed, his opened lips red like they were painted, his nipples too, and oh, God, Thranduil's white issue dripping out from his too opened asshole is just so obscene, but he couldn't look away. Unconsciously, his hand moves there and he hears the man snarl when his finger touches it and seems to want to push it back inside, having no clear understanding of why he does that.

He sees his hand grabbed and brought to his mouth, so he can taste it, and then he's kissed so savagely that, when he's finally set free, he doesn't know where he is anymore and can't keep his head raised any longer, letting himself fall limply over the strong body supporting him, gulping air and trembling.

"We have to stop, little one, or we'll both go mad", he hears, and will do anything the man demands of him, even go mad, because everything is just perfect when he feels so much and doesn't have to choose and decide.
“Yes,” he manages to reply, hearing himself from a distance, and allows the man to move him, but
protests weekly the loss of touch when he's left alone on the couch for a few moments. He's shushed
and given water and cleaned softly, so it's OK. Legolas keeps trembling while he's covered with a
blanket and taken to bed, where he nests with his head over Thranduil's chest, letting the solid heat
and the firm heart beat lull him to sleep.
DO YOU...

Chapter Summary

This is kind of short, and late, I know, but well, had some health issues and, anyway, it was turning into a monster, so I had to split it and spend more time on it. Still, we might reach 100,000 words with the next chapie - isn't that something? Thank you so much for bearing with me!

Again, Thran has to do things he doesn't want to do - and doesn't that sound well? He keeps pushing Legolas, too - and will take it to a new height - in the new chapter.

Thranduil is very amused to wake up, not understanding why he feels it's way too warm in the room, and see that, somehow, during the night, Legolas has managed to get half on top of him, half entwined with him, and brought the covers over too. Only the very top of his head is visible right now, so he decides to bear the heat and just pull the duvet a little from his face – it's still a mystery for him how does the boy breathe like that.

Still, he does, and quite comfortably, it seems, because he sleeps very peacefully, probably dreaming something nice, since he's got a very soft smile on his lips. It's always amazing to see him, looking so soft and vulnerable and innocent, and there's a fierce need to protect him, too – that thing everybody gets, Thranduil supposes, around kittens, puppies and other cute little ones. But, as much as he likes to watch him like this, there's still a little issue right now, way more annoying than too much heat, so he will have to extricate himself somehow, even if that might wake Legolas up.

Slowly, he tries to free his legs first, but he's not even clear on how they are mixed down there, and knotted in the covers, so the only thing to do is to rouse the boy. He starts kissing the soft hair, going down on the forehead, then on the peacefully closed eyes. The boy's breathing changes, but of course, he doesn't seem to want to open his eyes.

"Pretty one, I get that you don't want to move, but I really have to reach the bathroom. I'll be back to nestle with you for a while, just disentangle yourself now, OK?"

Of course the boy is moving fast when asked, and seems just a little abashed when he realizes how entangled they were. He gives him a comforting soft kiss and goes to solve the issue, loving to see him all naked and curled on top of the covers when he returns. Of course, the boy needs the bathroom too, and then Thranduil decides a bath would be better than staying between sweaty sheets.

"Sorry I got all over you like that,” the boy starts, once they are in the tub, but he will not have it.

"Stop apologizing for wanting things, Legolas. I will tell you if I don't like something, and will always give reasons if something shouldn't be done. Those books did help you to understand a bit why I said no to certain things, right?"

"Yes Thran, it's awful how many things I didn't know or misunderstood. And something tells me there's even more, correct?"

"Yes, but you don't need information overload either, although I'm afraid it may look like it soon,
with school, training, social stuff and something new I'll start showing you tonight, about the way other people are playing. Please tell me when you find things to be too much, OK?”

“OK, It's just, you are sleeping so peacefully in general, not moving and all that, it must have been weird to have me all over.”

“You were very cute, actually, my dear. The only thing I don't understand is how can you breathe when your face is completely covered, but do not worry, you didn't wake me up and I love to feel you naked all over me,” he says and presses the boy harder against him, to prove the point. And a funny thing, he realizes the boy never did this before, generally getting himself into a little ball under the covers, all by himself. Last night's statement must have reached him at a deeper level, and his subconscious decided to look for another kind of reassurance, most probably.

“There are many times I would like to be closer to you,” the boy says, and his voice almost wants to tremble, “but I wouldn't want to inconvenience or…”

He kisses the pink shell of the boy's ear, and speaks in a whisper, enjoying the twitch the warm air over the sensitive skin causes.

“The cat is completely out of the bag since last night so, unless I tell you specifically not to do it, feel free to touch or kiss me. Of course, no more in public places, and pay attention, because I could always just want to take you against a wall if you arouse me too much, pretty one, do we have a deal?”

“Against a wall?” the boy whispers, his breath catching, probably trying to imagine it and just loving the idea.

“Yes, you know very well sex doesn't have to happen just in bed, but, well, you wouldn't have the benefit of restraints to keep you upright, so you'd really have to brace yourself for it, and work to push against me, if you want it deep.” He points this out by rubbing his hardening prick against the boy's luscious ass, knowing he makes him want it really bad.

“But… in a public place… wouldn't that be bad?”

“Oh, yes, I would be very bad indeed, but you would be a very good boy and take me anyway, wouldn't you?”

It's clear the boy finds this unsettling, but last night's courage seems to have left some traces.

“This is what people were imagining last night?”

“Most probably. There's also the image of both of you on your knees, sucking me, if the time is scarce and, well, we wouldn't want to ruin our clothes.”

Maybe he should have started this face to face with the boy, because there's quiet for quite a while, and he can't see the thoughts passing through his mind.

“Am I really bad if I find the image very hot?” Legolas asks, finally.

Oh, it's so hard not to laugh!

“In the most delicious way, treasure. I'd love to hear all the things you find hot, and you have my promise I'll never think less of you for it. While it's true what I said, that I don't get involved with people who are already in a monogamous relationship, I did such things, many times, so it would be very hypocritical of me to condemn others for it. I know I said you should be faithful, and I promised
the same; but see, let me tell you about tonight.

The plan is to visit Galadriel's club; it's not something you saw before, not like other places we've been. This is a BDSM club – that means people who want more from their sexual life than what's called vanilla – that is, the plainest sexual acts, without toys, pain, many times even without oral sex or such – go and meet and have fun.

This means you will see other couples – or more – having sex or playing in other ways, and, also, exchanging partners sometimes, if all parties consent. They don't have to have a relationship, or do it again after that, or anything, it's just adults having fun, understanding all this. There are many more things to tell you about it, but it would be easier to understand some of them when you can also see them, so what do you say?"

Again, the boy is quiet for a while, and maybe they should move the conversation someplace else, because the water is cooling down.

"While you are thinking about it, let's get dried off," he says, "and get something to eat."

They get ready and he has Galion bring breakfast in the living room, so they can speak – so that Legolas dares to speak, without witnesses.

"This is scary," Legolas says, after they are alone. "I understand now that people can go to a place to find others for sex, like the twins did at that regular club, but I liked better the idea that no one has the right to try that with me, except you."

"You will be safe there, at all times, my dear. They have a nice little system of bracelets that show people who is available and for what, and you will not be alone. Actually, the funny thing is that, if somebody would try there the stunts happening last night, they would be thrown out on their asses. Galadriel takes security and comfort very, very seriously."

It's clear the boy is relieved; still, of course he has more questions.

"Do you want to…," he starts, but is not very sure how to continue. Well, Thranduil won't supply an answer without a question, this time, so he continues eating, waiting for Legolas to gather himself.

"Do you want to have somebody else?" he dares, after some toying with his food.

"Eat," he says, sternly. "No, I'm not really interested in playing with somebody else. Yes, I will look, if there's something interesting to see, maybe even give an opinion, if asked, and surely will speak with people I know."

The boy does have a few bites, and now there's the really hard question.

"Do you want me to do something with somebody else?"

"Breathe, Legolas. The idea there is to have fun and do things you want to do, with people you enjoy. I'm pretty sure the thought of somebody else doing things to you is not at all fun at the moment, so no, I don't expect you to do anything. All you are supposed to do tonight is to look pretty and obey my commands – which will probably be to sit at my feet and speak only when asked, and look around. Do you think you can do that?"

Now the pretty smile is back, and, of course, the boy confirms he will do it. And life would be so much better if his phone would not ring just then, and Thranduil is fuming, because a call from Azog first thing in the morning is just…
“Yes, what is it?” he spits into the phone, and Legolas cringes, because yes, his voice is sharper than a blade.

Damn this to the bowels of hell, why the fuck does that idiot know how to read? It really doesn't matter that he could have just seen the pictures, of course, it's just that Azog gloating and wanting the showings to happen earlier makes his gorge rise. And yes, he has to congratulate him for the threesome, fuck.

It's not like he doesn't want to show the boy off, obviously, for fuck's sake, he wanted to brag with him just tonight, but on his fucking terms; and now he just has to go to Azog's place instead. Well, and knowing him for the greedy pig he is, he suddenly decides to try to offer more money instead of the show; he will definitely show the boy, but not in that dump, if he can help it.

But still, shopping is still on, and they better find some pretty things. After he reassures the boy that nothing is wrong, just he'll have to solve something tonight, so the club will have to be postponed for the next evening. And after calling Elrond, and being told that they could just print that Elrond himself has fucked half the city, for all he cares, because Arwen is finally in labor, and the rest of the pricks can go fuck themselves with a big cactus. He wishes he had thought of that, but Elrond saying such things is just wrong; still, he wishes him the best, offers his support, and leaves the man be.

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Shopping is indeed fun, and making Legolas try various tight leather pants is a delicious way to pass the time. He knows what would look good on him, but hey, getting him to dress and undress is so fun, Thranduil has him try almost half the store, until settling on some white ones, which he will wear tomorrow, and of course some black and some gray ones, and some shiny ones with tons of zippers and buckles, and the black ones that make him blush crimson, because they are completely open in the best of places.

A red pair for himself is also in order, although for sure he has one already, but the leather is so soft and hugs him so right, he can't resist; and yeah, the boy surely appreciates it too, if the way he stares at his ass and legs is a clue. There's also a great pair of thigh-high boots, with sati n ties in the back, ending in a wide, shiny, dark blue bow, and a beautiful silver buckle; the boy is totally miffed by them, but his long legs look just gorgeous, well encased in the supple leather, and the idea of parading him around with just them on does great things to soothe Thranduil's nerves. Well, he could add some jewelry, too, of course.

He tries more than one collar, too, but somehow nothing feels right, so he leaves them be. The boy likes some very wide wrist cuffs though, a hard leather, but very nicely tooled, with silver inserts in a Gothic pattern, and well, they do have a solid appearance, so why not let the boy choose his bindings for a change? He whispers that in Legolas' ear, and just loves the warm reaction. Yep, this part of the trip is a success.

Still, that lovely neck must be adorned somehow, although he would be very tempted to just give the boy a collar of bites; maybe another day though, today they go to a nice little jewelry store he knows, hoping to find something interesting. At first, he's not very impressed, but yes, that's it, he has to try this!

It an asymmetrical necklace, coiling three times around the vulnerable throat. It's gold, with the shape of a rope, nice and heavy, with a large round black pearl at the top end, on the left side, and a tear-shaped one, also black, dangling at the hollow of the neck. It fits the boy perfectly, making his skin look almost ethereal and, in appropriate company, showing perfectly that he is owned. Yes, he might not understand yet what it means, but there are others who should and will. Damn, when he swallows, his skin rubs so tantalizing against the hard metal...
He's got what he wanted, but the boy's eyes flit around just like a kitten's, so he lets him explore, and he seems glued to the rings display. Oh well, they were shopping, let's see what he liked so much.

“What caught your eye?” he asks, smiling.

The boy points shyly to several oversized rings, generally with white or transparent stones – but they are semi-precious ones, of course, a real diamond that size would never be left in an unsecured display.

“OK, you should try them on,” Thranduil tells him, but has a surprise.

“No, no, I was… I was thinking how good these would look on your hand, Thran…”

“On my hand? Doing what, little one?”

The boy bites his lip, blushing, and looks at him so very coyly, that he has to laugh and kiss him.

“OK, I will try them on, but when we are alone, I expect a very clear and detailed description of what you have in mind, is that clear?” The boy nods eagerly, blushing harder, and of course Thranduil buys all the rings. He didn't wear one in many years, and won't wear such at work or something, they are way too gaudy for that, but well, with a silk shirt and leather pants – or without, for that matter…

In the car, he has to disappoint the boy, explaining why finger-fucking him deep with the rings on, even with tons of lube, would not be the smartest idea, but he promises to tease and play with his cock while wearing them; he's pretty sure the boy will just love having his sensitive skin squashed in between cold pieces of metal, feeling cold stones teasing and tormenting, having to clean sweet oil from them, mixed with his warm issue, so all in all, it's great fun.

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Of course, having to suffer through a few hours of Azog, Bolg, Masters and a few other assorted idiots is so boring that his brain wants to explode; the only fun thing is Elrond's message that he's the proud grandfather of a healthy boy, so he sends his well wishes. Then, the bad jokes regarding his choice of life partners are so moronic that he can't even be offended, really, and finally he just has to take Azog apart and discuss the showings.

And, of course, the fucking greedy cur just doesn't want to trade it for money; it's clear he wants the money, real bad, and knows he won't get nearly as much from the shows, but clearly he also wants to see it happening, slimy, libidinous desire oozing from his whole being. Of course he understands that Thranduil doesn't want to do it; so he's stubborn, like a badger that caught something, and plain refuses the offer, so he will have to do it.

He curses openly and empties a bottle of wine and then leaves, unable to stand their presence for one more minute. He's cursing the whole way, and is very glad he told the boy to sleep in his room, because he would be too violent and uncaring tonight. He's not even in the mood to jerk off, so he works for two hours, to calm himself down, until he's able to sleep. No matter, tomorrow they'll have fun, and let the idiot stew and complain that Thranduil takes the boy to another place first – as he already had taken great pleasure to explain to him earlier, there was no talk about exclusivity or anything when they settled the deal, just about doing the said shows.

Not that Legolas is ready for anything major, anyway, fuck, fuck, fuck.
Chapter Summary

Believe me, when your schedule says work, sleep 5 hours, work some more, rinse and repeat, life has so much glamour! Sorry for the delay, and for not even answering your kind comments, I hope you enjoy!

On the one side, taking Glorfindel along with them is a great idea – it will make less people willing to pester him for play, but the lazy bastard wants to be picked up, and this gives Legolas a bit too much time to fret. It’s very endearing how shy he felt when he found out he will just be wearing the pants and the necklace, no shirt, and Thranduil loves this, really, but has to break him of it, because the boy needs to be fine naked on the stage, fast enough.

Still, watching him blush is as delicious as in the beginning, the perfect rosy skin evidenced so well against the white leather, although he had a little fun pretending to be undecided and getting the boy to show off in the black pair of pants too. Still, the contrast would be too stark and wouldn’t show his vulnerability so well, and also, since Thranduil himself is wearing only black tonight, it wouldn’t be fun. He was really tempted to get the red pants and one of his frillier white silk shirts, but he wants the boy to be the center of attention.
NOPE, THESE PANTS WON’T DO

Plus, he’s pretty sure Glorfindel will be the resident peacock anyway – he’s not really into playing much, just likes to watch, but he’s a first grade tease and exhibitionist. The good thing is that he doesn’t like anything without tits – so he will leave the boy alone. It will be enough how everybody will eat him with their eyes, the boy doesn’t need direct teasing for now. Although some nice gold armbands would look very good on him, on second thought he needs to contact the store and get them to make a pair to match the necklace.

They reached Glorfindel’s, and, of course, the man doesn’t disappoint: gold vinyl pants, a very tight burgundy transparent shirt, both showing every well defined muscle and bulge to perfection, and giving a perfect peek to the perky nipples; very wide sleeves puffed up by tying them with gold leather bands at bicep and wrist, and then flaring over his hands - and he did something very interesting with his hair, weaving a gold and a red strip in between the intricate braids keeping it off his face. The rest of his wild mane was brushed well to give it volume, and it really worked, since it’s naturally slightly curly, all in all a very Renaissance look.

“Signore, you forgot your white steed somewhere,” Thranduil greets him, grinning.

“Oh well, at least somebody caught the reference, I’m good tonight then” he says, preening and arranging himself on the chair in front of them. “And your little sacrifice looks virginal indeed, I see.
I should have brought the sword too, we’ll need to fend them all off.”

Instinctively, Thranduil’s hand goes to the boy’s leg and stays there, possessively.

“We’ll have to trust our kind lady for that,” he smirks, and they both laugh at this. He needs to tell Galadriel about this, but wonders if she’ll really be there, with the child and all. “No dolls tonight?” he needles, although he already knows the answer.

“When will you get bored with that question? I don’t want to scare my little bimbos, so let me be.”

“Well, probably when you’ll get bored of plastic airheads; I imagine not very soon. Ah, you know Galadriel has a great-grandson, right?”

“I forgot about that, so everything was fine? Is Elrond free to come after you with a huge needle now?”

He groans at this.

“Damn, did you have to speak with Victor?”

“He’s one of my best friends!” the man laughs, in mock outrage. “We keep count of our conquests, and he’s very disgruntled I keep winning.”

“Of course, you only count the women, right?”

“Yes, and he tries hard to convince me I lose a lot.”

“Damn, it seems I have to say he’s right! The world must come to an end!”

It’s good to go out with friends, he should really do it more often. He should also check on Legolas, who seems to be still rosy – of course, there’s somebody else to see him half naked.

“As I said, for Legolas this is all new, so I decided for tonight to have him stay quiet and watch everything – I will explain things to him afterward, or we’ll stay talking all night long. You are, of course, free to play if you want, I’ll abstain.”

“So you’re really serious about the exclusive thing? Congratulations, Legolas, everybody had lost faith somebody would manage to tame Thran. There were bets he’s gonna become a monk and work himself to death though.”

The boy looks at him, not very clear on how to answer.

“You can be relaxed around Glorfindel, he will just laugh at everything anyway.”

“Of course I will, life is too short to be serious!”

“Well, I don’t think he works that much, really, to get sick from it,” the boy starts, and both of them are laughing now.

“Little one, I did make an effort these months to come home earlier; normally, there were days when I didn’t come home at all, since I have a little apartment in the same building with the offices, where I spent many a night, so as not to waste time on the road and to work more.”

The boy is clearly startled, hearing this, but there’s no more time to discuss it, because they arrived, and it’s time to really get him bewildered.
He starts by explaining to the boy that, in case he ever finds himself alone or in any kind of trouble, he can always appeal to the tall guys wearing fancy looking helmets – one of the greatest ways to make security easy to find, but still blending in with the fantasy world everybody comes here to discover. And he's very sure there are very few people who actually know all the high tech surveillance equipment the ancient looking things contain. They should have more time to admire the beautifully arranged lobby, also the surrounding gardens, but there's just a little snag at the bracelets stand – because, of course, he hadn't sent in his blood tests in too long, and he can't register the boy in the system without his, either.

It's not an issue for him, he can just take the sickly green bracelet telling people without a death wish that he isn't safe to play with, but the boy would really need the protective, panic button red one, just in case he actually is alone for a while. It would be absurd to disturb Elrond right now for this, and he really didn't have tests done recently anyway, fuck!
“Well, well, well, look who decided to deign us with their presence!”

“Ah Galadriel, so good you are around! Need a bit of help here, please?”

“When you ask so nicely,” she smiles, “what's the problem?”

“You know Legolas, right?”

“I remember him, and he looks much better now, it seems you did take good care of him. Welcome to Lothlorien, Legolas, I hope you'll have fun.”

“Thank you, Lady,” the boy stammers, as he was taught, his cheeks crimson and clearly unsure if he should look at her face or not, if it would be OK if he stays as close to Thranduil as possible.

“Issue is,” Thranduil continues, “that, since I didn't come here for so long, and I was so busy, I forgot to send my test results in. Also, I didn't bring Legolas'. I know why they are needed, of course, and seriously, I'm not interested in playing and I'm fine with the leprosy bracelet, but I'd really want a red one for him, so nobody pesters him at the moment. He's clean, Elrond could confirm that, but… Oh, yes, sorry, I should have first congratulated you!”

“Yes, congratulations, oh ancient one,” Glorfindel smirks, and then backs away, fast, to avoid the hand trying to cuff him lightly.

Still, Galadriel laughs, and it's obvious she's very happy.

“The forever young children would really benefit from a spanking, I have a new type of paddle, or are you too shy?” she responds to Glorfindel, and of course he pretends to be so very timid and abashed, until both of them laugh and let it be.

“I know he's fine, Elrond did let me know about it; as long as you promise to redress everything next week, when he'll be able to sign a paper, I'll give you a one time pass and the normal bracelets, but you are being honest, right?”

“Yes, we really were exclusive and all, so we are safe. The idea was to show him some things and maybe I'll let him come and explore more, but I want to know he's protected at all times.”

“I understand. It is tempting to let you in with the leprosy bracelet though, as you so kindly put it, just to watch all those who would be so very shocked by it. Care to humor me?”

“Why not? I actually don't want to be disturbed tonight, so let's have fun.”

They get in and settle down, and he asks for a nice piece of fur to keep at his feet, so the boy can settle there and lose the shoes, too. He's so abundantly cute, looking around in fascination at the people coming in, dressed so unusual – or so undressed, keeping a hand on his calf at all time, just a little kitten hiding itself, but studying everything, so tempted to chase all that moves.

Looking at him, Thranduil decides to try and see things like it would be the very first time – and yes, it could be very overwhelming. The place is a very interesting mixture of Gothic and Baroque – dark, high ceilings, red velvets, chains and cages – and then you have the plush corners, like their table, with embroidered armchairs, intricately sculpted tables, gilded love seats, plump pillows and furs, just like the one Legolas is curling on. The mirrors are huge too, with gilded frames, and strategically positioned lights create very interesting reflections.

The people, also, are a very mixed looking lot – the guy at the table on the right is wearing purple latex, and has two good looking women, only wearing chains, kneel rigidly at his feet, directly on the
cold floor. The table behind sees several women, wearing very beautiful corsets and shiny thigh high boots, looking around, having some very pink, frothy drinks, from tall glasses. In front of them there are three guys who are already very busy, ripping some fancy parade uniforms from each other.

The larger group at the table on the left seems to have the same ideas as they did, dressing pretty plain for the location, in normal club wear, just looking around and waiting for the fun to begin. And, of course, there are the people who stopped directly at the crosses and racks and horses, busily immobilising somebody, choosing implements and so on.

It's really amusing to see the reactions of the people still mingling, coming to their table though – Glorfindel has his usual blue with pink bracelet, showing he's only willing to lend his cock to interested women, and Legolas' wide red bracelet makes everybody just drool and sigh, but the green thing around his arm does startle pretty much everyone. Still, he has two proposals, and seriously, what do people with a death wish do here?

Glorfindel does agree with him, and they shake their heads and decide to order. Since he won't play, he asks for a nice Syrah, and gets the boy a tea. Legolas shouldn't drink tonight, because there is a lot to see, and he should be alert. There's still time before the entertainment begins – which will probably be funny, because after two little strip numbers, Margaret Smith has offered her husband to be used by whoever wills it, and that greedy little bitch is always an attraction.

He looks around for familiar people, and Glorfindel does the same, but there aren't that many of the people he would actually want to speak with, so he sips at his wine and chats at leisure and softly pets the boy's hair, while all around people are busying themselves with finding partners and negotiating play.

*  

After everything starts in earnest, Thranduil could almost laugh, ignoring the action on the stage and watching the mixture of rapture, desire and unsettlement on Legolas' face. The youth was blushing hard since the beginning of the entertainment, clearly he enjoyed the stripping routines, and now, with the guy on the stage being vigorously fucked and moaning so wantonly, it got even more interesting. His lips were full and parted just a little, his eyes dark with arousal. He was sure his cock was full too, but why not check, he smirked to himself.

"Legolas, get up," he told him quietly, startling the youth a little.

Such a pretty view, the gold necklace twisting around the alabaster neck, the naked torso, yes, the nipples were hard little pebbles by now, that beautiful slim abdomen, the delicious V so tantalizing, the painted on leather pants bulging just right, yes, his beauty was really appreciating the show.

He pressed his hand lightly over the pants, against the boy's cock, making him gasp, but, obediently, staying still, although Thranduil was sure all the boy wanted was to push against him. All this obedience needed a reward, he mused, so he pushed the button on the table and waited for the waiter to come.

"My pet here will be the next in line," he told the man, when he came. He ignored the boy's startled sound and Glorfindel's laugh and entered his code on the tablet the man gave, then turned to speak with Legolas again.

"You have been very good, my beauty," he said and brought the youth's face to him for a light kiss. "Shh, you deserve a nice reward," he added, when the boy would have protested. "I want you to know how it feels to sink into another, my precious, to have him squeeze you so hard you see stars. And you can see how it is when you are on that stage, to be easier on you when I'll show you, as I'll
have to, yes?” he added, seeing the fear flash in the youth's crystalline orbs, together with confusion.

You do not know, he realized. Oh well, he had to tell him this, but tomorrow, not right now. Now it was just for pleasure.

“Legolas,” he said, in his commanding tone, to stave any more delays, because it was clear the man who was fucking the slave on the stage was fast approaching his undoing, losing his rhythm.

“I want you to enjoy yourself there, but not come too fast, yes?” After the boy nodded, he added, like an afterthought: “Even if he can't come from this, I want you to pleasure him too, make him moan so hard he'll be hoarse afterward, want your come deep within him and remember you tomorrow, so go there and make me proud!”

*

He's moving towards the stage, following the waiter, and there's a maelstrom of thoughts in his head. He doesn't find himself able to oppose Thranduil's command, and, on the one side, he doesn't want to; he does want to feel this from the other side of things, and the man is good looking enough, that won't be a hardship.

Still, what he had said earlier that day is still true, it scares him to have sex with somebody else, and he did promise to be faithful. Of course, Thranduil said he won't make him do anything, and he just did, and he does know what happens, but… Yes, it's not like he even knows this man's name, they only called him Lady Margaret's slave, and he won't try to find him after this, although… damn it, what if Thranduil...

He shakes his head to try to clear it and he's already on the stage, and the woman wants to have a few words with him, so he has to pay attention. She just gives him a list of don'ts – some of them he doesn't even understand, but anyway, the gist he gets is that he shouldn't hurt the man, and he wasn't planning on this anyway, so he confirms he only wants to fuck the man, plain as that, so she laughs and lets him be.

The man from earlier has finished, but Legolas has to wait a little more, because the mistress wants to check everything is OK, so she inspects the bindings and makes the man answer some questions, gives him some juice to sip, things like that. This reassures him, it's exactly what Thranduil does when they play, so he clings to the familiar feeling. To try to stave off the agitation he feels, he looks around at the stage, noticing from here how many props there are behind curtains, and cables and such from speakers, cameras, lights and, of course, the huge screens in the back, which show the action from several angles.

That doesn't help, at all, because he realizes he will be seen from all those angles also, and not only by Thranduil; it makes him shiver, but also he remembers what the man had said, that here, the amount of clothes somebody is wearing determines if he's a top or a bottom, in many cases. He's OK with being a bottom 99% of the time, but it's clear that now he should be something else – and that means he shouldn't lose the pants, since they are his only clothing anyway.

Damn, he isn't used to wearing such pants, and has no idea how the material will behave – they are tight yet comfortable, having a bit of give, but will they stay up if he opens the button too, not only the zipper? If he doesn't, will he really be able to be comfortable, able to take out both his cock and his balls? If he doesn't take them out, he's very afraid he will not last, because they will be pressed in and hot and probably the movement will chafe, fuck! They signal him to approach, and his knees want to fold, and he really, really doesn't want to see all these people looking at him. He's sure he's all crimson, and not sure if he is even hard right now, too agitated, and no, no, no, don't worry that you will not be able to do it, fuck no, that would be…
GAZING INTO YOUR SOUL

He breathes and looks at Thranduil, and the man's smirk is the most comforting thing he ever saw, and the way he raises his glass in a salute too, so he gathers all his will and moves forward, resolutely ignoring both the room and the screen in the back, focusing on the man tied up in the round metal frame. He's kept vertical right now, and Legolas can choose how to position him, but yes, maybe it would be better to look at him first, to touch, yes, that's a great idea!

Decided, he starts by really looking at him, but he won't start with the face, no. He takes in the solid looking legs, with well developed muscles and is amused by the incongruous neon pink painted toenails. The man is shaved or something, he doesn't have body hair, and the skin is darkish, tanned, and the brown leather bindings look good on it. His belly is not completely flat, and not overly muscled, but looks good, and the chest is well defined, so Legolas moves a hand teasingly up, avoiding the obvious spots, but still his eyes are caught by the jumping penis. It's probably the same size as his own, he recons, but darker in color, well, it's probably the ring keeping him in check, because he's pretty purple.

There's clear liquid shining at the crown, of course, and he's very tempted to touch, but not just yet.
The nipples are brown and pointy, and he gets a nice little moan when he rubs one between thumb and forefinger, and an even better gasp when he pinches. He keeps at it for a minute, varying the intensity, then goes to the other one, scratching and pinching mercilessly, making the man's cock jump again. Yes, his own cock is reacting to this, so that's a big relief.

He walks around the frame, inspecting the back too, and abruptly smacks the round buttocks, enjoying the strangled sound. The man is wider than him, but about two inches shorter, so he can rub his crotch against his ass pretty well. Hmm, but there's quite some semen dripping from the well used ass, so he shouldn't get himself too dirty maybe? Legolas opens the zipper and manages to pull himself out, and yes, it's a bit too tight, so he just has to open the button too and, luckily, they do remain up on him.

He rubs his almost hard cock against the wet hole, and it's such a delightful feeling, having all the power now, although it is scary, too. He nips at the man's shoulder, lets his hair fall over his back and keeps rubbing lightly, feeling himself hardening more, feeling the other men's issue coating his head. His right hand goes around the man's body and grabs the rock hard erection, doing a few languid up and down motions. Of course it must be such a tease, the man needs more, but it was stated clearly that he won't be allowed to come from it. He does try to push into it though, and Legolas has no idea what possesses him to pinch and say, loud and stern: “Don't move!”

The words have so much power, it's probably the acoustics of the stage, and he automatically looks at Thranduil, relieved when he sees him grinning. The man trembles and gasps, but doesn't try to move more, so he teases for a while, a hand on his cock, the other wandering over his body, scratching, pinching, soothing. But he should go on, it's clear the man needs more, and he needs more, suddenly helplessly aroused when he dares to look in the hall and sees people watching raptly what he's doing.

The man whimpers when he moves from behind him, but he has to change his position, it would be pretty awkward to take him standing like this, and he's very happy to see it's remarkably easy to change the positions of the bindings, so he has no issue getting him to bend and raising his ass just a little, to be at the right height.

There's lube right there, and Legolas coats his cock, slowly, looking into Thranduil's eyes while he does it, comforted by the heat he sees there, deciding to do it all the while. Obviously the man is well opened, and there are enough fluids there, but well, it wouldn't hurt to check, so he sticks three fingers in, moving them a bit, and barely suppresses a shudder feeling just how scalding hot he is inside, realizing he will feel that on his cock, soon. He keeps moving them, until he finds the pleasure spot, loving the man's grunt at it and keeping pressure there for a bit, then moving some more and coming back, to be sure he learned the spot's position.

Finally, he should do it, so he breathes and opens the ass cheeks and lines himself up, giddy with anticipation, and so, so scared. Resolutely, he pushes an inch, and, oh, fuck, it's already so hot! Looking at the place he pierces the man is beyond arousing, he should really not do it, if he wants to keep himself in check, fuuuck! He's probably saying this out loud, but it's too good, and he pushes a bit more, loving the wet, velvety feeling, the way the muscle parts so willingly and starts squeezing him, oh, yes!

“Please, use me!” the man before him grunts, almost startling him. “Need to be filled, so bad!”

“Then fill yourself,” he hears himself say, and groans, broken, when he impales himself to the hilt. Damn it, he can't let him do it like that!

“Now you'll stay put, clear?” Legolas manages to say, and just stays there for a few moments, trying hard not to explode. The only thing he can do is look into his master's eyes, draw strength from him,
and start grinding a little at first, trying to get used to the sensation. Does anyone ever get used to it?
All this heat, scorching, velvety and all encompassing, fuck, he's inside somebody else's body and can actually feel things pulsing, moving, alive down there, trying hard to milk him!

All he can do is squeeze his muscles hard and keep at it, starting to move out and back in, and trying to understand how to angle himself to hit the man's prostate; he's pretty sure his hands will leave bruises on the man's hips, but he has to squeeze or he'll lose himself, and yes, it seems he managed it, because he moans so beautifully, fuck, fuck, this is all he can think now, in the rhythm of the thrusts. He can't keep it slow, that would be way too much, he moves fast, his breath short, the pleasure such a greedy flame, lost in Thranduil's gaze, begging to last, and wanting so much to finish.

He manages to hear the man's moans, and they are good, but maybe he could do more, so Legolas moves a hand under his body, tormenting his surely aching cock, trying hard to keep the same rhythm as his hips, and yes, the sounds are higher, so desperate, exactly like he feels now, and that helps him last just a bit longer. But oh, God, the man starts convulsing around him, so good, and shouts when Legolas involuntarily squeezes his sensitive cock too hard, so he can't but groan and let go, let the man milk him dry, while shuddering and babbling something, fuck, yes!

He needs a minute to come back, happy that he had managed to grab the frame and keep himself upright; and he's completely mesmerized when he pulls out and sees his seed starting to dribble from the red, opened hole. Yes, he gets it now, why Thranduil loves it so, it's something that goes directly to his cock, he has no idea why, and his hand goes there, having its own will, spreading the seed over the man's cheeks, down his thighs.

Then he manages to move a bit and offers him his hand to clean, pushing his fingers down his throat, wanting to fuck his mouth too, now, but of course, he should get off the stage, there are two guys waiting already, the mistress gives them the talk, so he should let him be. Legolas straightens his shoulders and goes to the side table, at the edge of the stage, where there are wet towels and such, cleaning himself as well as possible, bringing his breath back in check and managing to tuck himself back inside the pants.

Now he gets off and goes directly to their table, surprised that Thranduil is alone there. There's a big fear in his belly, that this is wrong, that the man will be angry with him, but probably he had already realized it, because he bids Legolas sit in his lap and kisses him, gentle and nice, moving a hand soothingly on his back, letting him come down from the high. When he's fine, he settles back at the man's feet, feeling safe and happy, trying not to let any more thoughts to spoil the mood.

Glorfindel is actually at the nearby table where there was the man with the two women in chains, laughing with the man while each of them has one of the women sucking their cocks. It looks hot, really, and on the stage the two men are both busy filling the other guy, from both ends. This is hot too, and he can't stop wondering, who did Thranduil do such things with? Does he still want to do them? Would he…

“Hi Thranduil,” he hears, and there's the woman, Lady Margaret, coming to their table, and there's Galadriel with her, too. Did he do something wrong?

“Have a seat,” Thranduil bids them. “My friend is pretty busy, so I'd like the company.”

“I wanted to thank you, your boy took so much care, you trained him very well.”

“Actually, I didn't, in this; it was his first time, but you are right, I have to think of a nice reward,” and Legolas feels himself turn beet red, again, and pushes himself a little more against Thranduil's leg.
“There's no need to feel shy, little one,” he soothes him, placing a comforting hand on his shoulder, “you really did very well, and everybody enjoyed the show, am I right, Galadriel?”

“Yes, he seems to be a born entertainer, just like you. I was thinking I should reward this, if you want the black bracelet?”

“Thank you, but no, I don't think I'll be around much; still, I hope you followed the experiment, because it's quite unsettling.”

“Yes, I did, and we'll have to recheck some memberships. I have to thank you for that, too.”

“I'm happy to be of service,” he grins, making them laugh, and they keep chitchatting a little, but then it's time for one of the women to go check on the action on the stage, and Galadriel always has somebody wanting to have a word, so they are alone again, and it's good and quiet for a while.

Glorfindel comes back, looking happy enough, and they are leaving. The night air got a bit colder, and when Legolas trembles a bit, Thranduil wordlessly gives him a shirt he seemed to have ready in the car. They take the man home, and then there are just the two of them in the car, and Legolas has another pang of fear, because, what if...?

“You were great there on stage, my darling, I'm truly proud of you. And there's no need to blush so much, although you look exquisite like this. How do you feel?”

“I'm fine, really, it's just quite overwhelming, the place, the people… this… I...”

“I know, that's OK, and I promise I'll answer any questions you have tomorrow. If there isn't anything pressing?”

“No, I… I'm not sure I'd know what to ask right now, it's too much.”

“OK, do you need to rest when we get home?”

“It's way past midnight, what should I… oh, I… no, I'm not tired, I...”

The man laughs and hugs him close, kissing his temples, his ear.

“Relax, little one. It's all good, you did good, and there's still fun to be had, I promise.”

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As soon as he has Legolas in the bedroom, he stops the boy from undressing and goes to sit on the bed, with his back to the headboard. He opens his shirt and unzips his pants, taking his cock out. Then he asks the boy to touch his cock through the leather pants, but no more.

The boy starts by pressing the heel of his palm over his groin, moving it slowly in a small circle, closing his eyes.

“Don't close your eyes, little one, look at me just like you did earlier.”

The boy moans at this, and his breath hitches. He keeps pressing just a little more, and then starts using his fingers, trying to follow the contour of his shaft through the constricting material. Soon, he mewls frustrated, because of course the bulge gets uncomfortable, fast.

“Press again, pretty, tell me how it feels.”

“It's hurting a little”, the boy answers, his hips pushing forward instinctively. “It's very good, just, I
can't really grab my balls, and the seam pulls at the skin.” He pushes again and hisses a breath through his clenched teeth, then starts to worry at his lower lip, as he generally does when he gets aroused.

His pupils are blown already, and Thranduil breathes deep to keep his rhythm light and steady on his own cock. He aches to take the boy, but the image of him standing there, teasing himself like this is too perfect to interrupt just yet.

AND THE NICE PANTS

“Put a hand inside and arrange yourself right”, he commands, licking his lips when he sees the boy's slim fingers inching under the skin tight pants. The movement becomes graceless, fast, but the boy's rapid breaths are delicious, and now he tries to move faster, but, not yet.

“Turn in profile”, he tells him, “and take the hand out, just touch lightly over the pants.” The outline of the eager cock stretching the white material is just perfect, and the curve of the perfect arse also, so he has to squeeze himself just a little too hard, to stay put.

“Come closer”, he tells him, finally, and grabs the pert bottom, squeezing hard, making the boy whimper and push into his hand. Then he presses his own hand over the boy's hard cock, down, up, yes, it's perfect.

“How did it feel, little one, to sink into that hot ass?”

The boy just moans at this first, and closes his eyes. He remembers the command and opens them,
and they gleam with want, making Thranduil want to growl.

“I don't have the words,” Legolas manages to say, “I mean, it's so good to be taken, just, this, such a hot grip, and so deep, feeling like I'm skewering that man and just, being inside his body, his abdomen, all slippery and trembling and so soft around me, it's...” he moans again, throatier, because Thranduil presses harder.

“Yes, it's always delicious to be inside your tight little ass”, he purrs darkly. “And I intend to fuck you nice and long tonight, my dear, make you come untouched again. Do you think you can come more than once, if I fuck you long enough?”

Legolas’ entire body shivers, and all he can say to this is “Please!”, pushing his erection even harder against his palm.

“Stay still,” he orders, and slowly puts his fingers just inside the boy's waistband, touching lightly, teasingly, at the head of his hard cock. It's so hot inside the stretched clothing, the column of flesh pulses rhythmically, engorged with blood, straining for more. After a while, he opens the zipper, taking out the dark pink organ and licking lightly at the bead of moisture at the top. The boy stops breathing for a second, and then hisses, but stays frozen in place.

“It's very tempting to just swallow you whole right now, pretty one, but I really want to see if you can come twice while I fuck you. Such a temptation your sweet cock is, damn! Lose those pants or I'll be hard pressed to rip them off you!”

The boy hurries to obey, although there's no fast way to take off painted-on leather pants. Still, the way he wiggles out of them, with his ass high in the air, makes Thranduil's mouth water.

“Open yourself up for me”, he tells him, giving him the little lube bottle. “Can you do it standing, like this?”

The boy tries, but it's too tight, so he has to bend one of his legs and put it on the bed. Damn, he wants to see his face and his cock and his tight ass, but it's indeed a tall order. Finally, he has him on his side on the bed, with a leg bent and lifted high, so he can see the slender digits start to push at the pink opening, the heavy cock lying over the creamy thigh, twitching when the boy tries to push in two fingers at once.

“Slow! One finger at a time, pretty, I want you nice and relaxed.”

It's wonderful to watch the look of concentration on his face, the small whimper when the middle finger is pushed in to the hilt, the way the cock jumps when the boy touches his own sweet spot and then arches his upper body.

“Yes, like this, keep the finger there and press lightly, yes my treasure, just like that”, he says and bends to lick again the clear fluid the straining shaft produces, and then the tight ring of muscles, teasing around the boy's finger, pushing the tip of his tongue just a little bit into the hot orifice.

“Another finger”, he tells him, his voice deep and dark now, straining to wait patiently until he can put his pulsing shaft into that warm crevice. The second finger is in and the boy moves them tantalizingly, shiny with lube, wiggling his delectable ass to make them fit better, whimpering softly.

Of course it's not enough. Thranduil knows his greedy treasure, knows how much he would enjoy being breached right now, but such a tightness on his cock would undo him too soon. So he waits until it's clear the two fingers glide easily in and pushes his own thumb inside, slowly, right below the boy's ones, and unerringly touches the prostate, making Legolas jolt and groan. Thranduil
maintains the pressure, grabbing the base of the boy's cock with his other hand, squeezing and keeping him there for a while, on the sharp edge of pleasure, while the boy keens and moans, his sphincter fluttering and his eyes tightly shut.

But this doesn't help in making the boy relax, so he reluctantly lets him free and orders him to put two more fingers in, which makes Legolas squirm and breathe fast and shallow, his eyes rolling back into his head.

“Look at me”, he says darkly, stroking again his cock, pouring a lot of lube and spreading it, letting a few globs drip off, watching as the boy's eyes follow the whitish substance. He takes the boy's hand and slowly pulls his fingers out and inserts three of his own, checking to see if he's relaxed enough, pushing one more time at the pleasure spot, just to hear his breath stutter.

He brings the boy right at the edge of the bed, on his back, his body bent a little – he wants to see his face, and not to stimulate his cock at all, so he makes him bend at the waist, with his lower body on the side, the leg under him flexed at the knee, the ass just a little outside the bed, the left leg held straight, on Thranduil's shoulder, and he guides his aching cock right in.

“Keep looking at me, don't close those pretty eyes”, he grits, entering him slowly but without pause, loving the way his red, wet mouth opens in a mute ”oh”, the way his hands reflexively grab the sheet and how he strains not to close his darkened eyes.

“Watch me fuck your hot ass, my treasure, I love how hot and slippery you are inside, how you tremble around me, yes, so good”, he says in the languid rhythm of going in and out, arranging the boy a little better. He doesn't touch the prostate like this though, he'll have to change the angle to make the boy come, but not yet, no, he wants to feel him relax a little first, so he keeps moving, and sees the boy starts to get frustrated, because he was expecting the jolts of pleasure that make him mindless so fast.

“Relax, Legolas, I want to have you loose when I start hitting your prostate, I won't touch it until you do”. The boy whines and tries hard to obey, but the sadistic part in Thranduil doesn't want to make things easy.

“I wonder, how long would you stand it if I would have a cock ring on your sweet cock, and used toys on you and fucked you and then put a toy in again, teasing you like that greedy little thing you fucked tonight? Would you be able to take it, or would you beg to come?”

The boy's entire body shudders and he can't but close his eyes, licking his lips, making little needy sounds.

“What would you do to be allowed to come?”

“Anything! Anything!” he moans, pushing against Thranduil's cock, the muscles in his leg tightening enticingly, so he has to lick his ankle and then graze it with his teeth, then bite at the longiline calf, loving the way all the lithe body beneath tightens and then stretches and the boy's thighs try to open invitingly.

“Then relax for me, let me fuck you nice and deep, make you see stars.”

He loves the determination in the boy's eyes, the way he exhales decidedly and does all he can to become limp in his grasp, trying to open his passage as much as possible. His cock is an angry purple, leaking on the sheet, his testicles heavy and swollen and damnably tempting. He skims his fingertips over the puffy pouch, then dips his nails into the silky skin of the relaxed thigh. He's not making things easier, not at all, but knows the boy loves the contrast of sensations, he can almost feel
his inner temperature raise and is very tempted to scratch the sensitive cock too.

He promised himself to see the boy come untouched though, so he relents, allowing him to breathe, and somehow the boy manages to relax more. Thranduil grabs a pillow and lifts his hips a bit, turning him a little more towards the back, and snaps his hips, hitting the prostate from the first push.

“Yes!” the boys yells, and his shaft jumps lewdly, dripping a new bead of liquid.

“You like it, don't you, when you can't say if it hurts or if it feels good?”

“Yes, yes, yes”, the boy repeats, after each jolt, his knuckles white on the sheet, his eyelids fluttering in time with Thranduil's thrusts, his back arching off the bed.

“Come when you're ready”, he tells him, squeezing his calf, snapping in as deep as he can, and yes, Legolas keens and comes, spurting thick streams of white cream, squeezing him in an iron grip, his eyes opening so wide it's unreal and then laying wrung and twitching on the bed.

Thranduil forces himself to wait for one minute, but that's it, he increases the rhythm now, hitting the prostate every time, so the youth's erection can't subside, although he thrashes at first, too sensitive, making deliciously incoherent sounds of pleasure-pain. But after a while the movements change, he pushes back against the hard member impaling him, grunting throatily every time Thranduil goes way deep, reflexively licking his parched lips, his gaze becoming deep and dark and greedy.

“Please, faster”, he husks, making Thranduil chuckle and increase the rhythm just a little and skim a hand up, over the slim abdomen, the sculpted chest, latching on a tumescent, pert nipple, pinching it and then the other, feeling the inner muscles contract hungrily at his ministrations.

He bends the boy's leg at the hip and lowers himself over him, to kiss the cherry mouth, taking care not to touch the straining shaft. He licks under the beautiful necklace the boy wears still and nips at the tender skin right under the jaw, then at one achingly hard nipple.

“Please, more”, Legolas begs brokenly, trying to push the trembling flesh into his mouth.

He turns the boy completely on his back, opening his shaking legs wide, and commands him to touch his own nipples, while Thranduil starts to thrust like a well oiled machine, loving to see his hard flesh pierce the unresistant asshole, to see the heavy balls shake with each movement, how Legolas punishingly pinches his pointy buds, making them such a yummy shade of red.

He lifts the boy's hips higher, thrusting brutally deep now, cutting off his air, and strikes once, fast and hard, at the quivering thigh, and the boy cries and shatters, taking him flying along.

They stay like this, panting, for quite a while, until they are able to move and he spoons Legolas, haphazardly catching the covers and pulling them over their trembling bodies, drifting to a deep, dreamless sleep.
Predictably, Thranduil wakes up with the boy all over him. It's quite endearing, and he's curious to see when the boy does it and when he won't, in relation to the previous day's events. For the moment, he savors the pleasant weight, the warm breath over his chest, the hand curved around his side. He starts petting the silky hair, all bunched over Legolas' face, and realizes that it must tickle, so he starts taking each strand slowly from the boy's face, now able to glimpse his pretty smile. When his whole face is free, he moves his hand slowly over his shoulders, his back, just feeling the smooth, warm skin, the way the breathing changes when the boy wakes up, and loves to feel him pressing even more against his body.

"Hey kitten," he says, smiling, "how are you?"

The cheeky boy actually tries to purr, and it makes him laugh, and he keeps laughing because Legolas rubs his face against him, and the hair tickles a bit.

"OK, let's snuggle for a little more, but it's Monday, so I have to get up soon. What's your schedule?"

"No school today, it's Tuesday to Friday this week, and I have all the homework done. There are a few books I should read soon though, so I'll probably start on one of them. Oh, the boys said something about meeting in the afternoon, they wanted to buy something and then go for a coffee, if you don't come home early."

"Probably not, no, everybody is crazy on Mondays, so go and have fun. Did the other professor start with you already?"

"Yes, Thursdays and Fridays, he has a thing for showing us a lot of videos, but it's quite interesting, seeing things from various angles."

The boy tenses though, after he says this, and is quiet.

"What is it, little one?"

"I... I'm still afraid that you will be angry with me."

"Why would I be angry with you, for enjoying your studies?" Thranduil asks, miffed.

"No, not that, but... last night, I..." The boy is hiding his face on his chest now, and it's clear he's tense.

"What would make me angry, little one, from last night?"

"I had sex with that other man, and... I really liked it."

Thranduil is really amused, until he realizes what the boy can think.

"Did this happen to you before, to be told to do something, and then to be punished for it?" Of course, the boy nods at this.

"Look at me," he tells him, tenderly. "I promise you this will never happen again. I despise such sick games, and will never, ever, hurt you for something I wanted done. I was serious when I said you deserve a reward, because really, you are always so good, so I'm very happy you enjoyed yourself, Legolas. I enjoyed watching you there, and it's a very good thing you felt all right on that stage."
“It was scary,” the boy mumbles and blushes. “I was really worried I won't do things right and… I don't know, everybody will laugh, and then you'll be angry with me.”

“Little one, what could you really have done wrong?”

“I didn't know what he wanted! And you wanted me to bring him pleasure, and everybody was surely looking at me, and I was so afraid that I… that I wouldn't even be hard for it!”

Thranduil sighs, because it's clear the boy really was distressed by this, and he won't be happy to hear what needs to happen. Yes, he himself is not happy, but well, he's annoyed, not scared, that's a big difference. And there's no use in prolonging this, he will have to rip the bandage, tell him all and then comfort him, it's for the best.

“Oh, treasure, I understand this is hard for you, but I'm afraid this was the easiest way I saw to start you on this. I have to tell you something, and I know you won't like it. I didn't keep it from you on purpose, believe me, I just forgot to mention it in the beginning, and then it slipped my mind that you don't know.”

“What is it, Thran?” the boy asks, clearly worried.

“It's not that bad, normally, just, it is too early for you, but I can't help it. The thing is, when I had to pay that money for you, that animal wanted something more – so, in order for all this to be finished, I promised to also do some showings with you, at his sorry excuse for a club. We still have time, I said 6 months to...”

He has to stop though, because the boy turns deathly white at this, and almost stops breathing, and he can sense how his hands and forehead are abruptly becoming cold and clammy. Fuck this! He pulls the covers back up and hugs him tight, trying to get him to warm up, and keeps kissing his face lightly, to soothe him. When Legolas seems to be able to breathe well again, Thranduil continues.

“I tried to spare you this, little one, on Saturday I went there and offered him another 250,000, which is way more than he can hope to make those three nights, but he didn't agree, and I can't force the issue, since I did give my word. I would have offered more, if the amount would have made a difference, but believe me, he was set on this, so it was no use.”

Legolas' body is all rigid in his arms and his eyes are shut tightly, his way too pale lips quivering. Still, he forces himself to breathe, after some moments, and finally manages to speak. His voice trembles too, but he says it:

“I will do all that's needed, I'll take them, as you need me to.”

“Legolas”, he says, sternly, “you will not take anyone else. That's not the only thing that can be done in a showing, not by far. Open your eyes and look at me!”

He gazes into the endless pools of blue, shiny with tears ready to fall.

“Nobody else will lay a finger on you, or I will break their damn hands first, and then their necks,” he says, making the boy shudder. “Only you and I will play on that stage, and I don't yet know what we'll do, but it will be something that will bring you pleasure in any case.”

“But… if he wants something else...”

“If he wants something else, it will be his fucking problem. I promised 3 showings, done on my terms. My terms will not include any of his delusions, so relax, yes treasure?”
Legolas' breath seems to come easier, and he smiles prettily, but there's still an unease about him.

“What is it, little one?”

“If he's so set on this, will he not still insist on something he wants?”

“Well, there's a long time since I wanted that cur dead; I can't be seen as reneging on a deal, but if he insists on breaking it, I might just get my wish,” he says in his cold voice, and feels the boy tremble. “Don't doubt, even for a moment, that I'll do all I can to spare you his lust, my dear, I promised I'll protect you, so just forget this for now, OK?”

This time, the boy seems truly relieved and hugs him too, hiding his face into his shoulder, and after a while, he's finally starting to warm up again. Thranduil's mind is analyzing what he really has to do today and, really, before his late lunch with Celeborn, he could solve everything from home. Yes, this is for the best, he has to keep an eye on the boy a bit longer, and will have to give him some answers, too.

But first, seeing that the weather is so nice, he has Galion serve them breakfast as a picnic, on a blanket under the trees. He should really do this more often, all day long he's cooped up in an office or something, and he has forgotten to enjoy nature. The boy is picking at his plate, clearly still disturbed, although Thranduil really admires the decisive way he had answered him earlier, when it clearly must be against everything he feels and wants.

“Treasure, eat now, I know you still have a ton of questions, and I'm going to answer at least some of them after this, OK?”

“But you have to go to work, no?”

“Actually, I can do from here whatever was needed before my lunch meeting, so I'll spend some time with you. Eat and tell Galion what book you need, he will bring us everything here, we can enjoy the warm weather and talk, OK?”

This does make the boy happier, so he starts eating and, meanwhile, Galion brings them all they need and takes away the dirty dishes. Thranduil then settles himself with the back against a solid tree trunk, happy to feel the breeze in his hair, caressing his neck, sprawling comfortably and bringing the boy's back against his chest, kissing the top of his head.

“I have to apologize, little one, I know you really needed more preparation for this, and as I was saying, I told him from the start it will take between 6 months and a year until I can do the damn showings, so we will use the time well and I will not be cowed in doing it earlier than needed, even if we need to do it during the last three days of the year, OK?”

He feels the slim body squirming against him, but the boy controls it fast.

“Why… why didn't you tell me this before?”

“I didn't think it was what you needed, little one, to know what price he put on you,” and yes, surely he was right, because the boy tenses again, “you were scared enough as it was. Also, what you told me just earlier, - a very brave thing, my dear, I know it cost you a lot, OK?” he adds, kissing him again and holding him tight, relishing the freshness of his scent, “clearly shows you wouldn't have understood what it was all about anyway. I know your answer would have been the same, because you keep your word, and you had already promised me anything I wanted in exchange for what you needed to survive, but, Legolas, I never wanted that from you, you know this now, right?”

“Yes Thran, you have been very, very good to me, and I know you don't want to hurt me, not like
“Yes, there are things I agreed to do, little one, which I don't like much, and I do them, but this terrifies you, you don't just dislike it. I would fight with all I am and all I have to avoid doing something that would disturb me so, and I also promised to protect you, so submitting you to that is out of the question. And yes, a showing is not, should not be about such things; it is for the pleasure of the viewers, too, of course, but first and foremost, it should be something the persons on the stage want, OK?”

“But… but the man last night… how would he want that?”

Thranduil is helplessly laughing at this, and hopes it doesn't annoy Legolas too much.

“Ted Smith would be the first to tell you that he enjoys what happened on that stage so much that he begs for it and behaves exemplary for quite some time until his dear wife and mistress deigns to give him that as a reward.”

“Wife?!?"

Oh, this is totally precious, the amount of bewilderment in that little word!

“Yes, little one, they are married for a good number of years now – might be ten or something, and he tries very hard to have this reward at least once a year. I'm not clear if he managed too often to get it twice, or if he ever got it three times, but he does try.”

Yes, the boy is speechless at this, and he would be, since it completely contradicts all his experience.

“What you saw last night at Lothlorien was just a little glimpse of what can happen, and as I said, there are all kinds of pairings and desires at play, but most of the people you saw there have a very regular life, outside their various different ideas on how to get pleasure in bed. Those who could wed their partner many times choose to do it, others just live together, if it's not possible or they just don't want it. They have jobs too, or businesses, because everybody has to eat and dress and live somewhere, or take care of their children; and some also just love what they do, so they would do it for free if needed. Very few of the people you saw there are actual prostitutes – and well, Galadriel would be very mad at anyone calling her little proteges that, and it pays not to make her mad.”

“I saw you are very respectful towards her.”

“Yes, she deserves it, and she is a good friend to those who behave right towards her and her family. I work very well with her husband, we will have lunch together today actually, and you know I get along very well with Elrond, so I like to keep things like this.”

“But what was all the thing with the green bracelet, why did everybody act so surprised?”

“She did a test, she always takes good care to have only people who play safely at the club, this is why it's such a good place to be. The fact that some people were willing to disregard a clear warning that it would jeopardize their health, possibly severely, if they play with me, showed that they needed extra attention, because they might do other stupid things and endanger themselves and others. Yes, I'm well known there, but, anyone could actually get sick, for any reason, so they shouldn't ignore the warning, no matter who I am.”

“So she did me a favor with the red bracelet?”

“She knows me for many years and trusts me to tell her the truth, Legolas, and most probably Elrond did comment that you are OK, so she could do that without the document to prove it, but yes, we
will have to do some new blood tests in order to be all right in the system.”

“Just blood tests?”

“Well, Elrond will also make us answer questions and such, he always does, and he will tell us if he thinks we need something else, but that is a good thing, it is better to prevent a problem than to try to solve it. This is why I do a full series of tests every year, at least, plus other examinations, as needed, and you will do the same from now on.”

“So we will go there again, often?”

“Again, sure; often, I don't know yet. I really need to sit down with everybody and see what's the plan for the rest of the year, and have to decide what we'll do about the social agenda, too. I would really want to add a few hours a week more to your studies, to help you with this, I need to message Mithrandir, but yes, I'm worried that this will get you too tired, and really need to prepare you… OK, I'm getting ahead of myself again.

Let's clear the obvious things first. Yes, we will go back, but mostly I wanted you to see how things are done and understand that what we do is not that unusual, to make you understand you are not weird for liking our play. I didn't plan on what happened, I honestly told you that you would just sit and watch, because I had no idea what the evening's entertainment was. And I only got the idea because you were so enraptured by what was happening on the stage, little one; would you tell me that it wasn't true?”

He turns the boy in his lap, to see his face, and of course he's blushing and would want to stammer some apology.

“There's nothing to apologize for, they were doing a show which would appeal to people, so it's normal it appealed to you. Why were you so afraid that he won't like it?”

“He… well, I didn't know him, and I never did this before, why would I think he would enjoy what I did?”

“Sane masters or mistresses bring their little pets on stage for something they know already they'll enjoy – and if the offer is for everyone to use that person, that generally means that, for the said person, only the idea of being taken like that is greatly arousing. Let's say… like the idea to be taken against a wall is for you?” he teases, to keep the boy from worrying.

“Yes, I should have told you this before, I think that you have earned yourself another reward, for doing everything way better than expected; think about it, something that you really wish for, and tell me when you've decided, and, if it's not dangerous, I will give it to you, OK?”

The boy's eyes are larger, and it's clear he thinks of something, but he bites his lip and doesn't say it.

“Ask, little one, no matter what it is.”

“Even if I would ask to… to do that again?”

“Mmm, now you want more? Calm down, I'm just teasing you here! Yes, even that, since it's something I am unwilling to offer.”

“You… you would...”

“As I said before, I completely dislike it, so this is the only reason why I am not playing like this with you; but I don't find anything wrong in you enjoying it, my dear, since I also enjoy your little ass so
well. So yes, if you continue to always behave like such a good boy, when next I think you deserve a reward, this is one thing you can ask. Of course, there are many other things to ask for, I'm sure, so take your time; and, if I say no, you will not try to do this without my permission, right?"

“Of course not, Thran! You know I...”

He laughs and kisses the genuine outrage from the boy's lips, alternating deep caresses with languid ones, loving to see he once again brought color to his cheeks and a soft smile on the now swollen lips.

“I am teasing you, little one, don't worry. Honestly, you've been astonishingly good all this time, and you always want to please me, so I'm really sorry you were too afraid to enjoy this to the fullest. Idea is, I understand being out there on a stage is not easy, especially as the submissive one; you are already feeling so vulnerable, I wanted you to get a little feel of just enjoying, and being in control for a bit, no shame or regret are needed, Legolas. Margaret was very honest last night, she wouldn't have come to our table if you didn't use her little pet quite so well; I know you didn't see that much, but believe me, one look at his face was enough to realize he was pleasured to the hilt, OK?”

“Well, I did my best, but it was so hard not to just finish immediately...”

“Oh, yes, I know that feeling very well, little one; I feel it every – single – time,” he growls now, against the boy's ear, making him shiver for the good reasons, “when I sink into you and have you push yourself so wantonly against me, and make those delicious sounds you do, they always go straight to my cock, did you know that?”

Yes, Legolas whimpers now, clearly wanting it right there, right now, and Thranduil is so fucking tempted to just take him, out there among these trees he likes, but... fuck! He kisses him, hard and demanding, putting all the restrained passion he feels in it, until he feels his lungs will explode, and the boy looks ready to faint when he's released, but thoroughly happy too, both of them panting deliciously for a while.

“I'm afraid this will have to do for now,” he says decidedly, “very soon my phone will start to ring. OK, so, to tell you what you actually wanted to know – something that could be done on that stage would have been our three nights of just spanking you and taking you at the end, although, of course, we shouldn't cause issues. Well, maybe mixed with having you restrained, or using some sensation play, too. Would you enjoy that?”

“You know I loved it, Thran, even if, well, not the days after. But yes, if that's what should happen, I could do it.”

Good, there's no more terror on his face now, he's smiling now.

“Yes, I don't want you harmed, so we'll have to find different things to do – and this is why you'll have to get acquainted with a lot more of my toys, a bit faster than I was planning on; I will not do something completely new to you there, because that would be too much, so we will try and see what else you like, and repeat that, OK?”

“Thank you,” the boy whispers, almost reverently, and damn, does that feel good! He hugs him, too, and keeps him there, close to him, while both of them start on their chores.

Luckily, the phone doesn't ring too much, but there are a ton of messages to see to; he doesn't even have the time to check what book the boy has to read, but is happy to see he does pay attention to it, stopping from time to time just to type something on his laptop – most probably, things he does not understand. There might be many, he thinks in a brief pause between messages, while he realizes just
how good it is to be out here, to breathe in the scent of greenery and be able to squeeze the boy's side for a moment and receive such a pretty smile for it.

All this will give him many things to think about, because he did get himself lost in work and ensconced in between walls, both physical and metaphorical. The phone stops his musings though, and he's not sure if he's happy or not about it.

Some more time has passed, and the little one sighs now, after he had written and deleted something several times on his laptop, and it's very endearing, really, the way he keeps thumbing through the book and looks at the screen and scrunches his face.

“What is it, Legolas? You said you finished with homework, did you forget something?”

“No,” the boy answers, a bit defeated. “I just don't understand where certain things should lead to make sense, what these people want here, and it's really great how you can find answers on the internet, about all sorts of things, but I have no idea what questions to ask right now.”

“Doesn't Mithrandir answer your questions?”

“Yes, he does, of course, but… well, there are always new questions, because he speaks to us of new things, and the others don't really ask that much, and… I like it when he sees I looked things up and come up with more difficult questions,” he adds, blushing now.

“That is really a very good thing,” Thranduil smiles at him. “It's a very grown-up thing you understood, my dear, that it pays if you ask only the more difficult questions to specialized people. But you should never be afraid of other people's opinions when you want to ask questions from somebody whose responsibility is to give you those answers – and a teacher's responsibility is, always, to give them to you. Since he wants you to read this book, you can just jot out what is unclear now, even if in a long and convoluted way, and ask him tomorrow to help you find the right questions to ask – this is one of the best lessons you'll ever have.”

“He will not… I don't know, find this unsatisfactory?”

“No, never Mithrandir, don't worry. He will actually appreciate you for it, my dear, because it will show him you really, honestly try to do what he asked – these mandatory lectures are given so you understand something from them, and the interest you show is exactly how such things should be treated. Maybe you didn't have the chance to see such things done in regular school, and it's normal that a teacher who has to deal with 30 children at once can't really grant each of them all the attention they need, but it would be, indeed, inexcusable in private tutoring.

He isn't there just to declaim something in front of you and then make you take tests, so you pass some exam, he is supposed to help you grow your mind. And that is not only valid in school, my dear. I am still doing this, to this day, and all good businessmen do it.”

“You… why would you do that?”

It's really funny how much disbelief the boy's tone of voice shows, and indeed, his face is a picture of wonder.

“Legolas, only very stupid people can think they know everything. There are so many specialized fields I have no idea about, big and small – I would never contradict Bard, for example, on how to repair a car, or Mrs. Baggins, on how to cook something fancy, because I have no idea about those things, just like I would never contradict Elrond on how surgery should take place, you can understand that, right?” The boy smiles and nods, even grins a bit.
“But even in things I have experience with, there are a lot of subtleties. Right now I'll be having a late lunch with Celeborn and he will have to explain to me the latest regulatory changes that affect some contracts I have, because, although I do know lawspeak very well, and I deal with contracts and the laws about them for more than 15 years, those things are still over my head. This is why I pay him and his firm handsomely – to tell me about these things and to explain to me how I can use them in my favor. Or, at least, how not to be hurt by them, as the case may be now.”

“Then… why don't other people do this?”

“Some had stupid parents, who didn't know how to answer their questions, or never cared to do it, and found it easier to suppress their curiosity; some are afraid of what their friends might say, indeed; maybe some are just plain stupid; a few exceptions are that smart that they are able to figure things out by themselves, at least in a certain field or two; and I'm sure there are other reasons also. It doesn't really matter though, little one; ask your question, always, OK?”

The boy returns to his laptop and starts typing a lot; he does have a beautiful and sharp mind, and Thranduil loves to feed it and see it bloom. But it's getting late, soon he'll have to leave, so he starts wrapping things up and checking once more the list of points he has to clarify with Celeborn.

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It's a bit early to drink more than a glass of wine, and Thranduil has a lot more on his plate today, but he really needs the second glass; he would maybe even need something stronger, to burn a little, but that would indeed be irresponsible, so he sips at it, looking out through the large windows to the steel and glass mammoths surrounding them, such a contrast from the morning, trying to tame the flow of figures in his brain.

“Sorry to disappoint you so, Thranduil, but this is how things stand nowadays, they will have to understand that the profitability you promised really can't happen right now and, in all honesty, you had no way of influencing these decisions and you never bragged you would.”

“Yes, but it still galls me that politicians change things long after people took decisions, just change the rules of the game in the middle of it. If I'd do that, everybody would call me scum, and they would be right about it. Fuck, I do want to change a promise I made, but I did give my word, and I won't, and this now…”

“Can I help with that? Maybe some overlooked little clause…”

“Ah, no, Celeborn, it's not a business thing. I wish it were, it would have rankled less. No, you know the story of my little pet, I think, right?”

“Of course, what did he do to get you so annoyed?”

“He didn't do absolutely anything wrong, and that is part of the issue; I'm annoyed that he will suffer from this, I had to promise Azog 3 showings, at that pigsty he calls a club, and the boy is definitely not ready for it.”

“Hm… that is indeed unfortunate. Doesn't he want something else in exchange?”

“Well, for once, he doesn't want money. Yes, I know, I was very, very surprised about this too, and not in a good way; it might be that my intelligence needs brushing up on, in this direction too. Fuck, besides having to spend more time in the social arena, I will have to get myself back in that morass too. I really, really hate Fingon these days!”

“I'm sorry I couldn't help you more with that, but you know how things are with them; both of us
saw this clearly at the last visit. Still, why are you so incensed now, you were always the first to say that, if something can't be changed, it's better to just see what's the best one can do and do it, without all the drama?"

Thranduil sighs and sips some more wine, quiet for a while.

"I'm really not sure myself. Maybe it's just that, as you know, I really hate it when things don't go my way. I'm a bit tired, too, of all these obligations and such. And I see myself kind of making the boy a copy of myself, at least in how much of his time I already take, and I keep adding more things to do for him, and asking him to be so very good at them, when everything is so new and unsettling."

"Things are how they are," Celeborn shrugs, "and, as a fellow workaholic, I can't say I find too many bad things in keeping one busy. I don't know many people who achieved something worthwhile while wasting their days, my friend, and I don't think you do, either. If you really go overboard, he'll just have to tell you, and you'll have to adjust your plans a little, that's life."

"I'm not sure he'd have the courage to do that; that's what's really bothering me, that his health might be affected long term."

"Well, I'm sure Elrond will take care of such things, if they happen; of course, after he comes back to reality!"

Both of them are laughing, because really, the man deserves all this happiness, but it's still way too fun to know him so unsettled.

"Yes, maybe you and Galadriel too should take some time and spend it with them."

"We are, just as soon as Arwen recovers a bit, physically. Right now, she only needs real rest for a bit, but yes, we did schedule time to spend with all of them, and enjoy our blessings."

"I am glad for you, you know. And thanks a lot for this, I will go through the contracts again with Faramir and Eowyn and we'll set a schedule to discuss everything with the clients, then we'll send them to you for changes."

They finish their drinks and go back to their busy days, but this does niggle Thranduil, quite a lot; the boy is way too eager to please, and, while, again, Elrond would tell him he's the only one to have such problems, this is an issue. If he thinks well about it, in all this time, he only had to discipline Legolas once, and even that wasn't because he was really disobeying – it was because he was too eager and didn't know better.

That would have been unheard off in any other relationship of this type, but yes, he never had such a relationship before, with the victim of such systematic abuse, that's for sure. And this opens quite a can of worms, because, what would be an appropriate punishment in case the boy does something bad, as unlikely as that is? Maybe, again, just by not knowing his limits and trying to do too much? It's clear the level of pain he'd need to induce would be really high, to actually have it count as a punishment, bringing with it the risk of actual harm – because of course, he needs to try some more implements, too, but it's highly improbable the boy won't like safe levels of pain from them.

Punishing him by humiliating him would be way worse – Legolas is still unhealthily unsure of himself and his worth, so it will be a very long time until he could deal with that – if ever. As Thranduil himself knows so well, some wounds close, but the scars are so thick, it doesn't really help that much, so no. Where does that leave things?

Getting to the next meeting makes him stop thinking about this for the moment, but yes, it doesn't
make anything better. Still, he's soon caught in work, as usual, and it's already dinner time when he
takes a break. He still has way too much work to do, but it's not necessary to do it from the office, so
he goes home, to at least spend a little time with the boy.

The boy is excited to tell him what he managed to do – it seems both Gimli and him were giving
Mithrandir's cat so many treats, the animal got fatter, so the man had to warn them off it; this was a
sort of a contest of showing who was better, of course, and actually Thranduil approves of it, it's way
better than calling names and all the rest of male posturing. But the thing was, since Mithrandir
forbade it, they needed to find something else, and Legolas is very proud he found some very funny
toys for the cat – they might even help with getting it to lose the weight, he tells him, snickering and
trying to imagine the other boy's face, when he will see them.

Yes, the war of the cat toys is about to start, Thranduil is sure of that, and almost wishes to call the
man and warn him his house will soon be better stocked with cat toys than a small pet shop, but why
ruin the fun? It's real good the boy seems to not worry about their little discussion, so he could just go
to his study and get on with it. Still, when he hears that, the Legolas does look unhappy, and then
asks him if, as a reward, Thranduil would allow him to stay with him while he works, promising to
be very good and bring his books, too.

He has such a childlike gaze right now, so much longing in his eyes, begging to just be given some
scrap of attention, that Thranduil is really, really tempted to forget anything and just go strangle
Azog and spare him all troubles, but he knows things are not that easy. Still, he does kiss the boy and
smiles and tells him that no, that can't be counted as a reward, because Thranduil himself would like
it too much. He also promises the boy to try to see if they could do this more often, maybe settle
certain days of the week for it, and, well, he doesn't have to do it in his study right now, he only has
to read a lot and make notes, so they can just go to the bedroom and be really comfortable. It's really,
really good, too, to stay there, both of them doing what they must, but being able to bask in each
other's nearness.

Of course, though, the boy is not that used to very long hours, like he is, and that is clear after a
while, so he tells him to sleep, and even promises not to leave the bed, even if maybe the light would
disturb his sleep. But Legolas is reluctant to do so, until Thranduil has enough of it.

“Kitten, curl around and get to sleep! If you don't, you'll really regret it!”

The boy laughs and, of course, amused by the endearment, tries to kiss him, and he would really
enjoy that, but it's clear to him just how tired Legolas is, and his mind did catch some relevant ideas
he wants to clarify for Faramir, and yes! he got it, he actually knows what would punish his little
kitten, too.

“Kitten, I'm serious, if you don't rest, I will spank you until you can't even beg to come anymore, but
won't allow it, and I will not take you, either; so, do you want to sleep like this or like that?”

Exactly like with a chastised kitten, this does startle the boy and makes him settle to sleep, and it's
way too fun. Thranduil keeps working, looking at him from time to time, when he moves or makes
some little sound, felling a very warm something inside. Yeah, that might be happiness, so he will do
as Celeborn said – make the schedule, including all he thinks needed, and will just have to keep an
eye on things, not to exhaust both of them. Yes, he will include time spent together, as many days as
possible spent outside maybe, other fun things to do, and will introduce new things in play – and no
more worries.
CUTTING EDGE

Chapter Summary

Here it is - sorry again for the delay. I'm not happy with this chapter yet, but I'm not sure when I'll be, so...

You will be happy to know I managed to clarify the story further in my head, so now I know what should happen till the end, in much more detail than just the main points I had at first. Yeeey!

On the other hand, since I hate this weather with a passion, I will not write about winter or wintery things - that includes winter holidays. They will just be glossed over completely in the story, and please ignore any timeline continuity shit that may arise from this - I just don't want ugly, cold things in my pretty universe.

Thank you again for your patience and encouragement, it means the world to me. And come see me on tumblr, if you are in the mood to chat, https://www.tumblr.com/blog/awesome-bluehair-universe

It was a good decision, Thranduil thinks, while finally sipping some well deserved wine and just enjoying the evening air. The boy, of course, had thrown himself into doing everything on the list, and really, he was doing it very well; but, exactly as he thought in the beginning, he was working – or whatever you could call it – himself into the ground. Luckily, he has enough tells, Thranduil muses, so tonight he ordered him to sleep and he was dead to the world the moment his head hit the pillow.

It's laughably early to get to sleep, but he knows he's tired too, and was clearly not in the mood for schmoozing tonight; they'll reschedule the dinner and he might have to rethink things a bit, at least until they finish with the damn showings. One social thingy every week, plus extra hours, plus new sexual things, plus going out with his colleagues, plus studying, plus shooting practice – it's no wonder he actually needs the scheduling app, especially since they have to coordinate everything with Thranduil's schedule too, and that's never so simple.

But it was a funny escape last week, when his client's trophy wife started to get too grabby with the boy, and got real put out that Legolas just took out his phone and was seriously looking for a spot to squeeze in going out in town for coffee, as friends, mumbling about when it would be OK with Thranduil's day and asking about her availability, seemingly amazed that she wasn't as busy. It was really hard not to laugh, because it was very clear for him what the woman wanted. Indeed, the boy doesn't yet catch certain cues, and he's actively trying not to catch some – they decided it's easier, for now, to reject advances by feigning total cluelessness than having to actively refuse them; it also helps Thranduil's image, of course, although the boy doesn't yet get it that this also makes everybody want him even more.

And what's not to want, seriously? He looks stunning, every single time, and actually got a bit of confidence now, which is so fucking sexy on him; he smiles so brilliantly that everybody just has to answer it, and well, they did have to meet some real sourpusses, and even those were caught in his spell. And he has no idea what he does to them, thinking Thranduil is proud of him for applying conversation cues Mithrandir teaches and such; plain adorable, really.
He's chuckling and waiting for his thoughts to clear a bit, but it seems they really want to wonder, and maybe he should let them. It wouldn't be true to say he doesn't appreciate going faster with introducing new things in play – because, as usual, the boy's response is a delight. The nipple clamps were such a success – well, he knew the boy was so sensitive there, but just being able to try several different ones, to see the pretty pink nubs becoming red and stretched and swollen, to see how the boy's eyes were desperately begging him not to stop, no matter what; how he writhed wantonly, begging for his mouth, for his hands, even when they only brought more scorching torment! He's laughing softly to himself, he could always add more to his collection, right?

He sips some more, and well, the really fun thing is that Legolas finally grudgingly admitted he understands the use of cock rings – realizing, again and again, that play generally brings him to the peak way too fast to truly enjoy everything there is otherwise. And even funnier was his face when Thranduil introduced him to butt plugs – first, he had thanked him and gushed that it was great he could keep his seed inside like that, and had agreed in a second to wearing it all day long – only to be horrified realizing he wouldn't be able to leave the house without also wearing a cock cage, unless he wanted everybody to know exactly how hard he is, since just moving a little made the stimulation way too good not to tent any kind of pants.

Thranduil knows he had been cruel then, delighting in showing him each kind of plug he has - and he has many. He had also explained the advantages of each, making the boy move a step or two, bend to get another plug from a lower drawer, go sit on the couch, just to see him squirm so good at each movement, making himself hard as steel and, finally, taking mercy on both of them and just filling him to the brim again and promising to stay at home one day and keep tormenting him with them all day long. It would really be lovely to take him out in town wearing one but, well, the boy is just incapable of lying – and going around with a plug inside needs that ability, if you don't want to shock everybody.

The crop was a success also, of course, and he can't wait to try the cane. There would be lots of work needed for the game department though, because, again, the boy is almost too honest, but… Thranduil knows he's a sadist, and he always liked games mostly because they brought what he wanted in the end, the opportunity to get control and inflict pain, because most people don't cede that easily or with such splendid enjoyment. It's both very refreshing and the worst of temptations that the boy can just tell him he wants the pain and to be able to see it, with his own eyes. And control – well, if he would have more control over the boy, he would really have to be a god, because the little one already offers everything, on a silver platter.

The glass is empty, and he could pour more than the two fingers he had, and maybe even finish some messages, but… yeah, maybe he'd better sleep too, and dream of some cute little way to tease the boy tomorrow. It's the day he'll be working from home, and the boy will study, which was one of the best ideas he had in ages. Somehow both of them manage to do a lot, although at first he was worried the temptation would be too much to interrupt things with sex – and yes, it's still a huge temptation, but the sheer – well, love is the only word, really – in the boy's eyes, the gratefulness he feels when they are doing things together helps him a lot to reign it in.

It's not like the boy would refuse him, of course; it's too clear how much he enjoys playing, because there's absolutely no artifice in anything he does or says about sex. Legolas relishes what they do so much, and displays it so openly, that by now only that has Thranduil hard and wanting in an instant; even when he does little things he saw Thranduil enjoys watching – like undressing a certain way, he honestly loves doing it; he saw, time and again, that doing something that brings that certain glint in Thranduil's eyes plainly intoxicates the youth.

And that's exactly what a dream submissive would do, and he's grateful beyond belief that he is the one to receive such adoration, but it's also the thing that rankles most in having to display this
beautiful soul in that… he doesn't even have a bad enough name for the place and the people who will be there. What they do now is purely so the boy doesn't walk into it blindly, for him to know what to expect from various implements, because at this point he's sure he can predict his answer to any of them; and, even more, he's sure he could get him to have the right responses with just the tips of his fingers, if need be, and certain words; and that would probably be the best showing in a long time, but… not at that place.

They don't understand what it means when the boy begs for something, and just the idea that something brings his master pleasure takes him almost to the brink, weakens his knees and makes him pant; all of them would think it's just a scripted thing, and the boy is playing a role he doesn't believe in; he would think that, if he wouldn't have seen it enough times already, to know it's God's honest truth.

And he probably ruined things by explaining the boy he doesn't like the idea of showing him there; maybe if he didn't… But that's useless, by now; it's in the past, and that's it. Sleep now, and he'll see what to do one of these days.

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His eyes are burning from the hundreds of pages he's checked by now, and yeah, those will be there tomorrow, too; he really needs to decide where they will concentrate their efforts next, but, as usual, it can't be a short process anyway. They need food, and he really needs to see something else after all this. The boy must be bored too, since he worked alongside him from morning till now, with just the lunch break they had. Too much work, he needs to show him some fun tonight, seriously.

“Let's wrap this up, Legolas; I've had enough. Hungry?”

“Yes, let me just… I have one more page and I'm done, OK?”

“Yeah, I'll gather everything so Galion can take them inside; finish there.”

The weather is great, and one of the better things in working from home is to take advantage of it. It became a habit to have breakfast under the trees and to work there, if he doesn't need all his files. It's not that his home office is not well appointed, but the world does seem different when he's able to breathe fresh air, and he saw how much Legolas enjoys being out here. And he looks real cute when he mindlessly plays with a leaf or some blades of grass, while reading something.

Finally, he's done and now he's stretching a bit, and damn; food first, but a little kiss won't hurt, right? And no, no cane tonight; he will introduce something more pleasant; well, at least something that won't leave marks, for now. He's grinning when he ends the kiss, and of course the boy wants to know what's so funny.

“Well, little one, I'll show you something really fun tonight; something very… very… enjoyable,” he says, in between kisses. “We'll eat and I have two phone calls to make, so something between half an hour and an hour; but you are not to open yourself, OK?”

The boy bites his lip and clearly wants to know more, but he learned that Thranduil won't say anything more until he's ready. Still, it's also clear he trusts this to be true, that he will enjoy it, and he pulls him down for a kiss, too, a deep one, to show how much he wants it. Yes, this is what they both need tonight.

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He likes the eager way Legolas bounds into the play room, the way he looks around and tries to
guess what will happen tonight. He smirks and brings the couch closer to the upright frame he'll use, then gets the rope and the toys close, in their velvet pouches, then sits down.

“Let me see you undress,” he smiles, and yeah, this is what he needed to see; the creamy skin is unveiled deliciously, bit by bit, and the boy is almost twitching with the need to know what they’ll do.

“I will use rope tonight, not the cuffs you were used to; it takes a bit longer to get it right, and that's the idea, because the knots create a pretty pattern; also, it can get your body to stay in various positions which are more difficult to achieve with plain restraints, but that will be for another day; today I just want you to know the different feeling, and to pay a lot of attention and tell me if it impedes circulation in any place, OK?”

He prepares the main harness with the red silk rope and woulds it around the boy's torso and abdomen, then over his shoulders and ties it loosely to the frame. Then the black one goes around his legs, settling them in position, and latches that well. There's the piece for the groin, red also, supporting the buttocks beautifully and framing the hardening cock. He didn't do anything much, and the boy is not aroused by being bound, per se; but just having his master's attention like that is enough these days.

He checks each loop and tightens things as much as needed, and now only the arms remain. Taking another piece of black rope, he brings the boy's left hand to the small of his back and fixes it there, giving it just a little range of movement, since it will be needed later. Then he takes the right and bounds it loosely over the boy's abdomen, with a lot more range of movement, once the member is stiff enough; finally, some strokes of the said member, to get it pointing directly up, and the cock ring.

He circles the boy, checking one more time a few loops, and hearing confirmation that it's fine, and he can settle back on the couch and look at his work. The white skin almost glows in contrast with the silk rope, yes, black and red is the perfect combination for him. Maybe a bit aggressive, really, but it just makes you want to bring more red into play. Breathe and calm down, yes.

“You are very beautiful like this, little one. I want to bite between every single loop, and leave a nice mark that would be framed by it. Would you like that?”

The boy's eyes are huge while he looks down at his body, clearly counting possible places, and then he whimpers and his cock jolts and he groans his assent.

“Or would you rather I play with the crop, instead of my teeth? Maybe some clamps?”

“All of them, I want all of them!”

Teasingly, he gets up and slowly circles the boy again, and it's clearly electrifying when he licks at a shoulder blade, and then even more when he bites light at the boy's shoulder.

“But I have something even more interesting for tonight; no pain, just pleasure. See, I showed you what nice things a vibrator does on the outside of your body, but I think it's time you take it as it's meant to.” Thranduil slowly takes out the three toys he chose from their pouches, and chuckles when the boy is a bit confused by them.

“Yes, they don't look like much, do they? Especially this one,” he smirks, lifting a very slim toy, the size of a pencil, with just the head curved and larger, the size of a nut. “But you'll see that you shouldn't judge things by size. Only this larger part vibrates, but it does it exactly in the right spot. Feel it,” he says and makes it start, against the boy's hand. “I'll lube it and get it in, so please relax for
me, OK?"

He goes back behind him and kisses the pretty ass cheeks and then opens them gently, licking a bit at the puckered entrance. He starts the toy again there, and loves the moan this gets, so he keeps at it for a minute, before stoping it again and starting to push in very slowly. The boy relaxes and it's in real fast, and then he angles it to touch the right spot.

“Ready?” he asks, and has to chuckle again, because of course the boy is still startled when the vibration registers, in such a sensitive place. He squeezes a bit at his cheeks and then comes in front of him, loving the lusty gaze in Legolas' beautiful eyes. “You can move your hand a bit, if need be, and hold it in; try it.” Of course, the movement pushes the thing just a bit deeper, and the boy's eyes almost roll back in his head, his plush lips parting deliciously. Thranduil takes advantage to lick at them for a bit, savoring each heated breath.

“But now, let it be, you are just to hold it there, not to move it. You should use your other hand though, your pretty cock would need some attention; some very slow and easy attention, just like this,” he demonstrates, teasing it and then going back to the couch. “Let me see how much you enjoy it, Legolas,” he says and touches his own cock very lightly, over the black robe he's wearing, just to see the boy's gaze unerringly locked on his hand.

“Now, now, look at your cock, it's so pink and straight, what would you want to do with it?”

“I want to touch harder, I want you to touch it.”

“Why, don't you like your hand?”

“It's never as good,” the boy whines. “It's so much better, hotter, bigger, ahhhh...”

“Oh, I forgot to tell you, this little toy has this little remote control, I can change the speed, do you like this one, or you preferred the older one? Or maybe, a higher one?”

It's delicious to tease the boy like this, making him squirm, making his hips try to buck against something, his hand closing too hard for a moment around his heated flesh, panting and trying very hard to decide what would be better, or what would be bearable, or what Thranduil would like better. When he has him incensed enough, he stops it and goes to take it out, so very slowly. He licks a bit at the entrance again, and pushes a finger in, lightly fucking the boy, and then shows him the second one.

It looks like the plainest plug, only a little over half an inch in diameter, and also bent, but, as he delights in telling the boy, this is going to vibrate everywhere, so it will also stimulate the entrance. He sticks it in and licks a bit around it, just until Legolas tries to push against him, and then starts it. He goes back on the couch, and delights in watching him try to relax into it, fighting hard not to squeeze himself faster, discovering what happens when he tightens his muscles and it presses so hard in all the right spots.

“Legolas, you are not to come from this, not even dry, are we clear? Don't fight it, relax into it; coming is not the goal now, just let it pleasure you.”

It's not easy, of course, but he does all he can to obey, and it's really delicious to watch, until he's sure there's no more to be done from this one; no, they need the third one, the evening's masterpiece. He stops it and takes it off, then gives him some water, checks the bond again, and then explains this one: it's almost U-shaped, with three little motors: one for the entrance, one for the prostate and one for the perineum, and the speed and intensity can be varied for each of them, in so many ways.
The boy is drenched in sweat, all his body begging for release so beautifully that Thranduil would be tempted to stop and take him; but no, they went this far, he wants Legolas completely drunk with arousal, ready to explode at the merest touch; so he watches and fiddles with the controls, and loves to hear his pleading, his torment, the desperation etched on his whole being, forgetting how much time passes.

“Yellow!”, the boy whines, among breathless moans.

“OK, what do you need stopped?” he asks, ready to move fast.

“Need you,” the boy breathes, “your hands on me, anything, I feel like drowning here!”

“Sure,” he says, getting closer and touching his side, “but what is too much?”

“I… everything, just too good, please, need to feel you!”

Thranduil deepens the touch, grabbing the hip solidly, and the boy seems better.

“What kind of touch do you need, where should I touch?”

“Anything, just keep me here, I feel lost if you are not near me, please!”

“OK, I got you,” he says and goes behind the boy, fitting his chest against his back. The groan he gets for this would make even dead men hard, and the way the boy thrashes and tries to get even closer gives him shudders. Thranduil starts crooning soothing things in the boy's pretty pink ear and lets his hands pet and squeeze over his trembling front and flanks.

“Better?” he asks, and the boy hisses the most rewarding “yesss”, so he moves one hand to torment the pointy nipples and with the other he brings Legolas' hand back to his cock, besetting it with long, slow drags, loving the amount of clear liquid it leaks incessantly.

“Need to stop or to come?” he asks again.

“Anything you want, Thran, anything, just hold me, just this,” comes the tortured answer, and he's almost out of his mind with arousal himself now.

“What if I keep you like this all night”, he growls, grinding his groin against Legolas' back, pushing the plug in even deeper for a moment, “if I increase the speed and squeeze harder?”

“I might pass out,” the boy grits, “but if it brings you pleasure, keep me like this forever, please!”

He has to bite the squirming shoulder, just has to, and squeeze harder the iron-hard, purple cock, squeeze the twitching hips, keeping them flush with his body.

“You are not allowed to faint,” he says, “you will tell me if you feel it happening. Tell me what you wish for right now, treasure, what would you have me do to you?”

“ Bite me more, please,” the boy begs so prettily, “hurt me, keep me here, please, ohhh, God, I'm going to burn, please!”

"Such a good boy," he growls, "you can even come from it, from now on."

He starts using his nails on the ruby red nipples, watching fascinated over the boy's shoulder as he mauls the sensitive flesh, loving the way the trapped cock keeps jumping, keeps leaking, looking
monstrously swollen when the boy's hand squeezes convulsively at it. Thranduil will not keep at it all night, because he's not capable of taking it, he has to enter the boy soon or he'll just lose it, but he enjoys tormenting him with the prospect, making him just unravel and beg to be abused some more.

He's now pulling at the nipples, distending them to the absolute maximum they can take and flicking a nail over the very point, having Legolas shout and quake from it, and again, and then abruptly leaving them to return to normal and pinching cruelly, and yes, this must be a tentative orgasm wracking the boy's quivering frame.

“Like this, little one? Want more? Want to feel so much pleasure for me?”

“Yesss… yes, please, oh God, what are you doing to me?” he rasps, utterly incapable of staying still.

He squeezes the boy harder around the middle, getting them as flush together as possible, and concentrates on the hard rod, teasing and tormenting it, loving the raw sounds the boy makes, the trust and submission he shows, when of course all instinct should be to try to get away; but his sweet boy only tries to get closer, begs for more of the sweet anguish, until Thranduil himself forgets who is tortured here and has to take him down from the bonds, helping him to lie on the couch, on his side.

He checks the skin for damage, happy there isn't much, then softly pulls out the vibrator, and Legolas sobs now, mumbling something about being painfully empty, so he soothes him, crooning endearments, kissing all the spots he abused, and then starts tasting the distended entrance, relishing the way the puffy tissue gives way, the boy's wail that it's just not enough, and of course, at the same time, it's too much. Still, he keeps at it, adding lube, opening him up.

It's too much for him too, the pain in his balls is making his movements choppy and harried, he has to release or he'll go mad, so the older man enters the boy, as slow as possible in his state, hanging by the last threads of sanity, and just fills the hot cavity with his essence, snarling and cursing, his release both a blessing and a torture. His balls keep hurting even after that, too much sensation, but he has to move and take care of the boy too, because he can't even imagine how painful it is for him now.

He keeps the palpitating body as close to his as possible while he undoes the cock ring, and shushes the boy when the pain hits, his face almost flattened when Legolas' head jerks back abruptly, out of control, his whole body arching and trembling. Of course it's too much and the boy can't even ejaculate yet, so he keeps stroking his weary body with long, steady movements, until he can say a few coherent words again, and then helps him settle against the backrest and kneels on the floor in front of him, ready to set him free.

He sets his hands solidly on the boy's thighs, squeezing to ground him, and then just swallows him, since there's no time and place for finesse now, he's just sucking and groaning around the rigid piece of hot flesh, and the boy keeps sobbing. Then, abruptly, his hands grab Thranduil's hair and pull savagely and he screams and shatters, pushing his hips way up a few times and gagging him deliciously with the deep movement and the sheer amount of cream he spills.

It makes something in the older man's belly try to coil again, because it's just delicious to feel him behave so out of character, and yeah, there are so many years since his throat was taken so roughly, and it feels divine. He stays there, drooling, tears falling on his cheeks, coughing and swallowing around the twitching cock, making the boy try to escape the abuse, but his hands are stronger, Thranduil keeps him there, at his mercy, and when he's had enough, pulls out, dragging his teeth lightly over the over-sensitized flesh, making Legolas open his mouth wide in a silent scream and dry-come again and then fall limply on his back, too spent to even croak, the only sign he's still alive the faint movement of his chest.
It's morning, way too fast, and he needs the cold water on his face to open his eyes properly. Actually, he needs a serious bath, and for sure the boy does too, but a little talk is in order first. He realized he cheats the boy of a good part of enjoyment, pushing him over the limit like that, so they need to set some new rules. Well, he needs to set them and obey them, of course.

Legolas is still sleeping, obviously exhausted, and he would like to let him sleep some more, but today he has meetings, so he can't delay. He settles back on the edge of the bed and starts petting him slowly, first over the covers and them pulling them aside slowly, squeezing lightly each little piece of him he bares.

“Keep your eyes closed, if you like,” he says, smiling, “just tell me how you feel.”

“I'm good,” he mumbles, “wish I could sleep some more, though.”

“If you are very tired, you should stay home today, sleep some more after I leave.”

“No, we'll have some interesting videos to see and Rose promised to read us a part of her paper, I don't want to miss it.”

Slowly, he moved towards Thranduil, and now he's gathered around his body, nuzzling at his knee, one of his hands blindly grabbing a thigh. He sighs and just holds himself there, making a little pleased sound when he feels the arm that holds him around his back.

“I'd love to cuddle more with you,” he says, squeezing just a little harder. “You smell so yummy…”

He has to bend a little and kiss the perfect shoulder, and then lick a bit at the smooth skin.

“We are both utterly dirty,” Thranduil laughs, “but I have to say, you always smell like something I'd devour. Still, I think we have to speak a little, seriously. I realized that I push you too much, treasure, and I'm sorry. You shouldn't just drop completely at the end so often when we play, and I would like to change that.”

“I'm sorry, it's just that…”

“Hey, stop, little one. You are not doing anything wrong in this, I know it's all very taxing and it's normal to need rest; I am doing way too much, pushing you like this almost every time. And we have to establish a point where to stop, before we get there.”

It's clear the boy isn't sure what to say, and his eyes are now opened wide and watching Thranduil.

“For example, last night I should have just stopped when you came; maybe even let you down earlier than I did.”

“I… I enjoyed it a lot.”

“I know you did,” he smiles. “I did too, very, very much, it's been years since my throat was used so good and rough. Don't you dare apologize for that, OK?”

The boy nods, but still doesn't say anything.

“What I'm trying to say is, you like being in my arms, just kissing lightly or touching, right? Yes, of course you do, and you should be able to enjoy that after sex, not just pass out because it's too much, OK?”
“Yes, I'd like that, but... well, I like how intense it gets, too.”

“I know that, my greedy one” he chuckles, “and there's no danger that I won't want to do that also; but I'm afraid we got into this way too seriously, and it's not something to abuse. I need you to tell me when you feel you are getting close to the point it all starts to blur, so I'll move to gentler things, OK? I will also try to remember this, to keep myself from pushing too far, but I really need your help, because you are way too tempting, pretty one.”

Legolas' face is again showing that brilliant smile, and he brushes his lips against Thranduil's leg, holding it tight.

“I'm tempted to say I don't want that,” he adds then, and kisses again. “It was really scary at first, but I love it when you get me to forget everything else but what you're doing to me. I'm not sure I could feel right if you wouldn't do it, at least from time to time.”

This deserves a real kiss, deep and hot and sloppy, but unhurried; the kind that makes them both melt and pant and entwine their limbs completely.

“You are the biggest, most perfect temptation I encountered in my life, Legolas; and that's exactly why it's so hard not to exaggerate in everything. Tell me every time when it gets to that point, and also tell me when you really need it to go on. It will be even better when it doesn't happen every single time, because both of us will want it even more.”

The boy groans and kisses him, hungrily sucking at his tongue, gripping his neck, rubbing against him. It's perfect, but he does have things to do, as unfortunate as that is.

“Deal?” he asks, and knows his eyes are twinkling.

“I already miss it, but well, I'll do it, of course. And I don't like it that you have to go now.”

“Complaint registered. Let's get ready, and I promise to try to come back in time for dinner. Common, you are very, very cute when you are pouting, but we can't this morning.”
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW SHOPPING WORKS

Chapter Summary

Maybe some of you remember, there was at first a tag with the Thranduil/Meludir pairing, but then I took it off, because I had a certain image of how things should manifest with them, and it eluded me. Well now it's back, bratty and happy!

This chapter got to be a real monster, but I'm hoping the next will be easier to tame and appear faster - I want it up before Christmas, in any case, no matter how much it squirms. I hope you enjoy the fluff, because well, it won't be here for long now.

Damn, is this Haldir leaving the stage? Him plus the implements he glimpses does not bode well, again. Is this so much to ask for a normal – yeah, that's preposterous for this place, but still, branding? Fuck, he needs to clarify this fast, because they need to leave if that's the entertainment. Why didn't he check the schedule, again? Why the fuck didn't he offer that damn idiot more money the day he got the boy out of there, and agreed to this imbecility?

Luckily, there's one of the waiters, and he touches the woman's elbow to get her attention, because she seemed to be in a hurry, and wants to ask her about this, when he's startled to hear… damn, it's Meludir.

"Hi Thran, what's up?"

"Since when are you a waiter, pet?"

"Since I've been bad and I'm punished," the youth pouts, batting his eyelashes at him, and Legolas gasps a little, clearly he was expecting a woman also, and yeah, he probably never saw this before. The youth is clad in the regular waiter's uniform, just the female version – and the tight, short black skirt fits perfectly, showing off the long, lean legs clad in the black Cuban tights Thranduil remembers the youth liked so much, complete with peep-toed red heels and, of course, the starched white shirt. It's actually buttoned high, that's a new one with Meludir.

"Are you ever good?" he teases, and the youth laughs.

"Well, I remember you did say I was good at at least a few things," he preens, "but yeah, nothing that unusual, you know she's very mean."

"So you say every time. Should I ask what bad thing you did this time?"

"Got a threesome on the side, what else could I do? I never get enough dick here, I swear she does it on purpose!"

It is funny, to a point, but he wanted to know something, fast.

"OK, joking aside, is the show tonight what I think it is? I thought I saw Haldir on the stage."

"Yeah, his night for fun and games, he has two..."

Abruptly, Thranduil interrupts him, because otherwise Legolas will start asking questions.
“OK, got it, that means we're out of here, I don't want to see that tonight. Is there any other voyeur thing going on tonight?”

“Only invite-only stuff, not public. I can ask if somebody's OK for you to watch, if you can wait a little.”

“No, let's get out of here. Ah, what's your punishment, Melu?”

“Almost no sex, of course. That's why I'm doing this,” he pouts again, disgruntled.

“So you'd be available for things without sex, say, companionship?”

“Of course, but I never cultivated that kind of clients, so...”

“Well, you just got one. Legolas here needs a tour of the place, and we should do it tonight, since there's nothing else to see.”

Meludir looks at him very dubious, he knows his tastes and clearly wonders why he would forego such a show. Still, somehow he keeps his big mouth shut and accompanies them out of the main hall, back into the hallway. Well, keeps his mouth shut as much as he's able to, of course.

“The world is going to end soon, I think. You needing companionship and just visiting the place, maybe I'm just high or something. OK, so what do you want to visit?”

“Anything open, starting with the inside, but the gardens too. Is some little gazebo free, after, so we can lounge and talk a bit?” If he found him, he might profit a bit and make the two speak – or get Meludir to speak about a few things Legolas would benefit from learning.

“Let me check,” he mumbles, intent on his tablet for a few moments. “Yes, there is one free, and the little cave, if you want.”

“No, the weather is great, we'll stay outside. I want some Syrah for when we get there, it was good last time. Legolas, what do you want to drink?”

“Hot chocolate? Maybe some juice, too?”

“OK, I'll let the bar know. Let's go upstairs then, follow me.”

He enters directly into the guide persona, although Thranduil wonders if he really ever did this before; but knowing the iron hand Galadriel uses on all employees, clearly he had to learn all things. Plus, he must be here for at least two years, so it's unlikely there's something he doesn't know by now. Thranduil amuses himself watching Legolas, who managed to get past the bewilderment, or at least bank it until he can ask questions, and now watches the various rooms they are shown.

The first floor is for various themed private rooms, and there are enough unoccupied yet, since the entertainment is still due, and it's clear the boy does not really get it why they would see a classroom or a place with hay bales, but he seems to like the more exotic harem style things. They do look so cozy, the colors are well matched, and of course all kittens love sparkly things, he laughs to himself.

“Remember if you like some room a lot,” he tells him, “we can visit some other time to play.”

Legolas smiles and nods, then they go to the second floor, and see the practical workshop rooms, and then the peeping ones, which again leave the boy baffled. Outside is better, of course, he likes gardens and trees anyway, and these are beautifully groomed and the lightning is absolutely gorgeous, creating perfect views for everything you could imagine. Of course, Meludir is muttering a
bit by the end, since he is wearing heels – but they didn't go in the more wild areas, so he should be fine.

They settle in the gazebo, and the wine is perfectly chilled, delicious after all the walking around. Legolas settles on the bench near him, his body wonderfully hot against his side, through the thin silk shirt Thranduil wears tonight. It's good this time he wasn't so troubled anymore about wearing only the pants all evening, and it is warm enough that this won't be a problem. He pets him for a few moments, to show his approval, and of course now the other youth doesn't know what to do.

“So, pet, I know you're wondering what to do. I want you to tell us, well, tell Legolas here more of what you're generally doing here, and your feelings about it.”

“My feelings?” he asks, startled.

“OK, so, like most people, Legolas heard all kinds of stupid shit about what being a prostitute means, why would people end up in such a job, all that stuff. I want him to know different opinions.”

“Gee, I'm a study project now! OK, OK, but take care, she might hear you and punish you, you know she doesn't like the term.”

“I know, but I'll let your dirty mouth use other monikers. Tell us your story.”

The youth settles down, gets some juice too and starts.

“Well, I'm not a whore because I was abused or forced or whatever; and not even for the money, at first, although I do have expensive tastes.”

Thranduil can't help but chuckle at this, because Legolas' eyes are huge, and yeah, it's not exactly how he'd put it either.

“You can ask him to clarify anything, little one. He's not the type to be offended that easily.”

“I… I'm not sure what to ask.”

“Whatever doubts you had, still have, ask him.”

“You seem to know him well. Were you...”

“Yes, we had a thing some 2-3 years ago, before he started working here, so that's why I know so much about what he'll do. But I promise he'll behave way better than Amanda.”
The boy smiles and nods, and seems to think about what should he ask.

“I suppose it would be stupid to ask you if you think this is a sin and such,” he starts, and of course he gets a laugh for it. “Yeah, it figures. Well, I don't really understand this thing about getting in bed with a complete stranger.”

“It's not that bad,” Meludir shrugs. “Sure, you don't know him, he doesn't know you, but both of you can speak, in most cases, or write, something, so you tell them what you like and yell it, if they don't get it at first. Sure, they should wash, use a condom, shit like that, but what else is new?”

“But why would you want more than one person?”

“Geez, this is like asking why would you want more than two bites of a steak! Everyone is different, when he takes you to a nice restaurant, don't you want to sample several finger foods, or cookies?”

“Yes, OK, that's food, but we are talking human beings here! Tell him, Thranduil!”

“I'm afraid whatever I tell this brat won’t ever change his mind, little one. Also, to a point I agree with him – I see nothing wrong in having fun, as long as both parties agree. That doesn't mean I want you now to go around sampling everyone – I just want you to lose that worry you have, that doesn't let you enjoy certain things. Think about it, OK?“

“But didn't you ever feel better with one person?”

“Well, OK, I get that, I do, Legolas; but as I said, I am addicted to sex – it's more difficult for me to settle down with one person, because of that. It's possible, but it should be a very special person, who understands what I am and who can accept it – because I am incapable of being monogamous. And I am OK with it, I am who I am and I don't care if others find it offensive. I don't go around telling people to live their lives differently, why would they have any right to tell me how I should live mine?”

“But your boss does tell you what to do.”

“Yes she does, and I hate it, but it's for my own good, I am bad with knowing when to stop and with taking care of money, so she does it for me. I grumble, but I know it's better like this.”

“I don't understand this,” Legolas sighs.

“Well, the brat here likes to spend money, he likes clothes and shoes and stuff, and he would spend every cent the moment he has it, would even forget he needs food or such – he did it before, so she allows him to spend freely a part of what he makes, and covers his expenses and puts the rest in savings for him.”

“I'm an addictive personality, what can I say. It's lucky I didn't start on booze or drugs too. I'm trying hard to stay away, sex and spending is enough for now,” he laughs.

“How does that work?”

“Well, let's say I got laid yesterday,” he starts, “and it was good and all. From what other people tell me, they can get on just fine, doing other stuff the next day, but it's not like that for me. I still look around at people, imagine how they look without pants on, remember what we did, if it's somebody I slept with already. And it's not just I remember and let it be, no, I get horny and want more, and I'm itchy and start to become annoyed if I don't get it, and it's worse and worse. After several days, I would just go to the first guy and fall on my knees and beg to be taken, anything, I can't stand it.”
“For how long are you punished now?” Thranduil asks.

“Two weeks, I am only allowed some oral. She's very, very mean.”

“What will keep you settled for two weeks? I don't remember you ever having that much patience.”

“If I don't behave, for three months I am not allowed even one new pair of shoes, or new underwear, anything.” God, he says it so desperately, Thranduil knows he's mean, but can't stop from laughing.

“Sorry pet, I know that's bad for you, but you do realize this would be nothing for most people?”

“I'm not most people. But yeah, she knows me, and she is keeping me busy as fuck, so I won't have time to lapse. She should do that more often, not just give me old guys for an entire week, fuck it, they just don't cut it!”

“I bet there was a reason for that, too.”

“Yeah, yeah, the week before that was real good, had several guys who took me together, and really used me up; and then she decided I need to rest. I don't want to rest!”

“Sounds familiar, treasure?” he asks Legolas, and he blushes and nods, because the words are way too familiar.

“So, care for a blow job?” the shameless one asks, smiling brightly, making him laugh again.

“Do you have more questions, Legolas?”

“Yes, why do you wear woman's clothes? You are not a woman, right?”

“No I'm not, but I prefer them; they make my assets look way better,” he smirks, moving a hand over nylon-clad stockings. “And men's shoes are so damn boring! I tell you, if I'd had to be a normal office guy, every day white shirt, gray or dark blues suit, black shoes and shit, I'd get the conniptions! Even he understands this, even if he probably has 1000 of them, don't you, Thranduil?”

“I never counted, and I regularly get rid of older ones. But there are many colors available, and always there are ties and stuff. But indeed, doesn't he look enticing like this, little one?”

Legolas takes him in again, also checking the red rouged mouth, the make-up, the long auburn hair, slightly curled.

“Well, I definitely get the hair, although I did have issues about it before, especially since supposedly my father had long hair too, and grandfather hated it.”

“So you kept it long to spite him?”

“I think so, at first; but yes, I like it like this.”

“I agree,” Thranduil says, and kisses a golden strand, making him smile.

“I have no idea how you walk on those, though,” he adds, making Meludir laugh.

“You just need a day or two of practice, that's easy. And it's always hot to see a guy look at your ankles and calves and drool.”

“If you say so. I don't really get that.”
Yes, he doesn't, and that's a bit of an issue right now.

“Not even Thranduil?”

“Oh, well… yes, I like him to look at me. Well, not my ankles, or… OK, that does make sense, I guess. Do you… do you want me to wear that?”

“No, little one, I actually prefer you naked, when we are just the two of us. And I want you to wear things that make you feel good, cross-dressing is not my main kink.”

“So you like to watch him like this?”

“Yes, he looks good, don't you think?”

Of course, Meludir preens at this, and Legolas does look at him again, thinking.

“You liked to watch Lindir too?”

“I am not blind, little one, I like to see beautiful things, beautiful people. Didn't you see anyone else you like to watch?”

He nods, and bites his lip, thinking hard, while Meludir's tablet chimes, and he excuses himself for a bit, it seems he has to report on his whereabouts and such, leaving them alone for a few moments. Thranduil waits a bit, but not too long, because it's clear Legolas wants to ask something, just doesn't dare.

“Little one, was I ever mad because you asked something, in all these months?”

“No, you said I could, and you always did answer and… It's just, I'm afraid that I will ask something that is really…”

“I know that in the past you probably had to keep your tongue well in check, and you still do, when we are in public and all; and you are doing great with that, by the way. But rest assured that, whatever you ask, when it's just us, or around people we can trust, the worst answer you'll get from me would be no – and that's that, no other issues. I promise you this, OK?”

The boy smiles brightly and then becomes pensive, of course.

“I am all ears if you would ask for something tonight, like a reward” he grins, because it's clear there must be something like that.

“Finished with this,” Meludir says, returning to them. “I don't think they'll disturb us again, since she trusts you and all.”

“So, I get you are not allowed sex, but you can undress, right?” Legolas asks, startling both of them.

“Yes, of course, why?”

“I would like to see what else he's wearing,” the boy turns his gaze to Thranduil. “As you can imagine, I don't know much about woman’s underwear, and much less about it worn by a man; I assume you are wearing woman’s underwear, right?” he turns towards Meludir.

“Yes, I like it the most, I wear it many times even if I have on plain man's clothes.”

“Would you mind, Thran?”

“No, of course not. Actually, pet, I was thinking, are you free tomorrow? If you would come
shopping with us, I'll get you a nice something… let me remember, Agent Provocateur?”

Of course he has to laugh at how Meludir squeals at this, it's way too good; not unexpected, obviously, because he's crazy for clothes, the more expensive the better – and this is something he really wants Legolas to see, not because he's interested in decking him out in lace, although he would probably look delicious – but because he should enjoy pretty things and getting himself to look gorgeous.

“So, shall I put on a show, too?” he asks shamelessly.

“Your decision, Legolas; tell him all you want him to do; oh, OK, so he doesn't like pain, without that, and what exactly aren't you allowed, pet?”

“No penetration, not even with my fingers; I can suck at them, and get myself hard, but I'm only allowed oral 3 times this week – I had one by now; and I can come if I do it, and you want it, but only once, also.”

“Poor pet! OK, so you have the limits, Legolas, have fun!”

“I can get some music, too, if you want, there is a system hidden here,” he tells them.

“No music, for now; and not too much teasing, I think.”

“You are spoiling half the fun,” Meludir pouts. “Tell him that, Thranduil!”

“He does have a little point, treasure; it's still your game, but I would recommend some sort of a mix – it would be the best way for you to understand why games are played, I think.”

“Can you do this, half with, half without?” the boy asks, and Meludir is frowning a bit.

“Well, the easiest would be to just throw my clothes like I would do it before going to bed, and then get dressed again and start over; but it would probably ruin the fun, since you'd see already what I'm wearing; I could bring another costume, and do it again; or I could lose the clothes easily, and then tease with the underwear; or, I could tease while undressing him, or you.”

“That's preposterous,” Legolas huffs, “just do it like you'd be on the stage, and I'll try to get it.”

“You wound me! Try to get it… sheesh, have a little faith in me!”

“I'm sorry, it's just… uff, I don't know, too many choices, OK?”

“Fine, fine, let's see… do you like the same music Thranduil does? Because I know he's not a big fan of regular stripping music.”

“I generally like what he listens to, so choose like that.”

“Something without words, pet, I think that would be distracting right now.”

“Hm, I have a mix, but it's got Latino and Arabic into it, not your usual cup of tea.”

“I'll survive cheesiness for a night,” he grins.

Meludir nods and goes towards the back of the gazebo to fiddle with the music, and he grabs Legolas and hugs him closer, kissing a round shoulder, a rosy cheek.

“You may show me if you like it,” he whispers against his half parted lips, teasing them but not
touching. “Or you can take my hand where you want it.” He likes how the pupils dilate, the sweetness of the hitching breath, the way Legolas arches his chest to rub it against his shirt, his nipples hard little pebbles already. “But you'll have to look at him, it's only polite, OK?”

They settle down, because the music starts; slow, lingering, almost sad sounds at first, and then drums set a pace; the youth comes back, and he's rolling his hips into it, and then starts to move a hand very slowly over his neck, his lips, and back down, and then the rhythm changes abruptly and he yanks at his skirt, getting it all the way up, making Legolas gasp.

Of course, he turns his back to them then, and bends down, with his hands slowly teasing the backs of his legs over the black suspender stockings. He can feel the boy's heart beating faster, and moves a finger slowly on his neck, in the same rhythm, making him squirm. Meludir gets up then, still slow, and of course he pulls a bit at the garters and lets them snap back with a noise, then arches his back and throws his hair backwards, and Thranduil takes advantage and pulls at the little one's tresses, making him moan.

Meludir turns to face them, and his hips are gyrating now, because the rhythm is harder, and he takes a finger to his mouth, tracing it, and then pushing it in and out lewdly. Legolas seems unable to resist then and his hand grabs Thranduil's thigh, squeezing with just the right amount of desperation and pushing his body back against his.

“What more do you want to see?” the shameless pet coos, looking straight into the boy's eyes, using the wet finger to trace his neck.

“Lose the shirt,” he breathes, “it covers too much.”

He laughs throatily and starts to pull it up, slowly, so damn slowly, and then he turns again and bunches it real high, showing a willowy back and tight buttocks covered in black satin; but when he turns back again, he lets it fall, covering everything again, and Legolas' other hand is bunching Thranduil's shirt, frustrated.

“Faster,” he says, and at the same time tries to pull the fabric out of the way, to feel him.

Meludir smiles coily, and starts to unbutton the thing, turning in profile, so they can see better how his pelvis moves teasingly, and then he sucks again at a finger and slips it under the top of the stocking, taunting some more, then taking the hand under the shirt and licking his lips. The boy's hips buck and he takes Thranduil's hand and brings it on them, pressing to show he wants to be kept in check. Oh, how he loves this, so he nips at one ear and then teases it with the tip of his tongue, relishing the way Legolas tries again to push, holding him there, feeling him arch and tremble.

Finally, the tease does open the shirt completely, and yes, the view is worth the soft, high pitched whine the boy makes; his red nipples are all perked up, the nice pecs and abdomen look great, tanned golden and framed by the white shirt, and the erect cock tries its best to rip the delicate lace front of the panties riding high on his slim hips. He keeps the pose for a few moments, clearly enjoying the effect it has, and then lets a finger circle his nipples, without touching, and go down, down, and just move a millimeter above the straining member, while his teeth worry his plump lower lip, a tease to the end.

“Fuck!” Legolas groans, “this is how you'd like me to undress?”

“It would be fun, at least some nights,” Thranduil smiles near his neck, and licks along it, along the well defined jaw. “Would you like to do it for me?”

“Yes, yes, and… and I'd like to see you do it,” he says, pushing against his hands one more time.
“What else would you like to see him do?”

“Touch himself, over the panties; unless it’s too uncomfortable.”

“Oh, I’m sure it’s not; and should I touch you, over these pants?”

“No, I… I want them off; and I want your shirt off too.”

“Only my shirt?” he teases.

The boy is breathing hard, and then he looks at him, and there’s so much want in those pretty eyes! He bites his lips, clearly he’s not that sure if what he wants to say will be well received, but of course this makes Thranduil even more eager to know what it is.

“Spill it, pretty, what’s the hot thing you desire?”

“Both of us, on our knees before you, sucking you,” he shivers, clearly having thought about that since the party. “If you’d like it, of course,” he stammers then, and he’s all a blush.

“What’s not to like, treasure? Of course I’m amenable to that, if you’re sure.”

“Ah… yes, I’m sure, well, only if… Well, I don’t want him to have your seed, I want it all for me!”

“Can he do something to earn it?”

“No!” he pants, deliciously decided.

“Can he earn the right to come, then?”

“Yes, of course, why not?”

“Would you like to help him, or should I?”

“We could… both… touch him for that.”

“So, pet, what do you say?”

“What are we waiting for?”

Thranduil is laughing then, full-throated, and squeezes his treasure tight and then unbuttons his pants and lets his stiff length free. Like an afterthought, he palms it for a few moments, loving the heat and the way he sighs and goes limp against him.

“Tell us how would this work best, first, Meludir.”

“Well, we could – we should make up a little, first, for your pleasure; and I’d love to have a taste of his cock, too; and then we should undress you, and tease each other some more, until we get you to fuck our throats. If I don’t get your come, may I have his? I’d love to see how he tastes,” he purrs, licking those rouged lips. “And do you want me all naked?”

“Make out? Why?”

“Because you liked to watch me teasing myself; but he’ll just love to watch both of us at it, believe me; we could show you. Isn’t this why it’s so hot for both of us to go down on him?”

“Do only what feels right, little one; there’s no hurry, and I will enjoy whatever you choose.”
“Let me lead then?” Legolas says, decided.

“Of course; you can touch all you want,” the youth grins, “and take off whatever.”

“Well, you should lose the shirt, but that's it; it's… interesting what you have on. And I need help with the pants, they are skin tight.”

The tease just throws the shirt away now, and gets on his knees near them, and then one hand starts to move slowly upwards on Legolas' leg, barely touching, really, but getting him worked up all the same. When he reaches the waistband, he starts pulling, still one inch at a time, and it's lovely to see how the boy arches his hips upwards, to help him, and then grabs his sides, hard, when each piece of skin is bared so slowly, touched not by hands but by silky strands of auburn hair.

When he's finally naked, he turns and mouths at Thranduil's abdomen, through the shirt, just hot, open mouthed touches, and then gets up resolutely and goes near the other youth, taking him in, slowly carding a hand through his hair, then letting it go down over his back and pulling him close. Both gasp when their bodies are brought together, trapping the hard lengths.

“Like this?” Legolas asks, pushing his hips against the other, clearly overcome by sensation.

“Oh yeah,” Meludir purrs, bringing his hands around his slender waist, “I love it like this.”

“I didn't know this lace is so smooth, I thought it would be more scratchy.”

“That's why I like quality stuff, not the cheap things; I'll show you tomorrow the difference, yeah, just like that,” he moans, because Legolas is now licking at his throat, still pushing from time to time against his pelvis.

It's lovely to watch the two of them teasing each other; Legolas is a bit taller, but still, both are so willowy and sexy like this, and the dark lingerie Meludir is wearing brings spice to the tensing bodies. It's clear Legolas finds the texture very intriguing, because he rubs a long leg against the silken stockings and almost forgets to do anything else, until a hand grasps his buttocks to push him harder against the answering erection, and that reminds him of what they're doing, for sure.

“Are you in such a hurry?” Thranduil drawsl, and they are looking at him now. “I don't remember giving any of you permission to come yet.”

Legolas is too flushed now to be able to tell if he blushes, but does look abashed; on the other hand, Meludir just laughs and shrugs, and they separate and come towards him, so he gets up too, so they can undress him easier. But of course they will keep teasing, Meludir whispers something in Legolas' ear and each comes to a side of him and start kissing his hands, then going up the arm, over the silk, then they mouth at his neck, his ears, while hands go to his chest and tease his nipples, before starting to slowly unbutton the shirt.

They take it off and start kissing the exposed skin, Meludir at his back, nipping a little at his shoulder blades, Legolas hungrily laving his nipples and squeezing hard at his sides, until he can't but grab his mane and bring him up for a hard kiss, leaving them both breathless.

“I want one too,” Meludir pouts, and Legolas grants his wish, plain devouring his mouth, making Thranduil curse as his sex strains against the leather. When they finally separate, he doesn't give him room to breathe, taking his mouth again and pressing his body against him, taking all his air, leaving him only to sway, light-headed, his pretty lips nicely puffy and red. He teases the other mouth, until Meludir makes a frustrated sound, wanting more, and then he changes it to punishingly hard, loving the way the youth is writhing against him, sucking at his tongue like there's no tomorrow.
“Fuck, get these things off of me,” Thranduil growls then, because he's not made of stone either. The youths do try, but somehow they hinder each other, Legolas just a bit too unsteady, and it would be laughable if he wouldn't be so damn hard. Still, they manage somehow, and yesss, finally he's free, and there's wet heat around his head for a moment, and then a hand grabs and squeezes, oh yeah, way better.

He looks at them, and his cock jumps lewdly against his belly, because the pure hunger in both pairs of eyes is very gratifying. He grabs fistfuls of hair from each and brings their heads together, for another scorching kiss, and when they separate, Meludir pulls Legolas to kiss around his cock, so he has to snarl at the throaty moan this causes, at the burning, wet swipes of tongue, at the contrast of pink and rouged lips over his organ.

They are greedy little things, both of them, and soon his cock is dripping, their mouths desperate to taste both him and each other, their fast breaths teasing him to madness. He moves them again, to be able to kiss too, to grab firm buttocks and have them rub achingly against his tensing thighs, to feel swollen balls and trembling, silky thighs. Meludir forgot that he shouldn't be the one in charge, as usual, but Legolas doesn't care when his nipples are sucked like he'd expect milk; and he can't but join him, really, biting lightly, making him yell and grab them both and pull at their hair, and that is just perfect.

“Fuck, stop or I'll...” he rasps, and reluctantly Thranduil lets go, pulling Meludir off of him also.

“Too early to come,” he says, and moves a hand over the heavy rod encased in lace, making him undulate into it and swear.

“Then fucking use my mouth, something, don't just stand there!” he huffs, pushy as always.

He's laughing, a new surge of arousal pooling into his belly when he watches them so wrecked, panting, greedy for him.

“Fine,” he says, settling back against the wall of the gazebo, “come here and let me fuck you.”

They follow him, and Meludir is going to the hilt from the beginning, swallowing around him, making him curse out loud at the exquisite pressure. It's annoying as fuck when he withdraws, but Legolas is eager to best him, and goes far enough to choke himself, braving it and holding there, until Thranduil has to pull him off and just fucking breathe.

“Easy,” he smirks, “let me do it.”

They look at him with hooded, hungry eyes, and he's sure his gaze is equally devouring; how could it be any different, when he has such beauties at his feet, all disheveled, sweat starting to dew their brow, each holding a hand on his thigh, in order to keep themselves in place? He cards a hand through blond tresses, then auburn, and then grabs easily and holds Legolas' head in place. Pushing slowly inside is absolutely delicious, and he keeps moving damn slow for a few strokes, letting the boy's tongue tease his length, letting him suck the ruddy head.

He does the same to Meludir, and the green eyes are embers of frustration, so he jabs a few times, too, getting a satisfied smirk. Legolas whimpers and melts when he repeats this on him, and he just has to go slow again, or he won't leave his plush mouth. Of course the brat doesn't like it, so he moves and gets completely under his body when he returns again to Legolas, and starts sucking at his swollen testicles, making Thranduil grab one of the boards at his back, gripping hard not to go wild. It's fucking perfect to be encased in wet heat like this, to have them both so wanton for him, to be damn tempted to take way more.
Legolas really likes this, it seems, because when Thranduil fucks Meludir's mouth now, from directly on top, his pretty throat all arched up and lips spread around his girth, he licks at the youth's neck, then nips lightly, making him constrict against Thranduil's cock, choking a bit, making inarticulate noises and gripping his thighs so hard, the nails probably breaking the skin. He withdraws and tries to get his breath back, and Legolas desperately wants to apologize, believing there's something wrong.

“No need, treasure,” he grits, “I'm fine, you know I like a little pain when I'm aroused. And this one loves to choke on dick, don't you, pet?”

“Yes,” Melu rasps, darkly, “I want you to choke me all night, both of you,” he manages and Legolas dares it, he pushes him a little lower and sticks his own engorged staff into the willing mouth, moaning desperately when it's sucked hard.

“No coming, you two,” Thranduil smirks, and brings Legolas' mouth back to his cock, fucking it languidly but so very thoroughly, loving the broken gasps and the throat constricting when clearly Meludir makes use of his considerable experience and hunger, the hands that grip his hips so very desperately, yes, so much perfect heat, fuck! He won't be long now, so he fucks him in earnest, loving the tears and drooling and the eyes rolling back into his pretty head.

“Swallow all now, my greedy one, you wanted it all, so take it, yessss!” he yells, somehow remaining standing, very grateful for the solid construction at his back. His eyes want to close, ripples of heat trying to overwhelm him, but no, the boy is too enticing now, trembling, still keeping the pressure on his hips, his own thrashing to thoroughly fuck the youth's mouth but restraining himself, of course.

“Common, take a break” he tells them, and it's clear both hate it, of course. He laughs, giddy, and settles down, with Legolas arranged against his chest, because he knows the boy won't be standing after he spills, and then he guides Meludir's head to the length he craves, holding him in place and telling Legolas to fuck him hard, loving the hands gripping his other arm, the way his back rubs against him, the way he yells his pleasure when he does it, unhinged now.

“Legolas, come,” he says, and the answer is instant, he tenses and arches like a bow and moans his pleasure, then melts against him, panting.

“Please, let me come, please,” Meludir whines, “I need it!”

Thranduil beckons him closer, and pulls the panties down, settling the edge behind the ripe balls, and teases the purple shaft, spreading the moisture seeping from it. It's not enough, so he takes Legolas' hand and brings it to knead his testicles and starts stroking fast, hard, telling him to let go, covering his hand and belly in ropes of pearly cream. They stay like this for a while, until they can see again, and until Meludir is able to get up and bring them some wet towels to clean themselves.

He laughs a bit, because it's so damn good when somebody else does it and he doesn't have to move his sluggish body for a few minutes more. It's almost tempting to stay here and sleep for the night, but home is not that far, better not.

“How are you, treasure?”

“Very good, thank you so much, Thran. I hope you liked it,” he adds, surely still unsure.

“Again, what is not to like, little one? Your mouth is always perfect on me, and you looked perfect destroying his throat.” He kisses him, before he could say something more, tasting himself with relish, feeling him relax again.
“And I'm sure Melu is fine, too, right?” he asks, and of course he smirks and nods.

“I could have had more,” he tells them, brazenly, making even Legolas chuckle. “Maybe another day.”

“Maybe,” Thranduil laughs, “but we should go home now, and we'll talk some more tomorrow. Ready to go, darling?” Legolas smiles and shrugs, so they get their clothes and wander back to the entrance, enjoying the balmy summer night and the pleasure in their sated bodies.

* *

Going shopping with Meludir is quite a work-out; it was fun at breakfast, what groans the news got from Bard and Damien, because both remember certain wild trips where they had filled the car with purchases. Legolas shakes his head, surely their shopping trips already seemed too much, but he's going to have a surprise. They eat and leave, since the youth will meet them in town directly.

He looks very androgynous today, most people won't be able to say if he's male or female, and of course Legolas studies him a lot. Jeans, a light lavender shirt, just some tinted chap stick and only a bit of mascara on his lashes – yeah, he could be anything, and he likes the long looks people throw him, because he is attractive both ways. Of course, he's wearing sports shoes, he never goes shopping in heels, probably that would slow him down.

They start with regular things, and between both of them, very soon Legolas has several new outfits, but it's clear he doesn't get why they chose those, so direction lingerie stores it is, and Meludir is ordered to say why he chooses what he does. It's pretty clear the sales staff throws them very dark looks, but they have to settle when he buys several silky robes for Legolas, and, on a whim, the matching pants too. Maybe he will feel better in them after he brings in the cane, as he plans to.

The boy agrees easily to this, since Thranduil has similar outfits too, but doesn't understand why Meludir insists on him trying the woman's version also – although he looks totally scrumptious in them. The wider cut of the hips flows very enticing around his slim build and the black lace accents on white silk frame his perfect skin like a dream, but how to explain it to him, without just taking him then and there?

“Seriously, you are such a guy,” Meludir huffs. “You don't just wear clothes because you're cold, you wear them to fit you well, to make everyone looking at you want to fuck you, Legolas! OK, or not everyone, just Thranduil, come on!”

Legolas looks again at the mirror, then at Thranduil, biting his lip.

“So what you are trying to say is, when I try something on, I'm supposed to look and realize if he would get hard when looking at me wearing it?”

“Yes, just like that, damn, do you have to be as blunt as he is? It figures, look like him, act like him… like he would ever settle for somebody who's not a copy of his mighty self!”

“Angry that I didn't settle on you, pet?” Thranduil laughs.

“Do I look like I'm crazy? You'd have wanted me to work!” he says, so much disdain in the word that both of them laugh, helplessly.

“What's so bad in working?” Legolas asks, serious, and of course that incenses Meludir.

“See, just what I was saying. He needed a carbon copy, and no, I'm not going there. Anyway, yes, you just throw a thing on and stand there like a beanpole in front of the mirror; that's not how you do
things. You see, you pose, you bend, you move your hips,” he demonstrates on himself, and then pushes and prods Legolas into position.

“See, your ass looks great like this, and if you move the fingers on the leg, just like this, you show how nice and long your legs are, and make him wanna have them on his shoulders, don’t you, Thranduil?”

“I was thinking more around my waist, but I can deal with that, too,” he smirks. “Legolas, the simple pants are great, you look way too good for most things not to be perfect on you, but see, the texture of the woman's pants is finer, the shimmer is softer, and it makes your skin look even better, young, more supple; the dark accents of lace increase the contrast, so my hand just wants to touch, to squeeze, to feel what's underneath. Does it make sense?”

“Sort of,” he answers, pondering, looking again at the mirror, at Thranduil, back at him in the mirror. “It's strange,” he continues, “I get what you mean, when you try on things, or Meludir does; it's just harder to apply that to me.”

“Gee, you really need training then; I should come with you more often,” the brazen one interjects. “But these do look great on you.”

“You don't have to take them, Legolas; again, I like you with normal male clothes, and without anything on; just take what feels comfortable.”

“Many things are very comfy, and I saw some already!”

“Of course you did! Shoo, go take what you want to try, and we'll see.”

Biting his lip, Legolas decides they will take the pants, but clearly the matching camisole unsettles him, so that's off the list, and there's no need to torture him with too elaborate things for now. Of course, Meludir found some sheer things, that look real pretty but don't cover anything, making the boy turn crimson when he sees them, probably scared that he'll have to try them on.

“So, if you'd have to decide, which of these three things look best on him?” Thranduil asks him, and Meludir is only too happy to pose in each again.

“I seriously don't get why would somebody wear something that doesn't cover anything,” Legolas answers, finally. “The thingy with shiny stars is real pretty in itself, so I’d have to go with that, the rest are little more than straps, and if he wants me like that, Thran can just tie me up.” This is delicious, but of course Meludir scowls at this.

“Yeah, but when he ties you up, he does something that hurts, doesn't he?”

“Sure, and?”

“Damn, you like it then?”

“Yes, don't you?”

“No, I don't like pain. Well, I can give it, to a point, but I hate to feel it. But sure, you'd have to like it to be with him, of course. Yes, I'd like this, Thran, although we didn't get to Agent Provocateur yet.” Again, he bats his eyelashes and tries to look pretty, and that only makes Thranduil laugh.

“Get it, of course, brat. I'll even throw in a pair of shoes if you keep being a good teacher, so wrack your brain and make him enjoy this, OK?”
“Hm, I know a certain way to make him enjoy, but you were never OK with being thrown out of a store,” he pouts, and adds, when it's clear Legolas didn't get it. “I could suck you up when you try something, and I'm sure you'll enjoy that.”

They laugh, of course that would be a solution, but still. They get back to other clothes, and now Legolas makes a few picks based on the discussion they had, and then they end up in a shoe store, where a victorious Meludir gets a pair of strappy green sandals, making his legs look never ending. Of course, Legolas doesn't want to try anything there, and they end at Agent Provocateur, where Meludir falls in love with a wispy black corset, with garters and sheer stockings making him look really ethereal. It's a good choice, with good make up he'll have the clients desperate to have him, and he knows it well.

And Thranduil sees something Legolas must try – and it's not really that gender specific. It's more of a jewelry piece, chains and Swarowski crystals falling over his body, and of course they need the largest size, because his torso is longer, and the thingy has a piece that goes underneath the sex and must close with the one falling down his back. It's devious how good it looks, and it's too bad they don't also offer one with pearls, but this is a keeper, and he doesn't even complain, although probably it rubs against his balls quite some.

Still, clearly the lesson is learned, because there's a lot of heat in his eyes when he watches Thranduil watching him wearing it, promising interesting evenings. Yep, this and the long boots – definitely a winner. They should take a break soon, they went miles through shops, but there's one more huge underwear mall Meludir insists they visit, trying very hard to make Legolas try on at least some pairs of woman's panties, and the boy just refusing on various grounds.

Meludir finally has enough of the dubious looks Legolas bestows on each and every piece of frilly underwear, so they move to another isle. And he's happy to show him all kinds of crazy little pj's and boxers – the ones with little trains, with duckies, puppies, cartoon characters... Thranduil's jaw starts to hurt seriously, because it's terribly hard not to laugh out loud. It's clear Meludir thinks there must be some kinks they didn't confess yet, and it irks him to no end to believe the other youth really only wears the plain white underwear; Legolas clearly does not look like he would wear too much latex or such, which leads him to the only seemingly logical conclusion – they must have other role plays going.

“So, spill it, which is it, choo choo entering the station?”

“Well, that would have been fun when I was five, Meludir; seriously, are there really grown men wearing that?”

Damn it, he will not last longer…

“OK, I got it, this would look great with the kitten ears, and just a little place for the tail… or puppy play?”

“We don't have animals, Meludir, seriously, what's with you?” Legolas scowls now.

“Little bee stinging just the right spot? Rub my ducky?”

“Thranduil, what does he say here, because I'm seriously lost!”

“Yeah, Thranduil, do you really expect me to believe you are together for what, 6 months, and you never played?”

The sheer disbelief and frustration in the youth's voice thoroughly breaks any restraint he has, so he
laughs out loud, making heads turn for sure, but he can't resist any longer.

“Seriously, if you two brought me here just to laugh at my expense, I want another pair of shoes!” he huffs, throwing his hands in the air; which should be impressive, but, since he is still holding some colorful thing with ducks on it, it's just thoroughly making Thranduil laugh himself to pieces.

“I don't understand anything.” Legolas sighs, “and it's fine if you don't want to tell me right now, but I sincerely don't find anything arousing in all this.”

He's laughing so hard his tears are falling freely now, and he would love to set things straight, but just can't speak like this; both youths are clearly confused to the extreme, and yes, Meludir is right to be amazed so much time has passed and he hasn't entered some kinkier part of play with Legolas, and he can still be satisfied, but well, this is the goddamn truth, regardless.

“I'm not making fun of you, Meludir; and Legolas doesn't play at anything right now, you confused him completely,” he finally manages to say, and then he has to wipe his face and try to breathe. “Not even an attempt at pet play or role plays, I'm sorry to disappoint you. And no, I didn't wrap him in latex and shit either, in case you were wondering.”

It's clear this mind boggles the pet, who just can't reconcile what he knows about him and their relationship – which, indeed, was a smorgasbord of every crazy kink that didn't involve pain – and the totally angelic behavior Legolas seems to display. He has to laugh again, because it's just too funny.

“Let's go have a bite, and something to drink, my throat is dry.”

Meludir scowls and throws away the clothes he had picked and just turns to follow him, and Legolas shakes his head and waits for them to continue. They have to decide where to go, and he settles for a little trattoria, which is further away, but has separate rooms where they can speak freely. Not that Meludir would not be amenable to shout anything in the public square, but the little one is not that brazen.

“I hope you won't try to sell me a we-are-so-vanilla schtick,” the youth scowls at him. “You can't do that for 6 months, any more than I can take 6 months without dick.”

“I wouldn't dare, you brat; I'd never hear the end of it and, yes, it would be very far from the truth, as we've already discussed last night.”

He's still mutinous, and it's clear his mind is still whirring; he has to tell something to Legolas, too, and he's wondering how to phrase things, when Meludir yelps and becomes pale.

“Fuck you! No fucking way! No, don't tell me that, you are killing him!”

It's clear the question Legolas dies to ask is if the other youth is mental, and it's not fair that he laughs again, and his belly aches already.

“Say what you mean, pet,” he manages, “and try to be a smidge more polite, will you?”

“You actually enjoy what he does to you, don't you, Legolas? You are not shitting me on this?”

Absolutely bewildered, Legolas has to confirm that yes, he likes their play, and will they finally cease speaking in riddles?

“Where the fuck did you find a pain slut, Thranduil?”
“Language, pet,” he says, weakly; the youth was never dumb, really, and he's the first to guess their status, with little clues.

“OH MY GOD! This is not possible, and they say I'm a danger to myself? She should keep you in a cage, the fuck, you are going to kill him!”

“Pet, watch it, or I will actually get a belt on your ass! Don't speak of things you don't know!”

“Yeah, like you can deny it, can you?”

Thranduil sighs and, well, as much as he likes the brat, he just made things a bit too complicated for his taste.

“Fine, it seems we have to have this talk here, it would be a shame to go in now, since none of us would understand anything of the food, and it's quite good. First of all, any kind of name calling and humiliating things are a hard limit for Legolas, so be a bit more considerate, pet. I am seriously going to take offense otherwise, OK?”

“Well, sure, if you put it like that, I will. But I didn't say anything...”

“I'm sorry, Legolas, this one has a real big mouth, which would some days benefit from being washed with soap. I will explain, just need to find a way to make it clear enough, OK?”

His boy nods, and he is still amused at their predicament, although he has to admit things don't look quite right. And he hadn't signed in for this when he started, but well.

“I know pain slut doesn't sound good, but it's not really such a deprecating term. Or maybe it is, I suppose a better one would be pain addict, although that would not imply the sexual context, and we both know you don't enjoy pain outside of that. Tell me if you don't want to hear the term again, and that's fine; the idea is, it's generally used for someone who enjoys pain with sex, maybe a little too much, and it also implies danger, because such a person would not know when to stop.”

“Just like I do,” Legolas sighs. “I'm sorry...”

“Don't you dare say that! I love that about you!”

“Of course you would,” Meludir snorts, “a bit too much I would bet!”

“Up to a point, the brat here does have a point. I am what they call a sadist – I enjoy inflicting pain on my partners, and...”

“How the fuck you didn't discuss this by now?”

“Will you shut up for 5 minutes, Meludir?”

The real annoyance and coldness in his tone does startle the youth, but that's not fair either. Crap.

“Look, it's not really your business, and you don't need that many details; also, you'll keep what you hear for yourself, are we clear, Meludir?”

He nods, and yeah, he knows about privacy.

“Legolas grew up in a cult, OK, so everything sexual was considered the worst you could do; unlike others, he had absolutely no information about all this, so I had to do things very differently in order to not continue with the abuse he suffered there. Don't! You should be among the last to judge others for what they like, pet!”
“Does he really like it, or was it just that he doesn't know better? I mean, if spankings were all he knew there…”

This is indeed a very pertinent question, one he didn't even consider by now.

“I'm not sure if I get it right,” Legolas starts, “do you want to say I was always beaten up and I liked it or something?”

“Yes, pretty much. Also, that you didn't try sex without it, so you can't judge.”

“No, that isn't true. Any beating I got while I was growing up, I just found horrendous. And it wasn't always pain with sex – there wasn't at all in the beginning.”

“Sex with no kinks and no pain? I find that hard to believe!”

“Pet, when we met, you already knew very clearly what you liked and what you didn't, correct?”

“Yeah, and you still pushed.”

“Of course I did, because you are also pushing, even when you shouldn't. But he was a virgin when we started this, so it would have been absurd to treat him the same. And much more innocent than you ever were, even before you realized how much you actually like it.”

“What does innocence have to do with the fact that you might break him?”

“I think you are too young to understand this. Ask Galadriel why does she make you wear white for certain clients, and no make-up. Get her to really explain, because she's better at this that I am, although I will try. See, those white briefs that incensed you so…”

“Fuck, yes, I do have two clients who want only that… I fucking forgot it was a kink, but, seriously, those guys are like 60, why would you… Yes, you are right, I'm starting to ask stupid things. OK, so in the beginning you liked the innocence thing, but after…”

“He's still innocent, make no mistake about it; compared to you and me, he's not jaded and cynical, pet, and that's what innocence is; you play at it when they require it of you, and it's just a masque; but it's all real with him.”

Legolas looks at him with very bright eyes, and he just has to pull him in a hug.

“I'm sorry if I say things which are too personal, little one. Tell me if you want me to stop, he will just have to deal with it and I can even get him another something pretty and it's fine.”

“I do want to understand more, Thran; you know I'm not yet sure why you chose me over others; why you didn't choose him, after all.”

Both of them are laughing at this, because a long term relationship between the two of them…

“I'm sorry, Legolas, but he would drive me crazy; and I can take some pain, but not by far at the level he likes, so the huge closet would get old fast; not to mention, he works too much and doesn't fuck enough.”

“I never found somebody who compliments my tastes that well, my darling, even if he is right on the fact that it can get dangerous. You see, most others I played with had to be coaxed into pain play after a certain level, or even at the beginning; and they would stop me when they knew I hit a limit. On the other hand, you like it all, and don't want to stop me; that gives me a bit more power than it's
safe, and I don't want to stop either.

What got him all wrapped up now is that I could lose track and get you really hurt; and it's true, every single time I'm very tempted to push you even more, to see how much you can really take.”

“Oh,” is the only thing Legolas can say, and, predictably, the other youth laughs at this.

“That's all you can say? Seriously? OK, so I get addiction very well, like I said last night. Or maybe I wasn't clear enough; I rant about Galadriel being mean and not letting me do what I want, but, well, let me tell you what got her to do it. No, let me, Thranduil, you want him to understand, don't you?”

He nods, because it is true, and maybe it will be just a bit safer for the boy to have an inkling on what can happen when things get out of hand.

“See, as I said, I'm addicted to sex, and especially with being taken; it's the only form of pain I actually enjoy. Anyway, I realized soon that I like multiple partners at once, and I like to let them use me real hard, so at one time I ended up agreeing to film a destroy his ass gang bang – OK, that's a kink some people have, to see somebody fucked by guys with real big dicks, and gang bang means multiple partners in any case.

There were 6 guys, hung like horses; and it was real fine at first, I loved it to pieces, until I found I needed a break, but they didn't allow it; and they wanted to be even rougher when I was clearly in pain, so the only thing they thought to do was to use some cocaine on my asshole, so it wouldn't hurt that much and I would be willing to go on. And it worked, too, I loved it like that and let them continue, and they filmed all they wanted. It's just that I ended up in hospital, with too much drugs in my system and with a serious bleed; and the fucked up part is that I know that, left to my own devices, I would do it again, even at the risk of dying from it. Does that sound familiar?”

“It sounds really weird to me, that people want to do that, but I understand well the wanting it again part, even if it's bad the next day; still, you are wrong about Thran, he really does take care, even when I don't.”

“It isn’t easy, little one, but all I can say is that I'll always do my best to protect you, even from myself, OK?”

“Do you still have booze around here?”

Thranduil has to laugh at this; he does feel the need for a glass also.

“I think we could continue this inside now, and have a bite too; if you don't feel the need to yell at me some more?”

“Honestly, I don't get why you do this; why did you bring me here, what did you expect to happen?”

“You are a bit of a study material, pet, so he can understand that people like very many things, and it isn’t wrong to like whatever you like, as long as the partners involved enjoy it. Also, he would need somebody to talk to about such things, who wouldn't judge – if you would be able to do that; and yes, he has to understand a bit about games and showing off, because I'll have to do some showings with him at Azog's, and I'm not clear how to teach him that by myself. You would be, of course, compensated for your time and effort.”

“Fuck you, Thranduil,” is the first answer, but it's clear it lacks the initial fire. “Of course he can talk with me, and I'll tone it down, it's just… Showing him in that hellhole? You are insane, plain and simple,” he adds, shaking his head. “OH!” he says, all of a sudden. “So that's why you didn't want to see the show last night!”
“Yes, pet,” Thranduil sighs. “I know keeping him locked tight in the house doesn't work, but I'd still not show him certain things right now, we are advancing too fast for my taste as it is. This is much more than just seeing blood or something, you should know that.”

“Why don't you ask Galadriel for help?”

“Because he needs friends his age, I take him to meet too many old, serious people as it is. Yes, yes, you can even tell her what I said, she'll understand, and I'll speak with her about this, so she knows where you spend your time. Anyway, probably you'll always get Boromir or Bard to accompany you in town, so you will not be tempted.”

“He likes everybody but doesn't like Bard and Boromir? Why?”

All in all, it's still a very funny conversation, this.

“It's not that I don't like them, it's that neither of them would give me the time of day, because they take their jobs too seriously and they know me; I did try hard to hit on his guards when I was bored to death waiting for him to finish whatever work he had. Those two even amused themselves to point out all I can't have and shit, if I got too pushy – it's clear why he likes them, they are much too alike.”

“And, as bratty as he is, he knows not to push it with you, little one – right, pet?”

“Ah well, if that's his kink, you know I'm not into it. But he does have a yummy cock...” he says, batting his eyelashes, making Legolas blush.

“Well,” Thranduil drawls, “if both of you are good – and that applies mostly to you, pet, since Legolas is always a good boy,” he adds, squeezing his boy harder to his chest, “next time I want to reward him with the opportunity to fuck a piece of ass, you might get the honor.”

“That's more like it! Let's eat.”
Chapter Summary

Happy New Year everybody! I hope you had tons of fun, and I wish you all to have somebody who takes good care of you, or somebody to take care off, as you like, for this new year and for as many more you like. Or both :)

I dearly hope my schedule will now return to normal, so I'll be able to update more regularly. Maybe I'll even be capable of writing shorter chapters... or not :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It's the second day in a row when Legolas is woken up by a nightmare, and he hates it. Well, not that anybody would like nightmares, for sure; and right now it’s worse, because he’s alone in bed. Most probably, Thranduil got up early to exercise or something, leaving him to rest, but finding himself alone when his heart is racing and he’s covered in cold sweat is not good.

It’s not fair to feel so… angry, he’d have to say, towards the man for this, of course he couldn’t know this would happen, and it’s Legolas’ fault that this scares him so; but the dream unsettles him thoroughly, and he can’t help but want desperately to have the man near, soothing him. He sighs and shakes himself and decides he needs to wash, wondering if he should go to his room.

It’s not that Thranduil would be angry if he uses the tub here, he’s sure of that now, and tries hard to be grateful that, unlike his grandfather’s house, he doesn’t have to worry at all about little things here. Legolas is pretty sure that, if he’d just do what he feels like now, and use an entire bottle of pretty smelling oil and float in the huge tub until the man returns, he’d just get a smile and maybe even an offer to go shop for more.

Maybe he should, he could call Meludir and find out where the best such products are sold and go buy some, filling his own bathroom – but this is clearly a childish reaction, since he can count on the fingers of one hand the number of times he actually used his bathroom since he’s here. Well, yes, except for the days when the man was away and there was no point in using this one, but when he’s here, Legolas does wonder why each of them has their own room.

Fuck, his thighs hurt so bad now; he actually needs a ton of oil in the water, because the abraded skin pulls like hell, and he should get some cream for afterward, and a pair of the silky pants they got – jeans would be way too much today. Sighing again, he makes himself go to the play room and get the cream, then collects the pine scented oil bottle from atop the tub and goes to his bathroom and starts the water. He pours a healthy amount in, but of course it still stings as fuck at first, making his tears fall, and then he can’t stop them, relieving the nightmare again.

He’s back at Azog’s, hungry, tired and hurt, locked up in that little empty room, waiting desperately for somebody to get him out of there; he’s in there for three days now, in the dream, and Thranduil just left, saying that he doesn’t need a toy anymore, so he has to charm somebody else. He’s awake, and knows this is just a dream, and that it doesn’t make any sense for the man to do that.

He treated him too good, and seems to care too much for his well-being, so his rational mind is trying
to tell him that, even if most probably one day the man will decide to end this, he won’t just take him back there. Also, learning so much and talking with people, Legolas is pretty sure now that he would be able to get a different job, maybe in a dinner or cafe or whatever, because he knows he will behave differently than when he came to town, so he would not be starving in any case.

Still, he feels so tired today, almost nauseously so, and has no idea why. He felt great last night, and he did sleep – not 8 hours, but still, there’s no reason to feel this bad, is it? Anyway, going to school would not be the greatest idea. This tiredness is besides the pain in his thighs and ass, which is not quite negligible at the moment. Not that this is new, but he still doesn’t get why, when the man inflicts the pain, it’s so good he thinks he’ll die of pleasure, and the next day it’s sheer torture.

Now it especially doesn’t make sense – the day before yesterday, the man used a cane on him for the first time, and yes, the pain was strikingly abrupt and strong, and he had to take care all day yesterday, because Thranduil had marked his inner thighs, after starting with his ass, and the tissue is much more tender there, and clothes rub it the wrong way. But last night, God!

He knows by now how much he likes pain, how it turns into lava in his belly and detonates in his sex, and he accepts it; also accepts the thing that, the stronger the pain, the greater the pleasure. Of course this caused fireworks so damn fast, and he enjoyed it immensely when the man teased the six symmetrical, fresh welts, first so softly, licking them and skimming his fingers over them, and then cruelly, getting Legolas to wrap his legs around his hips, fucking him mercilessly, every movement dragging deliriously against the tortured tissue, getting him way deep into subspace.

He didn’t expect to have it again last night, even harder, taken against the bedroom wall, with his hands immobilized above his head, so all his weight had to be supported, again, on the bruised flesh. The agonizing intensity of sensation had made him rabid, utterly unable to just relax into it, his body conflicted, the world a fractal prison. The only clear thing he saw was Thranduil’s predatory expression, the almost insane hunger in his eyes making Legolas desperate to hurt him too, to pull at the silver hair, to bleed him with his nails, cursing that he was not allowed to, raging when he damn laughed at that.

Finally, he had realized he could bite, so he did bloody the man’s lips and shoulder, making him gasp and shout and fuck him so hard he thought he would surely be ripped apart, but never wanting it to stop. Then he was coming and coming and choking on it, because he completely forgot to breathe when Thranduil threw his head back and just howled his release, some blood glinting red on the white teeth he had bared in aggressive satisfaction.

Legolas had been limp like a rag after, and of course he knew today won’t be pretty, because obviously the rough movements tore even more at the already abused skin. Still, Thranduil had cleaned and treated him, as usual, keeping him awake until he saw to his own wounds and then gathering him in his arms to rest well; and he probably did, as long as the man was in bed with him, he only had the nightmare afterward, it seems.

Now Legolas is very angry at himself, because of course the man can’t just hold his hand all day long, he’s a fucking adult and should deal with this without throwing all the blame on another. After all, yes, yesterday he didn’t know how much it will hurt, since he didn’t do this before, but would still have wanted to go on, given a choice; and today, given the choice between just cuddling and kissing and repeating it, he knows what he’d choose.

And he does have a choice, every time they try something new Thranduil takes the pain to remind him he can just refuse anything he doesn’t like, and the man didn’t yet lie to him, to his knowledge. He honestly seems to enjoy it even when they don’t do more than kissing each other to the point of exhaustion and even to let them both unfulfilled, even if Legolas can’t understand that part. Yes, this
makes his anger flare just thinking about it, and it doesn't make any sense.

Anger is not his problem in general, he learned a long time ago to keep his temper in check, to the point that most people don't think he has one. Fear and uncertainty surely weighted much more, for so many reasons, but it's not smart to let it rage now either, when all that happened is just what was supposed to. Yes, the man allows him to do pretty much what he pleases, in so many ways, and takes so much care, but of course he has no reason to accept crazy rantings or such, as Legolas feels the need now, without even understanding it himself. Somehow, the need to cause hurt he felt last night is still with him, but obviously he did enough of that, he really hopes he won't leave scars or such, still doesn't get how he could have been that savage.

Yes, the man admitted to liking it when he's incensed, and he reacted well enough last night, if Legolas' sore passage is a proof, but again, Thranduil was always careful not to bloody him, not to leave permanent marks, and he always checked him after. He, on the other hand…

The water is getting cold, so he huffs and spurs himself to get out, and it's still summer, clearly it's not cold, but he's shivering. He's getting the silky black pants on, but it's not enough, so he does a weird thing and puts sweat pants over, and the nice gray sweater. It's a bit better, and he needs to eat, too, so he goes to the kitchen, not checking if Thranduil returned to his room. The man can look for him if he wants to, right? Actually, he's almost ready to cry again that the man didn't look for him yet, which is, of course, crazy.

What possesses him to both want the man around and to wish to hit him, if he'd be? It doesn't make sense. It makes even less sense when he finds out Thranduil has actually left already, because he has something or other to do early, and Legolas feels he can't stand to be at the house for a moment more – but he can't go to school, his mind won't take it, and even a weird gaze from Gimli would make him go nova. The guy is really OK lately, they even talk normally from time to time, and not only about study related things, but Legolas understands the way he moves now and twitches just from his thighs touching each other would be too much for him not to needle just a bit.

He could go a little deeper in the forest here, but it would be too quiet, and he doesn't want music – most of the music he knows is what Thranduil likes, and that he can't stand today. Going someplace into town would be plain weird, and he doesn't want people around anyway, so where could he go? Strangely enough, he emptied his plate while his thoughts went haywire, but has no idea what he actually ate – no, it's enough for now, he's not in the mood for more food.

Oh, the beach they went to that day, at the beginning, that would be a good place – but he has no clue how to get there. Boromir was with them, and somebody else – he doesn't remember who now, so he should ask Boromir. The way the man measures him every time he sees him ceased to matter a while ago, but, of course, today it prickles at his skin and he'd want to yell at him to stop doing it – and that would work great, for sure.

Of course he remembers where they went, and he wants to accompany him, although it was Bain's turn to drive him around – but well, it's fine, at least he will drive them very fast and doesn't need to chat with him. The other guards do generally like to speak more, but Boromir seems to be fine with silence, and that is a good thing today.

Still, he itches when the guy wants to collect blankets and some food – and fuck it, what is wrong with him, blankets and food are a good thing to have? He waits, of course, and calms a bit while they are on the way, even more when they reach the beach and yes, it's deserted and not completely quiet – the sound of the waves and sea birds soothes him for a while.

Legolas has no idea how long he sat there, just looking at the horizon, but abruptly he's so very cold, he starts trembling. Ah, there are some clouds covering the sun; he's very grateful now for the extra
blanket, cocooning himself. Still, it doesn't seem to help that much, so he awkwardly pulls also the blanket he's sitting on, and covers himself as best he can, but it's not much help, his teeth are chattering now, and of course he's bawling again!

This is no good, he has to get back home, so he tries to get up and somehow falls, because he didn't took the blanket off his legs, and he's scared out of his wits when somebody comes and tries to help him get up, ending up flailing and somehow punching Boromir in the face. Of course it was Boromir, who else could it have been? Now he's paralyzed also with this, because the man will surely take offense, and what the fuck does he do here, he's yelling and getting away and of course he can't run, since he sat down too long. He stumbles and falls and just yells at the man not to come near. His heart is pounding abruptly, this is the end, what madness came upon him, because he's deathly afraid and still, if the man does approach, he'll try his damnedest to hurt him.

Happily, that doesn't happen, the man keeps his distance, fuck, he's just sitting there, and, when Legolas' heart calms down a bit, he realizes that yes, of course he does that, they came together, they will leave together, no matter how crazy he behaves. He can't even cry now, so drained and uncertain that he also doesn't care he's cold and surely the sand must have gotten everywhere, it's filling his hair for sure.

“If you are calmer”, Boromir voice startles him again, after a while, although it's very steady and soft, “please get in the car. I'll stay outside and won't crowd you, but Thranduil is coming by chopper, so there'll be a ton of sand in the air.”

“Thran… why is he coming here?”

“I called him, told him that you are not well, so he will be here shortly.”

He's numb, and well, maybe it's better, Legolas desperately wants to see the man, but… yes, he did so bad today… No matter, he'll get punished, he'll beg to be punished, just not to send him away, God, not that! He pushes himself to sway to the car and tells Boromir to join him, he already attacked the man, he shouldn't keep him out in the sand, too, and just waits numbly until Thranduil is there.

* 

Thranduil is there now, and Legolas taken out of the car again, and wants to hug him, to tell him how much he missed him today, but he can't breathe, something is draining every little bit of strength in his body. Things are getting dark and it's scary, Thranduil yells something at him, and he hears it, just can't process it, trying very hard to get his breath back. Damn, he can't die now, that'd be too much, he can't, he has to pull through, he will, somehow, and yes, there's air in his lungs, damn, it's so good to breathe, to be held!

“Please,” he manages to rasp, “I… I didn't...”

“Quiet, little one, I need you to answer a question, OK?”

Legolas nods, and then, baffled, tells the man that, of course, he only ate and drank what Mrs. Baggins got him, although he has no idea what it was. Sure, Boromir should call and check if it's something he never ate before, whatever. Yes, he woke up and didn't feel very well, everything was off, and then he took a bath and put cream on the welts. Yes, he's pretty sure it was the same cream they use in general, but sure, Galion can find it in his bathroom and check, yes, the bath oil he used is there too, he didn't take it back to Thranduil's bathroom.

No, he doesn't believe he has a fever, although he didn't think to check, and he wasn't coughing or anything, just felt very, very cold. There wasn't any blood, in or out, and he's sore, but not more than
usual, after intense play. Yes, his legs and ass hurt, but only where the welts are, no, no other part of his body has issues, except the cold. What else is wrong? Well, that breaks a dam inside of him, and he can't believe what pours out of his mouth, because he's crying and yelling and sniffling and raging that he missed the man so much, and that he's so sorry that he disappointed him, and no, he won't shut up!

He keeps going, telling all his insecurities, and how much he hates to wait for these showings to finally take place, and that he still wants to hurt him, that it felt good to hit Boromir, and that he understands if Thranduil wants to send him away, but please don't do it, please, he'll do anything, he'll be good, not like today, today he thinks he's going crazy, but he won't do it, please!

He would keep at it, but can't when the man puts a finger so firmly over his mouth and uses a handkerchief to wipe his face, so very gently it hurts inside, and then gives him some water, all the time whispering to him to calm down, to breathe, that it's OK. It's not, it's so fucking not OK, but Legolas doesn't dare disobey now, and then he's taken to the chopper and kept in the man's arms, hugged tight and God, that's so good! He keeps being good, breathing deeply, and it helps a lot, he's way calmer when they get… where did they go?

They landed on a high roof, in town, and he's able to walk now, with Thranduil's hand around his middle, supporting him, and oh, this is Elrond's clinic!

“Yes, little one, we'll have you checked out, to be sure what happened. I think I know, but I want a qualified opinion, OK?”

He nods, wondering how he didn't realize he spoke out loud, how didn't he realize that he might be sick, and then Elrohir is meeting them, and Legolas is very ashamed to be seen like this, after he clearly cried and he's dirty with sand and everything.

“I'm sorry, Thranduil, father is in surgery now, and it will take some hours until he's out, from what I know. Elladan is with him, but there's doctor Surat, he can do the consult. I could confirm your suspicion, really, but better to have a more qualified person, I suppose.”

“Could it be something else?”

“He's walking and breathing and his color is normal – too pale, for sure, but it's not what you'd have in a poisoning or anaphylactic shock. The temperature is easy to check, so unless this is the abrupt onset of some neurological disorder, it is probably sub drop and a panic attack. Come in,” he says, getting them in… yes, it's probably Elrond's office, if he remembers right. “I'll call Dr. Surat and…”

“No, don't. Please, just check for the obvious things, and we'll just wait to see more. I would like to be there, though.”

“Sure, it will be probably easier for him also. Legolas, come, let's go next door, OK?”

He's ashamed of this, really, he would have dearly preferred to have Elrond check him out, but of course the man can't be pulled from surgery, and yes, he would like to know what happened to him. A panic attack sounds weird, and he doesn't know the other terms they used, but they seemed not to consider them too bad. Still, he follows Elrohir in the check-up room, and wordlessly starts to undress, more relaxed about it now than that first time, anyway.

There are less instruments used on him now though, and no blood is drawn, and well, it's not bad, really. Besides jotting something on the clipboard, Elrohir says, after each procedure, that this and that is fine, so this relaxes Legolas a bit each time. His blood pressure is low, but not to worry. He starts trembling again though, and his temperature is declared too low, and they bring a little thingy to
prick at one finger and pronounce his blood sugar as way too low, also. Is that dangerous? Well, it seems he spoke out loud, again, but Elrohir just smiles and says that, if he waits five more minutes, he'll give him a prescription for chocolate cookies, and that doesn't sound very bad.

His abdomen is thoroughly pressed and prodded next, he has no idea why, of course, and then Elrohir gives Thranduil a pair of gloves and tells him to check for himself if there is any blood in his anus – because there shouldn't be any bleeding or other things amiss in his belly. No, there wasn't blood when he peed, and nothing other strange thing either, no burn or anything. No, his cock and balls are just fine, he didn't come that many times these two days to burn, it was just very intense.

This is a repeat of the procedure he hated so much the first time, but it's no problem now, of course, and he is very grateful that it's Thranduil doing it, also. Legolas relaxes easily into it and yes, the glove is clean, no blood. The welts are checked next, and it's very, very weird to have somebody else than Thran touch them, but they are just stinging when touched lightly and yes, aching when he presses, making him hiss, but there's no numbness to other parts of his body or anything else amiss.

Then it's over, so he can get dressed and they go back to Elrond's office. Elrohir calls somebody, asking for desserts from the cafeteria and coffee, then turns to them and smiles.

“OK, my medical opinion, even if not so specialized, is that this was indeed a bad case of sub drop, which also led to a panic attack. Thranduil, you do know what to do about this, right?”

“Yes, I do. Still, I find it a bit strange it happened so abruptly, and so bad, without previous symptoms, it's not the first time we played. Although...”

He ponders for a few moments, and then unconsciously lifts his hand up to tap a finger at his lips, and winces, because, yes, now Legolas notices how swollen the upper lip is, and clearly split, too, and just starts crying again, trying to say how sorry he is. Again the man hugs him, although he doesn't deserve it, does he, and it seems the desserts arrived.

First though, the man adds heaps of sugar in the coffee and gives it to him, and it's bad, actually, he got used to much better fare, making Elrohir laugh, saying something about hospital food, but he downs it and starts on a doughnut with lots of caramel filling and lots of chocolate on top. It's quiet while he eats, and that is not pleasant at all, but he feels better now, much better, although it's still a bit cold. There's orange juice, too, and he dutifully drinks it, disliking the tartness after the sweet pastry though.

“Better?” Elrohir asks, and he has to confirm, it is better, even the nightmare doesn't seem that bad.

“What nightmare?” Thranduil asks, “you said yesterday you don't remember much.”

“I… I had it again today,” he whispers, looking at the floor, so very ashamed of it. “And it was much clearer today, and you already left, so… I don't know why I am so afraid of this, I'm sorry!”

“Calm down, Legolas, it's fine. I know it doesn't look like it right now, but it's nothing serious, you will feel much better very soon, and all you have to do is rest and eat well, no need for drugs or anything,” Elrohir says, soothing. “All these mood swings, the anxiety, nightmares too, are a symptom of what's called sub drop – more medically, endorphins crash. It's not at all unusual, but it can be scary if you didn't know that could happen. I will... damn, wait a second!”

There was a beep and he has to check his mobile, and then he curses and apologizes, having to go immediately because it's an emergency. He will be back, they should rest and eat some more, and he disappears, leaving them alone. Which should be good, right? As if something would be good today...
“Little one, can you remember, the other times when we played a lot, did you feel bad the next days? Aside from physical pain, that was clear, but other bad feelings?”

“I'm not sure. I mean, yes, I was generally tired, and annoyed, I still don't understand why it's so good when we play and then it hurts so much the next day,” he pouts, and is even more annoyed when Thranduil smiles at that, so he blurts out “maybe now you know how it feels,” and stops and covers his mouth with his hand, horrified.

Still, Thranduil laughs at this, unruffled.

“My dear, I know very well how it feels, because I tried the implements I used on you by now.”

Decided to throw caution to the wind, since the man is so damn jolly, he snarks that, well, sure he used them on countless others, but it's not the same.

“No, what I mean is I felt them on myself first, Legolas. It's a bad habit to use pain implements on others, without ever feeling them on oneself. Very few humans actually understand what it does to another, if they don't feel it on their body, you were correct.”

“You had someone use a cane on you?” he asks, completely baffled.

“Canes, crops, various types of paddles, floggers and so on, yes.”

“So you really like the pain?”

“No, I don't, not as much as you do. It can be pleasant for me, if I am very aroused already, and in smaller doses, yes, but that wasn't the point. I didn't do it for play, you could say I did it cold – just to feel exactly how much pain each object causes, how hard you have to strike to obtain a certain result and, yes, how it feels the next days, so I can truly understand what care is needed. Of course no one person reacts exactly the same as another, so there are differences, and those are mostly learned through trial and error, and through starting easier and increasing intensity with time.”

“You… it's… I didn't expect that.”

“You had no reason to, there are still many things you don't know about how these things should work. Still, this is the reason we take this one implement at a time and I am showing you these in private first, so you know what to expect of them. Also, that I know how you react to various levels of stimulation, and it's clear now the cane is probably too much.”

“No, it's not! I can take it! I want these showings to happen already, so I can be free of him!”

“No you can't,” Thranduil says so very assured that his blood starts boiling. “This is your body saying it reached its limit and needs a break. What you are experiencing now, the sub drop, let me explain what it is. When you feel very good when we play, it is because your body produces various chemicals that cause such reaction – the more, the more intense the pleasure. There's a list of them: endorphins, dopamine, oxytocin, we'll ask Elrohir for a book that explains them.

Anyway, the trouble is, the human body is not capable of producing an infinite amount of them, and it needs a certain time to do it adequately, so if it lets too much flow into the system, it's very good when we play, but then there aren't enough to make you feel normal the next day or days. You feel bad until it manages to bring the production back to regular limits. Of course, it's out of discussion that it could produce enough to make you feel like last night again.”

“I don't believe it!” Legolas pouts, trying hard to control himself.
“There's an easy way to demonstrate it,” Thranduil sighs, “and that is to try and play, and you'll see very fast that it's going to be only pain. Do you really want to go there?”

“No, what I want is to break something, to hit somebody! This is crazy!”

“Yes, I imagine you'd really like to hit me, right?”

It wounds Legolas that it is true, and also that the man seems to take it so lightly, and even more that he can't keep his tears in check at this.

“Legolas,” Thranduil says, softly, “that day when I found you crying, after the punishment, by any chance your bad feelings were kind of similar to today?”

This startles him enough that he stops and thinks, and well, yes, maybe, and also, if he thinks about it, the day when they got to Mithrandir the first time, and he poured coffee on Boromir, God, again Boromir, he hit him now!

“Easy, little one. You'll just have to tell him you're sorry, and it's fine, it's not the first time somebody hits him, and will not be the last, either. You are not yourself, anyway, so better I'll excuse you. So the signs were there, but you had no way of knowing about them, and I didn't ask enough. From now on, I want you to pay attention to this, generally one to three days after we play more intensely, and tell me when you don't feel right – no, it's neither childish nor annoying nor any other thing you might think of it.

It's part of what we discussed from the beginning – that I want to know how it feels, I just wasn't clear enough, so you had no idea it applies after we finish playing, also. This is my fault for not telling you, and for letting you alone to deal with it, so from now on we'll arrange heavy playing for the days when I can be at home with you after. It was a good decision not to go to school today, and we'll have to find something relaxing for you to do those days, it's clear you're overexerting yourself, and that doesn't help.”

“But I have so many things to do, I can't just skip them every time we play!”

“And why not, little one?”

“Well, because you need me to come with you, so I have to learn what to do there, and I'm sure you are paying a lot for me to study privately, and I should do it, pay attention to it, and you want me to…”

“Little one, I told you from the beginning two things: not to worry about expenses, because I never do either; and not to overexert yourself. This is exactly what you seem to be doing now, and I don't like it.”

“But I… I…”

“I know you do it to make me happy, and I appreciate a lot that you do. But getting yourself sick from trying to do too much will not help anyone, will it?”

“But you do way more than me and you don't get sick!”

“No matter what that brat said, Legolas, I don't require you to do all that I do and to be like me, to be happy with you. And you being happy and well makes me happy, this is something you should know.”

“Yes, but… I shouldn't be so weak, and ruin your day, you already don't have time and now you had
“Nobody's waiting for me, when Boromir called, I had Crystal cancel everything I had today. Luckily, I'm the boss, so nobody will scold me for it,” he smiles. “This is not a weakness, my dear, it's just you being a human and not a robot, which I must say I prefer. Also, when I promised you to take care of you, sub drop was a thing I knew could happen. Yes, you didn't know, and I'm very sorry it caught you unprepared and scared you so much, but I knew this issue could appear and that I would need to be there for you. It's not a hardship, it's just something that happens and needs attention, just like cleaning up or applying cream or such – I shouldn't play if I don't accept the consequences of it.”

The assurances do make Legolas feel better – and he realizes that yes, he is way better now than when this started, it's like a fog has been lifted from his brain. He says this, and is a bit miffed to have Thranduil laugh and push him to get another piece of sweet – well, OK, he starts munching on a cookie now. It's not as good as what they have at home, but he does feel better now, and Elrohir said something about prescribing him cookies… That must be a joke, right? he asks.

“It's not, actually. Having very low blood sugar makes you feel bad, and getting a sweet helps you get back to normal. Don't hurry, we'll have to wait for him to come back before we can leave, OK?”

He nods and keeps eating, looking at Thranduil's face, and seriously, he does not appear to be angry with him, at all. Now that he can actually think about it, what he said today was not, in part, very different from what Meludir was spouting when they went shopping, and then also, the man seemed just amused by it, he didn't threaten him until he considered Legolas was hurt by it…

“You really don't mind when I speak like this to you?”

“You didn't say anything untrue, little one. Yes, I'd rather you do certain things more calmly, and mostly because it's clear this unsettled you a lot. I don't need you to mindlessly obey me 24/7, Legolas, saying things I might not like is a part of communicating your needs and feelings, and I am very capable of dealing with it. Don't keep things bottled up because you don't know how I will react, if I don't know a problem exists, how can I do something to solve it?”

He's sighing now, because, yes, that is true, but shouldn't he be solving some of it, also? He then asks it out loud, and Thranduil smiles.

“The truth is that, being older and more experienced, it's normal I know more solutions at the moment. Many of the things you experience are new to you, but I might have already encountered them, or know of somebody who did. It doesn't make you inadequate, you proved enough times already that, once you know how something should be solved, you do it, and that's all anyone can ask of you. Once again, I am satisfied with how you are doing, and you are exceeding many of my expectations already.

Remember our discussion, in the beginning, when you said you need something to do during the day?”

“Yes,” he smiles, “I had no idea...”

“I was honestly thinking you might need to just sleep or stay by the pool for a day or two each time we played more heavily,” Thranduil says, “and I was, still am, completely fine with it. Or in the forest, or at the beach, in your room, in the den, whatever gives you what you need to recover. That's still on the table now, as it was then, but I can understand if you need more active relaxation too.”

“I couldn't just sleep all day, that's out,” he says, shuddering. “And staying indoors all the time can
be really stifling, but it was really weird today – I didn't want people around, because I was feeling so snappy, but I didn't want complete quiet either.”

“You didn't want people around because they might judge?”

“I don't know. Sure, I didn't want to be around Gimli for that, but well… you know the thing Boromir does, when he looks at people?”

“Yes, he's measuring the threat each time. Also checks how well his subordinates are feeling, also his charges. It's not judgment of what you did.”

“I guess, I thought I’ve gotten used to it, but today… he scared me a lot.”

“It was the state you were in, you can trust Boromir, and the other guys, OK? They know they are supposed to protect you, and they don't take their job lightly. But yes, he can look like a mean bastard, and be one, which is exactly what I hired him for. Anyway, as I said, I will be around in the future, so we'll deal. But… yes, we should discuss what happens if, for various reasons, there are times when I must go, it was one of the reasons I'm taking you to Lothlorien, actually.

There are several people there who are available to just be there, be supportive, in such cases, and I'll have you meeting them, to see if you could tolerate one of them to take care of you, in the rare cases when I just won't be able to do it.”

“That doesn't sound fun.”

“No, I agree, and I don't want it to happen either; but, as you know, we can't always do what we want. I promise I will do all in my power for that not to happen, little one, but it's best if we have a plan B, OK?”

“I really don't want to behave like today again!”

“I know you don't, but, again, suppressing everything just to look tough is not good.”

“Say what?”

That was Elrond – and both of them are startled, clearly they were too caught in the discussion to hear the man enter.

“Hi Elrond, Elrohir said you had a few hours more in surgery.”

“Yeah, things were luckily simpler than what we thought at first, and I let Elladan finish and close. I have to check… But what in the world are you two doing here?”

“I wasn't feeling very well,” Legolas answers, “and Thran brought me in for a check in.”

“Hm… What did you do to the boy, this time, Thranduil? And, seriously, you speak of looking tough and suppressing things?”

“Yeah, well,” Thranduil manages, smiling sheepishly. “That was actually the entire discussion, that he shouldn't try to copy what I do that much.”

“What, he took a whip to your hide, or what is he copying?”

Legolas hears himself gasping because, well, he did… does he copy Thranduil in making him hurt, or what? And of course the man instinctively takes a hand to his shoulder and winces a bit, and…
“Little one, stop,” he hears, and has to look at his face, and there’s still the relaxed smile there.

“Yes, he did became a little wild kitten last night, but that is in no way an issue. No, he had a case of sub drop, but I wanted to be sure it’s that, there, Elrond checked him and... yes, that,” the man says, and Elrohir found the clipboard and reads it, while automatically his hand goes to the extra coffee on the tray they were brought. Damn, he drinks it like that, and Legolas winces, because, it was bad with so much sugar, he doesn’t want to know how it tastes black, bleah.

“Aha… I see,” the doctor mumbles, “yes, seems like an endorphins crash to me, too. We can do more checks, but, well, how do you feel, Legolas?”

“Much better now, thank you. I am a bit hungry though, no, no more sweets,” he adds, “I need something more substantial now.”

“Well, you could go down to the cafeteria, but, maybe better to another place,” Elrond shrugs, “it’s not like you have to eat here.”

“Tell me what are you in the mood for, and I'll have Bard make the reservation. And bring the car, too.”

“There's a new steak place one block over,” Elrond tells them, “they are actually decent. Still, what spooked you so, Thranduil, to come here? It's not like it's the first case you encountered.”

“It didn't happen before, or, at least, not in a too recognizable pattern, so I wasn't sure if that's what it was.”

The doctor scowls at this, then shakes his head.

“Well, get it together and let him rest. He's not a robot like you, so don't treat him like one.”

Unwittingly, Legolas laughs, and then, self-consciously, has to explain the doctor that he would like to be able to do as many things as the older man does, and that this was exactly what they were discussing, about him needing a hobby or something to do when this happened. Well, he had gotten a lot of craft supplies, on Meludir's recommendation, and wanted to start learning to do some things for their hair and some jewelry like he'd seen, and the youth had said he'd help, but...

“Do call the brat over, yes, that would be a great thing, Legolas,” Thranduil intervenes. “I spoke to Galadriel about it, so any time you want, call him over, or go in town together. Just, remember, take Bard or Boromir with you, OK?”

“Yes, I remember. Won't he… I don't know, be disturbed if he has to meet me too often?”

“He agreed to this already, and it's better for everybody if he's somewhere where he's not very tempted, remember?”

He nods, and yes, surely Melu wouldn't have found this strange. Yes, that's one thing. He squirms on the chair now, and yeah, he should take care of something, all the liquid wants out, so Elrond tells him the toilets are on the left, at the end of the corridor, and he's off.

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“Didn't you find better friends for him, Thranduil?” the doctor scowls at him, while they are alone.

“I thought it would help him to be around somebody so self-assured, and so OK with his life. Also, Meludir, despite his many faults, would not try to take advantage of him in the way many others
would do, he would just shamelessly ask me for anything he wants.”

“Yes, you are right on that. I would say send him to my place, but dealing with a baby might not be something he'd like to do.”

“I'll ask him about that, but only if Arwen wouldn't find it too much. How did she recover?”

“Splendidly, actually, both of them are in perfect shape. No, I'm sure she'd love more company, she has some girl friends who come over, but she might want to speak of other things than diapers and formula, too. And maybe he'll make Lindir unglue from the piano from time to time. Also, you work too much,” he adds, biting into one of the doughnuts from the tray, while he's throwing an eye on the computer screen, probably checking some patient's status or something. Of course, his other hand is riffling through some other files on the desk.

“Pot and kettle, old friend?” Thranduil laughs, startling him.

“What...” he starts, and then realizes what he's doing and shrugs. “Yes, I badly need a vacation. You too, I think, when was the last time when you did that?”

“Jesus, I have no idea, if you actually mean one of those things when you don't work at all for several days in a row. It might be a good idea, indeed, but... it's true, first we should solve this showing nonsense and then.”

“Why the fuck don't you give more money to that… specimen? You know he's...”

“I tried, Elrond, I did. He has developed a stubborn streak or something, I offered him another 250,000, would have given double if that was the issue. That's why I pushed too much with impact play, I'm afraid, I needed him to know how it feels before. Believe me, without this I would have gotten things in motion slower, but what can I say, I was proud to annoy the cur, and now he has to suffer for it.”

“But what exactly got into him, you said he liked your play, and is very obedient?”

“Yes, he likes the play, but not the aftereffects, obviously. Also, he really wants to be more than a toy, and you know I agree to that, so he pushes himself to do too much. Now he's resenting me, and scared of it,” Thranduil sighs. “I discovered these months that he actually has a temper, but always had to stunt it, because it got him in big trouble, and has no idea how to deal with it. And I imagine now he's also scared Boromir wants to beat the shit out of him.”

“Trying to be so flippant about such things is not like you,” Elrond scowls at him. “Why would Boromir want that?”

“He got scared, before the panic attack, or during, something, and ended up punching him.”

Elrond actually smiles now.

“Somebody should tell him the man thinks that's normal, friendly behaviour. Why is he resenting you, though? What did you do?”

“I make things appear too easy, I suppose, and he berates himself that he can't do as much. It's doubtful he could actually be a child much after his mother died, but of course he didn't have the rights of an adult, and, well...”

“You give them to him but he doesn't dare take them?”
“Yeah, something like it. I'll have to deal with it, of course, so I'll rearrange my schedule to be around when this might occur again.”

“That would be good. But, well, maybe some mandatory fun? Other than the bedroom!”

“The unfortunate truth is that I don't know how to do many other fun things, my friend; and if we do something more serious a bit, I tend to start teaching, because he has such a beautiful, eager mind, it's very hard to resist.”

“I know that feeling,” Elrond snorts. “ Tried to make Lindir take time off, practice less… that didn't end up well.”

“Ended up sleeping on the couch?” Thranduil smirks.

“That would have been simple, no, I made him cry, and that's just…”

He nods and they are both silent for a bit, because, yeah, pot and kettle it is – Elrond keeps checking things and munching, and he's waiting for the boy to be back now. When he does, Elrohir is with him also, and immediately Elrond asks to know what happened while he was busy, and rattles several instructions, and it's way too funny, he has to laugh.

“What did I do that funny?” Elrond asks him, and then realizes it, of course, laughing too. Then he looks at Elrohir and there's a wicked glint in his eyes.

“I have your solution, Thranduil, actually, the solution to several things. You,” he points at Elrohir, “will get your brother and find several ways of having fun, that do not include sex, and will take Legolas and Lindir and will take them out to relax. You will not tease any of them, and will not do outrageous things, are we clear? Oh, but I know who you could tease, get the other one out of Arwen's hair for a few hours, and tease him as much as you want.”

The youth laughs and nods, explaining that Aragorn still doesn't want to change his job, and is madly protective of Arwen, thoroughly besotted with the baby too. He then asks Legolas to tell him when he'd be free, in general, and it seems both have the same scheduling app, so they will manage to settle things easily. This is great, actually, the doctor does have a mean problem solving streak, he tells him, making him laugh.

“A real problem solving streak would also give me a solution for spending more time with my boyfriend,” he adds, “but I didn't take him out in forever.”

“The Mariinski will be in town soon,” Elrohir intervenes. “I think the principal is Denis Rodkin, I know he wanted to see him. And Zakharova, of course.”

“Damn, if the show is soon, I have no way of getting tickets!”

“I might have a way,” Thranduil smiles, “and that would be a nice night out for us too, treasure. You never been to the ballet, right? This would be perfect, to start with the best. I could actually invite…”

Elrond coughs at this, and he catches himself, smiling.

“Yeah, no business, just us. Pot and kettle, indeed.”

“Well, if that's settled, get your asses out of here, Thranduil. We have work to do, and the boy should eat.”

“You should eat too, dad,” Elrohir says, “more than the sweets.”
The doctor sighs and nods, and they do have to leave, it's true. They decide to walk to the restaurant Elrond suggested, to give Bard time to take the chopper back and come with the car. After all, walking a block shouldn't kill them.

The boy seems way better now, but still not quite himself, and he did want to tell him something else, so they stop a bit in the lobby downstairs, while he gives Bard his instructions and they wait for the security guys to catch up with them.

“Legolas, I do have one more thing you absolutely must pay attention to, no matter how annoying that might seem. You have quite a bite, I must say, and I loved it when you did it and I'm completely fine with how long it needs to recover – there is still one thing you need to take into account. Two, really, but one is a preference, the other is as hard a limit as it can get.”

Legolas nods, showing he pays attention, so he can continue.

“OK, the preference would be that you don't mark my face in the future – the rest is fine, and it's not that I'm ashamed of you – it's just distracting for people who speak with me to see certain signs on my face, and some things I just prefer not to discuss at length when there's a contract to be negotiated. The second – whatever you do, avoid the lateral-front sides of the neck, where the main artery and vein are,” he says, showing them by touching with his finger, “for the obvious reason that, if you actually break the blood vessel wall, I'm dead in a matter of minutes. There is nothing anyone can do, unless we just happen to be in an operating room, with a surgeon standing over me ready to sew it back on, hence the hard limit.”

The boy is clearly startled and scared of what could have happened, so he tries to reassure him.

“Yes, nobody actually thinks that can happen, since we are civilized and such and don't think of just killing somebody by biting pieces of them off, but it's a reality, our mouth is strong enough to do it. The safest places to bite are places with lots of fat, in people who have it, or big muscles, and the least safe are those where the tissue is thin and nothing stops us from just cutting that piece from the body. I know you're not using too much logic when I take you deep enough, but keep this in mind, OK?”

“I think I'll be a bit scared to do it right now.”

“Don't be. I like it when you are a little wild kitten, and I will make you wild again, just as soon as you recover enough for it. Let the gloom be, rest, go meet people you want to spend time with, people you feel safe with. Get a ton of those craft things and experiment, give your mind a break, OK? I will settle on a date for the damn thing and we'll get this over with, and then both of us can just enjoy, whatever that feels like, with no outside interference. Think of that, just that, and give me a kiss now.”

At least this always makes the boy more relaxed, and Thranduil keeps at it for a few minutes, cooing at him what a good boy he is, in between, to reassure him. Yes, they just have to do it and get it over with, and he shouldn't be an old woman and have crazy foreboding feelings and such. It's nothing he didn't do before, and if the boy gets too scared and safewords, well, too bad for the audience, whatever. He really shouldn't let his pride prolong this, it doesn't need to be the greatest show ever, it should just be something they can both go through.

Chapter End Notes
Metallica's Enter Sandman is actually a very good song to listen to, while reading, and also Mozart Heroes version, in a medley with Mozart's Symphony number 40, you can find them here https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CD-E-LDc384 and https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UBfsS1EgyWc
SHOW MUST GO ON, PART I

Chapter Summary

I decided to post this in pieces, because, for once, I actually have the beginning written first, and not the end. Yeah, that's kind of new to me. Anyway, it will get long, again - and I want to post more regularly, so I hope you don't consider it too much of a tease.

The evening started bad, of course, because Azog had just had to tell everybody his story, tell everybody he was bought like a piece of meat – well, quite an expensive piece of meat, indeed. Legolas found a very strange pride in the yells from the room, of the lecherous strangers who came there to see him abused and were either saying they'd never pay such an amount or that he should prove he's worthy of it.

Well, it wasn't all bad, really, he felt Thranduil's hand on the back of his neck at this, squeezing lightly, making him look at the man, and the light smile he received was encouraging, but still, he kept looking at the floor, because there was a sort of vibe in the hall, something he didn't like at all. It was different from Lothlorien – yes, even the amount of noise, grating on his nerves. People were speaking between themselves at Lothlorien, and there was music, but everything was soft – polite? Yes, polite. Here, there were shouts and lots of ugly words thrown, either in between them or, of course, towards the stage. Towards him.

And why did he care and not listen to Thranduil, who had ordered him to ignore everything else? Because he was plain incapable of doing that, for the moment. Yes, he could not look at them, but how do you close your ears? It was easier when they came the day before, to accommodate with the place – and he didn't think, at the time, he would be able to say that. Coming back to this place had made his hands and feet cold as ice, had brought a claw in his belly, telling him to run.

Why was it harder than when he came to town? Yes, he didn't know anything then, but he was so very scared, and now he knew for sure Thranduil would not let anything happen to him. Why was he so scared then? Because now he does have something to lose? The two days are starting to mix in his mind, and that makes the noise drop in intensity somehow. Now he looks again with yesterday's eyes at the stage, remembers Thranduil told him, sneering, that again they tried to copy Lothlorien, with the huge screens and such, although they are way lower quality.

Legolas doesn't give a rat's ass on the quality of the image, the only thing he cares about is that he will be seen from every angle – and now he will not have the leeway to wear pants. Well, it was decided he will not be all naked for the entire first evening, but what he'll wear is worse in a way – and it is probably a punishment, this, for the way he behaved, so he can't fight again.

Azog is preparing to leave the stage, letting them start, and supposedly the beginning is easy, or so Thranduil thinks. In a way it is, it's sort of a high-school play, honestly, but… Before he can finish the though though, Thranduil leaves from near him and… why in the hell is he doing that? The man did something to the equipment that settles sound and shit, he remembers he checked it yesterday, and there's the distorted, screeching your nerves sound you'd hear when audio equipment doesn't work right, at a very high volume, startling everybody in the hall and making many, including Legolas, want to cover their ears.

Then there's quiet, and the man's voice comes cold, clipped, arrogant and predatory.
“This is my show,” he starts, “and it will be done by my rules. I want quiet, all during the performance, and no driving from the passenger’ side. You will keep your mouths shut, so I can fucking whisper on the stage and be heard in the back. You will look at the stage, and appreciate it, are we clear?”

“And if we don't?” come several shouts from the audience.

Slowly, Thranduil unbuttons his jacket – yes, both of them are wearing suits at the moment, it's part of the play – and draws all eyes to the gun he wears on his left hip – and now Legolas understands why the man took such a loose fitting one.

“I will shoot the offenders,” he continues with the same tone, “at least then they'll have a reason to scream.”

It's clear they don't really believe he'll do it, so Thranduil smirks and fucking takes the gun out, still very slow, and points it to the screen on the left side of the room – because, yes, there are screens on the walls too, so people can see from anywhere – and just shoots it right in the middle, deafening everyone for some moments.

“You can send me the bill tomorrow, Azog,” he continues after he thinks they can hear again, and ignores the outraged mutters of the man. He signals Boromir, who appeared on the stage from the back at this, that all is fine and he can return backstage. There's quiet, and then a booming laugh – fuck, he has to look at the audience and he knows the man - it's Victor, the guy from the party. Legolas knows he's turning crimson, and why does he do it, anyway? What does it matter if he knows any of these people?

Still, Thranduil seems satisfied, puts the gun back and gives him a light shove, to get him to the place he's supposed to take. So it begins. He breathes deep and goes through the motions – hating it that it's exactly what he didn't want to do, what he tried so hard to convince Thranduil not to do – to no avail.

He is a bit proud that he managed to start the fight though, although it's crazy to jeopardize his situation so, when he wasn't influenced by some weird mood or something. It had all started after his welts healed and the man wanted to have first a showing with him at Lothlorien, since it was a better place, and he could be more settled afterward. Legolas had refused brutally, surprising himself, but still keeping at it, he knew that would not help, he knew it in his bones. Every delay was harder and harder to bear, the nightmares kept coming back, and yes, it made him also very demanding in bed – or better said, very needy.

The roleplay is that Thranduil is the boss looking for a secretary, and Legolas is looking for a job, and is willing to do whatever to get it. Not very far from reality, really, but somehow it hurts, more than anything physical, and he really thought the man understood that – but it is probably a punishment. They got to the part where he undresses to try and entice the man, since he didn't know how to do what he asked and prove himself actually qualified for the job. He goes through the moves, touching himself lightly in relevant places, licking his lips and batting his lashes towards the public, trying hard not to see them, not to squirm and shake at the greedy, slimy looks. It's very hard to avoid the giant screens, also, to avoid seeing himself there, trying to garner if it's clear that all he feels now is actually an urge to vomit.

Still, if he wouldn't feel so damn bad right this second, Legolas could actually laugh out loud, for throwing the biggest temper tantrum of his life and fighting Thranduil to do it like this. It's just the first evening, but the rest of the shows will be during the next two, since he was adamant on not prolonging things further. The man's main issue was that he wanted him to actually feel good on stage, to give him pleasure, as he promised from the beginning, and tried so very hard to explain that
this was what he liked most, for Legolas to enjoy all he was doing to him.

While he understood this, and was so very grateful for it, every day, Legolas had to also make him understand that he needed too much the safety of knowing Azog would not get his paws back on him, that he was willing, that he would like to be treated in the worst way, and no need to enjoy it in any way, as long as it was finally over. He had wondered himself what pressed him so, but it was a dark feeling he had all the time now, of danger and filth and complete lack of control, and he needed to end it.

He's naked now, well, with the exception of his tie, and yes, what Thranduil said is true, he's not even tentatively hard. He feels the man's eyes on his groin, and it's horribly hard not to fidget, and there are cold beads of sweat falling on his back, while he looks at the floor now. The man comes closer, silent, and the silence in the hall now unsettles him. For a moment, he would prefer the noise from the beginning. He expects Thranduil to circle him, to build the tension, but instead he's slapped over the face, and can't control himself enough not to take a hand to his left cheek, not to raise his eyes and look at the man.

The ice-blue eyes are so very decided, it is a bit arousing, and he doesn't know what makes him say “Thank you, Sir.” Now there's a spark of a smile there, only for him, and it gets a bit easier.

“On your knees!” Thranduil barks at him, and he lets himself fall with a thud, looking back at the floor. Now the man circles him, then a foot pushes at his thighs, making him spread them until he seems satisfied. He grabs his hair and makes him raise his head, makes him look at the audience, and he's sure his eyes are huge and weird looking. After some very long moments, which are probably only a minute or two, in which everybody can look their fill, he tells him to dress the part. Legolas meekly gets up, goes to the chair a little to the right, where there's a very short black bandage dress, with a plunging neck line. It's a joke to call it a neck line, really, since it's cut to actually show his nipples.

Then he sits on the chair, primly, and the man comes again and makes him spread his thighs, practically showing everything. They are pretending to do some work now, and of course he makes some mistake, so he will have to be punished. Thranduil puts clamps on his nipples and adds a weight on each, and finally this makes something stir in his groin – although that is not relevant now. Or maybe it is, he tried to discuss with Meludir after the fight, since the man seemed so… not himself after it. When he found out what he'd said, the youth had cursed him, bad, and told him he'd better know what he's doing before stabbing the man in the fucking balls, but didn't want to explain to him what he did wrong, just closed the phone on him.

He's bending over the desk now, hands tied behind his back, and the clamps are pressing very uncomfortably into his chest. He's fidgeting, trying to find a better position, until the man barks at him to cease, so he freezes. It seems he settled on a crop for now, and that's fine, he gets a few very fast hits over his thighs, without warning, and Legolas yelps, making the audience laugh. Now the tip of the crop is playing under the short skirt – that is, exactly through his crack, because that's where the damn thing ends. His head is turned so he looks at the hall – and has to lick his lips at the hunger he sees in the eyes of the guys at the nearest table. His body is used to consider such a movement pleasurable, so his breathing starts to become more rapid, although Thranduil seems to be in absolutely no hurry.

The crop moves lower, teasing at his balls now, and then again there are a few rapid strikes over his thighs, making him fucking squeak. This is repeated a few times, with Thranduil laughing throatily, saying he likes how his girl sings, and he hates it, really. Although he did ask for it, right? Well, he asked for pain, thinking about physical one, but that's not the only kind the man can dish out, and he did brag he can take anything, didn't he?
That was one stupid move, that's true, but he is so tired of not doing anything other than what somebody else tells him specifically to do, because he doesn't know what he's doing, because it might hurt, because he's not a child… fuck! His mind is brought sharply right here, right now, because there was a very stinging hit right at the base of his scrotum, and he yells and his hips try to fuck the air, heat licking instantly on his spine.

Nails are grazing the places where the crop bit earlier, and he's breathing hard now, it's terribly difficult not to squirm, not to… fuck, again an abrupt pinch right there, over extremely sensitive skin, and then there's a tongue soothing, and then teeth biting lightly, ahhh!

There's quiet then, and it's clear his ragged breath is all everybody hears, and he's not supposed to speak much, but… “Thank you, Sir,” he says again, and yes, he probably did something right, because Thranduil bends over him, pushing his slack-covered thighs against his, and whispers into his ear: “Good boy.”

Then he's ordered to get up and turn to face the crowd, and there's a joke about the dress fitting badly at the crotch - maybe he needs bigger boobs to make it level? The man adds two more weights to each of the nipple clamps, and this is what he expected, yes, his cock jumps under the dress, and he moans.

“Move that chest in front and keep quiet!” he hears, and pushes like asked. He has to bite his lip to keep from yelping again when the front of his thighs is lashed, too, and even more when the crop, again, teases, under the skirt, the shameful evidence that he likes this. Then it jiggles the weights, and Legolas knows his eyes roll back in his head, and just lets sensation take control, instinctively pushing his hips forward, pushing his chest even more forward, God!

“Hm, I think we should put that mouth to better use, since you insist so much on not keeping it closed” he hears, while he's pushed to his knees and ordered to open the man's fly – with his teeth, since his hands are still tied back. He's clumsy and greedy and so very ashamed to do this, but even more ashamed that he couldn't do what the man asked, after he promised so high and mighty to obey anything. Legolas also promised to take punishment for all he did, after this, even said he'd willingly wear a cock cage for the rest of the year. He has no idea what kind of stupidity possessed him to do it, only that maybe it seemed the only punishment bad enough to cover the way he actually, after a point, didn't allow Thranduil to talk, refusing to hear reasons for why this was wrong, why it should be done differently, why the man should spare him.

He managed to open the damn fly, and now the hand in his hair pushes his face into the silky black briefs the man wears – and this grounds him tremendously, both the stern pressure and the familiar musk, and he's grateful to be allowed several breaths, to calm himself down. Having no idea yet how to pull the underwear out of the way, he just licks over them, as strange as that sensation is, and probably completely unsatisfactory.

It's still good enough it seems, because Thranduil just pulls back the hair that ended up on his face and lets him continue, at his pace. So he keeps at it, thoroughly saturating the fabric with his saliva, getting to like it, at least the particles of taste he can get from the pretty clean underwear, liking the reaction of the hardening member anyway.

He would have kept at it if he wouldn't have been startled by the thoroughly lethal way the man barks “Get.off.this.stage.right.now!” which makes no sense, and then the man moves and he sees there's somebody from the public who actually got on the stage, somehow. His knees would have given way at this, if he wouldn't have already been kneeling. It's an average looking guy, pretty solid though, with a belly and an unkempt beard, wearing a mangy t-shirt and cargo pants, coming decidedly towards him, clearly wanting to touch.
Before he can even yip, Thranduil is in between them and Legolas can't see very clearly, but the man still had the crop in hand, and he hits the intruder over his hands and body, real hard from how he sees the back and arm moving, and from the way the guy yelps, startled. Then he shoves him off the stage, bodily, brutally, venomously says: “You were all warned,” and pulls out the gun, but he doesn't shoot, because the man cries already, something that he broke his arm when falling.

Thranduil stays there for a moment, with the gun still raised. He doesn't even turn, calling for Boromir, who is back on the stage immediately, and seems to be targeting Bolg, who also produced a gun. Boromir yells something in his earpiece, and soon Bard and... Eomer, yes, are with them on the stage, and there are other guys with guns too in the hall.

“Azog,” Thranduil says over the mayhem, “I see two solutions here: everybody backs off, I pay this guy double what he paid for the ticket, you take him out of here, and we keep with the program; or I give you the extra money we discussed, abandon the shows, and we are even. Which is it?”

“Or we could shoot you,” Bolg sneers.

“Sure you could, but you'd also be dead, and I don't put on good shows when I'm dead.”

This is completely surreal, and Legolas feels like laughing; hysterically, most probably, but there's something warm now in his belly, and the claw really disappeared, because it was too obvious the man's first thought was to protect him, with his body even. Not that he didn't tell him that, more than once – and not even that he didn't trust the man. Actually, yes, now he really doesn't get why he didn't trust him on this – and maybe this is what Melu was saying? He will ask, after this, but what will happen now? The tension is clearly thick, and then there's a voice from the public, complaining that normal shows here don't have so many hang-ups, and that he believed he could partake, for all this cash he paid for the ticket.

“Well,” Thranduil drawls now, and Legolas would bet anything he's actually smirking. “Oakenshield, what did I tell our dear host that night, that this was going to be a regular show or that it would be my kind of show?”

“You bragged, as usual, that it won't be his regular fare, because he has Bolg for that,” the man bellows from his table, seeming to find everything hilarious. “And if he didn't know you'd be your usual diva self, I imagine he was drunker than a skunk. Which reminds me, I'm getting trashed, waiting, and you'd better decide what happens here, while I'm still seeing straight, or I will ask for my money back.”

There are a few approving voices from the crowd, and Thranduil mentions that yes, he could just reimburse everybody, twice what they paid, and pay another 250, as promised, and this should be over. Finally, Azog says that no, he should keep going, even if he keeps the gun out or whatever, and he would better put on a great show.

Thranduil acknowledges that, says, once again, that nobody who doesn't behave will leave whole from there, and that Boromir will remain on the stage, during each of the three shows, guns out. In the following silence, he purposely returns to Legolas, who's abruptly so excited, seeing the aura of lethal power the man exudes, that he mewls and crawls towards him, trying to get his face back into the man's crotch.

Still, there is a hand in his hair that stops him and makes him look into the man's eyes, and he mewls again, because there's anger, yes, the desire to make everybody submit to his will, but still, there's also care, so much so that his whole body feels warm already.

“Please,” he dares, putting all the desire he now feels in the words, in his eyes, “please use my
mouth, Sir, I need it!"

“Is this for your need?” The question falls on him like a lash, and he shivers, and it's totally true when he answers:

“No, master, I'm sorry, all this is for you. Use me as you see fit. Please!”
SHOW MUST GO ON, PART II

Chapter Summary

A fun little thing: I'm visiting Athens now, and took a very nice tour, which included going inside a few subway/metro stations. The very nice thing about them is that they have like a little museum before you enter the platform - various things discovered when the station was excavated. Anyway, at Syntagma station, right in the center of the city, they left a section of the wall open (well, protected by glass and all), so you can see all the strata till 500 BC. And one thing you could see there was the ancient road to Mesogaia - which is translated as Middle Earth (because it was in the middle of Attica, obviously.) It was absolutely and thoroughly fun, and we made dragon jokes!

Another good news is that the next chapter is definitely going to be on by Friday, maybe earlier if I manage not to be too finicky with it, and have enough mobile internet. Wish me luck and enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Thranduil tries very, very hard to keep his temper in check, because he itches to shoot, to empty the gun in the idiot who came on the stage, in Azog, in all the greedy idiots who want a piece of what's his. The last thing he needs now is for this rush of blood to blind him to his little one's needs – and that's already a too sensitive thing. Yes, the only thing to do is draw things on, slow everything down, or he might hurt him. As expected, the boy didn't take this well – and he almost hates himself for ceding to his pleas, but… something clearly is not right, and he still doesn't understand where exactly he went wrong.

He's breathing deep and catches the boy's hair, to stop him from being overeager in proving his submission. There's no need to prove that, so it irks him to no end he wasn't capable of making him understand it – and the desperate need and arousal in his eyes hits Thranduil like a storm now, when actually he was expecting just desperate fear. Yesterday, he was afraid Legolas would faint on him, when he had stepped back inside here, and it was obvious earlier that he was barely standing on his feet – so what caused this? Definitely not the trash he threw off the stage, so…

The boy begs for his cock, and it's absolutely genuine, but he can't do it that easily. He moves a finger slowly over the pouty lips, barely touching, and clearly it affects him – and when the tip of the crop jingles the weights hanging from his right nipple, it's like the boy is electrocuted. He doesn't try to get away, but then he wouldn't, and he won't like this, but Thranduil has to check, so he bends and lifts the dress up on his hips, exposing him – fuck, his cock is so swollen and purple, surely the boy would come at the barest touch.

"You will not come so fast, little one," he purrs, and pulls at the weight, making a bead of shiny liquid ooze out of the heated member. "You will take what I give you, and hold on, are we clear?"

"Yes, Master, thank you," Legolas whispers, his eyes watching him, hungry and adoring.

They didn't discuss this thanking thing, but it does great things to his loins that the boy does it, and yes, it's obvious now that he's finally in the game, ignoring the idiots around, ignoring the gnawing
fear he has of this place, being his, completely. Just like he should. But what changed things, since
doing the easiest stuff clearly hadn't worked earlier?

Anyway, he has to reward this, so he pulls his boxers down and takes out his own heavy, swollen
member, loving the way Legolas automatically licks his lips and gets ready for him.

“You will just keep your mouth open, little one,” damn, he really likes the endearment, it makes
another drop of precome appear, “and let me fuck you, for as long and as slow as I like. And you
will not try to swallow, at the end, or to close it, even when it hurts.”

“Yes, master, please,” he shivers, so he toys with him, taking his cock in hand and slowly rubbing
over his pretty lips, on his luminous face, making his breath go shallow. He keeps his lovely mouth
open, as ordered, and slowly Thranduil gets there, pushes the head of his cock past the shiny lips,
relishing the desperate moan he makes. It's clear how difficult it is for the boy, when he just stays
there for a bit, then pulls out again and strokes his member a few times, putting on a show, letting
them all know how well he looks, how hard he is, how ready he is for it. Then he pushes again, just
a little more, and helps him and grabs again the golden hair, keeping Legolas in place.

He plays like this for a while, and then jabs at his throat three times, hard and unexpected, making
him tear and drool and need it even more, but he's back to slow and teasing. It's so damn erotic that
Thranduil himself needs the slowness, to curb his own raging need, his own ragged breath. Then he
enters his throat to the hilt and stays there, loving the constricting depths, the desperation in his eyes,
almost a big as the love. He retreats and plays with the weights again, runs the tip of the crop
teaingly over the weeping shaft, and the boy pleads brokenly, squirming and wanting so much
more.

He looks at the audience, and yes, they are all hooked now, greedy gazes, slobbering mouths, hands
going deep in pants or starting to use their partners. Good. They all desperately want to be in his
place, but that won't happen, not ever. Legolas is his alone, and now he claims his mouth better,
decidedly fucking him, looking into his eyes and trying to send to him all the desire and pleasure he
feels, all the care, the desperate wish to know him well.

The boy looks at him, although his eyes are watering constantly now, and fluttering closed when he
goes deeper, but he loves it, he makes greedy, choked pleasure sounds all the time now, and his
tongue clearly almost vibrates with the need to lave him, taste him.

“Good boy,” he growls, “I'm going to ruin your throat, and I'm going to fill your mouth with seed, let
it fall on your face, on your chest, yesss!”

He's fucking him in earnest now, both hands on his shoulders, to keep him upright, since his hands
are still immobilized. The pretty lips are all bruised now, and they will look so delicious tomorrow,
God! He looks again at the audience, most of them are panting now, too, itching to be loud, to
comment and give orders, but he managed to scare them somehow, didn't he, and it hits him, together
with his orgasm, that's what the boy liked so much, yesss, fuck, yes!

Legolas looks just perfect, with Thranduil's seed dripping from his so fuckable mouth, eyes rolled
back in his head and… damn it to hell, he's coming now, in great wracking tremors, all over himself,
and Thranduil's knees are almost giving way. The fuck, a distant part of his mind remembers how
much the boy loved to have him coming inside, but this is way too precious… Somehow, he
manages to keep them both in place, and forces himself to think, instead of basking in the pleasure,
this is… Yes, fuck, Legolas is his 100%, yes!

He keeps his hands on the boy's shoulders until he stops trembling, until he feels his breath is almost
normal again, and now he lifts his dirty chin and makes him look into his eyes.
“You are so very naughty, little one, I never gave you permission to come; what should I do with you now?”

The glassy eyes want to apologize, his mouth starts it, but he makes him close it, smiling just for him. In the ensuing silence, he can almost hear all the crazy suggestions the public wants to make – like he would ever pay them heed. Smirking, he bends again and touches Legolas' spent cock, a bit too harshly, making the boy hiss.

“Hm, what do we have here? Too sensitive, is it? Well, well, I think I have an idea… But first, let's see how your titties fare.” He straightens a bit and then takes off the clamp on his left nipple, and keeps a hand on his shoulder when the blood rushes back in, making diamond tears fall from the pretty eyes. Then he kisses the abused nub, slow and teasing, and it's still too much, so close after the orgasm. He bites very lightly then, eliciting a perfect scream, a ground-shaking tremor, knowing this will bring him back to hardness.

Yes, the audience loves it, of course, and they will actually think this to be a punishment – what fools! He straightens completely and moves so very close to Legolas, pressing a leg against his groin.

“If you're going to behave like an untrained puppy, then do it right, press yourself against me, yes, just like that, rub deeply, I want to see your hips moving!”

It's clearly painful, not only because the boy is too sensitive and cloth is always rougher than skin, but he's been on his knees for too long. Fine, no more sitting on his knees for the next two days.

“Good, keep going, you make such pretty sounds, let me feel you push!”

Legolas whimpers and mewls, but this is not so different from how they usually play, so his face is serene, but oh, so determined! He lets him continue until the sounds change to almost pleasure, and takes off the other clamp, making him scream again, but he doesn't lose his rhythm. He's pressing too much, really, Thranduil doesn't want to chafe his penis, so he stops him after a while and gets him up on the big desk, starting to play with his oversensitive nipples, keeping a hand on his back at all times.

His reactions are delicious, as always, and he can't have enough of the plump, puffy flesh, of the drops of sweat that bead on his fresh skin, of the drops of precome decorating again the proud shaft. He stops to look into his eyes again, trying hard to gauge how aroused the boy is, if this will work. He keeps the hand on his back, and turns a bit to the side, so everybody can have a perfect view, and pinches one of the red buds, quite viciously, making the boy's spine turn into a perfect arc, then stops and orders him to come.

He does, with the perfect strangled noise, letting almost all his weight on the supporting hand, trusting him completely, heart wrenching so. Yes, that's it, right as it should be.

“That's it for tonight,” he drawls to the audience, over the boy's harsh pants. “Something very different tomorrow, of course. No visits backstage, and no waiting for me at the car though. Good night.”

Then he turns, not even bothering to tuck himself back in, takes the still trembling boy in his arms and heads backstage, without looking back. Boromir will take care to get their things, but he doesn't want all those slimy gazes on his treasure, while he's at his most vulnerable.

They get in the back, and well, this room clearly has seen better days, but it's good enough for what they need now. Bard wordlessly points to the table, good, they have all he wanted, and the towels are there, too. He lets him leave and goes to sit on the grayish, huge couch, starting to check on
Legolas. Well, first to untie his hands, yes, he had the sense not to pull at the bonds, so his wrists are fine. Physically, all should be well and simple, but it's better to do it anyway. The damn dress is a mess, but it's not like they would use it again anyway – and there's a very happy sigh from Legolas when he takes it off him.

“That bad?” he asks, calmly, keeping a hand on him at all times.

“Yes, I'm sorry you had to punish me like that, but...”

“Hold on. Let's finish checking you first. What hurts?”

“My nipples, mostly, I think. And my jaw.”

“Knees?”

“Ah... yes, but it's not bad. And the shoulders are starting to tingle now, ahh, that's good,” he smiles, when Thranduil starts to move a hand slowly, then firmer, over the shoulder and arm. It's good, he relaxes into it, moves the shoulder as directed, good, then the left one, OK. He pouts when Thranduil pushes him gently off his lap, on the couch, though, but that's the only way to get a drink, and both of them need it. Water first, they finish the bottle, and Bard has taken care to bring his favorite sweet fix, too – extra thick hot chocolate, with lots of hazelnut and caramel syrup and lots of cream, XL size.

He looks at his thighs now, but yes, he didn't hit hard, so there's no issue, and his now limp cock doesn't seem too red, so he stopped things in time.

“Better?” he asks, when the boy takes a break from the sweet. “Good. Now, what is this punishment nonsense?”

“I know I've been very inconsiderate and I shouldn't have fought you, and I'm fine you wanted to punish me with this, but well, I still like it when it's over.”

“What exactly did you consider punishment?”

“Well, the dress thing for sure, and all this showing off that I'm a whore thing. It's fine, I will do it again, I won't complain.”

He doesn't like at all how the boy is trying to not look him in the eyes when he says this, and how he fidgets on the couch, clearly all this is everything but fine. He thought this is the easiest thing to do, really, to just pay lip service to the most common fantasies and get it over with, but obviously he did a very bad job of making Legolas understand this part.

“And I really am sorry if I made you think I don't trust you, or that I don't want to listen, Meludir said...”

“What exactly did the brat say?”

“That I shouldn't stab you in the balls,” he answers, blushing. “But he closed the phone on me after that, he didn't explain what was wrong, but I suppose that's it, right?”

He doesn't like it when the boy is angry and snaps back at him, but still prefers it to the little, scared voice he has now, and to the tears which make his eyes too much like a scared doe's.

“OK, two things: the brat will get punished, because this is not how we discussed he should behave, but that's not really relevant. Second, the problem is that you actually trust me too much, so do not
fear this. Also, I know you hate being here, so, go to the bathroom, splash some cold water on your face, breathe, and let's get out of here. We will talk more on the way.”

The boy is reluctant to leave him, but Thranduil is in no mood to accompany him right now, he just has Boromir, who came back with their clothes, give him his slacks and shirt and go with him, gun still drawn. It would be just like the resident morons to try something while the boy is alone, so he won't ever be alone here. And Thranduil will have to breathe deep and calm himself down, again, because he already made a big mess of this, so they need to fix it real fast.

It's not that he ever thought he's good with feelings, but this looks like a spectacular failure, and he hates to have those. Well, getting incensed now will not help, so he forces himself to gather what they brought and have everything ready to take to the car, until the boy is back so they can leave. And maybe he should start by taking the bull by the horns, after he's settled him in his arms and covered him with a blanket. And kissed his weary head, of course.

“First of all, little one, I will never, ever, punish you without telling you I am doing it, how I'm going to do it and exactly why I am doing it. Second, don't put words in my mouth, and speak to me when you think something is going in such a direction. Third, your safe word, or right to refuse something, applies to anything having to do with sex, that makes you feel bad, or you don't understand, or anything similar. Fourth, I am sorry I wasn't clear enough, and you ended up feeling like this. I never was good with communicating emotions, or guessing them properly, so this is my mistake. Can you please relax and tell me, more clearly, why would you think I was punishing you?”

The boy is quiet for some moments, and then he sighs and starts.

“I'm really sorry I've been like that… I don't know how to control this, although I know it's bad. Our fight, I mean, when you wanted me to delay, and have first a show at Lothlorien. You were really upset after that.”

“Yes, I was, but I'm afraid that has more to do with my frustration over not being able to make you understand this better. That is definitely not a transgression on your part, Legolas. It's… well, sort of using your safeword, in a way. Once again, you have a saying in what happens to you, and that is not a reason for me to be upset.”

“Do you actually like it when I talk like that?”

“No, I have to admit it's easier when your temper is not directed at me, but I don't need a mindless doll, Legolas. You are your own person, and that means sometimes we'll disagree. I will still oppose everything I know will cause serious harm, and I might be upset, but don't let that stop expressing your needs. I'm always upset when something doesn't happen exactly as I envisioned it, but life is like that, even my ego realizes it. And yes, it will be lovely if you could be calmer about it – just a bit? That way, maybe we could actually both be clear on things?”

The boy is quiet again, clearly not knowing how to take this, and he's fed up with this fear he has.

“Look, Legolas, it does get old to repeat this. Yes, partially I like you angry, because you then have the courage to tell me certain things, without this crippling worry you have of making me mad. It's not the best way of dealing with things, but these misunderstandings clearly hurt, and you need to get over that. Say what you need, and keep reminding me when you don't understand or don't want something. Try different ways of explaining it to me, if I don't seem to get it; ask me why I do things a certain way, if it doesn't make sense to you, just, don't assume I will do shit I never planned on, OK? Seriously, it's beyond strange to my thinking that you would trust me do anything to you, physically, without abusing this permission and hurting you too much, but you can't speak about your emotional needs.”
"When you put it like that, it does sound strange to me also. Yes, you are right, I… I will speak my mind. OK, so, I thought you know I don't like woman's clothes, and you said I shouldn't wear them if I don't want to. So when you wanted me to do that, the only reason I could think of was that it was a punishment. Why did you do it, anyway?"

"People coming to such shows generally expect them to last at least an amount of time – clearly more than an hour; this is why scripts and paraphernalia are the easiest way to occupy time – if I need to do, let's say, impact play for an entire hour, followed or not by sex, it would be potentially crippling, so this is why your proposals were out of the question, treasure. It was not that I wouldn't have liked to play like that, or that they wouldn't have enjoyed; it's that you are flesh and blood, so we better distract them with things that don't leave you broken physically."

"Oh," he says, and pushes himself harder against Thranduil's chest, clearly drawing strength from him. "Yes, that makes sense, of course. Still, could we just… not wear dresses?"

"Yes, I will not make you wear one again, although you did look cute in it."

Legolas mumbles something, disgruntled, and then, sighing, says it out loud, that he would love to see how Thranduil likes it to wear that.

"Little one, it's all a game. It's like cops and robbers, you probably played that when you were a kid, right? You pretend to be someone, do something, but it doesn't make you that person, and the actions do not have real consequences. And, if this is so hard for you to believe, I can dress up for you, although it's harder for me to pull it off – bigger shoulders and all that."

This actually makes the boy totally speechless, trying to say something but completely unable, and makes him laugh.

"I have some lingerie that would fit me, at home, but no dress or such, from what I remember – as I said, it's not really one of my kinks, so I don't keep such permanently. If I wear things that are too small, I'm afraid it looks… just unfinished, or plain funny, something, but we can do that tomorrow, so you can see it's not that bad."

"Tomorrow on the stage?" the boy squeaks, completely disbelieving.

"No, not on the stage, because for this particular crowd, that won't do. At home, and, if you really need more reassurance after that, one evening at Lothlorien, after all this is done. They have quite a selection of pretty stuff, so I can – or we both can – doll up as much as we want. Seriously, it can be fun, but without any kind of pressure. Or I can get Meludir, and we both dress and undress for you, does that sound better?"

"I don't have any idea what to say right now. It was too humiliating, and the thought that you would just go around like that is…"

"I pranced around in all kind of shit, or completely naked, and I have no qualms about it, treasure. You are really delightful when you blush and squirm because people see you naked, you know, but this clearly is beyond that, and I don't want you hurt, so no more cross dressing the next two nights, I promise you. Also, I think no role play tomorrow – what do you say about just being tied up and… yes, sensation play would be great?"

"Yes, absolutely! Just – will it take enough time?"

"Yes, I will take care to create an interesting pattern with the ropes, and, yes, I think I'll have you
suspended by them, and that takes a while; also taking you down properly, so that will count too.
Ah, we didn't... OK, we are home, let's get out.”

“I'm hungry, kitchen first?”

“Sure, and – we didn't try wax play, did we?”

“No, I don't think so, what is that?”

“Get something to eat, I'll be right back.”

He leaves the boy in the kitchen and goes to get a candle – yes, this would be exactly right, wax and
ice, plus a feather or something, and nails or a wheel, yep, it's enough, and Legolas does seem to
forget about the public when sensation starts to take over.

He's back to the kitchen, getting the candle lit and pouring two fingers of wine; he needs it, bad.

“OK, give me your hand. Pay a bit of attention, OK?” He pours some of the melted wax in the
outstretched palm, and the boy hisses first, and then looks at him a bit miffed.

“It doesn't hurt as bad as I thought, it's almost...”

“Not much, there, right? OK, you'll see it's a bit different higher, keep the arm still.”

Now he pours some on the more sensitive skin above the wrist, and this gets an interested look.

“So, this and ice for sensation play, in more sensitive places, plus a feather, my hair, the wheel, think
on it and let me know tomorrow if you can take it.”

“It's fine, I can tell you that right now. This makes way more sense than the show today.”

Thranduil shakes his head, quite unsettled. It's real strange, to him, but, again, when was all this so
logic? Mental pain has nothing to do with logic, and...

“So, can you tell me what made you so hot tonight?”

The boy gulps at this, and his eyes become bigger in an instant.

“You were... the way you thrashed that man, you looked so big, and hot, so very sure on yourself,
and you just... you put yourself between him and me, in a second! I mean, I know you said you'll
protect me, and I believed you, just... seeing you there, ready to... you were ready to kill him,
right?”

“Yes, I was,” he answers, simply, because it's the honest truth.

“It was just... Like you were one of those fearless heroes from a book or a movie?”

He's blushing again, deliciously so, and well, yeah, that's a pull for most people, so doubly so for
someone submissive, it makes sense. Although he's no longer really that sure the boy is only what's
called a submissive – there is that spine hidden under the layers of pain and fear, and the total wildcat
he becomes sometimes – in another situation, he might have well been a power bottom. Maybe he
could become one, at least from time to time? Yes, that needs work, and encouragement, and him
owning completely the thoroughly masochistic streak that pushes him to seek the physical pain – but
this can prove so damn delicious... But first things first.

“Oh, one more thing, little one, about the discussion we had. Asking for something and saying you
are willing to take a punishment for it, or suggesting the punishment, when I didn't say there's anything wrong – that is something I never want to hear again. You ask for something and give me reasons for why you want/don't want it – including, as a very valid reason, the fact that it would hurt way too much. That is fair. Asking me to explain something difficult, to make it clear, that's again fair. Punishment is something only I decide – how, when, why; it's something that you absolutely don't have the right to inflict on yourself – and that is non-negotiable. Not even in your head, are we clear?"

“But… if I know something is wrong and I'm still doing it…”

“If I do consider it wrong, and think you could have been avoiding it, I will say so, and tell you what measures I'll put in place because of it.”

“I hate to make you… displeased. I hated it tonight, too.”

“You were very brave tonight. There's no reason for me to be displeased.”

“It's… well, it's unsettling,” Legolas sighs. “I didn't want to come without permission, please believe me!”

“There's no problem with that, you did it, I told you that was a naughty thing to do and I punished you for it, no harm done.”

“I… I didn't consider that a punishment,” he breathes, his eyes too large, too earnest, and Thranduil can't but laugh.

“Well, treasure, that's exactly the biggest issue; you set the standard too high, way higher than it's safe, way higher than I ask of you. Yes, you enjoy pain, and I take it far enough, very often, so you'd just consider that play; but everyone else in that hall considered it a punishment.

And this completely skirts something else, something very important at this moment – you were under an enormous pressure there, I saw it yesterday, when you had to force yourself to enter that place, and couldn't find your bearings for a while. It was also very visible at the beginning of the night, and I'm pretty certain half of those watching tonight would have peed their pants if confronted so bad with something they dread so much. Stop considering yourself weak, Legolas; what you did there tonight is something I wouldn't be capable of doing – and I'm not speaking of the physical pain.

Yes, I could take that pain and go on, not be aroused though – but the lack of control, that I would fight against like a wild animal, if need be. It takes way more strength than most people think to be fine in such a situation, so stop, just stop.”

There's silence, it's clear the boy wants to believe him, tries to, but, well… They go to the bedroom then, and Legolas can't seem to fall asleep, so he tries to calm him, petting him, giving soft kisses, but that makes things worse, and he doesn't want to take him now, it would be too tiring. Still, he should sleep – but then he makes the very pertinent point that tomorrow they don't have anything planned, until the evening, so they could stay up even later – so they end up watching a movie, then start the second, until the boy is finally asleep, and he can rest too, ruthlessly controlling all the worries still assailing him.

Plus the very greedy, very satisfied part that is ready to shout gleefully from rooftops, because the boy came just from making him happy, damn it! Not even in his wildest dreams has Thranduil ever imagined he'd get something like that, and he isn't somebody who's satisfied with little, or doesn't expect the best. That can't ever be called bad, it's so good it hurts!
It's quite late when they are finally up, but the boy was right, they are not supposed to do much today, so it doesn't really matter. They are getting breakfast, and then start rummaging through his closet – and amazingly enough, he has something that could be considered a dress. So he makes a thoroughly disbelieving Legolas have a seat and starts layering things up. First, the red satin panties, 50's style, with a very high waist. Then, actual nylon, shiny, skin colored pantyhose, because the dress is too short, and it shouldn't expose the lace tops of some thigh highs, it would not be in character.

Legolas' face is priceless already, and it's quite hard to keep a straight face at his wonder. Still, the mirror shows him everything looks good, they still fit well. Next, a silk ivory camisole, with fine ivory lace over the chest, which does look pretty awkward over his big, clearly manly chest and shoulders – there's nothing to do here, he's no longer a willowy 20 year old and can't pass for something else than a man. Well, maybe a real pumped up woman athlete, but still.

Looking into the boy's eyes, he moves a finger over himself, over shimmery, slippery fabric. He turns and stretches a leg, bends just a bit so the red of the panties peaks from under the lighter silk, hears an indrawn breath. Then, the dress – it's actually a red Star Trek woman's uniform, from the original series – there was that crazy masquerade party, at Glorfindel's, where everybody was supposed to be a woman, and he didn't feel like wearing some big hoop dress or something, since real corsets are uncomfortable and shit. Actually, he had also a vinyl Evil Queen ensemble too, he remembers, before deciding on this, but only God knows where that ended up. No matter.

Yes, and white, shiny go-go boots, with two inch solid heels – he doesn't remember when was the last time he tried stilettos, so he wouldn't risk walking in higher heels. Yep, and now eyeliner, metallic blue eyeshadow and finally mascara – he's damn lucky these things didn't dry up, and dearly hopes he won't get a rash, because clearly they are expired.

He is decided to go all the way though, because the boy isn't the only one he should placate – making Boromir stay on the stage with them all the three nights is not the best for the man, and he will have to let him know he owes him a favor anyway. Still, the opportunity to jibe and laugh should be a good start. He has no idea what made the man so against witnessing their kind of play, when he has no issue in giving and receiving pain in fight and training but, again, trying to find a logic in who likes kink and who doesn't is just plain stupid.

Nobody who doesn't know him very well would have any idea the man is unsettled when he has to see certain things, and he actually doesn't care just knowing they happen (which probably kept him in Thranduil's employ all this time), and he still does his job perfectly, which is why Thranduil doesn't bring somebody else there. Still, fact is that Boromir hates it, and it's a favor he does Thranduil, so he deserves compensation. He's almost done, yes, bright red lipstick, and that's it, he turns and the boy is… the boy fucking likes it, it's clear, so he has to laugh.

"Don't try to explain now why you enjoy it, little one. Let's get out, it's such a nice day, some sun would do us good."

"You're going to go out like this?"

"Only by the pool, this is not the first time everybody will see me wearing this, I wore it to a party previously. Let's go, I'll tell you about it."

The boy shakes his head and follows him, and yes, there are wolf whistles when they meet Bard and Connor, and he knows they'll tell Boromir, but of course he starts walking very model-like, moving his hips and ass too much, because that's how you play it.

They settle by the pool, and yes, Boromir comes smirking, with Bard and Connor in tow, to get his
orders for tonight, of course. Also of course, he's all “please, my lady” and “yes Madam”, and “Bard, the mistress said”, until he shoos them, because he can barely stop laughing.

“You really went to a party like this?”

“Yes, Glorfindel decided one year – I think it was 4 years ago, maybe - to have a special birthday party, where he would be the only man – the king, actually – and everyone else should either be a woman or dress like one, and pay him homage. He has a bit of a vain streak, I'm afraid.”

“Good God, this is crazy!”

“It was, free drinks for everyone makes for quite a crazy crowd, and it was hilarious how bad some guys were with heels or hoop skirts, and with smearing the make up or applying it so very badly, but I must say, there were quite a number who looked delicious. And it was fun to not know for sure if you'll invite a man or a woman to dance with you.”

“You do look good like this,” he dares, blushing.

“Well thank you for the compliment, I do try,” he answers, batting his eyelashes and stretching a bit. “But thing is, if you had enough, I will go take the make-up off, because the cosmetics were too old, and I don't want to get some irritation, OK?”

“Yes, I think I saw quite enough. But how do you know to apply makeup so fast? And, I'd love to see you undress from it, too,” he dares, and who can refuse such a cute request?

“I've been a model for a short time, and male models do get to wear makeup too, even when they show regular clothes. I'll show you some tricks, but we need to get proper stuff, I have to throw these away. You'll see, it's fun, nobody actually thinks you are wearing makeup, I'll show you.”

It's a good day, all in all, and nothing unexpected happens at night, either, the show is flawless, of course, and he's really proud of Legolas, who needs way less time to come back and get to sleep after, so there only remains the third day. Well, he will have to speak with Azog and some other guy after, it seems they really want it, but then all is finally finished.

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Having breakfast outside today was a great idea; it's quiet and the weather is perfect, fresh and warm, although you wouldn't quite say that seeing the big, soft sweater Legolas is wearing. Still, Thranduil knows by now this is the boy's comfort clothing, and pours more hot tea into his cup, to help him keep warm. Also, it really goes great with the fragrant ginger and cinnamon cookies, and most probably with the brownie the boy so loves.

Well, he assumes it is the warmth the cloth is providing, and probably today the fact that it is softer on his thoroughly abused nipples – pouring hot wax on them last evening, after he used weights on him the first night was pretty daring, but the very long and satisfying orgasm Legolas had from it makes it clear he got no complaints there. No more nipple play tonight though, he needs to heal.

Still, it's also interesting that this is the first sweater he got him, the light gray one the boy had watched so longingly that first shopping trip. He has several others by now, of course, but this is the one he wears when he's tired or unsure, which happily is not so often anymore. It looks better on him too, since his collar bones no longer try to poke their way through it, and it no longer covers his thighs, since the boy's body is more muscled now and it doesn't just hang on him.

Most probably that has to do with the brownie, among other things. Legolas is smiling so sweetly while he drowns the sticky confection in fresh whipped cream – Mrs. Baggins learned fast that he
likes the treat more heavy, melted chocolate than fluffy batter, and well, watching his almost orgasmface while he savors it, Thranduil wholeheartedly agrees to it appearing at almost every meal. The chocolate varies, today it has a lighter color, it's clear she knows the boy would need a lot of comforting sweetness, so it's some sort of Belgian truffle kind, not the dark one he himself enjoys more.

That makes him want to snort, of course, like he could ever keep a secret from busybodies like Galion and Mrs. Baggins and Boromir; oh, let's not forget Bard! It's scary, really, how they have everything all figured out a nanosecond after it happens, and telling them not to take measures without his request would be like telling the moon to rise in the West or something. Actually, that might happen first.

He doesn't need to eat brownie though, so he sips some tea and gets another cookie, enjoying the explosion of taste it brings, and then it dawns to him, how didn't he realize this before? It's clear Legolas is studying his face with utmost attention, even when enjoying his treat, now waiting for him to say what provoked the change, but when he finally doesn't do it, he asks, decidedly:

“What is it, Thran?”

“I just got an idea, you still want a repeat of that third night?”

“Yes,” the boy breathes, “but there's no time now, and…”

“I remembered there's something that can be done and reproduce a part of the feeling,” he says, “without doing any kind of lasting damage.”

“That's great!”

“Slow down, little one. I didn't really remember it because it's generally only used for punishment, what it enhances is the sharpest part of the feeling, the one in your anus. It's called figging, the use of a piece of ginger root, peeled and fit inside your hole, and each movement, each time you squeeze, it release burning juice. The sensation keeps growing for about 20-30 minutes, until it becomes quite excruciating, without reprieve.”

He pauses, but realizes that trying to deter his greedy little pain addict with this is pretty much hopeless. Still, it's very arousing to watch the longing on his face, his body trying not to squirm, his breath getting shallower.

“It's generally combined with a hard spanking, paddling, whatever; the trick is that, as you know, each strike will make the muscles tense, so either you feel it magnified, or you have to learn to relax so very much, and then again the strike is felt way deeper and poignant.”

“Would you...” the boy asks, licking his lips, “allow me to come from it?”

“And if I say I won't?”

“I would beg you to allow me a ring, master,” he whispers, so much want in his eyes, good God!

“And if I say no, you have to manage, and if you don't, when the first root's juices fade, I'll add a second? Maybe more?”

“Please!” Legolas shivers, so fucking tempting that he can't stop from getting him to stand and taking that hungry, puffy mouth in a burning kiss. He grinds his pelvis against the boy, and yes, of course he's half hard already, so there's no more need to decide anything.
“Fine, you'll get your wish, treasure. There'll be ginger, spanking or paddling and I'll also play a bit with the cane tonight. For the final day, I'd love to leave a mark on you – I'll split skin somewhere, and it will take a while until it heals. You might scar, too – so where do you want it?”

He really hopes the boy is clear-headed enough, his movements seem a bit groggy already, from sheer desire, and this does delicious things to his belly.

“How will you make skin split?”

“I'll hit the same spot several times – planning on three. It can be done with a single cane stroke, really, but that would also damage the deeper tissues, and it can be dangerous. I only want the dermal layer affected, so I will use a thinner cane, it cuts easier.”

“Will you also fuck me, after?”

“Yes, today I'll definitely take your pretty ass.”

“Is it safe to do it if the skin is split in a place where you'd rub on it? Maybe the next days too?”

It doesn't get better than this, Thranduil thinks, it can't, and he's not a 14 years old, for fuck's sake! He breathes and sternly tells his greedy cock to shove it, for now, no coming.

“If we keep disinfecting it and using antibiotic cream, the risk should be minimal, but would make the scarring more probable. And, of course, you'll really feel it.”

“The very upper thighs, where the buttocks start then,” Legolas pretty much begs now, managing to keep looking him in the eyes. “It will hurt so very good.”

It will, his prick is going to hurt from now until the evening, damn it! That settled, Thranduil can't eat more ginger cookies, nor can he watch the boy gorging on cream, so he goes to check with Mrs. Baggins if they have enough appropriate roots. Have to be well prepared, right?

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Legolas is trying his best not to squirm, not to make lots of noise, but it's getting harder and harder. He's very, very grateful to do this settled over Thranduil's knees though, with a steadying hand on his back, because with no touch he would have probably started begging already. Time passes so slowly, damn it, and indeed, the burn keeps growing, making his loins heavy, his belly hot with lava, no, don't even think of rubbing!

He didn't want to test the ginger before, decided to brave it anyway, and it's good he is way more settled than in the beginning – he didn't care today that the only things he wears are the tall boots and the necklace the man got him, or what the audience thinks. The care and attention he got from Thranduil during and after the first night, the way the man did such crazy things to make him feel good have erased a lot of his terror, and it would be shamefully weak of him to let whatever worries remain get in the way of making Thranduil happy now.

The hand moves a bit and he tries to push into it, inadvertently squeezing his muscles and God, it burns! His cock hangs heavy and achingly full already, and it's only been ten minutes, the man got a timer near and it's set to beep at 10 minutes intervals, so he has way, way more to deal with, somehow. As usual, he wouldn't have imagined that such an innocuous thing can cause such an onslaught of sensation, and the play hasn't even started yet.

“You are squirming too much,” Thranduil says, “I think I should give you more reasons to do it. You'll count each spank, and what else you'll do?”
“I will thank you for it, Sir.”

“Mmm, yes, and what else?”

“I… I am not allowed to come.”

His head is turned a bit awkwardly, so he can look him in the eyes, and there's strength there, yes, and care, so he will hang on, no matter if he goes crazy with want. Yes. It starts, and soon he really thinks he will get crazy – he alternatively squeezes and stays relaxed, but either way, pain bites and then pleasure lashes at him, coils in his belly and goes up his spine, God! But it especially bloats his already desperately hard cock, his swollen balls, and Legolas is afraid he'll burst, that his skin will split under the onslaught.

He gets a break at twenty, so he gulps air, desperate for a way to hang on and not knowing where to find it. Again, the man makes him look at him, and it's like he wants to tell him something with his eyes, but his addled mind can't guess now, so when he starts the next sequence, Legolas just has to resign himself to be scorched by pleasure, to scream each number, to groan his thanks. He is grateful for each slap though, because, as hard as they are to bear, there are stars already behind his eyelids, his limbs are heavy and clumsy, and his core pulses, all so good that there's no way to care where he is, why he is here, what anyone in the world thinks of him.

All that matters is that Thranduil be happy with him, and he feels the man's erection like an iron bar under him, he feels how rigid his body gets with arousal, how the other hand presses steadily, to let him know all is fine, and he knows how his face would look now – arrogant, masterful, and hot like the furnace inside him, twenty, yesss!

Now he's made to stand up, and he sways, but stays there, and water is good, yes, and he prances from one side of the stage to the other, as told, his cock bobbing painfully at the movement, his asshole rubbing the root at each step, making him drunk with need. He'd beg to be taken, but isn't allowed to, and he doesn't want any mistake tonight, no way, he should be good for once.

God, this he didn't expect, Thranduil making him sit down and teasing his cock with the tips of his fingers, and he's sobbing, it's too much! Legolas squeezes hard to keep from coming, and of course it doesn't help, just makes it worse, so he lets the tears fall and just hangs on, starting to get dizzy, his eyes unfocused, his whole body pulsing, wanting release. He whimpers when the hand leaves him though, although there's so much relief, too.

He kisses the paddle the man brings to his lips; licks the leather, no matter if it's awkward, and just stops short of demanding the man use it already, until he does. Somehow he takes another twenty strikes, on his thighs this time, with his legs spread wide, his eyes mesmerized by the way the huge screen shows his hole is flexing like a mouth around the ginger, the way his balls pulse and move in their pouch, the way his hurting cock is trapped under his weight.

Yes, it's something he'd like to see anyway, something that pulls even more burning heat into his belly, and there's a voice telling him this is right, there's too much pleasure for it not to be good to let others see how Thranduil plays his body like an instrument, makes him almost fly already. Yes, this must be it, he could fall into subspace and it would be so easy, yes, he pushes himself to relax, to stop resisting, and he's almost there, but it's twenty again, and the man stops.

“Please,” he begs desperately, “don't stop, don't stop!”

Thranduil laughs though, and it seems he's given a 5 minute break, with only the juice relentlessly irritating his entrance, and now he's thrashing, lacking the earlier overstimulation.
“Legolas, if you don't behave, I'll put a new root in, before I start with the cane,” he purrs, and the idea of fresh poison stabs him and makes him growl and… damn, why did he have to come? He's breathless, lightheaded, crying and saying he didn't want to be bad, he didn't, but…

“Oh, well, you've been warned,” the man shrugs, and he's manhandled a bit, so everyone can see how he carefully pulls out the old plug, then spreads Legolas completely and they can watch his greedy hole begging to be filled again, God, he's so shameless! He's ordered to use one finger on himself, while the man carves the second plug, and to go deep, because of course touching deep is so annoying now, after he just came, especially with his own fingers. He doesn't stop his hisses, because clearly everybody enjoys his predicament, and shivers harder when the new root is slowly pushed in – and it's way worse than the first!

“Ah, you feel it, don't you? I didn't cut the peel nice and neat now, just scraped it, so it's rougher and juicier,” Thranduil smirks, and Legolas thanks him brokenly, squeezing automatically and yelling from it, ravaged, then somehow managing to make himself move to the nearby table and bend over it, keeping himself still, because he knows he's not supposed to move when the cane strikes.

When the first strike lands on his ass cheeks, the stinging is so intense he starts crying, and keeps crying throughout, but doesn't know if it's because of the pain or the gutting pleasure, because, as always, more intense pain equals also more intense pleasure. He wasn't told to keep counting, and it's a good thing, because he's too lost in sensation to be able to do it; it ends after a too short eternity anyway – the way he knew it would, because now Thranduil lets him breathe, lets the tissue react and welt, before he teases with the tips of his fingers, with his tongue then.

Then he stops again, and now targets his thighs, alternatively, and Legolas forgets even the safety of subspace, just being there, feeling everything, thrashing after each hit, then settling down, only to be struck again. It's again too little, endless, and now the man plays with the plug, then he's right near his ear, asking him so very softly if he can hold on, if he can take the final strikes. It takes him a while to answer, not because he doesn't know what he wants, but because he forgot speech, but Legolas confirms he wants to do all they've talked about. His position is changed a bit again, mainly so his right hand can cup his testicles and protect them from being hit accidentally, and he gets a thorough kiss, which makes him go over the edge, so when the flexible rod abuses him so thoroughly, it's only right, it's only pleasure, and the final tickle of blood on his thighs makes him keep thanking, keep begging for more.

Still, he's not getting more strikes – he does get a growl and a thorough laving of the broken skin, while the plug is taken out, but he doesn't have the time to complain of the emptiness, because strong, steady fingers start opening him out, and he's vibrating with the need to be taken already. He keeps begging, also for naught, because the man never wants to take him unprepared. Finally, he's ready – and only being in subspace stops him from spilling again the moment he's breached, and makes his fall deeper. Deeper than he thought is possible, because it's all distorted, far away, but moments are long as rivers, and then fast as cataracts, pleasure pushes at him in waves, alternatively hot and cold, and he has no actual memory of what's happening.

It's just an eternity of pleasure, and he doesn't want it to end, he doesn't want to ever leave this place, he doesn't need release anymore, but explodes anyway when he's told to, regretting the loss of pressure for a second, but filled and happy immediately after. Thranduil's abrupt shout of release echoes in the room, in his body, and it feels like they are one body for an instant, united by electric tremors of bliss, and the only drop of will he has left is used on not blacking out completely.

He remains there, both physically and mentally – movement and change don't exist for a while, and when he starts feeling time again, they are in the back room, Thranduil just massages his temples, smiling and quiet. He's throbbing and parched, but there is no need to say it – the straw of a water
bottle is brought to his lips wordlessly, and he sips slowly, enjoying the cool liquid, then the sips of orange juice. He can feel his body now, he's laid on his side on the couch, covered up with a blanket, curled around the man's body, who's just sitting at the edge of the couch pillows.

Legolas would grab a leather covered thigh, or maybe he'd push against him, to feel more, but still, he's too lazy at the moment. And the hand that keeps petting him slowly anchors him so well, why would he want more?

“Half back?” he's asked softly, and he smiles and nods, making a small happy sound when his cheek is kissed lightly, then his ear.

“We are in no hurry, I will have to speak to some of the idiots, and the first ones in will be Oakenshield and Victor – you don’t need to say anything, don’t need to look at them, answer questions or move, just stay as you are and enjoy. Still, if you need anything at all, ask for it immediately, interrupt anything, clear?”

Legolas nods again and squirms just a little, pushing his face into the petting hand and sighing. The names are familiar, but he doesn't give a fig on who they actually are and what they want, he has all he needs right there, yes. The men enter, and yeah, they are too loud – towards the end, he can actually process the conversation, it seems Thranduil accepted a business lunch with the shaved guy – it's not his problem anyway. But he's colder now, so he manages to ask for an extra blanket, and well, it seems Bard was also in the room, because he brings it and Thranduil fusses with it, to tuck him in properly. Mmm, yes, perfect.

His eyes remain open now, for no particular reason – oh yes, chocolates are good, they help, and he can kiss the wonderful fingers bringing them to his mouth too, yummy. He's shivering, but that will settle, it's not new, and he catches the other hand, making it just stay on his side, under the blanket, spreading warmth and safety. Mmmm, yes.

There are two more guys then, who gush over how great the shows were and invite them to some private parties, to which Thranduil gives some very noncommittal answers, and the next ones to enter the room are Azog and another guy, whose piercing green gaze almost makes Legolas jump, and he feels goosebumps all over. He has no idea why that is, he just knows he doesn't like that guy, doesn't want to be in the same room as him, doesn't… This is crazy, nothing will happen, he must be experiencing subdrop again. Maybe he'd better close his eyes, while they speak and whatever. Yes, this is better now.

“So, Thranduil, I gave you good stuff, didn't I?” Azog gleefully almost shouts, making him wince.

“I'm not deaf, Azog,” the man drawls, “and you didn't give me anything, you never give stuff for free.”

“Yeah, yeah, just so, but I have a way for you to recoup part of your investment. Oh, but I'm not polite now, let me introduce you to my good friend, Sauron Gorthaur. He was very impressed, you know.”

Thranduil acknowledges the man, but it's very clear for Legolas he has no interest in him – that's clearly a good thing. Still, the man's voice sends bad shivers on his spine – and it's not clear why, because he actually has quite a nice voice, deep and smooth, and well, at first he only says pleasantries, nothing that would justify his fear. Well, he's in for subdrop again, fuck it, so not funny, but it will pass, he just has to hang in there. Still, the next sentence makes his blood freeze.

“As I was saying, Thranduil, Sauron here is willing to pay quite a nice sum to have a taste of your little whore, ah, we were talking 50,000 for a week-end. And I would be generous now and won't
collect a fee, because it's all for friends.”

Thranduil is laughing now, seeming to not be able to stop. Finally, he does, and answers in the most insouciant voice Legolas ever heard him use.

“I never thought I'll live to see the day you'd be doing friends a favor, Azog; are you ill or something, trying to buy a place in heaven?”

Sauron laughs at this, and Azog grumbles, but that laugh has something grating in it, so he squirms, and is beyond grateful for the hand squeezing steadily. Yes, good, Thran has him. Good.

“Nevertheless, it's a very lucrative offer,” Azog adds, unctuously. “And if, as a favor back, I could watch…”

“What you did of him is a work of art,” Sauron intervenes, “so I would be willing to compromise my usual policy of only taking virgins, such responses are very rare. And yes, I am willing to pay a fifth of what you gave to acquire him, it's a good deal.”

“I'm afraid I have no need for money,” Thranduil drawls, “50,000 would be what I'll spend next time I go get him some pretty things for his neck. Surely you see,” he purrs, taking the blanket off his top and exposing his neck, “how some rubies would look so delicious on this white throat.”

“Yes, a precious collar for a precious toy, you are indeed a connoisseur. I could give more, but well, we'd need to negotiate what I'm allowed to do – obviously you don't want me to break your little toy.”

“If you really like to bottom, I could be persuaded to it,” he shrugs, startling everyone.

“Sorry, what?” the man asks, bewildered.

“Legolas does need to receive a reward for being such a good boy, and the only way I'm sharing him to anyone is if he takes that man – his mouth, his ass, whatever, although he does deserve a piece of ass now. You do look in shape, I think he would appreciate it, unless you are too loose, what do you say, pet?”

Legolas doesn't say anything, because the man sputters some fast denials – he's a top, how would Thranduil ever think…

“Then no deal, I'm afraid. He's only mine, as your friend can already confirm, don't you, Azog? Yes, and I don't let others use what's mine.”

There's quiet for a few moments, but fuck, there's so much greed in the man's eyes, his skin wants to crawl away from his gaze.

“I'm sorry, I deserve that,” Sauron says, a strained smile on his thick lips. “You are clearly not a man swayed by paltry amounts of money, I should have offered something really valuable. As I said, I prefer virgins myself, and it's quite hard to find suitable ones at such advanced ages, you were, indeed, so very lucky from what Azog tells me. I had recently acquired a lovely 14 year old girl, she's quite the beauty – but no big curves yet, so you can see her as a boy really. I'm willing to let you be the first, both pussy and ass, what do you say, do we have a deal?”

“I should have shot that scum, are you ready to go, treasure?”

“Yes, please, I don’t want to be here anymore.”

“Don’t worry, you never have to set foot here again. Bathroom?”

“It can wait, please, let’s just go. I’m not sure I feel well, might have subdrop again.”

“OK, we are off.”

Legolas is so relieved to be away that he forgets he should be able to get to the bedroom from the car, and falls asleep in the man's arms, finally well, yes, he only belongs to him! Finally!

*

The sun's rays were annoying early in the morning, Legolas decided. He had gone to bed so late last night, and been so very drained, he did not understand why the curtains were not drawn to let him sleep until after lunch. But that could be remedied, he thought. He could relieve the pressure in his bladder and close them, then go back to sleep.

He moved to get off the bed, without really opening his eyes, when he was surprised to hear Thranduil's voice from the other side of the bed.

“Are you all right?”

Legolas turned and really opened his eyes, and seriously, maybe the rays of the sun were good for something. Thranduil was laying on his belly, naked, with his tablet in front of him. The light was shining on his beautiful body, caressing every inch of the long legs, muscled back and deliciously rounded ass, making him shiver and have to lick his lips to be able to reply.

“I think so, I am not very awake yet,” he admitted. “Just… have to take care of things.”

“By all means, take your time, I will be waiting for you,” Thranduil said with that small smile that did reach his eyes, making Legolas' heart warm.

Well, yes, the man will stay with him today also, his mind remembers when the cobwebs of sleep start to tear. Yes, because he might feel bad – the end of last night was just a hairbreadth away from unbearable. Damn, so many things hurt today, and itch… he probably wants to check him, right. Just, he hopes it won't take much, he's almost light headed with hunger. He tells him this, returning to the room, and is very grateful to hear there's a huge breakfast ready, and yes, he'll check him fast first, they'll do a more thorough one after.

Yes, food is delicious, making him a bit more clearheaded – and he could skip and shout to know it's over. No, he has no idea what they should do today – not going in town, no, he's still a bit afraid he'll get subdrop again, and clothes itch and annoy him – he'd rather have just some silk on, but definitely Thranduil's hands would help. The man laughs and does a crazy thing – has Galion bring blankets under the trees, but also silk sheets, so he can wiggle naked under them, and be held and petted, and Legolas gorges himself on sensation, on… freedom? No, he has no need of freedom, having his master spoil him like this trumps any such idea, he's perfectly fine where he is, ah, God, that hand… oh, yess, there, and there too, yes, he'll relax and let the man do whatever he likes.

What Thranduil likes seems to be to kiss every inch of his body, lazy and solid, making the blood heavy and so slow burning in his veins, making him sigh and stretch and savor for the longest time. It's not the sharpness of the usual tease, it's grounding and good, so he can be calm and patient also when he's opened thoroughly and then fucked long and slow and deep. Yes, the wound from last
night breaks, as they expected, but the burn of it, of all the welts and bruises, is just the right thing, to show both of them where his favorite place is, how he likes to feel, how he dearly hopes the rest of his life will be.

Yes, Legolas turns at the end and loves to see his blood on the man's white thighs and pelvis, dares to be so very filthy and take the tip of his tongue to it, and then to lick in earnest, the salty, copper taste the perfect proof of his belonging. Thranduil lets him do it for some time, but then snarls and eats his mouth whole, and turns him over and plays with the seed dripping from his ass, with the blood still on his thighs, sharing everything with him again at the end, and growling harshly his confirmation: “Mine! All mine!”

“All yours,” he whimpers, happy, safe, right.

* 

Life is uncommonly right after this, Thranduil muses, rubbing the bridge of his nose at the end of the work day. Yes, they will have to make a decision about this expansion thing, the internal market just isn't good enough anymore, and stagnation, at their level, is death. Yes, there are enough ripe foreign markets, and the emerging ones are gold mines – but there's so much to learn, to adapt, in order to do it right.

No matter, he said he will be home for dinner, and he will - it was too good lately, the boy seemed to bloom, finally a lot more carefree, and so affectionate… Both of them try so very hard to also rest and relax, not just work themselves to sleep, and it's wonderful to know he's expected, that he'll hear some fun, light story of the boy's day. He's getting out regularly with Elrond's brood – Lindir and Aragorn included in it-, with his colleagues, even with some of his clients' families, and that clearly increased his confidence.

He didn't even ask for too much pain lately, because Thranduil decided to slow things down for a while, since they pressed so hard too fast. He is even amazed himself how much he can enjoy plain vanilla, long and slow nights, leaving both of them thoroughly satisfied. Yes, of course, there's enough fire too, and when he needs it, the boy does scratch and bite, and begs for it in return, and of course he obliges. Obviously, they will want more soon – but he won't bring anything new into play for a good while, and no more psychological pressure, he will wait until the boy needs it as much as air, let him decompress and grow into it.

He tries to schedule pleasure outings, too, and not only at Lothlorien. They've been to the ballet, actually had a great late dinner with Elrond and Lindir after, where he loved to see his treasure behaving just right, relaxed and free and joyful, not even a hint of the crippling uncertainty from the beginning; and there are some new plays they'll have to see. He took him dancing again, just the two of them now, spending hours on the ring, lost in the rhythm, and there are so many other things to do.

Yes, this must be happiness, at last; second chances do exist, and he actually doesn't want to change things. Life is good, and he will keep it that way.

END OF PART I

Chapter End Notes

This concludes the first part of the story arc, the next chapter which, as I said, is almost
ready, will start the second part.
Thranduil is beside himself with worry and livid with rage, pacing and snarling at whoever dares to approach him. Damn it, didn't they find out already where he is?

“Not in the last 5 minutes”, Boromir growls back.

So he had asked out loud, it seems. He wants to break something, preferably the neck of whoever is responsible.

“Look, I will let you know as soon as we have something”, Boromir starts saying, “but can you please do something else? I know it's important, and we do all that we can, it's just...”

“Yes, I'm in the way, I know. But do you seriously think I can work like this?”

“You don't have to work, just let us do our work!”

Thranduil fumes, but knows the man is correct. The signal of the boy's mobile is all they have, really, and it moved quite a bit, pretty erratically, so it was impossible to decide to go somewhere based on it alone, and it's not that easy to get people to speak, when they belong to another, no matter how willing he is to offer them money.

He gets out of the office and the only thing he can do is check obsessively his gear, unload and reload his two Glock .45 guns. Both are working just fine, are fully loaded, and he has extra ammo within easy reach. He rechecks the way the double holster fits on his torso, but yes, clearly it doesn’t impede movement. The knives on the leg sheaths are exactly at the right height, too, slipping easily in and out of them, and the solid boots are perfectly laced so he can run, hit or do anything without the slightest problem. Of course the communication equipment works too, Feren would never give them bad gadgets.

He is ready to deploy with them, because staying behind would just have him climbing the walls. Of course Galion asks him if he wants to eat something, but how can he eat when Legolas is missing and Leithir was found shot in the head by the car? At least if they had received some ransom request, anything, but nothing happened and it's night already; 6 hours is way too much and he can't stop himself from imagining the worse. He tries again to breathe and compose himself, but it's no use.

Boromir storms out the door now, though.

“80 miles away,” he says. “Heavily wooded area, no way to land a chopper.”

“Damn cars it is then,” Thranduil snarls savagely. “Let's go!”

If the situation wouldn’t be so grim, it would be fun to see such an exhibit of luxury cars disappearing on the road, one after the other, he muses, and presses the gas pedal to the hilt, the engine's roar tearing the night apart. There will be no stealth, just blinding speed, because they might move again, the guy who finally confirmed the location could have been found out, so every second counts. And
he might laugh, if things wouldn't be so bad, to drive Bard around; he has to do things, can't just sit and be the passenger.

He doesn't care if all his car collection is destroyed in the crossfire, the only important thing is for the boy to be alive and well; he can't wait to kill the fuckers who did this, and he breathes deep to keep his vision clear of the red haze trying to conquer it. Damn, he would have preferred machine guns, but there's no room for stray shots, not when they have Legolas.

And why the fuck do they have him? That's a question that haunted him from the beginning, and now he has to keep his mind straight, has to pay attention to driving, too – and the lack of relevant landmarks really doesn't help, it's just trees and more trees, an almost hypnotic view at the speed they are moving. It would be really idiotic to miss a curve because of this, and of course that would be of no use to the boy, so he allows his mind to check possibilities.

The place belongs to the Wargs, from what they gleaned, and the informant is a Warg, so it just doesn't make sense. He had no beef with them, ever, and they are clearly beneath the Feanorions level of interest – and they knew it, so it can't be an attempt to unseat him as their representative, could it? But why else would they attack the boy, it's not like he can be a threat to anyone, so Thranduil must be the real target.

Might it be somebody else, paying them or something? That's obviously possible, but then things get very complicated, because it could be present enemies or even old ones, and the list is not at all short. It might actually be a trap, but then the bait is perfect, because he just can't not go after Legolas, and isn't that an interesting thought? No, there's no time to think about that now. Even if he wouldn't have gone with them to the place, he'd be sending way too many men, and could have been targeted at home or something, if that was the purpose.

It's bad that he doesn't have more men, but it seemed pointless to keep that many, with the quiet of the last years, and it is true that he has the best. Boromir is a very severe taskmaster, so they are all in perfect shape, and none of them came without hard experience, so this should work out fine – as long as it's not a very well prepared ambush, of course.

They arrived, and damn, the place is a maze, a collection of identical looking warehouses, so it's awfully hard to make heads or tails of where to look for him. Still, Thranduil gets his wish and shoots two of the enemies, straight between their eyes. These fuckers will never bother him again, and he goes on, listening to the chatter in his ear. 15 incapacitated by now, two injuries on their side; it's damn fucking wonderful, but where is Legolas, fuck it?

“Thranduil, I found him!” Elros yells in his ear, giving directions, and Thranduil has no idea how he arrives at the spot, automatically following the left-right-up that stair, everything just utilitarian gray walls and concrete pavements, nondescript piles of crates and shit and pretty poor lightning, until he's somewhere in the middle of the compound, he thinks. Seeing Legolas on the cold, hard floor, naked, blood on his face and in his hair, whimpering softly and clutching a gun, right next to a big guy with his brains and face spread all over, is a brutal punch to the gut.

He wants to take his treasure in his arms and just get him away from here, but there are strong arms restraining him, and Bard yells at him to stop.

“Thranduil, he might have something broken, you'd do more harm than good!”

Of course that's possible, but he needs to touch him, to know what happened, to help him, to skin alive whoever dared to touch his treasure. He falls on his knees and doesn't care he might startle the boy and get shot, he just touches his hands lightly and tries to be calm, tries to project comfort, because surely he's scared to death.
“Legolas, sweetie, do you hear me?”

“Thran, is that really you?” the boy whispers, not daring to open his eyes.

“Yes, please, open your eyes, please treasure!”

The boy does, and then he sobs, and the gun is forgotten while his hands squeeze Thranduil's, and he doesn't want to let go.

“How do we move him then?” Thranduil yells.

“The ambulance will be here in a few minutes,” Elros answers. “They will decide what's best, but if he can tell what happened before that, so we can let them know...”

“Legolas, please, I need you to tell me what hurts. We need to get you to the hospital, but it can be dangerous to move you if we don't know what happened. Please tell me what hurts!”

“My chest hurts, bad”, he answers. “He punched me so hard! And I think it got jolted when I fired.”

“Did you hear or feel a crack when he hit you?” Bard asks, and the boy nods.

“Yes, it felt awful!”

“Please don't move much then, OK, treasure? You might have broken ribs. Anything else hurts?”

“Nothing that bad,” Legolas grits. “But please, take care, there are more around, and I heard shots!”

“That was us, Legolas. Yes, the men are taking good care, do not worry, you are safe now. Did you know any of those guys?”

“Yes, Bolg,” he grunts. “I shot him.”

So this is the big guy.

“Good boy. Anyone else?”

The boy gulps and tenses, but braves it anyway.

“The guy from the club, Sauron. He...”

Thranduil curses, the vile idiot didn't know who he crossed! He speaks the guy's description over com, what he remembers from him – fuck, he does remember a lot, such a conversation seems to settle details in his mind. The search starts anew, while he is desperate to see the ambulance arrive. There are shots again, many, and screams, and he wants to cover Legolas with his body, but is too afraid to jolt him. Two guys in scrubs finally arrive and he's relieved to be able to tell them about the possible broken ribs and to see they seem very efficient, immobilizing Legolas, getting him on a stretcher and leaving in just a few minutes, while Thranduil itches both to go with them and to see what the fuck is happening in the back.

He opts to stay though, because he can't help them much on the way, and he will get to the clinic very fast after he finishes here. He needs to vent his anger first, so he's very happy when Boromir confirms they have Sauron and that the rest of the goons are neutralized. Unfortunately, they have one dead and two more wounded now, and he hates this.

Sauron managed somehow to get shot in the belly, and it's very easy to make him talk. Of course fucking Azog is responsible for this, together with his son. Unfortunately, one is dead, way too easy
an escape, and the other has hid in some hole. Nobody knows where, but they will find out. In the meantime, Thranduil decides that the best way to deal with Sauron is to take him to a secure location and let him die of his wound; belly wounds are notoriously painful and it takes a lot of time to die from them, so what better punishment? Well, there would be one, but he would need Elrond to tell him if that wouldn't kill him faster; but Elrond will have to patch Legolas first, that's the most important.

The surviving goons, a good number of them of the Wargs gang, Thranduil gleefully puts to death himself, just like the mad dogs they are. It might be too easy, because he shoots each in the head, but there isn't time for something more complex, and then they spread gas all around and torch the place and he can go to the clinic, the world seeming still around him at 200 miles an hour. The boy is alive, and that is great, but there can be only one reason Sauron wanted him – and it's harder and harder not to gag.

His knuckles are white on the steering wheel, and he's breathing deeply, because again, it wouldn't do to twitch wrongly and pull too much and end up a wreck. The questions of why are answered, and he would have dearly preferred to have to deal with a turf war, because then the boy would have been fine, fuck it! He didn't dare to wait and see the place burn, and not just because most probably such a blaze would be observed soon and the place would become a swarm of activity; no, he doesn't give a fuck on that, he is desperate to know how his treasure is.

He's finally there and Elros had kept in touch with the medics, so he can go directly to where Legolas is, whatever that place is. Elrond is with him, but something doesn't seem right.

“Thranduil, good, he's very agitated, can you calm him down and tell him to answer my questions?”

“Legolas, darling, it's OK, you are safe now! Do you hear me?”

“Thran, please, it hurts!”

God, it's awful to see him so broken, he can't stand it, needs to do something, but he can't, and it's maddening.

“Please, please Legolas, you need to answer Elrond's questions, and then he can give you something for the pain. Can you do that for me?” He squeezes the boy's hand tight, trying to give him strength, but he's terrified at what might have happened.

“What was the question, Elrond?”

“I understand the ribs are probably the biggest issue, but I need to know if anything else happened, and since he might not be sure, I need an account of what happened since he was taken. That way, I know what to check and what not to do to aggravate matters.”

“Legolas, tell me all that happened today after you left the house”, Thranduil says, in his commanding voice. He hopes the boy reacts better to conditioning than to pleas or reason.

“I… I had lessons with Balin. It was nice, because he showed us several maps in an animation and we could understand… anyway. When I left, I needed some clay for a mould and we went to the shop, then I was a bit hungry and wanted some pizza. While we waited, two guys came to our table and somehow they had guns and we got up, as they wanted, and went to the car, but they fucking shot Leithir! I was paralyzed and went with them, I don't know where, because they had a blindfold on me. And they took my phone.”

“It's OK, I'll get you another, and we still managed to trace you, because the idiots just took the
phone from you, but kept it, didn't even take the battery out.”

“You did? But why did it take so long?”

“Look, Legolas”, Elrond intervenses, and Thranduil is so happy, because he can't explain that he was so busy and they realized he's missing at least an hour later than they should have. “I need to check you as fast as possible, and to give you some painkillers so you don't hurt too much. I promise after that Thranduil can tell you all you need to know, just let's finish this.”

The boy nods and goes on.

“They pushed me around, but it wasn't too bad physically, until they got me to a room and Bolg was there. He had a gun, too, and had told me that I had a client.” He shudders and breathes and hisses in pain, but is decided to go on. “I tried to fight him, but he grabbed my hair and pulled hard and put the gun to my head, so I didn't dare move, and he ripped my clothes off. Then he left me in a room, with the door locked and no other way to get out, I don't know for how long.”

Thranduil's blood is boiling and he has to remind himself that the cur is dead, so no matter what he did, he can't touch him anymore. He dares to pet a bit higher on Legolas' arm, trying to give support.

“I… I couldn't stop him, because I was so afraid he'll shoot me, like he did Leithir, so when he returned,” he sobs, “I let him take me to another room where the guy from the club was waiting. He told me to obey him in everything he wants, or he will beat me half to death, so I just stood there and he left.”

“It's OK, my dear,” Thranduil croons, “you did right, just go on.”

“I… he touched me, and it was awful, I tried to get away, but he slapped me and threatened to get Bolg inside permanently and...” he's sobbing continuously now, and it must hurt his chest a lot too, and Thranduil growls, which seems to be making things worse.

“Thranduil, get out, now! You are making it worse!”, Elrond yells at him, but Legolas starts crying and wailing not to leave him alone, so he has to keep it together.

“Legolas, treasure, look at me!”

The boy manages to lift his head and it's excruciating.

“I don't care what you had to do; the only reason we need to know this is to be able to help you. You are not guilty of this, they are, and you killed Bolg already and Sauron is dying, too, I promise you this. Please, just tell us, fast, and that's it.”

“I… let him touch me,” Legolas whispers again, “and it was so awful, I don't know how long it lasted, I just… I was trying so hard not to run, and then he… he pushed me to my knees and… oh God, he smelled so horrible, I tried to be good, but I couldn't take it, I couldn't, I vomited all over him!”

Thranduil's gorge agrees, he wants to throw up too, but his feelings are irrelevant now.

“He hit me in the face then,” Legolas continues, between wretched sobs, “and tried to make me clean him up, but I fought him, it was so disgusting! So he called Bolg, and he grabbed me and took me to the other room and he punched me. It hurt so much and the bones cracked and I fell down and I'm not sure, he wanted me to get up so he could punch me again, and I tried to escape. I don't know how I ended up near the table, there were shots, so he turned his head for a bit and there was the gun and I took it and just shot him, emptied all the bullets. Then I couldn't stand on my feet anymore and
I was very cold and there were more shots and then you came!"

“That's it, none of them did anything else to you?”

“No, no, that's it, nothing else, I didn't...”

“Legolas”, Thranduil starts again, sternly, “just tell us the truth. You will not be punished in any way for whatever happened, because you were very good and just did what was needed to survive. You did exactly what I told you that day, shot him before he could hurt you more, you are a very good boy, little one, and I promise you will get a nice reward for this, later. Now, was it anything else than he trying a blow job and you refusing to go all the way?”

“No, no, you don't understand, I...”

“I do understand, treasure, I do...”

“No, you can't, you just say that...”

“Legolas! I had a gun pointed at my head, many years ago. I was attacked, there were three men, and one had a gun, I know you need to do whatever they tell you if you want to live, I do!”

Legolas seems even more shocked at this, and Elrond frantically signals him not to tell everything, and there is silence for a minute.

“How did you escape, did security...”

“I was 18 then, your age, and I didn't have that much money, I was just a college student. Just like you, at a certain point, when they didn't pay attention, I managed to get the gun and shoot the bastards. And it was very difficult to cope with being at their mercy, believe me, but you are safe now, calm down, please.”

There's still a minute of silence, and then Legolas adamantly confirms that nothing else happened, so Elrond decides he needs to x-ray his chest and check his head for concussions and just disinfect and bandage any scrape. In the meantime, his eyes tell Thranduil that he will check other things after he finally sedates the boy. He wants to take him away, but Legolas doesn't want to let go of Thranduil's hand, so he goes with them, just managing to stay outside the X-ray room because Elrond manages to explain to Legolas that it would be bad for him to be exposed. Then, in the tomography room, he gives him the microphone so Thranduil can croon all kinds of silly stuff to calm the boy down while he's trapped in the machine.

Finally, they can see that yes, two ribs are broken and one fissured, but the fractures are luckily nondisplaced, so nothing moved enough to create serious problems, and there's no concussion, thank God. Legolas is moved to a special bed and they put the IV on, and Elrond adds the sedative so the boy can finally rest. Thranduil is almost screaming, unraveling at the seams, because he didn't even realize how tense he got, and obsessively checks his phone to see if they managed to find Azog, but of course the rat knows how to hide.

“Thranduil, do you need a sedative too?”, Elrond asks softly.

“No, no, I need to know they caught him, and I have to speak to the Durins, we need to clean up things.”

“Thranduil, this is hurting you in more ways than one, you need rest.”

“Yes, I will rest after, I need to be sure everything is safe first. If they helped him once, they would
do it again, they'll want revenge anyway. I have to strike first, but I don't have enough men, I need the fucking Durins to agree to help.”

“What exactly do you plan to do, to need their help?”

“I need to find Azog, and I need to kill all those who were somebody in his organization. And all those important in the Wargs. Nobody who could decide to have revenge will live, no matter what I have to give to Oakenshield for this.”

Elrond swears heartily at this, Maedhros' name appearing more than once, and Thranduil remains quiet, waiting for him to finish.

“I want somebody in his room at every minute, a nurse, to know the second there is an issue, and I'll leave one of the men in the room, and two at the door, and I want your security to prioritize this area. There will also be a car outside, I need him safe!” he says, finally.

“Yes, Thranduil, we'll do everything to keep him safe, but there's no need to worry, these are clean fractures, and the rest are just scrapes and bruises. He will be fine, although it will be very painful for at least a month and he will have limited mobility. There's no need to worry.”

“Really, Elrond?” he scowls. “Can you honestly tell me you don't know what the bigger problem is? How will he… God… it's… and you didn't yet check him for… now that he's asleep, I need to know he's not hurt, please!”

Elrond sighs and nods and goes to the sleeping youth, parts his legs and he's so relieved that, indeed, there's no sign of assault.

“Calm down, Thranduil. He told the truth, there's no sign he was taken in any way. You got there in time.”

Thranduil curses now, loudly.

“I delayed them, I had papers to check and didn't notice he was missing, we should have found out one hour earlier. One hour, that means they wouldn’t have had time to beat him up at least, or, maybe…”

“Stop it, damn it! Just like you told him, you can’t be blamed for such a thing! He had security with him and I doubt you normally check on him every 5 minutes, you couldn’t know something would happen today! He was going for a fucking pizza, would you have fretted if he stayed for dessert too, on a normal day?”

“No, of course not, he’s not 4, but… Fuck it, how do I get him better?”

“You calm down and take care of yourself. I can recommend you somebody to talk to, this will bring back bad memories, not that you usually listen about this. And you do need to rest to be there for him, and take it slow, and you’ll have to take care that he breathes well, even if it hurts. Otherwise he can contract a pneumonia and other issues can appear. I'll recommend a full-time nurse, I know you’ll want him supervised all the time, although there is no need. And let me know if you need something to calm you down.”

“Thank you Elrond. When will you let him wake?”

“No sooner than morning, I think, probably even the next day. He needs rest, we need to apply ice every hour to get the swelling down, and there’s no use if he gets up and starts fretting. Do what you need, I know I can't stop you, although just killing every man who ever hurt you shouldn't be the
only answer. I’ll keep you posted on anything happening.”

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Thranduil can’t just stand there and wait, watching his broken lover laying on the hospital bed. The bruised cheek is such a vivid accusation that he didn’t keep his promise, that he’s almost ready to punch a wall, and fuck! It’s the worst moment to realize the depth of his feelings for the boy, it really is; but there’s no more room to hide. The hurt and anguish he felt when they didn’t know what happened, the way his heart just broke when he saw the boy on the floor and when he heard what happened don’t allow that anymore. He’s fallen head over heals for the boy, for sweet Legolas, and he can’t rest for a second until he does the impossible to have him safe.

But this will have to wait to be dealt with, now he gets Boromir and fuck, Anders will probably lose his arm, the bullets shattered the bone to mush it seems and whatever else the doctors explained, and Dimitri and Martinez are not in that good of a shape either. Yes, Sanchez is dead, and they are very fucking lucky he’s the only one, although that might yet change. Lucky, and the Wargs were sloppy as hell – the bad lightning and lack of real guards did them in, but he’s very, very happy they were so lax with security, or the list would be way longer.

He cuts short the way the man wants to apologize – yes, both of them have underestimated things and shouldn’t have let Legolas out with just a man – but they have no time for that now. Yes, five men will stay at the hospital, and he will get more, of course they can’t do what’s needed without reinforcements, and yes, they have to at least double their numbers after this is done. Yes, the first thing to be put in place should be faster check in time, for absolutely everybody, maybe every half an hour, not two hours. Yes, Boromir will have free hand in choosing the best, and a hefty budget and whatever else he needs, but that’s not the moment to discuss it, they need to get to Thorin’s.

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“To what do I owe the honor?” Thorin growls, ensconced in his overstuffed chair.

“I need your help”, Thranduil enunciates clearly, although it rankles. Of course, the man laughs out loud, and Gloin and Dwalin are also crowing in delight.

“Mighty Thranduil needs my help?”

“Yes, I don’t keep enough men for cleaning at the moment. This will change, very soon, but I am prepared to be generous in exchange.”

“How generous?”

“All of Azog’s holdings, except his club, and all the Warg’s turf also, except for the warehouses.”

There’s a moment of quiet, because this is a lot.

“Why without those?” Dwalin asks.

“The only way to do this without much legal repercussions, Celeborn tells me, besides generously bribing the right guys, is to stage it as an all out war between Azog and the Wargs – and besides victims, there should be some damage too. I already torched the warehouses, because finding blood from my men there wouldn’t have helped the issue, so we need to show a little revenge, too.”

Dwalin and Gloin nod, because it does make sense.

“What exactly do you plan to do?” Gloin asks.
“I have a little list with most of their important members,” he says. “With what you know, we can see exactly who are all those who would try to get revenge or even go to the cops and rat all this out. And then we exterminate them all.”

Again there is quiet, because these new guys don't really do things this way.

“All this for a whore, Thranduil?”

Of course Thorin had to ask this, and his blood boils at the slur. No matter, the issue now is not Legolas' honor – fuck, this makes him gag, again – but solving this. He has enough time to crumble after.

“Again Thorin, it is all about disrespect. We had a deal, I paid my part and will never stand for such a cur to decide things about my property. You have been a witness at the deal, have you not?”

“Yes, I saw when you set the terms,” he grudgingly acknowledges.

“And you saw when my man paid the money, and when I did the showings, right?”

Again he nods.

“So I should just let him rent my property to others, against my specific warning I don't want that done?”

“He asked you?” a bewildered Dwalin asks.

“Yes, the third night, at the club, he and that dumb man who lusted after the boy came backstage and proposed a deal. Since I'm neither a pimp nor a miser, I told them to shove it, in no uncertain terms.”

“That man is dumb as a brick,” Gloin mutters. “Still, do you need to kill everybody?”

“His son was killed by my people”, he says. “And I burned the Wargs' goods, and killed some of them. If I don't do it first, they'll retaliate.”

Gloomily, all three men acknowledge this is all true.

“Does Fingon know what you plan to do?”

Ahh, such a seemingly innocent little question!

“Yes, although I do have full approval to do as I see fit in regard to this,” and yes, this is almost the entire truth, no need to embellish much, “I let him know I'll be proceeding further.” He didn't, he's not in a good enough head space to ask for any kind of permission, and would do it even if it he would be expressly forbidden to. Celeborn will do damage control there too, and he's very lucky that the man agreed to this, for whatever reason. He'll be in his debt for this, but that was the only way, not that Oakenshield needs to know any of it.

There's silence, and then a big knock on the door, and there's Masters, with his crony Lickspittle. It seems the slimy toads heard something’s the matter, as they always do, and of course, they are willing to lend support.

“Who did kill Bolg, I'm curious,” Thorin asks.

“Legolas did,” Thranduil spits, making all of them gasp, and then Thorin laughs, his belly rumbling with it, his eyes tearing.
“Oh my, that one will not have peace in his fucking grave! You are fucking crazy, Thranduil, but this is the funniest thing I heard in a while. OK, I manage all I need,” he says, finally, “but uncle Dain had some interest in this. I can help, but he will take Azog's holdings.”

“The old coot is still alive? My head already hurts”, Thranduil says, “but as long as we are clear that each of us sees to their own business and respects the agreements, he can have all the fun he wants. What about you, Masters?”

“I give you all the intel you need, and also men, and I want the Wargs' stuff.”

They manage to agree, and it's good. He doesn't like the Durins much, and the feeling is mutual, but he can deal with them; he had no need of territory or whores, he only needs to keep the boy safe, and this will do it. Again he thinks of Maedhros – because he now takes a page directly from his book, word by word. It's not only that, Elrond's words are true – the memories burn him inside and the only way he knows to quench them is with fresh blood. But hey, at least it works.

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No matter what Boromir wants, he goes with them to try and find out where that snake is hiding, combing back alleys at first, after finding Azog's club deserted. It pleases him to no end when he has to actually get into a fight and then, when the three guys they caught don't want to speak, to satisfy his raging thirst for blood by breaking the ribs of one. The crunch of bones under his boot is delightful, but unfortunately he exaggerated and it seems he pierced the guy's lungs too. Of course Boromir is right, they need to be able to breathe to be questioned, nobody speaks well while drowning in their own blood.

And the worst thing is that he's no longer really in control, he doesn't do this as he should, calm and focused, he just vents his rage on them with vicious abandon, because he's very close to the breaking point. Still, even knowing this, he can't just stay there and break a finger at a time, so he breaks the next one's knee cap, knowing well it's one of the most excruciating pains possible. It's actually laudable the guy didn't cave in after seeing what happened to his comrade, but bravery will not help any of them tonight. Indeed, the guy spills all he knows, together with his bowels, so Thranduil can shoot him in between his eyes and stop hearing his damn screams and whimpers.

This leads them to Azog's main lieutenant, Lug, hiding, pretty predictably, at a smaller brothel they owned. The girls there are terrified at first, but seem to calm down pretty fast when his men just ignore them and go directly to the back room that seemed to be a wardrobe – and they are that inane, to have a hiding place with no alternative exits? Seems they are, and they have one more dead, he doesn't even remember the man's name right now, shit, he has to get it together! Lug is a bit tougher; he needs to break both his hands and legs until he speaks, and he will not kill him like this, it would be too easy; he will be left in the club, when they burn it down – and this menace does make him spill some more, to gain himself an easy bullet.

By now, Thranduil's eyes have an unholy glee, he's copiously spattered with blood and other things, but luckily it's not that visible on his all black gear. He knows some of the men are getting really squeamish and maybe – surely – even scared of him; but that's immaterial now, he only wants to catch Azog, and maybe it's better if everybody remembers to fear him, because they will no longer dare to risk him getting back in such a state.

He checks again with the guards at the hospital, and all is well, Legolas is still sleeping and the nurse staying there says he's doing just as expected, so he can unleash his rage in the final assault, a gambling den in one of the worst neighborhoods, where the resistance is desperate. Maybe there is a deity protecting the mad, because he's still whole, not even a scratch, and didn't even take a knife out, preferring to get physical when it's too close for the guns.
He's crunching some guy's face now under his boot, right in the entrance, then he's going down on the cramped, stale smelling stairs, shooting somebody else point blank in the neck, his face becoming a crimson, dripping mask from the arterial spray, and he's laughing when Azog drops to his knees and starts to beg.

The men restrain him and Thranduil goes near, circling him, relishing seeing him tremble, and he bends down and fucking kisses him, smearing fresh blood on the now deathly pale lips, thoroughly enjoying his retching. He backhands the animal and purrs darkly into his ear that he will grant him his dearest wish: Thranduil will, indeed, play with him for a night, just, he will probably – surely – not survive it.
Chapter Summary

Keep minding the tags :)

Finally, everyone knows what they have to do, all the wounded are given medical care, the nurse in Legolas' room says he's just peachy, Oakenshield and Masters confirmed they are fine with how things worked and can clearly manage from here on. Thranduil can breathe for a moment, and yes, he really needs a bath, he's looking like a zombie movie extra or the like. Yes, he should also eat something, it's true, he's been running on black coffee for 24 hours, more actually.

Hm, but seriously, all the things on him might actually clog piping, better he should use one of the guest bathrooms and not have to deal with issues in his own right now, and yes, better a shower, he's much too tense to have the patience for it. Yes, and there's the funny part waiting, still. Yes, a long shower, and then food and business.

Damn, food tastes good, he was famished indeed. The boy will be fine, he tells Galion and Mrs. Baggins, with much more certainty than he actually has – but there's no use if they fret too. Yes, he's perfectly fine, barely some bruises, he had way worse last time he fought Boromir and the guys, for God's sake. Yes, his clothes should be burned or something, it's useless to try and pick all shit on them – but yes, he needs the harness and boots cleaned, and he promises a bonus for it, to whoever wants to bother. Also for cleaning the cars, of course, some of the upholstery might just need replacing completely. Mmm, desert, yes, he'd love some chocolate and orange pie, he did expend a lot of energy recently.

Now, for the real fun to start – he goes down to the second row of cellars, where they put Azog. The place really looks like it's not part of the rest of his mansion, because they only dug and secured it, but never got around to doing something with it, there's enough storage space in the first level, with temperature control and all, but now it's good to have it. It will be easy to just fucking seal one of these little rooms down, fill it with earth and that's that, when he's finished with the cur. Yes, no need to worry about making a mess, but maybe he should braid his hair, getting all kinds of stuff out of it again would be a little much.

Interesting enough, he finds Connor and Damien as the guards on duty at the door – he specifically told Boromir this place is to be manned only by volunteers, and these two were never among the old leg-breakers, they don't come from either mob or dark ops. He is even more surprised when he tells them they might not like what happens and gets wolfish grins and an offer to help break some bones – because the animal killed their colleague and, even worse, hurt their little friend, and he deserves it. He smirks, and well, he might need their help in immobilizing him right, but they shouldn't dirty their hands further, he'll take care to make him pay. Oh, good, they brought the things he asked for also, everything is ready.

They are inside, and Azog is plain ugly, with that fat belly and… fuck it, he has tits! Why did he flinch, Thranduil wonders, not realizing that his laugh right now actually makes the man want to die on the spot, because the madness in it tells him he will really suffer at his hands. Azog tries to escape one more time, but he can't be stronger than steel cuffs, so he only hurts his wrists and ankles.

“Easy, easy, there's no hurry,” Thranduil croons and proceeds to immobilize him better. He wants
this to last and it would be too easy to hurt him too much, too fast, if he moves like this. He takes the tape and the metal bars and starts by adding a piece of tape to the each of the four bars, leaving the ends free, then tapes each bar to one of Azog's limbs, in three places, so it becomes impossible for him to bend them, and the bars can be easily immobilized further, on either side. He does the same for the legs.

Now for the abdomen, he does not want to cover too much space on it, but he has to make the damn idiot stay still, so he creates a sort of weird, crude corset, with eight pieces of rebar and tape, tightening it enough that it is impossible for him to bend.

He looks at his work but then realizes that damn, this could be made so much better! Why should he only limit himself to a night, and limit the delightful pain he could inflict – after all, the guy can get into shock pretty fast, and it would be so… little, after all this.

“Oh my dear Azog, I just realized, you need not die today,” he croons, making the man flinch at the pure malice in his voice. “You see, it just dawned to me I can do a much better corset if I do it through your skin and let you heal like that, so you will have to wait a little, because I need several things in that case.”

He sends Damien and Connor to get a bite and some rest and goes to gather Legolas' jewelry making supplies, his own sets of needles for play, the first aid kit, because he needs to disinfect the things, if they are to heal. Then he realizes he really does not have enough to do a true work of art, so he remembers there was the package Legolas didn't manage to open – all that nice silver wire would surely look very good thread through this fucker. Too bad his son is dead already, he muses, maybe Legolas would have liked to… No, he banishes the thought, Legolas should not dirty his hands with such vermin, it is enough he had to kill the cur.

Hm, but this will be really interesting. Where should he start, now? So many choices, and if this is to be long term, he could consider the healing time as torture, too, because sometimes it can be made way, way worse. He had promised he will stab him in the gut, but then, as much as he checked the anatomy book, he might just nick something important and the bleeding would kill him too fast. No, there's no need to get into the heavy stuff at first, he will start with the boobies, he laughs to himself. Yep, the idea of Azog with a shiny bra makes him laugh himself silly, and he really doesn't get why Azog just pisses himself. This one is really a coward, Thranduil muses, disinfecting a long coil of wire and a needle, then the pliers.

He puts on latex gloves, then uses a bit of alcohol to disinfect both tits. It's quite some work, he saw enough slimmer women who did not have breasts so big. Where to start, and what model should he create? Legolas is really good at this, and the boy had shown him, practicing to make wide, intricate armbands – yes, he will start at the top, on the right, and pierce the skin every half an inch or so, adding a bead every two holes, twisting the wire in a half circle shape under the skin, and back again and down in between every two piercings, yes, going in a sort of a spiral which grows progressively smaller when he gets closer to the nipple. Yes, and for the moment he will leave the nipple and areola alone, he will have to think of something really special for those. The partially flayed skin must hurt nice and well, and will be a big bitch to heal, good.

He starts working, slowly, and it is very fun to realize the will have to pull all the long coil of wire through the holes he makes, if he does not want to cut the wire in between, and why would he want that? It is very satisfying to see Azog flinch when he takes the needle, pierces the skin, then takes it out, puts the wire through and pulls all of it on the other side. He bets it burns maddeningly. Note to self: pay real close attention so he will feel it, if he goes numb you should do something else. Oh, and it's even better when he has to fit the first semicircle under the skin, having to pull well to lift a flap from the subdermic tissue, without breaking it.
“Hush,” he says, when Azog whines too much, “this is just the beginning. You don’t want to lose your voice when there’s so much to scream about.” He pinches the man’s left nipple, for good measure, and is very amused when he tries to squirm, to get away, but he’s really a metal puppet on a string at the moment, so he can’t. He squeezes harder, just to remind him that pain can come in so many guises, and thinks of kneeing him in the balls, but he realizes that could make Azog numb too soon. Nope, back to making the bra.

It is a very captivating job, he muses when he realizes he’s already finished both tits and does not know when the time has passed. He’s thirsty, so he decides he should take a break anyway. But first, he takes some more alcohol and cleans each place the wire has pierced the skin, and especially the oozing places where it was flayed, enjoying Azog’s hisses. It’s all he can do now, really, he’s just a whimpering, noisy mess.

“I’ll let you rest now, pretty tits,” he says, loving the outrage that still manages to appear in Azog’s eyes. It’s good he didn’t break yet, more fun later.

He goes upstairs, gets some juice from the fridge, quenches his thirst, then realizes he should also eat, so he grabs some buns and makes two sandwiches. He calls Elrond then, pleased to know that Legolas is fine, still sedated, and he will remain so until the next morning, but no more, because it wouldn’t be healthy.

Damn, it’s evening already, so he thinks just a little more play and then he should actually sleep, because he wants to see Legolas first thing when he wakes up. He wonders if he should get Azog some food, but then remembers the miserly way the cur had treated the boy and muses that, anyway, he is way too fat. Better to make him lose some weight. But he would need water, so he brings a bottle down with him.

He loves the pain on his face and decides to take pictures, so he goes up again and comes back with his camera. He takes a few pics and then starts to wonder what should he do now, realizing he is no longer in the mood to be patient. Well, some nice whipping is always good, so he looks at his toys to see which to choose. Toys, he realizes, yes, those would help. First the gates of hell, yes, he should use that. He remembers he had a big, heavy one, which he never used, because it is actually a torture device for real, it can create problems for the genitals if it’s used too much, but Azog no longer needs his cock in working order, does he?

He already imagines Azog wearing the contraption and then remembers something from that fateful night when he bought Legolas: the joke Galadriel made when he spoke of stabbing the likes of Azog and his son. He goes to call her and invite her in.

He loves the woman’s laugh when he presents his work, and the daggers Azog tries to shoot – yep, limp like his dick. That’s so funny. She’s so very helpful, it seems she knows somebody – not Elrond, of course – who actually has medical training and is amenable to lending a hand. After all, with some care, Sauron’s life could be prolonged by several days – if he’s given antibiotics, his body will fight longer against the sepsis, and yes, the bleeding should be stopped. No pain relief, of course, so he can squirm for a lot longer.

“Let’s have a glass and discuss a little more, in a cleaner place,” she prods him, and yes, he’s a bad host, keeping her down here, in the second level of cellars, these are really some ugly, dank, miserable holes under the layer of perfectly conditioned rooms where he keeps his wine collection. Plus, the damn animal had peed on the floor, and it stinks. He excuses himself and they go to sit on the terrace, with a nice, fresh, white Muscat.
“Do you really plan to keep that one in your house for long, Thranduil?”

“I admit it’s not the best, but I don’t have too many other good spots. Also, I hope you don’t suggest I should let him off lightly?”

“No, far from it,” she answers with a very dangerous glint in the stern eyes. “Such scum deserve hell, I know, it’s just… Thranduil, I understand you perfectly in this, but you and I might be too similar. You remember my daughter was raped, right?”

“Yes, I am…”

“No platitudes, please.” Her voice is steel, and he totally gets it, he does. “Anyway, there were three guys who did it, and one who covered for them. I didn’t manage to find out if it was ordered. Anyway, yes, the police, as usual, had no inkling, but my connections let me find out who it was and I paid to have them caught and delivered to me.

Trouble was, I was really afraid of starting to torture them myself; there were two issues: one, that I was afraid I will kill them too fast -ah, I see, you thought of it also - and two, that I will become… addicted to doing real torture. I see you get my point. So, I found a more interesting thing to do.”

“I have to tell you, it’s not the first time I do torture. No, not for play, for real. Had to help some guys get their memory back just to get to him now.”

“Yes, so you did it fast, while pressured by another goal, right? Of course. This is different – not completely, no. I'm sorry you had to go through it, and I understand why you did it. Believe me, even caring, heal-the-world Elrond would have cut those to pieces, if I'd let him. This now, when the pressure is off, is way more insidious, it gets into your psyche and twists something, it can bring you to their level, make you need certain things again. And you do not plan on doing such to…”

“Don't say it!” he growls, unapologetic.

“Yes, exactly. Some earn this, and that one certainly did, but don't cripple yourself to give it to him.”

He's breathing, yes, it makes sense, but his blood is still boiling, his mind… Yes, breathe.

“OK, I will listen to your options.”

“Thank you.” She smiles genuinely now, and it's quite a contrast with the words that pour next from the perfectly shaped mouth. “You know I find out all kinds of things from various clients, and also get some hints from my husband. So I know at least two places led by… well, let's say some veritable twins of our… detained friend. Yes, I see you start to catch my meaning. So, what I did was send them there, under the firm understanding they will be put to very good use, for the most creative requests – and I've also been given video proofs, too. Of course, they died, after all, but just like they deserved. I can lend you the material, if it helps you make a decision.”

“It sounds good,” he sighs, “but I have two issues: first, I'm completely unwilling to let him out of my sight. Knowing how resourceful he always was, it's very hard not to think he will do something to wiggle out of it, even if it doesn't have much sense. Two… two… I don't know how I will deal with Legolas, how bad he'll be after this, and I will need an outlet. It's this or actually hurting people who don't deserve it, it's clawing me inside, Galadriel. I… Elrond told you, didn't he?”

“He hinted you had troubles in your past, and I can guess a bit, from what you imply. There's no need to tell me more, I'm not going to judge if you rip him to pieces one centimeter a day, if you do the worst things to him. It was never that, it was just that you have to decide how you can get out the sanest from this, be aware of what it may mean. I'll leave you the number of the guy I promised, and
I'm sure he's also willing to help you play with this one, too. He's trustworthy, I vouch for him if you want to bring him here – and anyway, he is willing to let himself be filmed doing it, so definitely no going to the authorities with it.

We'll support you in all you decide, and yes, Celeborn asked me to tell you, don't fret about business, he's having enough fun with it for now and will keep all in check. Do what you need, and let us know if there's anything else.”

“Thank you. Yes, I'll take a break now, because my brain is addled, and I'll give good thought to all this. I'll keep him chained for now, and starve him, and concentrate on my… my love. Yes, that's right. You are all right, this should be the priority now, he has enough to squirm from. Tell Celeborn I am very, very grateful for this, and… well, hopefully next time we meet it will be just for fun.”

They part and he really tries to sleep, but it's just not happening, he has to do something more, just a bit more. Yes, burns are felt a lot, for long time, why didn't he think of it? He takes a candle and goes back to the cellar, then has to decide exactly what to destroy. Well, he needs his feet to stand on, if he'd have him suspended, there would be serious problems real fast, so not the feet, and not… No, really, he'll never need his hands anyway, and there are ten fingers… Yes, let's do this right now, so he arranges things so he can't even twitch his left hand, then settles the lit candle under the pinkie. Soon, the place resounds of desperate shrieks, but they won't go far, so no matter. The candle should burn for two hours - well, surely all nerve endings will be destroyed way earlier, but he'll keep seeing it, and remember. He should ask Galadriel's guy more about this, if he happens to know stuff about burns.

It's music to his ears, and he does need sleep to stay sane, so he sends Connor for his tablet and tries to drown his mind in the most boring of statistics. Yes, sane, well, not many people would think it's so sane that he actually manages to get useful insight from all this, now of all times, managing to eliminate two potential markets, finally. Yes, work is solace – and soon it will be morning, and he can't be a coward, his love needs him.

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“Did you sleep, Thranduil?”

“I should ask you the same, given the hour. I tried, Elrond, really I did, but I'll be fine. As soon as I see he's fine, it will probably be easier.”

“You know… OK, at least have you finished with that thing?”

“By that thing you mean – you do. Yes, I am confident everything is secure and there's no need for more hunting. I took time off from work, too, so I am going to do all that's needed to get him back on his feet this week. Don't laugh, I know it doesn't happen that easy, just… well. How is he?”

“Physically, everything is really fine. Well, he will be groggy from the anesthesia, and of course there'll be pain, but once again, everything is safe and will heal just fine, you do not need to worry. Still, you will have to take care about touching, being behind his back, you have to tell him all you're going to do… I'm sorry, you do know all that.”

“It's good to remind me, Elrond, I hurt him enough as it is, I don't want to do it again. No, I know the drill, but well, I gave my word to protect him, and I didn't. Still, we'll sort that out, let me see him, please?”

“One second, Thranduil. It's… well…”, Elrond sighs and then continues. “You know it is possible he won't want your touch right now, at all, OK?”
He's sighing too, and, of course, scared to death that might happen.

“Yes, I know this can be the case, and I will not take it personally. I will hate it, yes, and I might just need to do some crazy shit to calm down, but that will happen outside here, and only after I make sure he's as fine as possible. Yes, it will not be good for me, I heard that already, but Legolas is the priority now, let me be, please?”

The man sighs again and shakes his head, but refrains from more comments and opens the door. They get in slowly, and it's still a punch to the gut. The boy's face is completely serene and seems just as usual, if there wouldn't be for the heavy bruising of his right cheek, but even just the thing that he's sleeping straight on his back, with the blanket only covering his body up to his chest is plain weird; Legolas never sleeps like that, and it hits Thranduil how complicated it will be even to arrange for his sleep for the next two months, fuck! He won't be able to toss and turn and curl as he likes, because of the pain and shit, and Thranduil wouldn't dare to allow him to cover his face with the duvet during this time, because he knows how important it is that he breathes fine and... fuck, stop it, you need to be the steady one now!

Of course Elrond catches his worry, and he just shakes his head and puts on the stubborn face; telling the man his worries is no help at the moment; they'll deal with this, they have to. It's clear the doctor would like to call him on it, but he keeps refraining. He goes and checks the machines, and then the IV drip going to the boy's arm. He takes that off, and answers Thranduil's unspoken question:

“Less wires when he wakes up is better, he might flail a bit when things register. We'll try to get him to eat today, and if he doesn't, he still has the port on, so it's no problem to add a new one. I'll also take off the electrodes and such, because I want to take his vitals directly, but I'll leave the catheter in.”

“You said he could move, why don't you take it off while he doesn't have to be tormented by it?”

“So you didn't play like that?”

“No, it's not on my fun list, still, why?”

“Seeing what happened, it would be safer for his mind to see what causes the unpleasant sensation in a sensitive area, otherwise he'll try to remember what provoked it and, when nothing comes back...”

Yes, it's obvious now how this wouldn't be the best. The sensation is weird indeed, he remembers how much he hated it; probably why he never was into that kink, Thranduil supposes. Breathing deep, he tries to brace himself and leave the memories be. They are really not needed today, he will have enough pain to deal with.

“OK, I will call a nurse and we're ready.”

“Do you really need help from a nurse?”

“There might be need, he could throw up, either because of the anesthesia or the shock; he could dislodge the bag, things like that.”

“I'll help with that, I'd really appreciate less people in, at first. I am able to use a bedpan and such, if you show me where they are. A stranger could be too much, I think.”

Elrond nods and goes out of the room, probably telling somebody what they need, and in a couple of minutes there's someone at the door with a bedpan, a mop, a tray with water and juice and ice shavings and mouth wash, some towels. He takes them from Elrond and gets them near, and then it's quiet, the machines were stopped and they no longer click, nothing drips now, and for the moment
the boy's breath is regular and soft. Thranduil can't sit down, too agitated, although he shouldn't show it, so he fights hard to get himself steady and relaxed enough to be able to smile.

Then the boy twitches and scowls a bit in his sleep, and sleeps for a few more minutes, but becomes increasingly agitated; the pain medication is probably out of his system by now. He understands, logically, why Elrond wants him free of all brain addling substances for a short period of time, but really hates that Legolas has to go through this, and knows this makes him tense. His shoulders are cramping, he can feel them knot, and his fists are trying to close. He wants the boy awake, but is scared to death of what will happen when he does awaken, what… Fuck.

“Soon,” is all Elrond says, and he's very grateful that the doctor didn't try to keep him talking during this. Maybe it would have stopped some of the thoughts, but he's wound so tight now, he can't chitchat. He desperately wants to touch Legolas, to feel he's alive, to arrange his hair, which is still dirty now, to hold his hand. It seems incongruous they left dried blood in it, in a supposedly sterile place. Of course, there are no unprotected open wounds, and it would have been too complicated to wash it, he knows how interesting it is to take all the blood out of waist length hair, so somebody just braided the hair as it was and left it for later.

He asks Elrond about this, and is told that a shower would not be advisable until it's clear the boy is fine with coordination and such, most probably after he eats something first. He could offer him a sponge bath though, if the boy feels the need to clean himself. Still, of course they should both stay where the boy can see them clearly, and he has to give permission for every touch at first, otherwise it will be again a violation. The thought makes him almost implode with anger, because it is his right to touch that beautiful body as he sees fit, to bring it pleasure, to…

“Hurts...” the boy croaks, before opening his eyes, and tries to change his position and cries, because of course it's painful. “Thran?”

God, there's so much fear in that word, fuck!

“Hush, little one, I'm here. Open your eyes, OK?”

The boy does, and it's clear he's baffled to see the alien room, and Elrond there, still trying to find a better position, and the hurt brings back memories.

“It's OK, Legolas, I'm here,” he says, using the stern, commanding tone the boy is so used to answer to. “We are at Elrond's clinic, and everything will be just fine, Elrond needs to check you up, please stay still for a little and answer his questions, OK?”

This does stop the boy from fidgeting for a moment, and the panic seems to recede a bit from his eyes.

“I know it hurts, Legolas,” Elrond starts, “and you will get pain killers and everything else you'll need, but first I need to asses exactly how you feel, to clarify the dosage. I will tell you all that I'm going to do, and won't touch you more than necessary, and you can tell me to stop at any point. Anything that disturbs you, please tell me, OK?”

“OK, sure. I… can I have some water first?”

Wordlessly, Thranduil fills a glass and gives it, very slowly, taking care to be in the boy's line of sight at all times and not to touch his hand for now.

“Slow,” he says, “tell me if you need me to hold it for you.”

The boy nods and yes, it's clear he can't drink in that position, they have to move him.
“I'm going to lift the bed a little, so you can be almost seated,” Elrond says and approaches the bed more, and Thranduil gets a few paces back. They should not crowd him, although he's desperate to be near him.

The bed is up, and he approaches again with the glass, just wordlessly taking it directly to the boy's lips, looking him in the eyes. He sips slowly, and it's clear it hurts to swallow.

“I'm sorry,” he says, “it will be better with the pain killers.” He really, really hopes it will.

The boy nods and sips some more, but then it's clear he's nauseous, so Thranduil gets the bedpan, fast, and it's torture to hear him retch, because it's very obvious how much that hurts. He wants to comfort him, but all he can do for now is hold the object and keep his messy, dirty braid out of the way. It stops after endless moments, so he gives him the glass to clear his mouth, then takes everything to the bathroom to rinse and bring back, gives him the mouthwash too and goes to the bathroom once again to rinse things and return them.

Meanwhile, Elrond was dabbing his face with a towel; clearly there was some cold sweat too, to accompany the nausea.

“Better?” the doctor asks, and Legolas just nods miserably. “I'm sorry about this, it's one of the side effects of the drugs, it should wear off really fast. OK, before we check other things, you had an IV drip on, to give you fluids and medicine, while you slept, which was almost two days, by the way. No need to worry, it was fine, but I preferred to let your body rest and work on keeping the swelling down, which is done with ice, and not the most pleasant thing. There is still a port in your left hand, so this is what hurts there. Please don't pull at it or move it too brutally, because it might catch and hurt more, OK?”

The boy nods and studies it for a moment, then looks around a bit, taking in the various equipment in the room.

“OK, I'll be careful with it.”

“You had electrodes on, too, for various machines to monitor your vitals, so there will be sticky places from the adhesive; it's OK, we'll rub them off later. There is one thing I would like to take off now though, for your comfort. Do you know what a catheter is? No, of course not, you wouldn't need to know. It is the thing that feels pretty uncomfortable in your penis right now, collecting urine, so I need your permission to touch you and take it off, OK?”

The comment does break a bit the boy's paralysis, and now he inches his hand to the gown he's wearing, to try and lift it. He moves it for an inch or two, and then he looks desperately into Thranduil's eyes.

“It's OK, little one, believe me, you'll feel a world better without that damn thing. It's completely fine
to look at it, and see how it's taken out, too.”

The boy gulps and lifts the gown more, and stops the moment he sees the transparent hose entering the flaccid organ lying against his thigh.

“It's also OK if you don't want to see, Legolas. Just tell us what is easier for you.”

He bites his chapped lip and looks horribly young and helpless, clearly struggling to decide what would be easier to bear.

“I'm sorry,” he breathes, broken, “I… can you hold my hand?”

“Of course, little one, I would hug you too, and kiss you, but the bad news is I can't do that right for a while, or I might aggravate your condition, OK? You remember Elrond told us you have fractured ribs, right?” While speaking, Thranduil moves the chair closer to the bed and holds the boy's hand, and then he kisses it, and yes, that's finally a ghost of a smile on the boy's face.

“Yes, I remember. And you held my hand during check-ups, can you just do that again now, all the time?”

“I would love to. Just tell us when you're ready for more.”

The boy chews his lip now, clearly troubled, and finally seems decided.

“I… I don't want to decide now, and I would rather not see. Please?”

“You want Elrond to just tell you what to do?”

“I… yes, of course, Elrond, yes, please!”

“I can't tell you what to do, little one, I'm not a medic, OK? Still, if anything is too much, just tell us to stop, promise?”

The boy nods, and seems way happier, so Elrond starts to describe what he'll do, steady, slow, and proceeds with taking out the catheter. Legolas' grip on his hand is painful for a few moments, and he only looks into Thranduil's eyes, clearly avoiding everything else, but, happily, everything is over fast. He keeps looking into the boy's azure eyes and deliberately kisses his fingers, one by one, bringing back the little smile.

“Good boy,” he says, smiling himself, finally. “I will do this after each check up, if you'd like.”

“Yes, please!”

“Easy, little one, we've got you, OK?”

Things are easier after this, because the rest of the checks don't have to do with such sensitive areas. Yes, it hurts, but of course, physical pain is always easier to bear. Finally, everything is as OK as possible, the pain killers will arrive shortly, also the food, because he would hurt his stomach otherwise, but only the idea of food calls for the bedpan again. There's nothing to vomit, of course, since the boy hasn't eaten in two whole days now, but it still hurts him to try.

“Legolas, more of the stronger drugs would hurt you, the ones administered intravenously. But I can't give you the regular ones if you don't eat at least a few bites, and I know how much it hurts,” Elrond says.

“I think I'd rather it hurt now, than eat,” he answers, dejectedly. “I understand, and will tell you as
soon as I think I can eat, but… not now.”

“OK then, I will leave the two of you to speak, and rest if you need to. Call when you need anything, OK?” Then he looks pointedly to Thranduil and to the second bed in the room, and maybe he will nap for a bit, if the boy does fall asleep.

“Do you want to watch TV?” he asks after the doctor leaves. “Or I can look for some magazines or something, or have the laptop brought?”

“I am tired,” he sighs, “but I want you here, too.”

“I can bring this other bed real close,” Thranduil smiles, “and keep holding your hand.”

The boy ponders this, and then he scratches his head, and it's clear he hates the tangled mess he finds. And then he sees something caught on his hand, most probably some fleck of dried blood, and in moments he behaves like his entire skin is covered in ants, he squirms and his breath becomes shallow and he starts sweating, bad.

“Shower… I need a shower, please, it's horrible, oh God!”

Fuck this shit, fuck it! He squeezes his hand and tries hard not to shiver and itch himself.

“Legolas, stop it!” The boy freezes at the crack of his voice, and turns the much too big eyes on him. “We don't have permission for that yet, today, but I can give you a sponge bath first, is that OK?” he adds, his voice now an epitome of calm and collected.

The boy cringes and nods, not very happy for sure, but doesn't want to let go of his hand; he has to call somebody, and he's not sure if he should disturb Elrond for this, but… fuck, he does it anyway, and they receive the necessary things and, also, a portable thingy resembling a hairdresser's sink, because it's clear the boy will not tolerate his filthy hair any longer. It's weird then, to touch his body and not have him aroused, to not get aroused from it; but the boy is clearly still in shock, and, if Thranduil is honest with himself, he's also in shock. Still, maybe it's better, because what would he do if the boy got hard right now? Maybe it's better to leave that question for another day, and just be very, very grateful that Legolas doesn't seem to have any issue with his touch. Still, he shouldn't gloat on this, because it still might change, when certain things sink in.

Working on his hair is better, moving the wheeled bed into the bathroom is a great idea, since he has to change the water several times, and the boy still doesn't want him out of touching range. Finally it's done, and he can dry it, but keeps futzing with it, braiding it, since the boy seems to enjoy the feeling, until he finally drops. He's also dead tired, and why not make Elrond happy? Especially since, when Legolas will wake up again, he will definitely have harder questions, Thranduil would bet anything on it. He brings the two beds together, really thankful for quality wheels, messages everybody what he'll do and just goes to sleep, still holding his treasure's hand.

He's groggy when Elrond wakes them up, to check on the boy again and to try and make him eat something – and that is a total fiasco. If they keep it like this, Thranduil will be the best nurse, really trained in the get bedpan, water glass, rinse, mouth wash, rinse, repeat schtick at least. They'll have to put the IV back again, but first Legolas' bladder wants attention, and it's like somebody is sawing at Thranduil's heart strings, seeing how desperate the boy becomes when he realizes he's not sure if he can do this alone, safely; and at first he just can't do it with Thranduil supporting him, so he cracks, sobbing brokenly and hurting in so many ways.

He holds him gingerly all through it, just crooning softly to calm him down, telling his own mind to shove it. Finally, it seems the young one has no more tears left, and is totally swamped on what to do
next.

“I'm sorry,” he sniffs then, “I'm so sorry!”

“What are you sorry for, treasure?”

“You have to take care of me like I'm two, I hate this!”

“This is what most grown people experience while being in the hospital, Legolas. It's one of reasons everybody hates is so, that they can't even take care of basic needs themselves. Please don't worry so much; the body needs what it needs, and I will help you with whatever it is, and will not think less of you for being human.”

“But you or the guards wouldn't be like this!”

“Actually, you might be right; one of us would probably be dead or injured even worse right now.”
It's clear the boy wasn't expecting that answer. Maybe a bit of harsh truth wouldn't be so bad? “Any person trained to fight, in most styles, would know that, if you really have to fight somebody who is probably over 90 pounds heavier than you, brute force will not help you one bit. Also, the essential thing is that you do not want to be hit by that. A full on hit by an adversary that much bigger is guaranteed to break bones – ribs, jaw, neck; it can be a real death warrant.

I or, let's say, Boromir, would be lucky in the thing that it's really rare we would encounter somebody that much larger than us physically – but would be way unluckier than you in the fact that we would be labeled a clear threat – and nobody is that dumb as to let a dangerous guy free of restraints, or without a gun pointed at him the whole time; unless, of course, they take care to drug us first, or to break bones in advance, so it's impossible to do anything.”

“How do you know that?”

Such a sweet little question!

“Because this is what I do, also; if I had to hold somebody dangerous, or get information from them, that person would be at gun point until they are well secured. We did that while looking for them; and it is what they told you when you came to town, too, didn't they? Breaking something?”

The boy gulps at this; of course he would have wanted to forget that. Why did he have to remind him of it?

“So what, now I should just be happy about this?” he says, a bit of anger flaring now into the mix.

“Yes, you should, because you are alive, and if we listen to Elrond, in two months you will be completely healed, not even a scratch left.”

“Oh God!” is the only thing the boy says, and it's obvious he remembers Leithir. He's getting so fucking cold all over, that Thranduil just ignores everything and gets him back in bed, bundling him with blankets.

“Yes,” he says finally, “the easiest way to deal with danger is to kill them first. And you did very good on that, I'll say it again, I am very proud of you for dealing with Bolg like that.”

“But… the others… they will…”

“Nobody will try revenge for this,” Thranduil spits. “They are dead or close to, all of them.”
“How… it's…

“I took care of it, little one. They can't hurt you anymore; they can't hurt anyone anymore, OK?"

The boy nods, miserably, and it's clear he's so tired he can't even cry. His mind is too tired to ask the how's and that should be a blessing right now, too. Thranduil gets hold of a nurse and secures a portable urinal, leaving the room for a few moments to allow the boy a shred of privacy; he won't fall from the bed, and they did follow Elrond's orders and moved, anyway. He deals with cleaning, still not sure how Legolas would respond to a stranger doing that, no matter how professionally, and then allows a nurse to put in the IV with nourishment. The woman is brisk and efficient, explaining what she does and doing it really fast and then leaving them, after she jots something on the chart.

He lies back on the bed and softly prods the boy to sleep, because anyway, what else could he do? The tiredness does make him sleep in a short while, but Thranduil can't do the same right now. He sucks at comforting, at being kind and gentle and not telling things straight. But the boy is so feeble right now, is it really the best idea?

*

They are in Elrond's office, and he refused the coffee offered, because he doesn't need something to agitate him more. No, alcohol no, either, just water. He needs answers, and his mind is shot to hell anyway.

“How do I treat him, Elrond, what if I am the one to finally break him?”

“The road to hell… no, forgive me, that is a stupid thing to say. I really don't know what to say, Thranduil, and I'm sorry I can't help you with this. But, well, maybe just be you, since you plan to keep him, don't you?”

“Plan to… of course I plan to keep him, I did that from the start. Why would you say that just now?”

“You planned to… I mean, you said something like that, but seriously, a long term commitment without love? I'll shut up, I will, it's just… anyway, because I saw you when you brought him in, and if that isn't love, my friend, I do not know what is.”

Yeah, he can't even deny it, so he shrugs.

“I do love him, yes, although I honestly didn't think that possible anymore, that was why I was willing to settle for less, Elrond. And it's really fucked up to realize it in such a moment, when I don't even know if it would be good to tell him.”

“Oh of course it's good to tell him! You of all people should know how unworthy he must feel right now, surely that would help!”

“Yeah, you don't think he might just consider it pity?”

“He's a gentler soul than you, with less of your immense pride, I think. Most people do take pity too, you know, when they are very hurt.”

“Well, he must have more pride than both of us think; he really hates to not be able to do things right by himself.”

“Then get him something to do that he can, and that will help. Just, please, try not to get him to escape this by killing more people? Find another way, or just let him find it?”
Thranduil sighs at this. Yeah, he'd like a different solution too, but what?

“I will badger him to try counseling, I swear. If you can recommend someone?”

“I will, but, well... I'm a bit biased against it, right now. All this brought back too many memories, I'm afraid, and I woke up with a bad case of hating shrinks, hating how useless we all felt then, how little all they did helped her. Religion is out, for too many reasons, of course. I don't know. Ah, one small mercy, that sack of filth's blood tests are clean, amazingly enough, so you don't have to worry about this at least.”

He's really sorry the man feels bad, but what can he say, seriously? This is something he never wanted to happen, and yes, he should have worked better to prevent it maybe, but first things first.

“Yeah, I expected that; the animal preferred virgins, he was bragging with his latest 14 year old acquisition, I remember wanting to break his neck right then. It would have been better if I did.”

Elrond is quite creative with swearing, he notices again. It's not so easy to rattle him, but when you do...

“Yeah, he was making an exception now, since the merchandise was so special, fuck it! I should have killed Azog a long time ago!”

“Can it! You don't have a crystal ball, and you did things as best was possible, by the rules. If you'd really forgot your word so simply, what would have made you better than them?”

“Oh, but I'm not better than them, Elrond! I wanted so much, so many times, to bleed him and break him and...”

“But you fucking didn't! Yes, sure, our mind wonders and may want crazy stuff, but even now, you didn't go on a rampage! You only killed those who knew that was a risk, and walked in with their eyes opened, you didn't go after their families or any innocent stuck in the middle. That is the difference!”

“So it's good I enjoyed breaking bones, hearing them crunch under my boot, feeling their life drain from the broken bodies? It's good I am torturing the last two, and plan to drag it as long as possible, right? I was planning on asking your input on that, seriously.”

“If you want me to tell you all I don't like about your actions, I can do that. I might even enjoy it, really, but tell me this: if you flounder now, who will support him out of this? Do you really want him to have to manage like you did, all by himself?”

“You pack a mean punch, my friend,” Thranduil laughs, mirthlessly. “I don't know what I want, it's really hard to reign everything in; to not see myself on that bed, scared to death and hurt and...” He shakes himself and pulls at his hair, to feel something else. “I know I have to be there for him but, just as I said before, I'm afraid I don't know how. My fucking immense pride helped me go on then, and yes, the power tripping too, to know that I was alive, and would be healed, while they were rotting, because I ended their miserable lives. But I'm not sure he even registered yet that he killed somebody, and I praised him for it, twice, and now I'm wondering if that's... sane?”

“Probably not. But he probably would be dead by now if he wouldn't have killed that bastard, so that's moot. I don't know Thranduil, actually, of the two of us, you succeeded, and I failed in going through this, so maybe your way is better. It's not something I want to admit, and you might want to think if maybe telling him about your experience will help; such a secret when you obviously want this to work long term might just bite you in the ass later. Or maybe it's better that he doesn't see you
as somebody so vulnerable right now, I don't know. The only thing I know how to treat are bodies. I'm sorry.”

“No, I am not able to speak to him about that now; I don't know if I'll ever be. Thanks for not letting me spill it when we came in, by the way. No, let it bite me, this I can't do. And yes, if I behave so very differently from what he's used to see, it might be even worse, so I'll keep saying what I think makes sense. I'll go back and see how he is, and well, let's just hope for the best.

Thank you, for all. I am in your debt, once again, and all this is not something I'd wanted you to remember again, because I didn't pay enough attention. I'm serious, if you need anything I can do or get, let me know, whenever, OK?

Oh, and, how long do you need him here?”

“Really, I wish I could do more. Honestly, you could take him home now, it's not like we do much for him at the moment, maybe a familiar environment and familiar food would help. I know hospital food is never that great, and it wouldn't be good to have him dependent on IVs. He doesn't need any kind of special diet anyway, so maybe Mrs. Baggins can spoil him completely - all cake and icecream meals are perfectly fine. I was thinking of just keeping him this night so we can recheck everything, but if you want, he can go right now. Also, about the full time nurse we discussed, once again, I don't think it's necessary, but I can recommend some people.”

Thranduil sighs, clearly undecided.

“No, thinking better about this, I don't think a stranger is needed. I'll stay with him these days and the security guys can keep him company if I'm not there, luckily enough none of those he's used to see daily had more than a scratch. Thanks also for taking care of all of them, Elrond.

Anyway, I will see if he tolerates other people, maybe I'll get his colleagues, or even Mithrandir to have the lessons at home, when he seems capable of it. He took well to being busy previously, so maybe that would help. So you say it's OK if I just let him lie down in the car, it won't be an issue? And would oxygen help, maybe?”

“Honestly, the dry heaves are now more dangerous for his ribs than normal walking or riding in a good car. I wouldn't advise off-road or very high speeds, of course, but your limo is on par with the best ambulance; your chopper too, if Boromir isn't showing off. Yes, somebody should be with him, because he shouldn't trip and fall and things like that, or lift things, and he has to keep doing the breathing exercises every hour. I'll give you a spirometer, it's an incentive for many patients, but well, any adult can supervise those. Also, he's 18, Thranduil, not 80; he can breathe just fine, without any oxygen mask, the thing stopping that is just pain, not anything else.”

“OK then, we'll stay here over night and I'll take him home in the morning, and well, I'll pester you for whatever needed then. Oh, yeah, usually he sleeps all curled up in a ball, completely under the covers; I never understood how he breathes like that, so how do we deal with that?”

“Yes, that wouldn't really work now; the best you can do is gather a lot of pillows and have him sleep just reclining, maybe almost seated in the beginning, according to how much it hurts. Probably you'll have to increase the temperature in the room, so he doesn't feel the need to cover so much, and just help with getting dressed and undressed, which I imagine you did already. No t-shirts for a while, better button down shirts, but he should keep doing these daily things himself, even if slowly and carefully, you don't want things to atrophy more than they will anyway. He will need recovery therapy for that in any case, but coddling him too much would create issues too, OK?”

“Ah, I need one more piece of advice. Celeborn is helping me a lot now, he’ll take the brunt of
things, including with Fingon, until I see Legolas is better and I am able to concentrate. How can I make it up to him?”

“I think you’ll just have to owe him,” Elrond grins. “Don’t worry, he’ll tell you what he needs, it’s not like he ever shied away from that,” he adds, making him groan.
Legolas just woke up again and is surprised when the nurse asks him if he's willing to receive
Boromir, and of course he has no problem to talk to the man, although he has no idea what the
subject may be.

“I hope I'm not disturbing your rest,” the man says quietly, “but I wanted to apologize as soon as
possible.”

“Apologize for what?” Legolas asks, unsettled.

“For what happened, I failed in protecting you, underestimated the threat. You shouldn't have been
out with only one guard, we all took this too lightly. I hope you'll find it possible, in time, not to hate
me for this.”

“I… no way, why would I hate you, when… when he died for me?” he sobs, too overwhelmed to
say more.

“This is our job, Legolas, each of us knows it might happen. We knew this the day we came to the
interview, and we are all here willingly. Please, do not let yourself feel any blame, none of this is
your doing.”

“But you couldn't send more than one guard, it's a two seats car, so you can't be blamed either.”

“I could have confronted Thranduil, told him it's too little, asked him either to buy a bigger car or to
allow us to use a second one, trailing the first. If I would have done my job properly, he would have
understood the need.”

“He would have just bought another car for this?”

Boromir breathes and doesn't know how to say this; it's clear the boy doesn't understand the depth of
Thranduil's feelings for him, but he's not sure if it's his place to talk about it. Still, it is his job to
protect the boy, and letting him in the dark is not protecting. And he has to think about Thranduil,
too.

“Legolas, if Thranduil could prevent any harm coming to you, he would spare no expense or effort
to do so. Don't you know this by now? Didn't he tell you what he did to find you?”

“No, we did not discuss that yet”, the boy whispers. “I know he was there when you found me,
but… was he in danger?”

“Yes, he was, because he was too distraught to stay home and just wait for us. He needed to do all
he could to get you back, including risking his life and killing others.”

“He… he did that? But…”

“Killing is the easiest thing to do when somebody we love is hurt,” Boromir says. “Do not doubt he
cares for you a lot, because it will hurt him very bad right now. Seriously, after all this time, have you
ever seen him to value money more than your safety, your comfort?”

IT HURTS
The question clearly burns the boy, his mind must be rearranging memories, and it's probably a bad moment, but those two need a serious push, to stop hiding. Well, as long as Thranduil doesn't actually break his neck for it.

“How… did he risk his life?” the boy asks, and Boromir can't answer, because Thranduil is in the room, and he's just thrown out, bodily. It makes him laugh, and maybe all this will indeed end well.

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“I thought you were supposed to rest,” Thranduil half jokes, half chastises him.

“I… Thran, were you in danger looking for me?”

“Yes, but it's OK, don't worry.”

“How… why would you risk yourself?”

“Because you are worth it, little one,” comes the steady answer, and the man looks at him with such an intensity, such a gleam in those pale blue eyes, that his tongue is just glued to the roof of his mouth.

“I would have done anything, given absolutely anything, for this not to happen. I'm very sorry I failed you, treasure, please forgive me.”

This is way too much, and he just doesn't know what to say, how to express his feelings, he doesn't know what these feelings are. Well, except some.

“I don't want anything to happen to you, Thran, that would be way, way worse than this, please, I don't want that!” he sobs, it's the one clear thing he gets right now.

“Hush, little one. I'm here, and I'm fine, even better for it, because I managed to blow off some steam hunting those bastards. Now your only job is to take care and get well, I promise to take care too, deal?”

“Yes, deal. I… so how long will I be this helpless?”

“You are not helpless, Legolas. We'll be staying here for a night more, just because Elrond knows I worry too much, he could have let you go tonight. Or, if you think you'd be better at home, we can tell him to discharge you.”

“You are staying with me?”

“Yes, I will stay with you all week long, I won't go to the office.”

“I don't care where we are, if you stay with me,” the boy whispers. “I'm sorry…”

“Once again, let that be, little one. Absolutely none of this is your fault, those guys were bastards well before you knew them, and would have kept at it, if I didn't stop them. You just had the bad luck to meet them, nothing you ever did justifies their actions, OK?”

“I can't… I don't know, I can't understand this, it's just…”

“Yes, I know it doesn't make sense, and you might not want to hear this, but humans are like this, opportunistic and greedy and uncaring; it's a fact of life, and you saw it enough times already. They don't do it because you did something wrong, they do it for their personal, selfish reasons, and now you have to be selfish, too, and only think about getting back on your feet. I will be by your side
every step of the way, and I will listen to anything you need to say; we can get a therapist to speak with you, also, if you want, or anything else you need.

And before you start asking about how I feel about it, yes, I absolutely hate that this happened, and that you have to go through this; but I can't turn back time, as much as I would love to, so we can only look forward, and that's it, we'll take better care in the future, you'll have more security and that's all, nothing else needs to change. Nothing else changed in the way I see you or want you by my side, OK?"

Thranduil hates himself right now for not knowing how to tell this better, how to make sure the boy really gets it. It sucks so bad he can't hug him, it really does, but well, kissing his fingers could be a new fashion trend, right? Yes, they could get more rings, to make them even more pretty. The boy is OK with rings, but definitely no thoughts of nail polish, he pouts, making him smile, and counter that, well, he could allow his nails to become real long now, to show everybody that he isn't suppose to do absolutely anything, and should be served by all. They could get also some real long robes, with sleeves to the floor, just like ancient nobles were wearing, to show their status, and yes, his cheeks get just a little of a pink tint now, clearly he enjoys the banter.

Things seem to be fine, and the boy actually manages to eat a bit – mostly some crackers and a bit of jello, but it's better, and he is allowed pills, too. But of course it's not that simple, because the nightmares begin, when they have settled for the night; he's flailing and yelling, and completely terrified when Thranduil wakes him up. Letting him sleep alone is clearly out for the time being, if you can call that sleep; not that he would, because the idea of not seeing him there, not knowing if he's well, is too much. Still, it's nothing unexpected, unfortunately; and maybe, indeed, familiar surroundings and people will help.

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They create nests all over the place then: near the trees they liked to stay and work, by the pool, in the den and, of course, in his bedroom. He always had a ton of pillows, but of course they get more, so Legolas can support himself with whatever kind he likes – harder ones, to support the back, memory foam, so they won't feel uncomfortable, cutesy animal shapes, to get a small smile out of him; anything to do that, really.

He is immensely happy that the boy doesn't seem to have any issue with the people he knows already – yes, he's a bit abashed at first, for needing help with such mundane things, but there isn't even one case where he flinches from somebody getting into the room or touching him, although, of course, everybody was told to make their presence known and be easily visible. They stop asking his permission to touch real fast, because that seems to disturb him – probably reminding him too painfully of everything.

Still, he keeps having problems eating – the only thing he takes in constantly, although in too small amounts, is the crusty homemade bread, so of course every meal has it now, hot out of the oven. Some apple pie seems to be good too, and soup, but only the liquid. The rest he finds offensive, almost all the time, he doesn't even take honey into the mint tea that seems to soothe his stomach a bit. He's trying, that is clear, and maybe manages a bite or two of something else, but that's it. He's losing weight, of course, and it worries Thranduil a lot that the pain killers will create problems.

Still, there is pain, even with them, and each time the boy scrunches his now pale face because of it and moves with too much care and makes little gasps, it's like a punch to the gut. The only thing he can do, after two days, is go back to the cellar, take off the metal contraption he's put around the animal's middle and punch him in the gut, until his fists hurt. He doesn't really care that much if he causes internal damage; whatever, Galadriel is right that he doesn't want this in his house for long,
but it helps a bit.

It also helps to see how nicely swollen the skin on his breast is, and to use some rubbing alcohol on it, of course not saline, why would he do that? The gates of hell do their job too, and Azog tries to flinch when it's touched, clearly in a lot of pain, but hey, he's still well restrained so he can't move. The base of the stump of his burned finger is really fun to touch, too, making him yelp and squeak, but it is for his own good – it needs the special sterile bandage, or it will get infected fast. For sure he's quite hungry – they got him water, and he made a mess by pissing himself again and again, but yes, he should get a little food also. Well, nobody should waste time for feeding him, Thranduil just gets some soup well blended and has him drink it, and that should be enough for today. And he'll burn another finger tomorrow, if the boy is not better.

All this helps with his frustration, but unfortunately it's not even the worst; when awake, the boy seems just normal, and yes, a bit clingy with Thranduil, but totally fine to read beside him, while he checks messages and such. Legolas actually demands it from the second day, because, if he can't be kissed senseless and hugged tight, he prefers the comforting closeness while they do their thing; but sleep is a big issue – either at night or the naps he tries to enforce during the day.

At first, he doesn't want to say what he dreams of; he's even angry for a bit, because, well, they are just dreams, nothing real, right? Thranduil lets it go first, also, but it's clear the boy is scared to fall asleep, and Thranduil can't sleep well either, of course, so they have to talk. Of course it's all about relieving it, nothing new here.

The hallucinating detail in which he describes seeing Leithir shot, though, the way his body recoiled when he was hit, how the brains and blood started flowing, how it trembled when he hit the door of the car and then ended up on the ground, twitching faintly, unable to make even a sound, is surely not a thing you want to see too often. Also, the room he was kept in, helpless, waiting, telling him of how many cracks there were on the wall near the door and such, all is plain disturbing.

Still, the worse, of course, are those who really abused him – but the strange part is that Bolg doesn't figure there – he somehow did take Thranduil's praise to heart, and doesn't seem worried that he did kill the man; he's saying he never dreams about being hit by him either, which is a bit strange, but he can't but believe him, since he doesn't know Legolas to lie. Whom he does fear is Sauron and a shadow of another – even worse, because he can't put a face on it and that disturbs him more.

He doesn't ask about the rest though, how did they find him, what did they do after; and Thranduil is torn between being happy he doesn't have to tell him certain things, and worried that not telling him might exacerbate the fear. Still, he doesn't want to press it, maybe having things just maintaining a semblance of normality would be best? Clearly, finding out more men died and others were wounded is not such a piece of cake, so, later.

And still, he hates so much to see the boy just seem to have completely lost all the hard won progress of the last months that is very, very hard to keep his temper in check, when he's not with him, although the other people around don’t deserve his displeasure either. He needs a drink, real bad. Yes, maybe it will help a bit. Or not, no, he needs his mind clear, and he isn't probably able to stop at just two fingers of something right now, better get a coffee, while the boy settled somewhere inside, avoiding everybody. Yes, have to let him have his privacy for a bit, too.

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Legolas hates cold with a passion; he really does. He's in the den, because outside it's raining – just a summer drizzle, actually, but seeing the gray sky gives him shudders at the moment, and the humidity reminds him too much of things he doesn't want to remember. It's not that the house is cold, it never is, and he could turn the heat on, nobody would say anything. Maybe he should, because
clearly his sweater and the blanket are not enough, his feet are cold and his hands are cold and his teeth are almost chattering.

He's alone in here for the moment, because he wanted to escape the scrutiny. Well, and that is quite stupid too, he does exactly what he did other times when he didn't feel well, and they never judged him for it – but then, he was doing what he should, so there was no reason to. This is stupid also.

He wants so much to believe all Thranduil told him, wants to believe Boromir saying it's somebody else's fault, wants to believe Elrond saying he will heal fine and all will be as before. But it won't, because the ribs are not the issue, are they? Yes, they hurt so much he wants to climb the walls at certain moments – way too often, actually. He thought he knew pain, but the previous times it was pretty easy to find a position where it didn't hurt; to breathe into it when he had to move or something and then it passed. Now, every breath hurts, every damn time and, although the pills do mute the excruciating, jagged knives of the first day, it's still too much.

He's dizzy almost all the time now, and when the time for the breathing exercises comes, he just wants to die. No, he doesn't want to die, even after all this. Although even that pain is nothing compared to… compared to… stop, calm down, don't let your breath go that shallow. Stop thinking of that, stop, stop, don't go there. He's screaming in his mind, and his body trembles and there's a cold sweat coming over him, and he can't stop the tears either. Or the nausea which is now his constant companion.

Yes, this is why he isolated himself, because he's not capable of keeping up the nice mask that much. And he's too broken now, it's only a matter of time until Thranduil will realize that, and what happened in that room showed clearly he is incapable of earning a living like this anymore – damn him, but why didn't he just listen and do as he was told? The man wasn't even really unattractive, he wasn't older than Thranduil, from what he saw, was tall, well built, his skin was nice, white and well taken care of – he wasn't really dirty, as Legolas perceived him in that moment, wasn't he? No, his perfume was a bit too strong maybe, a bit too sweet, but he was clearly washed and all.

Still, it turned his stomach so bad that he vomited, when he knows now how to control the gag reflex, when he has no issue taking Thranduil as deep as he can go into his throat. And seriously, he would have done that with Meludir, when they played, and had no problem – why couldn't he do it? If he'd done it, of course the man wouldn't have called Bolg, and there would have been no need for all this pain, why didn't he?

Because he's incompetent, surely, after all, he knew what was asked of him, he'd done it already, more than once, why on Earth he didn't do it then? It's stupid to ask himself this, yes, he should better concentrate on the fact that he'll have to find another way to ensure his survival. Yes, most probably Thranduil will not get rid of him before he's healthy physically – it's not his style, but, when that's done, and he'll remember how useless Legolas is now… Yes, he'll have to do something else, but what?

Damn, stop crying, stop thinking, just stop! It hurts to raise his hand and try to pass it through his hair – which is braided anyway, to keep it out of the way. And he should change, too – the clothes are cold now, because he sweated too much, and it will hurt so much to raise his hands and take the sweater off. Maybe he needs some tea, it will help him get warmer… He'd love a bath, but he isn't allowed hot baths for now, just showers, and he needs help with that too.

He's worse than a baby, seriously, so fucking useless! And fuck, the tablet he's now saddled with beeps to let him now it's time for the breathing exercises – exactly what he didn't need. Well, what he didn't want, of course he needs it. Yes, he will get up and go to the kitchen, because he's supposed to be monitored when he does it – like a fucking baby. Or not, somebody is knocking on
the door – well, then he won’t have to move. What’s stranger is that it’s Mrs. Baggins – he was expecting one of the guards.

“I brought you some tea, Legolas,” she says, entering with a tray. “Also, I made several types of rolls, maybe you’ll like one of them?”

This makes him even more ashamed – it’s absurd he doesn’t eat, when for so many years he would have believed himself in heaven to have so much good food available. Now he behaves like the worst spoiled brat, and it’s not fair Mrs. Baggins has to work so much, even making fresh bread for each meal, only for him to be able to eat maybe a piece or two.

“I’m very sorry to trouble you so much,” he says, trying hard not to cry. “I should come to the kitchen and help you with something.”

“There’s no trouble. Believe me, it will be lucky if I find many left when I return to the kitchen – all the boys are eating like there’s no tomorrow, and Boromir said they are hiring more soon, so I have to be prepared. Come here, you do look too pale. Let me check your forehead – dear boy, but you are cold, you have to eat something.”

He’s sighing, disgruntled, it’s not like he doesn’t know it, seriously, does he actually look like a toddler?

“Now, now, no need for that. There’s warm tea, drink a little. I’ll stay with you to see which roll you like more. Or do I need to do airplane sounds, like I did with Frodo when he was a boy?”

“I need to do my breathing exercises,” he says, sullenly, really, he doesn’t need anybody else telling him he behaves like a kid.

“Fine, but a bit of tea will not stop you from it. Here, I’ll...”

She won’t budge, he knows, so he takes the cup, to spare himself more humiliation, then takes out the spirometer and starts the exercises. He’s coughing by the end, and it hurts so much he swears as soon as he can speak.

“Good, now drink more. Yes, that’s it. And start with this one, I made it extra crunchy, tell me if it needs something else, I was thinking some poppy seeds maybe, or more salt?”

Legolas has to take the roll himself, and starts chewing slowly. Yes, it is crunchy, and doesn’t smell too much, this is good.

“More salt, maybe, but they are good like this, they don’t smell much.”

“OK, finish that piece, and tell me about this one. I didn’t bake this kind in quite a while, even forgotten about it.”

The second roll is way too sweet for his taste, has pieces of dried fruit in it, so he abandons it after two bites, but of course, then he has to eat more of the third – which is pretty good, although he doesn’t find much difference from the normal crusty bread. There’s also a small piece of butter, and he grudgingly eats it, too, with some more of the crunchy roll and washes everything with tea. Now he has to refuse the rest though, because he feels way too full, and he had enough of vomiting to last him quite a while, thank you.

Still, when he looks at her face, it’s so very clear she’s not satisfied with how much he ate, and it’s so impolite, for sure she thinks he doesn’t like her cooking, which makes him so ashamed that he starts crying. Like a baby.
“Child, stop, what’s wrong?”

“I’m not a child!” he wails, stupidly enough.

“Yes you are, for me all of you are children, Legolas.”

Even his scattered brain registers that this might be true – Legolas doesn’t know her age but… definitely he’s way younger, and most others are. But that wasn’t really the issue, but the way he behaves now, and he tries to say how sorry he is to be doing nothing, just sitting around, useless, even creating more work for everybody.

“Child, the doctor said you should rest, and we all know he is right. I never met somebody with broken bones who was happy about it, but neither were any of them working, especially when they were in so much pain. Why are you worrying so much, when you should just take care and get better? I hope he didn’t tell you some stupid stuff, did he?”

Baffled, he asks who he is – of course it’s Thranduil, and his tongue can’t stay behind his teeth at that and he starts saying something about disappointing the man and not deserving all this attention, just to be stopped very sharply and to start crying even harder, which makes it even more painful, which makes the woman beg him to stop, so he does all he can and does that. It’s really better if he doesn’t look at her face now, better at the floor. Yes.

She makes him drink the rest of the tea, after he manages to clean his face, and asks if he needs anything else. Legolas is no longer that cold, but he should change – the clothes are sticky and unpleasant, so he asks her to tell Thranduil to come help, and goes to his room, to look for something to wear. Oh, joy, climbing stairs.

* *

In the kitchen, Thranduil is startled from pouring some coffee, almost dropping the cup when his kind cook barges in through the door and loudly drops the tray on the table and huffs at him.

“You are not allowed more coffee, or you’ll snap. Put that down and go help the boy, he needs to change. And find a way to stop him from hiding away and moping!”

“What happened to him?” he asks, worried sick.

“What happened to him? He was hiding in the den, crying, that’s what happened. And not eating properly and probably worrying somebody will see him like this. You pacing around and snarling doesn’t help him!”

Yes, he obviously knows this doesn’t help Legolas, but what the fuck can he do, that he didn’t? He needs to leave the boy some time alone, he tries to tell her, he needs some privacy…

“He needs to be loved, and to know it, not to cower like a beaten puppy! I thought you had more brains than this! Leaving him alone and hurting, I swear to God, if you don’t get yourself together, I’ll...”

“I had 86 people killed for him, woman! What the fuck more do you think I should do?” Thranduil snaps, since this is too sore of a point right now.

“91, actually,” Boromir interjects, softly, from the nook where he nurses a coffee.

“Fine, whatever, is that enough?”
“Well no, no as long as you have that one still alive! And in the house, no less! If you don’t know what to do with him, tell me, I’ll show you how to carve meat! The knives are well sharpened, so just say if you need help! And go help him change, he was cold and clammy, don’t just stay here looking at me! And the rest of you, stop walking on eggshells around him! You’re making everything worse!”

Right this second, Thranduil is, indeed, too bewildered to do anything else but leave the kitchen, as dignified as possible. Right. Of course, if the boy needs him, he’ll help, but what got her panties in a twist so bad?

“Jesus, Boromir, I don’t think you need to look for guards in the army anymore,” he hears Elros behind him. Seems they thought giving her space was the best choice, also.

“Well, I must say I knew some drill sergeants who were less efficient. But I don’t see myself ordering a group of such women around, I’m sorry.”

“Me neither,” Thranduil has to smile, “and I thought I was the boss. How does recruitment work?”

“It’s coming along fine, I’ll have files for you to check in a day or two. Go now, before she comes to check if you obeyed orders.”

He’s shaking his head and goes up the stairs, and where… probably his room, yes. He finds Legolas pondering his closet – and yes, he’s too pale and too…

“I’ve been ordered to assist you,” Thranduil says, “please tell me what happened to get Mrs. Baggins at our throats.”

“To get what?”

“She came to the kitchen, forbidden me to drink coffee and ordered me to solve whatever ails you, or I’m afraid for my hide. What happened?”

“I don’t know. She came to the den when I had to do the exercises, and had me eat some rolls. I’m really sorry, I couldn’t eat enough, and she has to work so much extra, that’s probably why…”

“Nonsense, she likes cooking and taking care of people. Did you at least manage to eat something?”

“I had to, she was threatening to make airplane sounds and feed me,” Legolas shudders, making him laugh first, and then sigh when it’s clear it hurts.

“OK, I heard you want to change, let me help.”

Yes, taking off the sweater needs a lot of attention now – damn, he would need some cardigans, why didn’t they think of that? And the shirt underneath is so cold, he should take a shower, too. Legolas grumbles, but does it – and shivers way too fast when the warm water stops. He’s getting skinny again, and another sweater would be complicated, so Thranduil puts a blanket on him and goes to his own closet, coming back with an armful of cardigans. Yes, they are too big, he’s sorry, but it’s easier to use them right now, and he should...

He gets him in bed, covered with blankets, and turns the heating on – it’s weird to do it when it’s still so warm, but maybe it helps. Legolas is restless, of course, itching to do something – but what? Now he understands Mrs. Baggins’ frustration though – he does treat him like he could break, reminding him every moment of his problems, he needs a distraction. But what?

Oh, OK – they have to decide upon a new phone, and yes, something pretty is way overdue – so he
gets the laptop and they start browsing. Not to worry, he had Crystal call all the people he knew through the business stuff and tell them he was in an accident, and of course his phone was destroyed – this is a very good reason for not going out and for needing medical attention. Yes, this is what his colleagues will hear, too, everyone who wasn’t involved, really.

He manages to distract him for a while, until the tablet beeps again for the exercises, which leave him on the brink of crying. Fuck, and there’s Celeborn calling, wanting a meeting. He can’t say no, really, the man does too much, but he doesn’t want to leave Legolas alone. And Legolas gets snippy, telling him to do whatever, he can browse Amazon by himself.

Thranduil goes to the kitchen to see who is driving him today, only to have a fury in his face, ordering him to bring the man here – no, he is the one the boy needs to see around, not anybody else! Everybody is walking on eggshells around the woman, and he should be mad at her – if she wouldn’t be so right. Sighing, he calls the man back, and luckily he laughs and agrees to come visit. And of course, this doesn’t make anything simpler either.

Still, he called him here so he can keep an eye on the boy – so he can browse in the same room as them, right? It will be like a normal business dinner, they will discuss business stuff and Legolas doesn’t even have to pretend he’s interested this time. Only of course he would understand when Celeborn explains how everything really works well with the police, they had help from the right people and everyone bought the gang war story – good, at least that works well.

It’s not as fun when Thranduil hears Fingon set a limit, in 7, maximum 10 days he’ll call to have a word with him directly – not that this was unexpected. The only thing he can do is thank the man for buying him time. And to thank him again for the gossip, now – there have been news of changes in the command structure in a few other towns, several cover businesses had to be dropped and most probably the henchmen are pressing, yes, fuck, of course things are never easy.

He will have to thread really carefully, of course, it’s not like he ever wanted to cause issues, just… Yes, he will try to contact everyone who can give him more info, but his network is not the best for some time now – yes, he has been an idiot, but hopefully it will not turn… Whatever.

Celeborn leaves, but Legolas wants to talk now – wants to know how bad all this affects Thranduil. It's clear the boy is almost hysterical, blaming himself for all the craziness, so he has to be stern and make him stop and breathe and listen. He tells him, again, that he's not to blame, that he made all the decisions knowing very well what the risks were, that he'll solve it. Like that helps.

Legolas presses and his face could rival the whitest sheet when he finds out many more people were killed – Thranduil doesn't tell him the exact figure, it doesn't look like it would help – and that yes, they had dead and wounded too, aside Leithir. Maybe he shouldn't have told him, his mind shouts, when the boy sobs brokenly, and who would be helped if he would see them at the hospital, as he wants to now? Clearly that would be just punishing himself, so he forbids it and is out of his mind trying to calm him down.

He only calms down when he's so tired he can't keep his eyes open, so Thranduil just coos nonsense at him until he falls asleep – and then covers him with blankets and holds his hand, for hours. He can't sleep, and yes, the nightmare comes, so the boy needs reassuring – or whatever you call that. Hopefully that, but when Thranduil finally dozes too, the desperate sounds wake him up again, and neither of them go back to sleep, there's no point. They have some tea and look at a movie – only God knows which, and what happens in it. There's light and they should be doing something, right?

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Legolas is home for 3 days already, and they are again outside, each doing his work, enjoying the
fragrant, warm summer air. Not very usual, but practical, the boy is sitting with his back to a tree trunk, well propped with pillows, watching the recording of a lesson he missed, with his headphones on, because Thranduil is speaking on his mobile, with his head in the boy's lap. Normally it would be the other way around, of course, but well, it's still nice and comfy. He likes the boy's fingers slowly carding aimlessly through his hair, the security of having him there, right near, everything so usual and pleasant that he actually forgets about mostly everything else.

So, when the call ends, he just gets up and kisses him – like he normally would, on a whim, because why not? And it's not like the boy withdraws, quite the contrary, he kisses back hungrily, when Thranduil would have just teased a bit and stopped. But it's good and completely normal, so he keeps forgetting and deepens it, and mindlessly tries to squeeze a hand around his chest, and of course that hurts. Legolas is badly out of breath, coughing and almost suffocating for a moment, because of the sharp pain, scaring him witless.

Thranduil flinches then, not knowing what to say or how to help; but of course the boy doesn't take this for what it is, just pushes away the hand trying to help and purposely goes towards the house, crying. He's paralyzed for a bit, at a loss on what to do, but then rushes after him, and finds him entering the first bathroom and fucking locking the door. He stays there for a while, so exhausted himself that he almost can't process what happened. When Legolas is out his face is so very pale and drawn, the bruising on his cheek even more pregnant from it, also the dark smudges under his eyes, making Thranduil curse himself anew for just not seeing it earlier. But his lips are incongruously red and raw, and of course now he gets it, how could he not? The boy tries to avoid him, of course, but that can't happen.

“I wasn't rejecting you because you're dirty, Legolas; that was and is the last thing on my mind,” he starts, and the boy flinches and then he's angry, all of a sudden.

“Really? So this is why it's the first time you kiss me after all this, and you recoil when you realize what you're doing?”

“I recoiled, as you put it, because it hurt you, left you almost suffocating. As I told you from the beginning, we shouldn't do this now, because it can aggravate your condition. I don't want to cause you more pain!”

“You like to cause me pain!”

“Yes, bearable, safe pain! I don't want to break your bones or pierce your lungs! I... I love you, damn it, and it kills me to see you so broken!”

At first, the boy is speechless, and then he watches his face so intently, it's almost unbearable, before he finally speaks, trying hard to make his voice steady.

“You love me? Why?”

He wants to scream, to hit the wall, to go downstairs and fucking rip that to pieces. He's also a bit angry at Legolas, for not getting it, although he knows exactly where all this unease and lack of confidence comes from.

“Regarding this, why is not a good question, I'm afraid; nobody really knows why they love somebody, so it would be useless to try and explain it. But I swear to you it's true, and I'm really sorry I was pigheaded enough not to realize it sooner and tell you. I... I was too jaded with life and everything and convinced this will not happen to me anymore, so really, I ignored it. When this shock happened, when I didn't know what happened to you, when I was scared to death I could have lost you for good, then it hit me so damn hard, and I couldn't hide anymore.”
He has to growl and stretch and move a bit, because he's dying to kiss him senseless, to hold him, to… fuck.

“You know, after the showings and everything, when we had these few normal, no pressure days, I thought several times already that, finally, life was good, and I was happy, I didn't want to change anything. The last time I thought that – God, I don't even know, it was probably when I was in high school and found out I got the scholarship for college or something, OK? It was that good, and I didn't even let myself see it for what it was, but it's true, treasure, you are all that I want to be happy, OK?”

There are tears in the boy's eyes, and he wants so bad to erase them, but he smiles, too, and he takes his hand and kisses it, until he's able to speak, and Thranduil feels close to tears too.

“I'm scared to believe I'm awake,” Legolas whispers, “this is something that would only happen in a beautiful dream, I… I'm so damaged now and lost that innocence you like in me and…”

“You didn't lose anything!” he growls, “you are not dirty, unclean, bad or whatever thought might appear. Yes, they will come back, these thoughts, they do, and I promise, if you tell me about them, I will tell you every time how beautiful you are to me, how desirable, how much I want to feast on your lips, on your skin, on your cock. How much I just want to hold you so very tight, to feel your perfect body molded on mine, so hot and pliant that I could just stay like that for ever! I hate not being able to do this, believe me, it hurts, but it's way worse to do it and torture you, this is the only reason I'm restraining myself, OK?”

The boy is shivering at this, and them smiles his 10,000 Watts smile and blushes.

“I love you too,” he whispers, almost not daring to look him in the eyes.

“I know, little one, you showed me that in every little thing you did, every time you looked at me so happy when I got home, every time you touched me with so much adoration. I know, and I don't want that to ever change, so, please, just bear with me this period of time, and I will take care to show you how much I love you really thoroughly, after, OK?”

“Promise?”

“Oh yes, that's definitely a promise!” he smirks, and yes, that helps.

“But…” the boy starts after a while, “really, 2 months without any touch?”

“Welcome back, my greedy one,” Thranduil laughs, “no, not without any touch. The problem is with the touches that make your breath short, that make you tremble, and squirm, and arch. And I don't know, aside from just touching your hands or lightly your clothed body, what else would not cause that. How much would you take while being just relaxed, breathing well, and not very painfully? We'll have to check that, and I promise you we will, but I'd really prefer you to be able to eat and sleep better before we do, my dear. The last thing I want is for it to be too much.”

Pouting Legolas is a million times better than broken Legolas, so he smiles and gets them back outside, having him settled against the pillows and lying back with his head in his lap.

“You can tease me as much as you like though,” he smirks, “I can breathe just fine. But only while not straining yourself and breathing right, OK?”

“Really?”

His eyes lit up, and there's so much lust there, fuck!
“Yes,” Thranduil drawls, “I was bad and didn't take good care of you, so you can tease me and torment me as much as you like.”

“No, no, I don't want to torment you! Already, since you can't take me all this time, it's...”

He shushes him, angry at himself for not realizing how sensitive the boy is.

“It's not real torment, little one, you should know that; it's only what I did to you, so many times, getting you hard and wanting and delaying release. Yes, this can seem a bit extreme, but I like being aroused, I like anticipating that perfect moment when we can finally play. You like to touch me, and there were too many things happening, so I didn't give you enough chances to do it; I'm giving you that chance now, and it will be the most pleasurable thing ever. Trust me on this.”

“Yes, but, two months...”

“Look, I don't think it needs to be two months until we can at least jerk each other off, slow and careful. You are going to get a clearer understanding of what hurts and how much, so I will be able to kiss you lightly, and touch, as long as I keep my head together and don't just want to devour your mouth whole. Until then, well, I'll just wet the bed or something; that's life, it's not like us making a mess of the sheets is something new, right?”

“Yes, this sounds way better,” Legolas smiles, and pulls at his hair, making his breath hitch. He smirks and nods, and loves the nails scratching at his scalp, so he allows himself to relax, gathering the boy’s other hand and starting to kiss every knuckle, and lick and nip very, very lightly, just enjoying life.

* What a fool he's been! He thought things changed, after their talk, but the night is the worst yet; the boy is dead tired, but it's already the fourth time he's getting the nightmares – and he loses his meager dinner because he thrashed too much and it hurts him like hell. Desperately, Thranduil checks again that he doesn’t spit any blood when he retches and coughs, trying to get his breath back, and itches to call Elrond for a check-up, but Legolas refuses, mulishly. And he also refuses to get back to sleep – well, yeah, of course he doesn't want any more nightmares.

He has to change out of the soaked clothes, though, and also, the sheets should be changed and the place needs cleaning. Thranduil’s dog tired mind is whirring, looking for solutions, and yes, he has just run out of patience, seeing how beat he is, how dark and bruised his eyes are, how he’s totally winded because he took a fucking shower, with help.

Fuck this! It doesn't work, and seeing his love so miserable and in pain twists his guts, and he can't just let it happen anymore. Yes, it's very possible Elrond would yell to high heavens, and the boy might not want to do it; or he might just be broken completely. But if it worked once, why not a second time? It's not like he will be better keeping at it like this, anyway.

Yes, he'll mourn the loss of the soft, innocent boy he loves so desperately – but there's no place in this world for softness, for perfect innocence. No, the survivors are those who raise above it, who have ice in their veins, who bury the ones who try to hurt them. And he wants his treasure to survive, to get well, to live. So his soul will be a hardened mass of scar tissue, just like Thranduil's is, so fucking what? He will love him still, will be so very proud of him, will support him every step of the way. Yes, this is what needs to be done.

“OK, little one, this is clearly not working. I would like to try something that I believe would make you feel better. Still, most other people wouldn’t think that is so, and you might not agree with me, so
you may refuse this without giving any reason, OK? There is absolutely no way that would upset me, so, do you promise?”

“Yes, Thran, I understand. I will listen to you and then decide.”

“Good. OK, the idea is this – ah, I’d rather you listen to all I have to say and then ask questions or refuse, but, if what I say hurts too much, just stop me, OK?”

“Yes, Thran,” he smiles, “I will protect myself, I promise.”

“Yes, you did that, did I mention how proud I am of you for doing it? Well, actually that’s what made me think of this, among others. Many would say that Bolg hurt you the most, and well, physically that is completely accurate, and it’s the thing that creates the biggest issues. Still, you say you don’t dream of him, and just now, I say his name and there’s no reaction from you, am I wrong on this?”

“No, you are not wrong. I wondered myself about this, but, well, he’s dead, I saw him die, he can’t do it again. Even when I think it’s a sin to kill, or about the afterlife, he still cannot hurt me anymore. I understand you took care of the others, I believe it, but…”

“Yes, this is exactly as I thought. OK, so, what we did was kill absolutely everybody who had some decision power in both Azog’s organization and his allies, the Wargs. Yes, of course, we killed a good number of the foot soldiers too, if they opposed us. Anyway, probably you don’t remember much about those, but it’s clear there is somebody you remember – that is Sauron. Yes, he is not dead yet, but only because I wanted him to suffer. Do you want a break?”

“No, go on.”

“OK. He got shot in the belly, when we got you from that warehouse, and dying from such wounds is very painful and takes a lot of time. We gave him some drugs too, to prolong it, but he is close to it now, unconscious most of the time, so I decided we should end it anyway.”

The boy’s eyes are still clearly following him, and he seems to be breathing as fine as possible. He’s pale, but then, he’s too pale nowadays anyway, so that doesn’t tell him anything. It seems he’ll just have to trust Legolas to tell him if it’s too much.

“The other one who is probably weighing on you is fucking Azog – yes, because you had way more contact with him and, after all, is the one who orchestrated all this, from the very beginning. He was the one who had too much knowledge of my organization, without him it would have been too difficult to pull it off. Anyway, he is also alive, for now; but I do get tired of having him in the house – stop, calm down, he’s very well restrained and guarded, and actually I doubt he could do much at the moment. I vented some steam by making him hurt – and I’m sorry if you looked for the package of silver wire, I’m afraid I used it on his sorry carcass. We ordered some more, to replace it, it should be here soon.”

“You restrained him with silver wire?” Legolas asks, bewildered.

“No, no, I made a bit of a decoration, through his skin. I’ll show you, if you want to see. Actually, this is what I had in mind – I want to show you the last two, see that they are completely helpless now, and then I’ll kill them, so you can see it is over. Maybe then you can finally rest?”

The boy is silent then, mulling it over, biting his lip, pulling at his braid, restless.

“I… I might be a coward but I… I don’t know if I can react right when I see… Azog.”
“What do you mean, react right?”

“What do you mean, react right?”

“Not be scared, most of all. I might just want to flee, or…”

“Look, the last thing I want here is to hurt you more. Also, this is in no way to judge you – after all that happened, fear is a normal, healthy reaction. I know you fear him, just as I feared the guys who attacked me, just like anyone would fear somebody who can break them. I’m just thinking that seeing him reduced to nothing will help decrease that fear. If it doesn’t, it doesn’t, we’ll find another way to cope with this. It’s actually very, very early, and all the shrinks in the world would tell us that it just doesn’t happen.

Still, everyone who survived well a traumatic situation – and some of the guards here have seen real war, Boromir did, for example – had to do it fast. They saw death, might have been wounded, saw their comrades die; but they had to go on the next day, and a part of what helped them was also that they saw enemies dead. It’s not pretty, maybe it’s not so very healthy – but it works. It helped me to see them dead then, after the attack, even if I was not in a good shape. Yes, I needed medical attention too, that’s why I knew so much about being helpless in a hospital. Anyway.

Think of it – it’s not even necessary to give me an answer today, we can do it tomorrow, just as well. I am hoping it helps, but yes, I could be wrong. It is your decision, either way. Oh, and they’ll die anyway, so that is not on you, you only have to say if you want to see – in person, or filmed, or photos, whatever.”

“If…” he starts, then stops for a while. “If you promise not to be mad at me if I just hide behind you, yes, I think I would like to see at least how he is. I’ll tell you more after that, is that OK?”

“Sure, love, you only need to say a word, at any moment, to get out of there. Or to do anything else you need, OK? I will call and have Sauron brought over, because I don’t want to move you across town, but the other one is already here. Now, or…”

“Now. If I think about it, I’ll start worrying and questioning my decision and all.”

He nods and explains where they are, then they start moving. Today Boromir is on guard, with Elros, and is that a hint of disapproval in the man’s eyes?

“Once again, Legolas, this works as you need it to, OK? You don’t have to do anything, say anything, just watch, or don’t, if it’s too much.”

“Wait a second, Thranduil,” Boromir interrupts. “He’ll need something for the smell, you know it stinks in there.”

Damn, he’s right, why didn’t he think about this?

“Thank you, yes, let’s go get some…”

Wordlessly, Legolas takes his hand and brings it to his nose, breathing deep.

“What?” he dares a smile, and it’s too much.

“Anything you want, treasure.”

They are set, so they go in – he goes in, Legolas stays in the door. That’s fine, really, it does stink in here. That’s what you get for not having proper torture chambers, of course.

Azog’s belly is quite swollen and bruised, nice. The chest has a number of crusts now, he should
move the wire and break them. Or not, he’ll be dead in a matter of hours, who the fuck cares? The burned fingers have quite a weird, sickly color – oh well, the place is anything but sterile, after all. Most probably his shoulders are shot too, and the gates of hell are hanging a bit too low – yes, this would be the bad thing, that he didn’t get his balls to reach his fucking ankles.

He checks on Legolas, and it’s clear there’s a morbid fascination in the boy’s eyes at this. He doesn’t breathe quite right though, and looks pale as a ghost – that’s not good. And fuck, the animal is not really broken down properly – he should have done more, but he paced himself to prolong it, and the fucker now actually spits threats! Thranduil's self control is shot to hell right now, so he doesn't even realize what he intends until he just grabs his shoulder and arm and fucking presses with all his force to twist it in the joint – and yeah, he howls and faints from the pain – too easy!

He has Boromir ask for cold water, yes, they throw a bucketful in his face and he revives – because Legolas must see him scream and beg and whine. Yes, that's better. After some moments, the boy decidedly pulls him out of the room, but doesn't say anything before they are up and out of the house – yes, clean air is good. And now his knees are trying to give way, because he has no idea what the boy will say.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for ending this in a bit of a cliffhanger - I realized how long it got and... well, it was a bit much.
Chapter Summary

This is the last chapter for which the torture and gore tags apply, for now, in case you were wondering.

Legolas doesn't say anything for way too long, and Thranduil tries very hard not to press him, not to start begging him to just say he's not hating his guts, that he will still talk to him and look at him and fuck! He has to get it together, this doesn't go anywhere good. Yes, he did what he thought right, but it probably was the worst thing to do, now he will have to call Elrond and…

“Am I weird if I liked that?” Legolas asks, softly, startling him from his black thoughts.

“Can you be a bit more specific and say what “that” is?”

“Ah… yes, of course, you defending me again, getting in front of me, hurting him because he was trying to make me feel bad. I'm not sure exactly what you did there, but it clearly hurt a lot.”

“Twisted his arm out of its socket, pretty much; it wasn't that hard, because he was tied up in that position for days already and the tissue was surely inflamed… OK, I'm babbling. No, treasure,” Thranduil smiles now, so very relieved, “I'm afraid I'm very biased right now and believe it is wonderful that you do think that.”

“But… this isn't really normal, is it?”

“I think what you want to say is that it isn't good, that it's illegal, and many other things. Yes, it's all that, but we are not in a normal situation – that animal didn't scratch your car or made crass jokes, he kidnapped you and attacked you and so many other things he shouldn't have done. He knew me, he knew what I'd do if… Fuck!”

“What is it, Thran?” the boy asks, when he pauses and starts pacing.

“I'm missing too many things, and this can get too dangerous. Yes, it actually isn't normal that he behaved like this – his normal, anyway. He was always a coward, greedy, a bully only to those who were defenseless. He never directly attacked someone strong, and this means… this means that either I'm no longer perceived as strong enough, which must be rectified at once, or… I fucking have no idea what other reason could there be, and that is even worse. I didn't question them, and one is in no shape to answer anything anyway, I… but that is not important now.”

“I think it is, but you don't want me to worry about it.”

“Yes,” he sighs, “you have too much on your head already, little one. Please tell me how you feel.”

“I don't know. I mean, yes, I'm glad he's hurting, and I… I love you for doing all this for me, but it scares me to death to know you are worrying and… and that you don't have all the answers.”

“Unfortunately I'm only human, after all. Yes, I promised you something and I'm failing, and I hate it,” he sighs, “but let's take things one at a time. First, what we discussed earlier, do you think it helps? No, you wouldn't know right away, of course, I'm too tired and I'm getting stupid.”
“I don't know if it helps, but it doesn't make it worse, I am sure of that. It was… yes, weird, and… sort of like my skin wanted to crawl away but… you were there, and Boromir and Elros were there so nothing bad could happen to me. You… you said his joints were bad?”

“When you keep somebody immobilized for too long, yes, the joints start to have problems – also the muscles, blood vessels, everything. You know it hurts even after an hour or something, he is in there for 4 days already, if he were to survive this, he would almost surely be crippled.”

“But… he will not survive?”

“No, absolutely not,” Thranduil says, adamantly. “I might have to rough him up a little more though, need to try and find out as much as possible about what exactly was in their fucking minds when they did this. He's headstrong unfortunately, so I don't know. But I also need to make an example of this, yes, that might help a little. Anyway, other worries aside, do you want to see more, do you want to think about it, other questions?”

There's quiet again for a while, and the boy bites his lip and pulls at his hair, but finally he decides to speak, and well, now Thranduil is the silent one, because this is a question he didn't expect - he actually didn't ask himself if what he did to him was arousing or not.

Yes, it's quite interesting, coming to think of it, he was not hard for a second while doing all this to Azog. No, the pain was just something he doled out, because the dog deserved it, but it didn't do anything for him. Not even a drop of pleasure, and that's quite something. After all, he saw shows with various people he wasn't interested in, whose bodies were not his type, whatever; and it was arousing, to a degree, depending, of course, on the talent of both parties and so on. But this – this was as arousing as bending a fork in two.

“You do ask good questions, my darling. No, there wasn't anything arousing about it – and I am not saying it because I would want to spare you. It actually amazes me, because I would have thought it would, given my kinks – but no, it didn't. It was a way to vent nerves, yes, but also something that should be done, that's it.”

“And it doesn't make you feel bad?”

“Feel bad because I'm not aroused or… No, I do not regret doing it, I will not lose sleep over it, if that was your worry. He was looking for it when he did this, he should have known I will not let things be. If he didn't, it's all on his head, nobody else's. Also, all I offered still stands – and I wouldn't have given you the option if I wasn't completely willing to do it.”

“So… now you want to… to give him more pain and try to make him speak?”

“Yes, and to kill him, probably in a creative way, because I need to record what happens to him, as a warning to others.”

“I don't want to watch, not really,” Legolas starts, quite decidedly. “It's… it's good to know you do this, but… it does stink in there and it gets too much. Just tell me when it's done, would that work?”

“All that makes you feel better works. OK then, do you think you can rest during this, or… I don't know, what do you want to do?”

“Can you promise me that it's safe?”

The fact that the boy worries for him is the sweetest, loveliest declaration of all, good, it lifts some of the pressure on his shoulders, he'll do this.
“Yes, little one, the men will still be close by, there will be no gun in there and, believe me, I doubt he would be able to move his hands if he would be unrestrained. But I will not take him off the bonds anyway.”

“So this is how you knew all about being in certain situations, being seen as dangerous?”

“Yes,” he says, looking him straight in the eyes – and being completely elated that the luminous love there doesn't change.

“OK, OK then, so that was why I was actually lucky. Yes, it makes sense like this, of course, if you are tied up with steel cuffs, you can't fight, no matter how good you are. Yes, this makes sense, and it's not a problem that I'm not bigger, that I don't have your shoulders, so wide…”

The boy blushes at this, and again it stabs Thranduil that he can't hug him tight, that he can't kiss that pretty mouth, but then… He comes closer and lightly kisses his forehead, his eyes, his pretty little nose. He actually licks at it, like a puppy would, making the young one really laugh, yes, yes, they can do so many other things, he shouldn't be that fixated on things they have to postpone.

“I think I was, indeed, getting stupid, little one. Yes, there are things we have to wait for, but there are also a million things we never did, we wouldn't have thought about doing yet, so we should get creative. Yes, and also, keep in mind that I love your body just as it is – slender and long limbed and willowy and so beautifully pliant on mine, OK? It's very good that this gave you the opportunity to defend yourself and stop him from hurting you more, I am really, really grateful for it. And I will think of something nice to do to this pretty body, when you're healed, to show you how grateful I and I will make it happen.”

“Any idea?”

“Any safe idea, love; anything in this world I can give you, you shall have it.”

There are tears in the azure eyes, but he's smiling, thanking him so beautifully, damn, he has to take care, because right know he is absolutely incapable of refusing him. Even more when Legolas asks him again to take care.

“Once again, I will not give him even the slightest chance to do anything, even give me the slightest scratch. Yes, he'll probably try to say all kinds of stupid stuff, but that never impressed me, so it doesn't matter at all. So, what did you say you'll do?”

“Oh, yes, I'll… I'll go get some tea, and try to eat something so I can get a pill. Then I'll probably come back outside, get a book – I need a lot of air.”

“All right. Still, if anything is the matter, anything, you will let me know, you'll tell whoever is with you to...?”

“Yes, yes, of course I'll take care. I love you, please…”

“Yes, love, I will take utmost care. OK. I'll be back to you as soon as it's done.”

He's giddy, and almost skips down on the stairs now, good, the boy is not hating him, good! He tells Boromir what he plans, gives him the option to go and leave somebody else at the door – but somehow the man doesn't flinch at all at this and stays. Thranduil does tell him about the fact that they might no longer be considered good enough, dangerous enough, for this to have happened – and he gets it, so they will have to discuss this seriously after. He will have to think about what to tell Fingon, too, because yes, no longer being a threat might just be the worst mistake he could have
made. OK, but now he has to think about something else, doesn't he?

He sends for several things which would be handy, and has a few minutes to ponder on this all. What will make Azog break, really? Maybe he should actually listen to him, try to talk it out of him? This makes him laugh to himself, but well, he was always good at gleaning so much from what people were saying, and why should this be any different? After all, yes, he only did this to vent, and right now, after the talk with Legolas, he doesn't need venting. As strange as that is. Well, after all, nobody stops him from starting with it and then seeing what can be done, right?

Decided, he enters the cell again – God, they absolutely need to fill this crapper up afterward, it reeks. OK, this can be a conversation starter. It seems to work for a bit – Azog accepts to say something else than curses and threats, but nothing makes much sense. Maybe he's too hungry to be coherent? He has Boromir send for a milkshake and feeds it to him, slowly; it's no help if he vomits everything, is it?

Of course, with something in his belly, he starts making threats again, managing to boast that well, whatever happens to him, he's still won, since Thranduil's toy is broken also, and this touches a too sore spot, making him see red and try very, very hard to not break his neck. Not yet. First, why does it matter so much if his toy is broken or not? Hmm, it seems because Azog wanted to profit more from it, after all, he discovered the hidden gem, didn't he?

“"The problem is that you are a greedy pig, and a stupid one at that,” he snaps. “If you really wanted more money, I would have happily let myself fleeced that day I asked you to change the conditions of our deal. Remember I offered you another 250 not to show the boy? Well, I was actually prepared to offer 500, you fucking idiot! And no need to kill anyone. But hey, at least Oakenshield and Masters will be happy, sharing your turf.”

It's clear the cretin didn't expect that – yes, seems the saying is true, most people think others behave just like them, and if he's a damn greedy, stingy mutt, he believed Thranduil to be one also. Still, he's curious how much money did Sauron actually pay for the whole debacle – and at first he doesn't get an answer, so he plays a bit with the dislocated arm – yes, he paid 100,000, not 50 as they spoke that evening, and he also had a few more clients lined up, to get more. OK, financially it makes sense – but why the fuck didn't he take into account the fact that Thranduil will retaliate?

Of course, because there's nothing about a whore that can't be solved with money. Jesus. What about the fact that they had a deal? It's not like it's the first deal Azog breeches, it seems, and seriously, since Thranduil teased him with his body for so many years, just like a whore, why does he speak of keeping words and such? This is pretty much the final straw – yes, fuck, he did tease, he always does, and he will not fall into that trap again, no, no, fuck, shut that door and throw away the key!

“You won nothing,” he snarls at the man, decided to end it right fucking now; “your son is dead, your people are dead; you will be dead soon.” Smiling, he turns towards the table, puts gloves on and then he picks up the knife. “I did promise a knife through your belly,” he says, his voice already detached now, since the decision is made. “It's new, well sharpened. You should thank me for it.”

Of course Azog finds no reason to thank him, even dares to imply, again, he's gonna go happy, since he knows how hurt the boy is.

“Oh, do you really think I didn't know what you'll say?” He smiles, cold and predatory, and brings something else near, but Azog has no way of knowing what that is. But there's no time to worry, because Thranduil pushes the knife in, slowly, all the way. The moment the awful pain registers, he also sticks the thing into his screaming, opened mouth. When he's lucid again, he realizes it to be the kind of metallic gag used to spread the mouth wide open. Of course, that doesn't help him that much.
“You look way better now, you know; I'm going to make a little movie, since such lessons need learning. You see, you dared do this because the other lesson was forgotten,” he says and starts the camera and then is quiet for a few minutes, all the sounds being just Azog's gasps and whimpers. After all, Thranduil must be careful to show every bit of pain he inflicted on him. It's a real pity the camera can't transmit hunger or non-visible pain, like that coming from being kept on his feet for so long and stuff. Well, this is why he records the fingers so attentively, also the reaction when he prods again at the shoulder.

“Good, I know you really want to learn the lesson now. It's way too late for you, I'm afraid, but well, hopefully the others do learn, and don't try my patience again. Let's see, all you know about me is that I broke some legs and shot some people; yes, that's hardly an exceptional business card, I agree. What you don't know is that, when I was just 18, there were some wise-asses who thought I was an easy prey. They were three, to be exact, and yeah, I was just a boy, with no training or anything, while they were established leg-breakers for a pretty famous family at the time, the Cantuccis. Never heard of them, you say? Yes, unfortunately for them, times got complicated soon after; but that wasn't really my doing, since those three were just having a bit of sport in their off time, so I had nothing against their masters. But see, Azog, I'm nobody's plaything and, even if they thought it would be easy to subdue me, it was the last fuck they had, because I killed them that very night, right there, and the worms feasted on them, while I am still here, alive and well. The Feanorions liked that, so this is how I got my spot with them. And yes, I tease whomever I want, and I see no need to put out, even if they die for it.

Yes, I know you have so many things to say, and you do want to beg for mercy, but mercy is something I long forgotten how to feel. Although, well, I might be a little mistaken; at first I thought to leave you here to die of this wound and, as your good friend Sauron knows so well, that could last days. So yes, I am going to be very merciful and finish this, since my little one does need to see both of you really dead. See, a funny thing about that hurt you mentioned, since he saw your son dead at his feet, that animal no longer causes him any fear – so I'll solve the rest now.”

He pauses for a few moments, just looking at him squirming, wanting to speak, to say oh so many things. There's nothing more he can tell him, though, it was just greed and stupidity, and that's something he unfortunately sees everyday.

“I thought of something really special for you, but of course, you'll still be ungrateful; see this nice scalpel? I am going to cut that lying tongue of yours now, and then that useless junk; no, screaming is really beyond useless now, you should have thought before, you know. Still, all the little snakes who want a piece of me will get this little lesson on a disk or whatever; so everybody can think clearly, decide if they truly want to get me upset.

Ah, ah, don't try that hard, there's no way to hide it now,” he says when the man desperately tries to move his tongue out of the way and gasps from making the knife move inside his innards. Yes, the damn thing is slippery as fuck, but hey, the pliers Thranduil used to pull the wire through him are still down here, so he gets them and now has a solid grasp. Well, maybe some working glasses would have been good, this is going to spray, he realizes when he starts cutting. That's life, he's gonna have to shower.

“Finished,” he says, when the tortured body stops its mad thrashing, just heaving and whimpering. The sounds are quite otherworldly, it's something new indeed. “Really, you'll bleed out soon enough like this; so be glad.” Again Thranduil takes the camera and carefully records the cut piece of meat, the thick blood flowing from the cut site, once again the knife deeply embedded into his belly. Yeah, everything starts to get a bit too red.
“Hm, this will be almost too easy,” he muses while grabbing the heavy metallic contraption already holding the hurting genitals. “So puny, really... it's such a shame. Oh well, enough talk,” he says and starts cutting, almost ignoring the utterly broken, gargling sounds the man manages to make. Throwing everything on the floor, and pulling out the knife, which gets more blood flowing, he films the last minutes and then is ready to go.

“Oh, I'll do the same to your buddy,” he says, just because he can, because it's quite probable Azog is no longer understanding much, “but yes, I'll pay attention to wear something black; you are not worth my clothes, and I just ruined a pair.” He leaves, letting the hemorrhage kill him; they'll film it at the end, when he's really yellow. But yes, Galion does not deserve him dripping all the way to the bathroom - so he takes off the blood soaked clothes, cleans whatever possible from his face and hair and heads straight to the shower.

Of course, Legolas is in his room, waiting – wasn't he supposed to be outside? Well, he'd said so, but now he sees the blood on him, and is terribly scared something happened to him; he allows the boy to accompany him in the bathroom and check for himself that there isn't a scratch on his body, it's all good. He decides to tell him what he did, too; he cringes first, and thinks a bit.

“Was it necessary to do it like this?” he finally asks.

“For your mind to know for sure he won't be a danger anymore, no, obviously. For various other pricks who would think to attack me and mine, yes, because there are enough idiots who wouldn't consider a bullet in the brain too much of a deterrent, so I had to show them real cruelty. They need to weigh in the potential of what they're planning, this could be a huge help.”

The boy is quiet for a while, and he wonders now, yes, maybe it's too much?

“We can arrange him better when you want to see he's dead, you don't need to see all the gore. Just say the word.”

“What about the other? I was thinking to… deal with him first, and can I tell you after about Azog?”

“He will die today, there's no question about it; I mutilated Azog to use it as a lesson for others, so such things will never happen again; and this one is way too far gone to feel much, so it probably won't make any difference for him. But, if you think the nightmares will have less fodder if I turn him to pieces instead of just blowing his brains out, I'd be happy to do it; whatever you need, treasure.”

“To pieces you mean...”

“I can do the same thing I did to Azog, or I can do more – cut away hands, arms, legs, cut his head off; whatever.”

“No, I don't want you to do that!”

“Look at me, little one! I don't have a problem with it; he's dead already, just his body forgot to stop breathing; it will not hurt me to do any of these things.” He's sighing now, because he realizes – yeah, this fucking late - the boy could get scared of him, after all this. “I know this is a side of me you never thought existed, and maybe you really don't want to believe it does. Let's leave this be, if that's the case; we'll just let the infection kill him and that's it.”

“I… I do feel better knowing you'd do that for me, Thran,” the boy whispers, and comes close to hug him softly, carefully, quiet for a while. Why didn't they think that the boy could hug him, if he himself can't, because he's afraid he'd squeeze too much? “It's hard to believe though, after… I don't
know, I'm still afraid I'm dreaming, and I will wake up either still at the farm, or, even worse...” He stops and forces himself not to shudder and to breathe really deep, although it's clear how much it hurts. “But no, this is real, isn't it?”

Wordlessly, Thranduil confirms it, and gives him his time. But then, he thinks of something else.

“If you need to do it yourself, that's fine too you know. Maybe not with a gun, because that would jolt your chest too much, I can show you other ways...” He stops though, startled himself at what he's saying, surely the boy doesn't need to do this, it's insane. He should really stop trying to get him even deeper into all this mire, certainly. But before apologizing, the boy stops him, and ponders for a few moments more.

“No, I definitely don't need to do that. I don't think I can, now, if I'm no longer pressed to do it. It was good you told me what to do in such a case, and trained me, because yes, I wouldn't have thought of it by myself.

Still, now, a bullet through his brain should be enough, I think. I will go with you and see it, first hand. It has to be enough, because, well, he will be dead, there's no more than that to be done. I'm sure, yes,” he smiles softly.

Nodding, Thranduil puts some old things on, takes back his gun, checks it and then they go back downstairs, to the next hole where they brought Sauron, for convenience. Both bodies will be disposed of after, and the place cleaned of every trace and the two cells filled and closed, so nothing of them remains. Just in case, not that he has any worries or remorse, though. Even if he would have believed in crazy things like ghosts, honestly if these two would have come back to the place of their death, Thranduil would have delighted in playing them the videos of their death, on repeat.

Of course, everything is finished in a blink. The boy is watching for a few moments, quiet, clearly wanting to have the image imprinted over the other still lingering in his head. He waits for him to be ready, just being there, and then they leave. It's strange how silent both of them are; or, maybe, it's stranger that the silence is so comfortable, almost like those days when he was working from home and the boy was studying – there's really not much to say, is it?

He enters the second cell, just like it is, careful not to get too close, of course. It reeks, but it's clear Azog is also dead, and he dearly hopes the completely broken body is enough to erase the boy's fear. When he's ready, they leave, hopefully this will be the last time they have to deal with such. Well, one can hope, right?

He showers again, more out of habit than need this time, and the boy is again sitting on the bench, looking at him through the glass; and then he helps Legolas clean himself, and the boy is actually willing to have a shake and nap, although it's only afternoon. Even better, he's not thrashing or anything, just sleeps for three hours, and then he gets a book and keeps him company until dinner, when he does have a few bites – and not only bread. No, he can't eat more, but it's still better, and then he lets him choose a movie on Netflix, and another, and a third, during which he finally falls asleep in Thranduil's arms.

He's tired too, so very tired, so he doesn't move them, just has Galion come and put a ton of blankets on and around them. At about 4 in the morning, he is woken by whimpers – but the boy calms down when he's petted, and, well, it's just whimpers, not wild screams and flailing. He falls asleep again, and this happens again about 8 in the morning – and Thranduil wakes him up, because it might actually be just pain, so a snack and his pills may do good.

No, it wasn't just pain, Legolas tells him, it was the day he found out his mother died – he hadn't dreamed that in many years. Still, it's better, he eats a little, although the food still doesn't taste right –
but at least it doesn't make him nauseous anymore. More sleep would be too much, he throws himself into homework and shit, and urges Thranduil to go to the office. It doesn't sound the best, but he gets him outside, in the sun, with a mountain of pillows and blankets and Frodo and Damien to keep him company at all times, and the day is almost normal.

The next night, Legolas wakes up twice – but it's not so bad, it seems. He's sweaty and scared, but more because the dreams are just a madness of things – where it's not clear who's too blame and what's supposed to happen, just that something bad will. Still, he is determined to get back to sleep – he tells Thranduil, very decided, that from now on he will go back to sleep even 15 times in a night, if need be, and yes, he will try to sleep in the afternoon too, after lunch, until he's healed. After all, Elrond did order a lot of rest, so he will force himself to rest, and to eat just a bit more at every meal, he knows he needs nourishment to get better.

Also, he defiantly kisses him on the mouth, after this, and asks to be touched each day – yes, of course he doesn't expect too much, but the man said they could find out what doesn't hurt, right? The older man is awed by this show of strength, he is, so he promises to do something for that, and during the next day he really thinks about it, so they can discuss it back in the evening.

The simplest thing, he then tells his love, is for Legolas to be in control at first – that means he can always touch Thranduil, and he should ask for everything he wants and settle the level of it – and promise he will stop as soon as it makes breathing difficult. Yes, it's not really that simple for now, and it will leave them both unfulfilled and in a bad mood, maybe. Still, he's making it an order, reminding his disgruntled kitten that he can still punish him for disobedience, after he's healed, just like he can reward him. Which he's not so very sure he'll be capable of doing very soon – but he can still lie convincingly, it seems.

Three more days pass, and it starts to feel like they dreamed it, unless he sees the grimaces his lover makes when he does his hourly deep breathing exercises. Or unless he catches him looking longingly at his ass or legs or lips; and his blood runs cold at the idea that, still, confronted with the actual act, he will freeze or worse; until he's the one having a nightmare and the boy wakes him up and soothes him, and it's a bit much. Luckily he doesn't speak when he has them, it seems he never did, or… well, it's really not the time to share that, is it?

It's not even that amazing it happened this night, he muses afterward, because yes, the boy had two good nights, when he just whimpered a little and settled down when he was touched and petted, but he had woken up four times this night, before Thranduil had his dream. It's obvious they have a lot of work to do on getting this settled – and he doesn't really know what this should involve. Well, the boy mulishly got back to sleep, as he promised – so he should do it too, and see what happens in the morning. Yes, it would be the best plan. Remembering how it went the last time, it took almost two years until the dreams were no longer such a regular occurrence, Thranduil knows he should get as much rest as he can.

* 

It's Saturday and he's wondering what kind of week-end activities they could do. He knows the boy would say he should work, and would want to study, and it's not like he doesn't get it that usual activities make life seem just normal, but maybe they should take advantage of this and settle into a more… well, less work-obsessed routine? Maybe he should just take them to Elrond's, or ask the twins to visit, or ask… Hm, they seem to have a visitor already, Gimli, seriously?

What is the damn boy doing here anyway? Well, whatever is in that thick skull of his, Thranduil will take advantage of this to set things straight. Yes, the Durins helped and shit, but they got their payment, as promised, and this little prick will never, ever annoy Legolas again. Amazingly enough,
it's a damn short talk, because the youth is quite polite, and he seems to have come in an official capacity – what in the name of…?

“Thranduil, first of all, all of us saw what you did for him – and you did do it for him, if it was just your pride, you would have dealt with things differently, no matter how much you deny it. I value my skin quite a lot right now, so I won't do anything to make you go on a shooting spree again, you can rest assured,” he answers when Thranduil bluntly warns him about disturbing his little one.

Yes, he would have talked with some of Thorin's troops, of course – and he remembers he wasn't really himself during everything, and thought it's good to scare them. Good, one good thing. But what is the official thing he mentioned?

It seems Dain Ironfoot sent him a gift, as a sign of good faith and all. Yes, this was done a while ago, and Dain is not very young, so he would do it. Hmm, he actually didn't think on these things, yes, he has to do it, like yesterday. OK, but why did he send Gimli with it?

It seems the man wanted to use some of Thorin's people knowledge of everything, and the youth scowls a bit when saying he kind of was volunteered, since he had dealings with him and Legolas before, and there's also a gift for Legolas. Of course, Thranduil can check it first and decide if he approves of it. That's plain weird, so he decides to buy some time and open the damn things – well, these are two quite beautiful boxes in themselves, really. Of course, the Durins always had dealings in precious things, so the mixture of precious wood, ivory and precious metals is not unusual – and it is, indeed beautiful.

The box for him has black wood, lacquered to perfection, and there is a silver metal – it might be silver or platinum, he doesn't know. The motifs are abstract, a bit angular but not even gaudy, and the flecks of ivory offer a nice balance, he actually likes it. Thranduil also likes what he finds inside – they used a dark blue velvet to cushion the guns, which are also works of art – it's the latest Sig Sauer model, but clearly customized, all black but it's not ordinary metal, no, it's carbon fiber and it has a ton-sur-ton motif matching the box – quite slick, really.

“It is a very thoughtful gift,” he tells Gimli, “I thank Dain for it, even if I hope not to need it again. He has very good taste.”

“Well, the guys saw how much you like black for certain situations, and everyone knows you value practicality.”

“I'm glad at least somebody understood this,” he says, shaking his head.

“Everybody was amazed he did that,” the young one says, almost grudgingly. “In case he squeaked about something and it could potentially affect the other players in town, both Thorin and Dain would be grateful if you could share any details not compromising your own security arrangements.”

Hm, so the others are wondering too, or at least want to make him think they do. His feelers didn't yet find out anything else though, and that is no secret, no.

“I will have a little recording ready, if you are in no big hurry, with what happened to that idiot. And I'm afraid it was just that – plain idiocy, he was sorry he sold the merchandise too cheaply and wanted more.”

“I… OK, I don't want you to take this as disrespect, none is intended, OK? Just… I heard what happened at his club, and also, we all read the newspapers, please, that is just too stupid, if there's another player having an eye on things?”
“I'm afraid it's the truth, as dumb as it sounds. No, I am not lying to you – either this is the whole truth, or he was more resistant to torture than I thought, this is all I could get from him. It's still funny you'd have this opinion,” he smirks, and the damn boy just shrugs his shoulders, before answering.

“It's not the best defense, but I'm still just 21, so pretty stupid, some would say, and I was only saying shit. Which I stopped when certain news hit the public.”

It's true he did, so Thranduil leaves it be and opens the second box – this one is probably rosewood, with red gold in it, in a flowing, curvy pattern. Inside, lying on grey velvet, there is a regular sized Beretta, and a nano version of the gun – both all silver, with the same model as the box etched in. Again, it's a thoughtful, beautiful and practical gift – especially the nano gun, perfect for concealed carry, having no protuberances whatsoever, so it can be easily pulled from underneath clothes without snagging. But does he really want Legolas to carry? And why does Legolas qualify for getting a gift, anyway? Because he paved the way for Dain getting the territory, they now consider him one of his soldiers? When asked, Gimli baffles him completely.

“I don't know who the fuck had the bright idea I'm a good diplomat,” he scowls, tugging at his beard. “And maybe you do things differently, for whatever reason you'd do that, and maybe you don't have any idea how we do things, you probably never cared. I will just have to say it plainly – Thranduil, Dain would never give a gift to either a soldier or a mistress – only to family.”

The word starts spinning in his mind, he can taste it on his tongue – he says it, to hear how it sounds, and it sounds good. Still, this is not…

“Look, I'll leave now, it's clear you don't want me near him, and I did my job anyway, you will decide if you want him to have the guns or not, that was never the issue. I'll tell them what you told me, and I'll come back for the recording, or we'll send somebody else, as you wish. Once again, if you find out more and it would be within the scope of the agreement, we'd love to hear, so…”

“No, don't go. It's true Legolas is bored out of his mind, since he's not allowed to do much with his ribs – yes, he has broken ribs, so all he's able to do is speak, mostly. Yes, his colleagues will be told this happened in a car crash, so you know. I'll let him know you are here and see where he wants to stay more comfortably, and I'll have the recording ready. It will be for Dain and Thorin's eyes only, unless they decide otherwise, is that… doable?”

“Yes, I promised to respect all rules,” the boy sighs. “If I need to know, I will anyway – they… that's not your problem. Thank you anyway, I promise I'll behave.”

The lovely Kyrie Eleison wrote a story set in this universe also, yay
Chapter Summary

Hey everybody, no, I didn't fell off the face of the internet - yet. I just managed to work so much that I got burnout, and the boys just didn't want to cooperate with me at all. Especially Gimli, he's a total tease, kept saying he'll make a big appearance and then... nope. (mutters something not very flattering right now). Please see the notes at the end of the chapter, I would really love some input on this :)

Oh, and I need to brag a bit - there's a story inspired by this AU, yaaaay! I added the link at the end of chapter 36 - you should absolutely read it! Kyrie_Eleison has very, very hot ideas!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It's clear Thranduil needs more information to get to the bottom of whatever the person at the other end of the line wants, and it frustrates him to no end. Truly, today didn't work at all as planned – both of them slept badly last night, with the dreams haunting them, and now he was supposed to have Elrond check his progress, but the doctor had an emergency to take care of, so they have to wait. Of course, the fact that they arrived late played a part in that – and he knows how Thran hates to be late. And to wait.

The twins are not around either, for whatever reason – not that he really wants to be seen like this by more people, seriously, but… They are in Elrond's office and waiting for at least an hour, and of course Thran is busy, he shouldn't waste time like this.

Again, it's not that Legolas doesn't adore the fact that the man takes so much care – it's just completely unreasonable to keep him from working, while they are just sitting here, looking at the walls. After all, if they could at least kiss each other senseless, sure, let work be forgotten, but like this… He can't even stay in a good position for Thran to play with his hair, something, and can't eat more, even if his beloved's hand gives him little pieces of food. The man sighs again, and there's a crease on his handsome forehead, his lips are one straight line… OK, that's enough.

"Thran," he whispers, putting a hand on his, "go to the office."

"Wait a sec, Henry," he says, "I'll put you on hold for a minute." He does it and turns to Legolas now.

"Why would I do that, little one?"

"Because I can stare at the wall all by myself, while you have things to do which you obviously can't do from here. Please, I'm fine, I'll just... I don't know, might actually try to nap on the couch there, it's not like I had big plans for the day."

"I want to be with you, it's no hardship."

"I know you do, I know, and I'm very happy about it. It's just too useless to stay here and wait, when
you could solve something.”

Thranduil is silent for some moments, and then he sighs and looks… sad?

“I think I'm afraid to leave you alone, in an alien place,” he starts. “Which is stupid, because you are in a damn hospital, so of course if anything would be amiss, this is the safest place of all. And I can't have you right next to me 24/7, it would be crazy. I'd like to be able to talk to Elrond, about your state, though.”

“I'm sure he can give you a call, if there's anything new, and you can probably even come back, if it will take as much as the lady at the reception said. I... I also feel way safer with you around, but I'm not two so you'd have to hold my hand every second, although... although I like it when you do.”

Damn, he feels himself getting all red, but he likes the man's huge smile at this, so he's resolved to speak more of what he feels, always.

“Fine, you are right, I shouldn't smother you. No, it's OK, I also shouldn't be paranoid, OK, what do you need to settle?”

“Just go, Thran, I'm sure Boromir can call somebody to get me a blanket.”

“You're cold? Maybe...”

“I'm better, Thran, don't worry, it's just I wouldn't think of sleeping without one, OK? Please,” Legolas says, and gets up and kisses him softly on the sculpted cheek, then on those lovely eyes that smile just for him, and then very briefly on those yummy lips he desperately wants to devour properly. “It's fine, I have snacks, and juice, and nothing to do and nowhere to be; I'll just rest and text you the minute the doctor is back, and then as soon as it's done. Go solve whatever this is and... thank you.”

“Fine, love, just, don't forget, ask for whatever you need, OK? OK, I'll leave.” He gets up, tells the guy on the phone that he'll be at the office and they'll talk from there and then gets Boromir inside, ordering him to get Legolas whatever he needs – like that is new – and finally manages to leave.

They get him several blankets, of course, and ask if he needs more food or if he needs somebody to stay inside with him. Honestly, he'd say it's rude to invade the doctor's private office like this – if Elrond wouldn't have left specific instructions they are not to wait in another place. But no, he's fine alone – unless, of course, it's more comfortable for the men to stay inside.

This makes them laugh, explaining that too much comfort while being on guard duty is counterproductive – you don't want a sleepy guy, who can barely keep his eyes open, watching over you, right? Well, one of these days he wants them to explain more about their job, he really needs to understand some things better. Boromir nods and offers to let him sit on the introduction for the new guys Thranduil is hiring, since he was interested in meeting them anyway. Yes, this would be great, and he hopes his master will agree, because he seemed quite unsettled the other day when Legolas entered his office while he was meeting Boromir and that other guy, Feren, and wanted to know more about all this.

Still, it seems only fair to him that, if those men risk their lives to protect him, he should at least know their names and shake their hands and... whatever, something, right? Even if he was not allowed to visit the wounded ones at the hospital – which yes, might have not been a good idea, he didn't like being seen like that, why would they? Boromir had actually been quite supportive of the idea of him meeting everybody, and he is now, too, so Legolas dares ask him about how much Thranduil knows of the men he hires for security.
“Well, the first thing he does is train with us, spar with everyone, so he knows what we are capable of. After all, nobody can actually convince him to stay still and wait when something happens, as you've seen by now, so if somebody can't give him at least a good workout, there's no way he'd hire that guy.”

“Jesus, this is like a job interview for real fight?”

“Yes,” the man laughs, “after I check their history and also how well they shoot, that's another part of the interview. It does make sense though, and I'd do it if he wouldn't, anyway.”

“OK, but I understand you need to hire a serious number of people.”

“Yes, he'll probably need as many pills as you do for a few days, after he finishes with all of them.”

This is horrifying, in a way – and reassuring, in another, because somehow everybody says the same thing, even Gimli said the same last Saturday, they can't all tell the same lie, so…

“Seriously, this sounds weird, why would he put himself in harm's way like this?”

“It's not putting himself in danger, is actually being ready for it. Yes, he might curse and moan for some days, but nobody will actually try to hurt the other, so in general serious injuries don't happen.”

“In general, so they could happen?”

“Yes, of course they could, because shit happens. I promise we'll do our best not to break his ribs too, scout's honor.”

Yes, this is the guy's idea of a joke, Legolas gets it now, and it does make him smile for a moment, imagining his lover doing breathing exercises and cursing. Damn, that's bad though.

“OK, whatever, it's not like I'd be able to do that, so it doesn't matter.”

“If you want, after you get well, we can start teaching you some moves. There's no reason you wouldn't be able to learn, actually, you've been very diligent with shooting, respected all indications, so it would be fine.”

“Really, you'd do that?”

“It never hurts to know a bit of fighting. But, of course...”

“Yes, Thran should approve of it, I know.”

“More than approve, he needs to agree not to beat the shit out of anyone giving you bruises and roughing you up.”

He's groaning at this, and then the damn tablet beeps, so he has even more reasons to groan. OK, maybe they should stop talking anyway, he does his exercises and then settles down on the couch. Or tries to, because he can't seem to find a comfortable position – like that is new these days. Finally, he manages to roll a blanket and support his back and crumple another to put it under his neck and closes his eyes. He's damn tired, yes, but can't seem to fall asleep anyway.

It's beyond annoying, but Legolas is, indeed, bored and annoyed most of the time right now – although he's also immensely grateful for all the love and attention he gets, too. He doesn't have enough words to say how relieved he is that Thranduil doesn't hate him after all this, that the men don't hate him, for what happened to them because of him. But yes, what the man did for him – even
his mind can't worry anymore that it's all a lie and he'll be thrown out or something.

Yes, a part of his mind tries now to tell him that what Thranduil did there was monstrous – and he finds that he really doesn't care if it is. His mind says he should care, but fuck, did he really deserve what those two put him through? And for sure he's not the only one, of course they must have done this to others. Yeah, but you were willing to do it, that cold morning when you went on the street, weren't you? Damn, this is uncomfortable! He tries again to settle down, and still, yes, fuck it, he was willing to be a whore, yes! But he had absolutely no idea what that meant, at the time.

Also, willing or not, they did make a deal to sell him for good – and Thran paid everything they asked. He did all that was asked of him, including for the damn showings, so this was against their own rules – and it's not just his imagination saying this, either. The man admitted to being baffled that the deal wasn't respected, and, again, Gimli confirmed that.

It was quite weird to have him come visit on Saturday, he didn't expect it and later Thran had told him that it was news for him, also. It was even bigger news to be told, after, that he received gifts from the guys who apparently replaced Azog and his friends in… whatever they do. Well, he knows what they do, all kinds of illegal stuff, but really prefers not to think about it, since it also has to do with what his master does, which complicates things a bit too much.

Still, since he also didn't really have anything to do on Saturday, he agreed to spend time with Gimli – after all, the guy didn't behave ugly towards him since that warning, and he was home, within view of everybody. Legolas was really surprised to actually have a lot of fun though, because the guy seemed to really want to behave and, well, he's neither dumb nor boring, when he's not trying to be superior. And he didn't, he genuinely said interesting stuff, they even ended up going through models for craft jewelry together, since it's the only other thing he can do, besides studying or watching movies at the moment. Which he got pretty bored of doing already.

They had talked about the guy's family, friends and such, and about other guys having broken ribs and hating it with a passion – amazingly enough, it's not such a rare occurrence when people fight – and remembering this sends a spike of worry through him. What if Thran… Well, Thran did seem to know about the chances of this happening, if he remembers what they discussed when he was first in hospital, and nobody forces him to fight the guys he wants to hire, right? Would it be stupid to ask him to let Boromir do it?

Yes, it probably would be; he seemed to appreciate Legolas worrying for him, but yes, he does generally train with the guys, and there must be some truth in the fact that he needs to be in shape if he is to… God, he really hopes Thran will never again have to do such things, to endanger himself, but this is not up to him, is it? Somehow, something tells him this is not the first real fight the man had to go through, and Legolas was clearly not present when the others happened, to be a cause of it, so nope.

But this is exactly what haunts him now, what makes him wake up at night. It is strange, and he didn't tell his lover that, but right now it's not him who's hurt by Azog and Bolg – it's Thran, and Legolas is not so sure which is the worst. It makes it easier for him to get back to sleep though, because he sees and feels the man right near, all fine, alive, unhurt, but the way he sees him when dreaming, covered in his own blood, hurt, broken, terrifies him completely. He sees him bound to a hospital bed, scared and suffering, instead of seeing himself there – and really doesn't know if he could bear such thing.

But it's still so hard to fall back asleep when the dream is about himself getting hurt, being forced to let himself be touched, taken, brrr! And he really doesn't get why his mother appears so often now in his dreams – maybe because he was really afraid he'd die?
All these thoughts make his skin crawl instantly, and he tries to rearrange himself, and of course it hurts, because he keeps trying to do what's natural – curl himself into a comfortable sleeping position – which is definitely not laying on his back – not that he's laying now, more like sitting. Yes, this small, stupid thing is actually torture – but can't be helped.

Ugh, he so hates this waiting thing. And now he's thirsty, but if he gets up, he'll have to do the rearranging thing all over again. Maybe he should have gotten one of the guards to stay inside with him, so now he could have asked them to get him the glass. OK, now he's getting stupidly lazy, and stupidly whiny, that's not right, not at all. Maybe he should really stop whining and… Oh, it seems Elrond is here, so he should get up anyway.

“Hello Legolas, T… I thought Thranduil was with you?”

“I'm sorry, he had something to do, some information he needed to explain something to a client, so he went back to the office. I promised to text him as soon as you are back, call him if he's needed?”

“Oh, yes, of course, I was… Yes, message him, do you want to wait until he's here for the consult?”

“No, no, the idea was, if there is something new, he would want to speak with you.”

“Of course. Yes, I would like to try something to help you get better faster, so I'm sure he'll want to know more. Tell him to come back, and we can start with the usual until then, OK?”

He nods and texts the man and soon he has to tell the doctor, very decidedly, that he should just do what's needed – stop asking permission for everything, because that makes him feel very bad. There's the fun part now, with palpating and prodding and all kinds of breathing, leaving him wrung out and swearing – and then he realizes how uncouth this is and tries to stammer an apology.

“Relax, Legolas,” Elrond smiles, “I know nobody likes certain examinations. OK, I don't think you need other tests right now, since things look exactly as expected, get dressed and let's discuss something else, until Thranduil arrives. Did he say how long it will take, anyway?”

He has no idea until he checks his phone – and strangely enough, there's no answer to his message – maybe he talked to Boromir? They check after he manages to get dressed, but no, Boromir has no inkling on this – but he will check with the secretaries and let them know.

Until then, of course, Elrond wants to speak with him, about how he feels. Bad, of course, because it hurts so much.

“I know this hurts, but I wasn't talking only about physical pain. But yes, let's speak about this first, do the pills help, at least a bit? Or you didn't take them? Since you were close to 170 pounds, and now I see you are just a little over 150, you lost about 18 pounds since the previous checks, are you still unable to eat?”

“It's getting better, actually, after… after Thran showed me some things.” He frowns and wonders now if maybe he's saying too much, if… The doctor always seemed to know things, but maybe he shouldn't just tell him everything? Or maybe he should…

“I don't really want to know whatever he showed you, because I know him for too long, and he is well aware I disprove. Still, you can tell me absolutely anything and I promise it won't get to the wrong years. You probably don't know, but there's a thing called doctor-patient confidentiality, so even if I wouldn't consider you two friends, I wouldn't just go around speaking of things I heard during a consult – and the authorities can't really force me to do it. Just tell me what you face, so I can see how I may help.”
It's still annoying people read him so easily – but if the last days didn't teach him, yet again, that
others know so much more than he does about this situation, then he's helplessly stupid anyway. And
yes, he's supposed to do everything to get better, he promised it.

“I am very grateful to be called a friend, and maybe it's part of all this, I… Yes, I felt bad, I was dizzy
all the time, nauseous, and didn't think it's possible to endure so much pain, I still can't wrap my head
around the fact that it will keep going, at this level, for at least a month, as you said. I mean, yes, I
took the pills, and they help, it's mostly better than that first day, but still too much.

And I hate it especially to see how I give everybody around more work to do, and mess with their
schedule, and they all go out of their way to make me feel better, but… It's not that I don't appreciate
it, although it's very hard to understand why would they care so much for me, it's not like I did much
to deserve it. I… I can understand a bit why Thran would want me to be well, though him saying he
loves me is just… Oh,” he blushes now, unsure once again if this is something he should have told
somebody else, without permission, since it's such a special thing.

“So he managed to tell you? I swear to God I can't understand how he is able to talk people into
giving him millions of dollars on a daily basis, but seriously believes he doesn't know how to speak
to you, about things you'd obviously like.”

“Oh, so you spoke about this before?”

Somehow Legolas feels a bit betrayed that the man would have told somebody else first about this –
but, at the same time, if he did it, it's very clear it's true, right? But it doesn't make sense that this
should hurt him either.

“Yes, let's say you were a bit out of it while we spoke about this. And of course all this had to
happen so it finally registered in that thick skull of his.”

„Why do you say this about him?“

The doctor sighs and ponders on it for some moments, before answering.

“At first I must say I didn't approve at all what he did with you, yes, I suppose you saw that when he
brought you here the first time for that consult. Then we talked a little more about it and he told me
his view on things, that he was lonely and decided to have you there long term, because you needed
protection and in exchange you would keep him company. I found this very strange, to make a
business transaction out of what should be love – but maybe I am, as many people say, idealistic and
old fashioned.

It's not that I don't know about other such relationships, they are not at all uncommon. Still, most of
the people involved in them do not behave like the two of you did and, while it was understandable
that you had no experience and were very… well, constrained about so many things, he didn't
behave like he did in other relationships, during all the years I've known him.”

“What do you mean, Thran behaved differently?”

The doctor laughs at the question, first.

“I see you are not amazed by the fact he called this a business transaction.”

“No, we had this discussion the same week he brought me here, because yes, I had absolutely no
idea what to expect. He told me what he wanted of me, and that he would take care of me in return –
and he really did, I never expected to have this much, not while staying in my hometown and not
here, even without… well, you know.”
“Yes, as that may be, Thranduil was generally very… not necessarily uncaring in other relationships, but… distant somehow, Legolas. Yes, he always offered things to his partners but… yes, it was too clear many times that, if the relationship would end the next day, he would not be too disturbed by that; maybe even happy, sometimes. I don't know, maybe he seemed lonely even when he was with someone, as cliché as that sounds. But he is not like that with you now, and I have no idea why he didn't realize this sooner.

Although you two might be birds of a feather – understanding a bit why he might want you around is selling yourself very short, Legolas. Ohh,” the doctor says, and covers his mouth with his hand, clearly thinking this doesn't sound well.

“I'm fine with that, really, he didn't treat me like property, like he could have done, I know it. Even if I still worry a lot, even if I'm not sure of many things, I… I did see now what he can do, not that he didn't tell me such things from the very start. And I like being his,” he says, a bit defiant, and really blushes now. And it seems that he makes Elrond's cheeks get rosy too.

“Yes, your relationship is… is special, yes. But it's a very good thing you are so good one for the other, Legolas. What I meant to say was that it's very clear that Thranduil is – well, with some exceptions, when crazy things happen – that he is in a way better disposition, at all times, since he has you with him. He had isolated himself a lot during the last years, and didn't care for himself as much as he should. Now he's different, he smiles so much more, he… He's way better.”

“Yes, one of his other friends, Glorfindel, said that he was ready to bet that Thran will work himself to death.”

“I suppose it was a real possibility, he didn't do much besides work, that is true. Probably still he works too much, but that… like he was saying last time, a lot of us do that. Keep in mind that you are a very good influence on him, now he goes out more, is happier, all that, so don't think for a moment that, when something is not right, he shouldn't do everything to take care of you. Also, all these people you say you create more work for – I assume you do count Galion and Mrs. Baggins among them, right?”

“Yes, I do, she tried so hard to make me eat, worked so much more, and I was behaving so bad, barely touching anything…”

“They like to do this, you know. They took care of him too, because there are many such details he would have forgotten completely, if they weren't there to do them for him. It's what they love, so yes, you can always say thanks for that, but don't think they resent it, that would never be true.”

“Oh… so if I'm good for him, they would like to take care of me, because…”

“Good God! That's not what I said!” Elrond starts, almost shouting, and then he visibly controls himself, taking a breath, passing a hand through his hair. “I'm sorry I yelled,” he starts again, lowering his voice, “but you shouldn't put yourself down like this, God! I said they like to take care of others, yes, but not that the only value you have is that you make Thranduil feel good!”

“But I never did anything for them – I didn't do anything for you, really. Whenever I tried to do things for people, they still were never my friends, why would somebody I never did anything important for consider me one?”

“I am really sorry you grew up in such an environment, and I understand more now why Thranduil was, at a point, willing to get to your hometown and beat the hell out of your grandfather. Oh, you didn't know that? Yes, well, it is his first reaction to certain issues, and is good he controls himself, but I'm afraid I can understand his being fed up with this.
Legolas, a friend should, indeed, help another, but friendships start with easy things normally – just having a person to whom you can speak about your day, your ideas, somebody would appreciate going to the same places, relaxing together. Yes, after a time, they might take you by car to the airport at a weird hour, or watch the kids for an afternoon, for free; and maybe they can say a little white lie when you want to get out of a tight spot – but you don't start with that, and you don't ask for more, unless they actually volunteer for it. And if they don't, they don't, they do not owe you the destruction of their lives or anything, just to deign to be called friends.

I liked it when you come to visit, Lindir and my sons like to spend time with you, Arwen likes it when you come and chat and play with the little one. We could even have fought a bit, about small matters, and that wouldn't have been an issue – people can have different opinions on everyday things, the worst would have probably been if the twins would have started with their pranks – which I dearly hope they outgrew, finally. Life and relationships shouldn't be such a rigid thing, and in any case, not one in which only one person always gives; it must go both ways, to be healthy.

The same should apply to Thran's employees – I could bet you never treated them badly or expected unreasonable things, right?”

“No, it's not their fault,” Elrond sighs, “although I know why they feel responsible. The only fault is of those animals Thranduil destroyed, absolutely nobody else's. There are rules, even in the underground, otherwise every day would bring chaos and death, and nobody would be safe. Not to mention, the authorities would really do something about it, and business would disappear, so the fact they went against their word like that was indeed completely unexpected. You should have had enough security, if such an unlikely thing wouldn't have happened.”

“Yes, they told me this, and it makes sense, but I see now Thran is worried that this will cause issues for him and… Maybe we should speak of something else, I don't want to burden you with this, you did say you dislike all this.”

“I said I dislike Thranduil's approach to certain things, not that I blame him for doing it. Yes, I wouldn't have done the same, but there are enough things I don't do like him, of the innocuous variety also. Whatever he does, Thranduil doesn't cross certain lines – like breaking his word and going after innocents, Legolas. I told him this already, and I tell you, too: I would like it a lot if he wouldn't do certain things, but some actions must be taken, and yes, he will have to deal with the aftermath of this, but he will have help. And he was in the right on it anyway.”

“It worries me, though, he's having nightmares too, and he had to do this because of me.”

“Yes, it was very bad at first, now it's better, after… OK, you didn't want to know that. Yes, they are easier to bear now, but they still wake me up several times a night, a lot of the nights; and of course I wake him up, too, so he can't rest well. And he started having them also, and I hate it, because he needs his rest. This is why we were so late today, I'm sorry for that.”
“I'm afraid such things are not uncommon after what you suffered, Legolas, and I can't offer much help with them. It's good that whatever Thranduil did helped you in dealing with them, and you are right, I can guess what was all about, but don't want to really know. But don't take the blame for his demons – he didn't comment much on it, but I know for a fact he had these too, for years after his own attack. All this probably just reminded him of it – unless he told you something different?”

“No, he's not speaking of them, he's… Well, I just thought they are because of what happened to me, about what he had to do.”

It's clear the man would want to say something, trying to find the right words, but finally, it seems Thranduil is there – he's knocking on the door and entering without waiting, but he lingers a bit at the entrance, telling Boromir he needs to prepare everything real well and fast.

“I'm sorry I was delayed,” he says, “there was a phone call I couldn't avoid, I'm afraid. So, how is he?”

“Good day to you too, Thranduil,” Elrond answers, and there's sort of a smile on his lover's face – but it's not a real one, and now Legolas notices that his face is way colder than it was before he left, he seems preoccupied. Before he has time to ask what is it about though, Elrond tells them that everything is going well, but there's a procedure he'd like to do, to help him recover faster, and they start discussing it.

It seems this platelet rich plasma thing is something widely used in the recovery of professional athletes, and has no major side effects – well, the fracture site will hurt more, for up to three days, and he will have to use ice for a day, because the place will swell. Jesus, more pain?

“Yes, I'm sorry about that, I could maybe give you more potent drugs for a day or two, it shouldn't cause such a big issue. Maybe I could also get you an IV a day, too, to help your body. You see, the biggest issue in doing this is that you could become addicted, and I didn't want to use it at the beginning, but if you say you are starting to eat again now, and you deal with the pain as well as possible, we could make an exception…”

“Really, there are no other side effects, Elrond? How is that possible?”

“Thranduil, you know a bit about the human body, so you know the blood has several types of components, right? OK, what we use here are just the platelets, concentrated, and they would be from his own blood, since he is young enough and healthy otherwise. So there would be absolutely no reason for rejection or any other issues that appear in case there's a transfusion from another person, or another foreign substance, since we don't add anything, is that clear?”

“Yes, of course he wouldn't reject his own tissue, that makes sense. Still, why does the pain increase, why would inflammation appear again? And wouldn't he be weakened more if you take his blood?”

“It's only 20 ml of blood we'll be taking, not more than when doing tests, so it shouldn't affect him in any way. The other - inflammation is the body's response to any injury and, also, partly to what's needed for recovery. Injecting these active components into the damaged site greatly increases the repairing activity there – that means more cells come, more substances are deposited, more detritus appears. This causes the pain and swelling – but it would also decrease the normal healing time by two weeks for sure.

It also guarantees a better recovery – the broken bones generally repair better, stronger, than if we let nature do this all by itself. Since he is so young, obviously we have to take into account the fact that he will keep doing a lot of physical activities, some of them very demanding, and I want to give you the opportunity to do them without any kind of risk coming from a poorly repaired fracture.”
All this sounds very reasonable, and he sees that Thran thinks it's so also. Still, he looks too tired, but what can he do?

“What do you say, little one?”

The question startles him out of watching his lover, but of course, there’s only one answer possible.

“Of course I want to be as healthy as possible, and as fast as possible. If you don't think it will be very bad though, I'd really appreciate stronger painkillers.”

“Do you agree to the IV, too?” Elrond asks.

“If you say it will help, of course, those were not that bad.”

“Fine, let's do this then. I'll tell a nurse to get me the IV and we'll do that here, are you comfortable enough?”

“No,” he sighs, “but that wouldn't change in another room. Oh, but you surely have other things to do here, maybe better…”

“Yes, Elrond, before we do all this, I should tell you something.” Thran sighs, and really, he doesn't look at all happy. “I was late because I had to speak to Fingon, and he wants you to call him, also. I would also be in your debt if you'd do it now.”

OK, so the call didn't go well? What will happen, what…

“Legolas, stop fretting. I'll stay with you and hold your hand and everything will be fine, OK?”

No, he doesn't think it's quite like that, but Elrond just nods briskly now and takes them to the consultation room, where he takes the blood very fast and then a nurse comes and takes the vial to wherever they do to it… yeah, he already forgot what that was. Another nurse comes with the IV and Elrond leaves them, and Legolas shamelessly holds on to his master while everything is settled. He's trying to decide exactly what to ask, but the doctor is already back, checking his IV, then adding something to it – yes, the painkiller.

The nurse with the blood is back too – and yes, he squeezes Thran's hand pretty bad, for sure, because it's so not fun to have the injection in between his ribs.

“I'll go make the call,” Elrond says, “while you will wait for the bag to finish. I'll be back to take it off.”

He's feeling just a bit better after this though, because Thran is now peppering barely there kisses on his chest – and that is something he'd never refuse. But he can't stop his mind from worrying, since clearly the man still behaves odd – he's not speaking enough, and clearly he's tense. Yes, he has to ask.

“Thran, you are clearly upset. What happened?”

The man stops and sighs, and then it's so very clear that he'd like to nip him for interrupting that Legolas could just scream at the injustice of not being able to take it.

“We're going to have to travel to them, so he can scold me in person. As you well know, I don't take well to people telling me what to do – so yes, I don't like it. This is not a reason for you to worry though, as I've already told you, you just have to take care and get well. Let me deal with this, OK?”
The idea of Thranduil sitting meekly, with his head sort of bowed, and being told he'd been naughty abruptly blooms into his mind and Legolas can't but laugh – ugh, it shakes him, but there's something warm in his body, and it doesn't hurt as he expected, so he continues laughing. It's baffling though, and not only for him – obviously this is not the answer Thran expected. He's starting to explain what happened, but also giggling while he does it, and the man does smile a bit too – why doesn't he think it's too funny? Well, why does it seem that funny to him, it's not like he ever enjoyed being scolded, but…

“Oh, I see the drug does have an effect,” he hears Elrond, who comes near and takes the IV off.

“You are telling me he's high?” Thran asks, quite disbelieving.

“I'm sitting down, I can't be too high,” he supplies, and this is actually amusing, to see his lover perplexed and to hear the doctor say such strange things.

“Normal anti-inflammatory drugs are not appropriate now, after the treatment. He is not to take the usual pills for about a week, and I also had to take that into account when choosing the combination now. The dose might be too much still, seems he is very responsive, so we'll reduce it the next days. That is a good thing, if the dose is smaller there is less risk of addiction. But yes, you could say that he is high – Legolas, that's just a word for being drugged, generally just for kicks. I need you to tell me how much you hurt right now.”

“I don't,” he blurs, because it's the first time that it really doesn't hurt – and he'd whoop and jump, really, but it's good he first tried to get his hand in Thran's hair – and it's really, really weird, his hand feels very big and heavy, like swollen or something – so he looks at it and it looks normal – or no, is that a little yellow flower in his palm? Where did that come from?

“What in the world did you give him, Elrond, acid?” Yep, surely Thran doesn't like this, but he should, there are several flowers around, and they would look so pretty in his hair…

“There's some ketamine in the mix, I wanted it to act fast, but it wears off very fast also. I will avoid most of it for the next days though, it's probably better.”

It's interesting, clearly there shouldn't be flowers here, and he understands what they are saying – but it's such a relief to not be hurting so much, he just doesn't care – and he shouldn't worry, yes, it's nice now, so he thanks Elrond and plays with a strand of Thran's hair – hm, it doesn't feel as usual… And he's so sleepy, can he nap a bit? Goody, he can! They help him stand and it's quite fun to see more flowers on the walls while they are leading him somewhere – oh, the bed he's lying on is all grass and little, little wildflowers, the blanket too, he would like to be able to keep… his… eyes…

* *

“Is it safe?” Thranduil couldn't stop himself from asking, the moment they closed the door of the small room, letting Boromir inside with Legolas.

“Yes, I'm sorry Thranduil, he will just sleep it off. You saw I checked his vitals, all is fine. He seems to be extremely sensitive to this – I will try just half a dose in the morning and that might do the trick. It's different from what we gave him at the beginning, so I thought he'd respond just normally to it. As I said, it's good that he reacts well to smaller doses anyway.”

“Yeah, good, OK. At least something is good, and it was no use if he was awake and fretting anyway. Thank you.”

“Yes, he should rest well, without dreams now. How do you cope with it?”
He's trying to laugh, but well, if only sleep would be his biggest issue.

"I'll deal with that, as usual. I'd just wish there would be a safe way to help him escape the nightmares more often."

“One thing you can do is tell him that he didn't cause your nightmares, he believes he did. I tried to tell him it's surely not true, but...”

“OK, OK, I'll speak to him about it. Did he tell you anything else he's facing I could help with?”

"Just all those lovely things you already complained about before, that he doesn't trust himself enough, that he doesn't understand why people would want to help him without asking for the moon in return."

"Yes, unfortunately this made him lose a lot of the progress he made. I'll just have to support him, there's nothing else to do."

“How do you cope with it, the dreams, do you want to talk about it?”

“There's nothing to talk about, Elrond. It's same old – I relieve what happened, with various embellishments, as it happens in dreams. Nothing new, I just hope it passes faster than the last time.”

Elrond sighs and shakes his head, and doggedly continues.

“Legolas was worried he caused it, that you dream of whatever you did to those... animals.”

“No, I'll clarify it for him, that's not it.”

“Not at all?”

“No, Elrond,” he answers, tiredly. “I regret absolutely nothing of what I did to them, maybe just that I didn't do enough. No, there's no reason for me to lose sleep over it. Yes, I know I promised not to entangle the boy in this, but it was killing me to watch him wasting away, terrified, unable to rest, unable to eat... I had to do something, something that worked, at least in part, because...”

“Yes, you did what you had to do. He says it's working, anyway, I really hope it does. But another thing you have to do is rest, you know.”

“Yes, well. I neglected too many things, and there's no one else to deal with it. And...”

Damn it, since when he's such a coward?

“Did you manage to call him?”

“Yes. Yes I did, and it's wonderful news, really.”

“What is wonderful news?” Thranduil asks, completely bewildered.

“About Maglor, of course. I'm really glad you told him to speak with me, and he was kind enough to invite me to go with you. I really want to know more about this experimental treatment, as you surely imagined. Oh, yes, of course, I told him I can't just leave everything in the air today, and also that the boy needed more attention before being able to travel. We should go the day after tomorrow, we can take your plane, right?”

“Oh course we'll take my plane,” he answers, automatically, but all his hairs try to raise, because this isn't at all what he and Fingon discussed. Still, Elrond is clearly completely oblivious of anything
wrong. “Did you settle an hour too?”

“Ah… not really, no, but he said he couldn't be in Hithlum until the evening, so there's no need to arrive too early, I imagine.”

“Hithlum? We usually meet in Beleriand.”

“Yes, well, Maglor is there and they didn't want to move him yet, he's better but such a big change might cause issues, it's all so new to him now. Oh, and he was saying Turgon will come also, and a few others, and you know how he is with the big cities.”

“Yes, of course. I'll tell Boromir about this, he was starting to plan the trip for Beleriand, as you can imagine. OK, what about Legolas, is it safe for him to travel this soon?”

Honestly, he had hoped very much that the doctor would say no to this, but he says it would be fine, and he'll be there to take care of everything anyway. Fuck, it's clearer and clearer that what Fingon told him and what he told Elrond are totally different things, and this makes Thranduil's blood run very cold. OK, at least for now he can leave the boy here to rest and they'll discuss later, he can go to the office and…

Good God, it's clear that he doesn't have any time to sleep until they leave, and that's so damn fucked up, because he needs his mind Damascus steel sharp when confronting… the hell with it, one thing at a time, Thranduil.

“OK Elrond, thank you again, I'll leave you to arrange everything before we leave, and I'll go do the same thing. I'll leave two of the boys with him now, but I might send more, because.. Yes, well, you know.”

“Don't worry, and do get some rest too, or he'll stop finding you attractive,” the doctor tries to joke, and he forces himself to smile – which works just because the man is totally distracted by everything he needs to do and, surely, by this story with Maglor being better. It's very, very hard to keep himself in check, but he does it, goes back to the room Legolas is in and calls Boromir with him, because this needs to be… as settled as possible. Yes, there's absolutely no time to waste, but they will speak in the car. Yes, he should speak to Celeborn first, yes, five minutes.

“I found out new things,” he starts, once they are on the way to the office, “we are going to Hithlum, not Beleriand, and we should arrive there the day after tomorrow, somewhere at 5 or 6 in the evening. Elrond is coming with us, too, so you'll have to discuss with his security, but I'd love it if he could accept to have only our men for the duration, not his.”

“Is it really safe to take the boy with us, if he needs the doc to watch over him all the time?”

“No, Elrond doesn't come for that. And Legolas is fine, he's just completely stoned at the moment, he did something to get him to heal faster, but it hurts more, so it's better like this, at least he can rest. The health thing is fine but…”

He's tense as hell, and he'd love to pace, but they are in a fucking car, and all, but yes, he has a very bad feeling about this, so he has to plan ahead.

“I need a favor, Boromir.”

“Sure, shoot,” the man answers, looking at him very attentively.

“If things go South, I need you to take Legolas and get out of there; get out of the country, I spoke to Celeborn and we'll have his passport ready. You have the details of the emergency account, and we
discussed such stuff anyway. You'll let me manage, choose two of the guys and just fucking go, OK?”

The man's sharp gaze is quite annoying right now, also the delay in answering.

“I thought you said Fingon promised nothing will happen.”

“Yes, he did; and maybe I'm paranoid, fuck! But we also never thought Azog and the Wargs will do what they did, did we? I still want to be ready for anything. Humor me?”

“Yes, that's true. Still, there's the little issue that I don't have enough data on their security, Thranduil. You realize we are going into a fucking fortress?”

“Yes,” he sighs, “I fucking do. I'm putting us into the lion's mouth, and… I don't have a choice on this, however I turn things. And yes, I went way over my allowed limits, so he has the right to punish me – but Legolas is…”

“OK, I get that. I want to do it, seriously, but I don't know if it's actually possible, so I can't promise it.”

“But you'll try?”

“I'll speak with Elrond's people, see if I can find out more, and I'll see there what can be done, and then let you know. It's all I can promise.”

Fuck, it's not good enough! It's lousy, really, but… yes, the man is right, he can't promise Thranduil something with so many unknowns. Last time they've been to Hithlum was more than 3 years ago – everything could have changed in that time. And he can't get all the men with them – that would be a disaster from the start. Fuck, maybe he should just take the boy and disappear now? No, without due preparation, and with the boy so fragile, they have very slim chances, if he defies the orders like this. Fuck. At least if he acquiesces, he has one chance to fight, beg, cajole... something. Yes.

“Thank you. Let me know about anything you need; no, better, just do whatever is needed, I'll put more money in the account, use all you need. I won't be very available, I'm afraid, so decide what's best, anything to have him safe, OK?”

“And you, from what I remember that was my main task.”

“Yes, well, leave Bard in charge of my safety; don't take Bain with us; and maybe get mostly the guys who have real combat experience with us? No, no, just the first parts, choose who you need, I won't meddle; you are still in charge, but delegate to Bard as much as you feel comfortable with. Just let me know of the essentials. I'll tell the boy to listen to you in everything, and I'll speak to Elrond also, see what can be done. Thank you.”

The man's *hmph* and the itchy movement of his big shoulders is not a reassurance – but then, getting lied to would have been worse. Yes, he'll have to tell the boy, too, and of course he won't like it either. Fuck. But until then, work, settle things, maybe find out more. Damn, he needs to call Celeborn again, and who else… Yes, it's good that Eowyn and Faramir are already in his office, they need to settle what happens for the next week.

No, he will absolutely *not* worry about what happens if he doesn't come back, because if he doesn't, either Boromir managed to escape with Legolas and they'll have enough money to manage, or who the fuck really cares if it all turns to dust?

*
It's four in the morning when Legolas appears at the door to his office, shyly interrupting their talk. It's good to see him on his feet, yes, and he looks rested, and they needed a break anyway. Yes, they should order some food and stretch their legs until they continue – and he needs to speak with his treasure, as much as they'll both hate it.

He settles Legolas on the couch and pulls his chair to sit in front of him, trying to be both stern and reassuring.

“I want you to listen to me very, very careful, treasure, OK? It is essential to do all that I say, non-negotiable and all, clear?”

The boy nods, unsettled, and he sighs and goes on.

“We'll have to travel, I've said that, right? I've been summoned by my… bosses, let's call them; the guys who made me who I am, and who still have power over me. I've crossed some lines in not asking permission and rearranging the power structure on my own, so now they will want words; maybe more. No, don't apologize, I knew very well what I was doing.

Issue is, the summons says, specifically, that you should come with me – and I am afraid. I've been promised that nothing will happen to you, otherwise I wouldn't even consider it. That should be enough, and I really might be paranoid, but I want to have a plan B, as flimsy as it is. Anyway, I spoke to Boromir already, if there are problems and they look like they won't keep their promise, he will try to get you out of there. If that happens, I order you to do exactly as he says, when he says, no questions, no worries, no delays. If he says jump, you do; if he says kill, you do; you do not wait, you do not do anything but what he tells you to, clear?”

He doesn't like the hurt flashing in Legolas' eyes at this, not at all.

“You mean, I shouldn't question if you can also escape?”

Damn, sometimes it's not funny that the boy is too bright.

“Look, I don't want to die there; I seriously don't. If I can get away alive, I will do absolutely anything to do it. Trouble is, if something is fishy, the first thing they could do is trying to have an advantage over me by threatening to hurt you. Stop this instant!”

Damn it, this is not to hurt him!

“All this sounds like shit, I know. Still, I knew from the start that attachments can give them power; maybe that's why I never had one, whatever. I love you and yes, this can be used to force my hand, but that is not your fault, and – look at me! I wouldn't want to be back as I was before I met you. You hate it, and I love that you do – but I also need you to heed me on this. It's not the first time when I deal with them or when I am in a complicated situation; negotiation and getting out on top is what I do, so there are many chances everything will be fine.

Elrond will be coming with us, and sincerely, this should be the most reassuring thing – he had and has a very special relation with some of them, and he would not appreciate at all if they do such things. Again, it might be just my mind going into overdrive and seeing enemies everywhere – but I want to be prepared, after the last fuck up, OK?”

“OK, I'll do as you ask. Will you promise to take care?”

“Yes, love, I have all the reasons in the world to take care, and I will. So, the idea is, Celeborn will get you a passport and, if my crazy thoughts do become reality, Boromir will get you out of there and… well, I don't know where, because it is better not to know. There will be enough money so
you can live without worries, but probably you'll have to change your looks a bit, and of course you'll change your name.

If that happens, I will try to escape also, and it might be some time until I find you again, but I'll do it, if it's humanly possible. Aside this… well, while we are there, you'll have to consider this trip, from start to finish, like a really tiresome social thing – you'll have to take care about every word, I'm afraid, and yes, there'll be uncomfortable questions and sexual taunts. Think Amanda all over again, or something. Still, since you are still recovering, you can always say you are tired and need rest. You'll be very bored, and I'm sorry, but it will probably be simpler.

Oh, and the main thing will be, don't let them bait you. What I mean is, if I'm around, and they try to mock me or stuff like that – don't ever let them make you mad, don't try to protect me. I can make my skin real thick, and have a lot of experience in dealing with them – this is a battle you shouldn't try to fight, OK?"

“So I should just play the doll?”

“Yes, it would be a lot safer. You see, if you are a doll, there's really no need to pressure or make me change you; if you are a threat… even the word given in faith might be considered breakable – and that is what we don't want. I'm sorry, I know…”

“No, it's fine, if it's safer, I'll be the sex toy, no matter. I promise to do all you said, just take care, please? And let us come back home fast.”

“Thank you, love. I will do everything possible to have things right, everything, OK?”

Yes, maybe it was better after all he showed the boy certain things – because now it is clear in his eyes that he really gets what everything can mean, and Thranduil can thanks all gods that Legolas can still look at him with love.
Chapter Summary

So I realized I didn't add pics in too long - definitely need to remedy that, right?

Now, I added a bunch of characters - so i'm also changing Chapter 15, where the list of characters is, so you can have an idea of some of them. I'll also put there the pics that actually gave me the idea for this AU - so yes, it will be up in... hopefully no more than an hour.

There's somebody whispering his name, and he'd like to sleep some more, but… Ah yes, he told them to wake him up before they land, so he has the time to get himself together, yes. Thranduil had precious little time for sleep during the last days, so this respite was real good. Oh, it seems Elrond is whispering because Legolas is still sleeping, good, they'll let him rest up till the last moment. He's stretching and passing a hand through his hair, yes, he'll take a fast shower and… yes, half an hour is more than enough to get himself in top shape, and the smell of strong coffee is just divine.

While showering and getting his hair untangled, his mind runs around in circles, but he has to get it together – they did everything possible without having all the data, so there's no point in allowing this. OK, to get Legolas awake and settle himself in the ice mask now. He almost doesn't want the boy awoken, but it wouldn't be right to just carry him around, even if that was comfortable for him, which at the moment is not. The new concoction Elrond gives him is way better than the regular drugs, but it still leaves an edge of pain, so he won't be thrown away when he gets back on the usual ones, and also, so he won't forget and hurt himself.

Hopefully he'll have the time to see the difference… shove it, Thranduil, he berates himself, such thoughts help no one, and he's not dead yet. And to keep things like that, he has to leave feelings aside and concentrate.

“Love, wake up,” he says, as unwilling as he is to ruin the boy's peace. He's thoroughly lovely, ensconced in the large leather chair, even if too thin again, the bones of his face too stark because of it. There's again the pang he was feeling in the beginning, that he has a child in front of him, much too young for all this shit. “We'll land soon, so let me help you be presentable,” he ads, and softly kisses the bleary eyes, so happy for the real smile he gets in return, when the long lashes flutter open.

“Oh, I missed everything, didn't I?” Legolas asks, quite unhappy about it.

It was the first time he went by plane, and luckily he didn't have any issues, pointing out from the first that he had already flown in the chopper. Yeah, another time he didn't feel good. Thranduil really didn't want him to associate flight with bad things happening, so he encouraged the need for a nap, since Elrond's muttered explanations on stem cells and exotic enzymes and hybrid… something or other they supposedly used to get Maglor better were well above their pay grade anyway. The man is a good friend, but when something gets him going on his favorite subjects, it's real hard to make him see anything else.

“It's good that you had your rest, I did too, just woke up 10 minutes ago.”

“Yeah, but you've been here before.”
“I have to admit I don't remember if I ever looked out the window when I came here, I was generally working.”

“Maybe you both should do that when we return,” Elrond intervenes while closing his laptop.

“If we are not too tired, maybe we should,” he concedes, because he doesn't want to think that far. They were a bit delayed, by Elrond, amazingly enough, so it's almost 6:30 PM now, instead of the 5 PM he would have liked to arrive here, and it's twilight already, this far North. Of course, he wasn't able to say anything, since it was some medical emergency, as usual, but this means Boromir will not be able to snoop around before more people arrive, or during the mess which happens when they do. Which is quite annoying, but out of his hands.

Legolas goes to throw some water on his face, and then they fasten the seat belts, because they'll land, and the conversation is just perfunctory. It's a very good thing they had perfect weather, absolutely no turbulence, allowing for a very smooth ride. And then they stop, and it seems they arrived within minutes of Fingon himself, who's waiting for them on the tarmac, together with Anna and... yes, that must be Gil. Thranduil tries to remember when he saw the boy last, and he's short for 16, still, clearly wanting to do something else than politely greet guests, although his squarish face and green eyes lighten up when he sees Legolas – yes, anybody who doesn't look ancient for his teenager mind would probably sound good. Surely the boy thought he'll be confronted with an entire week of having to deal with too serious people.

But this is quite interesting, then, Fingon bringing his family to this could mean it's really not as bad as it seems. Anna is her usual charming self, but very efficient at the same time, so they are exchanging pleasantries, he's introducing Legolas and then they are shipped to the guest house they'll be sharing with Elrond, because the plane must be put to hangar to leave the runway clear and the jeeps must come back to ferry the other guests. It's good they arrived later, because a few others arrived earlier than previewed, and now only Andrews, Turgon and Nessa are still to come.

Now Thranduil is really starting to wonder, why would he warrant all this gathering – after all, just getting Turgon to come out of his lair is always a feat. He will find out soon enough, the dinner is at 8 and everyone is supposed to attend, so they should get settled fast.

The guest house they've been given is not very far from the main house, from what he remembers, and it's a good one, because it has a good bedroom on the ground floor. Anna mentioned she spoke to Elrond about Legolas' needs, so he's been quite touched for the attention, and yes, it's good to see Legolas just loving the main room. It's beautiful, all wood, with the chandelier imitating candles and the real fire place, the huge couch with a mountain of pillows the boy actually needs now and the very beautiful view over the mountains around. It will look even better in the morning, especially if there isn't any fog or rain, the sun's rays create very interesting patterns while squeezing in from behind snow covered peaks.
LIVING ROOM WITH VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINS

The outside sitting place is beautiful too, and he remembers somebody told him once who had the idea to make the round stone circle, with the fireplace in the middle, guarded by the majestic, tall pines, but it eludes him now. Hithlum is actually quite a beautiful place, although a bit cold, because of the altitude, so it's good Galion managed to get several cardigans for Legolas, he's clearly going to need them. Thranduil busies himself to help him be ready, choosing a light blue shirt to go with the steel blue slacks, a silver tie and a thick ribbed white cardigan on top – yes, the occasion is official and all, but the suit jacket is surely thinner, and he needs to take care.
The boy manages, he'll help him with the shoes after he changes in one of his dark suits, yes, blindingly white shirt, dark gray bow tie - he's in no mood for color tonight. All the while he waits for Boromir to come give his report, since he had changed places with Bard, who had flown them here, supervising the plane and all, and, of course, doing what he promised and trying to find out as much as possible.

It is probable he wouldn't give him details until after the dinner, he realizes, because he'd want everything to be as clear as possible – yes, they shouldn't wait for him anyway. The disadvantage of being that close to the main house is that they are expected to walk there, but this is good after being cooped up in the plane for some hours. The air is good and fresh, and Elrond tells a curious Legolas a few things about the place, allowing Thranduil to just relax. The solid smell of the ever greens reminds him of the small town he grew up in, and he realizes how long it's been since he left, since he walked outside in the mountainous evening, and can't stop himself from wondering what changed, if… But then, there would have been no point in going back there, even if… No, things he had no control over are not something to focus on, although it's so damn tempting. He's almost laughing to himself and decides to put a smile over the mask, at least for the dinner.

The big hall is almost full already when they get there, everyone is greeting one another and looking around to see who is to come. Clearly Turgon looks rumpled enough to have come directly from the plane, and there's the beginning of a scowl on his already haughty face, quite easily seen because people don't actually hurry to go to him. He does look tired, so most probably things are not going that well. Decided, he steers Legolas towards him – they were never the greatest of friends, but they weren't enemies either, and it would be beneath Thranduil to jostle around with others for the attention of somebody else.

He has a second to wonder how will Legolas take to this, and then remembers that it will not look
that different from other social events – although there are conspicuously more men around. Yes, Turgon says he didn't bring his family, because it would have been too complicated, but the conversation flows easily and then they move on, there are a few people whom he is almost pleased to see, like Devon and Michaela. Well, they look quite old though, and it is quite sad to see the way the strong, solid Devon he remembers seems sometimes to need to lean on his wife's arm. It shouldn't surprise him, really, the man must be… 70 something, so of course white hair and frail bones are a given.

He doesn't know nor like the gaggle of youngsters a smiling Anna introduces him to next – and not only because there's such a contrast in their vigor compared to his old friend. They are too shifty eyed, too loud for a gathering of such level, and the way the brown haired one looks at Legolas just makes him want to punch him in the face. There's an oily sheen to the dark gaze, a tilt of the head, predatory, lacking even the tiniest shred of respect. He'll have to remember this one's name – Salgant, yes, and the little bitch near him, a weasel-faced red-brown haired guy – Saeros, yes. Who they belong to, he needs that information, so he lingers a bit more in the discussion than he would have liked.

Salgant started with Turgon, but needed more space, he says, so now he has his own turf, and is ready to expand. Of course he is. And Saeros is eager to help him, that's why he left Matthews. OK, so what he doesn't say is probably that he tried to suck up to Matthews and the guy saw right through him, didn't give him an inch more than he deserved – so he tries with someone stupider, or something. He's saved from boredom by the announcement dinner is ready – even if Nessa is still not here, they will start.

THE DINNER TABLE

It's good Elrond is near them, on Legolas' right, and he can survive with Rog on his left. The gruff man looks to be quite in shape still – they were roughly the same age, he remembers, so there's no reason not to, yes. They are on the other side of the very long table from Fingon, who's seated in between Anna, sparkling and beautiful, as always, in the blue dress contrasting beautifully with her golden hair, falling in waves over the half naked back, and Gil, fidgeting a bit with his collar, clearly
annoyed to have to wear such formal dress.

Turgon is on Gil's left, exactly in front of Elrond. It's fun how the ends of the table are not occupied – yes, Fingon always preferred to be in the middle of the people, so the arrangement makes sense. Well, and that seems to matter, because it's easy to hear when a servant tells Anna something, and Gil almost bounces on his seat, loudly announcing they'll have blueberry pie. Unexpectedly, Legolas says, very wistfully, that it sounds so delicious, so Elrond just automatically enters his caregiver mode.

“If it wouldn't be too much of a bother, Anna dear, could you tell them to give Legolas a piece from the beginning? I'm afraid the drugs I keep giving him upset his stomach a lot and I promised he could eat anything that caught his fancy, as long as he does eat.”

Turgon laughs loudly at this, especially when Gil starts begging to be given the same treatment, and of course Legolas is all pink in an instant, but soon each of the boys gets a piece of steaming pie – and the good thing is that Legolas is eating, yes, slowly and carefully, but clearly enjoying every bite. Polite as he is, of course the boy praises the pie, too, and, when asked, explains they mostly have chocolate and apple pie at home.

He's automatically thinking to tell Mrs. Baggins to expand the dessert menu, of course. That's when somebody asks something about vanilla, and Legolas innocently replies he finds it a bit bland, and then turns crimson to his ears when that makes just everybody within hearing range laugh out loud. Yep, this is how it's gonna be, it seems. So he pastes a smug smirk on his face and asks about the wine, making Fingon launch himself in details about some vineyards in Chile he has an eye on, because he liked the reds there.

This makes other conversations less loud, but there are still mumbles from a few others around the table, who clearly don't appreciate… something. So he has a ton of enemies, of course – and it's really frustrating to know they resent him so much, when he wasn't even involved in anything serious for so long, plus, he never tried to take anyone's spot.

There's a commotion now, because Nessa arrived – and he sees how amazed Legolas is to see the diminutive woman having such a very strong, loud voice. She was late because the baby was a bit sick – oh, he should congratulate her, he didn't know her partner was pregnant, although he remembers hearing they were trying. Of course Andrews offers his services if they want another child – how idiot can the man be, really? Also predictably, some of the young bucks leer at this, and it's clear Anna doesn't appreciate it and Fingon is ready to intervene, but Nessa never needed anyone to fight her battles for her. After all, she is where she is without having inherited anything.

“I'm afraid I have to refuse,” she says, very cheerful sounding, “Mary is much too delicate, she would not appreciate some bleeding nuts on the dinning room table.”

Rog's rumbling laugh is almost deafening in his ear, but Thranduil wholeheartedly joins in, because Andrews' face is really funny in his outrage, and the guy tries to get up. But before he does it, Nessa is by the table, with one of the silver knives in her hand – and luckily the people around pull the idiot back on his seat, while Fingon barks at them to sit down.

“Can we make enough room for a chair in between?” he asks, looking at Rog, who nods and they push around and a servant comes with a chair. He likes the woman, really, and she will be a way better neighbor for both of them, even if, predictably, the mutters increase in volume, until this time Anna asks for quiet and starts asking questions about the baby – it's a girl, Eliza, and she had a little fever, that's why Mary and her didn't come as promised.

Well, he wasn't really expecting baby talk – but it's better than the alternative. And the fact Legolas
did spend time with Arwen and Eldarion makes him join the discussion, raising a few eyebrows, but Anna pays even more attention to him and finally asks if he is willing to spend time with the women the next days, since he's probably unable to do much roughhousing around with Gil, when the boy will be free from meetings. Of course, she also mentions that most of the ladies are older – and of course there are, again, loud brays of laughter when he innocently answers he has nothing against older people. Right.

“Yes, I… I wouldn't want to impose,” the boy finally smiles shyly, looking mostly to his plate, “and I would really love to run around here, it looks so beautiful, there are some very nice trees to climb on, but I get tired way too easily. I can stay in my room if it would be too weird, though,” he adds, blushing again.

It's sort of funny how shy he is once again, not that Thranduil doesn't appreciate color in his cheeks, but he had thought the boy way past that. Somehow this discussion seems a quicksand pit, and he would appreciate the humor, normally, but he's too tense for it.

“My dear, of course there's nothing weird, we will just bore you with domestic and shopping talk, unless Thranduil has need of you,” Anna continues.

“I'm of no use to him right now, the injury… Oh, for the talks, no way, I have no idea about business, shopping sounds way better!”

“That's settled then, there'll be someone coming to let you know where we gather, after breakfast,” Anna smiles, and Thranduil takes the chance to say he'll be sending one of the guys with him anyway, because he needs help with even mundane things and also with his hourly exercises.

And he's sure he overheard some slur about what kind of exercises the boy needs help with, making him grind his teeth, before he laughs again when Nessa starts a little rant on how happy she is they have a girl, because she can't imagine what she would do to a perpetual teenager male in her house, spewing stupidities to compensate for a way too small prick. Then she bats her lashes at Fingon, playing the apologetic maiden so well they all have to laugh again and the discussion turns to the fact that the men also have to gather after breakfast, because there's a long list of topics to discuss – is it?

That's news – yes, Nessa can officially be called a dude, if she wants, Matthews laughs, so she promises she'll actually wear a dress for it, not like tonight. Oh well, Thranduil himself would happily wear a dress if it would help anything, so they go on with dinner and luckily nothing weirder happens, they can eat. After a while, his eyes keep being attracted by Gil – yes, he's fidgeting and a bit unhappy, but that's not it, no, he watches how Fingon and Anna look at him from time to time, and… yes, that could actually work.

So, when dinner finally ends, he doesn't linger and they just return to the guesthouse, where Legolas has to admit he's still tired, so he convinces him to get to sleep, while he finishes up things. No, he behaved very well at dinner, as usual, there's nothing to worry about.

And now the conversation with Boromir.

“I want you to find out everything possible about Gil's security,” Thranduil starts when they are alone in the room, after receiving confirmation the place was swiped and nobody is listening.

As expected, Boromir's body goes rigid and the man scowls at him.

“You would actually order that?”

“As an absolute last resort, for an exchange, yes. Is it too much for you?”
The question is honest, because he knows this is against all he ever stood for, all the things Boromir respected in him. Still, he cannot care now if he is to lose that respect, because Legolas is more important.

“If they manage to get him, that might actually mean I'm dead. So maybe I should share such finds with the others.”

Thranduil sighs, yes, this can happen, he wouldn't let them just take the boy.

“Fighting and dying for your charge makes sense if there's an actual chance they can escape like that. But that chance would be non-existent, as I see things now, so tell everybody to cut the heroics, you cut them, especially. Dead men don't help in a rescue, a valuable hostage does. And Gil would have the best value. Have you checked if it's possible to fly away?”

“Not with our plane.”

“You found others, though, right? OK, Legolas knows to listen to you, so if it's needed, take whatever. Also, if we have to bargain Gil, best would be if he wouldn't be here – so, same. I'm not sure if I should give Legolas the gun though, to have it around at all times.”

“It would help. The guys here wouldn't be as sloppy.”

His chief of security ponders this for a while, clearly very unhappy. Yes, he didn't even give the guy a drink or something, and his hands are restless, while he's trying to process.

“Gavin would do it for sure,” he starts, clipped and rough, “but he might be too rough, and that would make things way worse. Bard would do it for you, but you need him to actually take care of you. Don't say it,” he lashes, and Thranduil wisely shuts up, letting him go on, “I know you'd do it, and you would also stand defenseless, but in such a case, you'd probably be watched way too much. And you shouldn't ever appear defenseless. It will have to be me, I imagine, although I'll discuss with Bard to see if he has a different opinion. I'm pretty sure Elros would do it… yes. OK, we'll gather the data, and give it widely, without a clear reason why, for now. Anything else?”

“No, just this. I'm…”

“Enough. We'll talk after, I'll see what's possible.”

He takes his leave, abruptly, almost grinding his teeth, his wide mouth a thin, grim line right now. Still, Thranduil can't regret doing this; he can only regret not thinking of more ways of protecting them. He decides to go for a walk – maybe his thoughts can clear a bit, maybe he can get new ideas. He can't indulge himself with fighting or alcohol, and sex is also out, so he just needs to be calm. Yes. He has to gather as much data on everyone and play them, to the best of his ability, there's no other option.

He's not the only restless one, it seems, Nessa is also in the gardens, so he decides to start already. Even weirder, after a while they are joined by Matthews, so he takes them to the house, to have a seat outside and enjoy a tea, watching the flames swirl in the stone cauldron in the middle. Well, yes, and a glass of whiskey, seems like Nessa is more fidgety than she wanted to let on at dinner – which is not really that weird, if she doesn't know how her child is doing. The news about their areas is interesting though, he promised himself to find out everything possible, so he pays attention to all they say, you never know what little detail can help with something.

This is where the sunrise finds them – and maybe it wasn't the best choice, but it would be pointless to get to bed now. He just checks on Legolas, happy to hear from Elros that there wasn't much
agitation in the bedroom, so surely he slept quite well. He enters and watches him for a while, while still feeling it's wrong that the boy is not curled in a little ball under the blankets, as he likes it. Now his whirring mind wonders if this will change the boy's sleeping habits for good, and then jumps to the worse question, if it will change some other habits.

It won't matter, he has already decided that, if he can't do certain things again, then he can't do them, they'll find others. It would be beyond any imagination that he would not keep his lover close now, no matter how they'll deal with sex after all this, so it's pointless to ask certain questions anyway. Legolas is stirring now, so Thranduil forces himself to relax his aching neck and shoulders and smile, to spend an hour or two with him, before he needs to join the others. Yes, it will recharge him enough.

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The day was not so bad, Legolas thinks now, waiting in the common room for Thranduil to return from the talks. Yes, he was the only guy among women – well, Bard had kept an eye on him, but not from very close, unless it was exercise time. The rest of the time, he had been chatting with the local guards, and probably those of the other guests, standing at a distance, because really, he hadn't needed any help – the good thing about being around those women seemed to be that getting another pillow or a blanket on his legs or a new cup of something was a thing he had to refuse more often than accept, because all wanted to take care of him.

He can't say he didn't find that weird, but had promised to behave, and it helped that quite a number of the women were old – there were only two younger than Anna, and he doesn't know exactly how old she is, but since she has a 16 year old child, and she doesn't seem to have been married very young, from what he heard them talking, she might actually be close to 40. Others are 50 or 60 something, so at a certain point he actually said how sorry he is that he can't behave politely and help them with what they needed, feeling himself turn beet red again and unable to look them in the eyes.

Of course they told him not to worry that much, and he tried his best to engage in the conversation, to praise something about their dress and to give opinions on potential new outfits, very happy to have received tips on this before. As Mithrandir said, everybody likes to be praised, so they will keep treating him well.

He saw Thranduil at lunch, and then Gil came a bit to stay with the women, although he clearly didn't want to be there – and disappeared as fast as he was allowed, although Legolas saw the younger boy looking at him several times, probably wanting to propose to hang out together – which he would have loved, really, if he'd be able to do more than just sit around. After some time, he was really, really tired, and very happy to be allowed to go back to the house and sleep before an earlier dinner.

Elrond had checked on him right before that, bubbling with excitement because he spent the day with that guy they were talking about, who had been very sick and now is actually better, and Legolas is really happy for him. After dinner, which was real good, and he is proud of himself for he ate almost normally, the doctor insisted on giving him another IV bag with vitamins and whatever, he brought it with them, so dutifully he accepted it, since getting better is all he wants.

Well, he also wants Thran to be less worried, less tense, and he didn't like at all the fact that, in the morning, before leaving the house, Bard had given him the silver nano gun he got as a present, telling him he's supposed to wear it under his clothes at all times, Thran's orders. The discussion they had before coming here is very clear in his mind, and he wishes with all his heart for that to never happen – but he will obey the orders, of course he will. He's sighing, and again is quite sleepy, when finally the man returns – and damn, he looks so tired!
He must be, since Legolas knows he didn't sleep last night, and he was in talks all day – no, he doesn't actually want to know what are they talking about, but of course he listens when Thranduil pours some wine and discusses a bit with Elrond, things about generational shifts and rival families and cash flow and… well, yes, he doesn't get any of it, really, although rival families doesn't sound the best, and he's really getting antsy when he hears about territory encroachment and need for revenge.

“How was your day?” Thranduil asks him, finally, and he's just ashamed to say he just chatted and had cookies and tea and slept and…

“That's great. I hope you won't be too bored if the whole week is like this.”

“It would be wonderful if it's only that, Thran. I just wish I could help you more.”

“Just take care, little one, it's all you should do. Ready to sleep? I think I need it.”

He's not actually sleepy anymore right now, after hearing everything, but he knows his master needs it bad, so they say goodbye to Elrond, who is still staying awake to check something, and go to prepare for the night. He has already showered, yes, of course, very slowly and carefully, so now he just gets into the silk pajamas – yes, it is not the best thing, Legolas thinks, that both of them are now wearing clothes to bed, but supposedly somebody else could enter the house, and they should not be naked. Yes. And he especially should not be naked if somebody else than Thran needs to wake him from one of the nightmares.

They brought an enormous amount of clothes with them – Galion did the packing, and at first Legolas was asking why they need so many things, and where will they carry them – and the man just laughed and said that, for certain occasions, Thran would have his head if they didn't have all that was needed to impress, even if they needed to pack the plane so much that some of the guards would need to sit on the suitcases. Honestly, he had asked himself how many suitcases the man has – since he didn't have any, and Galion just kept bringing more empty ones.

Still, it doesn't actually amaze him that much anymore – after this, the man said they should go get more suits, too, because he's bored with the ones he has, and Legolas spent too much time in the same ones. It's still totally weird to think on how much money the man spent on those suits, and he understands that, when he'll have the new ones, the old ones will just… probably be thrown away or something, which sounds like such a waste, since they are such a good quality, but, surely, the man knows better, and he will not complain.

It would be beyond stupid to complain of such things, anyway - yes, of course he survived with just a little shelf holding all his worldly possessions, and he remembers his grandfather promising fire and brimstone to those vain enough to have more, but… Probably fire and brimstone is due first for killing people, for… no, he's being stupid. His thoughts stop though when Thran exits the bathroom, still naked, finishing braiding his hair for the night. Yes, whenever he sees the man naked like this, he can only think of the pleasure that body brings him, and doesn't care in the slightest if the reward for it is also fire and brimstone. No, he just wants… what he can't have at the moment, and the man is way too tired to pester him for more, surely.

He arranges himself on the big bed – it's not actually as big as Thran's is, that one was a special order, he found out, but it's still nice and comfy, and they brought them extra pillows, so he can be comfortable. Yes, the man puts on his black pajamas and gets in, too, close enough so Legolas can move a hand over his shoulder, his arm, getting a tired smile.

“Sleep tight,” he says, trying to smile so very cheerfully, and the man nods and closes his eyes, falling asleep very fast.
Legolas could sigh, because he's so not sleepy, but he also doesn't want to disturb Thranduil's rest for anything in the world. Maybe tomorrow he shouldn't sleep in the afternoon, so he's more tired in the evening, although Elrond said he should. Uff, why is everything so complicated? He should think of something boring… But he can't, really, his body makes him think of only very not boring stuff, like touching Thranduil over the silk, kissing him, opening himself and… Stop it, damn, now he's getting hard, and that will not help him sleep. Ugh.

Somehow he does fall asleep after a while, only to be woken up by a very agitated Thranduil, who's having a nightmare. Twice that night. Still, when the man would remain awake after the second one, even half asleep as he is, Legolas manages to convince him to go back to sleep, and he looks much more rested for breakfast.

The day is quite similar to the first then, only now Gil stays more with them, and they end up discussing school and then crafts – Gil likes painting, but now turns more towards computer graphics, and he has somebody bring him his graphic tablet and laptop and shows him a few things – well, also shows all the women, clearly annoyed, but trying to behave, and definitely his mother is very proud of him for it. The discussion goes then to hair and braids, and Legolas has to admit to being annoyed with the simple braid he has to wear these days, but keeping his hands raised to manage something more complicated is just not possible. Then they end up talking of hair clips and pins – and it's quite fun, after all, although Gil slinks away after a while – yes, he has short hair, so probably all this sounds very boring.

The rest of the day and the evening is a carbon copy of the previous day – Elrond gives him the vitamins, then he talks with Thranduil about medical stuff, then Thranduil complains of the fact that he's not even sure what in the hell he's doing here and he's very tempted to start to order things around, because some of the guys are really dumb when it has to do with finance, and then it's bedtime.

Both of them seem to sleep well – Legolas sleeps so well that when he dreams, it's actually something completely different and real good – so good that he wakes up to a very amused-looking Thranduil, and realizes he spilled himself in his clothes. Damn!

“Care to tell me what did you dream that interesting?” the man smiles, looking at him with laughing eyes. Oh well.

“I like the headboard, I thought from the start you would look very good against it,” Legolas starts, quite brazen, but feeling his cheeks starting to flame.
LEGOLAS' DREAM

“Oh really? Hm… I didn't think about that...” But of course, now he looks at it and measures it – and it's indeed looking good, all the intricately plaited pieces of wood do offer... possibilities.

“Yes, you did, but without the pajamas.”

“Of course,” Thranduil keeps smiling, nodding at him to go on. Which Legolas does, after he licks his lips, to moisten them, because they were suddenly dry.

“You were sitting there when I entered the room, and you were teasing me by keeping the sheet in your lap. And you got me to undress, damn slowly, and then to come sit in your lap.”

“Did I keep teasing?”

“Sort of, you had me doing all the moving, but it was so very good...”

“Mmm, I bet it was. And what else did I do?”

“Ah… I don't really remember anything else.”

Thran smiles broader and then kisses his face, and well, they should clean up – he especially should clean up and all, but...

“It doesn't bother you, that I spilled and...”

“Not at all, treasure, I'm actually very glad of it.” The man laughs when Legolas scowls at this, because it really doesn't make sense.

“You should tell Elrond of this, because this is a good sign that what he gives you actually works. It
didn't happen these weeks, right?"

“No, it's the first time, after..."

“Yes, your body was injured, you had a shock, and all these affect the sexual function, the desire. You also didn't eat enough, and now you do, so it's a very good thing, showing us you are really recovering.”

He has to agree then, although it's not exactly the thing he wants to discuss with the doctor, but if it's that relevant... They actually talk about it at breakfast, and he's groaning, because now Elrond wants to give him another treatment when they return, if the checks are fine and he keeps improving like this. Damn it, they'll turn him into a pincushion! But yes, of course he'll do it, especially because he now realizes that, indeed, he wasn't really that aroused, for anything, during this time, but yesterday and today he feels it burn in his belly, and if he will feel even better, it will also be very difficult to cope with the fact that Thran doesn't really touch him, doesn't...

Well, yes, Thran wants to take care of him, but how does he feel about his own body? He doesn't have the chance to start that discussion though, because each of them already has a schedule – so he's off to the women again. Today everything seems almost normal, because they do what they did the previous days, and of course there are talks of children, grandchildren, schools, all that, until Gil appears again, clearly bored and not really happy. He tries to start a conversation with him, they even manage to exchange ideas on school subjects, of all things, which takes the older women off their backs for some minutes.

This is how Nessa finds them – complaining loudly that she's had it with mule-headed, bickering men, and that she has absolutely no idea how the world didn't already end up in flames with them on the lead. She unsettles him a lot – yes, he saw now that women can have power, can give orders and all that, but she is so tiny, he can't help but expect her to behave like either Frieda or Rose – and she actually behaves more like Boromir. He didn't see her fight, but the way she was holding that knife the first night, her face, her eyes while doing it – there was the glee the man exhibits when he trains, actually... No, Thran is way colder, his face almost blank then, no.

She's also wearing a man's suit, her shoes are not at all feminine – but she still looks so fragile at first sight, her lips too plump to look dangerous, her lashes too thick and rich for the brown eyes to look dangerous right now, it gives him the shivers.

Gil seems very interested in her though, and also asks about her partner, and the other women of course can't wait to ask about the child. It seems the baby is better, but she told them not to travel yet, and of course there are a lot of unhappy sighs, but it makes sens. It is colder here up North, although Legolas realizes that, if they would come, then all the attention would be on mother and child, and not on him, which he would enjoy immensely. As it is though, he tries hard to be polite and interesting, but he can't stop wondering if Thran didn't tell him something. Yes, the way the woman complains is very similar with what Thran says in the evenings – but why is that, when he was so worried about other things?

“So, where the hell do I get a good evening dress?” Nessa asks, making the other women laugh.

“You actually didn't bring any, did you?”

“Nope, I was coming for business, and... well, my big mouth made me promise to wear one, and now everybody is hounding me to do it. Well, not everyone,” she concedes, smiling at Legolas, and then at Anna. “But most of them, and it's really annoying, on top of everything.”

“You could fly to Beleriand, there are a few nice places, if you remember last time you visited...”
“Ah yes, where Mary got the blue dress? Yes, that one is a treasure, really. Maybe they have something in bigger sizes too…”

“She's worried about it, doesn't she?”

“You know she is,” the woman actually snorts. “I've lost count how many times I told her I like her as big as she can get, but… yes, yes, I should be more subtle and all, but when did you see me being subtle?”

Legolas has no idea what she's talking about for some moments – and then realizes that probably her partner got fatter during the pregnancy, and yes, he saw most women worry about that. OK, it would make sense. So good he doesn't actually have to worry about that.

“What are you smirking at?” she turns to him, and he's mortified to realize she can interpret this so very wrong, so he hastens to say that this discussion about subtle things really made him think about Thran, and now she's laughing.

“Yes, I imagine he would say that. Seriously, what got into him, he's way too silent and damn brooding these days? Is it that bad that he can't play with you?”

Yep, he's getting all crimson, for sure, and has to say he's sorry his situation creates issues, it's just… he would…

“Calm down, boy, I'm joking, OK? Yes, of course he'd be annoyed by what happened, but I wasn't actually saying you have a fault in this. Not more than Mary has because her hormones are all over the place. Damn, I'm probably just as broody as him now, ugh, and getting a dress is just…”

“I'll come with you,” Gil intervenes, very excited, “please, may I? You know there was the game launch too, and we could just pass by the store for like 5 minutes and…”

Anna is rolling her eyes at this, and Nessa shrugs her shoulders, seeming to say why the hell not. Especially when she hears it's a game where the hero has, among other things, a flame thrower. Yes, seems the woman would appreciate that more than a dress. Which is funny, until they invite him to join – on the idea that maybe he wants to stretch his legs, and just walking around in a mall shouldn't be too tiring. Legolas itches to tell them they never shopped with Melu before, but indeed, if the woman doesn't really want to shop, and obviously Gil is only interested in video games, it shouldn't be that hard.

“If Thran thinks it's OK, sure,” he hears himself say, and only then thinks that maybe Thran really doesn't want to have to deal with this, that… but it's too late. Of course everyone agrees on this, and at dinner Nessa pops the question, making half the table laugh when they hear Nessa wants a dress, and the other half start to snigger that he should get one too. So he is kind of snappy about that – but Thran clarifies things really fast, saying that he would be very unhappy if Legolas did – he should go, of course, and get whatever he likes, but he insists they go with his plane – because he doesn't trust the other pilots to fly smoothly enough and all. Of course Nessa is offended and offers to pilot herself, and it seems there are similar stories to what Boromir did, which everybody aside him knows – and Gil also knows how to pilot – damn, everybody here knows so many things it's unreal.

They haggle through the meal, and finally Thran has his way, when the woman hears Boromir will actually play nice if he's flying them – yeah, it's clear Thran has certain things in mind and this is why he doesn't send Bard. He has the confirmation when they speak in the bedroom, and he should also keep the gun with him anyway, and Legolas gets real worried, asking if this was a bad decision, if he shouldn't have left Thran's side, if… But Thran says he shouldn't worry, that it's good they will go like this, and to have fun and buy something pretty, that's all he has to do. He's so unsettled that
he forgets to ask him about this morning, about his needs, and doesn't have the time next day, because they leave real early. Damn.
So... 1 year since I started this, and already 200 k words posted, and still a lot to do until it ends. Phew, never thought it will get this big!

Thank you so much for everyone who still sticks around, I hope to be able to update more often now (no promises, but I'll really try!).

Legolas feels the need to scowl and roll his eyes and just go away, but that wouldn't be polite, so he just waits for the woman to try on another dress and come asking for their opinion. He has no idea what is wrong, actually, there are at least 5 dresses she tried and looked stunning in – including this last one. Yes, it might be too thin and all, because it was a soft white silk draped beautifully on her slim body, but then most woman's evening dresses are, in his opinion. Seriously, he doesn't get what didn't she like in it – it wasn't too overtly sexy, like the black and the red ones she tried earlier, nor too shiny or something, like the sequined one. Even if all the other older ladies had lots of shiny things on their evening dresses anyway.

No, this was something he would have said was what she should have worn every single day – soft, just a bit shimmery, because silk is like that, with a very understated ton sur ton motif, going high on her throat but leaving her shoulders bare. She does have nice shoulders, so it looked good, and the skirt was wide, so she could move her feet as she liked, not like the other dresses she complained about. Yes, he can understand the idea of not having her movements restricted and all, and it wasn't overly long, so she didn't have to wear very high heels with it either.

Oh well, it's her choice after all, and it's not like he had something very important to do. OK, she's out again, and this dress is also looking good, although it's a very different thing – it's not an evening dress, really, more something he'd see at a lunch meeting, gray, straight and so very simple.

"Yes, it's not an evening dress, but it's serious!" she huffs, clearly also annoyed with all this.

"I'm not sure I understand the issue," he tries to smile, "all these dresses you tried on are just like what all the other ladies are wearing, and perfectly fine for the evening. Well, yes, this one would be very good for the day, if you want to wear it for the talks, I suppose."

"Yes, I'm just not like all the other ladies," she grumps.

"Of course you aren't," Boromir surprisingly intervenes. "Maybe you should add something different to the red one, to make the point."

"I think you mistake me for Thranduil," Nessa rolls her eyes, but it's clear she enjoys the idea – and what the hell do they mean?

It's very annoying to not get so many things, really, it's like he's back when all this started, and he kind of hates himself for it. Legolas especially doesn't get the way these two behave with each other – at all. He never saw Boromir speak so much, and they stood together in the cockpit while flying here, they promised to do it again when they return, and it's just unsettling.
It's not the first time he goes shopping with some of Thran's clients or something, so it's nothing unusual to give opinions on how something looks and all, but generally any guard coming with him in such trips, including Boromir, would never say much, generally they'd keep the distance and all. This time though, she asked Boromir's opinion almost every time – and even more, sometimes they were just looking at each other and rolling their eyes or shit – and that's disturbing.

At least Gil doesn't behave that unexpected – he wanted to get to the games shop first thing, and then was extremely happy to be allowed to stay for an hour there and play something in a simulator, with just his own guard accompanying him, while they started looking for a dress. That got prolonged though, they will just meet him for lunch, not that any of them would really miss his opinion, after all.

Nessa is going to change again, and when she comes out, says they need a break from all this shopping – and then falls on him, asking why doesn't he get anything. Well, maybe because he can't even try on a damn t-shirt, since raising his hands too much is an issue? He shouldn't have been that aggressive, so he wants to apologize, but amazingly enough, she does it first, and they start wandering around a bit, trying to decide where to have lunch – when Legolas' eyes are just glued to a pair of very tall boots in a shop's window.

Of course they are not for him – they have stiletto heels, for Christ' sake, and surely they don't have the size – but the damn woman just barges into the shop and they have to follow. For a few moments, Legolas thinks he can breathe easily, because she sees a pair of sandals she likes – but no such luck. Reality is the boots are very beautiful, a very soft white leather, with lots and lots of buckles, so he knows Thran would just love to see them on him, but… heels.

“We can customize anything you see in the store,” a tall, slim guy who must be the shop assistant tells him. “Also, we can do completely custom products, in any size, so if something interests you, please let me know and I'll present you all the options we can offer.”

This actually sounds interesting, really, and well, it wouldn't hurt to ask.

“I like this model, but I'd probably break my neck trying to walk in them.”

“What type of heel are you comfortable with?”

“Regular man' shoe heel,” Legolas smiles, because yes, he never wore something else.

“OK, we can do that, or… would you be willing to try something just a bit higher?”

“Nothing this pointy, I'm afraid.”

“No, no, this is not what I had in mind,” the man smiles and tells them to have a seat while he goes in the back, coming back with… damn it, these are just like Thran's boots, from when he wore that crazy dress. Yeah, he could probably try them on but right now…

“I'm afraid our friend was in an accident, and has fractured ribs” Boromir intervenes, “so trying on tight boots could get very complicated.”

“Oh, I'm sorry to hear that! Well, we have a 3D scanner for taking measurements, and he wouldn't need to strain for it, but I wanted to show him that these heels are really easy to manage. Anyway, I can help him put them on, it's no problem, really!”

That would be too weird – or would it? Nessa pushes him to try, and finally he rolls his eyes and accepts, allowing the guy – Clint, he introduces himself – to take off his shoes and pull on the boots. Yeah, Clint is clearly good at what he does, because he guessed his size right from the first, and now
he has to get up and... yes, Boromir stays right near, so he can grab him should he stumble or something, while he tries to walk on the things. It's not as bad as he thought it'd be, really. Yes, of course it's not as comfy as his regular shoes, and he has to keep his calves tense and it gets tiring fast right now, but if he wears them for some hours, yeah, he could probably do it, Legolas admits with a wry smile.

OK, so this could work, but definitely nothing higher than this, or pointier. Now, yes, he'd like to see other colors of leather – and just loves a mossy green, and then the guy tells him the leather could have a pattern, with various holes, and shows him a beautiful one with leaves. Damn it, he likes it a lot, but he also likes the one with all the buckles.

“And is there a specific reason you couldn't get both pairs?” Nessa asks, a bit annoying.

“Well, no, just... No, really, maybe I should actually look for more things.”

Like a damn purse, ugh, he thinks, looking around the shop, but then... There's a very wide belt, and a... thing with several D-rings added, and this gives him ideas, of course. Clint is happy to start sketching, but yes, Thran said he'd let Legolas choose his own bindings. The question is, would these things actually be solid enough?

“You tell me how solid you need them to be, and they will be. We can add O-rings, D-rings, chains, whatever.”

Yeah, it's kind of stupid to blush at this, but he can't seem to stop himself these days. To hell with it, he adds assorted wide adjustable bands for hands and neck and waist, and yes, if they could make something over the boot at the ankle... OK, they can add solid pieces of leather at both ankle and above the knee, good, and yes, they'll deliver everything directly at home, when it's ready. So he should get some red thing too – Thran does like red things on his skin. Which he shouldn't have said out loud, but now it's out, and he tells a smirking Nessa she should also get the red dress with the red sandals she liked, surely somebody will like the red on her skin. Which makes the woman positively choke with laughter. And on that train of thought, the red boots will actually be just a criss-cross of thin leather straps, with a similar model covering the entire length of his left arm, nothing else added. It just looks way more interesting, anyway, or Legolas hopes it will. And hopes very much Thran will not be very angry that somebody else knows what he'll be wearing. Unless the man decides to show him off in them at Lothlorien, of course.

Well, maybe they should indeed eat, so he has something useful to do with his mouth, until he ruins things. They call Gil and end up in a nice, small Italian restaurant, which should have been great, until the smell of shrimps with a ton of garlic from the next table almost makes him vomit, for whatever reason such things happen these days. They need to move to another table, further away, and he gets the plainest thing in the menu, just pasta with red sauce and some parmigiano, although he should eat more, but he just can't right now. He doesn't even finish everything on his plate and ends up ordering a bit of vanilla pie, too – yes, it's damn bland, like he said before, but that's just what he needs today. He will have to tell Elrond about this, although it's disappointing, after everything was going so good.

Gil mentions he should get something, or his mother will be crossed, so they visit a jeans store, and now Legolas actually gets why the other two roll their eyes – for sure the other youth has at least a dozen pairs already. Still, there are some funny t-shirts on the wall, and Legolas doesn't have to actually try them on, he can just buy his regular size and wear them when he's healed. But this means he shopped the most, so now the woman has to get it together and decide on a dress.

“So which dress would you buy?” she asks him, and seriously, he wouldn't buy any!
“I think the white was the most beautiful, you looked very good in it, and with your hair flowing free, it would be...”

“It would be exactly how I don't want them to see me!” she bursts, and it doesn't make sense.

“Why, it's so pretty and compliments your skin so good, it looks comfortable, too.”

“Yeah, all frilly and feminine, exactly what I need! If it to go out with Mary, sure, but...”

“OK then, get it to wear it for your partner! Or is there a specific reason why you should only buy one dress?”

That makes her laugh and yes, it might make sense somehow, there are things Legolas would prefer to wear only for Thran, although this is not... oh well. Still, this seems to make her act, so they are back at the shoe store to get the red sandal, and then to the previous stores for the red dress, and the gray one. Finally!

They are walking around aimlessly now, and he's quite tired, but, as long as everyone is happy, a bit of window shopping is not that bad. The quiet doesn't last long though, because Nessa's phone rings, seems there's business to attend to, so they just get back to the plane, where she keeps talking and moving restlessly between the seats, making Boromir scowl, because he can't take off like that. She keeps at it, and Legolas exchanges glances with Gil, who seems thoroughly bored with the whole thing, but also amused at the two, since it's clear now the woman avoids Boromir's gaze like the plague.

Finally, Gil calls home, and of course Anna wants to know when they return, so he just gives Nessa the phone – effectively stopping everything so they can leave. It's quite a sneaky move, Legolas thinks, quite envious that Gil seems so very sure on himself. Well, he is who he is, so probably he can afford it. Then the woman gets into the cockpit, punches Boromir in the shoulder and uses the plane's communication system to keep talking non-stop until they have to land. It's not a long trip though, so it's easy to find some subjects to talk about with Gil, since the other guards seem happy to just talk between themselves.

All in all, the day wasn't that bad, especially since absolutely nothing unusual happened. Maybe Thran's day was good too, he can't wait to find out.

*

They are getting ready for dinner, waiting in the common room for Elrond to be ready, since he was on the phone with one of his sons, and Legolas wonders if there's enough time to speak a bit with Thran, but Boromir comes in, after walking Nessa off.

“She's spoiling for a fight,” he tells Thran in a hushed tone, “don't fucking do it!”

Thran looks surprised at first, scowling a bit, and then he seems to understand something.

“OK, thanks for letting me know. I think we have to have a talk after dinner.”

Boromir nods and lets them go, since Elrond arrived too, but his lover seems too pensive on the way to the big house, and Legolas really doesn't dare interrupt his silence. And he would rather do this when they are alone. At dinner, of course there are unpleasant questions on what they bought, which Nessa fields quite aggressively, and he tries to help things by engaging Gil to speak about the video games – which gets him an invite for tomorrow, to sample the one he bought, too.

Thran is all for it, and Fingon smiles and says that yes, Gil shouldn't waste all his time with the
elders, learning is good but he needs fun too. Well, so tomorrow he'll have a different schedule, and they did change the subject. Good.

Also, Boromir was right – Nessa does try to get Thran to spar, and is very annoyed when he doesn't accept. She wants a word with him after dinner, and this he accepts, inviting her to once again have a glass outside of their house. This is also a bit strange – Legolas realizes, when Thran refills his glass, that the man has drunk juice all during dinner, just like him. Maybe he just doesn't like the wine they serve here?

Seemingly on a whim, the man asks him to come out too, while they speak, and Elrond wants to give him the IV too – so he ends up in a bit of a weird position, looking at the liquid dripping into his arm, while the others chat softly. Again, Thran seems to be drinking juice, and to encourage the other two to speak. Still, the bag finishes quite fast, and Elrond excuses himself to call his family, but Legolas is not allowed to leave.

He likes that the man kisses his hand slowly, and plays a little with his hair, while the woman just looks at them and sips from her glass – brandy, this time.

“What's with you, Thranduil,” she interrupts the silence, “you are chomping at the bit way more than usual.”

“Nothing that special,” he answers, seemingly without a worry. “Just like you, I find their behavior idiotic, and I don't like idiots wasting my time.”

“Stop with the excuses!” she grits, “or I will feel offended that you treat me just like the other idiots. You don't fight, don't drink, obviously don't have sex – and you're too silent. The Thranduil I know would have already thrashed half of them exactly for being idiots, what the fuck is wrong with you? And yeah, I won't keep my mouth shut just because you keep him here – he's anything but dumb, so spill it!”

“I'll leave you to speak,” Legolas dares, “it's late anyway and...”

“Don't, love, I do feel better for having you here, please?”

Of course, Legolas can't deny him, so he tries to arrange himself as best he can, as close to Thranduil as he can.

“You are right, and not,” Thran starts, sighing. “You know I wanted out, for quite a while now, right?”

“Yeah, and you don't want to know what kind of a fool I thought you to be, for that.”

“I know, you've told me already. Thing is, I actively tried to be the least involved I could – and starting to order everything and everyone around would not work with that.”

Nessa puts her glass on the little table brought for this, loudly, gets up and starts pacing.

“Seriously, do you still think you have a chance at that?” she throws, and Legolas has an image of a puma, just ready to jump, looking at her.

“I might have deluded myself, it's true. But you know how hard it is for me to admit I was wrong.”

This definitely amuses her, but Legolas doesn't like where this is going.

“So, if you ego would allow it, what would you do?”
“You know very well what I'd do, I'd make a nice little list with all the mistakes they are making and how they should be corrected. Which would get me so many new friends.”

“Like you want to be friends with most of them!”

“OK, reluctant allies, something. But yes, the majority wouldn't even want to hear it, and Fingon already refused me, several times. Enough about me, you had a day to think about it, what is your plan?”

“The same, I'm gonna tell the idiots all they stand to lose by being stubborn pricks, and how they should get their asses in gear. Yeah, yeah, I know how well that will go, especially coming from me, but Devon agreed to back me up and…”

“Really, he seemed quite uninterested to me.”

“Yes, well… I can trust your boy not to blab, right?”

“Absolutely,” Thran answers, without even a second to think about it, and this makes Legolas' heart swell.

“OK, yes, he's kind of had it with everything, and you know how things stand with his piece of the woods, so he's gonna let me take over, in a couple of years.”

This seems to startle Thran, but then he smiles, genuinely.

“Well, this does deserve a drink to celebrate, please, pour me two fingers of what you're having. I imagine you have things well planned, right?”

“Yes, we discussed it at length, and you know both of us like order. It won't be very easy, but he's feeling his age quite badly, and Michael really is neither qualified nor interested in this. Yes, we arranged for him to be left out, he's gonna leave the country when it's official, otherwise…”

“Yeah, they would use him as a puppet. Although I wouldn't think Fingon would fall for that.”

“Neither would I, but it would make things simpler and safer. Anyway, Devon will be siding with me in this, and Rog might, too. That one really needs action. Hm… I might ask him to spar with me, since you are chickening out.”

Thran just laughs at this, not taking the bait, and sips from his glass, so she reluctantly continues.

“Fingon should side with me, too – I have things too clear and obvious, and he doesn't have his head up his ass most of the time. It would really help if you'd also support me, though. In exchange, I will support your stance, and will talk to Devon to do it, too. The one with the finance stuff, not the other harebrained thing.”

“You are sure the finance is not harebrained, too?”

“Please! When was the last time you actually lost money?”

“I don't know… ah, yes, when our dear Congress established new regulations for every damn fucking thing!”

“Common, Thran, I'm not speaking of things you can't guess without a crystal ball! Actually, I would like your help with something else, sort of money related, but… it's not such a priority. What do you say?”
“If what you'll say tomorrow has your usual common sense and efficiency, yes, you can count on me. And I hope you'll like the way I'm gonna mop the floor with them, because they fucking deserve it. Still, do you have to stomp so hard on a man's dream?”

She's laughing out loud now, and punches him in the shoulder, making him scowl.

“If you're trying to tell me I should be subtle with you, of all people, I'm gonna think you've actually drunk under the table or something. Man up and let's do this!”

“Just one question – are you gonna do it in a dress?”

“Yep. Got the perfect shrew outfit all ready. The mopping will be needed, because they'll drool a lot. Oh, and I'll tell them your boy helped me get it!”

“The boy has a name, you know,” he scowls, “and I'd appreciate if you won't rile them up too much against him. He's...”

“Yeah, he's too good for this crowd, I've seen it, but he's also stronger than you give him credit for. Stop coddling him too much, he can stand on his own, and it's good to let him practice.”

“I wouldn't call these here practice material, Nessa, and pushing him till he breaks is also not on my list. I'm not saying you should shut up, you know, just... don't yank their chain more than necessary. I don't want to have to go to certain lengths again. It's tiring, after a time.”

“Suit yourself,” she shrugs, “and yes, maybe after this you can come visit. Mary would love him, you know, and she's a bit too unsure now. And I'd love to have Boromir around, to show him my new blades.”

“Not right now, Nessa. He needs rest, you've seen it, and less craziness. Maybe after he's healed, I agree, the two of them might get along quite well. I'll ask Boromir if he wants to have some holidays and visit you, though.”

“Jesus, I almost choked! Boromir taking holidays? Do I look that crazy?”

“It's been brought to my attention that I work too much, and surround myself with people who do. I might want to change that a bit. No promises, of course, but yes, vacations were mentioned too, so I am serious about visiting.”

“Fine, whatever you need to believe. Well, I think that's all for tonight, I do need to check up on things. See you tomorrow!”

She leaves, and Thran helps him get up and settle on the big couch in the common room, calling Boromir for the promised talk.

“OK, what else should I know? I owe you one, by the way,” he starts, and the man grins.

“I want a Black Hawk. I know where to get it, and it's good, all will be fine. Yes, I will also pay attention whom I ferry with it, chill. Especially since he might actually like it, when he's healed, you know.”

Thran sighs at this, and seriously, he'll get a military chopper because Boromir wants it?

“Fine. I need a bit of fun in any case. But if you forget your promise, I will seriously get a damn Fiat Punto especially for you!”
“My, my, you have learned more about cars!” the man snickers, so very jolly. “Bard will tell you he wants Bain to do some more courses for both cars and choppers, and I know you have nothing against paying for that, but I'm not that sure he'll tell you his youngest would want to go to a very fancy private school that has a great musical program. It's expensive as fuck.”

“Of course it is. I'll keep that in mind. Anybody else?”

“Most would be just fine with cash. Well, Connor and his paramour would like to tie the knot.”

“And why in hell would that concern me?”

“Because they are all starry eyed about having a real honeymoon, but they worry you are short on people and...”

“Fine, when we get back I'll clear my head by testing all the guys you have lined up and then they can have as much time as they need. Any place in particular they have in mind?”

“I am not lowering myself to that gossip level,” Boromir answers, very haughty, and Legolas can't but laugh. “You could ask them yourself.”

“Nah, I'm sure the famous trio knows even what color the pillows should be. OK, but you know I asked something else.”

“Nothing to report on that front. Everybody knows this was a meeting to solve the issues with encroachment and stuff. That's all. Seriously, did you discuss anything else?”

“No, we didn't, and we didn't even discuss all that right. I will go with Nessa's idea tomorrow and see if anything changes. No, I have no clue how much this is supposed to last either. Thanks, go speak with your buddy about the bird, I know you're itching for it. And fucking see you do something about comfort in it!”

There's a very wide grin on Boromir's face as he leaves them, and nothing is clearer. Thran gets up and pours a little... must be whiskey, and brings him some more juice too, then settles and is quiet. Oh well, he won't find a better moment.

“Thran, is everything OK?”

“Nothing new happened, little one. As I told Boromir, not even a hint of anything but business as usual. Maybe I was, indeed, just paranoid, and it was a freak coincidence. Sorry to have you all worried.”

“No, no, I feel better when I know what happens. I mean... not that I want to know all you do and stuff, just...”

“Yes, only what concerns you. It seems to be fine, really. Did you have fun today?”

“It was good, but... weird. I mean...”

He takes a break now, not knowing where to start. It's very good that Thran does not seem to be in a hurry, sipping of his drink, letting him gather his thoughts.

“Well, Gil would have stayed in the games shop all day; he got some jeans, because he said that his mother would be crossed if he didn't buy anything.”

Thran chuckles at this, and Legolas is happy he managed to make him do it.
“Nessa though… I don't get her,” he continues. “She seems to genuinely like women things, and
knows all about them, but… Somehow she tries hard to not show it. And all day, I had the
impression she was flirting with Boromir, and he wasn't unhappy about it.”

The man sighs now, heavily, and downs his drink, and then kisses him very lightly on the lips, then
takes one of his hands and starts kissing his fingers, massaging his palm in small, pleasant circles.

“We live in a fucked up world,” he answers, finally, but keeps Legolas' hand in his own, continuing
with the circles. “Of all people here, she has it the worse, only because she's a woman. She had to
fight the most and be the most ruthless, because otherwise nobody would have taken her serious.
They still don't, as you saw the first night, or even tonight. I'm not entirely sure she's only into
women, but in this line of work, having a husband would have been a hundred times worse. Most
guys wouldn't have accepted her to be the boss, and the ones who would – probably she wouldn't
have wanted those.

Even if she would, such a guy would have had a very difficult life, from everyone around, so she
chose what she could. And yes, they won't take her seriously if she comes dressed as a, let's say,
normal woman – either because, if she's too sexy, they'll say she gets everything because she fucks
the ones that could give it to her, or because she isn't sexy enough. Fucked up either way.”

This makes their conversation earlier make so much more sense now, ugh, and he thought he was the
only one with issues.

“She is very beautiful in a dress. Actually, she looks good even in these clothes, very fragile.”

“Yeah, that's the worst of it. If she would have, at least, been bigger, it would have been easier. Her
partner would have looked the part better, really. But Mary is a lamb at heart, all shy and domestic.
Which I suppose helps make their relationship work.”

Legolas thinks about this, and wonders, for the millionth time, if his presence doesn't hurt the man.

“But if they have issues with being gay, isn't this a problem for you?”

“They don't have a problem with being gay, or not that much, but with not being the top. And all
males should be tops or something, and all women bottoms. No, the only issue some of them have
with me is envy, I sort of am more macho than them, for taming another man. I know it doesn't feel
good how they treat you, but...”

“No, no, don't worry about that! I'm really fine, I promise. Just trying to understand how things work
and… It was strange to see her quite hitting on Boromir, actually. I mean, I never seen him interested
in anyone, so...”

This gets a little laugh, and more kisses on his fingers, bringing some heat in his chest.

“They could probably have fun together, but there's no chance for it. He won't do this while he's
responsible for us, and well… not many other chances. Maybe that even helped them have more fun,
knowing it doesn't have to go further. I know you don't understand, I'll explain.

Whatever anyone says about Nessa, she's loyal. So, being in a relationship and recently having had a
child, it's really hard to believe she would cheat. Boromir, on the other hand, has some kind of
commitment issue, from what I know – yes, I know I'm gossiping, don't tell Bard and Galion though.
In all the years I've known him, he never had any serious relationship – generally, when he gets
restless, he goes to a bar and picks a girl up, making it clear it's just a fling, and scratches the itch, and
then they never see each other again.
So I suppose it's just easy to have fun like this, knowing it will not create problems for their lives – just harmless fun.”

This is one of the cases when Legolas privately thinks the simple vision of marriage he learned growing up is better – just because you damn know how things stand. Of course, there are a lot of problems with that, and it's not like anything the man said doesn't make sense, it's just… heck of a lot to learn and understand how to apply.

“Still, why did he say she wanted a fight and wanted you not to fight her?”

“Because I'm very tense, and she is the same. You remember the little issue with a much larger opponent being dangerous, right?”

Like he could forget!

“Yes, the problem is, all the people she ever had to fight were bigger – unless she fought some 10 year old. And she had to kill, a lot – yes, I know she doesn't look like it, but because she doesn't, she really had to make the point stick. So she doesn't really mock fight, and she's damn good or she'd be dead many times over.

This is a very bad combination, and we could injure each other very bad. Or I might slip and kill her, if she'd miss a dodge, especially since I'm prone to kick, not punch, when I'm too angry. I really wouldn't want that happening, she is one of the best people here, easiest to work with and with the least hang-ups.”

This is quite scary, and…

“You'd only feel bad about killing her because she's nice to you?”

“Treasure, I know this doesn't sound good, but if killing the opponent means I'll survive, I don't really feel bad about doing it, ever.”

“I'm glad you don't!” he says, surprising himself with how much relief this brings him. “I want you to be well, to be…”

“Yes, I will always be there for you, I promise, OK?”

Legolas really wants to believe this, he does, but of course when they sleep he dreams the opposite – Thran in a pool of his blood, a big, ugly knife sticking from his chest. Ugh. So the dreams might have to do with the worries he has that day? He should really pay attention, although he doesn't know how not to worry, but he has to try.

* 

Legolas takes a seat on the chair, because the pouf would be terribly painful to sit in right now and looks around the room, while Gil prepares the game he wanted to show him. It's quite weird to realize the guy's room looks to be the same size as his is, in Thranduil's mansion. It actually contains mostly the same things – a large bed, a desk and chair, a seating place… Yes, Legolas doesn't have a gaming console – but he wasn't that interested in games, so…

The style is different though, very modern, all metal and glass, which looks quite strange for a bedroom, in his opinion, but it's not him who should live here, so he shouldn't judge. Actually, he should find something to compliment, Mithrandir always insists on that. Maybe he should learn a bit about all this decorating thing.
Yes, it looks a bit cold, and the four neon colored poufs are quite a contrast to the rest of the mostly metal gray everything – but it's big and airy and clearly way better than many things Legolas had known before. Most probably, from what he knows now, everything is custom made and quite expensive. Still, that's not a good compliment to pay, surely, maybe he should just ask about this, so the guy can speak more and enjoy his company? Well, he must like him a bit, or he wouldn't have invited him to his private room, Legolas realizes, and it's annoying to understand he's scrabbling around for such cues to bolster up his confidence, he did that a lot lately, but what more can he want, really, he is treated the same as the heir of...

“I understand Thranduil is quite good at sex, so you must be too,” the other boy startles him from his musings.

Damn, everybody only has this in mind? This is why he called him here, and had them alone? And… Gil is too important to treat him in any way but with deference, but he is… fuck, he has no idea how to treat this, so blunt honesty it is.

“I wouldn't really know, I don't have comparison terms.”

“Oh, you really were a virgin before? And you are really exclusive?”

“I don't understand why everyone wouldn't believe his word on this, seriously.”

“It was always discussed, how often he changed lovers. If even I, as a kid, heard about it, you can imagine.”

“Oh well, then that's how things stand, I suppose. I can't tell you more than you already know, though, we didn't talk that much of his exes.”

Gil laughs, agreeing that's not a good conversation subject, and finally seems to have found the game he wanted, so Legolas expects him to tell him how they'll play. So, of course he's startled again by the next question.

“Would showing me some things about kissing be against this exclusivity thing?”

Jesus, he so doesn't want to answer this question right now! OK, but calm down, you could always hedge a bit, they told you, and… yes, damn use your predicament, it is actually not a shame in such a case.

“Honestly, there is a bigger issue at the moment – I can't even kiss him properly, because we tried it and I thought I was gonna die, I was suffocating badly and… I'm not sure that's what you want to learn about kissing.”

“Man, that's fucked up!”

“Tell me about it… it's awful!”

“I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking. Obviously if you get tired and out of breath going up a flight of stairs, there are many things you can't do. Just…”

“Don't worry, it's really weird to be so helpless, and yes, I didn't expect to have so many issues. I can't even wear a damn t-shirt these days, it hurts too much to lift my hands up to get dressed, so I'm cooped up in all these formal shirts.”

“Ugh! Maybe we should just play then, sorry to make you feel uncomfortable.”
They start the game, and it's pretty intuitive, which should be a good thing, but since it's clear he manages easily, of course Gil asks more uncomfortable questions.

“How did it feel, to break bones, how much did it hurt?”

“It's… well, it was bad, but not that bad. I mean, if it's a one time pain, or, you know, something when you can just breathe into it and force yourself to relax and can find a position where you don't put pressure on it, it's not such a big deal. But this just doesn't stop, it hurts with every breath, and… damn!”

Yes, his tablet beeps, so he has to explain about the breathing exercises, and well, maybe it's not that bad he has to call Elros in – it's doctor's orders, and this is the easiest way to get out of tight spots. He needs some moments to recover afterward, too, and had dearly hoped the other youth would be bored with this – no such luck. Elros leaves the room after it's clear he's fine, and there are new questions now. Yes, this is the big boss' heir, and Thran confirmed he's brought in for various talks, so Legolas shouldn't lie to him, because it's quite probable he already knows some of the things he asks about.

“No, he didn't hit me a second time, and very luckily, I've been told, because I managed to get his gun and shot him.”

“Yeah, it would definitely have been bad if he hit you again. He was a big guy, right?”

“Yes, about 90 pounds bigger than me, from what I understood.”

“Jesus, you are lucky to be alive! I can't wait until I grow more, even my mother's women still beat me, because they are bigger!”

“I'm sure you will, both your parents are quite tall.”

“Yeah, but dad says he also grew late. I hate it!”

“You are training for a long time?”

“A few years only, I didn't want to do it before I turned 13. And mom said that I shouldn't do it if I don't want to, but…”

There's a too grown-up look in his eyes, Legolas realizes, and it's clear something bad must have happened.

“It's really scary not to be able to depend on the guards,” he starts, tentatively, and it's clear he hit the right spot.

“Yes, even worse when you can't rely on family. Oh, but you know that, I'm sorry.”

“I think you have a little advantage, you seem to know all about me, but I don't.”

“Oh, he didn't tell you about… No, he wouldn't, because that would involve you too much in all this. It's not a good story anyway, and I would love not to have to know all these things. Fuck! I'd really wish we could have just kissed… or talked about kissing, at least!”

“I am still able to speak about it,” Legolas laughs, a bit relieved. “I just can't do it right now. Did you have someone specific in mind to practice on?”

“Mmm… yes, there's this girl at school, she's absolutely gorgeous! I think she has D-cups already,
and I'd really, really want to impress her... you know, with something else than my father's money! She's a year older, too, so I should be real good to convince her I'm worth her time. The girls that would look up to me don't have a clue, obviously, since they'd be younger, so... yeah."

It's good he did take part in talks like this by now, because he gets what Gil is saying, and can answer appropriately. It would have been real weird in the beginning, he realizes, and almost laughs out loud.

“Sorry,” he smiles, “I was just thinking that I have no idea how you'd fit yourself properly for the kiss, with such a big... obstacle in the way. Thran is nicely muscled, really, but...”

This makes the other youth smirk, too, and it's clear he wants to ask something pretty weird – better not to let him. Legolas starts describing a real good kiss, because why not, yes, he promised he'd play the doll, he should keep his promise, and he even ends up showing ways to move the tongue and such – good God, he's probably looking absolutely ridiculous! Still, the younger boy looks happy and asks more questions, even forgets himself and starts asking about touching below the belt – and then laughs self-consciously.

“I should really find a girl to speak to me about this,” he finally pouts.

“It would surely help, I'm sure. Maybe one of those women guards you were talking about?”

“Ha, no way, they'd whoop my ass so bad! None of them wants to have anything to do with me like that!”

Legolas remembers the talk with Melu – so this happens everywhere?

“Well, it means they are professionals.”

“Yeah, I know, they can't get too involved, they have to be free to take all kinds of decisions, all that. It still sucks.”

“Oh... but why not ask the guy guards, surely there are enough of them who go out with women?”

“Well, yes, but they just tend to brag with what they're doing, I'm not actually that sure they know how the woman feels sometimes. Or maybe they don't want to tell me, all of them still treat me like a kid,” he pouts, and Legolas really laughs now, a bit too hard for comfort.

“I recently had offers to be spoon fed, so be happy not to be considered a toddler, at least.”

“Gah! That's horrible, why?”

“As the doctor says, I had trouble eating, and our cook... well, I suppose I hurt her feelings, and I'm really sorry to give her so much trouble, but the damn...”

“Yes, you wouldn't want to eat after... sorry, we shouldn't really speak of these things. I don't want to make you feel bad, sorry, as I said, I wish I didn't know certain things. Oh, it was really dumb of me to ask to kiss you now, wasn't it?”

He does look really pained about it, Legolas can see this, and actually he didn't even think about it that way. That's quite interesting, he was wondering how to tell Thran about this discussion, maybe at least this would be a good thing?

“I didn't feel bad about your suggestion,” he starts, “actually, it's weirder when people treat me too protectively, I think. Somehow, I manage to forget about it otherwise, at least... well, as much as my
ribs allow.”

No, there's no point about complaining of his nightmares, is it?

“Was it the first person you killed?”

“Yes. I hope the only, really, but I can't say I'm sorry about it.”

“You shouldn't be,” Gil states, in a very ferocious manner, and then stops and clearly tries to compose himself. “I wish I had…,” he starts again, and gets up and paces like a caged animal, gritting his teeth, “ah, but there's no point in going there. I might also be stupid in making us play a game where we have to kill stuff, too.”

“I won't tell anyone if you put on a thing with dressing up, seriously.”

“Do you like those?”

“Not really, no, I think they are very boring, but… I think that's the most different from this, right?”

“Yeah, they might be, but I also have car races. What do you say?”

Before Legolas is able to answer though, Gil is summoned to his father, seems he's to attend whatever they are discussing, after all, so they have to break it up. Oh well, at least he escaped more questioning for now, and yes, he could walk a little in the gardens maybe. A bit of sun might do him good, yes. And he's not in the mood to stay with the women, maybe after lunch or something.

They find a nice place where he can arrange himself quite comfortably after Elros made somebody bring him blankets and pillows, and he can just sit and enjoy the crisp, pine flavored air – indeed, he would have loved to be able to chase Gil around here, to climb some tree, to just explore – it's beautiful, both the well organized, garden part, and the wilder rest. The place he chose is a bit high up, but clearly somebody arranged it – there are three seats carved in the rock, nice and smooth, so people can sit and see down into the valley beyond.

Both sides of the valley are forested, and there's a little water falling almost at the edge of what's visible, sparkling beautifully in the sun. It's colder than he'd like, but he's well covered, and the crisp air is refreshing, helping him clear his thoughts. If he turns a bit to the right, he can see a vast expanse of lawn, leading to the gardens, separated from them by a hedge in a very pretty shade of dark green. There are birds everywhere, so it's not completely quiet – but a very pleasant level of soothing noise.

It's almost a combination between Thranduil's and Elrond's places, really, but way bigger than both – although that makes sense, if they have to receive so many important people and give them their own space, as he's seen, it should be large. Also, the wild part is wilder, because of the uneven terrain probably, and because it's quite isolated – they told him you need to go miles to get to the nearest locality. This makes him wonder how much money Fingon has – but he is too ill equipped to emit any kind of opinion, really. He has no idea how much money even Thranduil has – just that it's way over what he ever thought someone could have, after he saw a little more on how he spends it.

Of course, Elrond too must be rich – doctors are not poor, and he has an entire clinic of his own, and yes, he never seemed to find any price too big, when he was speaking with Thran, and he has also private employees, all that. His children too didn't seem to worry about money, at all, and somehow this makes him think another thing his grandfather was saying is wrong – the one with spoiled children who will not do anything good and will waste their lives in bad pursuits. Well, yes, the way the twins behave would definitely qualify as bad, but they also work a lot, they studied to be doctors and seem to be good at it – after all, Thran did trust Elrohir with his health, didn't he? He could have
chosen the other doctor, after all, if he didn't, yes.

Plus, yes, Arwen actually behaves a lot like the ideal wife – yes, she has more clothes, which are not dark, and doesn't do all the hard work in the house, but taking care of a small child is a lot of work, whatever the man was saying. Lindir works a lot too – he saw how many hours he just does one new piece, over and over, to get it just right, and even if it seems easy when you see him on stage, Legolas knows his hands and fingers and back hurt after it.

Also, he looks at Gil and can't even complain now that he had to work instead of going to school, especially after hearing that the school the younger boy goes to – a very fancy one, of course, with great… everything - allows him to miss classes, but doesn't accept him to remain behind on the subjects taught. So he finds time in the evening to study some, and will do a lot of extra work after all this is finished. He's so mature for his 16 years, too, and also trains and learns extra things, like piloting and, of course, shooting, and probably so many others. He does complain he's bored of some things, but it's clear he's not trying to get out of any of them, because he knows they are important.

He saw this in other rich youth, too – children of some of Thran's business partners. Yes, they were spending a lot of money, and clearly passing time in ways the pastor would not have approved – but they were also working with their – well, fathers mostly, although there were a few women in there too. Or studying business, or being involved in other such things. Yes, there were also some who definitely weren't doing much of anything – and he really wonders now, what makes the difference.

Oh, yes, and what about this Devon man' son, who can't take over his father's territory, so the man has to give it to Nessa? This sounds so thoroughly strange, and still, they didn't seem to fault neither father and son – they were arranging to protect this Michael person. Maybe… maybe he wasn't able to learn or something? Not that Legolas can actually imagine how you learn what it needs – oh well, probably like Gil does. And… and the things Thran did for him, do all of them do such? This makes him shiver, and he's not sure he wants to dwell on it, for now – although there's the little voice saying it's a very good thing that Thran is able to do all that.

Thran clearly didn't appreciate the ones who were not pulling their weight – he remembers him sneering, on more than one occasion, that Legolas had to waste his time with them, but… And yes, he clearly was not appreciating that Amanda woman not doing much, he remembers. Still, Thran also ordered him to do less than he was trying to do, also on more than one occasion – and he actually forbid him to get any books and study things with him, in this trip. Legolas had found this a bit strange, since his body is injured, not his head, but complied nonetheless. Is this how things stand, some people just listen when they're told to do something, while others don't?

But there are ways to make them listen, after all – did certain parents not use them? How did Fingon get his son to listen, do other people also just shame their children, make them fast, hit them? Do other things? Yeah, it's not something he could ask, after all. And partners… well, in the community, the same was done to wives too, and… Well, he's still not sure why Thran is so satisfied with him, and aside that one time, he never did anything drastic to correct him. But maybe he just doesn't care about certain things – he had no issue with how Boromir was practically giving him orders, yesterday, although he's the boss, and yes, he saw more than one time that he just doesn't seem to care when somebody is less than polite.

Still, that doesn't fit much with how upset he was when Gimli was saying stuff, when people were saying stuff to Nessa… He could ask, but not now, not when the man has so much to pay attention to. And Nessa… he's still puzzled over her behavior, a lot. She's smart, that's clear, and if Thran says she's very good in a fight, he has to believe it's true – although, indeed, he doesn't get how that could be. Sure, if she'd just be shooting people, that's simple, no matter how big the other guy is, a bullet doesn't care, but he can't really imagine her fighting Thran or Boromir and having a chance.
The fact that Thran said it would make him actually fight so seriously that he's worried he'd kill her, or be badly injured himself, well that's mind boggling. After the horrible hit he took, he can understand very easily how a kick from Thran would just shatter her bones – she damn looked like his own hands would do that without trying, in that white dress she got, after all. Still, this means what Boromir said can be true – that he could, in time, learn to fight well enough, if he applies himself to it.

He would love to be able to do it, that's true – not because he wants to hit somebody, or that he thinks he'll actually be better than the security guys – but it must feel good to know he can, that he won't feel so helpless as he did when… Yes, he's grateful, really, for the gun he's carrying – it seemed so strange when he received it, but reality is, things could have been way worse, if Bolg wouldn't have just left his on the table. Legolas knows he wouldn't have even dreamed to take it from him, if he kept it in his pants, as in the beginning, or… well, anywhere else, and not in plain sight, unattended.

He was quite scared, coming here, after what Thran had told him, again, not because he doesn't trust the guys – it's just that they can die, too. Yeah, like Thran said, they are all just human.

Hm, he's getting too mushy, maybe he should just return and prepare for lunch, he wasted enough time. Oh, but again it's time for the damn exercises – he stood here for an entire hour it seems. Elros gets closer, and Legolas gets him to sit down near him, and of course it's not fun to do them, but it hits him hard, while he tries to cough slower or something at the end – yeah, that makes so much sense!

"Elros," he starts, when his breath is back to normal, "how are the other guys who have been injured?"

"Cranky and annoyed, just like you," the man smiles.

"Seriously? I don't think they are whining this much..."

"Yeah, they generally know way more curses than you do, and use them, that's true. But believe me, nobody likes to have to do only what the doc says, to get shots and pills and all that shit."

"But... will they be fine?"

"Look, the boss did get everyone the best care available, so yes, they will get as well as possible. You'll see some of them around again, when the doc says it's time, of course."

"So some of them will not return."

"Some things can't be mended, unfortunately, and we need to be in good shape. That's the job."

"Don't you... aren't they mad because of this?"

"I'm sure they are, but shit like this happens."

Legolas sighs and looks at the man, trying to gauge if this is just to placate him or... Well, and how polite is it to... Well.

"What about family, what would your wife say if that'd happen to you?"

"She'd curse a blue streak, that's for sure. I was lucky until now, and what can I say, I hope to be lucky in the future, too, but if not, she'll have to deal," he shrugs, quite annoyingly unphased by such a possibility.
“How did you choose this job?”

“I was in the Marines before, but they were sending me someplace else all the time. She'd had it with the moving and with staying alone when I was abroad, so I had to find something else.”

“And this is better?”

“Yeah, it is. I'm home every week, we stay in the same place for some years now, the payment is better, all that.”

“But you could die...”

“I could have come home in a body bag from the Core too. Or worse, crazed or paralyzed, like other guys did.”

“Still, it's not an easy job, is it?”

“I am treated with respect and paid well. There are a lot of other guys who can't say the same. It is what it is, this is what I chose to do, nobody forced me.”

Yes, these are actually the biggest issues, aren't they? He didn't really chose this – yes, yes, he went on the street by himself and all, but he wouldn't have done it if he wasn't literally starving. Well, and what would he have wanted to become? What does he want to do, really? After all, when he was doing honest work, he got way less respect than he gets now, and let's not comment on payment. After all, he actually doesn't have an idea how much money Thranduil puts on his card every month, because he never spent it all – and isn't that an interesting thing? And yes, just yesterday the man sent him shopping with his private plane – he's almost laughing himself silly now, thinking about what would his grandfather say, to know this, and especially to know what he bought. Yeah, the red boots would definitely get the old man's approval!

When he manages to stop laughing, he tells Elros not to worry, and that he wants to stay here just a bit more – but yes, they'll have to move soon, because he does start to feel uncomfortable on the stone seat. Again though – the way Elrond took care of him, these days is actually having a private physician, taking care only of him. This, on top of the private professors, of having everyone look out for him, of... Yeah, Thranduil always asked him what he wanted, how he felt – compare that with his life in the community. OK, so maybe the man will just want him to be his wife, as it can be put – so what? It's not like he had better ideas, or that he could obtain better things doing some other work, on his own, is it?

He can actually ask Thranduil – after all this is done, of course, and the man is more relaxed – and he's sure he'll tell him what else he expects of him. Yes, it would be way better to know, what can he learn and do to help the man as much as he can, what else can he really hope to accomplish? Legolas really doesn't want to be alone again, and he's much too happy when he's with his lover – yes, even now when he can't do what he should. A simple touch on his hand or hair, like last night, brings him so much peace, why should he worry about crazy stuff?

Yes, whining and feeling sorry for himself is useless. Nobody is actually that free to do only what they want, if he doesn't get it looking at the people here, it means he's really dumb. He has to just do the most with what he has – and right now, he has a lot, really a lot – and stop being such a crybaby. He's preparing to let Elros know they should leave, but finds he has company – how was this guy called? Saeros, yeah, not one of those he liked too much, but he should be polite. Legolas tries, he really does, but it seems he's the only one, and it's not long until it all goes so very downhill.
Chapter Summary

Burnout is a bitch, I tell you. Need some hugs...

The day was exactly as expected, so much so that Thranduil starts wondering very hard what the hell is not right with the picture. Or his head. Of course those who would have benefited most from both Nessa's and his input didn't want it, of course the guys who had some neurons left in their heads understood the issue, of course Fingon agreed with everything. So why the fuck the man doesn't tell him anything more, why he always disappears immediately and makes it impossible to speak with him privately, why there isn't even a hint of the other issue that tormented him so much?

Yes, it's great that Nessa will get more power, in any case she is somebody you can talk logically to; Matthews always seemed to have a good head on his shoulders too, and Fingon was always smart, so yes, if they manage to get along and impose their will, all this will go great in the future. Hurray, but what about his damn situation? It would make absolutely no sense for Fingon to say he should organize more stuff, quite long term, and then turn on him, but then, why doesn't the man say it, once and for all?

He's itching to pour something to drink, and wonders where Legolas is, since Gil was called to attend the talks, when Fingon saw how determined both Nessa and him were. Well, he's probably with the women again, maybe he'll come directly to lunch with them. He should get ready, also, but… What is this?

Elrond looks furious, Legolas is almost swaying on his feet, but his cheeks are red – red, not pink - and they are trailed by a very iffy looking Elros. What the fuck happened there?

“I'm sorry,” Legolas blurts before he can say anything, “I tried to...”

Surprisingly, Elrond interrupts, haranguing Elros for not doing his job, and Elros doesn't even try to defend himself.

“Are you hurt?” he asks sternly, because that's the first damn issue. Both Legolas and Elrond say that he isn't, so at least that's good. “OK, everyone shut up and breathe. And then tell me what the fuck is going on.”

Surprisingly, Legolas comes just near him and just seems to want to hug him, so Thranduil wants to get up from the couch he was sitting on, only for the boy to sob at him to stay there and to fold himself at his feet, with the head in his lap. Damn it, that bad? And is he really able to stay in this position now? Still, the boy's hands grab him and hold tight, so OK, he'll let him do what he needs, Elrond can well tell him what got him so incensed.

Yes, he really doesn't need too much encouragement, saying that he was walking to clear his head and ended up on Legolas and Saeros, who was yelling and saying he'll do all kinds of stuff to the boy, until Elrond got into him and made him leave. While Elros was just sitting there and not doing his job.

“I asked him to stand down,” comes Legolas' muffled answer, “I started it.”
“No you didn't start it,” Elros starts, “he...”

“Yes, he came and was annoying, but I shouldn't have said that! So it wasn't right to attack him.”

“What was the discussion about, Legolas?”

“First he wanted me to tell him of your opinion on various things I knew nothing about, and he was annoyed when I said I don't know. And then, about you and Nessa and… and sex, of course.”

Yes, obviously, after this morning, the easy answer in all stupid brains is that Nessa slept with him, and probably with Devon too. Maybe even Rog, who knows. And of course, Legolas must have taken part, nothing new here.

“OK, but we discussed this and you should have expected that, little one.”

“Yes, I did, I didn't have a problem with it, it's just… I...”

“He started hitting on him, if you could even call it that,” Elros supplies, and it's clear the man probably tried to do something then, and also it's clear why Legolas would have stopped him.

“I told him that I don't see why I or anyone would waste our time with somebody who isn't capable of making their partner beg for more,” the boy adds, and makes a little pained sound. “And then I tried to apologize when he was so very offended and said he'll complain that you don't give everyone the same treatment, but… But I couldn't even understand what exactly did he want at times, aside from the fact that he clearly thought you allied with Nessa because of sex, but even if I wanted to, I couldn't do that now, and...”

He stops him, yes, it's what he thought. And damn it, he can't find anything wrong with that reply, really, and it seems even Elrond is amused by it. Especially since the only cliché thing lacking from Nessa's outfit this morning was a crop or something. But yes, the boy thinks it's too much. And Elrond is still scowling, especially looking at how Legolas tries hard to get himself even closer to his body. He presses a bit harder on Legolas' scalp and shushes his attempts at protesting, he gets it. Also, Elros can leave them, it's fine.

“Calm down, treasure, I will explain him. Just take what you need, OK?” He keeps petting his silky hair and wants to snarl a little at Elrond, for not getting it, but the man can't really get it.

“I never asked him to do this,” he starts, and scowls when the man seems disbelieving. “Yes, I know it's the standard way of breaking somebody's inhibitions and humiliating and creating dependence, all that. Still, he never needed to be broken, or to be humiliated, Elrond. He never needed to be told he should be less than he is or other things – as you remember, I was bitching quite often that this was done to him too much.”

“Yes, you were, but I know how much you like playing games, so don't insult my intelligence, it's not your style.”

The boy would again want to protest, and that is more concerning that his friend's distrust.

“A funny thing happened these months – I understood that I only liked games insofar as they were bringing me what I really wanted – a submissive partner, who loved to suffer for me. And my beautiful treasure here does that without any need of games – which is lucky, really, because he doesn't understand them. This is exactly what he didn't understand now and made what you saw happen – and that was my fault, knowing things stand like this.

Love,” he says, bending and kissing lightly the top of his head, “I'm sorry I didn't explain to you
clearly what I needed from you. You shouldn't have to suffer for it, but once again, you did. Please think of something good you’d want and tell me, and let this pass. Breathe and calm down now, and let me know when you can listen to the explanation, OK?”

He keeps petting, after the small sound marking the boy's assent, and turns his eyes back to Elrond.

“The damn brat was right, I'm afraid, in saying there are ways in which Legolas and me are just too similar. Right now I could gag on all the politicking needed, I want to scream and just hit all of them until my fists bleed, OK? I learned how to do it, because I understand the need for it, but it still makes me so damn tired, every single time.”

“Clarify this for me, please,” the doctor asks, taking a seat. “What exactly don't you want to do and you do these days.”

“All the half truths, all the wheedling and coaxing others into doing things that don't actually benefit them, might not even benefit the one asking for them. Doing things for somebody because they are family or friends or whatever, when you know it's not really that efficient, when there is a better way, with less bad consequences. Covering everything in layers and layers of subtleties and cloying politeness, instead of having the fucking balls to admit reality. Socializing with people you have absolutely nothing in common, just because it's what's done. Making people wait, and wait, and wait, and not actually doing anything about the problem. All these.”

“And how would you deal with this situation, if you could have it your way?”

“I would apologize for overstepping my bounds and ask what problem or problems I could solve for Fingon, as recompense. It would benefit both of us much more than all this tiptoeing and… Seriously, Fingon is a saint to be so calm every day, but I... Damn, he has the same problem I have, doesn’t he?”

Yes, why didn't he get it by now? The crooked smile on Elrond's face helped him understand… Fingon might be as unhappy as he is, with all this, and this is a huge relief, because that would mean… He just needs to speak directly to the man, alone, somehow, and he will have his support, for sure.

“Thank you, I don't know why I never saw that. Damn, you don't know how much this helps!”

“I don't know what was with you these days, Thranduil. I mean, of course, the events happening were not good or normal, but you behaved very strangely while here.”

“Yes, well, I was a bit worried about… about this maybe being a trap. Especially since it was never asked of me to bring my partner.”

“Maybe because you never actually had a partner?” he half scowls.

Thranduil smiles and shrugs, yes, he didn't take that into account, and of course, it makes sense, with the socializing part, why would they extend an invitation. And remembering the original conversation, it might have been an honest invitation from Fingon's part, just, his worries made it… OK, he can breathe better now.

“This is why Boromir was hounding my boys and asking crazy questions?”

“Yes, I wanted him to get Legolas out of here if… if shit hit the fan.”

“You really need to take a break, or you will snap. Take it as a very medical advice – I can't imagine how you could think Fingon would break his word.”
“Maybe Maglor can tell you, since Maedhros is no longer around to give details,” he blurts, quite acid, and is then very sorry when he sees all the sadness this brings on the older man's face.

“No, don't apologize, it's true, that betrayal was unthinkable too. And maybe it's better that he can't remember, really. Oh, I didn't tell you, yes, I was snappy because you see, the treatment is great, and gives him a new chance, but he really lost many memories. There's no way of getting them back, the tissue was dead and gone, and they are growing new one, so he can relearn things, but he lost that. He's not really the same person anymore, and I'm also an idiot for believing he could be, when I knew all this. But yes, it's always hard to see those we love as textbook examples, isn't it?”

They are quiet for some moments, but it's clear Legolas is fidgeting, so Thranduil helps him change positions.

“You were right, I can't stay well like this, I need to have support to breathe right,” the boy says, clearly disgruntled.

“Is your mind clearer?”

“I think so, I couldn't not hear what you said and… I know you told me this many times by now, how much you don't like certain things you have to do, but why would you say we are similar in this? It's confusing.”

“You always responded well to clear things, little one, and it seemed to me that also, when understanding why a thing should be done, it didn't bother you that much if you had to do it, even if you didn't like it, compared to things you just didn't understand, that might even not be as annoying.”

“Yes, well, I think I had to learn that quite early. Nobody likes cleaning after animals, for example, but you have to, or you won't get food, they'll get sick, all that, right?”

“Yes, I agree completely, and I am doing just the same thing, most of the time – I try to understand why a thing should be done, and then, as chore as it is, I do it. Still, I also like to do things better – and it frustrates me when I can't, for stupid reasons.”

There's a beautiful smile now on his lover's face – and it makes him very proud he put it there.

“I… I don't want to be rude,” Legolas starts, “and I hope you won't be mad at me, for being very blunt,” he smiles softly, making him smile too, at it, “but… I hated what you said to Thran,” he adds, turning towards Elrond, quite defiantly. “It might sound stupid, because you were doing it to protect me, but I don't want him hurt, not…”

“If the next words you say are not for me, I am going to be angry, love,” Thranduil says softly.

“No, it wasn't that, or, well, I wanted to say, not for something you need so very much,” he blushes now, so delicate and flustered that Thranduil’s heart is just a melting puddle of goo.

Elrond shakes his head at them, and yes, it's probably too funny, but he needs to clear this out.

“Little one, I'd rather he attacks me than let you suffer for naught. And yes, you do need other people to try and protect you, because you don't do it. This is exactly what was wrong earlier – you understood that you need to placate people, and there you were listening to what I've told you, which is a very good thing. The problem is, there is more than a way to do that – and I didn't want you to use the one making them think they could abuse you without any risk. What did I say whenever somebody tried that, what did I do?”

He looks deep in the sapphire pools, and yes, there's his answer, Legolas knows it too well, but then
there's the confusion again.

“You tried to protect me, I know it, but I don't want that kind of protection, not ever. Promise me you'll never, ever let anyone trod on you to do it?”

“I don't understand how to do what you ask. It's...”

“It's one of those cases when you need to tell me I'm not making sense. Ask me to explain myself, until it's clear. Now, I would have wanted you to not appear interested in business, really – because that would have seemed dangerous to all the sycophants around, making them fear you'd push me to get more power, to take some of the things they covet. Being a toy, as you put it when we talked about this, meant I wanted you to show yourself interested only in the fun things – parties, clothes, jewelry, cars, and yes, sex – but not to be in any way ashamed of it. Never be ashamed of what you enjoy, little one, no matter who's asking!”

“I can't be Melu,” Legolas says, tiredly. “I wish I could, some days, but...”

“I never wanted you to be him, love. I never want you to be somebody you are not, but, as much as you are not a brat, you are also not a rag for everyone to do as they please with. But...” Yes, he'll say it, even if just to rile Elrond up. “You could very well copy one of his sons, you know; they work hard and play hard, say what they mean and don't give a fig on anyone's opinion.”

Yep, Elrond is groaning at this, and Legolas smiles, shy all over again.

“I'd love to have their confidence,” he says, “if you really wouldn't mind me being like that.”

“I would like it, little one. Not all the time, not every day, absolutely. But when you feel it right, just go ahead. Defend yourself, just like you like to defend others. Oh, and I'm pretty sure they'd love to give you lessons on it, too.”

Damn, he'll pay for this, he can see it on Elrond's face.

“Say it,” he smiles tiredly at the older man.

“I know you don't agree with me, and there are days when I'm too tired by it all and I might agree with you, but your ways are... just barbaric and unrefined, Thranduil. There's civilization in not jumping to a fight at any little thing we don't like. I could give you lessons on that.”

“Yes, yes, all the redneck small town behavior I exhibit would never fly with your glorious ancestry. We should set aside an hour or two a month when you can give me lessons, over a good moonshine.”

Elrond snorts, but obviously the boy doesn't understand a thing, so he explains that actually his friend comes from very noble blood – as little as he cares about it.

“It was a royal family, right?”

“Just the morganatic branch, I'm afraid, no chance at the presently nonexistent throne anyway. Plus, that was like 150 years before I was even born, so who cares?”

“There are many who would brag with it, if they could.”

“That is not what true aristocrats do,” Elrond says, trying hard to be haughty, but somehow it's too clear he doesn't take this serious, so it's just funny.
Well, the boy shouldn't have to face the idiots so soon, better he should say he's not well and ask to have lunch separately. This Elrond approves and, also, says he'll try to solve the issue – and Thranduil would really be very grateful if he did. And yes, he does it somehow – after dinner tonight, he'll have his private talk with Fingon, so yes, he'll behave and won't make a fuss about the Saeros affair. Yet.

The little one really deserves rest, after this and the morning he had with Gil - which could be considered fun, but all this sex thing starts to become annoying, so maybe Thranduil should start working on his image after all this. Bleah. Legolas should just stay with the women the rest of the time here, hopefully he won't have to navigate too many sharks like this. But now he has to get himself ready for the talk.

Which starts a bit awkward, somehow. They are in Fingon's office, and both of them are restless, Thranduil realizes, without being able to understand why the man does it. He prolongs the chat on whiskey and other stuff he has in the little bar a bit too much, then jumps to how they are feeling here, and then asks him once again why did he think it would be better if Thranduil was just an outside business consultant of a sorts, and how it would help the organization, in light of what he said in the morning.

The question irks him, but not as it should, no, there's something off, maybe the tone, maybe the way too earnest expression on Fingon's face. Maybe the fact that his own mouth doesn't automatically open in the expected list of the very reasonable whys and hows this would be better – it would not…

The realization stagger him for some moments – Thranduil hopes they are just moments. He can't say anything yet, because his mind is so very busy making connections, and yes, the man was right, wine is definitely not enough. Without a word, Thranduil gets the whiskey bottle opened and pours two glasses, gulping his and staying still, relishing the burn. Calculating, thinking.

"You can't give me this, you always refused because it just wasn't possible, was it?"

Fingon just nods, looking at him, then gulping his own drink and gesturing for more. He pours again, but now just sips a bit, rolling it on his tongue, trying to get himself to really accept this, although he really doesn't want to do it. But they need to have this conversation first, then he can get himself stinkin' drunk. Oh, and if he does it…

"OK, we need to speak first, and then get drunk. But I need a separate room if I'm drunk, or I'll forget to take care of him," he says, and happily he's understood, so Fingon calls somebody and it will be settled.

"They would all be on you for it, like vultures, and some would come for my throat, too," he continues, because it's so much clearer now. But, oh, that… "How much does Turgon's behavior hurt you?"

"My brother's behavior is of no consequence to you," comes the frosty reply.

"It is, I need to know exactly what you face, where I can help, compensate, I'm sorry for not realizing it earlier. You should have told me sooner I was making a mess of it. Damn it, it seems this year all I manage to do is learn where I went wrong!"

Fingon is laughing now, trying to say something, and then damn snickering at him.

"It means you're growing up," he supplies, finally. "So what are you sorry for?"

"For… for not getting how much everyone just doesn't care for the logical outcome, if they can mix a
power struggle in. For just wanting to offer what I perceived was needed, without bothering much to understand the other influences. For thinking people actually just want things to work. Fuck! I feel like such a damn fool right now!"

He's silent for a while, and Fingon just smiles, and yes, it's even worse, he gets it now.

“For behaving like a know it all, and like the boss, without asking how things really stand. I'm really sorry.”

The good thing is that the man acknowledges this and nods, bidding him to go on.

“So what do you need of me,” he asks, finally. He'll have enough time to rethink this, to realize how it will affect them, now he just has to do what he should. “I'll listen and do what's needed, I promise.”

“I'd personally like to have you as the family's top enforcer,” Fingon starts, chilling him to the bone, “because you are really very qualified for it. But it would be stupid, there are enough others who are able to do a passable job of that. What we don't have is somebody else able to really understand the legal business and coordinate everything money related, or a big part. And also deal with the rest of the money in a better way. We have some promising contacts in several countries now, which would facilitate the start and give us access to the right decision makers, to convince them we are the right choice for their business.”

Thranduil can breathe again, because that was seriously something he doesn't want to do anymore, but right now he wouldn't have been able to refuse. This one… is not what he wants either, really, but beggars can't be choosers.

“So you'd have like country managers lined up already?”

“Ah… yes, they would be that.”

“You know, the biggest beef I have with those used to do everything through bribes is that they don't actually know what to do when you talk real economy, they are inept and incompetent.”

“Yes, and this is where you come in. They will have the prestige and enough money for their services, and the right connections to milk, but you'll have free hand in choosing people who do know what they are doing and handling things right.”

“OK, that sounds way better. How free, exactly?”

“Will you again try to get out of it?”

“No, you won't hear that question again from me, I promise. Legal or not, I'll deal with the finance.”

“Then treat it like you'd treat your own business – we need results and everything squeaky clean. As much as possible, of course, given the situation in such countries. A good reputation and profits, in any way you know it should be done.”

“That is very generous of you.”

“It's just fair, since you don't even ask about compensation.”

“I have enough money by now, it's quite pointless to bicker and haggle about how to amass more. Seriously, after the first billion, only crazy people would think it's about money anymore.”
“Yes, but there are always other things you could ask for. Like power.”

“You're lucky I'm polite, because I just want to spit at that. And if I check all your money, I do have a lot of power.”

“Pour some more, maybe you'll forget it for an hour.”

He smiles and fills their glasses again, and they stay silent for some moments, letting it sink in.

“Yes, I suppose there is something I need clarified,” Thranduil says. “In case there's a repeat of the latest events, I can't promise not to do exactly the same thing.”

“I wouldn't ask such a promise from you. I wish...” He gulps the drink, but stops him for pouring more, gets up and goes to the window, looking over the darkened scenery. “How does it feel, to have the person who hurt your dear ones and be able to hurt them back?”

“Unsatisfactory. Hollow. You can never hurt them enough, because it doesn't erase what they did, so yes, it might quiet the rage for a few hours, make you able to do what you need, but it doesn't really help. Tiring and draining, finally.”

He could say more but… the man can ask, if he wants details. He downs the glass, again, and wonders how did he become so trusting, so fast. Is it really right? Trouble is, everybody is right, he might snap if he doesn't have at least a night of unconsciousness. He didn't allow himself alcohol almost at all until now – seriously, one or two glasses of wine are nothing, - didn't take Elrond's offers, but needs this.

“One last question, and then I'll join you. I think we have our deal, the rest is details, right? Good. When done just to make the point, does it really bring more nightmares?”

He admires the calm voice that asked the question, the unwavering straight spine, the hands that don't tremble. Yes, such moments do make him want to believe there's a place from where the spirits can watch, and approve.

“No, when they've earned it, there's no reason to have nightmares about it. Then you just don't feel a thing while you do it, it's the job and you do it, so there's no reason to feel anything afterward. It's one of the first things he taught me.”

There's a gusty sigh at this, and Fingon purposefully opens another bottle and just drinks from it, like it's soda. Thranduil is laughing, but still pours into his glass – just because he likes the feel of it in his hand, he explains, he's not trying to be a snob. Then they don't talk much – because the subjects would either be too complex, or too painful. He just hopes whoever is tasked with getting him another room had thought to send somebody to guide him to it.

* 

It seems he slept in the main house, Thranduil realizes in the morning, after he takes a shower to somehow make himself function. Somebody brought him clean clothes, too, and there's a note from Boromir that everything was taken care of. His guys do deserve the big bonus, after all this is over. Ugh, but his head is throbbing mercilessly and there's only water in this generic guest room, he needs to find some coffee. He's heading out, trying to orient himself, but is intercepted by a servant explaining that he's to get breakfast with Fingon's family, and that his family is also coming.

Even in his present state, the word makes something warm move inside, and yes, he'll have to tell this to Legolas – obviously he'll like it, since it was clear, from stunted phrases, how much he always wanted people who would treat him as such. Yes, and it's a beautiful day – which doesn't help his
head at all, on the blindingly sunny terrace he's been lead to. God, and of course there's Gil attending too – loud teenagers and hangovers are a bad combination.

At least Legolas looks very well in the light, and seems to be rested, and not worried about him. Yes, it seems Boromir took pleasure in telling him Thranduil was getting himself shitfaced – and he can't even do anything but smile. And Gil is not too loud, because Fingon's face looks how he feels, yeah, he forgot he didn't drink alone. Both of them would gladly leave the conversation to Anna and the boys – oh, Turgon comes too. And the gods are merciful, because he seems fine in talking to the boys, really, at least until they had enough coffee and some food. Which is good, of course, when his mouth starts to taste things.

And it would have been too much to ask for the day to keep being that easy. Not that he did think all this would be as easy as his discussion with Fingon was, far from it, but he didn't expect, at all, to have Rog as the main enemy now. After all, the guy never seemed passionate about politicking either, and their new jobs and positions are as different as could be. Or did he actually think Thranduil wanted the enforcer position? Was it discussed previously?

“You don't look that obedient to me, that's all,” Rog starts, when confronted. “I mean, talking is easy, and hiding behind fancy suits and prosperous contracts doesn't answer the question: if he'd tell you he needs a problem dealt with, right here, right now, would you really dirty your lily white hands?”

He's looking at the man, not clear on how to answer, because if somehow, after all this shit, there's somebody who thinks he's afraid of blood or something, it just boggles the mind completely. And if he was to be the enforcer, what did they think, that he would kill guys by giving them flowers and chocolates and expecting them to blush to death or what?

“All that shit he pulled suited his own interests. I'm not sure he'd do it for those he owes allegiance to.”

“Fine, so who deserves to be put down, and how, in your opinion?” Thranduil asks.

The man opens something on his tablet and wordlessly passes it to him, and yes, after a minute, the accusation is very clear – and theft needs to be dealt with harshly.

“If this is so, I can carry it out, but I shouldn't decide on this.” He passes it to Fingon and calmly awaits his judgment, letting his mind and body get ready. Yes, he didn't want to do this again, but if it helps calm the waters, what's one more life?

When Fingon looks him in the eye, he remembers the conversation they had, the man's worry.

“It is well deserved, if that is true. And he was right, it doesn't linger in such cases.”

There's the commotion while the little idiot is apprehended by security – it wouldn't do to touch him before things are decided. But he's not needed for the judgment – it's not his guy, and he was not in on the dealings, yet, so he just checks on everything while they bicker about it. Actually, he doesn't even know much about that part of the country, really, and he should get himself better informed. He will actually have to, because thinking finance without background is just stupid. Shit. He was very dumb in the last years.

It's funny, really, to be again in such a situation, after so little time. This underground chamber is way
bigger though, so there'll be so many more echoes. It's good to see who'll flinch, who will leave though; Fingon does need to know which of his subjects don't have the stomach for what's needed.

Yes, it's also fun to see how little you need for a good torture session. Without even needing to dirty your clothes, because he just doesn't feel like losing a good suit. The guy – what's his name again? no, better to forget it completely, he's dead anyway; yes, better to ignore his face, too - is completely trussed up now, as he instructed – adhesive tape is a great invention. Yes, there's no way to move the hand from where it's lying taped against the iron bar, and everybody has scented candles lying around. But this will be the right hand, not the left. A big difference, right?

“As everybody knows, you shouldn't steal from your boss,” Thranduil starts, clear and calm. “And cutting the stealing hand is a nice, traditional punishment, if the thief is to be allowed to live, but since that's not the case, burning it is a better lesson.”

The silence is only ripped by the abrupt pleas rising from the man's mouth. Falling on deaf ears, of course. He lights the candle and places it under the little finger – yes, yes, exactly the same, what can you do, he doesn't have that much of an imagination right now, his head hurts too much. Of course the screams start instantly, and they will last a while, until the guy's throat gives up.

“But we wait,” he says, loud enough to be heard. “I'll only move it to the next finger in like 20 minutes. Is there a chair or something?”

Yes, they will hate him, call him a monster, fear him. It's nothing new and, as he already told Fingon, and will tell him again, in private, he will not lose sleep on it. If nothing else, if one of the jackals here does decide to attack at a later point, it will be a clear assassination attempt – and if worse comes to worst, Legolas or him will be dead, simple as that. A clean death is one thing, somebody playing with them is different, so this is all for the best.

But maybe this can convince everybody to let them go home, finally – he's had it with the politics. Oh, there's that Chilean wine Fingon was showing him and they didn't get to open last night – yes, they should open it now. Maybe it will make his headache better. Yes, there are already guys who don't like the weird, mixed smell of sweet scented candle and burned flesh – but Thranduil loves the subtle waft of berries in the glass, the rich, red color. The wine is dry, quite fresh, making him think of a pebbled beach, of all things. He smiles and tells Fingon this, making him smile too. Fingon raises his glass high and looks at the color in the pretty weak light they have down here, then sniffs at it and takes Thranduil's arm, bringing him closer to the writhing body.

“Did you do such things together?” he asks, in a very low voice, meant just for him.

“Yes, sort of,” he answers in kind. “He showed me a few things in the beginning, but there were knives involved, not fire. I discovered this just two weeks ago, I'm afraid. If you'd like to change what we do now, just tell me.”

“No, I would just like to… To think that he didn't die tortured by regrets over idiots like this. I am imposing a lot, aren't I?”

“I wondered about this too, you know, about doing something to avenge him, but… It wasn't my place to do it, he was just my boss. Maglor was actually much more of a friend to me. And,” he sighs, steeling himself, “I'd like to visit him tomorrow, too, and then go back home.”

“Yes, it's about time. Why didn't you want to see him earlier?”

“I did, but Elrond was always closer to him, he's more… of a people's person than I am,” he smiles, making Fingon laugh out loud. “Since he shouldn't be too tired, I thought it would be better.”
"I'll message Elrond to spend as much time with him as he wants today, tired or not, so you have your time tomorrow. Let your guys know to prepare so you leave in the evening – it will be a good reason to dismiss half of this gaggle and have some peaceful days with my brother."

"I can try and tell Turgon what I didn't understand," he starts, hesitating because it's, indeed, not his place to do this, "maybe he can get it why he shouldn't put you in this position..."

"No, don't bother. He knows, really, it's just how he always was. And yes, it's unfair, but I won't impose duty on him."

"Of course not," Thranduil smirks now, "and I'll hold this over your head if you ever hint of me involving Legolas in this shit."

"I drink to that," Fingon answers, loudly this time, emptying the glass. "This is actually good, I think I'll buy the vineyards after all."

"You should, there won't be much profit but at least you know you'll have decent fare. Ah, I think I need to change that," he mutters, because it's clear the tortured man doesn't feel much anymore. Yes, he's wailing again when the ring finger is abused, and yes, there's gagging and, God, he can't but laugh so hard when little bitch Saeros is the one to vomit right over his own shoes.

"My pretty toy didn't blink when I did this to another," he says, quite calmly, after the idiot is finished retching. "I am expecting apologies, tonight."

Thranduil doesn't threaten more, or expect an answer, just pours some more wine and resumes his conversation with Fingon. Or the nice silence, because yes, he will receive the files about the facilitators and he'll have a long month of work in front of him, together with Celeborn and his boys and... he'll have to ask Faramir and Eowyn which of them is willing to lend a hand, temporarily, with this. He needs them to take care of Eryn Galen, will not involve them in the other businesses, but that means he badly needs qualified people. Oh well, it's a challenge. And the boy is still off limits for a month, for sure, so it's not a problem he will be too tired for anything.

"You'll have the clear, applicable plan in a month. No, I know you said I have free hand, but I'll do it anyway, for myself, so it will be helpful to have it. Then you can hit the unruly puppies over their noses with it. Is there really nobody who has a good business mind, who could be involved in this? It would progress way faster, I can only be in one place at once."

"Yes, you need time for your company, as well."

"Don't worry about that, I have competent people, they can manage. It's way easier to deal with something already established, also. Trouble is, each country has a different... yeah, you know this, so if there was somebody who could specialize in each... OK, maybe it's better if I find untainted people, from the start,” he muses now, “yes, you want it squeaky clean, so maybe... Yes, OK, it's better like that. But you know I'm becoming irreplaceable, like this, right?"

"Yes. That and this here, you should become irreplaceable. At least I can have a solid ally then."

"An ally who will keep telling you when something you want a vote on is stupid."

"Yes, that's the best kind."

"Thank you," Thranduil says, really meaning it, really allowing the last of the tenseness in his belly leave. Pros and cons, there always are, but he will be leaving in a better position than he expected, so he's actually cheerful for the rest of the hour, until the guy finally faints - only from this? Damn! - and Fingon just asks Rog, calmly, if he's satisfied. It seems he is, and there's not much point in
prolonging it – the wolfish look in his eyes shows clearly he saw who was disturbed by it. So he's not such a bad choice for top enforcer, Thranduil feels, while he finishes the damn chore with a bullet – yes, now Rog deigns to trust him with a gun, and they can go outside, in the sun.

Hm, but Nessa has a very good mind – maybe she could help him with the rest of the finance checks, if Fingon agrees. Yes, he does, but this comes at a price – she needs his help with the Durins, they need a better cooperation with them, had pestered Fingon with this for quite a while now, and after a very good and logical explanation of the benefits, he has to agree it's in everyone's best interest.

Brilliant, he has more to do with them, he's even deeper in all this mire, for good – but somehow, Thranduil finds he can't be that angry that he won't ever get that elusive freedom he thought he wanted so much. It was most probably self deceit – something to strive for, when he didn't think he'll get what he already has now. No, the result is actually good – if you can't get out, at least be as untouchable as humanly possible, and get on with life. Yes, they will both be as safe and respected as possible, so it's actually a good victory.
They are off, and Thranduil feels so very light that he knows he's smiling broadly and yes, he's not in the mood to sleep yet – even if just looking out the window has lost its novelty a long time ago. Still, for the boy it is new, so he should do it as much as he pleases.

“So, how satisfied are you with what you did?” Elrond asks him, in a very disproving manner.

Yes, surely he knows everything – even if he never once sat in on the talks. Some days Thranduil wishes he'd be this good at having people talk to him and telling him stuff – but then, he'd actually need to talk about all kinds of inane subjects, too. Yes, that might be why he doesn't bother.

“Doing it for a day is way better than having been saddled with Rog's new job for good,” he answers, calmly, and the doctor winches. “Yes, it seems Fingon thinks me very qualified for it. But since most of the older guys seem to think the year is 1980, and the younger ones live somewhere in a fantasy world where finances are solved easily by just slaying the next door dragon and taking its hoard, I got out of it.”

“Is it really that bad?”

“Yes, it actually is. Most of the idiots still think they can just go open the simplest company in Belize and then nobody can know anything about their money. It boggles the mind.”

“And do you really care if one or two get caught?”

“I tried not to, but, Elrond, do you believe such a moron will also cover other tracks well enough, so that a serious inquiry wouldn't lead to various partners?”

“No, you are right. You are, but I know you wanted out for way too long.”

“I did. But I know too well the difference between wishes and reality, so I'll have to deal. It's not the worst, I was in no position to refuse if he'd really have wanted me in the other capacity.”

“I'm sorry...” Legolas starts, but no, that's definitely not the case.

“Legolas, what is real is that, even without my trespassing, I wouldn't have been let out. It was way clear after the last discussion, so please don't blame yourself. I deluded myself, just like Nessa said, and that's that. And what I get to do actually gives me a bit of security, really, because if I control the money, I do have a voice and can care less about a lot of stupid pricks.”

“You don't just try to humor me?”

“No, love. What I have to do is what I know best, and most of it will be really out in the open, so it won't cause me undue problems. Well, yes, it will be a lot of work, but... yes, Elrond, pot and kettle.”

The boy seems a bit mollified, and then there's another thing Thranduil realizes. Well, better to get it over with.

“But there is a problem, yes. Being given power, it means there will be people who hate me for it. I
know you are not very fond of the need to beef up security, but… I can never let you roam free, my
treasure; you can never, ever be alone, no matter where you go, because somebody might always
want to attack me through you. I can't promise to ever be 100% safe, because I will keep being a
target, there's no choice. I'm sorry.”

“Like you said,” the boy answers, softly, “wishes and reality are different things. And after what
happened, I can only be grateful that you'll take care of me, Thran. It will be fine.”

Yes, it will be, no matter what the fuck it takes to make it like that. And well, he'll just have to be
patient until he can really hug him tight. But yes, Elrond could tell them when will that be. Seems the
doctor wants to repeat the treatment on Legolas, next week, and then wean him completely off the
drugs and starting physical recovery – fuck, that will be so very demanding on the boy.

But, as usual, he takes all this gracefully and obediently, and it's too clear he deserves something
good too. Not tonight, because he'll be completely beat after the trip and all. But tomorrow, after
Thranduil lets Eowyn and Faramir know how much havoc he'll wreak on their schedules, definitely.

So, the next evening, he settles Legolas really well in his arms, taking care to have supporting
pillows all around. Yes, the boy has become a little cheeky, because he laughs at this a bit much.
Still, laughter is good, wonderful, and then Thranduil starts kissing lightly everything he can reach
from this position, telling him to relax and enjoy, and it does him a world of good when the boy just
sighs and does it, passive, just playing lightly with a strand of his silver hair.

Having Legolas in his arms like this, warm and pliant and smelling so delicious does grand things to
his cock, but that really isn't relevant at this moment, no, not at all; all he wants is for his lover to feel
real good and protected, and he still curses the fact that he can't hug him as hard as he wishes; but
that is just a question of time, so he lets it be and, finally, his hand dares to go lower. Yes, it's clear
how much the young one likes the attention, because he's already at full mast, and the little sound he
makes when Thranduil's hand covers him is just the best in this world.

There's no hurry, and he really needs to be sure this is real, so he keeps the touches so very light at
first, still paying attention that the boy breathes right; he loves to cup the swollen balls with one hand,
while the other lightly touches the hot rod, starting to spread the little drop of moisture around with
the tip of his finger.

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the tip of his finger.

“Please, Thran, you are such a tease! I need so much more!”

“I'm glad you do, treasure, because I'm gonna give you more, just, where's the hurry?”

The boy groans and hisses then, and it almost makes him stop; but Legolas is having none of it.

“Yessss,” he says, “make it hurt, so I can feel normal again, please! I want it more than I can say!”

He's so fucking tempted to bite the marble shoulder that he swears and just has to squeeze harder,
feeling how the shivers wrack the lissome body of his lover, and he has to keep awake and aware,
that's essential, because it's clear Legolas does all he can to turn the pain over to pleasure. That's
good, really, Thranduil is in awe at the strength he shows, but even if the boy needs to not feel that
fragile anymore, he still is. And it's his responsibility, all of it is, so he should act like it.

“Little leaf, you will not move now; yes, I'll give you all you need, and then some, but you will keep
yourself still and will breathe deep, and if you move, tremble and shake, I will go back to teasing,
and I'll even stop, if you keep at it. Are we clear?”

“Yes, Sir,” he says clearly and lets himself fall completely limp over Thranduil's body, which is oh
so thrilling. He keeps his promise, of course, and one hand plays with the perineum nicely, pressing just right, and the other is playing with the now rock hard cock, faster, harder, exactly right. His own cock is a painful weight, pressed so well between his body and his lover's, but it won't get any attention tonight.

Legolas does as he's told, keeping still, although it's clear it's so very hard, and soon Thranduil starts feeling little water drops moving on his skin, feels his whole body's temperature rise, and he mewls absolutely deliciously, while trying hard to maintain his breathing even. Yes, this clearly deserves a reward, so his left hand teases the puckered opening, and presses harder on the perineum, and the other squeezes even harder, and the boy can't do anything to stop his muscles from tensing, he's just human after all. But it's fine, he should enjoy it to the hilt, of course, so he orders Legolas to come, and of course he does, and it's clear yelling his pleasure cuts deep, but still, he doesn't move much.

Thus, Thranduil continues, knowing he's torturing the boy now, but it's obviously exactly what his lover needs, to be pushed more than he can take, safely still, and he only regrets they are not doing this in front of the mirror, because surely the boy's face is now the most beautiful thing on the planet.

“Yes, this is so good, damn it, yes, please, harder, I love you so much, Thran, please, ahhhh...”

“Yes love, just like this, take it all for me, not yet, just not yet, keep still and take it for me, yes, like this treasure, such a good boy!”

Yes, the sounds are somehow very similar, but these are good ones, it's clear the boy is crying, and maybe it's also because of the pain in his chest, too, and more, but there's also so much relief. Thranduil himself has tears in his eyes, but the relief is so much more, because it's good, really, it's perfect now, so he lets him come a second time. He allows himself to explode too, untouched, because this is too beautiful and good and alive. And fuck it, he will have to get up and clean them, but a break first, because he doesn't remember when it was the last time he came so hard.

And yes, Legolas is cheekier than he gave him credit, because he paints his lips with cooling seed when Thranduil gets up, and demands a kiss, a deep one, and bites his lips and thanks him so heatedly that yes, all must be back to normal, at last. After all, he could tell himself all those beautiful tears come from too much pleasure, right? Both of them sleep well that night, and the next evening he agrees on them masturbating each other, nothing extravagant, but better than many other full blown games he played with others.

He knows it has a lot to do with the fact that he almost lost the boy, but, well, in a way this was a good thing, because it showed him how important all this is, and he now yearns the most for the day when he will be really able to hug him right, not that much for the day he will be again able to fill his pretty ass. This feeling Thranduil had really thought he won't experience again in this lifetime.

That helps during the next few days though, when the sheer magnitude of his task becomes clearer and clearer. Thranduil is very grateful for competent employees, honest to God, because they kept everything in order while he was away, and keep doing it, so he doesn't have to worry his own company will take so very much of his time for a while. Only that would make him think both Faramir and Eowyn need rewarded, but it's even more, because, of course, image genius that she is, Eowyn points out how weird it will be to have newborn companies become successful overnight in so many places. Which makes him really wonder how in the world Fingon secured such contacts in so many places - but yes, this is what the big boss should do, have ways unknown to mere mortals, right?

And of course Faramir took so much care to build up their resources, so many of their people could do more than they do now, and yes, some business partners could be useful. Which leads to a very long phone call with Fingon, explaining why it would be way better if his company would actually
be involved in everything, giving weight to the story of a very aggressive expansion more than out of nowhere wonders, even if this means he's even more entangled in everything, in a way that might not be ever solved. Well, time for that reality check, right?

Celeborn will have a field day though, when he'll hear that he will have to find them good legal advice for every country - and will have to coordinate them all. But hey, after all, he likes to keep busy, doesn't he? And this will be a new level of magnitude anyway - which doesn't change at all the need to deal with pricks. Nope, the list includes, of course, the Durins, but also Victor, who always had special dealings with Russia and its sphere of influence, and wouldn't he be such a nice partner, too. Well, he'll have to remember how fun it is to fight someone tooth and nail for everything, without resorting to fists. Ugh. And yes, he'll have to pay a lot of attention to his Chinese partners, because surely he can use their very good connections there, plus in Africa, where they also had big interests. It will not be easy, but it's better to have other sharks as allies than as enemies.

Still, as tempting as all this is, it's just impossible to start with all at once, unless someone could clone him. And since he doesn't yet want to leave for a very long period of time, to check things locally, he'll have to start with Victor and go from there. They even establish a meeting - somehow the man was free, so they have lunch - which works just as expected, but somehow he will have to leave for a week. Probably two. As much as he doesn't like it, the famous reality check it is, and he'll do it. Just, now, he has to tell Legolas about it.

As usual, the second he's home, Thranduil asks Galion how is Legolas, only to be warned he has to go rescue him, because he might just laugh too much. Well, that is good news, but what does he do? It seems he's by the pool with Meludir and Gimli – isn't that the strangest company now? - making jewelry.

Fuck! When did the boy learn to do that? They are using Meludir as the model, and the contraption they have him in makes Thranduil's cock go painfully rigid, realizing it must actually be for his love to wear – it's an absolutely crazy corset made out of intricately worked wire, with lovely strands of pearls in the best places possible. Fuck! The strands roped around the wrists and neck look too much like cuffs – damn, damn, damn, he wants drops of his seed there, now, fuck!

He doesn't have to do much smalltalk, happily, because Gimli leaves them to manage to take the corset off of Meludir, and he should have known this would happen – but he didn't, and it's a bit startling. After all, generally Legolas prefers to let him decide on things like including others - not that the boy would be able to partake much now, if they play with Melu.

**I KNOW YOU WANTED TO SEE MELU, TOO**

**BUT BOTH HIS PICS ARE VERY NSFW SO BEWARE WHEN YOU CLICK**

“No,” he hears himself say, and it's very cold and harsh. “This is not the moment,” he tries to sweeten things up.

“I'd love to see you enjoy yourself,” the boy says, and it's clear he didn't expect the rejection.

“I bet you do,” he tries hard to smirk, “but it will be way better when you can also participate. So we will postpone it a bit.”

Of course, Meludir says he needs to go too, but somehow shows he'd like a word with him, and startles him again.

“We both know this will never happen, Thranduil,” Meludir says, a bit too perceptive for his taste. “Tell me if you don't want me to be this familiar with him anymore, like today, I will reign myself
“No, that was quite fun, it's just he's not in the state to...”

“Thranduil, it's way too clear you don't want to share him now, and maybe not for a very long time. That's fine with me, but don't be too harsh on him, he only does it...”

“He only does it because he feels very guilty, and that is not acceptable. Yes, you are right, I don't want to share him, because he can't decide clearly about it right now, so I will stop any attempt until he can do it again. Still, you are you and it's fine, too, make him feel good, is all I ask, OK?”

The youth laughs and, of course, rolls his eyes.

“You are head over heels over him. Fine, as you will. Go take care of him!”

Now that that's settled – and it's actually very unsettling to realize how everybody around, friends and enemies alike, realized all about his feelings for Legolas, probably well before he did; no, there's absolutely no need to question his household about this, unless he really wants to feel like the village idiot. Sheesh. Still, he'll have to pacify his lover now.

“I'm sorry I've been so abrupt, little one. Care to let me kiss your pretty pouting mouth to prove it?”

Yes, the boy can't but smile, but of course that's not enough. And, there's also this nagging little thing that might help him solve the other issue...

“I know we have to speak about it, my dear,” he starts after quite a long tease of the delicious lips. “The essential thing is that I am in no way angry that you proposed that, and I should have been more calm about it. Also, I'm going to give you the reasons why I refused, OK?”

“I hope you do, because seriously, I want you to have fun.”

“I know you do, but I still believe that right now a part of what makes you say it is guilt – and you have absolutely no reason to feel guilty, Legolas. You did everything absolutely right, so you don't owe me anything on this. I screwed up and didn't protect you, so if somebody should receive extra perks, it's you.”

“I... ugh, you know...”

“Yes, I know all you can't do, because I have to enforce it,” Thranduil smiles, and then stays quiet for a while, because it's clear the boy wants to say something, just mulling it over, to decide how it sounds better.

“I understand all you say, I do,” he starts, quite decided, “and even if I didn't trust you to tell me all the truth now, everybody else says the exact same things – including people who clearly are not worried to displease you, like Elrond and even Gimli.”

Jesus, everybody has nothing better to discuss aside his sex life?

“Still, I just don't think it's fair. Yes, I can't do certain things because it will affect my health – as much as I don't like it, this is how things are; but why do you have to suffer too?”

“Love, when two people commit to a relationship, it's not supposed to be just for when things go perfect; that's what you have casual things for.”

“Yes, I know you said this from the beginning, but... but you let me have that man, and you didn't
do anything to him."

“There are several reasons for why I did that. The first, and most important, is that I was the dumb one who promised to do the showings, in a moment when that idiot would have just accepted more money. I wanted to annoy him and spitefully didn't want to pay him more, but you were the one who had to go through it. You didn't realize it, but I do – it could have been a lot worse than it was, actually. After a point, things got easier for you because you like our play so much – but when I agreed to the whole idiocy, I had no way of knowing it, you might have just hated everything that wasn't vanilla, and I don't even want to imagine how bad such a situation would have played out.

I realized that before we went to Lothlorien, at least in part, so it was something both needed and a reward, for how good you have been. Also, as I said, because I don't do certain things that are obviously pleasurable for you. Exactly for the same reason, I'm sure it will be way, way more pleasurable for you if we play with Melu's greedy ass when both of us are able to do it. Can you honestly tell me it will not feel better if we can both play?”

“No,” Legolas answers, sighing, “no I can't say it. And that makes me feel bad, too. Regardless of these reasons, which I understand, I… I don't know, there's so much pressure on you, you have to do so much, while I'm just sitting around all day, or just doing things I want to do. Wouldn't it be fair for you to have a reward, too?”

“You are way too precious, love,” he smiles and teases him again, enjoying to just softly touch his beautiful face, to pet his soft golden braids, amazed at how good this can feel inside.

“Still, it wouldn't be such a reward for me right now to do this, because random sex has lost a lot of its appeal through the years. Yes, it might sound strange for you, because you are still discovering so many new feelings, sensations and all; but I already did that, probably too many times. I am not trying to say what you’d want to hear when I say just doing what we can at night is enough for me now, it's the honest truth.

Also, let's let this be for a few moments, we'll come back to it, OK? I would like to know, how do you get along with Gimli? I see he starts to come around more often. I want honesty, little one, this is not a scolding.”

“Yes, he does, well… I think it's a bit complicated with him. I know he behaved bad at first, and I hated it that he knew all about me and that he was judging me. Well, maybe he still does, as you said, he is who he is and all that. But, he didn't do it openly anymore, not in a very long time, really – I could say he didn't tease more than any of the guards, so if what they do is fine, it would be weird to say it's not when he does it, right?

Also, I have to pay so much attention when I meet other people, what I say, how I behave, because they shouldn't know certain things and… And I'm wondering way more if the way they treat me would change so much if they'd know the truth, but with him things can just be simple – he knows and, for whatever reasons he has, he still chooses to behave, so I appreciate that.”

“Do you feel good with him around, you have what to talk about, things like that?”

“Yes, he's not dumb, really, we can talk about a lot of subjects and… yes, I must admit that I'm getting bored now, but I would probably enjoy this even afterward. Of course, when I'm fine you'll need me to socialize with your clients more, so I'll reduce this.”

“Actually, this might turn into it, after all. See, my new orders are, among other things, to cooperate better with the Durins, at bigger levels, and if they already accepted you as family, meeting him will actually help. You might meet more of them, I will see how and whom, but I wanted to be sure you
are OK to do it. This, and you socializing with various clients' families actually helps me, Legolas. You don't have to know exactly what the business is and all that – it's better not to know, because then you can be very honest when they try to trick you into giving them extra information, so everything is fine.

Unfortunately this socializing nonsense still has a lot of influence on how people do business, sometimes more than the real potential of the business itself. If you ask me, it's very stupid, but it is as it is, and I can do it better with you by my side. So stop thinking you are not helping – you are, a lot.”

“Me going shoe shopping with somebody's daughter really helps you do business?”

“Yes it does. Also you chatting with that one about whatever it is you find interesting to talk about, and so on. The way you behaved with Anna and Gil helped too, I probably forgot to tell you that. The way you behaved all during our stay at Fingon's helped, you did everything as right as humanly possible.”

“Fine, if you say so. It's still strange, if you ask me, and I only did what you and Mithrandir told me to, but I'll keep doing it if it helps.”

“I know you will, so I also want you to feel good about yourself for this. A lot of the people you are interacting with had way more education and experience about how to do this right, so you have all the reasons to be proud. I am proud of you, did I tell you that?”

The boy is now blushing, and bites his lip, and then he looks so abashed when saying that all he wants is for Thranduil to call him good boy again, good God!

“Yes, treasure,” he says smiling wide now, “you love to give; you love to be taken, you love to please me. And I love all this about you, maybe more than I should. I will take you, it's just a question of time, just like it was the previous times when we needed a break. No, it is no different to me than those times; it could have been any issue – car crashes do happen, or you could have had appendicitis or other such shit – and we would have needed such a break. Hell, that could happen to me – I do not look at you any different because he broke your ribs and we need to wait.

If you don't like to do it any other way, fine, I'll make this an order: you have to respect every little thing that helps you heal fast, and not to worry about absolutely anything else, so you are ready for me, does that sound better?”

The boy nods and smiles tentatively, but that is not quite enough.

“What will really please me about my good boy,” he smirks, pulling just a smidge at Legolas' hair, “is that I can safely tie you up and fuck you until you come so many times, that your cock is raw and your ass is close to bleeding and that you forget your own name, nothing less than this counts as fine, are we clear?” he says, as savage as he feels all this, and yes, now the boy's pupils dilate and his eyes gleam and he really smiles, breathing his acceptance.

“Good boy! Then let's get you all comfy and rest.”

Of course, then the boy doesn't like that he'll have to go - but he shouldn't accompany him now, he'd better pay a lot of attention to the treatment and recovery therapy. Still, Thranduil gives in and allows for the lessons to restart, at Greenwood, so at least he will have company. Of course both Balin and Mithrandir promise to take care and let him rest, and well, it's all he can do, Legolas will have to learn to rest and take care. After all, Thranduil himself is not a good model in that direction.
And very happily, when he returns from the grueling two weeks he spent working nonstop and fending nightly offers of passing out from too much booze and/or sex, in all forms, the boy looks good, is eating, and actually keeps sleeping every afternoon for an hour and two. And he has started talking again with various business acquaintances, but only on the phone, he didn't yet accept invitations in town, because they would be too tiring. Elrond confirms all is good - not that he didn't give him email updates, but still. And sleeping right near his treasure, after they just brought each other off in record time is better than all the offers he had during these two weeks anyway.

* 

They are in the kitchen, savoring a very good apple pie, and Legolas is amused Thranduil insists he should take at least another piece, and maybe add whipped cream to it, since he has to put weight back on, supposedly so the leather pants fit well again. No, he won't spoil a perfectly good pie adding whipped cream – but he could be persuaded to eat the cream separately. It's wonderful to see him a bit amazed that it's Legolas who proposes this, but clearly enjoys the idea, and smirks and promises he will come home early this evening.

Then Bain wants to know if they decided on the new car – what new car?

“Ah, yes, I forgot to think about that, show Legolas, Bain, and whatever he decides is fine. If I'm to come back early, I should get going. Give me a kiss.”

Of course he loves to be able to kiss him better now, smiling at the heavy taste of black coffee, mixed with the usual spice that is Thranduil. He has lessons, too, but there's still time until everybody comes, so he lets Bain show him the choices – and how could he decide on this? Well, he can at least regarding one thing – having a huge limo, just like his lover, that would be way too much, they should cut that from the list.

Still, how do you choose between a Mercedes, a Hummer – seriously? That thing is just humongous – or a new Ferrari, because he mentioned he doesn't want to ride in the old one anymore, because… well, blood red might also be out for a while anyway.

“You can chose another 4 by 4,” Bain smiles, “there are other brands which are solid enough, I'd love to have a Range Rover to drive around. About the other car – the boss selected the car embassies all over the world use, it's heavily armored and the height of safety, really, the glass is bullet proof too, all that. Still, if you like other brands, we can do a custom, it will just take a little longer.”

“Custom as in?”

“Mostly bullet proofing it to the gills. Of course, you have to choose the color, too, and if you want a specific pattern, that can be arranged.”

He shakes his head, it's just too much, and now the others are here, and they heard something, so of course, while waiting for Balin, the discussion is what car should he choose and how to pimp it – and Gimli shocks him.

“So you are fine with him doing all he did,” he drawls, really emphasizing the “all”, “with driving around a collectible car most people would give an arm and a leg to play with, at least once, but you can't accept a normal, safe car? Why don't you just ask him to give you the Veyron then, and when he does, maybe you'll get it?”

The idea the man would just allow him to drive his most expensive car, a special edition Sang Noir he heard Bard say cost more than three and a half million dollars, is absolutely daunting. And Gimli
thinks that an accomplished fact? The other youth throws him the “you are so dense” look when he sees him pondering, then huffs and just drops the subject. Legolas does too, because it's way too much, he'll just tell Thranduil to buy whatever he chooses, and that's that.

Of course it's not, the man insists Legolas should drive what he pleases, and confirms that yes, he can have any car in his collection, after Bard shows him the ins and outs of driving each – that if he wishes, he can even have only for himself the brand new Lamborghini Centenario, which is supposed to arrive soon – one of the only 4 such cars in the country. His knees are weak, and he starts tearing, too, so overwhelmed that it takes a while until he's able to say a simple thank you.

YOU JUST HAVE TO HEAR THIS BABY ROAR

“I think we should have a 5 seater too, anyway, especially for those days when you don't feel like sitting” Thranduil smirks, and it's true it does make sense if he thinks of that. Yes, he can also pick his friends in a larger car, when they go into town, instead of all having to come separately, but no, he absolutely does not want another limo just for that, it's preposterous.

“It's pretty stupid we don't have a 4 by 4 by now,” the man continues, “I should listen to Elrond and we ought to have a vacation, and you are right, the Hummer is a bit big for certain mountain roads, which you'll definitely enjoy when you are feeling better. We'll make Bain happy and get a Range Rover. Although it might be good for security… maybe we'll get both? What color do you want the Mercedes to be, treasure?”

It's crazy but, hey, Thran is decided already, and he won't budge when he's on a spree like this, so they'll have a silver Mercedes and a dark green Rover, and a blue one – the guards must be able to follow them, right? And a black Hummer (for whatever reason, Legolas stopped following) – and he will take Gimli with him for a ride with the Veyron, as soon as he gets the OK from Elrond for high speeds. The youth did give him the idea, he explains, when Thranduil scowls at the idea, so it's only fair, right? Yes, and he could tease Boromir by not letting him drive it for two months or something, his lover laughs, not that he really believes the man did him wrong now, but it is fun to pull his leg with this. Just like now it's very, very fun to tease Thranduil with the whipped cream, knowing very well both of them are just dying for the day they can finally unleash their passion properly, damn it.

Just a hairbreadth away from sleep, breathing Thranduil in as always, he realized that all the time, the man had said “we”, we have, we will… and he could almost cry again, from too much joy.

*  

Legolas is painfully aroused and, right at this moment, furious with his master. No, furious is too little of a word, really, in the face of what the man does to him, fucking smirking, again! It’s the third evening when he’s not allowed to give him a proper blow job, and he aches for it, his belly cramps with the need to do it right, to feel his throat clenching around the hard piece of flesh, to choke himself on it properly, for fucks sake! Why else would he be perfectly healthy again, if not for enjoying this?

All he was allowed to do was kiss and lick and just get the head in a little, but he craves so much more, and also, he’s not being taken either, just teased and licked and sucked – not that he dislikes that, seriously, Thranduil is too good at it, making him lose his mind in the process. No, but he’s completely fed up with being treated like fragile China, just coddled and pleasured and taken care of.

And no, he was never loathe to do it with Thranduil, he told him that again and again, he would have welcomed it as soon as they were back home from the hospital, for crying out loud! Legolas always wants him, that didn’t stop, not even when he was certain the man doesn’t want him anymore. He needs to do it, to make his arrogant master fall apart in his mouth, it drives him crazy, to the point that
he snarls and decides to just do it, damn it!

It’s clear the man does not expect it, that’s the only reason he manages to get on top of him so easily, and he doesn’t want to lose the advantage, so he starts nipping sharply at his torso, his belly, his sides, licking each bite site thoroughly, growling at the hands that try to gentle him, no, it will be his way this time! He bites quite hard now, and Thranduil groans and bucks his hips a little, yes, that’s it! He attacks a nipple now, God, it’s delicious and pointy and Legolas has to be really, really careful not to bite too hard and break skin, but he isn’t gentle either, can’t be! In no time, he has the bud thoroughly red, so now he teases, and then pinches the other, getting sighs and shivers.

Yes, Thran definitely likes it, because he pushes his chest into Legolas’ mouth, and the hand resting on his nape pulls his head just a bit against the heaving torso. Yes, he tastes delicious, and small beads of sweat start to come up, so Legolas licks them teasingly, then bites again on the pecs, on the shoulders, real hard here, yes! His cock is iron hard and annoyingly painful, but he will not succumb tonight, fuck it all, no, he will have his prize if it kills him.

He goes lower and is totally seduced by the jutting hip bones, so he licks and bites around them, at them, grazing his teeth tantalizingly over them, when it’s clear how much his lover is aroused by it. Yes, he should make Thranduil so very aroused he forgets all this fucking worry, because he can’t go on like this, he’s healed, damn it, and wants this like air. So he will serve him his own medicine, ignoring his crotch and just starting to tease the muscular legs, rubbing his face shamelessly against the inner thighs, letting his hair tickle and tease and then, abruptly, biting hard, managing to make him shout.

Yes, that’s exactly right, so he bites again, the same spot, loving how Thran parts his thighs some more, how he curses but doesn’t do absolutely anything to stop him. He’s licking now, soothingly, but still angry about all this, still scared that somehow something will go wrong. No, he can’t think like that, that is crazy, no. He bites again, determined, breaking skin and tasting the rich copper of his lover’s blood, and it’s almost pushing him over the edge. He needs all his will to stop, to breathe, and then, when he looks in Thranduil’s eyes, he’s almost falling.

There’s enough heat there to set the world on fire, to make him almost choke on his own saliva, to…

“Fuck my mouth!” he growls, completely unapologetic. “Stop smirking and use me, damn it!”

“And what will you do if I don’t?” his lover purrs, darkly, a tease as always.

“I’m going to bite you until you hurt as much as I do inside!” Legolas snarls, completely crazed when this gets a laugh, and then he’s held tight, both his hands caught so fucking easily, and the man just teases his neck with feather light touches, setting his blood to boil. He bites viciously on the fleshy base of Thranduil’s thumb, when it’s brought to his mouth, and the older man moans and smiles darkly, then bites his shoulder in turn, increasing the pressure so very slowly, until it’s so very cruel, making him writhe and yell.

“Yess, kitten, that’s right, let loose, yes, ohhhh, yesss!” Thranduil moans, as he allows his hands freedom and Legolas scratches his back, long and deep, then bites at his neck, marking him, desperate to hold on, because each reaction of the larger body sends spikes of heat into his veins. He pushes Thran back on the bed and now descends directly on his engorged cock, taking it in almost completely in one go and feeling he’s almost flying. Fuck, it would be too simple, no, he sucks a bit, hollowing his cheeks, filling his flaring nostrils with the perfect musky scent, and then frees it with a pop and spits and licks it well, and now his hand grips it and squeezes it hard, making him buck and moan.

He dares to tease with his nails, and yes, clearly Thranduil is also aroused to the brink, because he
enjoys it thoroughly, pushing into his grip and egging him on. Well then, this is how it's gonna be, Legolas settles to getting it nice and deep, abusing his own throat, stopping his breath, using his teeth when he needs air, way more aggressive than they'd ever played before. Still, there's no complaint, no attempt to make him stop, and finally, finally, his lover's hands fist into his hair and he starts moving, starts using him right, making him tremble, making his eyes roll back in his head, yesss!

“You're going to spill for me, love,” the older man rasps, “when I fill your pretty mouth you're going to let go, are we clear? Oh, you can't speak, so, so bad! I'm so very tempted to keep fucking you, until you actually can't make a sound tomorrow, what do you say? Should I keep at it the whole night?”

He's laughing, candied, predatory, and it's all Legolas wanted, really. He relaxes all he's able, just feeling the huge dick invading him thoroughly, using him right and yes, there's delicious, hot seed filling his mouth, yes! He gulps it and feels himself explode, distantly careful not to bite, not to choke, but happy, oh so happy! He'd float now, but Thranduil has a very different idea, licking every drop of taste from his mouth, pushing his tongue in so deep, like he wants to get it down Legolas' throat, God!

Not that he minds, yes, he's so light headed that he could easily faint, but who cares? He's got what he wanted, still gets it, actually, so there's absolutely no reason to stop. No, just to gorge himself on it, yes, to kiss back with as much coordination as he can muster, to suck lazily at the invading muscle, miam, it's delicious!

It ends after a while, and they are both heaving, trying to get as much air in, and it's way too hard to find words for a while.

“Hungry?” the man asks, getting up, probably going for the water.

“Only for your dick,” Legolas answers brazenly, making him laugh.

“My dick needs a little break, kitten, we need to see what your teeth and claws did, first.”

Legolas doesn't even try to seem apologetic though, and anyway, his lover keeps smirking while he brings him water – so there's no issue. He drinks and stretches, and yes, he should be responsible and check him, because, as tough as Thranduil may be, he doesn't have eyes in the back of his head. His body is all lazy and happy, and the last doubts have fled his mind, so he takes so much care, disinfecting everything and giving light kisses, showing his happiness.

Then he's hugged and they just stay there, nuzzling at each other's throats, silent, basking in it for a while.

“Are you really fine with it, treasure?”

“More than fine, really.”

“I mean, with doing so much damage,” Thranduil laughs. “Generally you are very ashamed after it.”

“Well, you never told me to stop and already proved that you could have done that very easily, if you wanted to. I will take your word that you enjoy it, no more worries.”

“Good. I'm thinking you might not be that much of a submissive, after all, and I want you to explore other parts of your desires, my dear. You might be what’s called a power bottom – a person who enjoys being taken, may enjoy pain, but also likes to get exactly what he wants, and does all that's needed to get it. How does this sound?”
“It definitely sounds like tonight. But… I think you caused it, you know; if you didn’t get me crazy with need and denied me like this, I would have been very happy with whatever you wanted.”

This makes Thranduil laugh real hard, so hard that his stomach hurts.

“Love, a real submissive doesn’t care about that; he is just happy with whatever makes his top happy. Well, I think you are like that, when you get into subspace, or when you come just because I do, right? Right. Well, it might just depend on your mood, I imagine, after all, nobody wants the same thing every single day. Anyway, tell me every time how it was, pay attention to what you need, so we can do it better, OK?”

“Mmm… and what could we do better right now?”

“Surprise me, treasure. Keep doing what you want, get what you desire. Maybe with a little less teeth on my cock though?”

“Well, there's a part of me who'd really appreciate your cock, and has absolutely no teeth,” he says, allowing himself to be totally shameless, and yes, his lover laughs out loud at this and then kisses him.

“Not tonight, love, because you'll be so very tight now, and I want to savor you.”

“I'm not sure I follow.”

“Yes, you wouldn't, idea is, when there's such a long break, your cute little ass tends to become less open, more like it was at the very beginning. Which is really a great thing, if you ask me.”

He'll be very, very tight again? Good God! Like he needed something even more arousing to look forward to! Yes, he's totally not ashamed that he moans at this and that he's completely ready to beg for it – but of course this is something that Thranduil won't budge on, he knows it too well. Fuck.

Now the man delights in telling him how he will tease and open him so very slow and good, making him want to scream already, so Legolas kisses his addictive mouth and then retaliates, telling him how much he'd want it right now, with no prep whatsoever, fuck! How he'd squirm and push and yell and relish the pain, how much he desperately longs to be filled to the brink, to be split in two, to…

Yes, certain images do make his master wild – and he's all for it, really, for being grabbed and restrained and covered by the stronger body, to be bitten and teased and have his mouth taken again, rough and delicious, while being told how well the man will feel to sink his hard prick into the tight heat, how he'll make it last until both of them will cry from frustration, ohhh, yes, yes! He loves the dirty picture the words paint, but he also loves it to pieces when he's turned a bit so Thranduil can suck him, too, too fast, but he has no patience left, ahhh, that's it!

Yes, it's perfect to be healthy again, to be loved, to have such wonderful things to look for. Life is good, you just have to ignore the annoying parts – they really don't matter, compared to this. And let's not mention he thinks he now has at least a little understanding of games, too – this could get really interesting.

END OF PART II
So, another arc has ended :) Thank you again to everyone still with me, and I solemnly promise the first of Part III will be up on Friday. It's almost done, so no delays.
LET IT BE LIGHT

Chapter Summary

After a long discussion with KyrieEleison about this, I think I should warn you a stiff drink might help you after reading. Or during. Something.

It was a good day, Thranduil muses, savoring the sated feeling in his body. Since it was Saturday, he wasn't really supposed to work, and the boy came to his study and very effectively stopped him from doing that, not that he had resisted much. Still, he had to take a phone call after, and Legolas had left to wash and scribbled on a piece of paper to join him in his room after. He remembered now the talk they had yesterday, about Legolas wanting to go see his mother's grave, and then about showing him pictures of her, to see who is he talking about.

Of course he'd like to see how the woman looked, wondering how they didn't talk much about her all this time since, unlike the rest of the family, she had loved the boy. Well, so many things happened, it's normal there are many things they didn't yet manage to do, and he will be happy to do them all, because anything that puts a smile on that pretty face makes him smile too, and thank all gods he has Legolas in his life.

He goes to his room, settles down on the bed and Legolas, proud of his treasures, hands him one photo — there are three young women in it, all smiling and happy. But something is clearly not right, because Thranduil knows them all — he knows when this picture was taken, in the parking lot of the Dairy Queen, back in Anduin. Bobby Martens had taken it, bragging with the new camera he got for his 18th birthday, and the girls were all too happy to show off too, because spring was back early that year, and they were all wearing short skirts and over the knee socks. He knows he was in a few pics that day too, one or two of them must be somewhere in his collection.

Still, why in the world does Legolas have a picture with Peggy Nelson, Maria Espinoza and… Al… Aleena Robertson? Thranduil feels his mouth doesn't help him anymore, and his mind stutters, surely his eyes don't see right, because this woman is his beautiful Aleena, the girl he loved that one beautiful summer day. Oh God. Robertson, that's just not possible.

"Isn't she beautiful?" Legolas asks him, and, when he doesn't answer, can't answer, laughs self-consciously and adds: "Yeah, you have no idea which one she is, sorry, she's the one on the right. I should have started with one just with her, but Nana loved this picture, and told me it was taken almost exactly a year before I was born. She was very happy in it, and she liked it so much..."

"Legolas, when were you born exactly?" he manages to say, finally.

"In March 1998, the 10th of March, why?"

Thranduil gulps and his head does not want to help him count backwards, but 9 months back is July. This cannot happen.

"But you were born in Ohio, right?" he asks again, grasping at straws. Maybe it's just a weird thing, really?

"No, my grandparents moved there when I was 8, after Nana died," he says, and Thranduil shivers.
He so does not want to hear that conclusion, because that would mean…

“So where were you born?” he manages to ask. “Where did they live before?”

The answer comes like an explosion, and Thranduil hears it again and again:

“Anduin, Wyoming.” Anduin, yes… Aleena's son, born 9 months after he left, after she was so brave and gave...

The bile raising in his throat is burning stronger now, and he is no longer hearing anything Legolas is saying. Did he actually need to hear? What more did he need to hear?

He turned and almost ran into the bathroom door, managed to open it and started vomiting in the bowl. He had never felt so bad in his entire life, not even after monster parties filled with all kinds of drink and powders, not even… Well, not every day he found out he had a son and that he had just fucking said son, right?

The thought brought on a new wave of nausea, his belly cramping, trying to throw out everything inside, make his stomach climb out through his throat, his heart beating raggedly and his ears ringing. He held the cold bowl for dear life, letting everything out, feeling like his soul was trying to leave through his mouth.

Did he actually have a soul? Weren't fathers who fucked their children just mindless beasts? They weren't human, surely. They couldn't be.

A hand carefully pulled his long hair out of the way, tried to help him, tried to ease him. Legolas, yes.

He flinched, pushed the hand away, retched harder, almost fell from his knees to the floor, trying to distance himself, like the hand burned. He did not deserve his care, he did not!

He tried to get up, to run, but his legs did not listen, his cramping abdomen did not listen, his throat was burning, his breath was ragged and he really did not know what to do. How do you tell your estranged son to stay away from you, because you are a monster?

Better that he couldn't speak right now.

He heard shouting, but that was not important now. He had to get up, he had to run and… he didn't know what to do after that, but he could not stay here, near Legolas. He just could not.

One step in front of the other. One step in front of the other. This was the office door. Good. Thranduil opened the door and then flung it back closed. Somehow he arrived at the little side table with the decanters, took one of the nice, big, crystal whiskey glasses. His hand was shaking, badly. He took a breath, put the glass down, took the one with the clear liquid. Yes, vodka was what he needed now, not wine, definitely not wine.

He used both hands to pour, filling the glass almost to the brim. He managed to put the decanter back without hitting anything, then used both hands to take the glass to his mouth. He drank and drank, until it was empty. He didn't know how he didn't choke with the burning liquid, how he didn't lose his breath.

His hands seem to shake less now, but the fire in his throat and stomach did not do enough to thaw the frozen claw grabbing his heart. Amazingly enough, after everything, he still had a heart, and it still beat in his chest. He started to take the decanter again and pour some more, but the rage was blinding him, so he threw the glass at the wall and screamed. Then he took another glass, poured
more liquid, swallowed it and turned to throw the new glass.

His hand froze in mid air, seeing his huge mahogany desk. The desk on which he had bent Legolas just earlier, making him whimper, making him mewl and moan and squirm, trying to impale himself on… Thranduil screamed again and again, his body caught between the learned reaction of trying to harden at the image and the sudden nausea of doing that to his… HIS FUCKING SON!

He screamed again and threw the glass at the desk, seeing with pleasure the scratch it caused. He grabbed the decanter and threw it as well, the shattering such a pleasing sound, the slosh of clear liquid on the desk, not so white as Legolas' creamy seed after their play… NO!

He turned to grab something else to throw, to break, to hit, but the door was opened and Eomer entered in a hurry, gun drawn, trying to take in the entire room, trying to protect.

“What happens, did anybody attack…”

He didn't let the man finish his sentence, he just yelled at him:

“Get out! Out! I don't want to see anyone, or I'll break your necks! OUT!”

He saw the man stiffen, still looking at him with confusion and… something else, something painful in his eyes, but getting out, not fast enough, closing the door. Leaving him alone. Yes, alone was what he deserved. Alone.

He was… what was he doing? He turned around in confusion, saw the glass shards on and around the desk. Ah, the desk, clear of papers these days, because it was a hassle to clear it when he wanted to have Legolas spread out on it to…

He screamed again, moved a bit towards it, felt dizziness. Why was he dizzy? What happened? His hand reached back, found a table, some glass rattled… Ah, yes, the drinks. The vodka. Yes, he had drunk vodka, emptied half a bottle in two gulps, yes. He didn't usually want vodka, only kept it for offering it to guests, he liked wine better… What the fuck, who cared, why was he talking to himself about what booze he enjoyed? Because the desk, having Legolas over his desk, that was… why was it painful? Legolas loved it so much, yes, even the little pain… Thranduil retched, even if there was nothing in his stomach to throw up, got even dizzier and fell to his knees.

He couldn't breathe, couldn't think, raised his head and saw the desk again, but he couldn't scream, because he couldn't breathe. His chest was held tight by an iron band and it was good. Yes, it was good, because he deserved the pain. Deserved so much pain for what he did to his innocent son. Yes, he gulped air, finally, yes, he could breathe again, and if he could breathe, he could destroy the desk. Yes, that was good, it should be destroyed.

What to use? He got up and yes, the little side table could do some more damage than the glasses and decanter. He just pushed everything down from it, ignored the crashing of glass, grabbed the table, got nearer to the desk and hit. The table splintered with a satisfying sound, but it didn't do much to the desk. It was nice and solid, a behemoth only 4 people could move, he liked solid things, they had so many uses.

He turned again, trying to see what he could use to destroy it. Yes, he needed something which would transform it to kindling. The chair… no, that would not do much. The armchair on the side… of course not, that was overstuffed and soft, it would not help. The little glass table… no, that would scratch, but that's it.

Oh, yes! Yes, the slim, beautiful katana on it's stand on the wall. He went to it and was amazed that
his hand was still trembling. He took a deep breath, used both hands to grab it, took it out from it's scabbard. Such a beautiful blade, so sharp and shiny. It could cut so well. A new thought passed through his mind. It could cut flesh so much better than wood. And well, the desk was bringing so many memories, but his hands, his mouth, his fucking cock did those things to Legolas on that desk. They deserved to suffer too, didn't they? He could cut so well with this beautiful blade, turn it nice and bright red, as it should be, yes.

Thranduil heard a sob and realized it was his own. Was he such a coward to fear such a just punishment? No, he was not afraid for himself, he realized. Even with the alcohol trying to numb his mind, that wretched cold, logical voice he heard so often was telling him that, if he did this now, things would not be good for Legolas. He was alone in this world, didn't have anything on his name and didn't know how to defend himself. Everybody in his house knew he had bought the boy, like you buy a dog. No, he would end up in the hands of somebody else, he would probably be sold again. It was even possible he would be sold to somebody worse than he was.

He heard himself laughing madly. He had bought his own son, like he was a dog. *Could somebody else be worse?* Yes, that was so funny, wasn't it.

No, it was not funny, but the cold voice was right. He needed to think and make sure that Legolas was taken care of, before he killed himself. Yes, that was a good decision, to kill himself. But first, he needed to do something, to clear his head of the rage, to be able to function. Yes. He needed to destroy, to burn. He could burn the entire house... no, he couldn't, not like that. No. The desk. He needed... he needed an ax, of course, why didn't he thought of that before?

He turned back to the door, opened it again and saw there were several of his men in front of the door. Good.

“I want the ax from the tool room,” he said. “NOW!”

The men were frozen, looking at him with their mouths agape. Thranduil looked down instinctively, saw he was still gripping the katana, imagined he was looking pretty disheveled. He took a breath, looked at them again, started again:

“Tommy,” he addressed the youngest guard, “go to the tool room and bring me the ax. Hurry.”

The apparent calm did wonders and he saw the young one start trotting to do his bidding. But his breath and calm stopped when he saw Legolas coming towards him from the corridor. He COULDN'T do this. Not now.

“Eomer, take Elros and Legolas and go...” God, where could he send them? “Go to my office, stay in the little apartment there, until I call you back.”

“But, sir...”

“Thranduil! What happened, why did you leave like this, please, what happened to you?”

He could not bear the worry and love in his son's eyes. He could not. He screamed again, raising the sword he still held to the neck of a frozen Eomer:

“Go now! I want you out of the property in 10 minutes, and I want you to stay there, not to speak to anyone, until I call you back! And tell Galion to come to my office. Anyone else who enters my office, will be dead, *anyone*, understood?”

He saw the man swallow hard, then he heard him acknowledge the request, then try to move. He saw the terror and confusion in Legolas' eyes, let the sword down, then saw the other guard, Connor,
take out his mobile, call Galion, telling him to come, end the call, call Elros, telling him to take
himself to the garage that instant, saw Eomer taking a dazed Legolas by his hand, easy, yes, easy,
turning towards the hallway, leaving. Good.

He turned back towards his office, heard Legolas screaming his name, but he could not look. No, he
could not, he entered back into his office, closed the door. He stopped, not knowing what to do.
Breathe, yes, that was good.

There was no more booze, he had dropped everything. No problem, he needed a clear head.

Thranduil stayed like that for an eternity, waiting, his thoughts chasing each other like a blur in his
mind.

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Then Galion was there and, somehow, his mind knows what he needs to do, so he has him call
Celeborn and Elrond and also find out if Helga is in the country, because Thranduil really needs to
know how all his assets stand and what the fuck he can do to settle his affairs. He'll need to speak to
Galadriel too, but later.

He receives them in the library – he can't stand the office now and this is one room of the house
without memories. Of course Elrond and Celeborn have arrived together, and maybe it's better, he'll
only have to tell them once the sordid story.

"Have a seat", he tells them, "and please consider this a business meeting from start to finish. I need
to be sure this is confidential. And also, I need you to hear me to the end, without interrupting,
because I'm not sure I can continue otherwise."

"Sure", Celeborn says.

"What happened to you", Elrond asks. "Sorry to say, but you look like shit."

Thranduil laughs, hoping it doesn't sound too manic.

"Then I look how I feel. You'll see why in a minute."

He breathes again, realizes he's pacing and doesn't know how to sit, because he doesn't dare to look
them in the eyes. He throws himself on the couch, anyway in the end they'll just want to be as far
away from him as possible, so it doesn't matter how he looks.

"It's all a mess," he starts. "What I need, really, is to understand how to transfer all my assets to
Legolas and how to arrange for him to actually benefit from everything, even if he has no idea how
to administer a fucking paycheck at the moment.

Is a will or an avowal of paternity or an adoption better, or… OK, let me clarify, because I know I
lost you.

The shortest story is that I'm 90% sure Legolas is my son, and what I did to him is unthinkable. And
I need to do as much as possible to make amends, but…"

"Slow the fuck down, Thranduil!" Elrond growls. "Are you high?"

"No, Elrond. I drank half a bottle of vodka, yes, because otherwise I was incoherent and suicidal.
But no, I'm not inventing stuff."
Both men seem frozen to the spot, until Celeborn manages to speak.

“I think you should tell us how you reached that conclusion. And what about the other 10%?”

“Yes, I will tell you. 18 years ago, before I left to college, I had a sweetheart in the little town of Anduin, Wyoming. She was one year younger than me, and her father didn’t like me much, but I was determined to be a good boy, study well, and take care of her. My father had died one year previously, and he had been the one to bring us to that town, so my mother just waited for me to finish my senior year and sold everything, because she wanted to live with her sister in Maine and I was coming here for college.

So I was to leave earlier, not in September, and to maintain the relationship from a distance for a year, until she, Aleena,” he chokes, still amazed how much just saying her name can hurt, “could also come to the same college. Just before I was supposed to leave, a week before, her parents had to get away from town, I think one of their relatives was having surgery in the city and they were going to lend support, so she invited me over and, well, I wasn’t able to refuse her when she wanted memories to have when we will be alone. Fucking memories!” he growls and has to get up and pace.

“I was a virgin, we both were, so I imagine something was wrong in the way we used the condoms. Or they were bad, because they were the cheap kind, I don’t know. Anyway, I left, and my aunt knew somebody who could hire me starting from the summer, and I thought it would be great to be able to make money earlier and maybe work less hours during exams, so I came directly to the city and, of course, worked long shifts and only called her about twice a week, but it was fine, she was raised to value work and responsibility.

Then I got the first modeling gig, and was so happy that I could earn in two days the money I was making in two weeks full time, so I threw myself into that too, and also had to go out of town for shoots, and ended up calling her once a week. But it was fine still, because I could be saving money and when she came to town maybe we could afford a studio together, not the dorms. And I imagine she didn’t know what happened to her, because she hadn’t said a word.

Then you know what happened, Elrond, and I didn’t call her for a few months, because… well, you know how I was. I didn’t go there on Thanksgiving, of course, or during winter holidays. When I called again, she was not home, and her fucking father, fucking bastard, he said she was dating a serious boy now, and to leave her alone, and I did, because I had blood on my hands, and had started working for the Feanorions, and why would I drag sweet Aleena into that, and anyway, I deserved… achh!”

He stops and tries not to let the tears fall, because it hurts, damn it!

“How do you know it happened, still?” Celeborn asks.

“Legolas showed me pictures of his mother”, he grits. “And it was her, Aleena Robertson, and she had given birth in March, after 9 months. She would have never cheated, it was not her style, and not then.”

“We can do a DNA test”, Elrond sighs, “to dispel any doubt. You didn’t wonder about the same last name?”

“I was a fucking hurried idiot”, Thranduil answers. ‘I had sent a PI to check Legolas' story, but when he had told me that, indeed, the grandson of pastor Melchior Robertson had left the Green Prairie, the isolated community in Ohio, I left it at that and told him not to check further. Aleena’s father was Martin Robertson, an accountant in Anduin, Wyoming, so it was just a coincidence, right? There are Robertsons everywhere!”
Legolas only referred to her as Nana, or mother, and he never mentioned his grandmother's name. Also, he didn't know his father's name, and of course the neighbors in the new community had no idea. I didn't handle his papers, so I couldn't see the birth place or mother's name.”

“And you never wanted to go back, see her?” Elrond asks, softly.

“I did. But I didn't want to ruin things for her, so I left it at that. And then mother died and I threw myself in work and… well, I bought myself a fucking dog!”

“Stop it, Thranduil!” Celeborn says. “It's stupid and unexpected and a series of crazy shit, but beating yourself up doesn't serve right now. What does the boy think of this?”

Thranduil shivers now.

“I couldn’t look at him”, he breathes. “He's with some guards, having no idea why I sent him away and why I behaved like I did. Probably I will really need to get high to have the guts to tell him. And give him a fucking gun, but first I need to arrange things for his safety.”

He doesn't really pay attention to the other men when speaking, so he's stunned when Elrond's palm connects with his face, twice. It startles him, although the pain is something far away.

“You will shut up and breathe”, the doctor says. “You are in shock, but I won't have you go insane here. And you will not do that to the boy, if I have to kill you myself first or lock you up, do you hear me?”

“You will send that PI to get all possible data on the boy and his family”, Celeborn says, sternly. “And yes, you will also do a paternity test and be 100% sure on this. If he is indeed your son, an avowal will make him your full heir, and you can always just donate everything to him, but I can't say anything about his ability to manage the estate. And, given your position and your enemies, it's not even as simple as that.”

“I… how do I tell him what the test is for?”

“You don't. I will just tell him some story about why I need a sample from him,” Elrond says. “Until you know for sure, that is 48 hours for the emergency paternity test, it might be better to just keep you two separated. What exactly did you do and tell the boy?”

“I threw up and started yelling and threatening the guards with a sword. And just had them take him bodily from the estate. He is probably thinking he did something bad, he has no idea.”

“Where is he, I will go directly and appease him.”

“At my office, I have the small apartment at the last floor. I'll call Eomer, to let you in, I tripled the security.”

Elrond snorts.

“I can take him home with me, he would feel better if he has people around.”

“I don't know how to thank you, Elrond. I don't deserve what you do for me.”

“Thranduil, did you intend to leave your girlfriend pregnant and abandon her?”

“Of course not, Celeborn, what question is that?”

“Did you intend to commit incest?”
“No!” he shouts, “no, I didn't!”

“Then don't take on more guilt than is due. We'll get to the bottom of this. In any case, you need to prepare, because money or not, the boy will need support when he finds out. And from what I understand, you are all that he's got.”

This is true and it's the worst part of it, gnawing at his insides, because however he twists the situation in his mind, he doesn't know who can help the boy get over it and go on with his life.

“What's your evaluation, Elrond, what can be done to heal him?”, he asks.

“What kind of question is that, Thranduil? You know I can only say that he'll probably need therapy and nobody can say what his reaction will be. And it might not be as bad as you think.”

“How can this not be bad?”

“You survived well enough, when the odds were not so in your favor. He did well too, after the last debacle. If he's your son, he might just be a similarly tough bastard. Sorry, I didn't…”

“Yes, he was a bastard all his life, and I was one to many people, that is a very appropriate name. Yes, I survived then, but that is not what I would wish for him!”

“Of course not. Do you want a sedative, until we have the results?”

“No, I need to arrange more things. And if I can't take it anymore after that, I have a full cellar. Thank you. Can you take the sample now, what do you need, blood?”

“No, it's simpler nowadays. Let me get the kit from the car. And tell that guard to let the boy know you are fine, invent some work issue or something. You have a stomach flu, I will tell him that, it would explain the vomiting at least.”

Elrond leaves to get his kit, leaving him alone with Celeborn.

“You will not involve Galadriel in this!”

“How…”

“Do you think you are the only one blaming himself for things you had no control over, and then resorting to self-punishment?”

“But… she enjoys inflicting pain!”

“Yes, just like you do – when there's also pleasure to be had. And you don't just want pain now, you want to be broken to pieces, something like what you did to Azog. You will not drag her into this!”

Thranduil is floored at how clear this describes his state of mind.

“I understand Elrond wants to heal everybody, but why do you care so much, Celeborn?”

“Thranduil, you are an ass some days. You do have an excuse today, and maybe that started 18 years ago, but you do have friends, you know.”

This is too much, and he has no idea what to say.

“Also, you and Elrond are more alike in your reactions than you'd like to think. Plus, you didn't actually mistreat the boy, so don't beat yourself up.”
Elrond is back and Celeborn remains silent, and then they leave and there’s too much quiet around and too much noise in his head. Helga is abroad, but she can send him a secure email with the status of his offshore assets, and yes, they can be transferred really easy. At least one easy thing today, he muses.

Thranduil remembers to let security know about Elrond’s visit and moving Legolas to his house, and wishes he had somebody to hold his hand too, but the men’s reaction to his story was actually way better than he deserved or expected anyway. In reality, he doesn’t actually have that much to do, because he doesn’t trust his mind today, so he calls Faramir and tells them he is unavailable for a week, refusing to elaborate. And then there’s nothing to do but churn his thoughts again and again, remembering all the things he repressed for so long, and maybe it would have been better to take Elrond’s offer of a sedative.

At least three months ago he had something to do, people to kill and maim, but now there’s no way to vent, because he’s the only one to blame. Well, fucking Martin whatever Robertson is very much to blame also, if indeed he just lied to him about Aleena’s relationship status and, of course, he must have told the girl he never called. He doesn’t want to know how hurt his darling girl must have been, and knows he had a good reason for not getting in touch after… but she had no way of knowing that, did she? And to have to raise the kid alone, shunned by her family, must have been torture, when he would have done anything to take care of them!

Even if he wouldn't have been able, at first, to take care of her in the city, or if she would have been appalled at what he was doing every day, his mother would have bent over backwards to have her live with them in Maine, and of course she would have treasured a grandson. She did pester him for a while about not keeping in touch with her, he remembers, and wonders now why didn't his mother keep in touch with the people she knew in Anduin.

It’s clear for him why he didn’t try to contact his colleagues after that, you don’t really want to speak with the boys about that, and also, he had frozen his school year and then dropped out of college anyway, so it wasn’t quite the thing to brag to your acquaintances about. Sure, when he started with the business, he had success real fast, but he was also working a lot for it, and his social life was very soon restricted to only people who had to do with having more success with it.

And of course it was very normal for the people who knew him to either be very busy with their own college life, or whatever job they got after high school – and to stop trying to contact him when he didn’t answer twice or something. Maybe some despised him for what they thought he did to Aleena, and didn't want anything to do with him – and that would be normal, too. Still, what about his mother? Unfortunately, since both her and her older sister are dead, it's pretty clear he can't find out more from that direction. His cousin was never so close to them, and they are not on speaking terms anyway, not to mention that memories pickled in booze may not be reliable at all.

Yeah, his fucking father in law would be the only source of info – or maybe the PI might manage to speak with the people in Anduin and shed a modicum of light on this. It's clearly worth the shot, because all this lack of knowledge does drive him bonkers. Yes, what the hell is he waiting for? He calls the PI, Lester Young, and gives him carte blanche with the spending, just he wants results, fast. The guy seems competent, and promises to have a preliminary plan ready for him in an hour, with a very rough price estimate, and he does it – the figure is huge, but he's smart – he enlists all PIs in the areas of Anduin and Green Prairie, and also a good number in Columbus, since Aleena lived there with Legolas.

He will receive any kind of information in real time, as soon as Lester receives them too, and also the man's reports on the data and where they will go next with it. It's good, he'll have something to occupy his mind with.
The picture they paint is exactly as he feared – the damn man had told everyone of it, and his wife also complained about his mother's coldness – but nobody can manage to remember if they ever said they contacted his mother with this. They did say he'd been told and that he rejected any responsibility, of course – and yes, Aleena had been devastated. She had somehow managed to finish the school year, but with poor results, of course, and immediately after that she left town and managed to find a job in Columbus, working long hours at minimum wage to put a roof over their heads and food on the table.

The life must have been miserable, because work and take care of Legolas was all she did, there wasn't any kind of relationship in all the 7 years – and it pains him anew to think how much of this was due to his betrayal, as she'd known it. He wants to break their necks, but well, it seems Isabel Robertson is already with one foot in the grave – they discovered she has a huge brain tumor, it seems, inoperable, so that would be pointless. He could even laugh, because, as her husband was so keen on saying, God's wrath finds the sinners, right?

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He finds only one picture – yeah, probably Bobby took way more with the girls, obviously. And he had forgotten about the necklace – God, what an idiot he was then, for not going through with it! The diamond is small compared to what he'd buy now, but he had been so proud then, to be able to buy it, after his first real big deal. Well, it wouldn't seem so big now, obviously, but then he had finally proven himself, he remembers Maglor praising him, jokingly teasing his brother that he'd stolen Thranduil completely, and that this was the future of their family.

That day he was feeling so elated, on top of the world, and on a shopping spree – he had bought the diamond and emerald bracelet for his mother, and that damn motorcycle too, God, he was crazy! So he had thought of Aleena again, and wondered how she was – it was some 4 years after he left, really, so Legolas would have been about 3 years old. He had bought the necklace, thinking to try and convince the girl it would be worth it to come back to him – and then his doubts were back in force, and yes, if she was with somebody else for so long, surely now it would be trite to try to bribe her, right?

So he had put the necklace and the photo in a leather box and just let it lay there, unopened, for so long. He didn't even return the damn thing, or give it to his mother, or… No, he had Aleena's slender white neck in mind when buying it, so nobody else could have had it. Gah.

His hands are shaking now, touching the beautiful face of his love… They were so young and carefree that day, God, she was so beautiful in her gray overcoat, dark blue denim dress and blue and red striped socks! The slightly wavy brown hair was held back in a bun, he remembers, letting the beautiful face free. She was so willowy, just like her beautiful son is. Legolas has his straight hair, just more golden, and yes, his eyes, but her slender build.

There were days when he thought she was dancing when walking, she was that light on her feet, and that mouth, yes, he has her generous mouth. And himself… he looked so… trusting in the world, really, ready to face it head on and sure it will submit itself to him. He was laughing in the picture, looking towards her, thinking this is how every day of the rest of their lives would be. Fuck! Why?
Chapter Summary

Ready for more?

Just wanted to say, the story will go on from here, but I also have in mind an alternate stream, starting from like the half of this chapter. I started sketching it, but probably will publish it later, after I'm getting closed to the end of the main story.

"Are you ready for this, Thranduil?"

"As ready as I'll ever be. Do you know of a way to make it less painful?"

"No, I'm sorry, I don't. Did the PI confirm it, too?"

"Yes, just like your test, there's only one explanation as to who's his father. The guy is actually very resourceful, he employed so many others I am actually thinking of offering him a management position."

"I imagine the bill is humongous."

"Yeah, but you know how it is, there are a million guys out there who could have the resources, but don't know how to use them. Still, nobody in town ever saw her with another man, or heard she was interested in anyone else; her parents blamed me openly, and she never denied; and, of course, the date and your test - he is my son, 100%."

Elrond sighs, loudly.

"This is too fucked up, having a son should be a reason for joy, not…"

"Yeah, not this clusterfuck. Still, please send him here while I manage not to drown myself in alcohol; I seriously fear this, and you know I don't fear much."

"I will bring him there and wait, in case you need help."

"Once again, I am in your debt, for whatever that's worth."

"Actually, it could be worth a lot, but don't worry about that now; we'll be there in an hour, tops."

It's the longest hour in Thranduil's life, and the shortest, too, because he has no idea what the fuck he should say, and dreads Legolas' disappointment more than he dreads death right now. He actually has some coke available, among other things, and is sorely tempted to take a little, but fuck it, the boy deserves more. The alcohol is also a great temptation, but he hangs in there, pacing, snarling to himself, compulsively passing a hand through his hair, pulling at his clothes. Yep, nobody would recognize this wreck as Thranduil Green, iceman. What a fucking sick joke.

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"Welcome," he says, torn between wanting to hug the boy breathless and being scared to death of
the rejection he'll feel from him, after. He doesn't even dare to look at him much, besides the rapid check to see he looks just fine.

“God, Thran, are you still feeling bad?”

Of course the boy would worry for him.

“I'm fine, I... we have to talk though, please come in. Thank you so much Elrond, it was wonderful of you.”

“I'll wait a little, if you don't mind?”

Of course Elrond too fears what will happen, and he remembers now he said he'll stay to help. The man is a saint, and Thranduil is really beyond grateful.

“Sure, do you want to wait in my study or... I'll call Galion to bring you something.”

“I think I'll stay in the kitchen, maybe Mrs. Baggins will give me something good.”

“Sure, as you wish. Are you hungry too, Legolas?”

God, it's so hard to look at him! His hands are sweating, fuck, he wasn't so scared since... Breathe, damn it, you can't fall apart now!

“No, I'm fine, what do you want to talk about? I hope I didn't... well, I'm sorry if I did something...”

“No, I have to tell you some things, you didn't do anything wrong, please, let's just go to the library and talk.” Breathe, yes, he will get past this somehow.

They reach the library and again he can't sit, there's too much terrified nervous energy coursing through him. Even his forehead is sweating, and that never happens.

“Please, I need you to listen to me and try to interrupt me as little as possible at first. I... I want to apologize from the beginning, because what I did is... I... fuck!”

It's way harder than speaking with Elrond and Celeborn was, harder than resolutely dodging Boromir and Galion these past two days. Of course it is, they are all still strangers, but the boy...

“Thran, what happened to you? You are scaring me, and really, you don't look well!”

“Yes, well, that's not relevant now. OK, I'll stop being a coward, so, let's start like this. So, OK, I... I'm sorry I behaved like that the previous day, and scared you and didn't explain things; please, from the start, know that in all this mess you didn't do absolutely anything wrong, OK? Nothing happening is even remotely your fault, in any way, and whatever happens after today, I will do all I can so you are well taken care of, OK?”

“I'm sorry, but you don't make much sense, Thran. I understand you were sick, and it's fine, you don't have to apologize that you didn't want me to catch it, I was fine at Elrond's, there's no need to worry. The baby is a sweetie, as always, and staying in the gardens with Arwen was just perfect. Well, I would have loved for you to be there too, but really, it's fine. And the twins were fun as always, you know.”

“No, I don't mean that, OK, I do but... Damn, I'll stop beating around the bush, you are right, I don't make sense. OK, I wasn't sick these days, not physically, anyway; this was a lie we concocted, to keep you from worrying until we found out several things. Please, let me go on, OK?” The boy
nods, unsettled, and he ploughs on, because if he stops he can't resume, surely.

“I was shocked when I saw the picture of your mother, you see, because I knew Aleena, we… we grew up together, since I was 4 or something, in Anduin, and we were supposed to be married.”

Legolas makes a surprised sound and his eyes are huge, of course he couldn't have expected that.

“And that wouldn't be a problem, really, just… just that…” *Fuck, man up, you moron!* “that we slept together, 9 months before you were born, and I was so afraid then, so I had to check, to know for sure, although I knew it then, it makes sense, and it's true, the test and the detective confirmed it, I… I'm so sorry, I'm your scoundrel of a father, Legolas, I'm more sorry than I can say, just… “

The boy is gasping now, looking at him with disbelieving eyes, unable to speak, of course. He can sympathize, it's such a blow that he needs time to recover, at least a bit, so he keeps quiet, waiting for him to calm a little. Legolas’ breathing calms after a while, but he's still tongue tied.

“I'm sorry,” Thranduil repeats, “and I know this is worthless now, but please believe me, I had no idea, until you showed me that picture, I didn't even think that was possible! I should have done some things differently, and I take full responsibility for that, but I didn't want to abandon her, to abandon you, I… I loved Aleena, please believe me, if I would have known then, I would have done anything to be together!”

“How… how you didn't know?” Legolas manages to ask.

“OK, yes, I'll tell you.” Good that he rehearsed this part in his mind, he's sure he won't leave anything out now. “OK, so, we were sweethearts, your mother and I, she was a year younger than me, since she was 15 we were dating, and we were good friends before. We were decided we'll marry, but after we finished school, because we wanted to be responsible. Just, my father died the year I was 17, he just had a heart attack, so it complicated a few things, mainly, our financial status – mine and my mother's. She was a housewife, and dad had taken care to save and invest, conservatively, but well, college just got a bit more complicated.

Anyway, I had a scholarship, paying for the tuition in full, I had tried hard to do it even when I thought there would be enough money, because I always wanted to be the best, but there were still costs – rent, food, all that. So, since my mother was from Maine and we just came to Anduin for my father's job, there was no reason to stay there after his death, we just remained for my last year of high school. My mother was moving back to her hometown, to be close to her sister, and to save money, too, and I was to come to the city as soon as possible and find a job, to make enough money for all the expenses.

I was proud to be an adult, really, and Aleena was supposed to come to the same college the next year; we knew it would be hard to be separated, but since we were good kids, we would make it work, right?” He has the overwhelming need to shout and rant and collapse, thinking back to all this, but he has to go on.

“Your grandfather never liked me, I have no idea why to this day, but I never thought… Anyway, let's keep things ordered, so I got a job, in a cafe. It wasn't much, but the owner was used to employing students, so it would have been easy to have a flexible schedule and, during the summer, I could put in a lot of hours, to save money for the times when I would have to study a lot and such. So I started working long shifts, not doing much else, because I didn't know anybody in town anyway and everything cost money.

I kept in touch with Aleena just by phone, and I think we both hated it, but well, it was all for our future. Soon, after about a month I think, one of the customers at the cafe turned out to work for a
modeling agency and said he could get me some gigs, and when I heard how much they paid, I jumped right in; we were both very excited I could actually save a lot of money now, probably, in a year enough so, when she would come to college also, we could rent a small studio and be together faster, so I worked all the time, at both jobs, and barely managed to speak with her once a week; still, I don't think she realized she was pregnant until way later, because she didn't say anything, believe me, I had no idea!"

“You slept with her and grandfather didn't say anything?”

“No, you see, he didn't know, we just did it once and...”

“Just once? But you said you were together...”

“Yes, we were together for two years, but I wasn't how you know me now, I was very far from this; I was a good boy, really, we met at my parents' house or at your grandparents', we went out with friends, saw movies, ate at the dinner or had lunch together in the school cafeteria, but we just kissed and made out, nothing more. I mean, we knew there was more, we knew the physics of it, but neither of us pressured for more, it just wasn't something you did that easily in that little town, especially with such a nice girl like your mother was. And we didn't have the place, also, it happened when it did because your grandparents were out of town and I was to leave in a few days, and we were to be parted for months.

I… I wasn't strong enough to do the right thing, I'm sorry, when we did have the opportunity I was thrilled to have her, to make her mine, and we did use protection, we didn't want her to get pregnant so young, but of course protection is not 100% safe, so...

Oh God,” he says, realizing how this can be interpreted, “please don't take this to mean I don't want you, OK, it's not like that, it's just she must have been through so much with this, and it's not your fault in any way, OK?”

The boy looks pained, and Thranduil wants to comfort him, it breaks his heart to pieces to see him so, but how? To touch him now… no, don't fucking go there!

“But she must have realized after a time, no? Why didn't you… I don't know… do something?”

“Yes, of course after a time she must have realized, but remember, well, you were in shock then, so you might not remember, I told you I was attacked at gunpoint?”

“Yes, what does that have to do with Nana?”

“No, of course it doesn't have anything to do with her. No, the idea is that happened after about 3 months or so after I came to the city, and I was in shock and hurt and… Well, I didn't speak with anyone much, I didn't tell even my mother all of it and until I recovered a bit, other couple of months have already passed.

When I called back again, your fucking grandfather told me she was seeing somebody else, a better guy than me, so I just thought it was best to let her be, if that was her choice.”

“Just like that, you loved her and you just let her go?”

Thranduil sighs and paces. He doesn't really want to tell Legolas the whole story of what happened to him and how dirty he felt, how unworthy of the angel that was Aleena, but he also has to explain to him, somehow, why he didn't do more.

“No, it wasn't just like that, but it wasn't simple either. I was very shocked by the attack, by the
recovery I needed also, I couldn't stand to feel so helpless, it was just not how I was used to see myself. So, because it so happened that the three guys who attacked me were members of one of the gangs in town, I received an offer from the rival mob family – the Feanorions – who appreciated the fact that I killed them.

I liked the idea I would have power, that I'd be able to defend myself in the future and that they'd protect me, so I started working with them – and that work meant, among others, beating people up and killing on command. It wasn't the best thing to do, and I knew it, so when I thought of what would sweet Aleena say to know I was drenched in blood, I realized I no longer was the person she had fallen in love with. And if she had already decided to give up on me, maybe I could do at least one good thing and let her be happy, with a regular guy.”

There's silence again, and he's torn between spewing more excuses and letting the boy… - fuck, his son! - process all this.

“You are serious, this is not a joke or something?” he finally asks.

“No, I am very serious, and I am not drunk or high or anything else. We did a paternity test – that's why Elrond took samples from you, because we had to be sure, in the very unlikely event that she would have slept with somebody else too. I also had the PI who checked on you at the beginning do a real job now, not the half-assed thing I had him do then, and this is something that is really my fault, and I'm sorry.”

“I don't understand,” Legolas says again. “What didn't he find then that he found now?”

“I didn't have any idea who you were at that time, and really, didn't care much. All I wanted him to check was that your story was true – that you were just a boy having problems with his family and ending up in Azog's clutches, and not a spy. Also, that you were actually of age, so when he told me that yes, the grandson of pastor Melchior Robertson left the community after turning 18, and that there wasn't any known connection with any mob family and such, I told him to leave things be and closed everything.”

“Did you really care about me being of age?” the boy interrupts.

“Yes, of course I did! I don't fuck children!” Thranduil answers, outraged, and then there's a huge wave of nausea, because this is way worse. Luckily, he hasn't eaten yet today, so there's nothing to vomit, but he needs a few moments to recover, very happy to be near the table, planting a hand on it to support himself, because he's swaying on his feet.

“Yes, you don't, of course, but you say she was 17! And didn't you wonder, at least a bit, when you heard his name?” Legolas asks, angry now.

“I was barely 2 months passed 18 then, yes, she was 17, but I… We were both children, in a way, fuck, yes, this sounds so stupid and skewed, I am an idiot, I'm sorry.” He sighs and again passes his hand through his hair, pulling a little, to try and calm down the pounding headache. “Also, Aleena's father was Martin Robertson, an accountant from Anduin, Wyoming, born in that town, just like his father and grandfather. Why would I think he changed his name and became a pastor, in another state?”

The boy's anger seems to fizzle at that, and he slumps on his seat.

“I registered the last name, but you know it's such a common one, I just chalked it up to coincidence. I know I pride myself on being thorough, and I should have checked more, but there didn't seem to be a point then, I sincerely didn't care who your family was, and since they treated you so bad, I
assumed you didn't want to keep in touch anyway. I'm sorry I assumed that, please believe me.”

“It's true, there was no reason to keep in touch with them,” Legolas says, dejected. “They never wanted me anyway, I bet they are happier now.”

“They don't deserve you, and they have to pay for what they did to you… I have to pay for what I did to you, but I don't know how.”

“What do you mean – ah, that you left Nana? She's dead, and pay how, why?”

Surely, the boy's mind is shying away from registering the magnitude of the problem. That's to be expected, and he's really scared of what will happen when it all sinks in. Still, it hurts, because it's true Aleena is dead and nothing can cure the neglect she must have felt, the pain of feeling used and then of having to brave the world alone.

“Not only that; and that might be callous of me, but I consider it the lesser evil. Yes, my heart breaks thinking how bad it must have been for her, I hate to know I was throwing money on fancy clothes and fast cars already, when she had to work double shifts just to pay the bills and probably worried to death she can't offer you enough. But it's of no use to offer excuses, to say I would have given her everything and would have taken care of both of you; I didn't, and I have to live with it.

What I did to you this year is so much worse, I can't even begin to… I am admitting to my wrongdoing, and it's only on my head, all of it. If you want me to go to jail for it, I will not try to get away, just, it would probably be better for you if we find another accusation for me to plead guilty to; if you want me dead, I'll arrange that too, because…”

Legolas wails and gathers himself into a ball, sobbing, and Thranduil does not understand what did he say to hurt him so. Yes, he did say a lot of painful things, but this is… unsettling. He wants to comfort him, again, but how? Surely now his touch would be beyond repulsive, and it should be, of course, and what can he say? Still, the sobs wrench the boy's body so bad, the sounds are heart-rending, and he never felt so helpless in his life. After a few moments, he decides to bring Elrond in, maybe he can give some help.

“Don't go!” Legolas yells, when he's opening the door. “Everybody leaves me, what did I do, please, I will do anything, just don't go!”

Thranduil has no idea how he reaches the couch where Legolas is and kneels near him and tries to soothe the immense pain the boy feels now, crying himself, bewildered and lost.

“I would never want to leave you, I just don't know how you can stand me near, little one. Please, just tell me what you want, I will do anything to make it better!”

“Don't go, stay with me, please!”

He agrees and stays there, on his knees, his hands grabbed and squeezed so tight, while the boy keeps crying, trembling, and his own tears keep falling. After an eternity has passed, the boy sniffles, but doesn't allow him to move and bring some tissues.

“I don't want things to change, but it always happens, whenever I believe things are good, something goes wrong, why?”

Thranduil has no way to answer this, he had asked himself this countless times these last two days. He can only be honest then.

“I have no answer to this, I don't think anyone does. But we can't continue like before, it would be
wrong.”

“So you will send me away then.” God, his voice is so small and broken!

“No, Legolas, look at me! Nobody is sending you anywhere you don't want to go! I can leave the house, if you don't want me here, but…”

“No!” the boy shouts. “I don't want you to leave! Don't you understand, I can't be alone again!”

“OK, OK, calm down, please! We'll do whatever you want, we'll both remain here, or go to another place, together, if that helps you. Elrond is still here, if you want somebody else to talk to.”

“And what should we talk about? This last year was the best in my life, well, of course, not… not the kidnapping, but the rest, I never felt so good, why would I want you dead? Plus, you always said what we did was not wrong, why is it wrong now?”

“Little one,” fuck, he shouldn't use that term anymore, because… fuck damn it, go on, “I'm gladder than I can say that you felt so good, but really, don't you understand the problem?”

“I don't know what to understand anymore, I'm so very scared right now, and I don't want to lose you!”

“I'll be here for as long as you need me, this I promise,” - yes, it's the right thing to do, if he needs him - “and it would have been nothing wrong in what I did to you, if we were strangers to one another, but we are blood relatives, Legolas, surely you know that's wrong!”

“You said so many things I considered wrong were not wrong, why is this so?”

“Those I disputed were things meant to just cow people into submission, but this rule is made to protect the innocent, and it damn well should be respected! Abusing those who can't fight back is wrong on too many levels, and abusing those one should protect is the worst thing possible. I know I wasn't there when you needed me, and I have no idea how we can undo the damage, but what I know for sure is that I will not continue doing it!”

There's silence, and obviously neither of them are in a good headspace to make heads or tails of this. Thranduil feels so damn tired, and obviously Legolas is drained too, who wouldn't be?

"OK, let's leave it as that; we will talk more when you are ready. Now, Elrond is still in the kitchen most probably, let us go tell him he can go home."

The boy seems to walk in a trance, and he detours them to the bathroom first, having him throw some cold water onto his face. He's pretty sure Elrond will want to talk to them too, but it's improbable Legolas will have more to say, and he doesn't want to do it either. Fuck, three times fuck. But of course he will talk to the man, is the least he can do.

Of course, after just one look at them, Elrond gets them back to the library and wants to hear how Legolas is feeling, and he's cursing Thranduil so darkly when the boy tells about his offer that he manages to laugh, pleased in a very mad way that he rattled the man so much, but of course that's just a crazy symptom of the fact that he’s completely out of his depth. For the first time in his life, he has absolutely no idea how to go on, and he’s scared shitless.

“If I hear you one more time spouting such garbage,” Elrond finally says, “I will have you committed, and you will not get out until you actually talk to somebody about it all. Actually, you will get help, because your usual violence schtick isn’t going to work, and you damn well know it. Get a fucking grip, man!”
“A grip on what, Elrond? None of this makes any sense, how do we get on without a sense?”

“You are alive, aren’t you? Both of you, are you so ready to throw it away? What, you no longer have anything to live for?”

The guilt hits him hard at this, and yes, he had just promised his son to be there for him, and he...

“Yes, I do have reasons to go on. I'm sorry, I will get myself together, somehow. Legolas, what would you need now?”

“To forget today just happened, I suppose. I really wish it was yesterday, or the day before right now.”

“Well, we might manage that,” Elrond says. “You two stay here and shut up, got it?”

They will, what the fuck should they do, anyway? The man goes somewhere, and the silence in the room is deafening; already he misses the companionable silence they had so many times, but that…

And then he's back, followed by Galion who brings a shit ton of booze, and he has to laugh, as unfunny as this is.

“So, the game is this,” Elrond says after Galion leaves. “Legolas, you will taste what I give you, and drink what you like; if you don't like something, Thranduil finishes the glass. Clear?”

The boy mumbles a yes, clearly lost at what this should mean, and he nods, because, well, getting comatose drunk sounds just right.

“What shall we start on?”

“He never had something stronger than champagne, so have your pick.”

“Fine, let's see, what do we have here, let's start with vodka. Grey Goose? Why do you keep this, Thranduil?”

“Well, it's single wheat, aroma and all, don't tell me you don't know it?”

“I do, but it's way too harsh… oh well, let's get this out of the way.” He pours a glass and gives it to Legolas, who sniffs at it and then looks at them very dubious.

“Try it, it won't kill you, believe me.”

The boy sniffs one more time and scrunches his nose, then takes a good gulp, and it's clear only serious education stops him from spitting it all out.

“This stuff is vile,” he manages after a few gulps of air. “Why would anyone drink this?”

“My thoughts exactly,” Elrond says, taking the glass and handing it to Thranduil, who shrugs and gulps it, giving the glass back. “OK, Beluga, that's better; should go down easier.”

The boy sighs and is much more prudent this time, taking just a sip. It's still not to this liking though, so Thranduil laughs and drinks it more leisurely.

“Use another glass, Elrond, I'll drink it, but there's no reason to hurry.”

Wordlessly, the doctor starts with the whiskey; there should be five kinds, from what he remembers, and clearly the boy doesn't enjoy any of them much.
“Elrond, if you get me drunk before him, I'm going to be pissed,” he says while at the fourth glass.

“Good,” is the only answer he gets, and well, they found something the boy is willing to drink – he likes the smoother 25 years old Curvoisier. That's good, because he really needed a breather; since he hasn't eaten today, and no longer has any adrenalin in his system, the room is a bit blurry by now, and that only because he's not moving, he's sure if he would not be well seated on the couch, everything would start to dance. That's funny, really.

While they wait, Elrond pours some scotch too, sipping and sighing.

“What shall I pour you now, Thranduil?”

“A bit of water; I'm sure he'll hate something else next, so chill.”

He snorts and gives him the water, also pouring the boy a glass. Thranduil is way too jolly now, so he chuckles several times, because everything could really be considered funny, at this point, why not? They just have to wait for the boy to finish his drink. Seeing that he liked the mellower, sweeter drink, now Elrond gives him a spicy old rum – which also seems to be to his liking. Of course, the alcohol entered deeper into Thranduil's blood, and he's laughing out loud now, almost choking when he drinks the new glass of Grey Goose vodka he's given.

“You are mean,” he says, “why don't you give me something sweet, too?”

“Bottoms up, and I will.”

“Oh, really? I'm not sure I can do that now without falling,” he manages to say, hiccuping. “But you are dancing really prettily. And I don't hear what you say if you mumble, you know.”

The boy is laughing too, and gulps too fast the new glass he's given, and this time he does spit it all over, coughing and groaning when it's clear things started spinning for him, too.

“Galion will have your hide,” Thranduil slurs, “and you should get him here with some blankets, because we'll pass out soon.”

Wordlessly, the man gives them more and slams down some too, and then makes them drink some water also. The boy's hand trembles, so he has to hold the glass with both hands, and then he plain refuses to have more, nauseated and groaning. He feels his own eyes closing, because light is overrated anyway, and he's better like this, warm and fuzzy and not caring much; still, he could drink one more, to be sure he won't know what he's dreaming, and tries hard to swear at Elrond who, again, gave him the fucking vodka.

“Well, my work here is done, it seems,” Elrond muses. He shakes his head and lets them be, clearly they are both out of it. Maybe the headache the next day will clear their thoughts a little, not that the situation isn't fucked up. And why does he have to be in the middle of all this, again? But he should get home before he drinks some more, and fuck, he will need somebody to drive him. Well, any of Thranduil's guards will do. He tells Galion about this, and also to be prepared for the two to feel miserable the next day, then leaves, because all they can do now is hope for the best.

He needs to forget, too, because this hits way too close to home, isn't it, plus, he really cares about the man, as obnoxious as he can be sometimes. Lindir awaits him when he gets home, and Elrond hugs him so tight, trying hard not to imagine what he’d feel to lose him, too. Of course his lover wants to know how things went, if he can help, but what could they really do? It’s so very trite to say things are fine – although they are, as much as possible, the two will have a bit of peace tonight, and maybe the hangover tomorrow will stop them from doing some stupid shit, but what about the next
days?

God, being held in his lover's arms feels so very good, it always does, but it is not enough right now, he needs a stronger reminder that he's fine, that they are fine, that they are still alive. He kisses him, and it turns way more aggressive than their usual fare, so he forces himself to stop and give him a breath.

“I can take it,” Lindir says, his eyes so full of love Elrond is very, very tempted to just take his beautiful mouth right there, in the living room.

Shuddering at the thought, he tries so very hard to gentle the kiss, to treat his lover right, and is absolutely baffled when it's Lindir who bites quite harshly at his lower lip.

“I won't break,” his lover says, “and it hurts that you don't want to let me give you solace.”

Elrond sighs and hugs him tighter, closing his eyes for a few moments, trying to control himself.

“You don't like rough play, my dear, don't do this just to humor me.”

“How do you know I don't like it, if we never tried?”

It is a sobering question – they never tried and they never talked about it, he just behaved a certain way and, since the results were fine...

“I'm sorry, I shouldn't have presumed. Yes, we never even talked about this, and it's my fault.”

“It's both our fault, love. Even if I'm younger, nothing should have stopped me to say if I wanted something else. And I do want, now, I want to know how it feels. Of course I promise to tell you if something is bad, OK?”

“Fine, just, let's get to the bedroom. I think I need way more than a kiss, and…”

“Oh, only the twins are home, and I really don't think we are capable of shocking those two.”

Elrond is laughing now, yes, of course shocking his sons would be pretty complicated, but he still doesn't want to… Yes, he always did what's right, and proper, but today maybe it really doesn't matter that much. After all, what was proper in what happened? What fault does Legolas have in all this? What fault does Thranduil have, if what he says is true? And it surely is, the man always owned all he did, good or bad. For all his faults, he was never a liar when it mattered. And he is, indeed, crushed by what happened – and way too early, after the craziness not even four months ago. Not, there are just three months and some change, and yes, he wasn't shy in saying all he did then, no, he's definitely not lying.

“Are you still with me?” his lover asks, and he's ashamed to get so caught up in his dark thoughts again.

“I'm sorry, love, I am now. Yes, what you say is true, but still, let's go to the bedroom. I think I would be shocked if we had spectators. Please?”

Yes, he could lose himself in that serene smile, in those golden speckled hazel eyes. Elrond desperately needs the affection they show, the unconditional support they give, yes.

He can't wait to get to the bedroom, moving in haste, bringing his gentle lover with him, and, as soon as they are inside, he takes the pliant lips again, devouring them, like he never allowed himself to.
Yes, they need breaks from time to time, because his lungs seem fit to burst, God, other parts of him seem fit to burst, too, and, completely uncharacteristically, he doesn't bother to undress completely, just scrambles with his belt and slacks, letting them pool around his ankles with a clank, and pushes the underwear out of the way, too. Oh, so much better, he can actually breathe a bit without the annoying cloth suffocating him.

“Please,” he growls, but, before he has any time to try to gentle this, Lindir just kneels in front of him and those long, slim fingered, absolutely gorgeous hands are upon him, one on his hip, a bit cold and exactly right, and one perfectly poised around his girth, yes, yes, it's right where it should be. It's dry and cool at first, moving slowly to pump him a few times, so Elrond tries very hard to calm down a bit, it would be thoroughly absurd to just explode from this, and very unsatisfactory, to boot. But patience is so not what he needs, so he just fidgets, and hears a chuckle from his lover, who then starts licking, which is way, way better. Or not, because it's true, he's not himself, and maybe they should stop and breathe.

He puts a hand on Lindir's cheek, to try and stop his movements, but his lover just smiles around him now, and he can't stop that, really, it's out of his hands.

“Slick me up completely,” he hears himself saying, trying to make things easier. It's good that his love listens, because then, when he sees his manhood all slippery with saliva, and the beautiful mouth now stretched around his crown, Elrond is doing something he never did – push his hands into the brown bangs and just steadily bring his lover's head closer and closer to his pelvis. The power he has over the other tightens his lower belly mercilessly, and he can't but act on it right now. He grunts, because it's absolutely delicious, and knows he's been an old fool, deluding himself so bad.

Yes, all he can do now is just pay attention not to do something dangerous.

“Love, if what I do is too much, pinch me, hard enough, so it reaches me, OK?”

Lindir nods around him, and he breathes and now holds him in place and pulls out almost completely, and then gets in, deep, as deep as he remembers being able to get generally. It's probably too much so fast, but he needs it, so he keeps doing it, and yes, there are tears soon starting to fall from the dilated hazel eyes, the youth coughs a bit and it's clear he tries to get as relaxed as possible, yes.

Yes, there's no time, there never is, everything can break and fall apart around you so damn fast, so Elrond keeps pushing, feeling himself tense like a wire, groaning, loving this to pieces.

“Yes, my heart, you look wonderful like this, taking me in all the way, yes, keep looking at me while you do it, ohhh… It makes my knees weak, you know, ohhh, just like that, your throat is amazing, I… I… ohhh…”

No, he can't really speak now, or think much, it's too good like this, he'll just… he'll just explode, soon, too soon, but there's no way… yessss! He needs a lot of will to keep his legs locked straight, and oh, it's so very good, but not enough. Lindir looks beyond hot, and Elrond knows what he'd like now, but it just doesn't feel right.

“I need you to take me, please,” he says, knowing it is not his lover's favorite thing. But he does need it now, more than anything, to be taken apart completely, yes. Oh, but his lover's face is quite stricken, no, he will control himself, damn it!

“I'm sorry, love, I shouldn't have asked, it's difficult for you, let's…”
“I am sorry,” Lindir interrupts, husky and soft. “Right now I don't think I'm able to even get in, this is too arousing! I… always, I almost can't believe you'd let me do that, and you feel so fever hot around me, so different when you let me take control, that I… I don't know what to do!”

They are both shivering with need, kissing mindlessly again, and oh, he'd honestly thought the youth was just not comfortable being on top, since he loves so much to be passive and be taken care of, but if this is the case…

“Then you should have ample opportunity to practice; after all, you don't have to wait as much to get hard again, my dear. No, don't try to wiggle out of it!”

“But if I come so fast, you won't have time to feel good, and…”

Elrond stops his protests with another kiss, a long, languid one this time, because this will definitely not end fast, he won't allow it. And then he realizes both of them wear way too many clothes, something they should remedy, fast, before he's getting them to the bed, this time. It's true that things need to move just a bit slower, if Lindir is to actually be able to fuck him like this, so he forces himself to act as usual, with lots of touches and kisses. The real torture is to be opened so slowly though, although he knows so well why this is so very important.

He keeps behaving unusual, he knows that, pushing himself aggressively on the opening fingers, making way more noise than usual, but he dearly needs not to think of certain things, and also not to bite the luscious white flesh of his lover, not to grasp too hard at his hair, as he desperately wants right now. Elrond is almost screaming when finally, finally, he's breached, and yes, curses when Lindir just shudders and comes way too fast. Not that fast though that Elrond isn't quite surprised to find himself rock hard again, but he really is not in the mood to take his young lover, as he so eagerly hints.

No, he is still feeling too aggressive, and could really hurt him, so it has to be the other way around. And yes, if he wants to make amends - although, Lindir was so sweet in becoming unraveled so fast and hard that on any other given day, Elrond would have been satisfied with just that - still, he could keep him nice and open until he's ready to go again.

Lindir is kissing his very hard length now, making even this action so sweet and graceful, and it feels good, although he's damn empty but, ah, yes, the long fingers could help, yes they do, because they unerringly find his gold spot. But… what does his lover do? This rhythm is familiar, somehow, although it's quite strange, and his mind is too scattered by the jolts of pleasure... until it's also hummed against his member, GOD! His cock twitches painfully when he realizes it's Chopin's *One minute waltz*, played by the trained fingers right in the spot making him melt into the mattress!

Elrond is laughing throatily and wonders how many other beautiful surprises are hiding in the handsome young man sharing his bed, his life… Yes, he's been an old idiot, hasn't he? After all, he was proud of his achievements at his last birthday, turning 48 and having so much to show for it, right?

“Ahhh, stop, I...” he grunts now, because the rhythm increased so much and he feels too close to exploding, and surely he would not be able to get hard too soon if he does. “I want to come around your sweet cock, not… ahhhh,” he hates being empty now, although he asked for it!

He needs to cool down a bit, so he kisses Lindir, and holds him tight, and then he has to grind just a bit against him, and then to kiss lower, lower, yes, until he's almost drowning in the need to have the once again hard shaft piercing him, yessss! It's much better now, obviously his lover can control himself a little better, and he tries to move slow and gentle – but Elrond doesn't want slow and gentle.
“Harder, my darling, please, I need it hard!”

Lindir moans at this and squeezes his eyes shut, and then he opens them, so determined that Elrond's belly tightens with the fire he sees there, and yes, he pushes once, so fucking hard, yes!

“‘Yes, yes, just like that!’”

He gets his wish, and it actually hurts some, but it's stopping his mind, yes, yes, like that, yes, more! Again it ends too soon for his wild need, but the sight in front of him, his lithe, always proper and soft lover unleashed, with his hair plastered to his neck and shoulders, with beads of sweat on his face, his gorgeous chest, heaving and rosy-red, his sweet mouth bared in a snarl of animal lust, ohhhhh… oh yes!

He's getting his breath back but doesn't want his mind returning with it for a while. Better to just hold his dear one tight, to kiss everything within reach, softly, gentling him, telling him how good it feels, how thankful Elrond is for all this. He should be so very tired, but still, it's not enough, he needs to feel alive, needs to feel more than the stupid daily rout they are stuck in, and to show his lover he's not taking everything for granted.

So now he starts so very determined to drive Lindir off the walls, kissing and touching and making him whimper, too sensitive but not complaining. Both of them become reckless, the sounds are louder than they ever were, and Elrond doesn't really care that his body doesn't respond that well anymore, can't, all he wants now is the abandon of being taken and used savagely, and finally the way Lindir is absolutely desperate, so caught in it that he forgot all the world around. It's just the two of them, together, lost but found.

And yes, he's been stupid, and there's at least one thing he can rectify about this. When they wake up, because Lindir is clearly dead tired, yes. They rest, and he's the first to wake up in the morning, because his mind keeps running around in circles, wondering how they all could have been so fucking blind. Yes, Thranduil was the most obvious in this, but… But how can Elrond himself call the way he dealt with his life in the last years? How many things he took for granted, how many things he left unsaid, just assuming they will go well?

Sure, a fling at 18 should definitely not cause so many problems, and especially shouldn't get somebody suicidal – but then, how would he have reacted if confronted with such a thing? Probably different, since he's not prone to Thranduil's theatrics – yes, he would have done just what he always does, ignore the elephant in the room. And one of those elephants he will keep ignoring, because… There's a bit of hysteria telling him he should ask Thranduil's opinion, maybe it will make the man a bit more… A bit more what, after all, those two did know everything before they started it, didn't they? As much as some 16 year olds know of such things.

Yeah, they knew, clearly they knew, always being oddly mature in their pursuits for their age, because they were almost painstakingly careful so it doesn't get known – so well that supposedly very worldly adults didn't get a whiff of it until quite late. Or did they, Elrond abruptly wonders now, it's very rare something like this actually escapes Galadriel's notice. Yes, and wondering about that, knowing he wouldn't have the guts to confront the woman, is so productive.

No, that will remain as it is, the only thing he can actually change is how he treats his lover, how much time and care he offers him, really. His other family members are, indeed, adults, and have to decide for themselves, even if he really doesn't like some of their decisions. And his friend… Thranduil will always find his own way to deal with things, that's not new in any way.

Lindir becoming awake interrupts his thoughts, but in the most pleasant way, because he always looks so damn cute in the morning, all disheveled and just… yeah, cute as a button.
“My dear, before we start the usual craziness, I want to ask you something.”

“Sure,” the youth smiles, oh so brilliant.

“It's maybe not the most… well, proper way of doing this, and I am willing to make amends, however you want them, but I really want to do this right now. What I wanted to ask, is if you’d like to spend the rest of our lives together, and to make it official, because I would love to.”

It's clear this is a surprise for his lover, but happily it's not a bad one, or so it seems, because at first he's tongue tied anyway, and then there's a huge grin on his face, and a little squealed YESSSS! And then he's kissed, passionately and long, and again, and again, with little yeses squeezed in between.

“I don't know what kind of ring you want, my dear, so I was thinking that we could go looking for it together, and please tell me what kind of a ceremony you want. Maybe we could go to Europe after, to listen to the big orchestras, London, Milan, Vienna, even Moscow.”

“I have no idea about a ring either, but I'd love to look for it together. And I was wondering… if you don't mind, I would like… I am interested in Asian sounds, lately, I would like to go to the Beijing Opera, and maybe Japan too? If that's not too much, then…”

“Anything you want, and for as long as you want. Everybody is an adult, really, and they can well see to themselves for a while. I neglected you long enough, but you deserve more, and I want to give you that more.”

His lover is all a blush now, clearly very happy, so he returns the kisses, schedule be damned for a while more. Yes, both of them will have to put things in order, so they can leave carefree, but there's nothing truer than the fact they should do this, right now.
Boromir breathes, trying to remember if he ever saw Thranduil in such a murderous mood, but he fails; the man was never this unsettled, in the decade since he works for him. Not even three months ago. This is real bad.

“I need you to let me be for a little more time”, he says, clearly troubled. “I know you need all the data to do a good job, but this is so crazy I can't yet give you that data. Still, I'm going to give some new orders, and I expect them obeyed to the letter. Can you do that?”

Can he? Probably. Will he? Well, the man was never really unreasonable before, to the point it cost unnecessary lives among his men, so he deserves a break, from whatever eats him.

“Shoot. I will keep telling you if something is dangerous or off, but I'll give you some time and keep the men from fretting.”

There's huge relief on Thranduil's face, and he seems to unwind just a fraction.

“Thank you, I appreciate this a lot. I will tell Galion this too, and you'll coordinate for it. Anyway, the idea is this: from now on, in all circumstances, Legolas is your most important objective – both for protection and comfort. If he needs something at the same time as I do, he comes first; if there is a situation and you can only protect one of us, you protect him. Is this clear?”

This is completely unexpected; he knows the man loves the youth, but what happened to take things to this extent? That's probably what Thranduil doesn't want to say yet, of course.

“You are sure about this, Thranduil? It's pretty drastic. Especially since we are not in a situation, from what I know.”

The man laughs, humorlessly.

“You don't know half of it, but yes, I am dead sure about this. Also, in case anything should happen to me, I would appreciate it if you would remain for a while to work for him; I am taking steps to arrange the proper compensation, of course. Do you agree?”

What the fuck? Did the man find out he's got cancer or something? This would explain it - the boy walking around like a puppet with his strings cut, Thranduil just wanting to kill everyone - but Boromir really hopes it's not the case, although Elrond's involvement – and Celeborn's, fuck, clearly he called him to settle legal shit - would point things that way.

“Money was never an issue when working for you, and of course, I can promise that. I will let the men know of the first part immediately, I imagine you don't want me to speak about the second?”

“No, it's not really necessary at this point, just if something does happen. OK, that's it for now, and I promise to tell you the rest as soon as possible, OK?”

“It's settled. And good look keeping secrets from Galion,” he quips, because both of them need a bit of fun. And he needs a stiff drink, badly. Even more when, again, he sees Celeborn coming to visit, and Legolas is called to the office soon after.

The fuck, he really enjoyed working for the man, he was not a stupid client, like so many others are. Well, it makes sense, since he actually was kind of in Boromir’s shoes, and he understands too well what’s needed. Plus, he was never shy in getting his own hands dirty, actually, he always did more
than he asked others. Fuck, fuck, stop thinking of him in the past tense already, that’s just… Fuck it to hell!

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All this is surreal, Legolas thinks, really wishing it to end already. He just saw Thranduil sign a paper that says he will inherit absolutely everything the man owns in the country, in case something happens to him; and he's been shown another paper, arrived by courier, saying the same thing about money and such he has stashed abroad. He receives a copy, and the other remains with Celeborn, who would deal with all the legalities in such a case. Also, they give him contacts for this Helga woman, who administers the assets abroad and would help him with anything needed, too.

This is real and, although there was a time when he had dreamed to have his own money and all that, right now he wasn't even interested to find out what the amount is. Not that he is so very dumb and would want to be back in the desperate situation he encountered himself when coming to town; or that he doesn't appreciate the things money can buy – private teachers, good clothes, nice house and car and so on. He enjoys it a lot, and is grateful to have it, really, but… Actually, he wishes to be back in the days when he thought of Thranduil only as a guy who bought him and was using him, because that was way less painful than this is.

And going back to his room, he sees them on the desk – the picture and the necklace, in the opened, black leather case - and it's worse than any nightmare. How could he refute this, when he sees them together, when it's so clear the man does not lie? His mother wears the same things as in the other pic, the one with her two girlfriends; the place is the same, and that is, of course, Thranduil, when he was just a little younger than Legolas is now. And he was damn beautiful then too; so beautiful…

His… parents look so well together, happy, and he doesn't know if he ever saw Thranduil's face so carefree. There's a pang of hurt at first but he squashes it, fast; the boy in the picture is, indeed, very different from the man he knew. Most probably, that boy wouldn't have told Legolas he is willing to be killed for his mistakes.

But then, as crazy as this sounds, it does not actually amaze him the man offered this option. After all that happened during the last months – God, it's been what, not a year, but… yes, it's probably been nine months, maximum ten, since he's here, but he himself changed so much, it's unreal. He's almost choking on a peal of hysterical laughter, realizing soon it will be his birthday again. Ugh. He really hoped this would be better than the last, but now...

Going down the path of questioning if Thranduil loved him more or less than he loved his mother is also way too stupid. Imagining the two together in bed is just plain dumb, but it seems his mind can only spew dark, dumb things today. Maybe he should drink some more, get himself numb again. And what would that solve?

Seemingly by themselves, his hands open the laptop and look for the pictures from the Eryn Galen party – he liked the picture that appeared in many newspapers, of him and Thranduil together, when they just got off the limo. He now puts the two pics together, and it's… He has no real words for it, and tries to imagine how life would have been, if the man would have actually looked for his mother when Legolas was three. In an ideal world, this second picture would have had all three of them in it – his mother in a very elegant dress, probably wearing diamonds and the like, and he behind them, their son not…

Well, there's no way to know that she wouldn't have died anyway, is it? After all, it was a stupid, stupid accident, actually nobody's fault – the lorry driver had a heart attack at the wheel, so the huge, heavy thing just barreled into the four other cars and killed people who where driving carefully. Yes, God's wrath and shit, as his grandfather so often told him. Well, God's wrath or not, even with
guards or expensive cars, such a thing would kill – and it's not like something could only happen in one city and not in another.

But yes, their lives would have been different – and it was very clear how bad the man felt to find out Nana had always been alone. Yes, at least she wouldn't have been alone – and well, he doesn't actually know much about her thinking, he was a small child, but surely she could have accepted what he was doing for a living, even then he knew she was too tired, too harassed to have to provide for both of them like that. And yes, he can well imagine what the rare phone conversations with his grandparents contained anyway.

There is the album with Thranduil's parents, too, and pictures from when he was younger – but it's too much for now. They are dead anyway, so they can wait some more until he watches pictures of a happy family. Or before he opens the other jewelry box, with his grandmother's jewels the man had bought, yes, he had said he got her a bracelet when he bought the necklace for Nana.

It sounds so weird, but his… no, Thranduil wanted him to have them, so he took the box, but well. His hands go, seemingly on their own, and open the damn box – and of course the bracelet is exquisite, like everything the man buys. Like Legolas, right? Ain't that a good joke? No, it's not, and it's definitely not a good thought to have.
He still doesn't know what that is, a happy family, how it should look like. No, it's a lie, he does know a happy family, Elrond's family – and maybe they won't want to deal with him after this. No, this is another stupid thought.

The man never judged him, and it's not the first time he saw him in a bad place. Plus, the two days spent at his house – he knew already, and there was not even a hint that... Actually, he was just more attentive to Legolas, tried to coddle him, really – and he thought it was just because he could be sick, but no, the man knew already. And something tells him the twins must have had an inkling, also. He's not sure about the others, but... OK, yes, so there are a few people who won't judge. That's something.

It must be so nice to have siblings, he muses, family. Amazingly enough, even if he now has a father, he doesn't have other relatives to get to know – there is a cousin who might be still alive, but who was a drunkard anyway, so that doesn't count. And yes, it's sort of funny his grandmother is dying too. Only his damn grandfather is probably peachy fine, and how does that help him?

It never really did, why would he start now? No, his life is here now, and he will hold Thranduil to his promise of not leaving him alone. He will continue studying, will continue going out with friends, will... Yeah, genius, and what will you tell these friends now? This they haven't yet discussed, and they must. Shit, it's not simple at all, is it? They seem to be doomed to talk things to death – but yes, how will the outside world react to this craziness?

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"Yes, this is a real problem, it's true. The media still has an eye on me, as always, so turning you from a lover to my son overnight would be real bad, Celeborn forbid me to do it right now. This is why we did the will stuff, and the most logical thing will be for you to no longer accompany me to various events, to seem like we just broke up, but without fuss. Nobody would bat an eye at that, and after a while we can do some papers – probably better some adoption ones, so even if they get a whiff of it, it will be just the crazy guy who gets older and is totally taken advantage off by the younger lover. Ahh, I'm..."

"Don't, Thran. I want to know how things stand, that's it, no need to worry about how others will think. I mean, yes, of course, it shouldn't cause problems, but I really don't care, aside that. What about the ones who know more?"

"Very luckily for me, the ones who know the whole truth actually don't care – both Elrond and Celeborn are better friends than I deserve, and things will continue as usual with them. Well, Mithrandir is not the kind to question or judge, so if you want to keep going with your lessons, I'll... I don't know, I'll tell him something. Damn, I could even amuse him and say I've taken you as my ward, like in the old books."

"Why wouldn't I want to keep studying?"

"Well, aside from these days, when it's clear your mind needs to rest and reconcile things, you can do all and anything you want. Idea is, you never have to worry that you need to earn your keep, I do have enough money for that not to be needed, and that means you have too. So, a diploma is just a thing you might want to have, but not something you need. What would be better is if you'd learn is how to run a business though. And it's quite some work, because my business is huge, so it's a lot to
take in."

"You want me to run your business?"

"If you want to. I mean, you should know about this, it will obviously be yours anyway, one day, so it's way better if you know things, even if you have others do the day to day work. If you want to do something else, that's fine too, and we'll see, just, if you don't understand anything about it, you might lose a lot."

"I… I will think on this. And Gimli and the others?"

"Fuck. Yes, those do know too much – but then, they also know to keep their mouths shut. And he did behave better lately, I will talk to him and…"

"It's not necessary, Thran, I can talk to him, you are right, he behaved very well in the last months anyway. I just don't know what to say, it should be the same thing we both say, right?"

"Yes. I'm sorry, I need a day or two to think this over, can you just… act normal if you have to speak to someone?"

"Yes, sure. I'm in no mood to speak much anyway, so I'll just say I don't feel well or something, that wouldn't be new. OK, I'll wait for you to decide, I'll just… I don't know what I'll do, I'll find something. Thank you."

And then it hits both of them – Gimli and the others are the smallest issue – there are bigger forces that know one thing about them – so Thranduil realizes he can't acknowledge him, because it will never be accepted. No, they need a different solution, and it's clear it pains him – but Legolas is not so very sure he cares about that.

Back to his room, his mind keeps churning all this. Of course he had wondered, during the long years, who his father was, how it would be to meet him, what would he ask. But Legolas knew very early that those were just fanciful dreams – and now… Now it all hurts so much, it's clear how much pain Thranduil feels, too, so what more should he ask, really?

Well, he could ask how he's supposed to sleep tonight, because he's no longer drunk out of his mind, and of course he's no longer to sleep nice and protected in Thran's bed, is he? Again, the hysterical laugh is back, because now there's actually a point to him having his own room, and there's a wave of violent anger trying to take him over. He needs to throw something down, break, destroy the thing that makes him have to sleep alone… and ain't that one of the stupidest things ever? After all this, for sure the nightmares will be back, he knows it in his bones, and he will be all alone having to deal with them.

Breathing is hard, real hard, like it wasn't since he's healed, and all kinds of stupid ideas riot in his brain, like not having bath oils in his own bathroom, and the fact that his bathtub is smaller, and that he'll be cold and the nightmares will be even worse, because he won't be able to see Thran safe and sound when he wakes up from one… ugh! The tension doesn't let up, and his insides are churning, his mind already sees the all too familiar image of the man hurt, and he remembers the offer he made, and there's nausea, just like after a really bad dream, and he can't stop it. Legolas manages to reach the toilet somehow, and barf in it, not on the floor, but he's feeling awful. Well, yeah, nobody feels well when they vomit, that's why they are doing it, yes, get it together, you are healed, you're not supposed to do such things again!

Still, the hysteria doesn't leave him, he remembers Thran reacting just the same, clearly hating his guts, but Legolas doesn't hate Thran, how could he? Maybe he should, because surely the man does
hate him now. No, no, this is too crazy, too… You don't do what he just did for people you hate, you don't give them everything you have, you just don't. And you don't kill those who hurt them, like he did. No, Thran can't hate him, can't, just can't! Yes, of course he's bawling again now, and it's cold and hard here on the bathroom floor, but he's had it with being seen like a weak baby, and the rest of the people around shouldn't hear about everything until Thran manages to explain things somehow. And Thran doesn't want to touch him anymore, does he? Yes, none of the boy's fathers he remembers ever held them when they cried, after they were like 7 or 8 years old anyway, only the mothers were doing it, making them weak and prissy and useless and…

No, this is not something to think about either, because it makes his chest constrict again, and he hates it, hates it, hates it! Legolas forces himself to breathe, just breathe, don't think, yes, just like all the exercises you did, yes, yes, air, that's good. Well, it stinks, that's true, so he starts cleaning, throws some cold water on his face, brushes his teeth, yes, it's just a bit better. But he needs air, needs… maybe the beach would do him good? Oh, damn, his phone is ringing, he so doesn't want to speak to anyone!

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The possibility of Thranduil being ill seems more plausible by the minute, Boromir thinks, while sitting by the pool and watching the boy floundering, although the therapist doesn't do anything new today. Plus, he is healed, or Doc Elrond would have raised hell for him doing certain stuff. No, he should be fine, the therapist just helps him strengthen more the muscles which weren't used for a while, in preparation for them starting to teach him some self-defense, but Legolas has trouble concentrating, and his eyes were too red when he came out of the house and told them the therapy session will start half an hour early. And his brother had told him Thranduil had abruptly gone incommunicado, without giving a reason, so why would both of them behave this way, otherwise?

Bard is with them in the pool, helping as usual, paying a lot of attention on exactly what shape the boy is in, since he will be the one who'll start training him. It's clear he also saw something is wrong, but silently Boromir signaled him early to shut up and go on with it. That, after he transmitted the new orders and had to very strongly make it clear that he has no idea on why exactly Thranduil took that decision.

Actually, he went a little further than he was told and let Bard know about the man's wish to keep protecting the boy if something happened to him, because Bard is practically his second anyway, so he should know as much as possible. He didn't share his suspicions, because fuck, somehow saying it out loud could jinx something, maybe. Fuck! The boy just face planted in the water, and is coming out sputtering now, and he's clearly damn cold. He's spinning the therapist a tale of not eating much today – which Boromir knows for sure is a lie, because he was in the kitchen at lunch and the boy did eat everything that was put in front of him. Still, maybe… yeah, his teeth are almost chattering, so Bard helps him out of the pool and wordlessly gathers lots of towels, and he calls Galion to bring a large hot chocolate.

So very predictably, the boy tries to avoid drinking it, trying hard not to show the smell disturbs him, obviously aware that they watch him – fuck! And also predictably, the therapist wants to know what is wrong, so Boromir has to intervene and say something about a family issue making the boy unsettled – and the gasp Legolas emits at the word family is just too much. He signals Bard to help get him to his room and happily Galion stays around to deal with the therapist, so he can go tell Thranduil the boy might need help getting a warm bath or something.

And after that he really wishes to punch himself in the face, because the man's face shows so much raw pain that… that fuck, he just can't do this, he storms out of the room and goes see who wants a fight. And yes, since he had that lovely little crazy outburst, three days ago, Thranduil didn't try to
get it off his chest his usual way, by fighting, did he? No, probably he's not clear if an injury would not complicate his state even more, obviously. Yes, there's no other plausible explanation. Stop this, screaming out of nowhere will raise a lot of eyebrows. Fuck.

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Yes, Legolas is in shock, of course he is, and Thranduil hates himself with a passion he didn't believe possible. He can't go with the boy in the bathtub to get him warmed up, of course he can't, and can't let him do it by himself, not in that state, so he just piles every blanket and duvet available on him and makes him promise he will drink the hot mint tea Galion will bring. And then he has to leave him alone, because just standing there, worse than useless, is… is… is beyond him, yes.

And he can no longer postpone it, no, if he's to do this thing, and for both their sakes, he should do it. It's no question that he would speak to Boromir and Galion together, but should he bring Bard in, too? He can't face Mrs. Baggins just yet, so the decision is pretty easy — not that she won't find out. Yes, he needs to be prepared anyway, and if Boromir decides to break his bones for it, he's not even that sure he would fight him but… maybe exactly this is why is better to have calm, steady, peacemaker Bard with them? Since he did promise Legolas… yes. He tells them all to gather in Boromir's office, and forces himself to avoid the booze and to make the discourse as short and concise as possible in his head.

Boromir is a little too solicitous to get him seated, and that's weird, and then it seems he can't keep his mouth closed, startling Thranduil to no end.

"OK, so which damn disease is it?" he asks, and at first Thranduil is at a loss on what they are talking about. But then he sees a sort of understanding on the other two faces, and the care… Oh, Boromir thought he found out he's sick and that's why… Actually, that would have been the better thing.

"I'm not ill," he starts, "at least not physically. Have a seat, this is going to be… ugly, yes. No," he continues, after they shuffle and get settled, "I've discovered a very disturbing thing, namely that I had a son, and had no idea about it for many years."

There's a hissing indrawn breath from Bard, of all people. Yeah, actually, maybe it wasn't the smartest thing to get the man here, since he's rabidly loving his own children, but now…

"Even worse, his mother was told I knew about it and rejected any responsibility, and had quite a rough patch of it, until she died, and then he was mistreated by those who should have protected him. And then… then…"

Damn it, this is choking him, and it's not the first time he says it, why in hell…

Wordlessly, Boromir opens a drawer at his desk, pulls out a bottle and offers it, but he did enough of that, so he refuses. The man gives it to Bard, who takes a swig, then Galion, who scowls a bit — yeah, no glasses — but does the same, and then it goes back to Boromir. There's a part of Thranduil that actually wonders how it will feel if, after he finishes the story, the man will just break it on the side of the desk and stick it into his neck — but no, he promised.

"The biggest issue of all," he starts, painfully decided to get this over with, and keeping his eyes looking straight ahead, at the wall in the back, "is that Legolas is that boy."

There's just silence now — and raising his eyes, he sees Boromir's gaze clearly questions his sanity.

"Both a PI and a DNA test confirmed it, so I'm not that crazy yet."
Bard curses, ugly and raw, and then the bottle does another tour, and it's empty. It's clear all of them would want to throw it at the wall, but they refrain, paralyzed by the news. Well, he should go on.

“I would understand completely if you no longer want to be here, after this, I would just...”

“You really didn't know?” Boromir again.

“No, I hadn't even dreamed that could have happened, and it's stupid and shit, yes, but... no.”

“How is the boy taking it?” Galion asks, of course, and Thranduil just laughs, broken, and the man seems to try to apologize.

“Amazingly enough, he doesn't want me dead or gone, at least for now. I can't acknowledge him, Celeborn says, and he's damn right, so we've sort of thought to let some time pass and seem to break up, and then to adopt him. It will be awkward, but not... well, it will just be worth a footnote, not a prime time.”

There's more quiet and, again, he's amazed that none of them jumped him, didn't even tell him what an animal he is, what...

“Why would her parents – I assume – tell her that?” Bard asks, finally.

“I haven't got a clue. Actually, I was... well, sort of wishing to go there and damn ask her fucking father all that.”

“Need any help?” Boromir grins savagely, clearly itching to make a fist and put it through somebody's face. Somebody who, strangely enough, is not Thranduil.

“Yes. In case you don't think that... that you can't stand being around me anymore.”

“All of us know you don't lie about important shit,” Bard answers for all of them, it seems, “so if you say you had no idea, then things will keep going as usual. Or, well, whatever needs to change, of course. I mean, the new orders make a little more sense right now.”

“Yeah,” Boromir confirms, and actually tries to joke, “It's still good you don't have cancer, I really hated the idea of not being able to whoop your ass because you'd be too fragile.”

“But this is a big issue, your lawyer friend is right, you can't advertise this,” Bard ponders out loud, his mouth a grim line. “I really wouldn't let the new guys know, but if you start calling him son...”

“We didn't speak of this, yet,” he answers, so very tired, because this is one more thing he didn't think about, and how many other such details are there? “I would absolutely understand if he doesn't ever want that, since he never had a father when he needed one. Yes, I will try to clarify it, too, but the problem is, whoever comes with me to get the fucking pastor to speak just has to know.”

“No new guys in that trip, for sure. I'd be very tempted to say we should only get the ones who want some real fun,” Bard positively growls, and it's clear he wants a piece of the action – it's the most bloodthirsty Thranduil ever saw him. Damn, he's so fucking lucky in this that he's almost dizzy with relief.

“I'll get you the PI's details, we have to get a lot more info on what happens there before we go.”

“Oh, I'll help,” Bard smiles, darkly. “I'll get what he has and go for a field trip in advance, I'm sure you'll settle the rest in the meantime.”
Just like that, it's decided, and for now only Mrs. Baggins will also be told – and he has to tell Legolas, too. A pale but very decided Legolas who bluntly says he can't call him father just yet, which he knew could happen, but still hurts as fuck. Well, like he would have actually deserved that. Still, at least he's not opposed to Thranduil calling him son, if he wishes, when they are in safe company. He promises himself not to abuse this, because it's more than he deserves, anyway, and yes, of course Legolas can come with them.

He can stay and just watch, or speak, or whatever, it's his right. And yes, he promises to try to get an answer gently, at first. Yes, the damn man did a lot of bad things, but he's still family, Thranduil gets it. Or says he does, because Aleena died unhappy and alone, and they… Yes, they are alive, sort of. Fuck.

And Elrond is getting married – Jesus, yes, other people do have a life. Well, he gets them a private plane for the duration of their trip to damn Asia, of all places, knowing otherwise the two of them would just use commercial flights, and, as much as the idea of sex makes him heave now, no honeymoon should be spent not banging each other, because you are caught for 12 hours on a plane with others. Yes, it's actually possible those two would still not do it, because there's crew around, but that's out of his hands.

No, he can't come to the wedding, but of course Legolas should attend if he wishes. And yes, they are as fine as possible, yes, all will be well. Just don't ask him how well should be defined right this second. But surely the boy would have lots of fun at the parts planned by the twins, they should…

Obviously, Elrond keeps being so stuck up, of course they don't want a big ceremony and Arwen is going to take care of everything, no twin interference. Nothing unusual here, indeed. What Thranduil wouldn't give for a life with nothing unusual in it, too.
Chapter Summary

I didn't even realize how long I delayed this chapter, because it eluded me. Until I got in bed at 4 AM and couldn't fall asleep because it wanted to be written NOW.

Legolas wouldn't have believed he could have so much fun at a wedding, of all places, given how things stand, but he is laughing like a loon at the moment. He is sitting right near the twins, who are very disgruntled they weren't allowed to take part in organizing the event, so they are telling all and sundry stories from various times they did do that – and it's impossible not to enjoy them. Especially since he saw a smile turning up Lindir's mouth, several times already, so clearly he doesn't mind them. He does wonder if actually Elrond minds them in principle and that's all.

The first real weird thing that had him worry was that he came alone, Thranduil had said he just can't take a wedding at the moment – and of course Legolas' crazy mind just had to wonder if the man had planned such for them and almost lost it on the spot. Still, after he recovered from that, he voiced some more real concerns, about people wondering why is he there alone, which prompted Thranduil deciding to go abroad for a week or two, so he can very simply tell anyone who asked the man is just too busy working. And to show himself quite annoyed by the situation, in preparation for making everyone believe they had a fallout and separated.

Of course Legolas gets it that this can be the only solution, given what happened, but that can't make him like it, and in a way it helps him show a disgruntled face for certain questions. After all, people always draw their own conclusions anyway and he's way better at just not saying why he's upset, than trying to look so very happy. Which he should be, both Elrond and Lindir were always so good to him, and it's their day, so he does make an effort to be as pleasant as possible.

Which gets easier when a sheepish Arwen asks him to look after the little one for just 5 minutes, while she and Aragorn can dance just once, and he realizes this is the greatest way to escape any offers of dancing himself or doing anything else major. So he keeps the baby with him, and listens to the twins when they are back sitting in between bouts of fun on the ring too, and just makes inane baby conversation with any older lady wanting to coo and all. And just blithely repeats that two guys can't actually produce a child when the questions turn annoying.

It's sort of a haze after the 5th time he has to say it though, otherwise he would punch the next person asking it, because it just hit him how fucking lucky he is not to be able to get pregnant – since that did his mother such a world of good. Yes, Legolas shouldn't hate himself for it, of course he shouldn't, but surely she would have been happier without that, without him? Even if Thranduil would have still disappeared, she would have probably met somebody else and been happy, but saddled with a child… And doing it just once, or well, one night, whatever, and having it happen is such a… Yeah, an ugly revenge of an angry God, which gets him thinking of his damn grandfather again and luckily Eldarion gets him out of his funk for some moments.

What he should have done is braided his hair before keeping the little one around, because of course he pulls at it, making his eyes water more than once. Oh well, this hiding feelings in plain sight and diverting attention actually works, everyone is sympathetic and all and finally Elrohir takes pity on him and actually braids it for him, excusing his sister who, indeed, has to deal with the organization
part a lot. It's really a feat what she did, since it was a very spur of the moment decision and the “little” party that needed organizing in just two weeks is little only compared to Thranduil's company party or something, for sure there are 200 people around anyway. Maybe 300, he didn't count, and some seem to come and go – like some of the people from the clinic, who probably work today too.

Really, Legolas doesn't mind the child – it's always better to have something to do, and it's not like he wanted to answer all the annoying advances he gets. It's hard to stop from shuddering at the thought that this will keep happening, it will get way worse for sure when everybody hears he's no longer Thranduil's boyfriend. And when just saying the man is busy and he doesn't understand a whit of what he's doing will not work either – because of course he will have to learn what happens there. Which creeps him out big time. For God's sake, he doesn't actually know what the lowest secretary does every day, and he should like own the place? It makes no sense.

This also makes him think about their planned trip to Green Prairie, when the man comes back from the business trip. Bard is back from his reconnoitering, and anyway, Legolas did tell both him and Boromir absolutely everything he could remember on how things were placed, what everyone's schedule was, how many people are around and everything else they asked. He gets that things can go bad and it's way better if they are prepared for anything, but sincerely hopes… Well, Legolas is not so very sure what he hopes for, really, because he did ask Thranduil to be nice to his grandfather, but there are lots of times when he's not convinced he wouldn't appreciate seeing him beaten to a pulp. The old man wasn't ever his favorite person in the world, far from it, and with this development, there's not much left that would change his opinion, is it?

Still, he really doesn't want bigger issues, and has no wish to see the other Elders and their ilk. Yes, it was fun, at times, to think about their faces when they'd hear certain things, but now everything hurts too much for him to care. Yes, there's also the question if he actually wants to speak with the man, and Legolas appreciates Thranduil's idea that he can avoid it if he wishes. Also, he's almost 100% sure he doesn't want to speak to his grandmother, although it's pretty clear, from what the PI found out, that it would probably be the proverbial deathbed talk. Still, she was never interested in finding out anything about his feelings and literally anything else, aside from the fact that he was still alive and not causing problems, so what would there be to talk about? The way they treated Nana… yes, he'd love to know why, but then, he's pretty sure Thranduil will press and press until his grandfather will give an answer, so… Ugh, he's lost in thought and didn't hear what this guy is asking, he should pay more attention.

Luckily, he's saved by Celeborn who has finished speaking with Elrond and wants to hold his great-grandson. It will kind of leave him with no defense, but of course he can't say that, and also, it seems the man wants to speak with him. Oh well, at least he will not ask stupid questions. Although the very earnest way he asks Legolas how is he coping with things is not that pleasant right now either. But at least he doesn't need to hide.

“I suppose I should say good, really. It doesn't feel that way, especially in occasions like this, when normally I should be so very jolly, and I wish I could, really, because everyone here treated me so well, always, but...”

He's almost breathless now though, because the child immediately settled so well in Celeborn's arms and actually fell asleep, just like that, and the older man's face shows very, very much tenderness, which makes Legolas realize that some of this must be weird because...

“I'm sorry, I really shouldn't bother you with my issues,” he starts, a bit too loud, and then lowers his voice towards a whisper, because the child just fell asleep, he shouldn't wake him up.

“Don't worry, Legolas; I know very well how things stand, so I shouldn't have started such a
conversation, if I expected only jokes and merriment. After all, I could hunt down my grandsons if I wanted that. And by the way, you can keep speaking normally. With all the racket around us, it will not make any difference, he is tired so he will sleep through it without any problem.”

“No, I get that, I… well, I know you don't talk much about this, because I understand it was not a good thing in any way, it's just… I imagine this wedding is not that easy for you to take part in it, so I shouldn't… I'm sorry.”

He still doesn't know exactly what happened to the man's daughter, how she died exactly, and really, does it matter? It's clear she was very loved, so obviously every member of the family missed her dearly. Not like… Stop.

Celeborn smiles wistfully and seems to think a moment before he continues.

“I won't start blabbing about how time heals everything and everything turns great, because that is a huge lie. It still hurts, and it will for as long as we live, although it is a bit muted, after years. Thing is, we are alive, and it wouldn't help my beloved girl in any way if Elrond would be miserable for the rest of his life. It also wouldn't help her children in any way if their father would suffer, would it? What happened taught us to do the best we can, all of us, to live our lives to the fullest, because they can end any time. At least this is what I think finally made him make the decision, really.”

It's not a rousing pronouncement, far from it, but of course the man is right. Still, living to the fullest just sounds foreign now, no matter how he takes it. But clearly this was not what the man wanted to speak with him about, was it? No, it's something weirder by an order of magnitude. Seems like Thranduil was hurried when they did the will thing, and Celeborn hadn't wanted to press him, since he wasn't in a good headspace, but there are more documents they should have done to cover all situations, documents the lawyer had already prepared and will be signed as soon as his… Thranduil returns. It's something about him being incapacitated and stuff like that, and because of his new situation, Legolas also needs legal counsel for many things.

So he will have to decide if he wants to use their firm, or look for somebody else to protect his interests, especially the things which are not supposed to be kept extra secret. Of course, there can be conflicts of interest but those can be mitigated by… what?

“I'm sorry, Legolas, I tend to use fancy terms many times. OK, so the main issue by now would be that we worked for Thranduil for many years, he's one of our biggest clients, so if in any case what is best for him and what is best for you would be two different things – and believe me that can definitely happen – we have to think in advance how to protect both your interests. There is a procedure commonly known as a Chinese wall – this generally means we establish certain people in the firm which would only work for Thranduil's issues, and some who would work for you, and there is certain sensitive information which would never be exchanged between them, to keep everyone unbiased.

I know it sounds outlandish, and this is why I can recommend two other law firms and you can meet with them and discuss all this, before making any kind of decision. Also, the biggest issue that can appear is that Thranduil would, at the moment, pay for everything – so I will inform him he needs to settle this issue and endow you with an income of your own, because this would be the biggest conflict of interests for any lawyer.”

Legolas' head was not in the best of states before this, but now he's afraid he'll have a monster headache, if he understood this right.

“OK, so what you want to tell me is that… is that I should ask Thran for money so I can, what, sue him if I don't like something? Am I understanding this?”
“Yes,” the man sighs, “it sounds very weird when put like that, but, in a nutshell, it's correct. Of course you don't have to end up in court, and these things don't have to happen soon, but there are many cases when... I think I better have someone prepare a brief for you, explaining as simply as possible the very real cases when this would be useful, and then we should have a longer conversation. Probably at the office and not at a party, I should let you enjoy it.”

“He should definitely enjoy himself, papa, and I think both of us prevented him from it. I'm sorry, Legolas,” a smiling Arwen intervenes, startling Legolas even more.

“Papa?” he blurts, although maybe he shouldn't, but both of them laugh.

“I was around 3, from what they told me, when I decided that if I had two brothers, there was absolutely no reason I shouldn't have two fathers, too, so I started calling him papa also. It made everyone laugh and became sort of a tradition.”

What they don't say is that probably the older man really appreciated that after his daughter... yes, he should really get over himself, because he's absolutely not the only one with issues.

“You were a very sweet girl, my darling,” Celeborn smiles at her, while Arwen checks on her son, “completely unlike those two terrors. You know, Legolas, it was absolutely the end of the world if we tried to keep them separate even for 5 minutes. You could do absolutely anything to them, as long as they could see each other, but God forbid they couldn't! They made such a racket it's a wonder our ears are still intact!”

Yes, he can well imagine the brothers always together – even now, as adults, Legolas very rarely saw them separated – yes, at work, because that's how things are, but whenever he saw them at leisure, they were together. Well, not every moment, if he remembers a certain night at the club. Although they probably ended it together. As if the thought summoned them, the twins return to the table – and pronounce that people are not having enough fun by far, so they will remedy that and don't take no for an answer, making Celeborn laugh and demand to know what they plan. Of course Elladan whispers something in his ear, not allowing the others to hear, while Elrohir goes to prepare things. And after that, Elladan goes gather… something, while a very amused Celeborn orders both Legolas and Arwen to stay put and not move until the twins are back.

What could this be, to amuse them so? Legolas sort of liked surprises for a while, although... No, definitely this should be a good one! Elrohir comes back with Aragorn in tow, and two other persons, women... ah yes, they must be colleagues of Lindir, yes. And then disappears again, to return with the man's mother and brother, who look as clueless as Legolas is. Then comes Aragorn, who deigns to whisper something in Arwen's ear, making her laugh and then there's a message on Elrohir's phone, which puts them in motion, herded by both Elrohir and Aragorn. Good God, no, they ended up on the dance ring – and of course there's Elladan keeping Lindir and Elrond there!

The music changes to quite a lively tune and he can't escape, Arwen caught his hand and is smiling at him, and thus starts a bit of madness, because the brothers get the newlyweds in the middle and then catch the hands of the two people closest to them, who happen to be Lindir's brother and one of his colleagues, and then Aragorn catches them and brings the mother in, and Arwen has already got Legolas, and they start a funny sort of circle dance that gets faster and faster, because the music gets faster and faster too. Everyone laughs, because really, what else could they do, when they start breathing harder and their faces get red and it keeps going, on and on, making Legolas really happy he's back to normal shape, not that he didn't get dizzy now.

When it's finally over, everybody is clamoring for a speech, which the twins seem to itch to deliver – and of course Elrond keeps with the theme and forbids it. And then makes himself say a few words, mainly wishing everyone to be as happy as he is now, and it's really hard for Legolas not to let tears
fall, so damn cheesy that... ugh. Still, now they try to leave, and there's still a ton of people wanting to wish them stuff, and he returns to the table, hoping to pass unnoticed.

Eldarion keeps sleeping in Celeborn's arms, but the man doesn't start another conversation and all Elrond's family seems to return as well, starting a lively conversation on how certain people really don't appreciate the twins' talents, at which both Aragorn and Arwen seem to laugh so hard Legolas just doesn't get it – and clearly neither Lindir's brother nor his colleagues get it either. After some moments, one of the two women demands an explanation, now – reminding Legolas very much of Nessa, although she looks nothing like her.

"It's not like you two were original," Arwen laughs, and the twins take some very offended faces.

"Look who's talking! Since you girls decided to be so traditional and offer yourselves the mother of spas for the bachelorette evening, we did the only traditional thing and took him to a strip club!"

"And of course you didn't expect that!"

"We kind of did, since he was so besotted with you that he didn't see anything else!"

"Yes, brother, but be honest, if he did we would have broken his legs!"

"Of course, our little sister deserves the best! But to have to suffer through a fire safety lecture at a strip joint, that's cruel!"

The second woman snorts the wine she was drinking through her nose at this, and yes, Legolas is totally gobsmacked too – and of course there's more.

"Well, they never had a proper drill, and since all of them were wearing those deathtrap heels on a regular basis, they should know how to manage in such a case! And don't tell me you didn't appreciate the free lapdances!"

"Somebody had to, since you weren't interested!"

"And don't tell me you don't think this is the best present for papa now, since you came with the idea!" Arwen intervenes, and things sound even stranger.

"You got him a fire drill with a stripper?" the first woman asks, making the twins go awww, shucks! at the fact that they didn't. Jesus.

"No, and you will like this too, papa," Arwen turns towards her grandfather, "they will get the message when they board the plane. Anyway, my dear husband is, indeed, very good at explaining a lot of things, so he decided to take some offers he received and become a trainer for other firefighters for almost half his work time, and also to present a number of hours to some schools in the area, so from next month he will be in the field more or less just a third of the time he was until now."

"So you will be safer and we'll have lots more peace of mind, that's the best gift, my darlings!" the older man smiles, and Legolas can see his normally very dry composure almost break and wonders, indeed, how did they manage to behave so normal when, so many times, going to work meant so much danger for the man.

Yes, surely, he has to reevaluate his behaviour, because this time he actually doesn't have a good reason for it, and should become stronger, in any case. There are too many things still unclear, yes, but there is absolutely no excuse for him lingering around and being a brat. No, he will start speaking to people again and going to lessons – in whatever capacity, Thranduil will still need him socializing and he still needs to learn, even more than before.
His thoughts are interrupted by the arrival of Galadriel, who seems to have had an inkling about this – and now Legolas wonders if there's something the woman doesn't know. Still, she unsettles him a bit – but he shouldn't let certain parts of his life influence everything he does, should he? Anyway, this day was way, way better than expected, and all this because, as usual, these people were so good to him. So yes, he is not that alone, which is the best thing possible.
Like every day lately, Thranduil is trying to concentrate on the damn charts, but of course it's a bit much; and he's pretty sure Legolas doesn't really understand anything from the book he's supposedly reading. But what can they do? The quiet between them is no longer pleasant now, and well, they discussed this to death already, or as much as they can bear, for the time being. It doesn't help his ever growing hate towards the fucking man, not one bit, but he has to be calm, because he promised, and because he really wants an answer; although that might be too much to expect. Bard had brought some examples of sermons in some printed pamphlets, and even if he is very used to boring, long documents, Thranduil found them so stupid and mind numbing that he wasn't able to finish them.

Even the other guys in this excuse for a limo are quiet, after Bard explained to Legolas why they chose this arrangement. Yes, of course, going directly by plane was not possible since the place didn't have an airport, and going all the way with their own cars would have taken an ungodly amount of time, plus, it would have left traces. Like this, they landed two towns away and the limo and the Rover are both rented by some guy Boromir knew, who was in the country just temporarily, so in case somebody does remember the plates, it would be pretty difficult to make any connections.

The boy seemed quite attentive to everything, and seems to have thrown himself in doing lots of things again, which is both good and bad. He slept on the plane trip here, saying he didn't sleep well last night, and Thranduil understands this all too well. Never before has he thought his bed to be that big and damn lonely. Fuck, every morning now he expects to just turn a bit and see the boy sleeping peacefully, or, even better, to feel his weight all over himself, and when he remembers the truth, it's very difficult to make himself get up.

Legolas is also skipping meals from time to time – not as often as before, and not at a dangerous level, but… But yes, it's not so easy to cope with certain things. And not everyone buries themselves in paperwork, as he does, although his son is not so far from this. He seemed very determined to recover all he missed from school during the last months, and when he's not studying he's either on the phone or meeting somebody, making Thranduil very ashamed of himself for running away and letting him go alone to Elrond's wedding. And so annoyed at the moment that there isn't any booze around, either. Not that he should drink right now.

Yeah, who is he kidding, he can't concentrate on the papers, so he asks Bard for another, last this time, review of what they can expect. OK, so they'll arrive in the evening, and everyone gets home early there, because they get up very early too. The house and church are not very close to any neighbors – most of the houses in the community have a hefty distance from one another. That's a good thing, yes. There's no sheriff, since virtuous people don't need that, and nobody has guns - a really amazing thing. Also, it seems that, after Legolas left, the pastor made also the other two farmhands who were living in his house move, so only he and his wife should be there – and it is very possible that the woman is in no position to say anything, literally. He had the PI pull some strings and get the exact medical records of Mrs. Robertson and asked Elladan to explain it to him. Really, Legolas shouldn't worry about having to speak to her, because the place where the biggest part of the tumor is located in the brain generally leads to aphasia. Possibly blindness too, so that point is solved.

So, if they are lucky, things should be simple now – and it isn't wise at all to rely on luck, is it? If he takes the last year into account… OK, so Legolas can hear everything through the small system
Feren arranged for them, so he can stay in the car or whatever. And they will be there in about 20 minutes, so there's not that much time left to fret. Just to look around, at the flat scenery, with just a distant building, probably farm, in the distance at times, and see nothing of it. Maybe Legolas also doesn't want to see it, that's why he pretends to read still? Probably.

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The sound of the car door opening and closing startles Thranduil, and yes, it's Legolas coming out of it. He tries to catch his gaze, but the boy looks directly at his grandfather, ignoring all else; he's standing tall though, and has a very resolute expression on his face. He is taller than the man, who looks a bit stumped by age. Interesting, Thranduil hadn't noted that yet, probably because he was taller already last time he'd seen the man.

“Hello, grandfather,” he says, “it's so interesting to know why you hated me so much all these years.”

“That's no news,” the damn coot answers, “you were a bastard.”

“Yes, because you wanted it!”

“No son of a whore is anything else!”

“Indeed. Too bad my mother was not so successful at being a whore, right?” Legolas smirks. Fuck, what is he playing at?

“Language!” the old man grits.

“Sorry, but my mouth is too dirty, after all this, I'm afraid. I sucked a lot of dick.”

Thranduil is almost as shocked as the pastor now, but it is fun to see the damn idiot sputtering. But still, what is all this?

“You what?” he finally manages, and Legolas just laughs, at first.

“What did you think I did, when I got to the city, starved, and found out nobody needed farm hands? After all, you taught me suicide was a sin, didn't you?”

“What does that have to do with... with...”

“Well, being a whore pays, you know. It's true, poor Nana wasn't good at that, because she knew how to do other things, and she was alone just because you didn't want him,” he snarls, pointing at Thranduil. “But I got way better, and I needed to be, since, well, I acquired expensive tastes.”

“Yeah, I'm sure you were so happy when you made what, 50 bucks? 100 for a night?” he scorns, but his face is troubled.

“Oh, thinking so small, grandfather; I'm afraid that wouldn't have even paid for a shirt, and well, maybe it would be what a street boy makes, but I learned fast to cater to more... special tastes. I mean, my last client, before I run into Thran, paid 250,000 to have me only for himself.”

Idly, Thranduil wonders if the man will have an attack; that would be almost a relief, although not yet. And still, why does his son bait him so?

“You are lying, nobody would pay that for...”

“For the likes of me?” Legolas laughs, grating and acid. “Actually, he paid more, because well, he
was really demanding, so it was only natural he would also gift me lots of pretty things. It's phenomenal how many things you don't have here, quality things like silk lingerie and sheets, cashmere sweaters, good tailored suits... But then, you wouldn't know, since your whole wardrobe – damn, even your car - cost less than the suit I'm wearing now.” He preens a little, so the suit is displayed to the best advantage now.

Did he plan this in advance? It's true the suit he's wearing is one of the most expensive he has, a special blend with vicuna wool; it probably cost more than 25,000, not that Thranduil ever kept track of that shit. He thought the boy wanted the comfort of the exquisitely soft cloth, which still looks impeccable; and maybe he does, and the soft gray with small blue accents makes Legolas look absolutely gorgeous, not that he should think about this. And absolutely, the slacks and bluish shirt the pastor wears are beyond plain, quite used and probably never looked extraordinary on him. Most probably they are off the rack, the cheap type, nothing much.

It's still very unsettling though, and he's totally unsure if this is not directed against him, too. He would deserve it, he knows it, but why now, why here?

“You are both insane! Nobody spends that kind of money on rags!”

“On the kind of rags you are wearing? Of course not. And yes, nobody who wants to extinguish all light in those around them would give them gifts; still, I'm curious, does just the amount bother you, not the fact that I had to sell myself to stay alive?”

“Well, since you are just like your mother, and somehow managed to find that rich bastard and his family, why would I wonder?”

“Well, Grandfather, I do wonder, because, you see, if I take after my mother, and we were both whores, who did she take after? Thran made money another way, really, and his family also; so only this part of the family tree remains.”

Clever, really clever! The old man tries to escape and presumably hit the boy, but of course he doesn't have enough force, and he finally swears, and what do you know, the most interesting thing happens, because he swears at Oropher?

“I would be curious to know what did my father do to you, indeed, Martin; what was so bad that you had to throw your daughter's life away, just so I wouldn't marry her and take care of her and her child?” The geezer keeps being very annoyed at the use of his old name - but Thranduil sees absolutely no reason to use fancy biblical names at the moment.

“Yeah, like you don't know, you thief!” he explodes, while his eyes seem to almost pop out in the withered face. Honestly, Thranduil had expected him to look better, to look damn happier than he is, at least before they started the interrogation. After all, he's the one with power over the whole community and all, what did he get out of it, if he looks so sour?

“I've been called a lot of things,” he drawls, leaving the thoughts aside, “and sure, some were quite deserved; but thief? Seriously? What did I ever steal from you? Don't you dare say your daughter, because we both know that isn't the case.”

The codger is mutinous, so Thranduil makes a small sign and Boromir turns the hand behind his back at a quite unpleasant angle, keeping it there until the man's breathing almost stops from pain, only to start again when he's recovered it.

Legolas laughs now, loud, and goes closer.
“I would speak, and tell the truth, grandfather; it's such a sin to lie, and really, the only reason you don't yet have broken bones is that I asked Thran to be gentle. He's changed quite some during these years, so if you think he won't have you bleeding and broken to find out all he wants, you are sorely mistaken. I must say I'm very curious too, why did I have to grow up miserable, orphaned, when I could have had a home; when mother might have lived, and I could have studied, not shoveled shit.”

“You are not worth studying! You'll never do anything with your life!”

“That is really not a smart attitude, Martin,” Thranduil says, slow, silky and dark, but vibrating with impatience underneath. “You see, my son can do whatever he wants in life; yes, he can sit on his ass for the rest of his life and just spend money, if he wants it, because I have enough for that. But he's actually so very bright, he advanced a lot with the private tutors I got him, and well, he can go to any school he chooses, tuition for Ivy League schools is less than what I spend on shoes in a year, so that won't be an issue. Or he can just settle for learning to run my business, it would give him quite enough to do.

And yes, the one and only reason you are not beaten to a pulp right now is because he demanded it of me. I would advise caution.”

“You would just give him all he wants?”

“Yes, of course I would; he deserves it, after all you put him through.”

“I hope you are proud to have a whore for a son, then!”

Thranduil's hands really, really itch to break that lying mouth; but he wants to know more, first.

“I am proud of him, actually. He did great with the measly resources he had; he worked a lot and learned a lot, or he would have ended up dead in a ditch, with what help you gave him. So yes, I will do my best to spoil him rotten, for the rest of my life. I do hope that makes you howl.”

“Yes, that will be great, just like your lying cheat of a father did, coming all puffed up from the city and stealing my right! Stealing what should have belonged to the locals and stuffing the greedy manager's accounts, half the country away!”

Thranduil is completely dumbstruck. So the fact that the company brought his father, who was a qualified, experienced logistics specialist, to manage the local branch, instead of putting the damn local accountant to do it, is what caused all this? A petty office dispute, which no doubt his father didn't even consider, and most probably nobody else did, either, emerged into this shitstorm? And a bad accountant, with no understanding of capital movements and all that? Is the man that idiotic?

“If it wouldn't have cost Aleena and Legolas that much, I would have laughed at this. Nobody lets the accountant manage the business, unless it's an accounting business. You never had any legal training, and that was needed, I remember a lot of what dad was complaining about. You had no idea of the mother company's needs either, of the rest of its business, for fuck's sake! You hated going away from home, when that was a fucking job requirement!

He never had anything much to say about you anyway, ever – so no, his goal in life was never to take something from you. He was only asking about you in the last years because I was seeing her, you were seriously the least of things on his mind. And what could he have possibly have gained, ever, in fighting with you? Each of you were doing very different things, are you such a moron, man?”

Yes, the conversation leads nowhere, only more attacks against greedy business owners and shit that
Thranduil was thoroughly bored with 15 years ago already. Yes, he knows there are people like this, and he's not in the business of trying to change old people's beliefs, but what he still doesn't get is why the man didn't want his daughter happy. After all, logically, if he wanted revenge that much, it would have made more sense to be happy his daughter snatched the only son of his rival, and saddled him with a child at 18, right?

Seems not, no matter what, a woman should have permission of her father when she even speaks to a man, and his wife and daughter were both whores for not behaving like that. Right. And it was, of course, Oropher's fault, too, surely he put his son up to it. Which makes as much sense for Thranduil as Sanskrit does, of course, because… Yeah, because his father was never crazy, and would have never even dreamed to force his son be with somebody he didn't love, and all that.

The old man keeps ranting about this, about what thrash his daughter had been, even before getting herself pregnant, and Thranduil can't help but make the most unlikely of comparisons, and stupidly makes it out loud.

“Fuck this! I never thought I'd say this, but even that animal, Azog, loved his cur of a son more than you did your beautiful, caring, delightfully good daughter! Good God, you are worse than a rapist and pimp, man! How do you live with yourself?”

“Well, as bad as you say whoever that guy was, that man had a son, a man to further his name! Not a useless daughter, like my useless wife gave me!”

“All this because you only had a daughter? This is too stupid to bear.”

Thranduil is so bewildered that, for a few moments, his laugh is lighthearted. Or maybe hysterical. He was expecting something serious, real, something that can be remedied, or at least that would fucking make sense. Something that would put a drop of balm on the wound still bleeding in his chest, in his head. But he knew from the start it was little chance of getting that, didn't he? This is just so much pettiness and bigotry that he knows it's impossible for his mind to grasp, so it's pointless to even try.

“I'm real sorry, Legolas; all I wish now is that I could have understood this before I've left town, and just taken Aleena with me. I'm sure we would have managed somehow, in any case for her and for you life would have been way better, even if both of us would have just had perfectly average, mediocre jobs.”

Legolas just nods at this, silent, clearly hurt once again, and it dawns to him that he shouldn't have mentioned… He tries to apologize more, but the boy just shrugs it and says it's only the truth, anyway. Fuck, this should have helped them, not break his son more!

“I want to know how Frieda is, before we decide anything more,” Legolas tells him, “I think we have our answer, as unsatisfactory as it is,” and of course Thranduil acquiesces. They did discuss about seeing the girl, and he didn't have any good reasons to try to discourage his son from this. Still, unsatisfactory is not the word he'd chose.

“Ha! Of course you want to know about that whore!”

This is getting old. Really, really old.

“What, did you send her away too?”

“We should have, after she made you behave so shamefully!”

“Sorry to say, she didn't make me do anything. I always hated bullies, that is all. But that's not
important now, tell me how is she, before I go knocking at their door.”

“She's a whore, she wasn't even capable of giving him a child, and now that Mike is dead, she doesn't want to do her duty and remarry! A whore!”

“He does have kind of an interesting definition of the word,” Thranduil intervenes, shaking his head. “If this is what whore means, not listening to people telling you to do stupid stuff, I'm afraid you took after me, after all, Legolas.”

“Honestly, that would really be a relief, Thran. I would like to speak with her though. And I don't share your opinion, grandfather, I could say I'm real happy not to have to punch that idiot in the face.”

Yes, it's pretty clear Legolas does these things intentionally, to provoke the old man, but then, it's very little compared to what he deserves.

“Sure, take the car, we will wait here, enjoying my father in law’s hospitality.”

The boy leaves, with Boromir in tow, so he will be fine, and Thranduil decides to see how he lived while here; the pastor balks first, but then shows them the room the boy shared with two others – and it's small, dark, miserable and mean, just like the man. He also checks out the rest of his house – and it is better appointed. By a very small degree. Everything is cheap and dark and plain ugly, damn it. Again, this doesn't make any kind of sense, because if you are the cult leader and don't even live in luxury, why the fuck do all this? Just, as Legolas has said, to make everyone as miserable as he is? It would fit the sermons the boy mentioned though, all about fire, brimstone and sin. And it reminds him of why he always hated the people who didn't live their lives, so they took care that others shouldn't, either. He wants to see the church, too, but Legolas calls and says he wants to get the girl to leave with them. Why the fuck not? Nobody should live in these conditions, so he tells him to pack light, because for sure she doesn't have much and they can get her better things. Now the only thing that remains is to decide what to do with the man. Oh, yes, he should have a look at his mother in law, still, although there's nothing to decide there, but first to see what Legolas brought.

“Oh, brought the harlot with you?” the pastor sneers, when he sees the trembling girl getting out of the car. She is so slim and emaciated, it's a wonder she can move, Thranduil thinks, and imagines her refusal to remarry caused issues. Plus, the uncertain drab gray of the long, shapeless dress she's wearing wouldn't make anyone look… healthy even, not to mention good. Oh well, that's the easiest thing to fix.

“We should leave fast,” Legolas says, completely ignoring the barb. “He seems to enjoy starving people, there wasn't any kind of food in the house, and we don't have anything in this rental. And I imagine Hank with the shop wouldn't sell me anything, and it wouldn't do to be seen around here anyway.”

“I'm sorry, Legolas, I didn't think of that.”

“Don't worry, Thran, there wasn't reason to think of it now, and I could have said something too, but I really want to get her some food.”

“Of course. So she… you were alone at home, Miss?”

“Yes, I can't drive so I couldn't leave, no need for guards” she answers, bitterly, making his blood boil, because for sure she's not the only one in that situation. And he would bet anything that there are people looking around, who would find her or somebody else if they'd try to leave on foot. Still, he shouldn't dwell on this.
“All right miss Frieda, please don't worry, we'll take good care of you.”

“Legolas was always nice, and he says you are too, so I thank you, and I promise to do whatever I can to repay your kindness,” she answers, and indeed, she has a very nice, open smile, the kind you see only in wonderful people. Which is, of course, totally out of place with everything else.

“Don't worry about that now. Well, Legolas, the only issue was to decide about all this, though. Did you want to see someone else?”

“No, not really. I feel sometimes that it would be better if everything would be burned to the ground.”

“Well, that wouldn't be so hard. It's far from other houses and such, so it wouldn't cause more damage than intended, we can do it. What about him?”

“You are serious? Of course you are,” he shrugs. “Yes, well, he shouldn't stay here, because they'll just help him and have everything right back as it were. Maybe just leave him in the middle of the city, alone, penniless? Oh, but before you destroy everything, for sure there's food in the kitchen here, let me...”

“Yes, don't hurry, we need to do this right. Go and have something light to eat – good, you remember - and we'll settle the rest.”

It’s almost anticlimactic then – the guys prepare everything, while Legolas gives the girl a little to eat and gets some apples with them to the car, so she can eat a little more when she's able. It seems that, as starved as she is, she can't stand the heavily smoked meat which is the only thing that could be used to make sandwiches, and it's probably for the best, most probably her stomach is too fragile at the moment.

Yes, he should gather himself up and go deal with the woman now – only pleasant things today. She didn't even deserve a separate room, from what Thranduil can see, and wonders how masochist the pastor can be – surely being all the time in the same room with a dying person wouldn't lead to a good night's sleep? Or who knows, maybe he partakes of the very strong painkillers he sees on the bedside table.

If he would have seen the woman lying in bed on the street, he wouldn't have recognized her, for sure. Of course, part of it must be old age, but she aged badly, and now Thranduil’s mind tries hard to remember how she really was when he was younger, but he can't say if she was genuinely happy or not because, of course, whenever he visited, all he saw was Aleena. Yes, he was always polite, especially since he knew even then that Martin didn't like him, but... Yes, Isabel Robertson had always effaced herself, was part of the background. Would there be a point now to wonder for how long the abuse took place? Would it help anyone to know if the man ever hit his daughter, too, if he abused her in other ways than throwing her out of the house and calling her a whore? Than lying to her that Thranduil didn't want to acknowledge his son?

No, it wouldn't, really, and definitely Legolas doesn't need to be subjected to even more of this. Decided, he fills one of the syringes on the bedside table with a huge dose of drug and manages to find a vein on the withered arm of the woman, to make sure she won't feel a thing. Maybe there is a God somewhere who will take care of her after, or maybe, just, she won't feel any pain anymore. That's not really that bad.

The unexpected part is that the damn codger manages somehow to escape when the flames have really caught, and throw himself into them. Thranduil can't say he's pained by it, really, and can't even bring himself to scold a very ashamed Elros for it – especially when he looks at Legolas and
sees mostly relief on his face. He wants to say something to the boy, tell him to not feel any guilt, but both he and Frieda just say, simply, that the man preached about damning flames for too many years. There is that.

They leave then, even if the house is pretty far, the fire will be noticed, and it's even weirder in the car now – the girl trembles, and doesn't really get better even if they pile all available things on her – and Thranduil realizes there's a very small flinch whenever she perceives one of the men as being too close. Fuck. He orders them to move, saying she should be able to lie down and maybe catch a nap, since she's clearly exhausted, and doesn't accept any protest, so she has enough space just for herself and seems to calm a little. This will not be good. And Legolas somehow notices he's even more upset, although he clearly didn't get the why.

“Are you OK, Thran?”

“I need a drink,” he tries to smile. Well, he should be honest – or seem to be, this is not something he should pile on the boy just yet. “It always depresses me when I see, once again, that all evil things come from sheer narrow mindedness, bigotry and plain incompetence. It's something you just can't fight, short of just killing half the population.

I apologize, Miss Frieda,” he tries to smile towards her, “you don't need my crazy musings.”

The poor thing still has a spark of will though – which is very good, because it means she can get better, and that is great, because Legolas doesn't need one more loss now.

“I'd be tempted to say that the hunger made me see things, because it's the first time I hear men with power saying things like this. Everybody else was sucking up to him, doing their best to agree to everything, so they will be given some scrap. I never thought I'll be alive to escape from there, so I thank you for everything. Even if I'm not going to do much, I saw him die. I'm sure it's a sin, but I don't care.”

Yes, he can get why Legolas liked her – but Thranduil really hopes the boy won't choose to be infatuated with her again, because there would be too many issues. Yeah, how nice of him to do exactly the same thing, take somebody's choice away. Calm down, you'll see what can be done. Yes.

“Being the one to survive might be a sin, but it's a very good and brave thing, in my book,” Thranduil says, for both of them. “It won't be easy for you, I agree, but we will do whatever possible to help you do it. Just rest and tell us when you can have some more food and do not worry. We are just going to sit around and wait to get home anyway, OK?”

This seems to settle it, and they get to the plane, where she can actually sleep for a bit, too exhausted even if so very afraid. When they land, he has Legolas go with her to Elrond’s clinic, while he calls Elladan, who promises he'll take care, especially when he hears the story. Of course, she's malnourished and all, and he agrees to have her stay at the clinic for a few days, on IVs and everything, but orders Legolas not to stay there overnight, because he needs rest too. The boy would try to resist, but Elladan says it would be better to give her a little space, to come only during visit hours and let her process all this.

Then they release her, and of course Mrs. Baggins and Galion have prepared everything, and they even allow her to do stuff in the kitchen, because it's clear she also doesn't know how to just sit around. It's heartbreaking to think that Legolas was just the same, not so long ago, and then she has a panic attack when Bard, of all people, is too close behind her when she turns, for whatever reason, so it's clear things are way worse, and she needs more help than they are able to give. Not that explaining this to Legolas is such a walk in the park.
Legolas who is not more settled after all this, far from it. Of course, Thranduil himself didn't find any healing in this, not even letting out steam, because... Maybe because it was too fast, or because it's probably not even a punishment, what they did. He wonders how unhappy the damn idiot was, why didn't he fucking kill himself earlier if he didn't like anything in this damn world, and then feels even more guilty, because he did the same for too many years. He does the same now, wallows in his pain, but honestly, he has no idea how to feel differently, knowing how much hurt his actions caused, even unintentionally. Does it really matter now if the man also regretted things? Or that he actually didn't?

He's sighing and trying hard to think of something else, of how to explain to Legolas how things stand, on how to answer potential questions, like what will happen to the poor souls who remained in that godforsaken town. Because for sure somebody else will assume the holy mantle and go on, and who knows, they might be even worse.

Yes, it's a very difficult fight not to get himself drunk to be able to sleep, but he promised himself he won't do it tonight, and sleep doesn't want to come, once more. He also promised himself he won't work more, because he's too tired to do it right and... Fuck it, there must be somebody awake who wants a fight! Hopefully after his physical body will override his mind and he will get some rest. Yes.

Chapter End Notes

OK, I promise the deep mopping reached its max, and things will start to happen again from the next chappie :)
This shopping trip turns out to be so unfunny that it's actually funny, in the weirdest way possible. Legolas is very tempted at the moment to just say fuck it and ask Bard which is the closest town they could get to by chopper, where they wouldn't run into anyone he knows. And yes, add that on the list of regrets, not telling his damn grandfather that Thranduil wouldn't bat an eye if he did this once a week. There's a whole new level of hatred he feels for the man – and it's not like he can do anything about it, because well, the man is dead. Finished. Nothing left but damn ashes. Which should feel so liberating, but it doesn't, because that last conversation they had didn't help with anything, did it?

It was overly clear Thranduil wasn't satisfied with it – no, Legolas is sure that he's actually feeling worse now than before it. He himself is amazed how much pain and anger he can actually feel now, way more than even when he was starving and hopeless. It doesn't make sense, when he is finally secure, at least financially, to feel more wounded that when he'd thought he'd die, does it? Maybe this is part of why he behaved like he did towards Thran's… well, business partner of sorts, because he knows they were together in that business trip in Russia, and there was talk of needing to go again. Unless his behavior now ruined everything, which would be real bad. He should tell Thranduil, probably sooner rather than later. Ugh.

He sends him a text first, while waiting for Frieda to finish at the ladies' room, because of course he's probably busy, and is quite surprised to be called back almost instantly.

“Are you OK?” is the first thing Thranduil asks, making Legolas berate himself again for not putting things straight.

“Yes, I'm fine, really, just let my mouth get too free and I'm afraid I might have ruined some things for you. I'm sorry, it's about the bald guy, Victor.”

There's a little chuckle on the other side of the call now, and Thran tells him to go on, so hopefully he won't be too mad.

“I was stupid, really, some shop assistant at a store said some stupid shit and Frieda got quite upset and all, and right after that we ran into him. Of course he started asking other stupid stuff and I overreacted, said… well, something along the way I wouldn't touch him with a very long pole and all.”

“Good. He should learn manners, although I'm afraid that, if he didn't by now, it's kind of hopeless. OK, thanks for letting me know, I'll be sure to prod him a bit for it.”

“Really?” This is definitely not what Legolas expected to hear, nope.

“Victor is used to it, Legolas, and I think it amuses him, to a point. Might actually make him more interested, unfortunately, but you don't need to hold back in regards to this, ever, OK?”

“If you say so…”

“I do say so. Sic… who is guarding you today? On him, or anyone who annoys you, that stands. Anything else?”

“No, just that, I didn't want to ruin things for you, since you already have enough on your plate. And I could have been more calm about it, there was no need to do it quite like that.”

“OK, I'll leave you to it then. Just don't worry. Probably I'll have to bite the bullet and tell him that
I've neglected you and all, as we discussed, so you are in a bad mood because our relationship ended. He would spread the word around quite efficiently, I think. See you later.”

“Thanks Thran.”

Well, what people find attractive is quite beyond his understanding some days. And he can't say more, because yes, they've talked about this already – or Thranduil talked, and he had no smart thing to say on letting the world know things changed. But there's Frieda, and looking at her he understands they should really take a break and get something to eat. As little as Legolas wants to eat right this second, of course Elladan is right and they should take care of her. She is so strong, but his stomach wants to come out through his mouth every time he thinks of the latest conversation he had with Thran, when he finally understood what she and all the women in the community went through. One more reason to hate the old man, and logically one more reason to be thankful that Thranduil decided to take him that day, and he didn't end up actually having to sell himself to anyone who wanted it.

“Are you OK?” the girl asks, and yes, he should leave this be.

“Yes, just spoke to Thran, he needed to know I was rude to that guy, he works with him. I shouldn't have damn hissed at him and all. Let's get something to eat, and then we'll see what more you need, OK?”

“I wanted to thank you,” she says, and Legolas would want to stop her, because there's nothing really special he did, “for earlier. He… he reminded me of, well, he's a scary one.”

Yes, and she's so terrified, for God's sake, she had a panic attack in their kitchen, because Bard, of all people, was too close behind her back when she turned around, and she hadn't seen him coming! Legolas was real shocked first, and when Thran explained what having to live every day in the presence of… well, they put everything so nice and pretty and called him her husband, but she never agreed to that, she never wanted that man, did she? The man who damn well broke her arm, because… he doesn't even want to know. Fuck, why is he so angry?

“Don't worry, nothing will happen, we have security with us so no guy, no matter how big, can do anything, OK?”

She seems to agree, and it dawns to him, while they are settling at a table in a fast food she seems to find so very tempting, that she thinks the man was after her - probably she doesn't even conceive he could be after Legolas. No matter. They order and she's fussing with her hair, and with the new clothes she's wearing. It's all jeans and shirt, a bit large on her very slim frame, but she is better than when he first saw her again. Elros and Bard got their food too, but they are sitting at a nearby table, giving them space, and right now he would have preferred them staying with them, because he doesn't really know what to say.

It's not as if he regrets helping her - the trouble is that he doesn't know how to really do it. And it amazes him a bit she didn't want to get even one dress – OK, he doesn't like the damn things, but she is a woman and… And yes, just like Nessa was saying, at the moment she might not appreciate that too much. Yeah. Somehow this crazy experience teaches him a lot of things he ignored during this last year, and Legolas is very ashamed of himself for not understanding so many of them sooner. And even more for needing to see somebody else in such dire straits in order to get his head out of his ass and see that what people around him told him is true.

“You don't like the food here?” Frieda asks now, reminding him that they are actually in a restaurant. “I'm sorry if maybe you wanted something else, I should have asked first, just...”
“Please don't worry,” he hears himself saying, just like he heard Thran do it so many times, and the thing blocking his throat seems to get bigger. No, food is out for him right this second. But she needs to understand it's not her fault. Like he didn't yet understand, did he?

“I understood lately that having to deal with certain people completely kills my appetite, so no matter where we'd chose to eat, it would be the same. Just eat, please, you do need it. I remember you looked so much better when you weren't that thin,” he adds, trying to pay her a compliment, but the reaction is not what he expected. She seems to make herself smaller and stops eating, and then it's clear she steels herself to say something she imagines he won't like.

“Legolas, I… I want to tell you that I am beyond grateful for what you did for me, what your father did, what you keep doing. I am, and will be for the rest of my life, and I would really, really like to repay that favor, and also what you did in the past, but I know I can't. If it would have been possible before, I would have loved it, truly, but now I know I can't, and I'm really ashamed of it. I just can't do it.”

It's clear she's so pained by this, and he doesn't even understand exactly what she means, so he'll have to continue this conversation, although he really doesn't want it.

“I don't understand you, what do you think you owe me exactly? I didn't ask for anything, did Thranduil ask you to do something?”

“No, no, I barely see him, and I understand he works a lot and all, but… Well, I'm not even as good in the kitchen as your cook is, and you already have people to do cleaning and everything, so maybe that would compensate the fact that I'm not such a good housekeeper but, as a wife I can't do the most important thing, and…”

“Stop,” Legolas says, too sharp, and can't continue for a while, because he has to control the very strong urge to vomit at the idea he'd force himself on her. He thought he's fine, that he got over what happened to him, and now there's a spike of bitter hate towards her, for making him have to think on it again and again, for making him feel like such a coward - because he wasn't even capable of taking it then, and if he did, surely he wouldn't have been hit, no bones broken, so he wouldn't have wasted all these last precious months when Thran couldn't take him, couldn't...

He forces himself to breathe and stop his crazy thoughts, because of course none of them are fair, to any of them, and he can't let this crazy anger that boils in his veins all day now terrify the poor girl even more. She's already made herself smaller again, surely convinced he's angry that she doesn't want to sleep with him. Fuck.

“Frieda, I never would have asked that of you, never, OK?”

“Why are you so angry with me then?”

“I'm not angry with you. I'm angry with my grandfather and his cronies, for doing all they did. I'm angry with my grandmother, for never standing up to him, for never protecting my mother, for never protecting me. I'm angry for not knowing anything about Thran sooner and all. OK, maybe I'm a little angry with you, for believing I'm just like my grandfather or like your husband, but not for not wanting… not wanting to be forced again, never that!”

She looks startled at first, and is silent, and Legolas tries to find words that would explain better, maybe, but she starts again.

“I'm sorry I presumed you'd want me. Maybe the other girls were right, I am too proud. Obviously you deserve better, I…”
“Nothing I say now will make it right, is it? I didn't want to say I don't find you attractive, or that
you're not good enough or all this stupid drivel, all I'm saying is that I did what I did without
expecting anything in return. I keep not wanting anything in return, Frieda, please believe me, it
might sound weird, growing up how we did and all, but now there are very few things I'm lacking,
really.”

“Yes,” she acknowledges and smiles a bit, “the house is fantastic, and your father has so many cars
and everything, and probably so many other things I don't know about.”

You and me both, Legolas thinks, but he shouldn't let her believe it's only about money. Like he did.

“Not only that, but the people too, all of them were more of a family to me than my real family was.
And they are friends, too, they take care, I never had that in the community. I think you were the
only one who really treated me like a human being, Frieda, so if you really think taking you out of
there needs repayment, think it as a repayment for your kindness. All the other women were treating
me like a leper, and let's not talk about the men.”

“You could have put the women in their place very easily, why didn't you?”

“What, you mean I should have just hit them?”

“The unmarried ones, sure, you were a man. And for the others, you should have just complained to
their husbands in public, I still don't know why you didn't.”

“I was a bastard, there on grandfather's sufferance, I doubt that would have worked.”

“It would have. Yes, maybe he would have punished you privately, but any woman not giving you
due respect as a man would have been also punished severely, and very few would have tried it
again, if any. You really didn't know that?”

“I'm not sure I could have lived with myself if I did that, Frieda. Maybe this is why I wasn't really
aware of the possibility. Being a man like my grandfather sounds worse than being dead right now,
so it doesn't matter. Still, I always appreciated you not being like them, and that was the only reason I
looked for you, when we returned. I really didn't want to see anyone else.”

“I will believe you, it's just so weird to be defended against other man's advances by somebody who
doesn't want me for himself. And again, the man from earlier was damn scary.”

“Once again, I have to disappoint you, Victor didn't make advances to you, you know. It's me he's
after.”

Yes, this clearly startles her, and of course, he knows she wouldn't have even thought of this
possibility.

“I understand it's strange, but it's not the first time he tries, and you were not around before. And yes,
it's a sin and all, but that's not why I refuse him.”

“But everything is a sin. Still, why… I mean, you can't have children like that!”

“No, you can't if it's two men or two women in a relationship, but not everyone wants children.”

“And then why… I mean yes, the man has pleasure, but… Or… oh, I don't understand!”

“Everyone can have pleasure, not just one. When you want that person, so many things are
pleasurable, I… Yes, I know they told you so many bad things, it was what I was thinking too, when
I left, but they were lying through their teeth.”

She's clearly trying to believe him, but yes, obviously she can't, with her experience. Would he have believed it, in her place? No, he didn't believe, that day when he was so scared in Thran's office, that a tenth of what he felt after could have been real. And at least he didn't have any kind of experience. This is pointless.

“Anyway, it doesn't matter now. You have to get well, and we'll help you, somehow, and whatever else might happen, I promise you nobody will ask that of you. Just don't dwell on that, better, tell me if you want to learn how to drive.”

“Of course I do! I hate being so helpless, carted around by somebody else! Sorry, it's lovely that you… Well, all the time and effort you put in taking care of me, but I could have come alone to buy some jeans if…”

Yes, of course, if she'd have had money and all.

“I know how it feels, believe me. I didn't have a penny when I reached the city, and didn't know anything. But besides that, are you sure you are OK getting out alone, in a place with so many people you don't know?”

He shouldn't have asked that, because it makes her so sad, that his anger leaps again. And that doesn't help.

“No,” she answers, so bitterly, “I am useless.”

“You are not! Never think that! I'm sorry, all I do today is talk too much without thinking. Please, let's just finish this and maybe talk some other time? I'm sorry I made you sad.”

“You didn't, Legolas, you did help, always. I treated you as a human being, as you say, because you never treated me like a piece of meat either. You never tried to touch me, grab me, do other things, and you talked to me, not just gave orders. I mean it, when my parents spoke of marriage, I hoped so bad that it could be you, but…”

This is too much, OK, he gets that a lot of people thought of this, they said so, but he didn't have a clue… Oh well, of course he didn't.

“I didn't understand anything of these things before I came to town, Frieda. The way my grandfather treated me, I didn't even imagine getting married – what did I have to offer a woman? And I had no idea what happened in bed either, so I wouldn't have tried anything. OK then, let's just say we are friends and we did treat each other as friends do, nothing else needed? I would love it if you'd consider me your friend.”

“Of course, although I didn't think men and women can be friends. You still have to teach me all these things, I wish so much to be able to be normal, not to be a burden like now!”

Of course he will, and now he sees in the other's eyes that really, they don't mind taking care of her, like they surely didn't mind taking care of him. He was stupid, and so unsure, and maybe that will help, because he can really get how she feels. If it's enough, that's a totally different story though. And there are other things that pester him and he should do something about them, starting tonight.

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Things seem so much easier somehow when Thranduil is away, like the previous weeks. Then Legolas can just imagine he's sleeping alone in his room because it's pointless to sleep alone in the
bedroom they share, because the man just has to work and that's it, and somehow that makes the emptiness more bearable, because it will end as soon as he returns. Still, he's not so good at lying yet, and now it's just impossible, since they just had dinner together, as strained as everything was.

It's so hard to get to sleep, even if he's tired, and unlike before, when he didn't know so many things, now his body is used to expect things before sleep, to want touches, heat, so he tosses and turns and can't settle. Yes, of course he could have already touched himself, any of these nights, but he just didn't feel this is something he should do, for… well, Legolas is not that sure exactly why, but the tension reached a point where he can't stop himself anymore.

He needs to be calm, to stop having stupid outbursts like earlier, because not everyone will appreciate them. And he doesn't have any idea how well he'll be able to learn about Thran's business, but at least he was useful in socializing with people, maybe he can just keep doing that, better. But that means keeping his calm and treating those people well, not being on the brink of hitting them in the face. Which would have worked so well, since the guy is so much bigger. He's as tall as Thran but built like a brick wall, so yes, probably the guys would have had to draw weapons, if he'd have behaved as he wanted, so he needs this. After all, he was almost always calm after sex. And he already postponed certain meetings enough.

He's turning the shower on, too impatient for a bath, and the hot water feels so good sluicing on his shoulders, his back, warm and silky, a bit like a hand. One of his hands automatically squeezes the gel bottle and then starts spreading it over his chest, closing his eyes to feel it better. It glides so easily, and of course it feels good when he presses a bit, when he teases his nipples to harden. It's not the fire he'd feel if… No, it's just his hand feeling good, and there's no reason to think, to prolong this much, is it? After all, his instinct was always to want intensity straight away.

Resolutely, his hand goes downwards and of course everything gets so much more intense. He's getting hard so very fast, since he's missed it so, and yes, the heavy weight of his engorged member feels nice, his own hand feels very nice while squeezing lightly at first, so used to the command not to hurry. But nobody is here to watch him, so there's no reason to tease himself, no, he starts pulling, moving faster, making his breath go rougher. The hot water keeps pounding on him, the shower enclosure getting all steamy, and that helps, he's feeling warm and good, and the drops of water trickling over his skin heighten his arousal. They are like fingertips, like somebody's touching his body while his hand labors on his dick, and he's feeling good, yes, so good to be so hard and feel his balls heavy, his dick pulsing in his hand.

Still, the arousal doesn't go past a certain level, and Legolas berates himself, of course this is not enough, it's not what he likes. His left hand goes to a nipple and pinches, and yes, there's the spike he lacked, yes, keep doing that, oh, now it gets way better. The other nipple begs attention, too, and he keeps the fast, steady rhythm, but his legs tend to become unsteady, don't they, better to lean on the wall, yes. The arousal does build now, but so damn slowly, there's no reason to keep this long, it should end, he should just come and go to sleep already.

Legolas pinches harder, pulls, making himself hiss, yes, yes, a bit higher now, but still not bringing him to the brink. It's maddening, when he wanted to last, when he should have lasted, he wasn't able to, and now… Argh, stop thinking, that doesn't help, no, just imagine this is another's hand doing this to you, but not… no, anyone but him now! Yes, remember how it felt to have Melu touch you, yes, how good he looked in those silky stockings, those experienced hands teasing, mmm, yes, that evening felt so great! Ah yes, and his hot, wet mouth, sucking him so passionately, damn! He looked so good also in that corset Legolas finished too late to… No, no, harder, so you can forget, yes, the nail biting in the tender flesh helps, yes, making him see stars for a second, yes, like this, his body is finally responding properly, yesss, almost there, just a bit more, just a lick…
Finally, he's able to come, and it feels so good to shudder and relax, letting the water soothe him, while he catches his breath, the nice feeling of lassitude washing through his tired body. But unlike other times, his mind didn't get any relief, his thoughts keep swirling, definitely not at peace. And yes, with all they did during this year, this is the thing he would really consider a sin, because it didn't bring about that brilliant smile, that hot red mouth telling him he's a good boy, did it?

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All this gets on his nerves, bad, and Frieda was kind of the last straw, or maybe last night's shower; so his mind just can't behave right, and Legolas knows he behaves badly, all grumpy all day long, but has no idea how to manage things. And the Durins are so damn loud!

“What got into you these days, did Thranduil torture you that much that you'd bite everybody's head off?” Gimli asks finally, clearly annoyed with him, and well, that's so not the thing he wants to hear.

“No, actually, he stopped doing anything to me! You were very right that day, he's had enough of me, so we are… Well, he's not… Ugh!”

Legolas is breathing, a bit amazed that Gimli doesn't immediately jump in glee or say anything biting, and then continues.

“He still wants to take care of me, teach me stuff and all, so at least I'm not out on my ass, but...”

“But you'd rather he didn't,” the other youth sighs, totally sympathetic. “Will you stay or go?”

“It's not like I have anywhere to go,” Legolas retorts, still angry, even if not at what the other youth thinks. “I will keep obeying his wishes, at least that's something I'm good at. Well, I hope I am.”

Gimli scowls and would clearly want to say something, just he's not clear on what.

“Common, say it, let it off your chest, I promise not to tell anyone. After all, Boromir was too happy to have fun with your guys, I won't ruin his fun too.”

“It's not even that,” he huffs, pulling at his beard. “It just doesn't make sense, given what he did for you and all. Seriously, he never...”

“If you start giving me the speech on previous lovers, and me being different, save it, I heard it too many times already. There's nothing different about me, and there was no reason for him to change his behavior anyway. I am lucky he actually cares to help me get over it, so... I'll have to get myself together and stop being bitchy about it. Sorry, I'll go, I'm so not a good company today.”

“Don't. Let's go shoot something, it helps. Or maybe drink. Or both.”

“That doesn't sound very smart. But I'm game.”

He had avoided Gimli a bit lately, and it was wrong, since Thran needed even better relations with them, so this is why he's at the Durins today, meeting more of them - and seriously, some of the guys are actually fun. At least because most of them are not picking on him, but on one of their own, Kili, who seems to have fallen head over heels for the wrong girl - a journalist, who could be way too nosy for anyone's taste. Really, Legolas sympathizes with the guy - it's so hard not to be able to do what you want, with the person you love, that of course that must have made him even more emotional.

Still, it's OK in the fact that this needed to get out anyway, and the Durins are definitely on the need to know list. As long as he doesn't think on how long the list is, and how he'll have to face everyone
on it, all is good. Yes, he could even make himself laugh some days. And damn, they have so many
guns around, it's like an arsenal here! He's very thankful now for the lessons he got, because he can
actually manage well at target practice, and it feels so good to be accepted, even if maybe Thran
doesn't like them much. Well, maybe he should think less on what Thran likes and more on what he
needs, and... Yeah, he missed that one. Oh well.

"You seem to be as moody as my brother today, and I know what will cure it!" the other guy he met
today, Fili, yells now, after downing another beer. Which, indeed, Legolas doesn't find too palatable,
so his first bottle is still half full.

"And what is that?" he asks, trying to smile.

"Real fighting, not these! It's so different when you feel what you hit!"

"Yeah, even better when you break a bone!" the said moody brother answers, quite sarcastically.

"Breaking bones would be bad, because it seems I'm a very whiny patient when that happens. I
mean, the other guys do know way more swear words than me, so..." Legolas jokes, knowing he
will definitely avoid this at any cost.

"Then we must teach you more!" Fili laughs now, and pats him on the back happily.

For such a small guy, the pat on the back he receives is a bit too strong for Legolas' comfort, but
everyone laughs and they set to teach him more. Some of them are damn creative, too. And this
creativity does make his mind a rest, turning the day better after all.
Legolas is more agitated than he's ever been and has no idea what to do. He could study, of course, he should study, but he just can't. And things keep piling, damn it. He wants sex, but doesn't want to jerk off. He wants a touch, a hug, even more, but who to get it from? Thranduil is working, as usual, and he doesn't touch him anymore. He shouldn't touch him anymore, but… he feels like screaming and crying and breaking down. Maybe he should listen to some music, to calm down. He looks on Youtube and finds a playlist for music to listen to when you're sad, and he goes and turns on the entertainment center.

I'm trapped in this world
Lonely and fading
Heartbroke and waiting
For you to come.
We are stuck in this world
That's not meant for me
For me.

It's exactly how he feels, trapped, not knowing where to turn and what to start. Damn, it hurts, it's worse than any physical hurt he experienced!

I close my eyes only for a moment, and the moment's gone
All my dreams pass before my eyes, a curiosity
Dust in the wind, all they are is dust in the wind
Same old song, just a drop of water in an endless sea
All we do crumbles to the ground, though we refuse to see
Dust in the wind, all we are is dust in the wind

Ugh, this makes him feel even worse, not better, so he skips to the next song.

How many special people change
How many lives are living strange
Where were you while we were getting high?
Slowly walking down the hall
Faster than a cannon ball
Where were you while we were getting high?
Some day you will find me
Caught beneath the landslide
In a champagne supernova in the sky

Maybe something to drink would help? He saw Thranduil do that, and maybe he could be as calm if he tries it, too. Not so much to fall asleep instantly, like what Elrond made them do that day, after the talk, clearly not, just a little? He goes to ask Galion for some wine, but he's not in the kitchen. There are bottles in the wine cooler, and Legolas chooses one of the red wines his father favors. He should get a glass, but doesn't have the patience to look for one, just opens the bottle and takes it with him to the den. The wine is good, not as sweet as what he likes most, but its taste is full and tingles his throat pleasantly.

Well I never pray,
But tonight I'm on my knees, yeah.
I need to hear some sounds that recognize the pain in me, yeah.
I let the melody shine, let it cleanse my mind, I feel free now.
But the airwaves are clean and there's nobody singing to me now.

Yes, that's the problem, he hurts and he's alone and can't pray, because he forgot how to, or maybe never knew how to do it properly. Is this the punishment for his sins? He gulps some more wine, and some more, waiting for calm to come to him, but it just jumbles his thoughts and brings back memories, Thranduil's mouth around the rim of a glass, his smirk, his smile, his taste when he was kissing Legolas after he drank, and wants to scream even more. And why not? He screams, and it feels good, so he does it again.

He drinks some more, and screams again, and falls broken on the couch, seeing the bottle is empty when he tries to drink again, and he's dizzy and definitely in no better state than he started.

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Tiredness is like a heavy blanket around him, in him, and all he needs is to sleep, forget everything for just a few hours. Still, his skin is dirty, the damn clothes are stuffy, he... yes, he definitely needs a shower, a short one and then he'll fall asleep. He throws the jacket away, and the tie, and yes, it's good to get rid of the trousers too, damn it. OK, a shower, yes.

Thranduil's in the bathroom, unbuttoning the shirt, but... there's noise from the playroom, what the hell? Why is this door not closed properly, and who the fuck is in the playroom? Of course, Legolas, who else? But before asking what does he do there, he notices the boy doesn't move right and... damn, that's an empty wine bottle he has in his hand, and of course it interferes with whatever he tries to look for in the drawers.

“What are you doing, Legolas?” he asks, trying to keep it calm, but of course it startles the boy anyway.

He's definitely drunk, yes, he's swaying slightly when he straightens, and seems at a loss for words first. Then he starts apologizing for being there without permission – good that he remembered, at least now – and starts and stops again, looking so lost that it's very, very hard for Thranduil not to offer to do absolutely anything to wipe that expression off his face.

“I... well, I can't sleep well lately, and I tried, really, it's just not enough and I feel so empty, I can't take it like this, I need something, something... I should have asked, I know, but you were busy, and I didn't know if you want to hear that, and I...”

“OK, OK, one second.”

What to give him, what would be safe in his state? Stop thinking like this, yes, it's weird, but if you'd known you had a son, if he'd grown in your care, yes, you would have given him toys when he was old enough, if he wanted them. Yes, you would have taken care that he understands safety, of course. Be grateful that he actually came to look for things here, after all, he already had the bottle, didn't he? Yes.

“Legolas, give me that, we should throw it away. OK, I want you to promise me something first – you will absolutely not fall asleep with the toy inside, clear? And you will do this laying on the bed, no acrobatics, and not in the bathroom, promise?”

“I... sure, the bed is more comfortable anyway.”
He's clearly not following everything, fuck! Or he does, because he fidgets a bit and then confirms that yes, he will take care not to fall asleep until everything is put aside. But which one? He had said… he had said he feels so empty, so not something very small, but if it's larger…

“You will also open yourself real well before, no pushing in while you're still tense, I mean it! Go take some lube, to be sure you have it.”

Probably he has lube in a drawer, but he's drunk and might forget about it and, knowing his… knowing Legolas, he might actually want to forgo it, which can be very bad. OK, so something… yes, this should be reasonably sized, and it's bent right, vibrates… yes, should do the trick.

“I have your word?”

“Yes, I promise not to be greedy and take care. Thank you.”

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Clearly now the boy regrets drinking the whole bottle of wine, Thranduil notices when he enters the kitchen, quite late too. Of course that's understandable, but it made him damn worry so much, wondering what happened. He seems to walk normally though, just squinting at the light and trying not to move his head abruptly, which is quite normal. It's good he thought to bring the sunglasses downstairs, of course the boy doesn't think of that, and he would clearly benefit from some air, so he's ready to tell Galion to put some things on a tray, when there's a startled little sound and, fuck, again the girl, she didn't hear him and, oh, fuck this already!

She's trying to calm as soon as possible, of course, but Legolas is stricken anyway, and as much as Thranduil would pity her, this needs solving, his son comes before anyone else. Resolutely, he asks Galion for juice and coffee and some simple food and calls Legolas outside. He won't be of help to the girl right now anyway.

Settling on the blankets already spread out before, he gives the boy some time to quench his thirst, and wonders how should he start.

“I'm sorry, Thran,” Legolas starts, “I shouldn't have done that last night.”

“And why was it wrong, Legolas?”

“I didn't have your permission to go in the playroom for stuff other than lube or similar.”

“Yes, but why was it worse last night?”

The boy is quiet for a few moments, and yes, probably he didn't really explain this before.

“Being intoxicated is always an added danger, Legolas, and you are not even used to drink too often. We tend to ignore safety a lot under the influence.”

“Ah, OK, that's why you… OK, I… I'm sorry, and it won't happen again.”

“Don't promise things that are difficult to do, I won't fault you for drinking.”

“It doesn't really help,” the boy sighs, “and it feels awful after. I hoped I could be calmer if I drank, but it only made me sadder and I don't need that. Maybe if I'd get so drunk that I just fall asleep, but that is also useless.”

He's too young to reach that conclusion already, but what else did Thranduil himself do last night?
As bone tired as he was, it was impossible to sleep, even if he felt marginally better after the shower. He could have stayed awake, but would have driven himself crazy with worry on what Legolas was doing, and so he had taken a happy pill and forgotten anything, but that's a very slippery slope. Yes, he should probably tell Galion to get rid of all his stash, because right now his control is fraying and he's of no use to anyone if he becomes an addict. Better do it fast. After he finishes here, yes.

“You are right, but you are also human, and there's a limit to the amount of pain any man can take. I will never judge you for needing to forget, but please, I want you to promise me you will also take care – alone or with somebody else. Things can get very easily out of hand, and you don't have experience, so the best would be to keep alcohol and play separate. Not to mention you already tend to forget certain things anyway.”

“Somebody else?”

Damn it, so much hurt in his voice now, like it was so fucking easy for Thranduil to say it! Yes, this makes him want to go straight to the pills and make the pain go away, so he has to.

“There is no reason to be alone, Legolas. You are young and good looking, it shouldn't be difficult to find partners for any kind of play you wish. Yes, a smart thing would be not to get involved in something long term right away though, it's always a mistake after getting wounded like this.”

He can't look in his eyes now, because no matter what he finds there, it will hurt, so he lets himself slide on his back and watches the moving branches, the sun rays filtering through the leaves. There's silence, until finally, Legolas mumbles something akin to the fact that he will take care, then he seems to busy himself with a piece of toast, by the sound of crunching. Thranduil lets him eat what he can, before he brings the second issue in discussion, but again, the boy surprises him.

“I'm feeling very bad about this, but I'm not sure living here helps Frieda that much. I mean, she's obviously better, and I really wish her to heal, but I'm afraid there are just too many men around. And of course we need security, I understand this, I just don't know what I can do for her. I don't even know how to convince her I don't want to rape her!” he snarls now.

“No, stop, this morning was just...”

“It's not about this morning, it was just a matter of time, no, we talked and she was thinking I did this to have her, that this is the only reason I would protect her from other men! You were right when you asked me, it seems she thought it was more than I intended even when I hit her husband and before. She said that she would have wanted to marry me, when her parents spoke of marriage, because I didn't hit all women that didn't treat me right, and I didn't try to touch her and shit. I was the only fool who didn't actually believe that was the case, I imagine. God, for sure the damn idiot also beat her after what I did, I probably caused her more harm than good!”

“I'm sorry you had to find out like this. Also, berating yourself for everything doesn't help, since your knowledge of how people do certain things was so carefully restricted. But, as endearing as your cluelessness toward certain things is, you'll have to outgrow it, in order to understand what the people around you want.”

“I know what they want, but what I don't know is how to reject them without being a boor.”

“Just be honest for now, the ones who can't take no for an answer are not people you'd want around anyway.”

“Wouldn't it help more if I would treat them more gently, even if I gave them hope in some cases, especially some you are working with? I doubt all of them like to be yelled at.”
“No, of course not all like to be yelled at, but giving people hope can be a very dangerous game.” Thranduil really, really hopes for him never to find out how dangerous it is, like he did. No, don't.

“I know you want to help, but this is not something I'd ask of you. There's no need to suffer idiots around, yes, be polite but firm. There's no need to explain certain things, you like a person or you don't, in that way. You will never have to offer yourself to anyone you don't want, never, you hear me?” he positively growls now.

“I'm afraid I won't be able to learn what you want me to,” Legolas sighs, clearly unsure on himself once again. “At least this socializing business I've done right, I hope, so I was thinking I might just learn to do it better.”

“Yes, you are good at it, so it will be a good idea to improve, and you'd complement me well, since I loathe it. But even if you won't ever be great at the actual business part, you need to know it. Don't be so worried, you really are smart, so I don't see any reason why you won't understand it. After you do, you can of course decide what you prefer to do, I won't force you, I promise.”

“OK, as you wish. I was thinking of speaking with Elrond, when he comes back, if he has more ideas about what to do for Frieda.”

“I'm not sure when he'll be back, but I think you should speak to Arwen first.”

“Arwen? But she's not a doctor!”

“No, but she's been dealing with several foundations who help victims like your friend. She should know to recommend maybe a live in center, maybe that will help more, or something else like that.”

“I never knew she does that.”

“Yes, probably she didn't think it was the best topic to discuss with you. It's something… well, let's say special for all of them. You should know, I told you Elrond's wife died in bad circumstances, that means she was raped and killed herself after, so each of them has tried to help other victims, in their own way. Arwen will understand very well the situation, and do tell her to speak with Eowyn for some funding, too. These places always need help, so we'll add the one she chooses on our list starting this year.”

Of course this shocks the boy, but it's pointless to keep it secret now, and he's tired of hiding. He lets him process, waiting patiently until he speaks again.

“I will keep paying attention what I say, I can't even imagine how hard it is for them. But what does this funding business mean, exactly, Thran?”

“Yes, you don't know. You've seen at the company's party the part with giving away grants and all. Any company can legally dispose of a part of their profits to fund such organizations that help people, and I generally chose educational foundations until now, but there's no reason not to add one that helps victims.”

“Will it cost you a lot?”

“Actually, it won't cost me anything. The company is growing, with all the new things we'll add, so our profit is growing too, as is the part we can donate without being taxed. We can either increase the sum we give to the foundations we are working with already, or choose new causes to support. You should talk to Eowyn about this too, she's in charge of all public relations, which include charity, and she'll explain all you need to know.”
“OK. Do you think… Frieda will hate me for making her go away?”

“Neither of us can really help her more than we did until now. If she doesn’t want to go to such a place, it's her choice, of course, and I can give her money for a place to stay until she finds a job, might even ask around for one, but I don’t know what can she do alone.”

“Yes, I don’t know either. She only knows to cook and clean and things like that, and maybe in a house with fewer people… OK, I will speak to Arwen and I will speak to her too, I…”

“I wish to speak to Frieda myself a little. There are things she shouldn't tell other people, about what happened, I will have to make that clear to her, and it's my job to do it, Legolas. You go speak to Arwen and we'll see about the rest.”

“I will. But how come you are home so late?”

“I do need sleep too, you know. And I'll have to leave again for a few days, I'm just recharging. At least did you sleep well?”

“OK, I suppose. I will clean everything and return it, just needed to wake up.”

“Keep it. Tell me if you need anything more, as long as you keep safety in mind.”

“It's useless, really. It doesn't… it doesn't feel that good like this anyway. I don't know really why, but it's not that satisfactory.”

“Keep it anyway, and just allow yourself to go on, Legolas. Look around, see whom you'd like and well, it will get better.”

What else can he say, really? There's nothing more he can do, but support his son to heal and find someone better, in time. He'll still be here to teach him what he needs, but right now that's all he can offer. Leaving the young one to his meal, Thranduil goes back to the kitchen and deals with the rest. The girl is quite frightened when he tells her they need to speak, and it reminds him too damn much of Legolas at the beginning.

“Galion, I need a short talk with you first, come with me to the bedroom, will you?”

He doesn't even know where to talk with her, yes, his office was emptied of everything and the new furniture arrived, but he wasn't in there yet. Well, he should. After all, they changed the style completely, he has to see if he'll like a very modern room. Until then, he empties everything from the little hidden places and tells the man to dispose of it as he likes. And to keep an eye on the playroom while he'll be away, because with the headache pounding, of course Legolas says he won't drink anymore, but when he'll feel better, who knows. Yes, and to keep taking care who speaks with the girl and about what, because their status is still a secret from many, and she doesn't really understand. That settled, to deal with the other issue, to make her understand a bit of it.

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Yes, the room has a different feel now, it's less welcoming, colder. That's good, and anyway, a change was needed after he had actually turned the old desk into kindling. It was marginally helpful, too, cooled his disposition for a short time. But he didn't have the strength to do the same to the bed, even if… Well, at least the playroom is not a place he'll use too soon, so that doesn't matter. But back to what he has to do.

The girl is really unsure and looks so small on the wide chair, but Thranduil can't afford to soothe her or make her too confident, because there are way bigger things at stake. It's better she understands
things can turn real bad if she says what she shouldn't, than to do damage control afterward. Still, Legolas would be angry with him if he terrifies her, so he has to thread carefully.

“I'd like to know how you feel,” he starts, as calmly as he can. “I hope everyone is treating you properly?”

“Yes, thank you, everyone is great. I have no reason to complain, I should really apologize, I think.”

“Why do you think you need to apologize?”

Weirdly enough, she almost scowls at the question, why is that?

“Legolas already asked me that, but probably he didn't discuss it with you. And maybe I should have talked with you first, that… Well, I was taught that was the proper way, but. Well, my parents should, but they shunned me anyway. I'm sorry, even if Legolas says he didn't do it because he'd want a wife, maybe you did, and once again, I have to say it is something I can't ever do again.”

“Yes, allowing yourself to starve to death rather than being traded again to another man made it quite clear what you think of marriage. No, do not worry, neither of us has such plans for you, this is not how things are done normally. What you saw as relationships between men and women was something very twisted, and it's very understandable to not want it again. Be at ease, I'm not interested in discussing this.

The problem I want to speak about is what you'll say to other people, about Legolas, about me, about your past. You seem to be an intelligent woman, so you realize what happened at Martin's... at the pastor's house could be a problem, if people know who did it, right?”

“I understand. No, I am indebted to you, and he deserved it, all of it. I won't tell anyone what I saw, I promise that.”

“I will believe that you don't want Legolas to suffer for this, so you will keep quiet. Still, there is also a bit more – things were not easy for Legolas when he came to town, and we didn't know about this until very, very late – about 3 weeks before we came to Green Prairie. This means the fact that he is my son can prove an issue, if people find out how it happened, and it would hurt both him and me. I know it sounds strange, but I would rather you'd just tell anyone that yes, you knew him when you were children, and he's helping you find a place in town, but you'd refrain mentioning our relationship and all. Do you think you can do that?”

She's looking at him quite angry, looking for words, and clearly afraid of how he'll react when she speaks, but finally she does. She does have courage, he must give her that.

“Will you not acknowledge him now either?”

“If I'd known then, I would have married his mother on the spot. I didn't, so things are complicated, and I'm too well known for anything like this to not be in the spotlight. Do you think Legolas will appreciate a whole country speaking of his family, of his problems?”

“No, not Legolas!”

“Exactly. So I'm listening to advice on how to make this as little of a news as possible and protect him of various idiots. And the best means for that is for anyone to know as little as possible of this, while he learns what he needs to face everything. I can promise you he is my main concern, and because of that, I need your promise to keep silent on all you've seen here. Once again, can you promise me that?”
“As long as he's happy and taken care of, I don't see why anyone should know more and nose around. I understand very well what it means when everyone around wants to know every move you make,” she answers, so bitterly.

It hits him now, is she…

“How old are you, Frieda? Are you even 18?”

“No, not yet. What does that matter?”

“It matters a lot, because outside your community you're not legally an adult. Right this second, even after all they did to you, your parents could put out a missing person alert and if the police would find you here, it would not be simple. Fuck, I need to let Legolas know this before… Sorry, OK, I will tell this to my lawyer and he'll inform us on the best way to deal with this. I will need you to give Galion your ID, what you took with you, so he can send it to him, so he can check everything. You do have some form of ID, right?”

“Yes, I brought the important things with me. I'm sorry, there are 5 more months until I turn 18, and if this is such a problem I'll...”

“There's nothing you can do alone right now! I know what I'm saying is cruel, but you have no knowledge of the outside world and they did all they could to crush your personality. This was the second thing – both Legolas and I understand it's hard for you to tolerate so many men around, but we can't change the way this house is run. Security is important, I have enemies and always will, so they have to be here.

He will speak with a friend of ours who knows a lot more about organizations who can help women in your position, offer counseling and help you heal, and also help to finish your studies, prepare for a job, things like this. Do you think you are willing to go to such a place and go through this process?”

“Do I have any other choice?”

“We can try and help you find a job, but if I'm not mistaken, all they taught you is things like cooking and cleaning, right?”

“Yes, and I'm not even as good as your cook is at that.”

“Very few people are as good as Mrs. Baggins is, we're very lucky to have her. If this is what you'd want to do, I'm sure also that she's willing to teach you things, and I would never throw you out on the street. The problem is that you really need to be able to be comfortable in the presence of other men, and none of us is qualified to help you with that.”

She's smiling widely now, weirdly enough, and Thranduil wonders what did he say so funny.

“You say you're cruel, but I told this to Legolas, and I'll tell you also: you treat me as someone who can understand what is at stake, and you let me decide. Yes, I'm really sorry things were like this, and that really, I'm not good enough for him. I know I'm not, and you are very right to protect him. Yes, I want to learn to do more, I really want not to tremble when there's someone behind my back, so rest assured, I am grateful for this, more than for anything else. Tell me exactly what you want me to say, and that is all I'll ever tell anyone else.”

“Thank you for understanding my position. I will see what my lawyer says, and how we can make everything best for everyone, OK? I might get ahead of myself, but if it's needed, would you accept to say you are a different age, possibly have another name?”
She’s pondering on this, and honestly Thranduil is impressed by the strength this battered soul shows. Yes, in a better world, she would have probably been very good for Legolas, but they don’t live in that world.

“That would make it way harder for anyone to find me, also, wouldn’t it?”

“Yes, absolutely.”

“Then I hope your lawyer will recommend this.”

Yes, really too fucking bad they don’t live in that fucking world.

Chapter End Notes

The lyrics in this chapter don’t belong to me, of course. They are, in order,
- Wayne Static- Not Meant For Me
- Kansas – Dust in the wind
- Oasis – Champagne Supernova
- Verve – Bittersweet Symphony
WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

Chapter Summary

I'm kind of laughing my ass off, because I'm back at wishing everybody a Happy New Year! with a... well, taking care of chapter?

When I started this, I definitely didn't think this will take so long to finish, or actually get so big. It's the longest story on the Thranduil/Legolas tag, I've discovered. Pretty crazy, really. And that made me realize I was holding on waaaay too tight on some things in writing it, so it prompted me to let go of them. Because the story needs to advance.

Anyway, this chapter was 90% done more than a year ago - yes, my non-linear writing style well in place. Do tell me if the changes you'll see in how the story works make sense, lol.

2 MONTHS LATER

Elladan is happy that he managed to pacify Legolas a bit by hugging him, but suddenly the youth disengages and starts saying something about leaving. It's odd, but he has no idea what has gone wrong, and a look at Elrohir doesn't solve anything. Still, it's not right. After all, they spent a lot of time together in the last months, when their schedules allowed, and he was way less unsure than in the beginning. It's pretty much an usual evening, really, just sitting around in their shared part of the house, listening to some quiet music and shooting the breeze, nothing that specific. After all, since the beginning there was this unspoken agreement to avoid certain topics, so...

"Legolas, look, we will not hold you here if you don't want to stay, but this is just plain strange. What happened, did I do something to make you uncomfortable, please, tell me!"

The youth just keeps mumbling something about having to do God knows what, but Elrohir's sharp eyes see the way he surreptitiously tries to rearrange his jeans, and understands the issue.

"Look, you are not the only guy who got a boner out of the blue,” he says, and knows he got it right when Legolas goes all crimson.

"It's OK,” Elladan says, "we had a time when we seriously asked father if we could wear harem pants. You know, those things which are very wide, almost like a big skirt?”

“Yes,” his brother laughs, “we were just getting hard if the wind blew a certain way. It's nothing new at this age, believe me.”

“Also,” Elladan adds, “we are a bit vain and don't mind if this happens because you like what you see… or what you touch.”

“Going cold turkey after a heated period also doesn't help. Since Thranduil was pretty demanding, to put it lightly, going without immediately is just going to cause such issues. It's simple biology, my friend.”

“Fuck biology,” Legolas huffs. “I... I wasn't like that, and it's not something you do to friends.”
“People change, Legolas. And, really, if you want it, as friends, we can give you a hand.”

“Or a mouth,” Elladan quips. “And other body parts, too.”

“I would never…”

“Look, it's not the end of the world, and you are pretty easy on the eyes.”

“Yeah, you should have seen some of the people we dated.”

“Better not, we don't want him scarred for life.”

The twins are happy to see Legolas smiling a bit, and he isn't trying to leave anymore.

“It's just… I was indeed used to a lot more… action,” he says. “And not just that, but also, I can't seem to sleep well now, alone,” he says. “And how can you just stop wanting somebody, just like that? And why does my body want…”

“Look, Legolas, an erection is just a reflex response of the body. It's just like feeling cold or heat or thirst, the nerves respond to touch, to smell, to someone attractive. That in itself is not something you can stop, the important thing is what you do or don't do about it.”

“We know you had bad experiences in the past, and those guys were not bad because they desired you, they were bad because they did not take no for an answer.”

“As long as it is consensual and you are not breaking promises you made to somebody else, there is nothing bad in physical relationships.”

“And as long as you take precautions, of course.”

Legolas sighs and doesn't say anything for a while, then breathes deeply.

“The problem is that I still feel like I am betraying him,” he says.

“You are betraying him, or he betrays you when he does not touch you anymore?” Elrohir asks.

“I… yes, probably both,” Legolas acknowledges. “And I know it's not right, but I… I never had a father, as much as I wanted one. Why now? How should I look at him and see my father and not… I… how do I do this?”

“Come here,” Elladan says. “It doesn't make sense, that's true. We can't solve that for you, but we can be here for you and give you whatever would feel good, be it a hug or more.”

“You know we like to play,” Elrohir says. “It doesn't have to be serious, no strings attached.”

“And we can just not speak about it afterward.”

“Or we can go on for a while, until you can deal with all this better.”

“We don't have to do something specific, and we can stop whenever it is too much.”

“Just come hug me for now, and don't worry about poking around,” Elladan says again. “I will just take it as a compliment.”

“Or you can poke me,” Elrohir smirks. “If you don't want him.”
“Yes, and, even if we generally do stuff together, you don't have to want both of us, you know.”

“Yeah, we don't just go crying home if you want just one of us. We get that it's complicated and you might just need to feel comfortable.”

“Come here.”

Legolas sighs again, but does let Elladan hug him. He squirms a bit, trying not to touch him with his groin, but Elladan will not have it.

“Look, Legolas, if it's not pleasant for you to touch me with your cock, I'm OK with it, but don't try to spare my sensibilities. I seriously have none regarding this.”

“I'm afraid that, if I start, I might not want to stop, Elladan.”

“As I said before, we don't have to stop. Just, we don't need to hurry either.”

“Come here,” Elrohir says, and he hugs him too, moving his hand on his tight back, in his hair, soothing, warm and nice.

“Tell us what you need, Legolas. Whatever it is. Probably we can't offer you just everything, but what we can, we will.”

“Also, both of us, or just one? It's only up to you.”

“How do I choose, Elrohir?” the youth asks. “I don't… I'm not used to make decisions on this,” he admits, feeling way more vulnerable than he did in a long time.

Elrohir hugs him tighter, and Legolas makes a small satisfied sound, and his body relaxes just a bit. But then, Elladan joins them and both just envelop him with their bodies, holding him tight, blanketing him from all sides, and he knows he's the one who moans and goes almost limp in their grip, finally getting back a fraction of the safe feeling he craved so much these months.

They don't do anything more for a while, just hold him there, and he realizes after some time that he's hard as a rock, but Elrohir does not comment on the erection that jabs his thigh, just keeps holding him, supporting him. And then his gaze changes, and he actually asks Legolas' permission, so Legolas nods, and feels those soft lips just touching oh so lightly over his cheek, then ghosting over his lips, making him want more. But he withdraws, and Legolas' eyes open – and he didn't even know he closed them.

Elladan turns his head a bit and touches his other cheek, then his mouth gets very close and Legolas feels the heat of his breath over his lips, so tempting that he moves a bit and makes them touch, shivers coursing through him just from this.

They keep taking turns, deepening the touch maddeningly slow, and Legolas is very grateful for their strong arms around him, because his knees just go liquid. He finally shudders and moans and feels his cock try to jump brutally in his pants, and has to squirm and breathe and do something, because the material is oppressive on his length.

He realizes then that the twins are hard too, he feels their stiff shafts against his body, and it's scary and exciting at the same time. He breathes deep and knows he should say something, but has no idea what.

The twins wait a bit, but, since he keeps silent, he feels Elladan's hands in his hair, guiding his head a little to the side, getting access and starting to lightly kiss and lick at his neck, making him shiver
again, while Elrohir starts kissing him determinedly now, his tongue exploring Legolas' mouth, swallowing his whimpers. He feels completely held and… conquered, and it starts to be too good, which is scary, so he squirms and pushes at Elrohir's shoulders, making him stop the kiss, and manages to tell Elladan to stop too.

He takes big gulps of air, grateful they didn't take their hands off him, because his legs are still shaky.

“What is it, Legolas,” Elladan asks again.

“It's too much, too good,” he answers, and sees too much tenderness in Elrohir's eyes. “I'm sorry, I got you aroused but…”

“That is a good thing, Legolas. We like being aroused.”

“And we already told you, we can always stop.”

“Yes, but it's not fair to tease you and…”

“And leave us with a case of blue balls? Really, that's just a plea for attention, you know. Anybody having at least one good hand can solve that easily.”

“Yes, but it's not the same!”

“Of course masturbating is not the same as having sex! Otherwise why would people torture each other with relationships? But the idea was, you don't ever need to feel guilty for establishing limits, Legolas. Anyone who tries to take advantage and does not respect them, does not deserve you, OK?”

Legolas sighs, because this is too much like the discussions he had with Thranduil, and he wanted so much to not think about him. But he can't seem to get his father out of his mind, although his thoughts are definitely not what a good son should have.

“I hate this,” he finds himself saying out loud.

“What do you hate?” Elrohir asks.

“I can't… I want it so much but it's not fair to be with you and think of him.”

“We don't expect pledges of undying love, Legolas. We know this hurts and is complicated.”

“But yes, you might want to speak with him and let him know you want to move on. Maybe that will give you a sort of closure.”

“We can support you in this,” Elrohir offers, and Elladan quirks his brow at him.

“My dear brother, are you sure what you are offering here?”

“Common, he will not come to blows, right?”

“I... I have no idea what he would do,” Legolas says. “You are very kind, but I'm afraid this is a talk I should have with him, not anybody else.” He sighs again, and feels his erection painfully reminding him of his need. He knows the twins are in the same predicament and, really, this does not seem fair.

“We can just jerk off, each of us, today,” Elladan says, taking him by surprise. “It's a sort of... adolescent behavior, but it would be just your own hand, no betrayal, you know?”
“Did you do this before?” he asks, bewildered.

“It happens often in high school locker rooms,” Elrohir says.

“And college dorms.”

“Yeah, we did it before, when we were too young and too unsure to try and make somebody date us.”

“Or when we were too tired in between exams to do something more.”

Legolas wonders how this would work, but somehow, it doesn't sound like it will be enough.

“Would you mind if I would stay overnight, if… we do more?” he asks the twins. “Would your father…”

“We don’t mind, and father has long learned to ignore what we do. But, still, Thranduil…”

“No, I will call Thran and speak to him about this right now,” Legolas decides.

“OK, we will leave you alone to speak and we’ll be back with some snacks.”

“Thank you,” he says, and steels himself for a conversation he really doesn't want to have. He could just say he wants to stay overnight and… maybe play computer games with the twins or such, because he did that before, but knows the moment Thranduil sees him the next day, he will know, and lying to him would surely not improve their fraught relationship. Plus, he remembers Thranduil said he should find somebody, right? Sure, he might not have thought about two somebodies, but… But better he should call and get it over with.

*

He breathes deep and presses the button, and his father answers really fast.

“Hello Legolas, sorry, I still didn't finish, don't wait me for dinner”, Thranduil says.

“No problem, Thran, that was not the issue. Please, are you alone, can we speak a bit?”

“One second,” he says, and Legolas hears him telling somebody he’ll be right back, then hears a door closing and there is quiet.

“OK, I'm alone now, what's the problem?”

Legolas breathes again, to gather his strength.

“I wouldn’t call it a problem, actually, I… I am still at the twins, at Elrond's house,” he says. “And I would like to stay overnight, if that's OK with you. The twins said it was OK and…”

There is silence at the other end of the line, then he hears Thranduil sigh and he says:

“Please take care. As weird as it might seem, negotiate before what you are willing to do and, even if you are not playing seriously, establish a safe word. The twins had good teachers, they will not refuse you this. Promise me you’ll do it?”

Legolas is shocked Thranduil seems to take everything so calmly, and there is a part of him who wants to weep and wonders if his father already replaced him, and that is why he doesn’t care. All these times he was away recently... Did he... But does that really matter now? He was the one calling
“Yes Thran, I promise I will discuss everything with them in advance. Don't worry, they are very gentle and…”

“And too much gentleness can feel as bad as a whip some days,” Thranduil says, and is that sadness in his voice? “Just take care, please, and, if you are able, please text me that you are all right. I have to get back to the meeting now, if there isn't anything else. Ah, let Galion know, so they don't worry?”

“Sure Thran. Thank you and good luck,” Legolas says, and hears the click ending the call.

He's thankful for the wall at his back and needs a minute to calm his heart. It worked way better than he expected, but that in itself is a pain. Nothing seems to satisfy him these days… He shakes his head and texts Galion and decides to go open the door, so the twins can know he finished the conversation.

*

“Did he breathe fire?” Elladan asks, smiling.

“No, he… he was unsettlingly supportive, actually. He just insisted we negotiate things in advance, and set a safe word.”

“Yes, quite a reasonable demand,” Elrohir nods and settles the tray he was carrying on the desk. There is juice and sandwiches and something else in a covered dish, some more food most likely.

“I think all this reasonable thinking will make me blow a damn gasket,” Legolas says, shaking himself. “I'm so tired of being reasonable!”

“Yes, you would be. Still, hurting yourself physically because you hurt inside will not solve anything, will just make it worse. I would propose we do plain vanilla things today, because it's been a while and it's still too new for you. Am I wrong to think you never had anyone else but Thranduil?”

“You are right, mostly; I… he had me fuck somebody on the stage once, and also had another man suck me once, while he was taking me, but well, yeah, they were… sort of toys, a reward to compensate that he doesn't like to be taken.”

“Do you want us to be your toys tonight? We can play at that.”

“No! No! That's… I can't do that!”

“Hush!” Elrohir says, hugging him, letting him rest his weary head on his strong shoulder. “I'm sorry, we do play such things and don't think much of it, but it's probably not the same for you. Elladan is right, let's just get to know each others' bodies tonight, move nice and slow and leave it at that. You don't need more games now, and we can do very well without them. Better?”

“I… you are probably right, although I am very tempted to beg you to just use me, until I forget myself. I… probably I should tell you what I like, too, I am OK with just vanilla, but a little pain makes everything better – I don't need too much, biting and spanking would be enough I think, or scratching. Oh, yes, and I can scratch and bite pretty bad sometimes, too, and have ripped some sheets apart.”

Elrohir squeezes him harder and chuckles.
“That's fine. Safe word?”

“Traffic lights system. Oh, and no blindfolds, can't stand them after... you know.”

“OK, traffic lights apply for us too, but today nothing but our bodies, OK? Unless you want to use condoms, of course. We are clean, but...”

“No, I don't think it's necessary. I... you probably know everything about my last check-up anyway.”

“You do use the safe word, if needed, right?”

“Yes,” he answers, blushing for sure, “it was real bad when I didn't, I learned my lesson.”

“Good,” Elladan smiles, “and one last thing, I'm Dan, and he's Ro – you know, for when things get too complicated to pronounce. Now, if nothing else's the matter, shall we get back to where we were?” he asks, taking their hands and bringing them through the hallway to... surely one of their bedrooms, obviously. Not that he cares that much right now. Then he's hugging him too, and he's again trapped in between their larger bodies. The syrupy, warm, safe feeling hits him so fast now that Legolas almost forgets to answer, and just moans it when he does, letting all the burning fear go away.

“Please,” he adds, closing his eyes and letting his body just hang in there, his arms twined around Elrohir's neck and shoulders, a shudder wracking him from head to toe when both of them push their bodies hard along his.

“No need for pleading, Legolas. We'll take care of you.” They do, oh, God, they do, now it's clear they mean business as they kiss and nibble at his ears, his neck, his jaw, strong hands stroke his flanks and then his mouth is plundered so thoroughly he could just come from it. He realizes he's grinding against Elrohir's cock through their clothes when they try to stop him, and for a few moments he has no idea why they do this.

“I think we should lose the clothes, haven't come in them for quite some years.”

“And we would love to see you do it,” Elladan purrs, “I'm sure you are really pretty at it.”

He just nods and tries to get rid of his jeans, but his hands are trembling so bad it just isn't happening, so they just help him, getting him naked in no time. Now when they cover him again with their now naked – when did that happen? - hard, hot bodies, he's yelling and thrashing and feeling so good rubbing against them, feeling them pressing back, both in front and in the back, their hard shafts so hot, branding him, that Legolas almost misses the moment he shudders and comes, barely managing to keep himself upright in between them.

His head falls back on Elladan's shoulder, and the hands petting slowly are just perfect, until he realizes, shamed, that they are still very much hard against him and that, well, he came so fast, of course they were not ready.

“I'm sorry,” he starts, but is interrupted.

“You needed it, it's OK. We have the whole night ahead.”

“And I'm sure you won't have a problem getting hard again, right?”

“No, of course not, I would love to make you come too, though.”
“We're counting on it. But let's get on the bed, we want to explore you.”

It's better on the bed, of course, because he doesn't have to worry about keeping himself upright, and it's soon maddening. He didn't think at all about how befuddling it is to have two persons intentionally, thoroughly, focusing to map every inch of his body, kissing and licking and squeezing, and of course he's hard again in what seems to be the blink of an eye.

His skin is burning from their touches and his hands seem to have a life of their own, he's now pulling at the lovely, heavy black hair and then he squeezes hard muscle and oh, God, he's probably squeezing too hard now, but both his nipples are engulfed in wet heat and damn, he can't explode again just like that, it's not fair, why doesn't he have even an ounce of control!

“Yellow!” he manages, and hates it that they stop, he does, but still.

“My nipples are really sensitive, I'll come if you go on like this.”

They chuckle and kiss his face, soothing him.

“How many times are you able to come in a night?” Elrohir wants to know.

“And do you function the next day?”

“Well… I think 6 was the most, but… well, I was fine the next day, yes, it was a little much, but if you want to…”

“Take advantage while you can, that won't keep happening for many years, or… was it dry too?”

“Yes, when it's too fast in a row, of course.”

“Legolas, you know, sex can just be fun,” Elladan intervenes; “it's not a competition and you don't have to do only what we want, you know that, right?”

“I know, it's just, I missed feeling protected and taken care of so bad, I did came alone and well, there are the toys, but this is so much better, I'd love to have everything you care to give me.”

“So if I bite one nipple, and Dan is sucking the other, would that do it?”

His cock is jumping just at the idea, and the twins laugh and kiss him, and then latch onto his nubs, teasing them so very lightly that he wants to scream that it's so not fair; but then there's a hand teasing his balls and another just ghosting over his straining cock, and Legolas has no more wish to complain, because his body takes control and strains in the familiar game of trying to feel more, to push and get what it needs so bad.

Of course they know it and they keep teasing, and he begs and his lips are kissed so fucking lightly, but enough to stop words from forming; not the whimpers, no, because he couldn't contain those if his life would depend on it, but for sure they like it, since they keep doing it for so long he starts thinking they'll never do anything else.

Of course that's not true either, because they deepen the touches, everywhere, and the pleasure courses through his veins, thick like lava. His hands are caught and held fast and now they settle on his nipples with so much gusto that he cannot say which one is kissing and which one is biting, it's all so perfect that he screams and loses it again. Fuck, yes, oh God, they keep at it, white hot, he almost can't take it. Maybe he should stop them but no, God, no, too good, too much, all his world is burning and it's so good that he's kept there, solid walls of flesh around his thrashing body, he falls and floats and blabbers, God, yes, yes!
Elladan stops his brother and they straighten a bit, watching in delight how their beautiful lover trembles mindless in the wake of his pleasure, his cheeks and chest flushed deliciously pink, his tormented nipples red like berries, his whole torso moving swiftly, trying to bring in enough air. Damn, that half-opened mouth is sin itself, luscious and red and plump now, and he can barely stop himself from tasting it again.

They keep holding his hands prisoner, while he slowly calms down, and try to keep themselves in check, aroused in the extreme. It's even harder when he does open his eyes, dark and glassy and so painfully filled with gratitude.

“You're such a sight when you let go,” Elladan says quietly, “I almost came myself.”

“Let me go, please,” he pleads, so they set him free, and he kisses them in thanks, long and slow and languid and thorough, then his hands start going downwards, followed by his hot mouth. The hands are not at all sure, he's still shivering from time to time, but he's too bent on this to try and stop him, and why would they? Still, it's clear he reaches a conundrum when he gets there, because, of course, he's not used to play with both at once and really make it count, so he's just sitting there for a few moments, and it does make them laugh.

“Hey, it's OK, just stay with one of us at first, you have no way of taking both of us like this.”

“Yeah, sure, it's just… damn, you are so thick, I didn't know that's possible!”

“Scared of it, little one?” The darkly rumbled question makes him shiver and then shake himself, pretty strange.

“No, yes, well, I like it when I'm not yet completely opened and it stretches too much, and just thinking about it I… I want it a lot. But, please, don't call me like that, he did it all the time and it makes me want to cry now.”

“Sure, what else we should avoid?”

“Ahh… anything with little, I think, it's… well, little leaf for sure, he kept saying I tremble like one.”

“You do, actually, and it's very, very erotic, but we'll refrain. Is Legs OK? Or Las?”

He laughs now, clearly this is not an issue.

“That's funny, and yes, it's just fine. I'm sorry, I'll...”

“You'll lay back down and I'll get you almost ready,” Elrohir growls, his hand grabbing a shoulder, hot like a brand, “and then I'll fill you to the brim; and meanwhile, you'll suck 'Dan nice and slow, so he won't come before I do.” Both of them gasp a little, breath trying to catch in their throats, but it's clear there'll be no protest, it's way too hot.

They settle comfortably, Legolas' back is resting on the headboard, his head over a hard pillow, and his hips are lifted with another, the twins on their knees at each of his ends, and there's lube, of course, but first Elrohir is licking him everywhere, and it's a bit much on his over-sensitized cock. Still, he won't protest, can't, really, what with Elladan's cock insistently nudging at his lips. He has to open crazy wide to let him in, feeling the edge of the well-defined mushroom head punishingly pull at his lips, and knows for sure his teeth are grazing it, but it's all he can do. Still, the man moans delighted, and it's good that he doesn't push more at first, letting him try to relax his jaw even more, trying to ignore the niggling doubt he is actually able to take him down his throat.

Elrohir's ministrations turn too good though, and Legolas thoroughly enjoys the taste and musky
smell of the hot piece of flesh, the salty drops of liquid exploding on his tongue, the hands grabbing and spreading his buttocks wide, the ones playing with his ear, with his hair; his own hands explore Elladan's body, gripping the hips first, then going up, then squeezing the firm buttocks, and Legolas enjoys the pleased sounds this gets, so he gets bolder, loving the way the other man's breathing turns so ragged and the little pushes into his mouth, deeper and deeper.

His jaw hurts already, it's a lot to take, but he wouldn't stop now, no way; the first finger breaches him, slow but firm, so he moans and greedily pushes the meaty cock more towards his throat, tearing and drooling and having issues swallowing his saliva already. His tongue tries hard to lave it all, and he might have bitten just a little, involuntarily, when 'Dan pulls at his hair, and doesn't get it why the man retreats.

“Slower, slower, please, I can't take it like this and last,” Elladan rasps, squeezing his muscles and then pulling at his testicles, huffing for air. “You're way too good at this, OK?”

“Well, it's too delicious and… ohhhh,” he whimpers, because the finger is doing magic down there, giving him deliciously fast little jolts of pleasure. “I want more,” he says, not clear who he asks it from, but it should be obvious he means both, and they laugh and give it to him, a second finger burning at his entrance and Elladan giving him his heavy, overfilled balls to suck and tease. He's pulling Legolas' hair so good when he sucks each of the tender ovals in, and God, he screams around them when Elrohir is just making circles over his prostate, again and again, steady and maddening and beyond arousing. Legolas is coughing around two digits going all the way down his throat unexpectedly and it's good, so good now!

The third finger is in, and then he's just being stuffed with unnatural amounts of lube, he doesn't understand why Elrohir keeps doing it, since he's quite relaxed, but then the fingers leave him and the other mushroom head tries to get in, to just split him in two it would seem, God, so intense! He can't breathe, trying hard to relax and let it in, and he will, he has to have the hard club inside all the way, his mind can't process how good it will feel when it hits his sweet spot hard, for sure, yessss!

He's trying to let Elrohir know he might just come from it, but “El” is all he manages to say, while the man just pushes for a little bit and withdraws, again, not even an inch inside him and already Legolas is seeing stars, so all he can do is mewl and moan and grab 'Dan's cock and lick at it in a frenzy, trying to suck it dry. Oh, Ro really shouldn't try to play with his cock also right now, and yes, it must be past the first ring now, because he can't control the searing pleasure-pain anymore, it's not possible. His whole body clenches until it feels like his muscles will rip themselves apart, and he's limp now, far away, hearing them both swear and groan as his ass is filled with spurts of hot seed, as his face is splattered too, and Legolas can't want anything more for a while.

“'m fine” he mumbles when he’s able, because he feels them worry over him, “just sleepy, sorry.”

His face is kissed lightly and there are chuckles, too.

“I'll bring some juice and a towel, and we'll let you rest for a while. Don’t fret, you are delicious like this, we just don't want to be glued together, OK?”

He smiles dreamily and agrees, still limp, light-headed, loving the attention, loving it even more when they settle around him and pull the covers on top, because it gets so very warm and good, and they smell so yummy now, he can just burrow his face in a muscled side and push his back against another and feel their hands just resting on him, so he can drift off for a while.

He’s woken up some time later, languid strokes and kisses making him float in between dream and reality, and he likes it there. Still, he’s awake enough to answer that yes, he knows where he is and agrees to everything, and is more relaxed now, so he thoroughly enjoys the tongue teasing his cock
and copies its movements on the stiff rod brought to his mouth, and there’s just a finger teasing his entrance.

Legolas is no longer so desperately on edge, so now he can appreciate the slow, dragging movements, the warm buildup of sensation, can really feel the thicker texture of the luscious hair, very slowly combing through tangled strands. The finger doesn’t really breach him, and a perfectly wet, wiggly tongue joins the tease, and it’s fine, he whispers his appreciation around the scrumptious piece of meat teasing his lips, his tongue. He’d like it if it would ruin his throat with hard jabs, but the slow movement is fine too, because he gets to explore it, tease sensitive spots, make breath hitch around his own dick.

The thing he appreciates most is that he’s still blanketed completely – it’s almost completely dark now in the room, so he doesn’t really have an idea which of them is in front of him, in a 69, but the one at the back copies the position, with the mouth that torments his ass and the rest of the body flush to his back. Legolas can’t pay attention to the second cock, but stops fretting and promises himself he’ll make amends after. After what exactly he doesn’t know, but also no longer cares, pliant in their arms, resolutely enjoying the attention.

The heat keeps building, in this cozy nest they made, and he just lets it take him, trying hard to cope with all the exquisite sensation overload, lavishing all his care and attention on the perfect cock invading his throat now. It's gagging him completely and Legolas enjoys it, he enjoys so much to be filled and taken and used to the maximum, a drooling, sweaty mess, his nostrils filled to the brim with the musk of their earlier play, with sweat and want and just warm, alive bodies, taking him higher and higher.

He swallows greedily the delicious seed the meaty plug spills, having no idea how he also manages to breathe, and doesn’t even care that the hand squeezing hard at the base of his cock doesn’t allow him to spill himself yet; it's only fair that they exchange places and he offers the same attention to the second appetizing rod, plying all his skills to bring the same pleasure he feels, to show how much he appreciates all this. Legolas is almost surprised when his own climax comes, so satisfying that he can’t even make sounds, other than the slurping of the new seed filling his mouth, and it’s just right to fall back to sleep between the thoroughly sated bodies, letting tomorrow take care of itself.
They had just got up in the morning and managed to shower, and are ready to get some breakfast, when Legolas gets Bard’s text letting him know he will be there to pick him up in maximum 15 minutes. Legolas is a bit miffed, but he knows it’s probably Thranduil’s order, so he sighs and wonders what kind of discussion he will have to go through when he gets home.

“What happened,” Elladan asks. “Everything all right?”

“Yes, it’s just Bard letting me know he’ll be picking me up in a few minutes. Sorry, it seems I won’t be able to stay for breakfast. Let me confirm him I’m ready.”

“Yeah, but… this early? And you really should eat.”

“I will, Mrs. Baggins always has delicious things prepared for breakfast, don’t worry.”

“But you do worry about Thranduil’s mindset, don’t you?” Elrohir asks, and Legolas is amazed again how well the twins are reading him.

“Yes, I am, a bit. But it’s probably that he wants to see for himself I am all right. He never was unfair once he set a rule before,” he says.

Although he does still dream all this will end and Thranduil will say he failed a test and should ask for punishment. His heart beats faster at the idea, but… one thing Thranduil had made clear was that there could be no more anything between them, no punishment, real or playful included, so this doesn’t make any sense.

“I’ll text you and let you know after it ends,” he tells them. “Just… give me a kiss and let’s start the day, OK?”

They smile and kiss him sweetly, and hug him, and it feels good, so he thinks he’s ready for it. But of course, he didn’t expect Thranduil to actually be in the limo when he gets in.

“Morning, Legolas,” he says, and looks so very tired that Legolas almost starts shaking with pain for him. He really, really hopes he didn’t cause him any more hurt with this.

“Good morning Thran. What happened, why are you here at this hour?”

“Well, you could take this as your first, basic business lesson,” Thranduil smirks crookedly: “Clients are morons and business partners are idiotic morons. They need reassurance at every little step and they want to show you how great they are. And they do that by poking their noses in things they don’t understand, and trying to change the laws of physics and stuff like that. And then they ask for a discount.”

“You worked all night then?”

“Yes, some days I really consider just selling everything and living quietly with nothing to do but stay by the pool reading.”

“You would start going crazy after less than a week, Thran.”

He loves that he managed to make a small smile appear on the beautiful face.

“That’s possible too. And yes, I know it's just not about what I want with the company anymore,
since I had to make certain promises. I’m just too tired of dealing with idiots, you know?”

Now there’s a real smirk on his face.

“I was thinking you should start coming to the office and learning things now, if you are recovered. We’ll sit down with Eowyn and Faramir and set a schedule to see who can show you what.”

“You still think it wouldn’t be better if I start at lower levels, since I have no idea what happens there?”

“Working low level jobs would not actually prepare you to lead in any way, Legolas. It’s a myth, really. Yes, I will speak with Mithrandir to find you a good economics professor, too, but the only way to run a company is to understand how it is to manage the others and think strategically. The people working at low level jobs are just supposed to obey orders. It’s a big difference.”

“And I’m already too good at obeying,” Legolas says, dejectedly.

“Don’t sell yourself short. If you were really that obedient, you would have thoroughly humiliated yourself to your grandfather and managed to stay there, happy that he allows you to go on. Or you would have let that animal use you and would have taken your beatings like a rag. You decided to fight, believe me, you showed more spine than many people I know.”

“Yeah, I made some great decisions, getting to be sold as a slave and ending up in hospital with broken bones.” Shit, why does he say such hurtful things, especially since he had such a good night?

“Legolas, the important thing is to be able to make decisions. Nobody only makes good decisions in everything. Only an impossibly lucky person can always have all the resources and data they need to make the perfect choice. All human beings make mistakes, but the vast majority chooses to let others make the decisions for them, so they can say somebody else was wrong.

The issue with making decisions is that you also have to hold yourself accountable for their results, and this scares people more than slavery, more than not being able to feed their children properly or send them to a good school, more than destroying their health through bad habits.

Tell me,” he says, softer now, “when you decided not to submit to Sauron, did you really not know Bolg could barely wait to hurt you?”

It’s a cruel question, but Legolas has to admit it’s true.

“Yes, I had seen it in his eyes earlier that he was just looking for an excuse to hit me. And I was sure that it would be more than I can take and nothing of it would be pleasurable.”

His face burns now, but Thran is right, he should not hide this.

“And I was pretty sure that if I relaxed I could take… Sauron… into my body and it wouldn’t hurt much, or maybe at all. But I would have preferred dying than submitting to him.”

Thranduil smiles encouraging at him, and he might want to say something, but Legolas hasn’t finished, and he goes on:

“But I still don’t understand how any of this makes sense. You did hurt me on occasions, and I urged you to continue, I loved it, Thran. I would love it again right now.” *There, he said it, for whatever it’s worth. “And I just… I know I could do that with the twins, if they would want it. Why do I like it like this, but I wouldn’t take it to save my life?”*
Thranduil’s face is a panoply of emotions now, and he thinks for a moment, looking for words probably, and then answers:

“Because you felt you can trust me, Legolas. And you trust the twins. You trust us to think about you also, not only about our own egoist pleasure. That’s what safe words are for, or other signals. The idea of safe and sane play is that the limits of what somebody experiences are pushed one inch at a time, not a mile at a time. And you probably felt, deep down, that no matter what you would give to them, it would never be enough, you would suffer for naught.

Plus, you had the guts to admit it, my dear. Most people prefer to lie to themselves and just take orders, and believe surely somebody will recognize when they can’t take it anymore.”

“Be that as it may, why do I rather submit than take control?”

“Actually, you might like being in control, you just didn’t have the time to experiment with it. Like enough people, you might be more of a switch than a submissive.”

“You mean, if we hadn’t found out about all this, you would have let me take control of you?”

Thranduil sighs again, long and low.

“I am sort of a special case. After the attack” – and Legolas is again thinking that there’s something strange here, because he’s sure Thranduil wanted to say something else – “I kind of never healed completely. Instead of confronting the issue face to face, I chose to put up walls and just do whatever necessary not to be in such a position again. That meant never ceding control to anyone and never really trusting anyone 100% - that also meant not falling in love, because you cannot be in love and not offer your heart on a silver platter.

I’m really sorry about this now, because I’m afraid I don’t know how to do it, and you deserve it, my son. I am trying to offer you love and attention, I just… there are many years since I allowed my heart to really feel something. I want all the best for you, and please, never hesitate to ask if you need something from me. Even if I don’t see it, and I should, just ask it of me and I will do all that I can to give you what you need. Please?”

“It’s strange, Thran. I also don’t know how to ask for things, and… well, many times I don’t yet know what to ask, what I need. It’s so much easier just to take what is offered, although it does make me feel weak and needy. Just… how would I go to somebody and just… start ordering them around? How would I come to you and ask for things, if I am not even certain that is what I want?”

“You don’t need to just jump in, head first. There is no hurry, and don’t pressure yourself too much. That idiot of your grandfather should have taught you completely different, I should have done a more thorough check and just not put you through all this, but neither of us did the right thing and you are the one stuck paying the price. No, it’s true, you have to offer yourself time and advance slowly, as maddening as this can be. Don’t take the mindset you have now as something that can’t change and do try new things – when you feel ready for them. And ready might just mean curious about how something would be.

Yes, there are precautions you have to take, and yes, do communicate with those people and let them know you are not in it for long term things. It wouldn’t be fair to give false hopes to somebody, so it’s better to seek out either people who know very well what they are doing or people who are just looking to play – and the twins were a very good choice.” Although I so want to kill them right now, Thranduil thinks.

“Learn from them, from their carefree attitude, and ask them if somebody is suitable for play, they
have much more experience and they do know people. I don’t think I’m wrong when I think they
offered everything with no strings attached, right?”

“Yes, they did,” Legolas blushes. “They were actually… kind of like you in speaking to me,
unsettlingly so. They actually…” but no, Legolas things, this is surely not something you tell your
father about your… lovers?

“You can tell me anything Legolas, that will never change. I sincerely doubt it’s something I never
heard before anyway. And don’t try to spare my feelings, realize you are important now and you
need to understand all this.”

“Well, they offered first we should just masturbate together, nothing more, so I can feel safe that it’s
not… too much or I don’t feel like I disappointed them. And it was weird to know people do this,
and even weirder to realize you did start with me like that. And then they offered to be the ones
taken, just so I do not feel pressured.”

“Yes, this is how an encounter should work, no matter what do you plan to do. You offer the partner
or partners a choice and take care of their emotional needs. Even when dominating, you want to offer
pleasure and relief, not to destroy the person, that is just sick. And yes, I see the question in your
eyes, I know I did destroy people, but I never pretended that was anything other than war. Play or
relationships need to have partners working together. Yes, it can look very differently when there’s a
big gap in life experience between them, and I am really, really sorry if I abused your trust in any
way during our relationship, but…”

“No, Thran, don’t. I think the only trouble is you did it too well, and made me feel too good, and
that’s not something to apologize for. Yes, I was afraid at first, and I resented the power you had
over me, but I think a big part of that power I gave to you, you didn’t take it or want it. I was too
used to unfair treatment to be able to see your behavior as it really was.”

Thranduil wants to say something more, but the intercom buzzes and Bard lets them know they
arrived for quite some time.

“OK, maybe we should move this inside. I didn’t even ask you if you were awake when Bard
texted, did you eat?”

“No, I was awake, but just finished with the shower, I didn’t have time to eat. I am sure Mrs.
Baggins has something good ready though. What about you, Thran?”

“Well, I should sleep some, but a bit of food wouldn’t hurt. Let’s see what she has.”

It turned out to be some delicious quiche and lots of muffins, and Thranduil thought that the only
good thing in all this was that Legolas was just inhaling the food after all the exercise. Legolas
having an appetite was a great thing, but the thought that didn’t want to leave his head was if he had
submitted to the twins or taken them. And that was a question he had no right to ask at the moment,
and the answer would not do him any good.

“Do you want to continue preparing for GEDs,” he finally asks, because that should be established,
too.

“You will have less free time with coming to the office and the economy lessons I will have
Mithrandir arrange.”

“I like what I’m studying,” Legolas manages to say in between muffins, “both the things for the
exam and the rest of the lessons. Balin just started a series of things about European history and it’s
fascinating, and Mithrandir is so patient that I forget this is school. And yes, I do want to have that diploma. I will tell them about having to arrange the schedule around office time but don’t worry, keeping busy is good.”

“You are just like me sometimes, so please, when you are feeling really tired, say so, OK? None of these is done against the clock, nobody expects you to be a prodigy finishing school overnight. Even if I would imply that you should, this is your life, Legolas, you don’t have to do it because I like it, OK? Yes, you need to be able to do certain things, but I will give you all the time and aid in the world. And at any time, if you want to study something else, if you need a break, then you will have that. I was serious saying I can sell the company in case you do not want to lead it one day. I will keep working for Fingon and all, yes, but that doesn't transfer to you in any way. That will be very careful to settle, when we finally solve with the papers and let them know about it.

Also, it’s not a decision you should take today or next month, I am young enough to have the time to wait many years for you to choose. Actually, the normal thing would be for you to explore now, try different things, and maybe after you turn 25 or even 30, to clearly say what you wish. Do I have your word you’ll keep this in mind?”

“You do amaze me with your patience some days Thran. You would wait for 10 years just so I say I want to do this or that?”

“Look, what I want is for you to be healthy and happy. I need you to be able to be on your own two feet because we both could see what happens when you are not. The problem is not with you, but with the world around us, because it is predatory. I am young enough and healthy, but… well, I am not bulletproof, and if you would just happen to remain alone, with a huge inheritance, they would come at you like vultures.

I want you to learn certain things so that, at first, you might just know how to liquidate things and be able to live quietly, even doing nothing. You need time to know what satisfies you in life, so I want to offer you that time. You might decide all you want to do is live on a farm, do crafts and read, and if that satisfies you, I want you to have the knowledge needed to be able to do it comfortably.

If you want more, what most people call success, like being a CEO of a huge company, or being a doctor, or whatever, then also you need the time to learn it. I will love you whichever you choose, and will not judge you lacking in any case. You have the right to fail, too. I had enough failures in my life, and they teach you a lot.”

“Thank you for being this open with me, Thran. I promise you this, as long as you promise me we can always talk like this, OK?”

“Yes, my son. I will be here for you, no matter what it is you want to speak about. But now, I think I need some sleep. Speak with Mithrandir and in the afternoon we’ll go at the office and set things in motion.”

“Sleep well.”

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Of course, sleep is easier said than done -Thranduil needs a savage bout of fighting with the guys in order to set his thoughts in place and be able to do it. Without imagining things he shouldn't. Which doesn't mean that he doesn't start thinking of it the moment he's awake again, but it's easier to deal with it when there's work to do, so he concentrates on that. Luckily, Legolas already spoke with Eowyn a lot lately, what with Fr... no, Cassie, this is how he should think of the girl, how they all should. Celeborn agreed that it was for the best, and even better that the girl wanted to go to a place almost half the country away, because it had very good training and reinsertion programs. And yes,
absolutely nobody knew her there, couldn't make any kind of connection with Legolas or with the community, so it was really a clean slate. They were to keep in touch, but with one of Feren's special internet lines, so the boy could check on her, and well, what happened lately can probably show that he really wasn't looking for something more with her. Not that Thranduil should really be so against that.

OK, so they had decided he should probably work more with Faramir, too - and thanks God for them not asking questions right now. It feels bad, really, that he can't trust his most trusted people with this, especially when he did tell some of them - and he wonders now, does Boromir really keep certain things from his brother? Yes, probably it would be smarter of him to trust them, too, but damn it, even after 3 months, it doesn't get one whit easier to speak of this, to wonder how they will judge him. He could ask Boromir, of course, but... No, he should actually talk to them, so they really understand why he wants them to use their so precious time with this, to understand that it isn't a whim, to... Yes, to offer his son all they can, because he so needs it. Yes, he's being a dick, he trusts them with managing hundreds of millions without really checking them that tightly and... and yes, it's so much harder to show them that he might not be worthy of that loyalty. Fuck, he didn't pay enough attention, but it seems it's settled between the three of them, so he will let this be for a few days more.

“I think we have things pretty clear here, Thranduil,” Faramir smiles, “but don't you want to show him things too?”

“You know I'm all the time away lately, and it would be be too complicated. Plus, it's not like I'm good at teaching anyone anything, you well know how many people complained they didn't understand anything of what I'm doing. I tend to focus too much on the bigger picture, and at the moment he has no chance of understanding what that is. Sure, after a while with you both, when he has a much better idea what we're doing here, I'll do it too. Hopefully I'll be around more, too.’’

No, really, he's very sure that's not a good idea, look at what a cruel idiot he's been just this morning! Yes, they had to have a talk, settle some things, but he has no clue what possessed him to speak so lightly of such painful things. No, his son deserves way better that being dragged back by Thranduil's craziness. And he should probably stop being such a miserable coward, too.

“If you settled things, I would like a word with both of you,” he hears himself saying, and that's it, he won't hold back, it's not fair to any of them. “Do take some more time off now, Legolas, I'm afraid it will be in short supply in the coming months.”

The boy smiles faintly, but somehow seems quite eager to be busy – yeah, no news there. He will have to add this to somebody's list, too – to see he doesn't work himself ragged, since he won't be able to... Yes, part of not wanting him around too much is that Thranduil just doesn't trust himself around the boy, and just hopes, desperately, that some more time will solve this issue. It has to, since, indeed, he promised to prepare him. But now the talk, yes.

“I'm afraid what I have to tell you is... well, it's bad, and I don't really want to speak about it, but you do need to know why I make such seemingly unreasonable demands on your time. I would like you to listen to me first, and I will try to answer any question after. Anyway, it's not about any problem with the business, but this issue with Legolas. Yes, what is it?” he asks, finding it hard to keep his calm when Faramir is already interrupting.

“My brother told me there was a big problem,” the man starts, and Thranduil can't even blame Boromir, really – he could have reacted way worse to all this, so speaking to his brother... No, it was his right. But...

“He didn't go into details, said it wasn't right, just not to press you on this.” Faramir continues. Damn, he didn't tell him? “Thing is, I did mention it to Eowyn too, because we both needed to know
you might not be in the best headspace and all. Still, this is personal, so neither of us thinks you owe us an explanation right now. Maybe it can be solved, really” - oh, how Thranduil would want that! - “so just let it be for now.”

“Legolas was really OK to deal with these months, Thranduil,” Eowyn intervenes, “so if he keeps behaving like this, it really is not a problem to teach him things. What we would be more interested in is the exact reason you want him to learn – so we can tailor things better.”

“I drew a will, and he is my sole heir,” he says, and it's clear this they didn't expect. And they shouldn't jump to other conclusions, either. “I'm not ill or anything, so there's no such pressure. He might not even enjoy it, either, but he needs to be able to understand all that's important about the company, because 10 years from now or 50 years from now, it will be his. I know that this will affect you a lot, so do let me know if this changes anything for you. And, well…”

“I don't know if it should change anything,” Eowyn says, slowly. “It is your company, and providing for the unexpected is always a good idea. OK, we can understand more what he needs to learn now, but you do realize it will take time?”

“Yes, I do. That can't be changed, so I'll just have to stay alive now, right?”

Faramir pretty much scowls at him, which is quite unusual from his very calm second, but Thranduil is too happy he didn't have to spell out certain things to care. Yes, and grateful, really grateful to all of them.

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Legolas is quite uneasy, waiting for the twins to arrive, at Elrond's home. He really had no idea what else to do, all the talking all day long making his mind spin in circles, and he has no clue what the twins told their family – if they told them something. They told him to come when he texted, saying they won't be long, but of course he didn't press them at work. And until now, there was just Lindir, who was working hard on a new piece, so he didn't have to speak much, just listening to the wonderful sounds of the piano. But now Aragorn is back from work too, and invited him out in the garden, and he has no idea what to say or how to start.

Happily, the man seems to want to say a lot of things, mainly on the subject of his son and wife, and it's easy to just listen and smile along, until there's the complaint that Eldarion seems quite fussy at night lately, not letting them sleep well, and Legolas tries to stammer an apology, wondering how much noise did he make, what did they hear, if maybe…

“Ah, they didn't tell you how well everything is soundproofed in their rooms?”

“But I remember you complaining that they brought some girls and they were noisy…”

“Yes, because they had the girls out on the lawn, for some weird reason they didn't bring them inside for a long time. I'm not sure you'd hear a gunshot from their part of the house, really. It all started with a crazy computer game we played when we were in high school, and one of our colleagues had the very bright idea we should try to see who had a better monster voice.”

“A what?”

“Yeah, it was this fantasy thing with orcs and goblins and dragons, but the sound effects were quite stupid, so we came up with various types of yells and stuff for each kind of monster. We gave poor Elrond such a fright one night, I think he had barely fallen asleep and then there were 8 or 9 teenagers screaming their lungs out, trying to outdo each other. He thought someone was dead or something!”
“Oh my, what were you?”

“I think I was some wolf or something, but Elrohir was a dragon, and he always had quite a strong
voice. And there was this scrawny kid in our class, Morris, Jack Morris, he had such an annoying
screeching scream, you thought somebody's was ripping his guts out.”

“So you went to school together?”

“Yes, I was here more than I was home, for many years. Elrond really was like a father to me, and
they are my damn brothers. But anyway, the only solution was to do something to block the sound,
and it was an even bigger blessing later.”

“What was a blessing?” Elladan startles them, and Legolas looks at him and feels himself start
fidgeting.

“Us being able to sleep because you have 5 inches of soundproofing on the walls!”

“Ah, that! Yeah, father was happy not to hear our wild cats phase, too. Did you tell him about it?”

“Nope, just the dragons and orcs.”

“Ah, good, so we still have stories to tell!”

They all smile and everything seems to be so very normal, they have some dinner and laugh about
the fact that Arwen really adopted an old yowly cat from the shelter at one point, hence the twins
wanting to outdo it. And about Galadriel getting thoroughly fed up with it and packing all of them
out and sending them back to their rooms, more than once, until the poor cat died of old age. Nobody
seems to find anything out of the ordinary, even when the twins tell him to come back to their rooms.
Yes, it's so strange that until now he didn't even know they have 3 bedrooms – and yes, the one they
used last time is really intended for having... guests, each of them has his own, obviously, this is for
shared play. And it's exactly in the middle of their part of the house, so it keeps noise manageable. Of
course he gets all pink explaining why he was worrying about it. And damn, it feels so good to be
kissed, reassuring and nice. Of course, then he gets even redder when they ask him about what he
liked last night. Which makes no sense, he should be more relaxed, but of course, he should also
answer their questions.

“Yeah, I think I should have mentioned clearly that, when I say I like something a lot, it means I can
come from it alone or something.”

“Mmm, it's good to know which buttons to press, but we do like to hunt for them, you know,”
Elladan grins. “It's real fun to have such nice results,” he adds and then takes his mouth, greedy and
hot, and when he retreats, his brother takes his place immediately, keeping it up until Legolas is
completely light-headed.

He promised himself he will have the impossibly thick cocks inside, and he will, he has to; the twins
are thoroughly amused to hear it, and it's easy to make them agree that they should use a ring on him.
Which is way better than he expected, because, while Elladan is exploring his body in unbelievable
thoroughness, Elrohir lets Legolas explore him just as thoroughly, and while he's opened, tells him to
open **him** for the taking. Thank God for cock rings, seriously, because he gets the idea and it's too
hot for some moments, really.

He's determined to make it worth his while, and it's really delicious to do exactly what Elladan does,
to lick sloppily at Ro's asshole, to kiss and suck just like he would his mouth, and to see him letting
him do it; to see him trying to spread himself open even more, to hear his delighted moans when
Legolas pushes his tongue inside, fucking him with it, sucking parts of the muscle in, while his hands knead the hard buttocks.

He's moaning too, because of course 'Dan's assault is arousing in the extreme, and the sheer idea that all three of them will be connected at once is still too much. Then the finger teases in, and he gasps against Ro's rosy ring, almost biting, sucking so hard the man curses heatedly and pushes against him, and his cock hurts and throbs, yesss! He pushes a finger in too, and just keeps it there for a minute, because 'Dan's just jabbing at his prostate and it's all he can do not to writhe and yell, gulping air and trying hard not to scratch sensitive tissue.

They keep at it until none of them can speak clearly, grunting and moaning and trembling with it, and then Ro's turning to face him, on his side, and slowly impaling himself on Legolas' leaking cock, and kisses his breath away at the end, sucking at his lips and tongue like there's no tomorrow. And it's a good thing he does, because sound proofing or not, he's sure that 'Dan's cock entrance would have made him scream so hard nobody could miss it, really; it's almost as intense as when he was swollen and raw and taken by Thranduil regardless; oh, yes, it is, and surely he won't be able to sit for a few days, oh, yesss, that's perfect, and it pushes him deeper into Ro, too, so the other man groans also, fuck!

Dan is finally settled inside him, all the way, and Legolas can't breathe, can't think, can't move; he tries his best to relax as much as possible, because it fucking hurts, in the best way possible, and yes, when he moves just a little, the pressure on his prostate is too perfect. Ro pushes against him, just a little, and the only thing he can do is squirm around the stiff rod impaling him and moan. His eyes are rolled back in his head, and he's kissed too, hungry and hot, his head turned to the side and front again, so both can sample him.

A hand pinches a nipple, so he can only convulse and feel the world darken for a moment, and then 'Dan is withdrawing, slowly, and fuck, he's pressing back in, right on the spot, and Ro's cock is trapped in between them, hot and leaking. Legolas just loses it, pushing and being pushed and just blabbering stuff in between kisses, until he's finally open enough so he can really be fucked. It's fast and hard, and yeah, this is it, exactly what he wanted, he can no longer think about anything else, completely there, ravaged and wrecked and yes, happy.

He lets them do what they will, for as long as they like, until all three of them just drop asleep, too tired for more than mumbled assurances that it's fine. Legolas wakes up in a tangle of limbs and covers, very pleasantly sore, sticky like hell and tickled by mixed strands of hair over his face. There is a bit of an urgent feeling, of course, but he's too pleasantly boneless to want to move and solve it, and he really, really has the urge to laugh.

He tries to stretch a bit, and there's a muffled noise on the right, and a hand squeezes possessively at his side.

“I'm not going anywhere,” he smiles, “just trying to stretch a bit.”

“Everything fine?” is mumbled from his left, and he does laugh now.

“Yeah, all great, sticky and sweaty and happy.”

“Good. I'm hungry though.”

“You're always hungry, way too early,” ah, Elladan is the one pouting, for sure.

“Bathroom and food? And maybe more play? It's Sunday, you know.”
“Now you'll want to make the bed, too!”

“I'll make the bed, if that helps.” Legolas laughs, “why are you so grouchy?”

“He's always like that before he has his coffee. But he didn't want a machine in the room, so…”

“Who the fuck keeps espresso machines and sandwiches in the bedroom?”

“Thranduil does; well, sandwiches and sweets; he did; oh, fuck, I'll shut up,” he says, ashamed to spoil the easy mood.

“Hm… he doesn't have bad taste, you know; do you need to have food handy?”

“Mostly after heavy play, I tend to get chilly and chocolate and stuff helps.”

“Your blood sugar, I remember; we can have some, just in case. And don't worry so much, we have no issue speaking about him, you are the one who needs to heal.”

“You are too kind with me.”

“No, we just like to fuck you. Hey!” Elrohir yelps, when his brother mock-slaps him.

“I absolutely like you to fuck me. And I like to fuck you, too.”

“Maybe we should do that and leave the rest be. Or not,” he adds, when his stomach growls loudly, making them all laugh.

It's an easy, sunny morning, and it's really fun to have breakfast with them and Arwen and Aragorn – well, little Eldarion is there, too, but he's dozing in Arwen's arms, and wouldn't add much to the conversation anyway. Still, they treat him just like family, which helps a lot, and later, when Elrond and Lindir join them, the feeling grows, because they treat him exactly like they do the twins these days – minus scolding for some outrageous joke, of course, since he doesn't make those. Although he understands a lot more of them now than he did at the beginning. God, was he really that naive?

But, of course, instead of really enjoying it, all he can think about is why can't he have this with Thranduil – because, let's face it, when they stopped having sex, they also stopped… being friends, would be a way to put it. The man distanced himself, fast; he still cares that Legolas has all his needs met – but they no longer spend time together, more than just riding in the car or such. And it's not like that happens often. Even when they are together, the talk is only of serious, practical things, no more shared smiles, easy silences.
PSYCHEDELIC

Chapter Summary

So... I kind of am pretty sure I know how many chapters more there are, and lots of them are mostly written, yay! It's pretty OK to expect one new chapter each Monday from now on!

2 MONTHS LATER

It has been a long week, and everyone was busy, even Gimli and his gang were doing... whatever it is they are doing, with more interest than usual, so it's quite strange for Legolas to find himself with a whole free afternoon and nobody to spend it with. Everyone at the office is out of town – Thranduil is in Europe, Eowyn and Faramir just in other parts of the country, but it is pointless to go there if none of them is around. Trouble is that Eowyn's trip was unexpected, so he had freed his schedule in advance and of course he can't expect other people to change theirs, after he had said he's busy.

He could have always stayed home or something, but he's restless today, well, not just today. After the last time with the twins... Well, they started coming to the house too, and everything was fine and all, even if he was wondering how Thranduil will take this – but then, Thranduil told him certain things and he should really listen, not have such unrealistic hopes. Although it's so fucking hard, especially after...

Damn, maybe he jinxed it, this thing with the twins, with all his thoughts about the perfect family, because the last time he came around the brothers were fighting, quite bitterly, and Legolas had the distinct impression Elladan really didn't want him there, although Elrohir forced cheerfully bid him stay, saying they could always resume fighting later. Maybe what they did next was sort of a revenge, on his inopportune arrival?

It's impossible not to remember it again and again though.

“Damn, this is soooo frustrating!” Legolas whined, making the twins laugh.

“You don't appreciate our efforts?” Elladan winked, from behind his brother, and grind his hips just a bit harder against Legolas' ass, making him grunt.

“Yeah, I thought you liked to fuck me,” Elrohir smiled, undulating his hips, making his mind blank for a second.

“I... I do, fuck, it's just... ahh...” he tried, and fuck, they were moving just enough to make speech so hard, just enough to liquefy his muscles, but not enough, damn it! He, on the other hand, couldn't move at all like this, with Elrohir on top of him, impaled upon his cock, slowly moving his hips like the lazy bastard he was, ooh, oh yes! And with his brother standing at the edge of the bed, filling Legolas' ass deliciously, but moving too slow, too uneven, too...

“Fuck, yesss!” he yelled now, because both of them moved sharply and it's like lightning in his belly, but then stopped, fuck!

“You could be more creative, 'Las. I'd hate to think we made you speechless with so little.”
“Fuck you!”

“You are,” Elrohir pointed out the obvious.

“No I'm not, because I can't fucking move!”

“And why do you want to move, don't you feel good like this?”

“It's not enough!”

“Ah, ah, you are so greedy! I, we, want to enjoy you,” 'Dan laughed, grinding just a bit more. “It feels so good just to be inside your tight ass, mmm, I'd stay like this until morning.”

“Fuck, move, don't just stay there!”

Both of them were laughing and teasing and it was not that it didn't feel good, damn it, how could it not feel good to be both filled and encased in heat and touched and… It was good, yes, but today was one of those days when Legolas just couldn't be passive and take it like this, he needed more, needed to move, needed to bite and scratch and yell his heart out, and… fuck! Yes, this was what he needed, sharp thrusts that made his eyes roll into his head, made…

“Oh, why did you do that?”

He opened his eyes and saw that his nails had scratched Ro's hips, pretty deep. Damn, yes, they were not into it, ugh.

“I'm sorry,” he started, and Elladan was laughing, unusually loud.

“Now you have a reason to call that pretty nurse you like so much in your office,” the elder twin had said, too cheerful, really, “and take your pants off for her.”

“Cut it out, Dan,” Elrohir said, clearly annoyed, “that'd be stupid. What is wrong, Legolas?”

“Stupid, am I?” Elladan scowled. “She's not that bad looking, last I checked.”

“I'm sorry,” Legolas intervened once again, “I don't know what got into me. Please, let me help you disinfect it.”

“Ah, so you want a different nurse, maybe we should ask father to train him,” Elladan continued, and now that really baffled Legolas. Also, clearly, Elrohir was not amazed – was this the thing they fought about earlier? Did Elladan really not want to see him anymore, then, why didn't he say so? Oh, because they tried to do it subtly, and he played the oblivious one? That was bad. But before trying to apologize again, Elrohir got up from on top of him, and while Legolas tried not to make some sound showing he didn't like the loss, Elladan withdrew too, and it was a bit too much at once. And the look on Elladan's face when he heard that sound was way too disturbing. He wasn't wanted here, clearly, so he tried to remember where his clothes had fallen and managed to pull on his jeans, blinking a lot not to let tears fall.

“I'm sorry, Legolas, please don't go,” Elrohir's voice sounded in the dull silence, but Elladan snorted, and he kept dressing. Yes, maybe he should say something, anything, but nothing really came to mind now.

“Stop being the fucking drama queen, Dan! I didn't fuck Nancy, because that would be beyond dumb, anymore than you fucking Grayson, so say what you mean or be done with it!”
“Maybe you should, brother. After all, why would I care where you stick it?”

“I’ll leave, sorry for…” he tried, but stubbornly Elrohir bid him stay, and Legolas had no clue why. The younger twin never seemed to want to humiliate him – but then, he never saw the elder behaving like this either. And of course his crazy mind kept seeing things that weren’t there – things brothers wouldn’t do. Yeah, it must be his fault, but he had no idea what stupid thing he did, so he won’t repeat it.

“It’s clear Elladan doesn’t want me here, and I’m really sorry, I have no clue what I did wrong, but please forgive me, whatever it was. I really don’t want to be a bother, so I’ll go home, before I do more damage. Just… tell me if I can repair it, it doesn’t matter if you don’t want me anymore, I understand that.”

“We do want you, Legolas, you have no fault in this! My brother is being an ass, but he will get over it.”

“How do you know I will get over it? Maybe this will be the end of it. Or you don’t care, because of the other arrangements! And don’t fucking touch me, if it’s only half way! I had enough of that lately! He spent more time with you than I did! All of them did!”

It was weirder and weirder, and for Legolas’ tired mind, all looked a lot more like a lover’s quarrel than a fight between brothers – but surely it was because both of them were naked and all. Generally you imagined adult siblings fighting with their clothes on – although the touching thing didn’t make sense.

Or maybe he was just going completely crazy, after all, or so he had thought. Crazy, yeah, that’s a good description of what happened after, for sure. And he should really stop remembering it and do something – only what? Maybe he should have stayed home and just helped around in the garden, but he needed more to take his mind from it. Why would such a thing give him hope, really? It wasn't the same, everyone went out of their way to point that out, even if his mind didn't want to listen, damn it!

Yes, he should decide what he wants to do, the guards are right. But shopping just sounds boring to tears today, and even by Thranduil’s standards, he has enough stuff. Not by Melu’s, probably, but… Maybe they should eat something? Yeah, Magnus says something about pizza, pizza sounds good. And he can still think while he eats. Or better not, better he should get to know the new guys.

*B*

Boromir really wonders why he had Bard accompany Thranduil in his new trip to Europe, why did he want to stay and take care of Legolas. After all, it should have been boring work. Not that accompanying Thranduil is anything else nowadays – the man works. And works some more. Then, when he comes back home, he sometimes makes time to fight with them, viciously. Especially after a visit from Elrond’s sons. Then works some more.

But it turns out this is worse than boring now – heavy emotional stuff. Damn it, Bard is way better than him at this. But Bard is some thousand miles away, and he is getting very close to the issue. So close that he's 99% sure he knows now what triggered things, even if Dean had no clue when he called for help. He still has some moments to berate himself for letting the boy go around town with only new guys, and for not thinking at all this could happen. Yes, Legolas responded well to certain brutal actions, way better than expected, but that doesn't mean he's a seasoned veteran. And right now he doesn't have Thranduil's support to fall back on, like the last time.

After all, Boromir himself can try to get how difficult this is for the man, and pray to any saint who’d
listen to never, ever, ever, find himself in such a predicament – but the way he runs and hides lately is not… Yeah, normal and Thranduil didn't fit into the same sentence most of the time, so why would it now? Maybe because they're all expecting him to be tougher and proactive, like usual. And cold and uncaring. That myth is so damn busted now it could be laughable, if not for… Yeah.

He's stopping in front of the damn pizza place and goes directly in, and a pretty scared young server points him towards a side door, through some stairs and in what's probably a rarely used depositing space. Andersson nods relieved when he sees him and moves from in front of the door. Boromir knocks first, to give those inside time, and says his name, then lets himself in, watching Dean staying close in front of Legolas and Magnus behind the door, gun drawn.

“You can go out now,” he tells them, knowing the boy will definitely prefer what's next to be witnessed by fewer eyes. So he waits until the door is closed to get a bit closer, but not too much. It's not a big deal for him if the boy punches him again, but startling him even more really doesn't help. Especially when he's so pale and clearly working hard to hold himself together.

“They called me, not Thranduil,” he starts, because that's as good as any line right now. “Care to tell me what's the problem, or should I guess?”

“Does it ever get any easier?” is the surprising reply, in an almost normal tone.

“Unless you get Alzheimer's, no, you never forget when and where you saw someone die like that. Or an entire bottle of vodka or something, of course. Do you want a drink?”

“No, I'd hurl anything but water right now, for sure. Even that… I don't know,” he adds, in a very, very miserable voice. Maybe with a bit of self-loathing thrown in?

“Yeah, it's pretty much the standard reaction to seeing somebody's brains blown out. I know very few people who didn't lose their lunch the first time.”

The boy's eyes get bigger, and there's a bit of… disbelief, making Boromir roll his eyes.

“Another very good reason not to want to be on a battlefield with first timers is the amount of puke and piss. They don't show it in movies and shit, and not everybody does it the first day, because they are too overwhelmed, but then, the second or the third, when they got you out of the action zone and you realize why the annoying loud guy is no longer in the seat next to you, it hits hard.”

It seems Legolas believes him, but he doesn't know what else to say, and the boy is quiet. Ugh, he's going with Thranduil next time, for sure.

“What do you need, to be able to leave this place?”

“A spine, probably,” he mutters, and Boromir can't but laugh.

“Nothing wrong with your spine. It was a smart move to get everybody inside, if there would have actually been an issue. You overreacted, but if you'd have given stupid orders, they wouldn't have listened.”

“Yeah, was really smart of me to want to stop here for a bite, I was even going for the same fucking seat, without realizing it, can you imagine that?”

“Shit happens. I'll let everybody know to avoid this area in the future, OK? The guys are all new, they didn't...”

“Yeah, new cannon fodder!”
That's the issue, of course, but he has nothing more to say than what he's told him at the hospital, nothing really changed. Still, maybe he needs a reminder. But Legolas cuts him off before he starts.

“Do tell, how does this thing work, if I'm together with Thran, you let him fucking die to protect me?”

Ah, Bard and his big mouth. Yes, he richly deserves to get stuck with babysitting duty.

“There's always a priority list in this. Even if there's only one of you as the objective, we also need to look out for each other, to look out for any innocents caught in between, potential police and shit. Not to mention, none of us can actually make Thranduil stay still and be protected.”

Legolas gets even paler, if that's possible, and hyperventilating at this.

“In… Innocents???” he stutters, clearly never giving that any thought.

“On a public street, there can always be passer-byes,” Boromir says, trying hard to keep his voice even, because he is annoyed with himself. And then he really has to get close enough to support him, because clearly this is the last straw. Fuck.

The only thing he can do is wait for it to pass, of course, glad that this time he's not seen as a threat. He really, really doesn't want to think on what Thranduil would do to him if he'd have to punch the boy to quiet him or if he'd actually get badly hurt falling or stuff. He's not afraid of much, but the way the man behaves lately, the smartest thing to do in such a case would be to bite a bullet first. Ah, it seems he's calming down a bit. OK, to help him get seated on the floor.

“How many people died because of me?” Legolas asks, the moment he's able, making Boromir swear. Especially since he continues. “From your guys and all the rest.”

“They didn't die because of you,” he grits, “and cut the masochist crap right this second!” He gets even angrier now, since damn it, he's not speaking to Thranduil, he should tone it down somewhat. Well, a lot.

“If anyone gets into the mob, army or active security not knowing they can fucking die any day, they are morons who don't deserve to live! And if they don't choose a smart boss who won't throw their lives away like used socks, they deserve it even more!”

“Really, people in the mob choose their boss?”

“Yes. Well, those very high up in the structure less than those lower on the ladder, really, because the higher you are, the more you can lose. And many of the idiots working for a certain person did it because they liked the perks they got on the side – abusing whoever, among them. There's absolutely no reason to feel remorse about them.”

Legolas sighs and seem to concentrate on breathing and calming himself, and then he hesitantly gets up.

“OK, let's go. I can't hide in here forever, and you can berate me some more in the car.”

Surprisingly enough, there doesn't seem to be any rancor in the words though.

“I'm sorry, I shouldn't have been so harsh, especially not...”

“No, it's OK. It's way worse when everyone tiptoes around me, you know. Fuck. I really don't want to see certain things again. Well. Which car should I take, and where is it?”
“Brought the limo around, and we can stay around you, so you don't see much if you look at the floor. That works for you?”

“Yes, yes it does. Let's do this.”

Shaking his head is for later, so Boromir tells the others what they need, so they actually manage to do this quite fast. Dean will have the pleasure to stay on and settle things with the staff, but normally that should go well. And of course Legolas wants him in the back of the limo, to keep talking. Still, it's surprising how, even if he's bundled himself in a blanket and only managed some gulps of water, his face can look so damn like Thranduil's when he was going on a certain tangent. Oh yeah, last time when he was blabbing about Gil and all, and the chopper might be a nice apology but... Fuck this shit.

*

Before they can continue though, his phone rings, so Legolas has to get himself unwrapped from the nice cocoon he managed to arrange, because of course he didn't think to get the phone out of his pocket before. The first impulse is not to answer, but it's Meludir, and really, the only thing needed is to tell him he's busy, he will not press or try to get more info than he should. No, he deserves an answer, and it's even a bit funny to see how Boromir rolls his eyes when he hears whom is he speaking to.

"Really not in the mood for a shopping trip, eh?" Legolas asks, after closing.

"With that one is never just a trip," the man answers, shaking his head.

"Well, at least I can console myself that I'm not the only one giving you undue trouble."

Boromir sighs heavily now, and he's preparing for the rest of the scolding. Have to get that out of the way, after all.

"You actually never did give us undue trouble. You always did what you've been told is safe, unlike that one, for example. He knew very well he shouldn't try so hard to distract everyone - but he kept doing it. And really, he wasn't the worst, because at least he was honest. It was way more complicated to guard somebody who was lying, because they were cheating or trying to spy."

OK, this he didn't expect to hear. Somebody spying would make sense, and would explain what Thranduil was saying at the beginning - but seriously, cheating on Thran? That sounds... well, absolutely exhausting, among other things. Because yes, he can, somewhat, get that other people might not have been in love. The best example are, actually, the twins, and once again he knows he's not doing the right thing, prolonging their... well, it's a relationship of a sort, since he did admit to himself that what they give him is not exactly what he wishes.

They tend to be way more into the games Thran mentioned, than into the actual physical pain he enjoys, so things don't fit that right. Plus, well, it is beyond clear (not like they didn't say it from the absolute start) that a permanent thing is out of the question, for too many reasons. So he should really let it go, at least while it doesn't affect the real friendship he does now believe they have. It's just so damn difficult! Just like it is now not to try and get more reassurance that what he did earlier is not that abysmally stupid.

"I seriously don't get why people would do that. The cheating, I mean."

"I wouldn't be able to answer that, but those are the worst in any way. Especially when you catch them and they try to wiggle out of it or make you lie for them."
"Bleah, that does sound horrible. Still, I can't feel OK with the other issue, Boromir."

"Given the situation, nothing anyone says will change the boss' mind. Especially since such an order is not at all unusual when you deal with protecting a family. It's pretty standard that parents want their children protected above all else."

"It might be, just... yes, OK, I get what you're saying, I do, it's still... Does this really have to happen?"

"Look, we did discuss it thoroughly, given the situation, and you've seen that all details are increased. This is specifically to ensure that such choices don't need to be made - including the choice to protect a charge and not a colleague. Still, there's a limit of the size of the detail, if it gets too large, besides the obvious fact that any of you could feel smothered, is the fact that too many people can hinder each other, and things are worse instead of better. None of us actually want it to happen, and neither the boss nor I ever wanted to lose men. Still, some things should be decided in advance, in case a clusterfuck does happen."

Obviously, this is not reassuring, at all. Because well, so many things shouldn't have happened. And they so did. Then again, he knows the man won't go against orders on this - most probably, none of them would. Fuck it, but Legolas hates it to be so powerless again. Probably that's why he keeps asking stupid questions.

"So what about Thran's current lover, do they give you much trouble?"

It is stupid, indeed, he knows he shouldn't have asked about whomever is Thranduil's new... yes, he's so damn curious to know if it's a man or a woman the man sees while he's away so much, and...

"I will NOT get in between you with this!" Boromir grits, and yes, the man is very, very right. If Legolas wants to know more about whomever Thranduil is... well, fucking, he should ask him directly. Obviously he and the other guards do have to report stuff to his father, if he asks them, he knows that – and yes, that would be one of those things Celeborn was warning about, way clearer than the hypothetical issues the lawyer was mentioning. But then... what right does he have to say anything about who his father plays with? He didn't even really consider he had that right when they were together, now it would be absurd.

“T'm sorry,” he says, trying to keep his voice steady. “Indeed, it's not my business to get into that, and Thranduil can always let me know, if he considers it important.”

And what good does it do to him if the man doesn't consider those he plays with important? Nothing changed, he could have a new toy each day and that wouldn't change their relationship one bit, so he shouldn't be so hurt at the idea. Legolas is sighing and tries hard not to berate himself more for his reaction – other people do it too, and they have nightmares too, and bad days. Once again, Elladan is the best example. After all, Legolas was scared that he'd get a nightmare while sleeping there, and was so surprised when the elder twin was the first to have one.

He hadn't asked about it at the time, and now, well, he can guess a bit what it might be about – which is really irrelevant, after all. They happen and they pass, and all one can do is acknowledge that and move on. Like he should realize he can't impose on the twins for long anymore – even if he's not ready for somebody who doesn't know the whole craziness. There are still choices, though – he can always take a break from everything, and yes, even if the idea of paying for it brings bile in his throat, he might make an exception for Melu, after all. It's not like the guy didn't hint at it enough times, or that he doesn't get that nobody forces him. And that would really be something clear and straightforward – no fuzzy expectations, no reasons to feel guilty about anything.
Once again, he laughs hysterically, making Boromir look at him with so much concern – but damn it, isn't it wild that he can really get why Thranduil thought to pay for a toy and have certain needs met? Yes, it backfired spectacularly, and in a way nobody could have predicted. So maybe he should really just let things go as they will for a while and concentrate on what needs to be done, not just on indulging himself.
Chapter Summary

So... RL was that kind, when you start something and new, very small and insignificant things pile on you like mosquitoes, getting you dizzy and not doing much. So this is why the chapter wasn't posted on Monday. Sorry.

Thranduil was a bit miffed to feel his glass was empty, he knew he had just filled it, and even more amazed to see the bottle was empty too, when he tried to refill it. Seriously, when did he drink an entire bottle, since he hadn't progressed at all with work?

He looked around for Galion, but his eyes fell on the sight on the other side of the pool, and he understood that wine was not going to be enough, if he had to cope with this again. Legolas was so relaxed, with his blonde locks spread all over Elladan's lap and legs, with Elrohir very slowly moving his hand up and down his legs, that Thranduil couldn't breathe at the tenderness of it, and it hurt him more than he could express that it wasn't him comforting his son. There was really nothing sexual in what they were doing right now (almost. Maybe. Fuck). Knowing the twins, probably they were speaking of something totally unsexy, teaching his son something, being his good friends, and he should have been abjectly grateful that they were friendly to him, knowing what they knew. Still, the claw in his gut was just clamoring that Legolas should be his, only his, for everything he needed.

Which was insanity, of course, but really, did he ever think of himself as normal lately? What normal man would burn down his father in law's property, with him in it, and, especially, desire his son's body? Because nothing changed there, even if his mind screamed at him every day, for how depraved he was.

Yes, wine was not enough. But he didn't want vodka and was in no mood for the burn of whiskey. He messaged Galion, the man would know what to bring him to numb himself, while watching the quiet scene outside. He couldn't work anyway. And Thranduil was sure that, if he let his mind go on like this, he was going to do something awkward or awful or disappointing in anyway for Legolas, and that was the hard limit now: he could not go back on his promise to Legolas. So he was grateful for the whole pitcher of cocktail Galion brought, disguising its potency with lime and pineapple and some sugar, to help him bear through the afternoon.

Next week, the twins had came again, this time in the evening, and spent the night in Legolas's room, and Thranduil had emptied the whiskey decanter, thanking himself he had had the walls soundproofed so well and wishing, at the same time, to be able to hear Legolas saying what he wanted and moaning when he got it, and begging for more and crying out when it was too much.

They had been so normal and polite at breakfast in the morning that he wasn't able to say anything untoward, behaving with his usual aloofness but perfectly civil also, the night without sleep and with too much alcohol making him unsure if he wasn't dreaming when they were just telling Legolas about the differences between the two new models of motorcycles they were contemplating asking of Elrond for their birthday. It was too normal, just three young men in their twenties (well, Legolas was younger, but not by that much now. Fuck, an entire year had passed, but...). Eating heartily and talking about fast wheels, like everything was right in the world. Then Legolas was coming with him
to work, all pristine and serious in his dark blue suit and immaculate shirt and shining hair pulled from his face with the simplest of leather ties, asking him about the day's schedule and wanting to know if he was to follow Eowyn or Faramir. Yes, all normal and all hurting almost more than he could bear.

The next Sunday was even worse again, because he knew he could not work with them there, so he also stood near the pool, looking at them, Legolas standing in the shade near the pool, the twins arranging themselves exactly outside the shade's edge, wanting to get a tan, just talking quietly and joking lightly from time to time, putting on some sunscreen on each other, dipping in to cool themselves, then sprawling out on the ground again, like overgrown cats basking in the sun.

Thranduil was very happy to have chosen, on a whim, to wear his pants, because it was impossible not to get hard when he had seen Legolas get out of the water. His beautiful skin was shining in the bright sun, and Thranduil was jealous on each drop of water slowly making its way down his body, caressing that splendid skin, wanting to lick it from his back and ass and legs so bad it felt like his insides were ripped out of him. And it hurt even more that he was able to get hard because of this and that he wanted so much to have him, because you didn't desire your son like this, no matter what.

So he deserved to feel the pain of the untended erection and to know he couldn't do anything about it, because he could not go out and seek somebody to fuck, the idea of it made him nauseous. He couldn't even stroke himself, because the only way to bring about his completion would be to think about Legolas, otherwise he would just remain hard and swollen and angry and would not be able to come, no matter what he did or watched or tried to imagine.

He had already tried too many times, it was not to be, he had given his heart and soul and just couldn't feel bad enough about the fact that it was bad and hopeless and forever. He would just have to take it, as long as Legolas was going to need him. Thranduil would teach him all he needed to know and help him find somebody to be there for him, for ever, and then he would take care of it. Yes, probably it was going to be a few years, but he deserved punishment anyway, so a few years of not having sexual satisfaction was not that bad.

And he had to torture himself, he really did, because he could have been away when they came – other days he just slept at the apartment now, didn't bother to come home, especially when Legolas was staying overnight at Elrond's. But when they were here, there was a perverse need to see their interaction, to be there, to... fuck this!

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And then there was the attack, on a blue moon when they were together in the car, because Celeborn had kept insisting they settle Legolas' financial and legal rights, and Legolas was being stubborn about it. Finally, the boy had snarled that, if Thranduil really wanted so much to be sued, he should come with him to check the two law firms Celeborn had recommended – since it wasn't like his son had any experience with lawyers anyway.

They had just left one of the firms, an old, solid one where people seemed to know quite well what they were doing, and Thranduil liked them, really, but there was the second firm too, with many hungry young sharks he actually wanted to know more about, maybe to use them for certain projects, in case Legolas didn't like them. After all, Celeborn's boys could stretch themselves a bit, but at the rhythm of the recent expansion, he needed more. But they had a bit of time before the appointment, and stupidly enough he had decided they should stretch their legs. Stupid, or better said cowardly, because the tension inside the limo, with just the two of them inside, was driving him crazy.

And then there was the blinding panic that something would happen to Legolas again, and the abject
relief when it was Boromir who died and not his treasure. He knew it was beyond selfish and wretched of him to be glad that somebody else had died, especially when that somebody had served him faithfully so many years and was... well, as much a friend as Thranduil allowed, but also knew that, at this point, he would let the entire world perish in flames if that would spare Legolas any pain.

Which, of course, wasn't the case, because Legolas was appalled that the arrogant man had covered him with his large body, had taken the bullet meant for him, in the scant minute while blinding rage and the terrible fear for his son had made Thranduil break the neck of one of the attackers before he even knew what he was doing. His son had raged and cried and screamed and wanted to go after the second one, needing Thranduil to bodily restrain him while Bard and Eomer did go after him and did manage to put a bullet in his fucking skull.

And the wonder and pure, absolutely unexpected joy of having his blond treasure in his arms once again, of feeling him thrashing and squirming against his body, the sounds so similar somehow, had had an adrenalin glutted Thranduil come in his pants. It was such a blissful shock that he had almost let the boy go, forgetting for a split second why all of this was so fucked up. He had managed to rally himself and make steel bands out of his arms and legs, keeping Legolas down until the peril passed for sure, then allowing him to cry on his shoulder, with great, wracking sobs, until he was almost limp with exhaustion. And that was lucky, lest he should have noticed how low Thranduil had sunk.

Then Legolas allowed himself to be taken to give his statement, under the careful wing of Celeborn, who promised no stone will be left unturned in looking for the one who ordered the hit and, of course, that he will take care of everything having to do with the police, as usual. And giving him the news they were not the only targets, and that Thorin Oakenshield was dead. Of course, he had to waste time with the police, too, but it wasn't the first time for him, so that didn't really matter.

And then, that very evening, Legolas had ripped his heart apart anew. And trod on it or something, but who was keeping tally?

The boy had been picking at his dinner, checking his phone again and again, and then he looked around, saw that there was only Galion in the room with them, and then he did it:

"Thran," he said, startling him from his contemplation of the wine glass he was holding, "I need a favor."

"Sure, what do you need," he had asked, not even wondering what could Legolas want.

"The twins are coming tonight, to make me forget, and I... we... I don't think just plain sex would do anything to help me now, and they are coming directly from work, I don't want them to waste time going home and back here, so, if you... if it could be possible, I... we need some... implements," he had managed to say.

Thranduil's fogged mind didn't understand at first, so he had asked, stupidly:

"Implements for what?"

Of course, the moment the words left his mouth and Legolas turned a spectacular shade of crimson and stumbled trying to explain, he realized what was all about, so he drank the entire glass in one gulp, managed to put it gently back on the table and said:

"All I have is yours, Legolas. Take whatever you need. Always."

He then took the opened bottle, gestured to Galion that he needed more and went to his room. Yes, Legolas was in shock and he needed something to keep his mind from fraying, but that didn't mean
the idea didn't shred his insides. Thranduil wanted so bad to be the one to keep him safe and happy and the one to fuck him within an inch of his life, but that was not what the boy needed.

So he had watched the twins arriving on the security cameras, saw them hug his son tightly, saw Legolas almost collapse with relief in their arms, then saw them enter the play room and stayed watching the closed door for the next 2 hours. Until a disheveled Elladan, wearing only his jeans and sporting some mighty scratches all over his shoulders and upper back, came out carrying in his arms an almost passed out Legolas, his blond hair all wet with perspiration and sticking to his forehead, his eyes closed. Damn, there was so much peace on his face, held like he was, wrapped in his pale green silk robe, with Elrohir, also wearing just jeans, opening the door to Legolas's room, then going, probably to the kitchen, and returning with a tray with juice and something to eat. And then Thranduil kept watching Legolas' closed door for the next 6 hours.

Of course he wasn't seeing the door, but only how small Legolas had looked against the larger youth's torso. He was way too thin again, too many things had happened and Thranduil didn't know how to make him eat more, how to protect him from everything around them, the darkness of a world which seemed to have something against his beautiful boy. Why, why did he have to be tried like that? Was it true that children paid for the parents' sins? Then what could he do to take it all over himself? Thranduil knew he was bad, he had done appalling things, but why should this innocent suffer so?

He didn't know how to pray, but still begged every force out there to let him take the weight, to spare his son this torture which seemed to keep coming, again and again.

When he saw them leave the room, Thranduil decided he needed to have breakfast with them, so he threw on a thick robe over his naked body – when did he undress? He did not remember. Probably after he had finished the second bottle of wine? No matter, he needed some coffee, so he went down to the kitchen, where he saw Elrohir preparing plates both for his brother and for Legolas. Then his blood started boiling when he saw how gingerly Legolas was moving, standing, because for sure he could not sit, with whatever those two had done to him last night! Still, he was leaning a bit on Elladan and then let him feed him pieces of food, let Elrohir give him a glass of juice, let him arrange his hair, all the things Thranduil was dying to do.

He was glad the coffee mug Galion had handed to him was a really sturdy one, because he was afraid he would have broken something flimsier, with his fists trying to clench, trying to fucking kill those two, touching his Legolas, hurting him, comforting him, touching his lips with their bloody fingers...

He knew that, alone, Legolas would not have eaten and would probably not have slept, but it fucking hurt. Speaking of hurt, this fragile, used-looking, almost ethereal-looking Legolas, wearing only his gray silk robe, was giving him the biggest boner in the last months, and this day he really could not afford not to go to the office. He had also a press conference and all the shit, he really needed to do something about it.

"Thranduil, I need to speak with you a bit," Elrohir's voice was heard, startling him from his haze.

"What about?" he asked, frigidly, doing his damnedest not to get him by the throat.

"I think it's best if I tell you in private," the damn boy pressed on.

He had balls, Thranduil had to admit. And Thranduil was too tired, especially with Legolas' crystal gaze turned to him, to do anything else but agree and take off towards his study.

"Speak," he demanded, coldly, after he closed the door. "What do you want?"
“Peace, Thranduil,” the younger twin said. “I know this is as bad a time as possible, I know you have more than your share of problems, and this is exactly why I want to have this discussion. I personally don't want anything from you, but last night, both Elladan and I were shocked.”

“Shocked? Why, what happened?”

“We… ah… have some experience with playing, but don't actually enjoy hardcore pain, we're more the slap&tickle kind. We know it helps in certain cases but, Thranduil, Legolas is in a very dangerous state of mind, and we are afraid of what he may do.”

Thranduil's blood ran cold, so he endeavored to keep his breathing even and motioned him to continue, not knowing what to ask, keeping himself from running back to the kitchen and checking on his son with all his willpower.

"We are really not used to the cane too much – we know how to use it, gran would have our hide for using anything on somebody without understanding it first, but, Thranduil, he needed 50 solid canes to be able to… I don't know, just not be completely mad with grief last night!”

“50? Are you insane?” he bellowed, really ready to strangle him now. “And you fucked him after that?”

“I… I couldn't, no,” a shamed Elrohir admitted, drawing a deep breath before continuing. “Elladan managed to get himself to stay hard using a ring. He needed it, Thranduil, toys were not enough, he was crying so hard, we just couldn't let him suffer like that, we could not… I wanted to be anywhere but there, but we could not let him alone, it's just… This had nothing to do with pleasure and he is our friend, but he hurts so much… Please, do not let him alone, at all, I hate to know he has to stand up and walk and I don't think clothes will be good for him, but, unless you want him sedated, he should not be alone or without things to do.

We promised to meet him again tonight, just for an hour or so, because we have a very long day, and tomorrow will not be better, but we'll do all we can to help, as little as this does for him, please, tell me you understand!”

“I'm sorry,” Thranduil managed to say, clenching his fists until it hurt. Was it possible to break your own bones squeezing too hard? Better not find out. He breathed deep, counted, breathed again.

“I don't even know what for, at the moment, too much has gone awry,” he sighed. “I'm sorry you have to bear this burden, when you have naught to do with it. I have been such a blind idiot, I promise I will behave better towards you in the future. I will excuse myself to your brother, too. No, don't say it, I know I've been a dick, when all you did was be good friends to my son.

Sincerely, I don't know how you can stand my presence, how he can stand me being around, when all that happened to him is my fault. I would leave, but he is so helpless for now… I am trying every day to come up with a way for him to be better prepared to cope with this fucking world, but I don't know what else to do now, so I just stay and hope he can stand me being so near without doing more harm…”

“Thranduil, stop it! Legolas loves you! He wants you here! He…”

“Then this proves even better that he doesn't know what's good for him,” Thranduil grated, then sighed, tired. “No matter, I will have him with me all day today, I will send Elros with him in the car when he comes to meet you and then I'll see for the night. Could you please tell Elrond I beg him to think about a solution? Something to help him sleep might actually be a good idea for a while, to help him heal a bit, and also, some counseling, if I can convince him to attend. He shouldn't have to
manage this shit by himself, and aside from watching over him, I am incapable of helping him with this.”

“Yes, I will speak with father,” Elrohir said. “I don’t know what else to say or do, so we will leave but, please, you should also take care of yourself, Thranduil. You don’t look very good today, I’m sorry to say.”

Thranduil laughed, mirthless.

“Don’t worry, I will still stand for a while. Two bottles of wine and a sleepless night are not good for the complexion, but I did it with no better reason before and we have bigger worries now. Let’s go, and thank you very much for this, you are doing more than anyone could have asked you. I am in your debt.”
The minute the twins left, Thranduil took a startled Legolas up to his bedroom.

“Heard Legolas take a deep breath, then raised his gaze to see him lose the robe and slowly turn his back to him. He couldn't stop hissing and swearing when he saw the angry red welts covering his back, buttocks and legs, the crop marks on his shoulders, the deep redness of the butt cheeks – clearly, they had used a paddle on him. Thranduil breathed deeply, making sure he could speak, only his iron will stopping his treacherous hands from touching the welts, but nothing could make his cock be anything else than an iron bar right now. Idly, he noticed there was some ointment spread over all the welts, and, impassioned, even admired the fact that all the lines were perfectly straight, evenly spaced, the skin was not broken, not even in one place. And, of course, everything was confined to safe areas – not that it was that easy, given the number. Galadriel must be commanded for this, and, to be fair, most probably also Elrond, who would not allow his sons to endanger somebody's health.

Thranduil hated himself anew for the violent heat of passion this sight aroused, still knowing that his son's inner pain was even greater, but they needed to discuss this.

“Legolas, are you sure you want to get dressed in a suit?”

“No, actually, I'm sure I don't,” his son replied. “But if I stay in bed all day and do nothing, I'm going insane. I need to be somewhere around people and do things which keep my mind busy. I will take the silk shirt and the pajama pants and hopefully manage to go through the day. The pain will remind me of... will keep me from losing it, it blunts the edges a bit,” he sighed. “It is OK, Thran, I asked for it, do not think it was what Elladan or…”

“No, Legolas, I know your friends did not want this, they love you too much. Elrohir explained what they had to do and I know you will meet them later, it's OK, whatever you need to go forward. I hate it that you need to go through this, I would do anything to take your pain away, but I don't know what to do. You will stay with me all day today and we'll do what's needed.

I'm sorry, my son, I can't say how sorry I am for all this mess. Just bear with me, please? And let me know if you need help with getting dressed, I can help, or send Galion if you don't want me touching you, please, just don't make things worse than they are, OK?”

“I promise I will ask for your help if I need it, thank you, Thran. I will go get ready now, so we are not late.”

Thranduil's heart was in his throat when he saw Legolas flinch while bending to gather his robe, but
his cock was more than happy with the sound and the image. He had to do it, there was no other way, so he asked Galion for ice and went to the playroom to get a plastic cock cage. No, he didn't want to look around, didn't check if they cleaned things, or what things they used, because he'd burn everything if he did. Nope.

He knew each stilted movement Legolas was going to make throughout the day was going to make him hard as a rock, so he needed to prevent that. He would hurt, bad, but that was not an issue. At least there will be something to keep his mind anchored, because he knew business will be the least of things his mind will want to focus on.

Hurray for biology, because no erection could resist being kept in ice for several minutes, so he managed to get himself small enough to fit the cock cage and be able to wear pants properly.

The drive to the office was torture, because Legolas was sprawled on his belly on the seats in front of him, a bit of pain on his face, but all Thranduil could see was the beautiful, slim, long body, the light swell of the ass under the perfectly tailored slacks, the silk shirt plastered to that gorgeous back. It will probably be ruined because of the ointment, so he heard himself tell Legolas he should order two dozen more silk shirts, startling him.

"Do you really think I will need them so often,” he sort of joked.

“All I can think is that you deserve the best, Legolas. There is no reason for you to have anything but the best surrounding you, touching you, so everyone knows it.”

Thranduil had said that while resolutely looking out the window, so he did not see the lone tear dropping from his son's eye, and, of course, he couldn't read his mind and know how much Legolas wanted to have his hands just rip that shirt from him and… no, that was too much.

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The day had passed in a blur, with only jolts of painful, constricted arousal to keep him grounded every time he watched Legolas twitch or sigh softly, his gaze positively arctic towards all those who watched too much or too wonderingly the young beauty who always stood just behind his shoulder, never having a seat.

He wanted to wipe their minds clean of any lustful thoughts towards his treasure while, at the same time, he was so fucking proud they all wanted him.

All until Legolas reminded him softly that he had to go meet with the twins and he hadn't wanted to let him go, was desperate to just yell and forbid it and keep him right there, but knew that he could not stop it. Thranduil had stayed with his eyes on the clock until he returned, and he knew the boy couldn't have spent more than an hour with them, but the look on his face, the freshly bruised lips, the way he was moving even more gingerly than in the morning, but with that peaceful, far away look in his beautiful eyes, made him explode and bring Legolas to his office, close the door and confront him again.

“You know where I went and what I did, what do you want of me?” a tired Legolas had asked him.

“All I want to know is that you are all right, and since those two had you again so hard that you are not walking straight, I...”

“No, they did not,” Legolas replied, and hurried over when Thranduil would have protested the obvious. “Since we didn't have time, and they both had to have their minds very clear afterward, only Elladan had me, so Elrohir could check me after and make sure I come back all right, because I
needed a while to return to reality. They will exchange places tomorrow, so I am safe.”

“Is he that good then, to make you limp after just some minutes of fucking?” Thranduil growled, although he knew he was wrong in so many ways, knew that he had absolutely no right to be jealous on his son, but he just could not stop it from spilling out.

“It's just that he's so fucking big, all right?” an exasperated Legolas replied hotly. “I know you don't want to hear this, and really, you don't need to know, but both of them, I didn't think a cock could be so thick before I saw the twins naked! It takes a lot to just get him inside and I… well, you know my penchant for being filled, for feeling it burn, I cannot resist to try to take it too fast, so…”

He swallowed, then continued:

“Anyway, rest assured, I am fine, nothing serious happened, I am just… well used. And I am fine with it. They only give me what's necessary so I don't lose my mind over this. I don't know how to go on without… some kind of help, I am not as strong as you!”

He flinched then at the mad cackles of Thranduil's laugh, because he could not call them any other way, and felt again his heart rending, because he really wanted to make his father feel better, he just did not know how, now when his father was so attentive to keep the distance between them, to not even touch his hand, to not see the need in his eyes, the way his breath was still hitching when he first laid eyes on that beautiful, beautiful face...

“I am not strong, my son,” Thranduil said, dejectedly. “If I were, I would have… God, there are so many things I didn't do and so many I should have done already, but still, I am lingering here, watching you fall apart, and it kills me, but I still don't dare die.”

“Stop! Fucking stop speaking of death and guilt!” Legolas yelled, startling him, startling himself with the pain he felt at the idea of not even seeing his father, not breathing his scent when it lingered in his wake. He was just breaking down and crying, his knees giving way, falling to the floor, hissing with pain, curling into a dejected little ball of misery.

This broke every restraint Thranduil still possessed, so he knelt on the floor near his son, bending over him and hugging him, managing to get him to allow being comforted, taking him into his arms, appalled at how little the boy was weighing, crooning mindless comforting things to him, trying not to hurt his abused body even more.

He needed to take him home and he needed to get him to eat something and make him sleep somehow, but wasn't sure how in the world he would accomplish that.

He remembered asking Elrohir to speak with his father about some sleeping pills, but probably there wasn't time, so he went to his desk, sat on the chair with Legolas still held in his arms and pressed the intercom, asking Dora to get Bard to prepare the chopper, to cancel whatever was on his agenda today and tomorrow, except the funerals, and then get him Elrond on the phone.

After a few minutes, he had a frazzled Elrond, asking what was wrong.

“I spoke with your son earlier, but he was probably too busy, about…”

“Yes, yes, the sleeping pills, I gave them to him, you should take care, try just half a dose at the beginning, there's no need to take more if he can sleep.”

“Oh, sorry Elrond, thank you very much, I will let you get back to work, I'll ask Legolas what he did with them. Thank you again.”
“Yes, sure, see you Thranduil.”

He gazed again at the softly sobbing bundle in his arms, sighed and decided that waiting longer
would not change anything.

“Legolas, did the twins gave you some pills?”

“Yes, Elros has a bottle and a paper with indications, I don't know what they are.”

“It's OK, I know about them, don't worry. Let's go home now.”

“But the meeting…”

“Fuck the meeting, neither of us is capable of thinking of that. Just tell me, can you walk or do you
still need help?”

“I… let me try.”

It was a good thing that Thranduil had good reflexes, because the tiredness and shock were getting
the better of Legolas and he almost fell off his feet again.

“OK, it's all right, I have you.”

His son needed him, so Thranduil was going to stand by him and take care of him. That's what you
do, right? He called Elros, told him to bring everything to the chopper and left to go on the roof. He
was met by a startled Eowyn in the hallway, belatedly remembering that both of them were supposed
to attend the meeting with Dain. And that idiot would not accept it postponed.

“I'm sorry, Eowyn, but we seem to have a problem. Is Faramir still around?”

“Yes, I think he is, he had said he had reports to check all night.”

Thranduil sighed again. This was getting out of hand, fast.

“I think I'm going to complicate his life even more. I'm taking Legolas home, because, whatever he
says,” he raised his voice a little at the telltale protest in his arms, “he cannot stay here until that old
coot decides he yelled enough. Please, call Dain, tell him we apologize but need to move the meeting
to Greenwood. Tell Faramir to accompany you, call Galion to prepare a ton of food and booze and,
of course, let Dain know he can bring twice as many goons as usual.”

“Sure, Thranduil, no problem.”

“Oh, and call Celeborn too, tell him I need changes done to your managing powers, Faramir's too. If
he could send somebody this night, it would be great. No comments, I know I've been distracted
lately and I'll continue to be, so you should have all rights to make the needed decisions. Think about
what more you want as compensation, also, and we'll have to have another press conference.”

He didn't wait for the dazzled woman to recover, just went on to the roof, wanting to have 10
minutes alone with his son before the whole madness started. Damn this to hell, things were starting
to mix too much, both parts of his business life getting too entwined, and he really didn't have any
kind of will, not to mention energy, to make them behave. Fuck.

He saw Legolas wanted to say more, but luckily the noise was not conducive to talking, and the boy
understood privacy enough to not want to talk through the inner system, with Bard and Elros
listening in.
Legolas wanted again to walk when they landed, but Thranduil was having none of it, so he took him directly upstairs, thought for a few seconds and realized he would hate to see his son’s room right now and imagine the twins there, so he took him to his bedroom.

“You need help with the shower?” he asked, steeling himself for the debacle that would cause.

“I don’t think so,” a tired Legolas said. “But you will feel better watching over me, so just come in and be nearby.”

“Better is not the right word, I’m afraid,” Thranduil snorted. “What do you need from your room?”

He observed, a bit amused, that Legolas had understood he was not going to be allowed to go somewhere else, so he was not going to argue.

“Not much, I think it would be smarter not to wear paj’s right now. I would need the ointment Elros has, and your help putting it on after the shower. Oh, something to get my hair out of the way, I don’t want to wash it tonight, could you get it up in a bun? My shoulders are kinda’ stiff right now.”

Nodding, Thranduil called Elros to bring the ointment and the pills and signaled Legolas to enter the bathroom. He looked longingly at the whiskey, but he needed a clear head and would have to drink that awful piss Dain favored anyway, so he just took off the jacket and tie, rolled his sleeves and then entered the bathroom as Elros left.

He was once again stabbed through the heart seeing Legolas naked, watching quietly as the boy was surveying his back in the mirror, shaking his head.

“I understand now why you looked so angry this morning,” he said. “It looks pretty bad now, everything started to turn blue.”

Thranduil wanted to tell him that the problem was that it looked too good, but what was the point, so he stayed silent, putting the ointment on the counter and going to sit on the bench, allowing Legolas to decide if he wanted a bath or a shower.

“How long do you have?” the boy asked. “I think a bath would do me good.”

“Well, then start the bath, I’ll let Galion know where I am and he’ll arrange everything downstairs. We have to discuss some things anyway, so it’s better like this. Be back in 5, OK?”

The boy nodded, so again Thranduil exited the bathroom, called Eowyn to check where she and Faramir were, then let Galion know to ply their guests with lots of drink and as much food as they wanted, commiserating that Mrs. Baggins was going to go crazy the next morning. He was going to pay a lot of bonuses this month, it seemed. Eh well, that was just money, so he underlined to Galion that first thing in the morning he should order things for the funeral from a catering company, because there was no point in torturing everybody more than they already were.

He returned to the bathroom to find it full of steam and Legolas pouring perfumed oil from… was it 4 bottles? in the bathtub.

“Are you preparing a sacrifice there,” he jokingly asked.

“Oh well,” a crookedly smiling Legolas replied, “I do feel kind of tortured right now, and it helped,” he added, making Thranduil flinch, “but I realize I can’t sleep like this, so I am trying to ease the tightness of the skin a bit. Sorry, I didn’t realize I’ll make your bed stink…”

“Don’t worry, I won’t see sleep I’m afraid, the old coot will keep me up until 2 at least, and then…”
but first, get in, and we can talk. Here, give me your hand, just for…”

“Yes, for your peace of mind, I know, dad,” Legolas said, making him shiver, because it was the first time he had used the term.

He took his hand and gingerly entered the hot water, hissing, lowering himself slowly, trying not to flinch too hard, fussing until he managed to find a somewhat comfortable position.

Thranduil stood silent for two minutes more, to be sure it was all right, then brought the bench near the tub and decided that he had waited enough.

“Look, things are crazy, and I have no idea when they would be… as normal as they are around here. My attention really is not all it should be and, to be honest, it wasn't for a while. Please, listen to me first, and then I will listen to all you have to say, OK?” he said, when Legolas would have wanted to say he was to blame.

“Even before we found out… all this, I wanted to cut on the time I spend working, for various reasons. This is why I groomed Eowyn and Faramir for a few years now, because I wanted somebody who could do much of what I do. I never wanted to work for work's sake, and didn't build a business to have more work to do. I actually know how to enjoy free time, and I think you know that.

And really, both Faramir and Eowyn deserve more power and more rewards, they worked a lot during this time, and they did a very good job. I am not very clear how much of the job I want to keep, I will also consult Celeborn and his boys on this, but I am also considering bringing another person for the things they can't cover – it's somebody who worked for me in the past but needed more freedom than I could allow at the time. He was really very good at what he was doing and I hope he will still want to work with me but, the bottom line is, I will be making these changes.

You are not the only one at wit's end, my son, I am just better at not showing my problems,” he sighed. “Of course, some of these problems are not really solvable, but I, too, need to see what I can do to heal my mind, and working all day and night will not help this time. Yes, I know you were going to ask, it did help in the past, I think we have to have a discussion about that also, but not tonight.

Elrond sent some pills to help you sleep, and I would be very grateful if you took some tonight – I cannot stay with you, your friends are not available and I don't want you hurt and alone. Do you think you can do that for me?”

“Aren't they dangerous?”

“You know very well by now that Elrond is the last person to prescribe something dangerous and not have you under supervision if you take them.”

“OK, I will try them tonight, because I… I can't take another nightmare tonight.”

Thranduil looked at him again, seeing the dullness of his eyes, the defeated way he held his shoulders, everything was so… God help him, but he wanted somebody to kill for this.

“Thank you, my son. One more thing – please, will you also try to eat something? You are getting way too thin…”

Legolas sighed, dejected.

“It's not that I don't want to eat, believe me. It's just… everything smells off again, tastes too strong,
nauseating… It's like I have a blockage in my throat, and my stomach just doesn't seem to have room for anything. I know I'm not behaving right – don't smirk at me!, but I don't know what I could swallow at the moment."

"Would you at least try some juice, Galion told me there are 5 or 6 kinds of fresh fruit, berries, he can make a smoothie for you?"

"Apple smoothie, please? Maybe some white grapes, if he has? I don't know, something blander? Don't go now, I'll need to breathe a bit after this hot bath anyway. I promise I will try to drink a big glass, just… just stay here and be my dad, OK?"

"Oh, little leaf, I would do so much more, if that was possible. Of course I'll stay with you, and tomorrow, after the bloody funerals, I'll also be here, all that you need."

Thranduil was very surprised when Legolas snorted loudly and laughed out loud, his entire body shaking, hissing because the strong movements pulled at his skin.

"Would that you could, Thran, but we both know that's a bit… complicated now. Don't, I know that speech, just… I think I reached the point where sensible thought is very alien."

And you are just disgusted with me and my whorish needs, he thought bitterly, right now when I'm no longer able to make do without them.

His laugh was contagious, and Thranduil found himself also laughing, bitterly but liberating in a way.

"Yes, it's more than fucked up that I should speak of morals and all," he managed to say. "I will shut up and let you enjoy the bath."

Amazingly enough, the silence that followed actually felt good again.

The trouble really began when he had to also apply the cream over the now bruised welts. Thranduil wondered where to start – but he knew that, no matter if he started at the shoulders or at the legs, he would still be mad with arousal by the end. Being able to touch Legolas again, to make him hiss and whimper, feeling his hot skin and his shivers, was almost the bravest thing he had done in his life. He was keeping an iron hand on the rhythm of his breathing, the only way not to lose his mind and do something he would regret forever.

And of course, his darling son couldn't shut up and just had to start crying and saying how sorry he was that he had him doing such a disgusting task, and his own tongue could not stay behind his teeth, so he asked why did the boy think it was distasteful.

"Because it is the first time you had touched my ass, nicely bruised, and nothing happens in your pants, and you are desperate to keep your breathing under control, probably because you don't want to vomit again, just from touching me. I feel I'm going mad when you hate me so, you find me so repulsive, please, just leave everything be, I'll do my legs by myself, please don't just…"

Laughing, crying, Thranduil decided that, again, keeping secrets was a bad idea. Although, most probably, the truth was not a good idea, either. So the everlasting fuck with it all. He just got up, opened his trousers in front of a miffed Legolas, lowered his boxers and showed him the plastic cock cage keeping him in check, making the boy gape like a fish at the sight, the only strangled sound he was able to make being: "Whaty…?"

"I am not repulsed by you, Legolas. I am repulsed by me, by my reaction to you, which didn't change a bit. I had to wear this all day today, because I was hard as a rock from the first second I saw
you in the kitchen, all frail and abused. Then I saw those welts on your back and wanted to lick every one of them, wanted to rub them with my fingers, hear what sound you make for each of them… Fuck, do I really need to say more?”

“Then why… No, you told me why. Still. I… I fucking hate this!”

“You and me both. Please, just… take a pill now, I'll finish you legs and let you sleep and just… I would say again we'll talk later, but I really don't want to. I will, if you'll insist, but not today, please?”

“The twins are together, did you know?”

It was Thranduil's turn to gape like a fish, trying to understand if he really heard what Legolas was saying or he was finally just going utterly crazy.

“Yes, together as in they are lovers, dad. And they are so beautiful together that it hurts. They let me watch them, and… why is it so bad to love somebody close to you?”

Thranduil was surely going mad. This could not be true and he had no answer whatsoever. He finally just shrugged and raised his hands in a pose that made Legolas smile.

“Yes, I was pretty shocked too when I heard. Actually, at first I thought I'm going completely crazy, imagining stuff. And got more shocked to find out Arwen and Aragorn know, and they are totally cool with it. They said something about incest being taboo because the children of such couples would have health issues, but, well…”

Thranduil snorted.

“Yeah, let's say I will not have any more children anyway. OK, you KO-ed me with this. I don't have an answer and you should get to sleep. I will indeed have to speak with you, again, about this.”

He breathed deep and felt like screaming, because he really didn't know how he would continue through the night. He breathed again, then pulled his boxers back up, then his trousers.

“Do you really still need that?” Legolas asked, knowing how annoying the contraption was.

“Honestly, I don't know what will happen when I take it off, and the idea of needing ice again to be able to wear pants is just…”

“Ice, seriously?”

“Yes, I had to keep my cock in ice in order to get it in, and it's so not a pleasant experience.”

Legolas was now shaking with mirth, and it should have annoyed him, but any kind of laugh was good at the moment, so Thranduil just sighed and brought the pill and the glass of water, waiting until Legolas stopped shaking and was able to swallow it.

“OK, it needs about 20 minutes or so to have effect, so I'll get Galion to bring you the smoothie and let you to it.”

“Could you also turn the heat up some more? I'm a bit cold right now and still don't want the duvet over my back.”

“Yes, of course. Did you manage to order some more shirts?”

“Of course not! Who remembers things like shirts?”
“Well, people who have a ton of bruises on their backs should, I say. You'll have to wear one of mine and keep your jacket on tomorrow then.”

“Geez, because all I needed was to look like the kid wearing his father's clothes! This is so fucking crazy. OK, leave, I had enough for today already.”

“Nope, I'll wait for Galion to bring you the juice first. No rolling your eyes at me, boy!”

He was glad Legolas was laughing again. At least one of them could take some dubious steps towards healing.

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Faramir looks like a raccoon, really, and at first Thranduil wonders why didn't he just try to get a nap, and then it hits him that he’s a fucking idiot. The king of idiots. The man’s brother had just died, and he…

“For me, Faramir,” he chokes. “I… I didn’t…”

“Thranduil, I thank you for this. Work helps me at the moment, otherwise I would just have to sit and think about him, and I will do that enough tomorrow, and probably the next days, with mother.”

“I am sorry, please, what he did was…”

“Yes, my brother the hero died exactly as he would have wished, Thranduil. It was his choice, he could have done something else than security after leaving the army, he had several offers to work as a pilot, as you surely know. And being your chief of security, he had no need to actually be in the field anymore. He wanted to be there, that was his adrenaline addiction talking. I do not blame you for what happened and my mother will complain some tomorrow, but she doesn’t blame you, because she knew him too. He was our father the Major all over again, long before he met you.”

Thranduil breathes deep, and knows all this is true, but he also knows he didn’t appreciate the sacrifice enough, and he should have been less insensitive towards his right hand, too.

“Be that as it may, please, if I continue to behave like a dick, tell me if you or your family need anything. Demand it, better. And do take care of yourself, no matter if the company suffers. It’s not worth it, Faramir.”

“We are fine, Thranduil. Or… well, you know. Yes, I will need time off, but not right now. And there is something you should know before giving more power to Eowyn and me,” he adds. “It could be a conflict of interests, because we… well, now clearly we will postpone it but… Well, we are kind of together for a while, and were planning to get married. We just didn’t have the time to let you know.”

Thranduil breathes, and wonders when he missed so many things happening around him.

“This is actually the best news I heard in a long time”, he says. “You have my congratulations, and I don't care about supposed conflicts. Both of you toiled a lot to grow Eryn Galen, and is great if you can have one another in hard times. I have to apologize again for not allowing you time to be together, but I'll have to rely on Eowyn heavily for the next week at least.”

“It's OK, I couldn't stay and do nothing and be comforted. It's too soon. Let's work and we will take advantage of this and actually take a long honeymoon”, he tries to joke.

“Yes, you have to do that. I'm hoping I can convince Erestor to come back,” he confesses. “I will
have some groveling to do, but my heart is not in this anymore, and it's clear we need more hands. As soon as he's settled, if he accepts, you can have your wedding. It's not good to waste time”, he adds, saddened again. “Good times are too fleeting.”

“It would be great if you could convince him,” Faramir says. “But I heard he was already involved in some project.”

Thranduil snorts.

“I doubt one project is ever enough for Erestor. And I can be pretty persuasive.”

“I hope you are”, Dain's bellow sounds way too close to his ear. “Because I would hate to remain convinced my nephew’s death is your fault.”

So it begins, Thranduil thinks. At least he'll have to keep his head to this, so he enters the room and throws himself into the fray.
Thranduil was absolutely dead tired and knew that postponing sleep again would actually lead to serious problems. There was just one more thing he needed to do – make sure Legolas was going to sleep also. Legolas… had to meet the twins?

“No, Thran, in between funerals I wasn't really in the mood,” he heard him reply and realized he must have spoken aloud. Another reason he had to rest.

“I will take another pill and sleep, I don't want to stay around and wonder about what ifs.”

“Your back?”

“Some more cream would help, yes. Are you…”

“Yes, I will put some on fast. Why are you smirking?”

“I remember fragments from that first night, in the shower, I think I was as tired as you are now…”

“You are probably right. There are 3 nights I think since I did not sleep. Though I did eat.”

“Three nights? Why didn't you sleep when… oh, because the twins were here? I'm sorry…”

“Don't, please. We had this conversation already and it doesn't help. Let's just do what's needed and rest. I know tomorrow you will not let me get away without churning all of it again, so let me get my strength.”

Legolas’ chuckle was a good sound, and really, Thranduil was grateful for the waves of tiredness, because at least like this he couldn't feel the arousal too much when spreading the cream over his son's bruised back. Had to be grateful for small favors.

But how could he, in the morning, when he came to to Legolas' head pillowed on his chest, one of his hands around his waist, his breathing and face so peaceful and innocent, just like it was before all this deluge had hit them?

Well, one small favor, pun intended, was that he forgot to take off the cock cage before sleeping, so he didn't have to worry about tenting the sheet for now. But not for lack of trying, because his body really wanted to catch fire. Legolas was smelling so good, his silky hair was tickling Thranduil so pleasantly, his warm skin was so soft and good over his arm and chest that he really was in paradise. Which could not last, of course, because the boy started to dream or something, making the most divine sounds, little whimpers of need, his breathing changed to little pants and, of course, something was starting to poke Thranduil's hip, making him want to whimper too. He was wearing sleep pants, but the silk was way too thin to be a real barrier, and it was fucking with his head so bad.

Waking Legolas up didn't sound like the best idea – he needed his rest -, but staying there like this was torture. And the boy was clinging like a limpet, so Thranduil tried, but soon stopped, to move from near him. His icy demeanor should come in handy now, he thought, but who was he kidding? That was a mask for outsiders; it never actually worked with Legolas, and now it worked even less.

The whimpers are stronger now, so he decides to wake him up anyway.

“Legolas!”
But the boy only pushes harder against him, mumbling something about faster, so he has to raise his voice and squeeze his hand, and manages to rouse him.

“I'm sorry to disturb your sleep, but you were a bit agitated”, he says, and the boy realizes what happened and blushes lightly.

“I… well, you know what I was dreaming, I imagine. Sorry, I'll go to the bathroom.”

“You can stay in bed, I just wanted to get up”, Thranduil says “but you had gripped me. There's no hurry. Unless you want breakfast.”

“No, I'm not awake enough yet.”

The boy hisses when he gets up, reminding Thranduil of his back.

“I will need more ointment, can you wait a bit until I return from the bathroom?”

“Sure, take your time.”

Damn it, and then he'll want to talk. He calls for Galion to bring at least some coffee and juice up, because he can't have the conversation without at least some caffeine. Some alcohol is what he wishes for, but he needs his head as clear as possible. When Galion comes, he's shocked to find out they slept till 2 in the afternoon. At least Legolas must be more rested now.

“We slept into the afternoon,” he tells the boy, when he returns from the bathroom. “Those pills are good stuff.”

“I always sleep well in your arms”, Legolas says, quietly, the light in his eyes startling. “I didn't actually take a pill last night, because I knew it was not needed.”

It's so damn painful, and Thranduil has to force himself to breathe before he can speak.

“Do you trust me that much, after all this?”

“Yes, I trust you more than I ever trusted anyone in this world. You love me too much to want to do me harm.”

It rips Thranduil's heart to pieces, all this undeserved faith put in him, because he did harm him, didn't he?

“I'm a cold blooded killer,” he says. “I bent or outright violated many laws. I put you in harm's way, and I did harm you.”

“You killed for me”, Legolas says, “and you did all you could to shelter and protect me. And you kept your promise to bring me a pleasure I didn't even imagine could exist. Yes, I am sorry my mother had to suffer alone; I am even sorrier I didn't know you earlier. But I can't see you as the big bad villain. I can't.”

“I don't know how to take care of anyone, Legolas. I'm good at making people do what I want, and don't even thank them properly for it, or care for their feelings. The other night, when Faramir came here, I realized I didn't even tell him I'm sorry for the loss of his brother. And I was glad when it was Boromir who died, and he had been shielding me for 10 years!”

“You were glad it was him who died and not me.”

Of course Legolas would catch that.
“Yes. I would have killed him with my own hands if that would have spared you pain. I would kill any of them if that would make you feel better.”

“I know. And that's why I trust you and love you.”

Thranduil just can't answer this and can't bear the praise. What can he say?

“I don't know about how you should treat your employees; all I know is that my grandparents preferred to keep their daughter alone and miserable, instead of allowing her to have a life; that they kept me as an unpaid laborer and threw me out of the house as soon as they could; and that you were a stranger, who had all the power and could have just broken me and thrown me away. Hell, you could have ripped me to pieces, like you did Azog, and nobody would have cared if I lived or died. Instead of that, you got me private tutors, 500 dollar shirts and 5000 dollar suits and let me have fun in town in a Ferrari.”

“That is just spending money and bragging, Legolas.”

“But I don't know how to love a father either”, Legolas continues, seemingly very determined at this point. “And I no longer want to learn it now. Nobody cared one bit what happened to me for so many years, why should I now care what they think about whom I bed?”

Thranduil laughs, broken.

“That is still my fault. And I know what feelings one should have for a father, and it's just...”

Legolas starts pacing now, probably also at wit's end.

“I don't give a damn”, he says, finally, looking straight into his eyes. God, it burns through him. “Reasons, morals, good or bad. I played by the rules and got a step away from madness and death. You said you will be here for me, and admitted you still want me. I want you as my lover. I need it. The twins are all good and merry, but I'm not who they want and they are not who I want. I might lust for others, in time. But you'll never leave my heart, and I need your protection and your strength. Nobody else needs to know, besides the ones who already do and don't give a damn either. Will you deny me this?”

“Knowing the twins had you made me want to torture and kill them,” Thranduil says, and it's damn hard to look into his son's pure, determined gaze and not just fall in, let himself be thoroughly consumed. “I'm not so sure I can take somebody else touching you if I don't think of myself only as your father.”

Legolas laughs at this.

“Is that supposed to deter me?”

“No, I suppose not. But we should...”

“We should talk about it and establish rules?”

Now they are both laughing.
“Yes, there are things that need clarifying. If I won't adopt you, I will marry you,” Thranduil says, “and that is not negotiable, because you do need status in this world.”

“I don't care how our relationship is called. I want to be in your bed and I want to have you inside my body. The rest can be whatever you want.”

“We will go eat now, and we'll discuss more after that. I need to know you are well before I can commit to something like this.”

“Promise me you will not refuse me anymore”, Legolas insists. “If you do, I will do anything you wish.”

“And I was worried you'll be too obedient”, Thranduil smirks, making both of them laugh again. “Yes, I promise you I will stop fighting this bond we have. I seem to suck at it anyway.”

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All the lost time and the pressure and the guilt are making his blood rush and hiss through his veins, and he tries one more time to persuade – scare? - Legolas into letting them take things slow. Because they really, really should wait for him to heal first, all those welts are driving Thranduil mad with need. All he wants, with a caveman's instinct, is to have that scrumptious body marked by himself, to drive any thought of somebody else out for good.

“If we do this now, I will not be gentle, I cannot be gentle today, after all this time, seeing their marks on you, do you understand me, Legolas?”

The answer is almost moaned, and he wonders if it's really possible to break the cock cage by getting hard. Yeah, he's gonna break the fucking thing anyway, after he finally takes it off in a minute.

“I will not bind you, I will not gag you; but you will not try to get away, and you will not speak, unless asked. You are allowed to make noises, though, I want to hear how you feel.

There will be no safe word tonight – you think well and good on this, because I won't stop, even if you can't take it anymore,” Thranduil adds, and knows his eyes are boring into his son's, but Legolas doesn't even flinch.

“You may not come until I say so; the only thing you can ask for is a ring, but, if you do, you will not get to come tonight. Do you accept this?”

“Yes, Sir, I will take all you give me and I will thank you for it.” Legolas says and he kneels, making Thranduil's throat go dry. “And I beg of you to allow me the ring. My completion is not important, I just want your touch, in any way you wish to grant it.”

Thranduil is doing all he can not to be wracked by shudders at this; he knows it's important for him to be strong, because Legolas has just ceded all control in his hands. He goes to the play room and returns with two rings, because after all this time, he knows he would just lose it otherwise. The simple act of touching his son's cock while putting the ring on is enough to inflame him, and he knows there's a veritable feast awaiting.

He takes Legolas to the bed and asks him to lie down on his belly, surveying the eerie beauty of his marked backside, once again pondering where should he start from.

“Open yourself for me,” he orders, and is entranced to watch Legolas using his long fingers to prepare himself for use.
Thranduil doesn't want to start with this, but knows his restraint will be very bad in the end, so it's better to take precautions.

He then proceeds to softly touch each bruise, lick each inch of tortured skin, making Legolas pant and shiver, but that is really not doing justice to the pain the boy suffered, so now he starts pressing down on each welt and enjoys each whimper he produces. His cock is leaking profusely, but he's so worked up that it doesn't really matter, having Legolas under him, trembling, ravaged, is a reward in itself.

“I love to see you like this, trembling like a leaf,” he drawls now. “It touches my heart to see it's so hard for you to bear, but you are willing to take it for me, my sweet. Tell me now, are you well?”

“Yes, Sir, thank you for the exquisite touches you give me,” the boy answers, in an amazingly clear voice.

He should not be so in control of himself, the beast growls inside Thranduil, so he takes a pillow and puts it under Legolas' belly, spreads his thighs even more and just plunges his cock inside, making Legolas scream. He grunts and just stays still, because, really, he only needs to feel the hot silken muscle glove him, flutter madly over his length, while he draws in gulps of air, trying to dissipate the red haze clinging to his mind.

Thranduil doesn't know how long he stays like this, but Legolas has relaxed around him, and he withdraws slightly just to pierce in again a few times, the movement delicious when the boy does not resist at all, just moans on each push. He needs all his will to withdraw completely and the possessive beast inside throws caution to the wind and starts nibbling sharply at the edges of each bruise.

He's decided to taste each of them, no matter that Legolas' breath turns so ragged and he mewls piteously at first, then starts screaming when Thranduil bites harder, over the entire bruise, his breath stopping completely whenever he is very cruel and nips the middle of the welt so hard the boy arches off the bed, again and again.

It's a wonder he didn't break skin yet, but it's even a bigger wonder that the boy does not try to escape, not even for a moment. Thranduil is sure by now he himself would beg desperately for this to stop, but his beautiful son keeps his promise and just takes everything and tries to relax, again and again, until Thranduil is finally sure this is, indeed, right, because his whole body is twitching, uncontrolled, but his face, turned to the side, is all one big smile, his eyes glazed and probably unseeing and his voice has all but disappeared.

Thranduil realizes his own breath is not enough now and, although he still has the possessive instinct telling him to mark more, to bite harder, to spank the abused buttocks, he manages to get himself to breathe deep and decides to end it, because it could prove dangerous for both of them.

Of course, ending it means only to start fucking Legolas in earnest, first with long, deep strokes he's sure feel like fists over the boy's prostate; he can't maintain the slow rhythm for long though, because his heart is beating too fast and he needs to fuck him on its rhythm, so he pounds him through the mattress. All he hears is the roar of blood in his ears, the cannon blasts of the heartbeats and, gently, the small, broken sounds Legolas manages to make, because he no longer has the power to scream.

“Yes, my beauty, this is your place,” he grits, “at the mercy of my cock, all open and hot for me. I will have you like this for years to come, you know it, don't you, my treasure? Answer me!” he yells, managing to stop his thrusts briefly, so Legolas can thank him for it in his ruined voice, and then Thranduil throws all control to the wind, taking off the cock ring and just letting his body empty inside the sweltering heat, screaming his pleasure and wanting it to never end.
He moves to the side, manages to get his breath back and makes Legolas stand, although he has to let the boy lean on him, because his muscles are just locking and unlocking uncontrollably.

“You may speak now,” he tells him, still possessed by cruelty, because only a look at the purple, too swollen cock, dripping clear liquid, is enough to see how tormented the boy is, but he still doesn't beg for it, and Thranduil knows he's bested when Legolas just thanks him and stays there, swaying, shivering, awaiting his pleasure.

He takes off the ring, and Legolas hisses in pain and tightens all his muscles not to come, he doesn't breathe for a minute, then he tenses again and again, but he doesn't come, although Thranduil doesn't even want to know how painful it all is.

And his son's strength is scaring him to death, because he really doesn't know if he can be as strong in return, and that pushes him to continue with his cruelty. He feels his cock filling again, his arousal way too aggressive to be stopped, and knows this time he will last way longer, but he'll probably just drop like a brick at the end. So he pushes himself to check Legolas's back, to spread the ointment as fast as possible over the bruises, barely holding it together when he thinks of how his teeth marks will beautify them even more in the morning.

Legolas is shivering so hard under his hands, his knuckles white where he holds the bed frame for dear life, because he couldn't allow him just to stay on his belly and let his cock rub against the sheets, could he? He's trying with all his might to breathe deeply, his son, to be calm, because that's the only way to go on, and Thranduil shivers himself at this show of power.

He's finished with the cream, so now he opens the boy's ass cheeks and checks his opening. It's still well lubed, but not as relaxed as it should be; yes, his seed is still shining around it, deliciously marking his luscious thighs and heavy balls, but Legolas has squeezed his muscles too much trying to hold off his release, and Thranduil is torn between opening him up some more or just taking him like that. He knows what Legolas would choose, but is still afraid of hurting him too much.

He pushes two fingers inside, but realizes even his beautiful boy has a limit when they are caught in a death grip and Legolas just sobs, overwhelmed. He pulls them out, gets up and lifts Legolas from the bed too, supporting him.

“You are wonderful, my love,” he tells him. “But I can't have enough of you tonight, so I will be crueler than you deserve. Tell me you understand me, Legolas.”

“Yes, master,” he manages to whisper.

“I will take you again”, he says, and the boy moans and shivers, but his eyes so approve of this, well before his mouth manages to do it.

“But we'll go to the play room for this, because we'll both need support.” The boy nods, so Thranduil continues. “You are allowed to speak and cry and say whatever you want, but I will still not honor your safe word tonight. You can try to escape, you can curse me or hate me, but I will not stop.” Legolas is starting to protest, but Thranduil is having none of it.

“Yes, you know you will curse me in the morning, and for several days after this, my treasure, even if tonight it will be good. I will do my best to check you after, but if at the end I don't do a good job of it and you feel something is not right, promise me you will call for help. I will put the mobile within your reach, on speaker, with Galion's number just ready to be dialed. Do not let shame or anything else stop you for having a clear mind give help, OK?”

“I promise you I want to be well for the rest of our lives, Thran. I will call him, if need be.”
Satisfied, Thranduil takes them to the playroom and manages to find all the wide, fur lined body restraints and gets Legolas into the sling, taking painstaking care to have his weight supported in between welts, as much as possible, though it is no easy task. He manages to tape the phone on the sling, so Legolas can use it, and breathes deeply, barely managing to keep the beast at bay a few more moments, before pouncing.

Legolas looks breathtaking right now: he's so lithe, ethereal looking, his hair falls like a wave of silk onto the floor, lying all spread out, offering style, and amazingly relaxed in the wide leather bindings, a feast for the eyes. His cock lies darkly angry against his stomach, his nipples red stones, his lips bitten and bruised, his eyes the deepest, purest Caribbean sea, his loving gaze addictive like nothing else on this Earth.

“You are allowed to come from now on, my love,” Thranduil purrs, and once more gets thoroughly drunk on the power he has over the boy, because just these words make him moan and let go, painting his chest and belly with white.

And Thranduil just loves the strangled sound he makes when he is breached immediately, with no regard for the post-orgasm sensitivity. It spurs him on, to move in to the hilt, growling with pleasure when the tormented muscle flutters again all around his length, then wetly tries to keep him in when he pulls out all the way, and then he watches, bewitched, how his shaft pierces anew the unresisting hole, again and again, getting more of the strangled cries out of Legolas.

He moves one finger over the boy's belly and chest, coats it with his seed and tastes it, while looking straight into his son's eyes; then he coats it again and paints his beautiful rosy lips with it. There' a wave of liquid fire overfilling his loins when the boy's tongue peeks out and cleans it, clearly loving it. It's madness, but it feels so good that Thranduil would brave anything to do it again.

He remembers the fear started then, when a part of him had realized he started having feelings for the boy, and Thranduil feels it so keenly now, when he knows it to be all he wanted in life.

“I… love… you…” he starts saying, with each thrust, over and over again, and Legolas arches into his thrusts, tries to find purchase, to push against him, tries to speak, but he's not breathing enough and he can't. So he keens softly with each push, and then clenches tight around him and convulses again, but this time Thranduil will not allow him time to rest, because he can't, he can't stop thrusting, claiming him, filling him with all he is.

So he pushes firmly against the searing, tight muscle, and keeps letting him know he loves him, because this is what matters, really.

“I… am… yours,” he grates, “I… love… you… You… are… my… life… my… all,” he says, and Legolas manages to cry and spasm again, and now goes limp all of a sudden, although he's still conscious. This way Thranduil can just glide inside, and it scorches him, this complete surrender, and feels the pressure in his loins will explode, soon, so fucking soon.

But that would be too easy, he thinks, so he steels himself to withdraw for a moment, pulling his testicles quite harshly away from his body and breathing deeply, to delay. He kisses his son then, deep and searching, and loves the greedy moan that brings. He flicks the boy's erect nipples, making
him arch into the touch, always wanting more. He licks the remaining seed from his chest and kisses him again, sharing his taste, nipping at his addictive lips.

He can't delay any longer, though, so he sheathes himself again, and it is like coming home. Thranduil moans, long and low, and starts to glide again, in and out, adjusting the angle a bit to be sure that each stroke makes Legolas moan raggedly, too. One hand stays on Legolas' slim hip, keeping him exactly where he wants him, while the other roams over his body, enjoying the feel of the velvety skin, the heated edges of the raised welts, then goes to tease the still hard, pink shaft. Legolas is a writhing mess by now, and more beautiful than Thranduil ever saw him, which makes the pleasure a hairbreadth away from unbearable.

His hips are now just snapping against Legolas' ass, deep, so deep, the boy's flesh burns against his pelvis, and the idea that each touch must be both a blessing and a curse for him is the last straw.

“Have… me...” he whispers, “take… it… all… yesssssss,” and it's blinding, blistering hot, so thoroughly good, he fills Legolas and manages somehow to stay on his feet, catching the sling and holding for dear life, because it never felt so satisfying. It's so much pleasure that he needs time to just be again aware that he's breathing, that he's alive, gulping air, shaking, and knows he should pull out and look at Legolas' face, but still doesn't see well, and can't seem to order his body, so he has to wait some more.

Time passes and Thranduil trembles still and starts to worry.

“Legolas, are you well?” he asks, because the boy didn't make any sound.

“Mmm, very”, a raspy voice replies, very slowly, clearly trying hard to enunciate each word, “it's perfectly delicious. I don't plan to move yet.”

“We have to,” Thranduil says, “but never in my life did I feel this weak. I can't walk straight, so I can't help you rise, and we should, or you'll fall asleep.”

“Indeed, sleep sounds so good, but I didn't know you are capable of sleeping while standing.”

“I don't think I am, and it wouldn't be healthy for you to do it. Don't sleep!”

The boy chuckles lightly.

“Should I make the phone call?”

Thranduil curses but has to agree, because he tries again to keep his weight on his legs and fails. He can probably crawl or something, but has no way of supporting Legolas in getting off the sling, and it galls and scares him that he allowed things to go this far. He was always the one bragging that he left any such encounter on his own two feet, and now it actually matters, because he never cared for anyone's well being as much as he cares for his son's.

And to prove it, he needs Galion's help to get to the bed, and needs somebody else touching his treasure to... Fucking stop, he yells at himself and allows this to happen, because they do need the help, as much as he hates it. And sleep comes really fast, all the angry thoughts melting away when he's in bed, with Legolas lying on his side and resting a hand over his chest, right over his heart, smiling and falling asleep in an instant.
“Yeah, kind of everything hurts, and I'm dizzy with hunger. But you know it's fine, Thran.”

“We'll check and see that it's fine, but first I should probably go to the kitchen and see if the food is not poisoned.”

“The food is what?!”

“There's one thing we didn't discuss, treasure,” he sighs. “Galion may have said nothing last night, but you know they know about us, and they accepted what happened before, because I honestly had no idea. That doesn't mean they have to accept it now, and let's not forget how protective Mrs. Baggins was of you last time – and for very good reasons, I'm afraid. No, I will deal with this – in case they don't want to be here anymore, they should have this choice, although it will be a very big pain in the ass to deal with it.”

“I don't want to be the cause of them losing their job,” Legolas says, clearly disturbed.

“Any of them can find a new job in just a few hours, my dear. They are very good at what they are doing, as you well know, and many other people know it too. Of course I would give them the best recommendations, and their contracts mention a good severance pay, also because of the permanent confidentiality clause, they could easily take some months off if they want to.”

Thranduil composes himself and enters the kitchen very decided – if he's going to get a sharp knife in his belly, at least he shouldn't appear weak, right?

But it's quiet and nothing happens – there's only Galion and Mrs. Baggins in there, it seems, and he doesn't know what to say, so just asks what's available. Things keep being very normal – she just asks if Legolas said what he's able to eat today, to prepare a tray – and there's just a very relieved “Great then,” when he says Legolas mentioned being ravenous and willing to eat anything. In a few moments, he has a tray plopped into his arms and is shooed away – Galion will come with the rest, but he shouldn't keep the boy waiting.

Yes, he's very relieved, but still tempted to taste anything before giving it to Legolas – and that's crazy. Yes, well, crazier than what they plan to do? Like that's possible.

It's still lovely to see his love pounce on the food though – yes, Thranduil wants to feed him again, but that needs patience, and it's clear his abused body needs lots of fuel. Maybe he should caution him… Galion has arrived, with coffee and dessert, and tries awkwardly to say something – and he's never awkward, he has no reason to be.

“Tell me, whatever it is,” Thranduil says, prepared for anything, really.

“I just wanted to say we are happy that you managed to solve things,” the man says, quite toneless. “We were very worried, but didn't know what the solution should be. Still, we need to be told how to treat this and what do you want outsiders to know.”

“So you are saying he should tell you what lies to say?” Legolas asks, a bit too blunt even for Thranduil's taste, making him sigh.

“My lover and I had a fight, but now we are reconciled and we're going to get married,” he answers,
because what else could they ever say to outsiders?

“Good, good, but I hope you will allow enough time for preparations, because...”

Thranduil is laughing now, so very relieved that he could just float on air.

“Don't worry, Mrs. Baggins will have her say and all. Well, actually that will be the PR ceremony, we need to do a simple, legal marriage as fast as possible first, to have things settled. If you two are really all right with this – and I mean 100% all right, then be sure that next week we'll have a small gathering, just very close friends, for that. You don't have to answer me right now.”

“We are really happy for you. Everything will be fine, we'll organize it.”

He leaves then, actually smiling, and Thranduil sighs with gusto.

“Have a bite, Thran, it seems it's all right.”

“You are fine with this?”

“I told you already, I don't care how it's called or what paperwork needs to be done. Or whatever anyone thinks about it. Right now I feel you all over, in my skin and deep inside – and that's enough. Also, this pie is to die for, get some or I'll eat it all.”

Yes, Legolas does look happy – and he eats, he smiles brightly – OK, they can do this. He lets his love give him bites of food, kissing his fingers each time, and just enjoys. There's time to discuss what wasn't right, later. Even this food thing, Thranduil really doesn't want to see him so starved again, ever.

Then he calls Celeborn, to let him know about the marriage decision, and just gets congratulations. Maybe he should just meet Elrond? A good excuse would be to call him to check Legolas out – he did quite a number on him, and... Yes, he's worrying a lot, damn it, when his... ugh, he never had much to do with the daddy kink previously – yes, he liked younger lovers, after a time, but mostly because they were generally more submissive. Still, Thranduil realizes now that he does want Legolas to call him dad – he's crazy, of course he is, but it makes him so fucking hot inside.

“Time for talk again?” the boy smiles, laying satisfied on his side, looking at him with sparkling eyes.

“I'm very worried all this is insane. It just dawned to me that I want to hear you call me dad, when I fuck you,” he decides for the familiar bluntness. “And that is pretty much as low as things get.”

“I liked it when you called me your son. Yes, I didn't say it because I also hated it, since it kept us apart. But if it doesn't, call me what you like – just always let me know I'm yours.”

Thranduil is so abruptly aroused to hear this that he can't even kiss his lover, because he's not able to stop if he touches him right now – and that's definitely not healthy. His veins feel like rivers in flood, and it's so very hard to breathe normally, to speak normally.

“You should know I am also yours,” he says, forcing himself to enunciate clearly, “scarily so. I have almost no control right now, so let's discuss something else, please.”

“I'd like to goad you into it,” Legolas sighs, biting at his already deliciously swollen bottom lip, “but you'd be mad after. So maybe I should call the twins and...”

Thranduil doesn't have a clue how he ended up with his hands on the slim throat, luckily not really squeezing, growling like an animal to find out why the fuck would his lover mention…
“I need to tell them it's over, Thran, they have no way of knowing, and if they'd just show up right now...” Legolas says, the Adam's apple teasing the inside of Thranduil's palms, scorching him.

Yes, yes, he'd behave like a lunatic, like he just did. Christ, this is pure madness. He nods, lets go of him and tries hard to calm down – but it just doesn't work. He can't shake the burning, lingering heat of the touch, the heat of his passion, the need burning in his very bones.

“I think I'm having a breakdown,” he says, amazingly calm sounding, “and I know what I'm doing is wrong, but I do not want you to even speak with them right now. No messages, anything, because I have no idea what I'd do. It scares me, but I don't know how to deal with it.”

“I... OK, I don't know what to say to this. Maybe we'll just tell Bo... God, sorry, no,” Legolas shakes himself, clearly still pained, “I'll tell Galion that they are not supposed to come here, he should tell them not to if they happen to come, and... he could give them a message?”

“Yes, or I could man up and speak with Elrond about this. Maybe I should just call him here, as I said, and speak about this.”

“Yes, call him for both of us,” Legolas laughs, “I think you should have heeded Bard and have him set up the clinic here.”

Yes, a little bit of cheek helps, it does, damn it, Thranduil's hand trembles when contacting his friend – and there's still a lot of malice in his voice when he warns the man not to bring his sons over – which none of them deserve. He adds this, that he is very troubled, and really needs help, to make the man understand.

They get to cleaning after – yes, both of them need it, and Thranduil has something to keep him occupied, and the thorough abuse on the lithe body in front of him keeps him anchored, just soothing, not needing to do more. He doesn't even have to try, because seeing Legolas so calm, so yielding, just letting him do what he needs and giving light answers calms something savage inside of him.

The boy wants a tea after, and just cuddles against him, so peaceful that even if he'd want to, Thranduil wouldn't dare disturb it. He breathes, inhaling deep of his fresh scent, playing with the golden strands, but having no idea what to say.

And then Elrond arrives – and again something dark boils inside of him, because he doesn't want anyone to touch his treasure, anyone! Thranduil tells him that, tells him how much he hated that last night, he wasn't capable of doing what was needed, that he let somebody else put their paws on him, that he already failed his son, that...

The doctor sighs at this, happily not offended, before speaking.

“Somebody stole him from you, then you found out you should never touch him, then somebody else was having him, then he could have died right in front of you. Combine that with your control freak side, and there's no wonder you react like this. No, you're just reacting to all this at once, not going crazy. Well, more than functional crazy as you usually are. I'll tell the boys to avoid both of you until you manage to come to grips with it, they'll understand.”

Yes, it's good there's somebody around with a rational mind – but then he's startled – he never said they are back together, or did he, and the man doesn't seem amazed...

“Celeborn called me, right after he talked to you. When you were not yourself on the phone, I was wondering, and now seeing you guarding him like the juicy bone, it's quite plain you are just having
a fit of desperate possessiveness and jealousy. Talk to me, talk to him, let's get this solved.”

“The thing convincing me I'm mad,” Thranduil says, after a few very deep breaths, “is that nobody seems surprised or offended because… he's still my son, and yet…”

Elrond sighs too, quite heavily, before answering.

“Besides the obvious thing that crazy people never think they are crazy, which is not actually true, your situation… Yes, there's a very good reason why that's forbidden, but… Well, looking at you two lovesick idiots during this time was just like watching endless reruns of Romeo and Juliet on steroids, so I imagine everybody is just relieved this will keep you both from doing something really stupid. Although my opinion might yet change when I manage to look at his back.”

Thranduil winces at this, but he can't really defend himself, can he?

“Don't apologize, I know who started it, and I know why it started, but that's exactly it – somehow you fit too well with each other, and are completely off your rails on your own. Short of putting you down, which nobody around would actually appreciate, I imagine this is the only option, so you'd better stop questioning the why and work on the how.”

“This is because your…” Legolas starts, and then stops himself, frowning.

“I will not speak about that,” Elrond answers harshly, making Thranduil almost growl at him, before he stops himself, realizing how much it has to hurt.

“Too many secrets everybody knows,” he states, although it strangely makes him feel better.

“I'm sorry it pains you,” Legolas says so very softly, “and if seeing us together will be too much, probably…”

“I'll deal,” Elrond smiles kindly now. “Leaving you all alone is way scarier, so you'll see all of us around still, as soon as it's safe, anyway.”

“Yes, I seem to have a thing for craziness,” Thranduil muses out loud, shaking himself. “So lemonade it is. Fine. Check him out, please, I have to deal, so I will. If I curse, you can just curse back.”

It's not easy to stay there and watch – but right now he just couldn't leave. He hates the way Elrond's mouth purses when he surveys the damage to Legolas' back and thighs – and it's very hard not to start saying that he's not guilty for it – except he is, or he could have just let it be, not bitten so much and… Better not think about the twins, and then it really registers, what Legolas was actually apologizing for, and… and…

“You know about it, but you didn't discuss it, isn't it?” he blurts, and regrets instantly when he sees the pain on his old friend's face.

“Yes, well, it's true I can't judge when things are how they are. Neither Celeborn nor Galadriel can, obviously, and yes, I don't want to talk about it. Can you just shut up about it?”

“Yes, we will both let it be. I'm... yes, I'll shut up.”

“Good,” Elrond grits and returns to checking the boy – and now Thranduil can't even be mad any longer when the man has to touch sensitive areas. Not that there should be a problem, but… Yes, he feels much better when the verdict is just to let the boy rest for a few days, damn it, and of course after that he does give the man a pick of whatever he wants from his cellar. Yes, both of them do
need a drink – and Legolas wants to sleep, so they leave him be, all spread out on his belly, with the heat turned way up. He could install a sauna, maybe; a hot tub wouldn't hurt either, yeah, he didn't redecorate in too long. Well, except the damn office, and he hates the changes there. Especially the fucking glass desk.

They settle outside with their glasses, and Thranduil really doesn't know what more could he say, a mood Elrond seems to share. Still, after some time, he does ask a question, and Thranduil would have preferred silence.

“Will you tell him now?”

“Do you really think it will help him to know?”

“Will it really help you to keep hiding?”

He really has no idea, but… fuck this shit, really.

“I honestly don't know, OK? It is already so much, I'm already so crazy… does it really matter anymore?”

“Yes, if you really want him well, I think you should be as well as possible, too. I won't tell him, rest assured, but… Enough, I'll shut up. And my glass is empty.”

Yeah, that can be arranged so easily, but what about the emptiness inside? Would it really be solved by telling the boy the truth, making himself so damn vulnerable, making him vulnerable, because he'll know even better how weak Thranduil really is? He shatters his own glass on the pavement, startling Elrond, excusing himself.

“There are too many things I just don't know, I can't control, I… Yes, let's leave this conversation for another day.”

They are silent again, but it's oppressive, and Elrond takes his leave, so he can go back and watch over Legolas, who sleeps so relaxed that it makes tears come to his eyes, and Thranduil knows he can't lose him, can't exist without him. Yes, he'll have to get a grip, whatever that means.

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“If you're going to flay the skin off my back, just fuck me already”, Legolas snarls, and Thranduil feels himself getting all rosy with shame, because of course, if the boy lies on his destroyed back, the friction needed to make their cocks happy is rubbing his skin raw.

“I'm not sure I know what to do right now,” he muses out loud, “since I'm still tempted to do more than it's safe. Maybe you should take the lead this time, do what you want, but taking care?”

The boy is startled at first, but clearly interested, so he has to underline that yes, he has no problem with it, and of course he'll complain if something is not right. It's still not at all fine while he sees so much uncertainty on the beautiful face, so Thranduil makes it an order, finally. Whatever Legolas has in mind, surely he won't break.

It's a million times better when Legolas growls at him, pushes himself up and arranges Thranduil's head at the same height with his cock, and then fists both hands into his hair and, so very determined, starts fucking his mouth. It's nothing short of the face fuck of the century, really, because his son keeps looking him in the eyes all the time, but goes deep from the beginning, not allowing him a split second more than he needs to barely adjust and just take it. It's the only way, he allows everything to go slack and relishes the pain, the tears, the choking and drool and, especially, the grunts and groans
he hears, the tension he feels, the cruel pull at his hair.

This new, decided, dominating Legolas is so arousing Thranduil knows he'd be panting from sheer want, if he only could, but he doesn't really get enough air and has to pay attention to suck it in when he's able, wheezing in between the times his beloved's cock plugs his throat closed. He's almost tempted to start stroking his own needy cock in time with the thrusts, but no, it's Legolas' game, and he should ask for that, if he wants it. Anyway, the tension gathering in his belly, in his balls is too perfect as it is, and he enjoys it immensely, so Thranduil lets himself be thoroughly used, lost in it for God knows how much time and actually surprised when his boy cries and comes, choking for real on his seed, but that's all right.

Thranduil smiles and nods when the boy worriedly asks how he feels, because he needs some time to be able to speak coherently, albeit quite hoarse.

„Thank you,” he smiles, happily licking his lips, but can't continue, since his mouth is greedily plundered now, clearly Legolas wants to suck every little bit of his own seed from it, and bites and worries greedily in the process. Yes, this makes Thranduil's knees keep shaking, his hands squeeze convulsively at the drenched body of his lover, both of them too desperate to separate until they are almost faint with the need for air.

„I want to do this all night,” Legolas growls at him when he's breathing right, and clearly this unsettles his beloved.

“Well, I really need to speak tomorrow, I'm afraid, so we should stop tonight. But we can arrange it for a time when I can stay home and not speak to anyone, if you like.”

“Really, you would do that?”

“I think I will thoroughly enjoy it,” Thranduil smiles, quite smug, really. “Is that the only thing you want then?”

“Fuck! I don't know, I… there are many things I would want!”

“You could make a list, stay organized.”

Yep, being in this mood, Legolas doesn't appreciate the tease, and just shuts him up again, kissing him to distraction. Well, they could do this all night, he will look funny with his mouth so bruised, but will be able to speak. He tells him that, when they take a break again, and thoroughly enjoys the new growl this causes, the way he's told he should wear his lover's mark, visibly, so Thranduil straightens his neck and then turns his head to the side, as inviting as he can. Gods! His skin is positively devoured, and it hurts, it's probably broken, because Legolas sucks desperately and groans so very deep, but yes, the bigger the mark, the better. He's laughing, startling both of them, realizing how right Elrond was – they are, indeed, the perfect halves of a whole, in all the dark wants they have, so why should they fight it?

He tells Legolas his thoughts, and even if the boy's gaze is glassy with passion and yes, his lips are red with Thranduil's blood, it is clear he is able to think, and agree.

„It's still strange though,” Legolas starts, “that you allow all this.”

“I am not 100% control freak,” Thranduil admits, “plus, I like it. I like to bring you pleasure,” and he has to laugh when his lover snorts at this. “Good that you've noticed,” he adds, smug.

“I… I'd like to know if you would have allowed this earlier.”
“You had to be in a good enough head space to enjoy it, love, and you were not sure enough on
yourself for quite a time. The combination of actually not knowing what to do and that fucked up
upbringing that… Well, you had to really want it and be willing to take on the role, so I didn't think
to offer certain things. But if you'd asked, I'd probably accepted, yes. I think I told you from the
beginning I really love your cock.”

The boy is laughing, looking quite pleased with himself, and now he traces Thranduil's lips so very
gently, and then brings his fingers teasingly at the place on the left of his neck where surely there'll
be an impressive bruise tomorrow.

“It still unsettles me how savage I can turn, I'm sorry if this is more than you wanted.”

“You'll learn to control it, in time. Everything is harder at first, but as long as you keep safety in
mind, as we discussed, the rest will heal. And you do look hot with your lips so red,” he adds,
pulling him closer and starting to lick them, slow and happy, with no very specific aim. Every part of
Legolas is just so delicious, so why not taste it?

“You always take care not to bloody me, unless we discussed it in advance.”

“It's a matter of control, I have to repeat that. It's not that I didn't want to do it, love, because I did,
many times. I just stopped myself from going that far, because it would have been too much for you
at first.”

“So it's not weird that I like it so much?”

“Should I say something quite trite, like father like son?”

Legolas shudders at this, clearly both tempted and not really coming to terms with it. It's not easy to
come to terms with all this, after all.

“Talk to me, whenever you are not sure. Pay attention to safety, ask for consent. That's all you need
do, don't get into the whole normal or not thing. That's the surest way to go crazy. Or crazier,” he
smiles.

“You talk too easy of certain things. Craziness, death… Almost like you don't care. And you are
surely not so well as you say.”

“I do care, but… dwelling too much on certain things is the fastest way to ruin everything. And that I
really don't want, OK?”

“So I could just say any crazy thing passing through my mind, and I shouldn't worry?”

“Yes. As usual, I'll tell you if it's dangerous or it's something I'm not willing to do, I'll even research
and ask around, if it's something I never heard of, as unlikely as that is. The problem starts when
somebody acts without respecting consent and safety, love, not when they just have wild fantasies.”

Legolas sighs now, and it seems the mood changed and he wants to cuddle, to be held tight and to
squeeze the air out of Thranduil, too, and that works, also, until nature is calling and the boy needs to
visit the bathroom. When he returns, he looks at Thranduil sprawled on the bed with so much
repressed longing, not saying anything, and then just coming back to bed and keeping silent, that
something must be up.

“Since when are you hiding from me, love?”

“I'm sorry, Thran, it's… I was going to say something I already know you don't want, and you are
already too sad and uneasy, let's just forget it.”

“We can't leave important things unsaid, treasure, you saw how all these secrets wreaked havoc on our lives. Tell me what you want, I need to know.”

Legolas sighs and bites his lip, then sighs again and tries to smile.

“You look so good all stretched out right now, I'd like to touch you all over, kiss you, and then... and then I'd like to take you, OK? I know...”

Thranduil is laughing brokenly now, yes, he just said that little thing about secrets, didn't he? Maybe he should come clean, and... well, he's already on the brink, if he breaks, he breaks, nice and clean and final. Yes.

“My love, you are right. I... I kept a secret from you – I outright lied and had Elrond do it too, but it's not right. You should know, before we get even deeper into this. I'm sorry, I am indeed more damaged than I let you know. This is a thing I cannot promise you, Legolas. You remember when I told you I've been attacked, the year when I left Anduin?”

“Yes, of course, but what does...”

“Probably you imagined some kind of mugging, but actually, it was rape.”

Legolas gasps and his eyes are full of shock.

“Those three men I killed then, they had a gun to my head and at all times, two of them held me down as the third took me,” Thranduil continues, although he's shivering by now, feeling the cold sweat starting to appear, forcing himself to make the words get out past his completely numb lips. “And then they exchanged places. They were brutal and uncaring, so I was bleeding pretty bad by the time all three finished with me. I was also in shock, so they thought I will just lay there quietly. Being convinced I will die anyway, that I should die, I just did the unthinkable, got the gun and shot them.

This is how I met Elrond, he was just starting as a physician, but he did a great job at patching me up.”

“So this is what you were saying when he examined me then.” God, it feels so good that Legolas holds him tighter now, yes, almost painfully tight, but it helps so much, because there was still a part of Thranduil that was afraid Legolas would just distance himself, that... Need to control yourself, yes, right now.

“Yes, I was furious he could think that I would hurt you so, when I knew first hand how it feels to be abused like that. Anyway, the rest of what I said is still true – I didn't really get over that trauma, and I never let anyone touch me there, except for the necessary exams, and I only let Elrond do those. And he knows I need a lot of time to prepare for it, and I... well, behave panicky during them,” he gulps, pushing all his body even tighter to his son's, the only thing that helps him not to shiver.

“That examination was horrible!” Legolas says, making Thranduil smile bitterly.

“That was the issue that got Elrond on my case then?” Yes, it would make so much sense, and his stomach seems to have stopped clenching, that's good, so good. He can actually breathe, that's nice.

“Yes, I... really had no idea that is done, and it was such a weird sensation, I was a bit... panicked also. I was scared too, so...”
"I'm sorry, the idea is I really wanted not to cause bigger problems, so I asked him to do that examination too, to be sure there are no physical problems with what I planned." Fuck, he was a real idiot doing all this. What could have been in his fucking head? But no, don't go there, it's useless anyway. And you can't run away now, there's nowhere to run, so just stop.

"Anyway, the idea is, I just can't honestly promise I can do this, let you have me like that.”
Because... well, he isn't actually afraid of the pain or... Well, he's definitely not afraid of his son, no, and he loves everything Legolas would deign to give him, but...

“It's OK, dad. I wanted to do this to bring you pleasure, not pain. Let's just forget about it.”

Which is not quite right. Yes, such an understatement in all of this. But, actually... a lot of buts, really, still, it isn't fair to his son. Is it fair for him, either? God, yes, he relishes the sheer love all this screams, and yes, keeps gorging on the nearness, the real, warm and physical touches, they soothe him so good. Yes, he has to be honest with both of them and realize he's calming down faster than he ever did, after dredging such things. The slim, determined hands are just perfect, whatever they do to him, and the little, soft kisses Legolas just peppers on him... yes, yes, so nice. So grounding. Actually... he's so damn afraid, but of what, for fucks sake? That is so strange a feeling, and unfair. And irrational and cowardly.

“No, Legolas, it's normal for you to want this, for your own pleasure too. And I... in all these years, it's the first time I can honestly say I would be willing to try it. You are the only person I would really trust for this. But I do not know if this will not trigger me and make me behave violently, or just... I don't know. All I can promise is to try, but we'll need a safe word and it's very probable I will use it.”
Ahh, yes, nothing better now to help him settle than being petted and held, no, there is nothing better in this world than the perfect being who, somehow, for God knows what reasons, loves him... Shit, these are definitely not good thoughts. Stop fretting, you already told him the worst, it's fine, you'll deal with it.

"You told me once that the price for your pleasure shouldn't be my health”, Legolas says, after a long pause. “Are you sure you don't do this just because I want it, so you think you should, too?”

As usual, it's a very interesting question Legolas asks, so Thranduil really thinks about it, even if the first push is to deny it. There's no place for rushing things, when his sanity might be in question, so he takes his time before answering.

“What kept me going, after that, was that I was alive and they were dead, that I've won. Partially, it was true. Partially, it was not, because yes, they are dead, and I lived through many things during these years – but I also still felt the fear and disgust and shame and never allowed myself to experience certain things. Maybe it is, indeed, time to actually heal – or at least try it. You wanting it might really help motivate me, but no, I would not say this just to placate you. I cannot promise I will succeed, because I'm not good with feelings, so I don't even know where to start. Still, I will try to find a solution, by all means available. And no, I will not rush things, and I will tell you when anything is not right. Sounds better?”

“Yes and no. I keep having the distinct impression you are still trying to keep things from me, so as not to worry me. And if this is to be something we are equal in, I want to be there for you also, to protect you, OK?”

“Yes, you would. It must have hurt a lot, when for so long you weren't able to protect anyone. I will think about this, love, but I must admit I don't know how to be the one protected. And I also feel very good protecting you, so you may just have to fight me for it. I know it sounds crazy, I do, just… this is what I’ve been, for too many years, and yes, so many things changed during this last year. Still, we have our entire lives ahead, can you be patient with me?”
“I don't know,” Legolas laughs now, more genuinely. “You know patience is hard for me.”
Of course, the night before they see to the legalities, Legolas has one of his nightmares. They are rarer now, but still happen – and this one is real bad, since it makes him react very violently and throw up, and he keeps shivering for a good while after. Again, Thranduil is assaulted by all kinds of doubts – but Legolas sees through him and says just a short sentence.

“You promised me, dad.”

Yes, he did, and he just can't live without him, can he? And Legolas was alone when they hit, during this time, because for sure they didn't disappear just because they had different bedrooms. Yes, Thranduil himself had to contend with fewer – but just because he got by with the minimum amount of sleep possible, and he knows that, when he starts sleeping enough again – and he is doing that now, they'll probably come back with a vengeance.

No, he will never let Legolas face them alone from now on, no way. They need to wash and to go to a different bedroom to go back to sleep, and this makes Thranduil's sleep turn bad, too. Damn, it's so fucking obvious, but he can't do anything to prevent it – so they end up being awake since 3 AM, itchy – damn, yes, poor Legolas is actually physically very itchy, in all the places that started to heal. But he's also still pained, from the deeper ones, still unable to rest that well on his back or sit comfortably on a harder surface.

So he takes them sparring, sort of – yes, he misses Boromir so bad now, since the man gave him the best workout in such cases. Fuck. There are other guys awake and ready to train, of course, and he shouldn't get himself too roughed up – one of them in less than perfect shape for the ceremony is more than enough. Still, he needs to calm down, so he trains his body punishingly hard and long, while Legolas watches – pretty spellbound, he observes at the end. The boy is still just at the slow, careful, learning movements stage, it will be quite some time before he can actually fight a little, and Thranduil wonders how it will be when they can actually spar for real, and better not. He did this to calm down, not to become blind with arousal.

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Only Celeborn is actually coming with them at the City Hall - not that the man would be the one who deals with such abysmally simple paperwork, just... his firm made the arrangements, as usual, and he wants to be there, why ever he does that. Well, and Bard and Damien and Connor. Not like they go anywhere without guards. Well, there are more, of course, waiting outside in the cars, just in case. No, stop thinking of Boromir. Or do, because Bard de facto took the responsibilities already, quite seamlessly too, like he generally does things, but this needs to be settled.

Just like this needs to be settled - and yes, it's not the most enlightening experience or anything, they are just signing the damn papers, listen to the clerk and it's done. Well, the legalese is done, really, the rest... Yes, the guys congratulate them, and it's a good thing, and not like he ever wants to let Legolas go, just...

"Thran, it will be fine," his love says softly, and yes, he's being stupid.

"Yes love, I will do my damnedest to make it so."

They go home, to more congrats and real, kind smiles, actually - it's not like he invited many people, after all. That will be for the big reception, which yes, should find a place on his agenda, because it has to be planned right. But no matter today. The good thing is that nobody says anything bad, and
they seem to enjoy themselves, and Legolas is smiling, really smiling, and nibbling various things, and still smiling, especially when looking at him, and that's all that matters.

He can actually stay calm even if the twins are somewhere around, that was real stupid jealousy, and he will have to apologize for it, of course. But... something doesn't seem to be right exactly with the twins and Elrond? They seem to be arguing about something, and Elrond clearly does not appreciate whatever it is and... damn, if they planned some juvenile prank he will... But no, if that was the case, Elrond wouldn't be sort of... sad? Thranduil really hopes the man didn't get some bad news. Well, at least the entire family is here so it shouldn't be that. Oh no, the little one they didn't brought and... OK, better to go and speak to them.

Clearly Elrond didn't see him coming.

"I forbid you to do that today, any of you! It's the man's wedding day, get over yourselves!"

"Am I going to be pranked?" Thranduil smirks, startling all of them and having Elrond pale. Hm, probably not then.

"It's... I didn't... OK, Thranduil," the man tries to start, making him worry. A lot.

"Look, it's not that bad, dad," Elladan says, speaking at the same time with his brother.

"We wanted to tell you one thing, and it got father really, really bothered, but it's not a prank or anything," Elrohir says.

"Sure, we can talk, no problem," he starts, but clearly Elrond is not of the same opinion.

"I am sorry I behaved like a jealous lunatic," Thranduil starts again, as earnest as possible, because clearly the issue is his behaviour. "You are still not my absolute favorite people in the world, and I know it's not the best attitude, but I'm sure what you want to say has nothing to do with that."

"Actually, it sort of does," Elrohir tries to smile, and Elrond groans and once again just wants to stop it, and Elladan seems really annoyed and almost like wanting to fight his father, bodily.

"OK, whatever it is, it's clear you consider it important. Since last time I didn't want to talk you did come with important points, I will listen once again. I imagine somewhere a bit more private?"

Maybe it's not his behaviour, but, whatever it is, needs quiet.

"No, don't, damn it!" Elrond tries one more time.

"It's OK, I do have things under control much better, my friend."

Yes, this gets a snort, but it's also true.

"Let's speak in my office. Just to get Legolas and..."

"No!" Elladan says, quite loud, clearly attracting attention, and damn, it's probably about his son, which kind of makes Thranduil see red. Well, his fists are clenched. No good.

"Just you and me, Elrohir?"

He nods, and well, they should get over this. All the same, they are silent until they get there, and it's real hard to keep calm. Well.

"I'm listening," Thranduil says, simply, because anyway he has no clue what all this is about. Well,
and clearly Elrohir is not as calm as he wants to seem. Which doesn't help.

"OK, you being you, I suppose I should keep this clear and simple, not try to be too subtle, right?"

Thranduil nods, trying to smile. No, he's definitely not in the mood for beating around the bush.

"OK, so, it's gonna be impolite, and all, and it's not that... Well, OK, not like this. I get that you are dominant and all, and he loves it, no issue about that, but... He also loves taking somebody's ass, you know."

“I know he does, Elrohir.”

“Well, he's also good at it, honestly. Ah… not that I want to keep doing it or…”

“Yes, Elrohir, I get what you mean, but I don't see the issue. Are you trying to compliment him, is that it?”

Seriously, Thranduil does know Legolas enjoys taking someone else, and he saw him do it, so clearly the boy gets how to bring someone pleasure, wouldn't the youth just get to the point?

“Well, if you know, then not letting him take you because you don't like it is plain garbage!"

"Say what?" he blurts, startled.

"You told Legolas you don't like anal sex, at all. I thought you didn't lie to him."

Now Thranduil does see red, fuck this damn whelp!

"So if you like it up your arse, everyone should?"

"Every guy in a homosexual relationship shouldn't be a fucking lying bigot! With how many guys you fucked, can you actually tell me that, when done right, you actually believe the mechanics is unpleasant? I really hope, for Legolas' sake, you're not such a bastard!"

Thranduil is trying hard to calm down, to breathe and let aside the fury and anguish gripping him and damn it, he needs a moment of quiet!

"Shut up!" he yells, only to have Elrohir launch into a diatribe of Elrond being as bad, saying people shouldn't meddle, when he's clearly abusing Legolas, and of course Thranduil can't stop himself now.

"Get out! Take your brother and father and whoever and get the fuck out of my sight! If, after what happened to your mother, you spew this, I never want to see any of you again! Fuck off!"

"Don't you dare bring my mother into this! And what do you have against..."

"Yeah, what do I have against Elrond, telling whelps like you I've been raped? I wonder!"

"You... you what?!?"

It's quiet, real quiet, only his own harsh breaths are heard, and Thranduil realizes that of course it doesn't make sense. No, he thinks back and winces, the youth didn't say anything in that regard, and yeah, he's behaving like a lunatic again.

"I'm sorry," he starts, when he can speak, but doesn't really know how to go on.
"I'm sorry," the youth answers, "probably by now I should have learned to listen to father, even when he doesn't give details. This is... is very crass of me, I..."

"You really care about Legolas."

"I... yes, but not... really, you have no reason to be jealous, we..."

"Yes, you've been his good friends, when I just wasn't there for him. And of course Elrond doesn't break his word, although I know it's difficult for him to outright lie. Just... it's hard for me to speak of certain things."

"Yes, of course. Probably it's even physically an issue to... No, I'm really sorry I presumed."

"No, Elrohir, your father is a real good doctor and it was 18 years ago, my physical body is all fine. My mind, well..."

"We just thought he'll never tell you, you know, and that..."

"Actually he did, we managed to talk about it. Yes, I should tell Elrond that Legolas knows. And yes, I imagine you'll tell your lover."

Yes, clearly this startles the youth, of course.

"Legolas told me, but I promise not to tell anyone else. It's nobody's business and all. And I know you don't blab, so, well, more people who know, but keep it quiet, is not that bad."

"I... well, yes, we... damn, I do need a drink."

"Don't we all. I would actually be willing to try, Elrohir, really, but you all know how I tend to react in stressful situations so, well, I had to tell Legolas I can't promise him this. We'll see, I will try to..."

"No, no, it's not... of course that's a valid reason, we just thought, well..."

"Yeah, that I'm a bastard. I am, really, but I try hard not to be one with him. Much good did that do me but... I try."

"Don't! Don't do something that would..."

Damn, he's so very agitated now, and... oh, that.

"I lived for many years without a reason to, Elrohir; I won't give up now, when I do have the best reason to keep living. I promise."

The youth huffs something about reason having nothing to do with this, making him smile. But still, stubbornness does, and there's nobody who'd ever accuse Thranduil of being something else but the most stubborn guy around.

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Of course getting back to the party has both of them having to tell everyone it's fine – and neither of them look like it is. The only option is to have everyone – Elrond, his sons and Legolas out of the dining room and explain the contents of the discussion, and then try to get back to having fun. Well, effectively ordering Legolas to do it, because if he's well, Thranduil will be, too.

Maybe with the help of a little brandy, too. Yes, he did promise himself to cut the booze, but... Yes, not the best idea to indulge, but Elrond rolls his eyes at him and puts the glass firmly in his hand, and
would probably want to shake his son a little, but really, neither of them deserve it.

“I'm sorry,” he says, very honestly, after getting closer to the twins. “It was all a big overreaction on my part, I know you only want the best for Legolas, so just… ignore me when I'm being bullheaded, OK? And please, you are always welcome here, and I know he is safe with you, and happy.”

“He is, but are we safe?” Elladan asks, mostly tongue in cheek, and while trying to explain that they are, at least because they are his friend's sons, it hits him like a freight train, and the air turns heavy, his hand shakes around the tumbler that suddenly feels like it weighs a ton and no, no, no, he couldn't have been such an idiot again!

He's getting numb, and doesn't really hear Elrond's questions, who cares, really, because the only question ringing in his head is how could he have taken that away from Legolas too, how can he be so very selfish all the damn time!

Thranduil doesn't fight being pushed somewhere, and somehow seated, he doesn't really care where, and just lets the very insistent hand make him drink something, not really registering what that is, and just saying “Sorry” when he thinks the face so close to his is Legolas'. His throat is clenching and he can't say anything else right now, because he robbed him of another chance, didn't he, of course sorry doesn't cut it, fuck it!

They seem to let him be for a while, and the dizziness recedes a bit, and he's so very thirsty. Yes, most probably what he drank earlier was something strong, but he's still too numb to decide what it was. No matter, it wasn't poison, so who cares.

He's getting up, looking around, and sees Elladan wordlessly giving him a glass of what's probably water this time. It's good, and after he gulps it the numbness seems to lift a little, too.

“I drew the short straw,” the youth tries to joke, “so let me know what you need.”

It's a good question, but Thranduil has no freaking clue what the answer should be. Yes, he doesn't have a clue on too many things. And why does he feel so cold and shaky? Ah, shock, of course, although it feels way too physical… His shirt is drenched, his hair is partly glued to his forehead, the back of his neck. Yes, shock, cold sweat. OK.

“I need to change my shirt,” he states, and the youth nods and makes way but, strangely, follows him out the door. Well, probably to make sure he's not falling of his feet. It's fine. Or not, because he's reached the bedroom door and the damn man seems to want to follow too!

“Get out!” he says, maybe too curt, but it's his private bedroom, he's not the rude one here.

“I've seen enough guys naked, Thranduil,” Elladan positively rolls his eyes at him, “enough of them even under the skin.”

“Well I don't fucking want you seeing my skin, is that clear?”

“Fine. Who should I call, probably not my brother, of course, so choose: father, grandma, Legolas?”

“The fuck you want, I want none of you here!”

“Tough luck. You will not be alone right now, so either you come back downstairs like this, or you say who you want to have with you. Non negotiable.”

This is insane. Did he actually lose it for good?
“What if I break that smirking face of yours?”

“Fine, Legolas it is then.”

“Fuck, what's wrong with you?”

“Nothing is wrong with me. With you, on the other hand, we'd really want to know.”

Thranduil hears himself laughing, manically so, because it's true, there are so many things wrong with him, where should he start, really? It takes a while until he's able to stop, and so very patiently, he's given another glass of water. Yeah, that one settled himself in his damn bedroom.

“If you paid attention, you can see I'm capable of moving and changing a shirt by myself. Why do you insist on somebody being with me?”

There's pain in the blue-gray gaze, so much pain, what the fuck?

“If you are able to move and do one thing, you are also capable of doing another.”

“Stop talking in riddles, damn it! What's the issue?”

“Do you happen to have a gun around here?”

“Yes, and what of it?”

“And if you can button a shirt, you can also pull a trigger, right?”

“Yes, of course I can damn well pull a trigger, but why… Ahhh, that again!”

Damn, Thranduil so hates it when he's so damn slow!

“I already told your brother I'm not going to do that!”

“Yes, you did, right before you went bleach-white, shocky and almost catatonic for more than half an hour.”

“Fuck.”

“Yeah, it's not fun from the outside either, especially for certain people.”

Yes, surely he caused Legolas even more pain. As usual. Fuck. Put like this, the gun starts to seem tempting. Fine. He nods and goes to the closet, picking up the first white shirt he sees, and yes, there's a slight tremor to his hands while he unbuttons the old shirt and completely forgets about the tie. Luckily, Elladan doesn't try to help, he's just staying in the door looking at him. Pitying him. Which… Thranduil doesn't yet have the energy to be annoyed with. But he should throw some cold water on his face first, before putting on the clean shirt. After he managed to extricate the tie from everything. And yes, he has enough energy to be annoyed that the youth wants to follow him there too.

“Want to watch me piss?”

“Mirror, razor, glass enclosure, marble corners,” he answers, thoroughly annoying, making Thranduil grit his teeth.

No choice, all of them are fucking badgers, Thranduil knows this too well, so he goes to the sink, and yes, the face he sees in the mirror looks positively haunted. As it should. The water feels good,
he can actually feel his face, his hands. Damn it, he does want to break something!

He's back in the closet, with the fucking shadow behind him, and fuck ties, fuck everything. He's sitting on the bench, all blank in his mind. Yes, he looks presentable, let's say, but he's not capable of going downstairs yet, seeing his son.

“I did it again,” he starts, looking at the floor, because for once everything just wants to burst out, to be heard. “Me, the great strategist, again I lost sight of important things, at his expense. Tell me why I shouldn't open my throat.”

“What exactly did you do, Thranduil?”

“Besides all I did before, now I deny him having children, for fuck's sake!”

“There are always options: adoption, surrogate, whatever.”

“Yes, so I imagine I should prepare for when he'll be too old for my taste, to have young blood, right?”

“Do you actually think you'd do that?”

“Why wouldn't I, I did it once, why not a second time? After all, it makes me hard as a rock to call him my son when I fuck him!”

“If you expect pity from me, you've got the wrong guy.”

The answer startles him, and at first, once again, Thranduil doesn't understand why this doesn't shock him, but it does come.

“You do it too.”

“Yes, it's an added thrill. Added, not the most important though. I was never interested in Arwen, or father. I don't look at my nephew and imagine what I could do when he'll grow up. It doesn't work like that.”

“Really? Can you guarantee that?”

“I can't guarantee that tomorrow there won't be an epidemic killing 70% of the population, or that the next plane I get on won't crash or that a meteor won't hit Earth. Should I stop living because that can happen?”

“That's something no man can control!”

“Exactly. You can damn well control how you behave, can't you?”

“Can I, really? I don't seem to have done a great job of that during the last year.”

“Meaning what? Did you actually force him into this marriage?”

“Did he have a choice?”

“Yes, he did. He could have chosen a relationship with us, or with any number of people we met when we went out; any number of other people he met in other circumstances, for sure. He chose you once again today.”

“Don't you wonder if he's really capable of choosing? If I didn't break that in him?”
“Stockholm syndrome? It's possible, and of course, you could try to get him several good years of therapy, to get him over it, maybe. But my personal opinion would be you'd have to force him to do that, and he'd be kicking and screaming all the way. Are you ready for it?”

“I'm not even ready to look him in the eyes right now.”

“Well, I imagine we should get everyone to leave, anyway. Shall I get someone else here or will you suffer me still?”

“I can't really care, as long as it's not him.”

They are quiet for a while, and Thranduil so hates himself for being a coward, damn it! Still, it's like he doesn't have control of his muscles if the command is to get up and go see other people.

“Maybe I should tell grandma to come talk with you,” Elladan breaks the silence, “if anyone can convince you to come to terms with making him like pain it should be her.”

“No, amazingly enough, that's not something I am in any way responsible for. To my utter surprise – you can ask Elrond, I sought his advice for this, when I wasn't sure – Legolas liked such play since the start, without any coaxing. I was so grateful then, to find such a treasure...”

“And why aren't you grateful for it now? What really changed?”

“Seriously?” Thranduil scowls, anger welling up inside.

“Seriously. I don't see what else you did so bad to him, if pain play is not the issue. He was never showing signs of being terrified of you, even at the beginning, so clearly you didn't terrorize him in other ways. Yes, he was shy, and unsure, but never desperate. We all looked, believe me, because father was so damn furious with you then. And afterward, really, Legolas worshiped you, and you did take care of him, so I don't get it. If you are together, and you complement each other so well, why do you keep worrying so much? Why don't you just enjoy this gift you've been given, the fact that you're not judged for it, that you don't have to hide?”

The words sound so bitter now that Thranduil is jolted from his anger, and yes, he can understand where the younger man comes from.

“That's why you stood with me?”

“It was agreed that either of us had more chances to hold our own against you, physically, than Elrond did, in case you turned aggressive, and a bit of medical knowledge was probably helpful, too, hence not one of your guards. But yes, I do get a good part of what you feel now, I think. And we don't have this option, unless we disappear and one of us drastically changes his appearance.”

Yes, they are not identical twins, but very close to it, so nobody would take them for anything else than close family, no matter what. And, completely unexpected, after all he felt lately, Thranduil feels himself empathizing very hard with the two youths, because they will never be able to stop hiding. He should, indeed, be thankful that he can, shouldn't he? Still...

“So you don’t worry that you deny each other things?”

“Oh, we do, of course we do. But… not things we couldn’t do without. We discussed it to death, believe me, since we also had to make it look a certain way. And it's really not that easy to keep up appearances, and it will probably get harder when we won't have the 'young and reckless' excuse. Yes, children would be the an issue probably – but Arwen promised to have more, so we get the nice part – being the fun uncles, and letting her and Aragorn deal with the problems. I'm sure it'll work
“Well, I have no Arwen around.”

“Stop being so obtuse! Damn it, OK, I'll tell you more, we really didn't want him dependent on us, for so many reasons, so we also tried to go out, to have him see other people. Of course, when he was out with only the two of us, he just didn't seem to think about looking around, so we brought Lindir and Arwen too, so it was like a friends night out.”

“And?” Thranduil has to ask, not really knowing what he'll do when he hears whom Legolas liked, but unable to stop his curiosity.

“And he danced with Arwen and Lindir all night!”

Yes, he has to smile at this, because this is so Legolas – just as stubborn as he is, and pretending he doesn't get it, when he doesn't want to do something.

“You are right on all counts here, and I'm really shamed by this, but how do I face him, after this… this…”

“You are still human, Thranduil, as much as you'd want to be a machine or something. Just tell him what happened, and let him make his own decision. He is able to do it, you know.”

“I know, I know. He grew up so amazingly well through all this that… that I feel even worse for not doing better. Fuck, I don't remember when I was able to speak about such things! Once again, I'm really sorry about how I behaved towards you both.”

“No problem, we get it. But you do have to get a grip and stop blaming yourself now, or else… Well, only pain can come of it, and not the good kind.”

Once again, he's right, and once again Thranduil can't but hate himself for how weak all this made him. Yes, weak was one thing he never accepted himself to be, so if nothing else worked, he had to pull all his stubbornness and pride together and do it. Yes.

“Thank you,” he says. “I'm probably in as much debt to you and your brother as I am in Elrond's, and honestly, it's a wonder how good people you can be, all of you. Don't, of course you play and pull pranks, but none of that was ever mean, and that's so very rare in this world. Yes, yes, I will come down now and I will stop second guessing everything, if he tells me he does want this, even with what I can't give him, then that's it. I owe you one, so if you ever need something I can do, just ask. Let's do this.”

It hurts again, so much, to see how desperate Legolas was while waiting for news, how he wanted to check him, and all Thranduil can do is hug him tight and say he's so very sorry. Of course his son just shrugs the children issue, and well, they can speak of this another day. Also, he accepts talking with Elrond, privately, and also agrees to force himself to speak with them, in case he really feels the urge to harm himself in the future. Well, more than throwing himself in fights with the guards, that he'll keep doing. Of course the man rolls his eyes at him and yes, it's understood that his life will not be one of hiding behind others, and it's true, he has even more knowledge than the average guy on how to end it, if… Yes, he solemnly promises that he will not be such a coward. Putting his foot in his mouth once again, but who's counting. As long as Legolas wants him beside him, that he'll never do.
He managed to finish with the shower and all, and now he gets back in the bedroom, where Thranduil is already lying on the bed, leaving the tablet aside when he hears the bathroom door.

The contrast between the dark blue silk sheets and the so white skin, the silver hair, is almost too much. Damn it, the silken, taut skin of the strong shoulders seems to have a light of its own, Thranduil's whole body almost glows by itself, and Legolas is attracted to it like a moth to the flame. Even if the gaze in the ice-blue eyes might sear him completely. It did already, who is he kidding?

“You promised,” it's all he says, because what happened earlier hurts too much.

“Yes, I did, but to make you feel good, not...”

“Not to hurt me like this!” he growls, and of course this happens because he so doesn't want to sob.

His father sighs and shakes his head, the lustrous mane moving, silk on silk, in a mesmerizing kaleidoscope against the pillow. Making his mouth water. Making his belly clench in need.

“So what now?” Legolas dares, still standing at the foot of the bed, although all he wants is to get impossibly closer.

“Can you promise me to tell me when you need something I'm not capable of giving you?”

“What in the world would I possibly want, that you can't give me?”

“I can think of at least two things, Legolas.”

“We talked about it already! Damn it, I don't care, I...”

How to say it, and erase that haunting pain in his lover's eyes? How to make it stick, because seeing him like that earlier, looking just like a wax doll, oblivious to the entire world around, chilled him to the bone.

“It's you I want. Nobody else, you. Every little bit of you I can get is better than a whole other person, OK?”

Oh God, no, there are tears in the crystal eyes, no!

“Stop overthinking it! It's you who told me we should talk, and all, and that nothing is wrong, as long as both parties want it! Or don't you want me anymore? Was there someone better these months?”

“I'd first stop wanting to breathe, than stop wanting you, treasure. There wasn't anyone else, I couldn't even think about it, it made me want to vomit. But I'm very afraid that I want you so much, I will just stop seeing anything you don't want. Maybe take you for granted, become blind to your needs. I'm scared that I'd be too selfish, because living without you isn't living. I don't even know, OK?”

“Then stop worrying, I do promise to talk about anything off, is that better?”

His lips just itch to touch, his fingers too, and inhaling the intricate aroma of the silver hair, of the marble-white skin gets him drunker than wine can. Legolas is barely touching for now, trying hard to control the need to bite, scratch, mark. Fuck, it's so hard, his control never worked well when it
comes to his father, and there are strong hands on his shoulders now, ah, damn, he's trembling with the need for it!

“I want so bad to cover you with marks, so you know you're mine, all the time!” he positively growls, and yes, this time Thran is smiling genuinely, that killer one which makes his eyes lit from within.

“Mmmm, that sounds delicious! But I was thinking you could use your mouth better,” he smirks now, showing him to turn and, oh, yes, he could enjoy the perfect cock which is already so nice and half hard for him!

Legolas could do this all night, so enticed by the hard flesh that he forgets to breathe, hissing it in when his body forcibly reminds him of it. His hands automatically go to the strong thighs and touch, and his lips and tongue worship that glorious dick, making it jump, making Thran groan, yes! Yes, he shouldn't be in a hurry, so he doesn't swallow yet, just licks and kisses and licks some more, then just rubs his cheek on the heated flesh and keeps inhaling, drunk on it.

“Do you want to tease me a lot?” Thran asks, while making Legolas bring his whole body on top, making him spread his thighs wide.

“Just gorging myself,” he answers, the absolute truth, because each fevered touch is bringing more than just arousal, more than the need for completion, something way deeper. “Ohhh, yesss,” he moans now, because the blunt nails scraped a path on his inner thigh and it's beyond delicious. Especially when the next few movements are just strong, grounding, long touches with the whole palm, and then the other thigh gets the same treatment. He can't resist to rub his whole body over the bigger one underneath, his skin so hungry for touch it almost hurts.

“Want it so bad, treasure?”

“Yes, yes, I want so bad to touch you, to feel you on me! Fuck, yes!” he grits when both hands pull at his ass, squeeze tight, just like he loves it.

“Only to touch?” comes the so controlled question, like it's possible he wouldn't want anything the man can dish out!

“Anything, just keep touching me, grounding me, anything, yes...”

His tongue trips on itself at the bite on the side of his calf, at the hands that keep squeezing exactly right, at the dripping cock that jumps right at his face, reminding him what he was doing. Yes, Legolas returns to mouthing it, to petting around, almost aimlessly, because he's, indeed, just gorging on the feel of his father's body, so electric on his fingers, his lips, ahhhh! There's a tongue that started to tease him so bad now that it became so very difficult to think, fuck, ohhhh, oh fuck!

“Any particular preference?” Thran grins against the heavy pouch of his balls, the devious tongue then pushing at his asshole, abrupt and unyielding, and Legolas just melts into it, just moaning and drooling against the delicious cock, pushing himself on the spearing, wet muscle and moaning some more.

Still, a part of him doesn't want to lose it yet, so he tries to hold on to awareness, forces himself to speak, as annoying as that is now.

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“Just like this is perfect,” Legolas moans against his cock, the vibrations fire licks on his sensitized skin. “'cause I know you don't want to take me just yet, ah, fuck!”
Seems like each touch almost hurts his love, by the way he jolts so much, and then pushes in, to feel it better, and Thranduil's blood just pounds like mad in his ears, even while he forces himself to go so damn slow.

“If you keep being such a damn temptation, I'll wreck you completely!”

“Yes, please, please!”

“Are you so sure you can take it?”

Legolas pushes himself up on a growl, turns to face him and damn, he looks mouthwatering this angry, flushed, his eyes blue fire!

“What I can't take is being only half alive, without you! And seeing you earlier, like a wax figure! Don't ever do that to me again!”

“I am not immortal, unfortunately.” Why does he keep paining his son, really?

“That doesn't mean you should look for problems! Or give up without trying to fight!”

“I did do this to myself, didn't I?” Thranduil smiles now, wistfully, because yes, he told Legolas this more than once, and it is all he did in his life. With whatever results, he did live by this.

“Yes, you are right. I'll fight, and I'll talk to you, you are right, I already said I will. Please kiss me?”

“I think I should bite!”

“If you do, I'll tease you so bad you won't know what hit you.”

Predictably, Legolas falls on him like a ravenous wolf, biting his lips, his jaw, real hard then on his shoulder, making needy, hungry sounds while he does it. Thranduil is so hard now that it hurts, and all the while still sad and yes, scared of all this. Both of them are way, way out of control, and they goad each other so bad, it could all end up in flames. Not that it doesn't feel so addictively good right now that Thranduil has to fight himself not to just give in to it.

“Do you really want my cock right now, ripping you out?”

“Yes, yes, yes,” is the growled response, making him see red, and maybe... well, with lots of lube and more patience than he actually possesses, maybe...

“You swear to me you'll stop me if it's too much? Are you still lucid enough to realize it?”

“If I don't, you'll never again do anything remotely unsafe, will you? I'll pay attention.”

Yeah, it's so funny, how painfully Thranduil wants this, and how scared he is that it will be too much. And it's true, if this goes bad, it will break something in him too, and it might just be the proverbial straw.

“And if I can't do it anymore, what then?”

“I'll hate it, of course. And we'll look for something else we can do.”

“Even if it would be way easier to get it someplace else?”

“No, it wouldn't be. You look at me and see me, just me, nothing else around. Other people don't do that. And I have to hide parts of me with them.”
He's being an ass, Thranduil knows that, but fuck it, he can't... Argh, he shouldn't bring this into their bed, should he, let the fucking acid jealousy ruin things even more! And he desperately wants this again, the tortuous tightness blowing his mind to pieces, the thrill, the complete, utter submission. When did he allow fear to rule him? Yes, that's the point, isn't it? On both accounts.

Getting in is pure torture, for both of them. For Legolas, from the obvious, physical reasons, but the way he behaves, whimpers and moans burns Thranduil from within. He's keeping himself still with all his willpower, just lightly supporting his son's hips while he slowly, tortuously slow lets himself be impaled. It must hurt for sure, but well, he did say he wanted it, didn't he? And since Thranduil can't become bigger to accommodate that need, this is the next best thing.

Yes, the possessive beast is back in full force, wanting to stab up, to thoroughly own him, to erase those two from his head completely! His cock jerks at this, or tries to, because it's still too constricted by the abused passage and Legolas keens and his hands convulsively squeeze Thranduil's shoulders harder, fuck!

"'this what you wanted?' he growls, not really expecting an answer, because his son doesn't really speak when things are this intense. "or want me to force in harder?"

Shit, he had to ask, and look into the dilated, hazy eyes that seem to suck him in, make him do all kinds of crazy things. Like enjoy it so much when now Legolas pushes forcefully down, stopping his breath, squeezing so fucking bad, fuck!

"Fucking take care!" he snaps, because both of them like it too much.

"'m fine," Legolas answers, all flushed and biting that damn cherry red bottom lip, his nails biting into Thranduil's shoulders, spurring him on. "All... allgood... all".

Yes, he couldn't resist to push upwards, hard, just to see the pretty eyes rolling back into his head, to hear him gasp and hiss and choke on it, to hiss himself and curse, because it's getting almost too much to bear, too good to think, too...

"God," he hears now, it's the only word Legolas seems able to stutter, and that's not what Thranduil wants to hear, because it doesn't show the boy acknowledges who does this to him, does it?

"No God here," he snarls, jealousy flaring blindingly bright, and pushes one more time, getting in to the hilt, and snarls again when, so predictably, his son scratches him bloody. And shudders and arches and squeezes him within an inch of his life, sanity, whatever. Thranduil is amazed to still have a will, because he manages not to move for a while, until the hot vise gripping him allows him to breathe now, and watch his son getting a bit of his breath back, also. Less predictable is Legolas begging him to stop, when he'd have pushed again, but not wanting him to move and pull out. And keeping on shuddering and clearly not seeing much.

"Too much?"

"No... Yes... I... I can barely control it, it's too... too..."

"Let go then!"

"No, no, I don't want to, not... not yet, not yet... I... ahhh, no, I... yessss, ohh... don't move, please!"

"Shhhh, just getting you comfortable, I'll wait, I promise."

Legolas is almost sobbing, the pressure must still be agonizing, not that it isn't so for Thranduil also,
when the inner muscles just flutter madly over him, but yes, he can wait. Surprisingly though, Legolas keeps completely still, just draped over his chest, burying his face in Thranduil's hair and clearly way too happy with it or something. Maybe...

“Sure you are fine?” Because he might just try to hide a problem, wouldn't he?

“Yes, it's perfect!”

“So I should move now?”

“Ah… I… I'd love it but… I don't know, I… I'd really like it to stay like this all night. I know it's not possible, just… Well, if it's too much, let's just…”

“Don't worry. If you want to just stay like this, is fine for now, you tell me when you want more, OK?”

“Fuck, I do, I so want both! But I… I am so… If I come now, I'll lose it completely, and I don't want to miss this! It's… Oh fuck!” he grits, because he squeezed too much and seriously, Thranduil is human too, his body responded reflexively to the acute stimulation and… And feeling his love fisting those hands in his hair while sobbing helplessly against his neck just isn't conducive to calming down.

“Fuck, you smell so good, I… I missed all this so much, you on my skin, inside, your smell on the sheets, do you know how much it hurts to go to sleep in a bed that doesn't smell of you?”

“Yes, I do, I hated myself a lot for not being able to turn this one into kindling! And I never thought I would say a bed can be too big, too cold, because you weren't in it! But I couldn't, because if that was the last I was going to have from what we shared, I wanted it, even if it was sick and it hurt me every damn time! No, don't do this now!”

Because Legolas is crying now, and still keeping himself impaled to the hilt, and not wanting to let go one bit.

“I love you so much it hurts! Stop trying to put barriers, please, please, I… I can't, OK, I need you, need you, I…”

“That makes two of us, love. It does, and… I will try, really, I will, just, please tell me you really are fine now, don't do this to hide what hurts, please, I can't bear it now if this is hurting you!”

“Please, don't pull out, please, it feels like I'd die if you do! I… I honestly think everything is fine, it's just so good that I can't stop from… from trying not to lose it, I want to be here, to know it, to see and feel every second of it, of you, please!”

“OK, OK, shhh, it's OK, I'm here.” Thranduil starts petting, slow and solid, knowing this was always helping. It's unusual, yes, generally Legolas was charging ahead to feel the most, but it does make sense, given the day's events. And, as hard as it is to cope with everything, he also loves this to pieces. Maybe some saint wouldn't feel so damn proud and happy to be needed so much, but he never was one of those. No, his ego is glutting on this level of worship, and yes, his cock keeps jumping from time to time inside its perfect flesh prison.

So what, after all, Legolas admitted to want both – the closeness and the blinding pleasure. Yes, he won't do anything major to push him over the edge, but keeping him there all night… It's probably totally unrealistic, of course, but that doesn't mean he will not prolong it as much as possible. It does great things to reach all his kinks, after all, so why should he stop? Yes, checking that he didn't do real damage would be a good thing, but Thranduil was, indeed, the one pontificating about trust and
equality in this relationship, wasn't he? That means he has to give the young one the chance to be honest and take care of himself.

Because whatever he says, Thranduil is now too much a slave to his own dark desires, and his famous control is just a joke, at least when it regards the most important person in the world. Figures.

“Dad, I… are you OK?”

He's laughing now and trying to keep tears in check, so he squeezes Legolas harder around the middle, feeling the ridge of his lover's hot, hard erection digging into his abdomen. Which doesn't prove anything about any kind of hurt, or lack thereof, since that would never stop his treasure.

“I'm just worried sick I might have hurt you, and know it's not fair not to trust you to tell me.”

“Yes, I… I do need to feel you still, I'm sorry, of course, you can't...”

“Shhh, it's OK. I think I have an idea, but I need things from the playroom for it. Are you able to get up from me, I think I waited too long and need to wait for the numbness to pass.”

Somehow they manage, and another hot wave of arousal spikes and almost drowns him at the way Legolas makes such a desperate sound to lose him, and how obediently he displays himself to be checked now, so they can be sure it's safe to go on. Yes, the anus is red and puffy, but that's the extent of it, so Thranduil knows he won't resist the new idea he got, no way. He orders his love to apply more lube while he goes to the playroom, then gathers all the covers and pillows close and makes him drink some water, have a few chocolates, while he settles the wide leather straps around
his own upper thighs and waist, before doing the same to Legolas and smirking when the boy gets 
his idea and his breath just hisses in, his delicious cock jumps. Perfect.

And perfect is a pale little word when they settle on their side and he gets back in, slow and deep, 
and clips the restraints between them, so now they can't part even if they'd wish it.

“God! I can feel each beat of your heart against me, in your cock, fuck, this is torture!”

“Remember you asked for it, love!” Thranduil growls, because he can feel it too, both the way the 
blood pulses hotly in his aching cock and the fast and hot pulse of the silken hot insides, such a 
delicious tease that he just can't have enough. Still, he remembers to bring the covers on top and 
possessively squeezes Legolas tighter against himself, loving it to pieces when he burrows against his 
body and sighs his pleasure.

“Will we really stay like this all night?” the boy asks after a while, making him smile.

“Can you sleep like this?” Thranduil teases, bringing his hand to slowly touch Legolas' deliciously 
hot and hard dick, savoring the shudder and hiss he causes.

“Fuck! No, no I obviously can't fall asleep like this! So good...”

“Shall I keep going?”

“No, please, too good, I... Not yet, need to stay like this some more. God! You fill me so right! 
It's... God!” he whines again, when Thranduil removes his hand, clearly missing the touch, even if it 
probably felt almost unbearable.

As always, he's exquisite, and makes Thranduil feel so good that he starts kissing and petting again, 
slow and long movements, easy touches on his side, on his thigh, to help him gather himself.

“It's such a wonder to see you enjoy yourself so much, love,” he whispers now, awed in truth with 
all of this.

“It's not like I can ever get enough of you!”

“Good,” he growls, because he's also desperate for everything Legolas.

So Thranduil keeps holding him close, touching, kissing, whispering pretty things into his pretty ear, 
until it's too clear they are both reaching the limit of what they can bear.

“I was thinking, if you feel up for it, to use a plug so you will be open and ready in the morning;” he 
whispers, grinding his hips as much as their restraints allow, loving how his lover's breath hitches at 
this. “I chose one with a nice, wide neck, just right for this.”

“Yes, yes, yes!” is the predictable, but still scorching hot answer, making him chuckle and keep on 
grinding, bringing his hand back to grip Legolas, and just like that, they shatter.

It takes quite some concentration to unclasp the karabiners between them, and he has to groan seeing 
the sleek, wide silicone dilator entering so easily into the used ass, almost breathless at the thought of 
taking it out in the morning and sticking his cock into a soft and ready, terribly yielding passage. Still, 
he shouldn't overdo it.

“Love, in case you can't sleep like this, or anything, anything hurts...”

“Yes dad, I know, I'll take care,” Legolas replies, smiling all the way, and just pulls at him, to
snuggle better, all softened edges and damn happy. It almost hurts, to see so much happiness, it does.

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Legolas is jolted out of dreamland, there's a decided push making his nerves flare to life, and he almost chokes trying to breathe, because he doesn't get a warning or any time to get used to it, no, he's directly pounded into the mattress, before he can control anything.

He can moan and whimper, of course, and feel his father's hands gripping him so hard, moving him just right, and before he can find his tongue or anything, his still hazy mind hears the harsh command to come, so he does, not clear if he was even completely hard yet. This doesn't help neither to clear his thoughts nor to coordinate his movements, but it's not like somebody here cares about that. Thranduil keeps pushing so deep, and it's weird, his entrance is way too relaxed right now, that part of the sensation is missing, but the sheer power he feels at his back, the depth of each stroke into his limp body is such a thrill!

Then the pure filth that pours out of Thran's mouth gets to him, and Legolas clamps down once again when ordered, somehow managing to turn on his back when told to, keenly missing being full for the few moments the man withdraws to allow it. God! It's so good to have him back though, even if the hand that grips his cock is too much right now, everything starts to be too much, coming once more hurts, but he wouldn't be able to refuse anything his father wants now. The floating feeling hits him, hard, and there is no care in the world, no, just being there, being taken and used and hearing the perfect, aggressive sounds Thran makes, in between praising him for being such a good doll.

Then he's completely bent double, his ass so high in the air, each push of the big cock skewering him brutal in its intensity, that he can't but concentrate on breathing enough not to blackout, while wave after wave of nerve wracking sensations bathe him, push him, take him, yesss...

"Yes doll, keep being a good toy and let me enjoy it! Such a good little hole, always eager to be stuffed full! Yes, I know, you want it hard and deep, gonna give it to you!" Thranduil purrs, and then growls when Legolas just clamps around him and keens, so he keeps going, the language getting dirtier and dirtier, his strokes even more brutal, and clearly his love is soaking it all in and getting deep into a frenzy. The boy just writhes and takes it, hands twitching, breath so labored, eyes unseeing. He's so soft and hot around him, except when told to come, which he does so readily, so bewitching… No, he won't be able to keep this up for too long, because he really needs to be functional after, and needs not to really hurt him, but fuck! Fuck, fuck, yes, yes, it all bows up and… yes… yes, it's all right now, all is.

Then he just can't resist the boy's hoarse plea to stay just a moment more with him, until he falls back asleep, and he stays way more, just looking at him, so peaceful and beautiful and… his, fucking his! No, this time he will not fuck this up. So he doesn't give a fig on who's waiting for him, just enjoys, while his mind whirrs, and yes, if that worked once, why wouldn't it work a second time? After all, yes, he has to ask the question, but they are way too similar.

Watching Legolas awaking, too, is brilliant. Yes, a million times yes, this sated and relaxed Legolas is the sight Thranduil most wants to see, every day of his life. So he really has to know.

"Tell me, love, do you want to do this to me? No," he starts, taking a finger to his lips, when it's clear the boy would complain about something else, "I only asked if you want it, I'm not interested in ifs and buts."

"Yes," comes the decided, a bit hoarse and very hot answer. Yes, of course. So he will man up, fuck it!
“Well then, I know what we can try. You should do to me exactly what I did to you – start very slow and pleasurable, with clear limits on what will happen. First, just touching, lightly, while I can see what you do, nothing more. When I can take that easily, just touching anytime. Then, kissing. And so on. Does it make sense?”

“And what if… what if you just don't want more?”

“Then you just tease me until I cry from it, I imagine.” Yes, this makes Legolas laugh. Good. “We'll see, I don't know how long this will take. But I also don't see why it would be wrong, right?”

And yes, this settled, Thranduil really has to go to work.
THE GREAT PRETENDER

Chapter Summary

So... this chapter was, somehow, the hardest to write in the whole story. I have absolutely no clue why, and I... well, I totally didn't expect how things happened in it, and it's sort of like I didn't write it, it had a mind of its own, not drawing from mine almost at all. Sounds weird, yes... I'd better let you read, I imagine.

Ah, yes, i was even entertaining the idea of posting this in Missing scenes, but... I'm not sure the next two chapters would make sense without it. Probably wouldn't. So.

Happy Easter/Passover to everyone who celebrated/celebrates, and... let's dig in.

127. There are 127 potential employee files he has on his desks – both at the office and at home. Thranduil actually counted them, which is such a waste of time. Because he could just stay here, by the pool, and look at Legolas doing phone magic with various people who need schmoozing, pacing around, sitting a bit to look something up on his laptop, damn, drinking a bit, and making Thranduil jealous on the damn straw… Yeah, he's going nuts. And this is the work from home day, so he should. Actually work. Not just imagine how he could pounce… Fuck.

He could get out of the way at least the things having to do with security, though. There are only 28 of the damn things, and Bard doesn't love paperwork any more than Boromir did, so he knows everything will be as short and to the point as humanly possible. And the man is right, as much as Thranduil might hate the idea, concentrating only on brawn is beyond dumb at the moment, so he will have to bite the bullet and straighten out everything related to intelligence. Which also means some calls he would have rather not have to make, and… More of the fucking Durins.

“OK, what is so bad, Thran?”

Damn, now he worried Legolas.

“Honestly, I want to fuck you silly, not look over employee files.” Ah, at least this brings a chuckle. “And I had enough of the Durins to last me well into the next decade, but Bard is right, as usual, we need all the intel we can get, so I have to talk with them about a permanent deal, not just decide who will replace the few guys who are not happy here and want to leave.”

“I love your ideas,” Legolas purrs, “and this is why I'm trying to go as fast as possible through my to do list. But I did want to talk with you about security. Well, talk with Bard, too.”

“If this is about changing protection priority, it's non-negotiable,” Thranduil hears himself saying, way too cold and hard. “I know why you hate it, but until you get to the point where you can actually stand your own against any of the guards, I won't budge on this.”

“That may take years! And I don't actually believe you're willing to do it, even then!”

“As long as it takes. And yes, I might want you to be able to hold your own against me. I said I would do anything to protect you, and that never changed. It's ugly, yes, and seems unfair, and shit, but once again, I would break all their necks myself, any of them, before I allow you to be hurt
Legolas huffs and is clearly annoyed but, also, it's clear he knows he shouldn't push. Maybe.

“Look, at least let me understand more of what they do, something. It feels even worse when I don't understand and think that maybe, if I knew more, I could make it easier for them, anything.”

“Fine, if you want, speak to Bard, have him explain anything you want to know, would that help?”

“Yes, yes I think it would. And you will tell him not to coddle me in this!”

“Would I do that?”

“Yes, you already worry too much about me having too much to do.”

“It's true, you know. You want to do overnight what is usually done in many years.”

“Well, tough luck,” Legolas huffs, “that the outside world is not that considerate. And it doesn't help if I have time but can't spend it with you, because you also have too much to do, and maybe I could do just a tiny bit of it, anything.”

“What would you want to do more than you're already doing, love?”

“I don't know. Maybe this Durins thing, if you don't think it would get me too involved? Or, more than I am with them already?”

“Do they bother you too much?”

“No, not really. I mean, yeah, I avoided going there lately, for the obvious reasons, but I will arrange a visit soon, and let Gimli crow about it being obvious that I'm special and all.”

“You know you are, love, you're the most special being ever.”

“I'm not sure, I might say you are.”

This makes Thranduil really laugh, and of course it's all too sappy and all, but… Who the fuck cares?

“Kiss me, treasure,” he says, and then Legolas starts laughing so damn hard, so he's waiting for it to pass.

“So I'm the damn thing that gets kept behind closed doors under heavy guard?”

“I'd rather see you as the very beautiful and shiny thing that everyone covets, so when one wears it, one really needs a good guard to keep their greedy paws off. I'm really sorry it makes you feel bad, I'll really try to be less possessive, OK?”

“Don't,” Legolas growls, kissing him now, “I like it”, kiss, “when you're so very possessive,” longer, deeper kiss, making his voice so much lower, “when you show me off, I love that,” and now a teasing one, making Thranduil's belly clench when he breaks it. “I love when you take me apart completely,” mmmm, now an open mouthed, really hot one, “when it's so clear that nothing else exists in the world,” ahhh, a real good and deep one now, “only us.”

And damn if it's not delicious to let the boy take control like this, not knowing how the next touch will go, but who really cares how, since all of them are just perfect? Ahhh, yes, even this bite, stinging pretty bad, but in the best way, yes. Legolas seems to like it, when Thranduil doesn't take control now, letting him do all he wants, just reacting to the pleasure.
“Ah, we should really stop, before I don't want us to,” the boy pouts, quite regretful.

“We can always continue work after,” Thranduil smiles, “maybe my mind will actually accept dealing with paperwork then. I saw you were great with everything though, so if you are on a roll and don't want to stop now, I'll behave.”

“I don't see why there should be any difference. I'm happy anyway, I have you, so it's no problem to talk to them.”

He can't resist now, it's too much, so he starts another kiss, lingering and delicious like nothing else, coaxing Legolas back to being in charge. Yes, well, they could try, couldn't they? He's in as good of a mood about this as possible anyway. And if it doesn't work so well, he has enough files to bury himself in.

“I was actually thinking,” Thranduil says when he's allowed to breathe again, “since you seem in the mood to top a bit today, that you could play with me as you choose. With the whole of me, as we discussed.”

“Are you sure, Thran?”

“Yes. I promise to stop it if it's too much, please don't worry.”

“So… what, I just… you said I should just touch, right?”

“Yes, light touches, mostly teasing, I'd say, just don't try to get inside. And anything you want in rest, of course.”

“Anything?”

“Do you have something very specific in mind?”

“I loved have you looked with that big bruise on your neck.”

“I might just want to give you a matching one then.”

It's obviously not a deterrent, and it sounds real good, another something Thranduil knows he wants any single day, and it helps to control the nerves which start to gather in his belly. Which would never help anything, so he has to get rid of them. And yes, better to move this to the bedroom.

Where, after a while, Thranduil curses his impatience, darkly, because he froze twice already, and asked for a break, and it's very understandable that Legolas refuses to continue. Why didn't he damn do what he should? Maybe he really shouldn't have promised this, and now he hurt him again, he…

“Thran, snap out of it!”

It's a bit of a shock to hear Legolas so decided, so stern, but it does reach him, and it's obvious the boy understood what happens. So he doesn't allow Thranduil to get into excuses either.

“You said there are many chances this will be bad. Also, that you'd tell me to stop if you needed it. So let it be, we tried, it doesn't work today. Let's take a break and...”

“I'd still love that bite.”

“You're really sure?”

“Yes. I need to snap out of it, you're right, and something I know I enjoy should do it. Please?”
Legolas huffs at his – yes, quite forced – teasing display, and takes his mouth instead first, but that is fine, it's always fine. Yes, even when he prolongs is so much that Thranduil can, indeed, relax and forget about the too physically felt hurting hands, the cold metal circle of the gun at his temple, the… Damn it, why is he shaking now, why?

It gets even crazier, and they fight, for the first time they really fight about all this. And of course the night is miserable, for both of them. The fact that Thranduil discovers the next morning he needs to go to Russia again, as soon as Victor manages to accompany him, doesn't help one bit. Yes, Erestor agreed to come back - but he needs to re-immers himself in everything, obviously, so it takes time. Time Thranduil hates to have to devote to this, but he promised, so he goes. Actually, all of it goes spectacularly wrong, because his mind keeps going round in circles, so he accepts the evening offer of drinks, and pours so much vodka into himself that when he awakens he doesn't remember how he got the damn shiner on his right eye.

Of course, when he goes down for breakfast and Victor has a matching one, he's ready to give a very smirking Bard one too, before being told what happened – obviously Victor had been the usual ass, but this time, the moment the man mentioned Legolas, Thranduil snapped. It was long overdue, it's true, but his behavior can affect too many things, so he's resolute to do whatever it takes to solve it.

After all, clearly he didn't take that decision as he should, for logical reasons. No, he just let himself be baited. And doesn't even remember if it damn feeled good, if it helped for 5 minutes. And is so, so tempted to do it again, to get those 5 minutes of peace. So he has to - even damn talking to a shrink – and only God knows what could he tell one, or who could listen to him without running for the hills.

So, when he returns, the first person he goes see is not Legolas – who will damn worry so much when he sees his face. No, it's Elrond, who looks so very torn between compassion and laughter after he hears the story that it's very hard to bear. So of course he tells the man to get it off his chest, which leads to an offer to become better friends with the twins and go do… something with them, since they are again organizing some friend's before wedding entertainment. Thranduil tries hard to joke that he should enlist them for his own wedding, too, but it doesn't have the right bite, at all.

“Did you ever played with yourself like that?” Elrond asks, after a long silence, and it startles him from his morose thoughts.

“No. Never felt an appeal.”

“Then why do you insist to do it now?”

“Because I do want it, with him. No, like I told him, I'm not just saying it because I should. It… it sounds right to do it, just… I fucking freeze when he just lightly touches me! It doesn't make any sense, I… How can I forget who is near me, the fuck!”

“I don't know what to tell you, Thranduil, besides the things you already know by now. And what I really don't get is why the hurry. Both of you had so many stressful things on your plate so recently, why do you want to do this right now? Why not wait until things have settled, take it easy? Especially with how you reacted to things!”

“Maybe because things happened like they did! I feel like we could run out of time any day! Plus, I can't offer him someone else now, I wouldn't stand it, and, well, your sons are right, he likes it, so… And I'm fucking sick and tired of having this over my head! It's been too many years, this needs to end! Now!”

“As usual, this is not an approach I could recommend, it's actually the worst thing to do. It is possible to push even yourself too hard, Thranduil, please think about that. Still, if you really want this so much, damn start with just yourself first, see what happens. I'll try to look into this, but I doubt
Yeah, this is how things stand, most probably. What else is new? Well, Legolas' attitude towards this is new; the boy obviously doesn't like the bruise, but doesn't really comment it either. What he insists on is to know what he discussed with Elrond – and fuck if he will not give Bard a thrashing, for being such a gossip! Legolas adds that from now on, he would only touch a certain area upon a direct, clear and explicit order – which is so damn weird. He also doesn't want to be on top for a while. And clearly feels bad about their fight, which he absolutely shouldn't.

None of this helps them rest, and things get tense, with both of them hesitating so bad about everything. Finally, Thranduil caves and does as suggested – locks himself in the playroom to take matters into his own hands. And it turns… absolutely boring. Surprisingly so, even. Doing it to himself is just… not doing anything to get him aroused. OK, if he involves his dick into it, he gets results, sure, just nothing spectacular, unless he starts fantasizing a bit – obviously, about Legolas. Like he needs more things pointing out he's smitten and all.

But this doesn't help that much – why the fuck this doesn't bring any issues, even when he does lube a finger and resolutely pushes in? Yeah, he even did it too fast, and it hurts some, but that doesn't distress him, at all. Annoyed beyond measure - because why the fuck this works and being gently touched by his lover doesn't - Thranduil throws caution to the wind and gets some toys. Before he's too gone with anger and impatience, he drenches everything in lube, which backfires nicely, because he loses his grip on things, dropping stuff. Yeah, that does wonders to his temper, too.

His curses become very creative when he's also almost slipping in a puddle of lube, while trying to get a towel, because for some reason he was an idiot and didn't get one near from the start, so he has to take the lot of it to the bathroom and clean stuff. Obviously, all of it killed any kind of mood he didn't even have going, but Thranduil pushes on, determined to get it over with. Yeah, did he mention he's stubborn? He should, and he does manage to get in first a small vibrator, then a slightly larger one, then the next size. Nothing happens, his mind is just more annoyed and bored with everything, and yes, he feels everything, and obviously there's a reflex reaction when he touches the exactly right spots – definitely nothing is wrong physically, it's just that it all feels alien, cold and… not like something he would repeat. Sort of like when he tried canes and shit on himself.

Does this really mean he's not into it, maybe never was? And why the fuck doesn't it remind him of anything? It makes no sense, if shoving a damn plastic thing up his ass is so damn fine, why the hell being kissed by his lover makes him shake, in a totally not good way? Why does Legolas' touch suddenly make him remember being on the brink of death and insanity? How the fuck can he make all this work?

He's back to cleaning stuff, really tempted to throw everything at the walls, stewing with it. Which is pretty much the moment when Legolas comes home from class and is surprised to find him home, even more surprised to see him all naked cleaning toys. And yes, his crack and probably his thighs are all shiny with lube. Which makes him feel like the worst cheap whore, and when in the world did he go batshit crazy and started thinking such garbage?

“Are you OK, Thran?”

“Yeah, and that's the problem, that I'm damn OK!”

“Err… I'm not sure that makes sense.”

“It fucking doesn't! I damn well listened to Elrond, and managed to actually stick this stuff up my ass, and it doesn't do a thing!”
"You mean... like... you don't have feeling there?"

"Would that that would be the issue, at least it would make sense! No, I feel everything, it just doesn't do anything, good or bad! No memories, no tensing, but no damn pleasure either! Fucking unbelievable!"

"I can totally understand the no pleasure thing," Legolas shrugs, startling him. "Remember I told you, after you gave me the toy, when I was drunk? It didn't do anything for me then, and I thought after some days that it was maybe because I was drunk, so I tried again, but it was totally useless. It worked perfectly when you used it on me, but alone... nothing."

"Oh," Thranduil says, and a bit of the anger has disappeared, somehow. "It was just so... lifeless and damn boring for me!"

"Yeah, boring would be a good word for it. Something was missing for sure, I felt like I could have done that for hours and not get much of a reaction, even if I did get hard from it. But there was no way I could have come from it."

Shaking his head, Thranduil decides to damn finish washing everything, and is pondering a shower, too, but clearly Legolas is not appeased.

"I would think not having flashbacks is a good thing though," he starts, and the fury just bursts out now.

"Yeah, really? What is so damn good that I can fuck myself with a piece of plastic and can't take your touch? The fact that I'm totally insane?"

"Stop this! Stop with the double standards!"

"What double standards," a bewildered Thranduil asks.

"You fucking tell me every day to take it easy, not to want to do in a day what takes years, but you do this to yourself! And it damn hurts so much to see you do it!"

"I said that, didn't I?"

"Yes, last time you said it just before we started this!"

"I had enough of it, damn it! It's been fucking 19 years now! I hate that I even know that figure, I hate it! It has to stop! I can't be so useless, can't let you down like this!"

"You are not letting me down! You damn well tried something which didn't work, and you tried something else that partially worked. I'm sure there are other options, and we'll find them, somehow."

"And if I don't, and I can never give you this?"

"If it's never, it's never, I don't give a damn! I will not do this to you, and that's final!"

It hurts him, so damn much, and the fucking lube itches now and his asshole feels weird, and his brain is in a total stump. So they end the discussion for a while, and a shower helps a little. The boy is a bit more relaxed, somehow, at dinner, and they even cuddle a little, quietly, before falling asleep, because Thranduil really doesn't dare do much, and Legolas doesn't press.

And of course he's having a nightmare. He even expected it – but what he didn't expect was for the
usual dream to change. In all the years, it was always the same – the impotence, the pain, magnified in different ways. Sometimes he bled to death, other times they shot him at the end, or he shot himself, in the really worse ones they brought in more people. But it never, ever, got pleasant, in any shape or form. And now it does, and it lasts forever, each of them is fucking him until he comes from it, again, and again, and again, and Thranduil realizes he's dreaming at some point, but can't make himself awake, he's trapped there, in between shards of pain and a disgusting, choking pleasure, and this must be how hell feels like.

Still, he can't but fight it, hating himself, hating everything possible about this, until, finally, it's just pain, clean, deserved pain. And, after an eternity of it, he manages to wake up, only to see that, obviously, Legolas was awake too, and quite distraught.

“I tried everything to get you to wake up,” the boy says, giving him a glass of water.

Yeah, his throat feels like sandpaper, probably he screamed. Fuck.

“I was thinking to throw this in your face, really, just… I wasn't sure it wouldn't have been worse.”

“Not many things could have been worse,” Thranduil grates, and there's a sludge of shame just flooding his being, wishing so bad for oblivion.

“You never told me what you dream about so bad,” Legolas states, very tentative at it.

“Just like you, I don't really want to talk about it,” he starts, and then is even more ashamed for the coldness and malice in his tone. “But the issue is that it changed tonight, for the first time in all these years. And at a point I even knew I was dreaming, but couldn't stop it, couldn't wake up. I… I didn't think it was possible for these fucking things to get worse, but obviously it's possible.”

“Ugh, yes, it's so damn weird when they change! I do wonder why can't they change for the better!”

It's funny, isn't it, how this works, and it pains him anew that he wasn't there for Legolas.

“I'm sorry, my love, I know it must have been so hard, dealing with them alone.”

“You don't know half of it,” Legolas laughs now, grating and ugly. “Because I told you, at first it was about relieving everything, but then, it got way worse, because I wasn't seeing myself be hurt anymore, I was seeing you! And it hurt way more. Well, not at the beginning, because then you were still with me, and it was easier to recover from it, because you were right near, and you were fine. But when you weren't, it was just… so many times I just wanted to barge in, to see you are fine, and so many times you weren't even home!”

“I'm so very sorry, Legolas, believe me, I am! I wish… damn, at least that I could offer you somebody else, but I'm so damn selfish now, I just can't bear the thought! Not even that brat, I couldn't take it, and…”

“Thran, red!”

This is a shock, indeed, and at first his mind doesn't really process it, but Legolas repeats the word, firm and clear, and…

“I know this is not playing, but it hurts more than I can take. So I will try any method I know to tell you to stop it.”

Thranduil is nodding, but can't say one word, because… what in the world can he say? If he can't submit, and can't allow him something else, what else is there?
“That means stop overthinking it, dad. And stop trying to solve it, too. Just… stop. I have no clue how to make you understand I am fine without that, but I will keep trying. I just wish you’d believe me.”

“But it's not fair! It's something you enjoy, so you should have it, if not for me being so weak!”

“Thran, I also enjoy unsafe things, and you can't let me have them because I would get hurt. I don't see what's the difference now. Or is it, again, because you are the one hurt for it? I don't see how that is fair.”

No, Thranduil has no answer for this, of course he doesn't. Unless…

“I think I believe I deserve the hurt. For all my failings of late, I imagine, and… Well, if the dream wasn't obvious enough, I'm being so damn stupid. OK, OK, so, just like you, of course I dream of what happened, and many times making it worse, like ending it with dying or something. Your average, garden variety nightmare, really. Which, well, those damn psychology texts say it's normal. Fuck normal, but anyway.

The things is, now, now it changed, as in I was liking it, fuck, fuck! It was horrible, because it still hurt, I was still so useless, and I didn't want any of it, but I was coming from it, and… Ugh, I want to throw up, damn it! I didn't like it, it wasn't possible to like that, but of course, of course I should like playing with you, but it's like I can't distinguish between the two, and it's insane, because you'd never hurt me like that! I wish so bad I can submit to you, that I… Believe me, I know you would never do something bad to me, I do!”

“I know, Thran. And I kind of get it a bit, why you were so scared when I was… well. After the kidnapping. That you were afraid I will react badly. But I'm not sure about this submission thing.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well. I do like it when you take me apart, and when I forget just everything, but it's not what I had in mind doing to you. I… That's definitely not the only way to do this, I know this now, and I wouldn't feel right doing it, anyway.”

Thranduil thinks about just some mornings ago, when he asked… but then, he didn't let the boy explain, and of course he might have understood something else entirely, after all, he was so well fucked and everything… Maybe he shouldn't repeat that mistake now.

“Can you tell me exactly what you had in mind?”

“I'm not sure I have a clear scenario or something. It's just… well, probably I had in mind something one would call vanilla, really. I would like to just be able to touch and kiss and just… just make you feel good. Yes, the idea of sinking deep inside and… God,” he shudders at the thought, clearly finding it so very hot, “and seeing you like it, that would be real great, and of course, making you come, I always love that, as you well know. But I would never expect to do it too often, or to have you lose it because I do it, again, I would see it as one of the easy nights, when we both enjoy it, but it's not… it's not making any of us fall and fly and all that, just, feels good and we are both happy. And obviously you'd be anything but happy right now.”

No, thinking now how and why Legolas reached the idea of how fucking somebody works should not happen. Because it's damn stupid. And it's real good the boy says this, although…

“Still, you like when I submit when you fuck my mouth.”

“Well. I do. But… I'm not that sure I see it as you submitting. More like you letting me do it? I…
well, I don't know, maybe it is that you started me with this, and… I can't think that much when you suck me, really, in any way you want, so it's way more that you have the power in that anyway. Yes, sometimes you allow me to be rough but… I still know you could stop it at any moment.”

“And you think I wouldn't be able to stop you if you took my ass?”

Yes, such a healthy thing to ask, really.

“No, it's not like that! I… Look, I know you'd have stopped at any time, if I'd asked it of you. Even… even when you told me the safe word doesn't apply, I know you'd have stopped if I was really not able to take it anymore. Don't even say it!” Legolas growls now, when Thranduil would just have wanted to state the truth – that he himself is not so sure of that.

“But I do get that not everyone is like me – and no, I have no problem with how I am! And I really do understand that just vanilla can be real good, and that I'm pushing too much with the rest sometimes. OK, often, I get that. Maybe I should, indeed, work on that. But… uff, how to make sense of this! It's really much more about just sharing the totally crazy intense things I feel, because if I don't, then I might get mad with it, both the pleasure and the pain. The times I get rough, I mean. It's like, if I scratch and bite, and know you can feel part of it, it's somehow easier to bear. It's possible to bear, something. So I really, really don't expect you to want me to do to you all you do to me! I'd be happy to do anything of it you enjoy, yes, and I feel really great when you really like what I do. And that's just it – I don't need something… something that specific, anything that works for that is fine.

Probably now I really start to get what you were saying, when I was unsure and didn't get why you didn't want to play with Melu, because I couldn't do much. It does matter whom I play with, I really understand now and… Seriously, I did notice, while we were separated, that there were enough people who would have been interested, but I just didn't see myself doing that, because I didn't feel I could trust them.

I know that in such a case I could have just clearly stated what I was willing to do, kept it totally vanilla or anything, but I didn't want that! I want to know and trust my partner, to be sure that if I want something, or I don't want, I won't be judged for it. And yes, that if I push too much, you'll stop it before it becomes dangerous. This is way more important for me than what cock exactly goes where, Thran.”

It's hard to answer this, and he doesn't have much to say, so Thranduil decides to take a shower and Legolas changes the sheets, because of course he made a mess of them, thrashing and sweating.

Going back to sleep doesn't help that much, because the dream comes again, in all it's changed glory. And it keeps doing it for the whole week, making Thranduil seriously wonder if it wouldn't be better for Legolas to sleep in his room for a while – which he stops saying when there's so much pain in the sapphire eyes.

But it's no good, they are both tired and cranky, also because he didn't dare try sex again, not when he feels suffocated by the oily, slimy pleasure from the dream, unable to escape it, even with compulsive showers. Done alone, of course, and only when Legolas happens to see him just out of the shower, naked while he decides what to wear for the day, the light bulb finally manages to turn on.

“Thran, my God, what happened to you?”

“What? Nothing, what do you mean?”

“Nothing? Then why is your ass so red and damn close to bleeding? And your thighs, too, what did
you do?"

“I… I'm not sure… let me check…”

Yes, looking into a big mirror, he can see that… damn it, did he actually scrub that bad? Without realizing what he does to himself? Without registering how bad it feels, even after? The fuck is wrong with him? Oh, but yes, he wanted to get rid of the sick pleasure, didn't he? He's a fucking textbook case, again, and…

“I am not afraid of it, at all, because there's absolutely nothing to be afraid! They are fucking dead, and obviously you would never hurt me, so I'm doing this to myself. I could take the damn toys, because they didn't bring pleasure and that's what I'm fighting. Fuck!”

“If you say so. But I would like to check you, and… Should I bring some cream for it?”

“Yes, sure. I want you to apply the cream. I will make it an order, if need be.”

Legolas looks at him quite dubiously, but acquiesces, and, again obviously, now Thranduil no longer freezes, even if it actually stings. Quite bad in several places where he probably broke the skin. He really did a number on himself, damn it. But that will heal. Oh yes, and he will heal, fuck anything and anyone saying otherwise!

Legolas is a bit mollified when, indeed, he doesn't seem to react that bad, and even more when Thranduil forces himself to not charge ahead in the evenings, not while his skin has to recover. Of course, the dreams don't really stop, it would have been too much to hope for, but it gets easier to wake up from them, and he asks Legolas to help him shower, so he doesn't do stupid stuff anymore. Which turns to the best idea ever, because when the skin is close to normal, finally, finally, the sensations change. Or, well, start to damn make sense. After all, if he likes his son's touch everywhere, even on theoretically totally non-sexual areas, it is damn time that these start to be good.

Yeah, things can't happen like before, they never do after such a clarity moment, but at least this time it's for the best, finally. So he goads his love into it, so damn happy for this victory, and actually pouts when, again, Legolas turns stubborn. Which makes sense, since he cares so much, so Thranduil agrees to the initial plan of taking things slow. Damn real slow.

But fuck, does he have to take his words so literally? The boy will be the death of him, Thranduil is sure, and they will need more solid sheets or something. He had joked about being rimmed until he cries, he really did, but damn it, Legolas took it seriously, and he's hoarse now, and the sheet was shredded when he just couldn't take it anymore, again and again. Fuck, this is so good that yes, there are tears in his eyes, and he's desperate for more, begging for a finger, something to ease his desperation, anything!

“Not tonight, my love,” he hears through the mad pounding in his ears, “maybe next time.”

He curses, although the two neurons that still function in his fogged brain understand why they should wait some more, but fuck! He needs more!

“Yes, I am going to give you more,” Legolas purrs, against his cock now, lapping like the kitten he is at the precome painting his belly, groaning when Thranduil's hand fists in his hair, and fuck, he is desperate to find solace in his lover's beautiful mouth, but not yet. He needs to kiss first the thoroughly debauched mouth, to taste himself there, to leave his lover breathless. They kiss like mad, both of them frantic for more, but there's so much love in this, so much burning passion, that they end up just rutting against each other until neither can restrain himself anymore. Still they kiss, until they almost pass out from lack of air, since it seemed impossible to stop devouring each other.
And this is fucking easy, compared to opening himself up, while Legolas is just watching him, sitting on the loveseat, out of his reach, just teasing his nicely plump cock with two fingers. Waves of heat run through him, because it's so fucking erotic, to be spread out like this, in front of his lover, his son, damn this to hell, arghhh, Thranduil promised to listen, and he does, though his will hangs by a very thin thread. He needs way more than two of his own fingers, stretching his entrance so good that he doesn't see right, fuck, he might become cross-eyed for good, but who cares? Yeah, it's a good question if it's good or bad that he's so experienced with his fingers, in opening others up, because of course he knows exactly what to do. And he can feel it too, now, and does not remember when he needed something more.

Finally he snaps, well, if Legolas won't take him, fine, he will ruin that smirking mouth, yesss, just like this, burying himself to the hilt in his lover's throat, gagging him completely, making him feel how fucking desperate Thranduil is for this, yess, yessss, that's it, God! He's trembling with aftershocks, and the way his cheeky lover licks his lips and lazily pumps his own hard member is terrifyingly arousing. Hells, yes, he has no issue with being turned onto his belly and letting Legolas rut against his back, his ass cheeks, now his crack, yes, yes, fuck! Feeling him spend on his feverish skin is like a benediction, and they stay like this for a while, both too loathe to separate, it's way to delicious like this.
Chapter Summary

Happy May Day everyone :) 

Things are going great, in so many areas, but his dear boy still hasn't gotten certain things straight, Thranduil thinks, he still doesn't get what a treasure he is. Just last week, Legolas managed such an intelligent thing, and he just passed it over, like it was nothing. It was so very funny when Thranduil got the call from Dain, to thank him for getting the damn journalist off their back, and he almost stumbled and said he had no idea what the man is talking about. Only after Legolas explained that the woman is one who got pretty under the skin of one or another of the Durins, somebody pretty close in age with that damn Gimli, from what he gathered – because Thranduil is really not interested in knowing more than he absolutely needs to about them. In any case, there were legitimate concerns she'd want to publish something, and it would become complicated – even if she is specialized in the glitzy life, not in doing real research.

But this is exactly what Legolas banked on – and damn the boy has learned! He offered her a scoop on the famous wedding the twins are organizing, seems their friend getting married is quite a socialite, so of course she wants to be in any possible paper, even if it means giving more of a story. And the twins also like it when something outrageous but still “normal” about them hits some news, since it helps them keep their cover. And of course the woman – Tauriel, he needs to remember that name – was happy to not nose around for something more, especially for an additional promise she will have the exclusive on Legolas and him cutting the cake at their own wedding, which indeed must be settled too.

And this is just the last one, but still, the boy doesn't think he deserves much in return for all he does for others, solving things for them, and doesn't dare ask other questions, still more willing to fight for others than for himself. Which needs to change, he can't keep putting himself second, so hopefully this will help with that.

Thranduil is home, but where is the boy?

“Legolas?”

“In the library! What happened?”

“Nothing bad, just need to give you this. Now, let's see: these are your new credit cards…”

“Why do I need new credit cards? I didn't think the one I had expired already…”

“No, you are right, Legolas, but that has a limit, and the bank could not change how it was issued, so…”

“What do you mean, the new ones, ah, more than one? do not have a spending limit?”

“I always forget you don't know these details, my dear. Sit, sit, let's see. So, yes, all credit cards do have a spending limit, just, this one is way bigger. You can spend $100,000 per day, that is the limit on this card” – oh, Thranduil really liked that gasp – “and another 100,000 on this other one.”
“You mean every day I can spend two hundred thousand dollars? On what?”

Thranduil laughed and hugged him.

“You don't have to spend them, just, I want you to have the option to do it, if and when you want to, OK?”

“Thank you, Thran, you are very kind.”

“Nonsense. Also, because this is still a limit, you will have a checkbook too, this is it, here, it is really much less limited,” he added.

He's so happy to watch Legolas' face, because it is really priceless how he frowns and tries to get his head wrapped around it.

“You lost me here, Thran. What do you expect me to do, go spend 200,000 dollars somewhere and discover I need more? Should I fill the entire house to the rafters with silk shirts and shoes? I still won't get pointy high heeled stuff!”

“Oh my, that would be something interesting,” Thranduil laughs again. *Is this how happiness feels like?* he wonders.

“The idea is, I know you like jewelry and creating new things, so I was thinking maybe, for our wedding, you want to commission something special. I remember how much you loved getting me those rings and, since this one will be a ring I will wear for the rest of my life, and everyone will see it as your permanent mark on me, I want you to have the freedom to get whatever you want. Even if it costs 1 million dollars, or 3, or 5 millions.”

The glint in Legolas' eyes is going straight to Thranduil's groin, and he's very happy he can offer this to his lover. It doesn't matter what he will choose or how gigantic it will be – as long as the boy loves the way it will look on his hand, and wants to have said hand on him, it's all that matters.

“Seriously, you… you give me the power to spend millions of dollars, just like that? Wouldn't that be…”

“My dear, did I ever tell you how much I'm actually worth?”

“No, we didn't actually discuss that. Although it is crazy that we didn't. And no, I didn't read certain documents in detail, before you ask, because it was all too painful at the time, and then… Well, then I just didn't think about it.”

“Well then, you should know that I have an official estimated net worth somewhere around 2 and a half billion dollars. And most of it can be made liquid pretty fast. That is beside the offshore reserves, of course. So spending a few millions on something you would enjoy would in no way cause problems, OK?”

Legolas gulps and looks at him with fresh tears in his eyes.

“Still, I…”

“You are more precious to me than all that money, Legolas. You could spend it all and I wouldn't care, if that makes you happy. I was always good at making money, so I will make more. And I would kill and steal for you, if that was necessary, I want you to remember that, my heart. Please don't cry, I just want you to enjoy all I can give you.”
Thranduil is overjoyed when Legolas just hugs him so tight and snuggles his face on his shoulder, and then starts nuzzling his neck lightly.

"Is this a part of what you said, about me taking anything I want from you?" he asks gently, and Thranduil flinches a bit, remembering the pain he felt that evening.

"Yes, it is," he then responds firmly. "And about us being equals. It's quite complicated for you to consider you are my equal if you have to come ask me for money for anything you need."

"But I did not earn that," the boy points out, "you did."

"You will learn and you will, I know that. And, well, it's not really necessary for any of us to make more money at this point, just… I want you to have as much freedom as I can offer you, my dear. I know there are still so many limits, but…"

"You remember. Yes, maybe we should travel somewhere very far for our… honeymoon" - Legolas blushes so pretty when he says the word -, "so we can just walk around, hand in hand, and nobody knows who we are?"

"If you want this, yes, I will see what we can do about it," Thranduil says. "And you should also tell me how do you want our wedding to be, what did you dream for that day."

"I feel just like in a fairy tale, Thran. I don't have any idea, just…"

"Then we should make it a fairy tale!" Thranduil decides. Yes, that could work very well. "And maybe manage to find a very naughty tale for after," he smirks, enjoying the heat answering from Legolas's gaze.

"For that, I might have an idea already," he says and shivers. "But… you said the big wedding would be in 6 months?"

"Yes, why?"

"We would need to do something very soon, for that to work."

"And what is it you want to do?"

"Remember that night when I added the beads to the nipple clamps?"

"Mmm, yes, I do," Thranduil purrs.

"Well, you said you'd like to pierce my nipples and have me wear all kinds of jewelry."

"Yes, I clearly remember that, would you agree to do it now?"

"Well, it does need a lot of time to heal completely, no? But… I would do it on one condition," Legolas dares.

"And what is that," an intrigued Thranduil asks.

"For you to have yours pierced too," Legolas whispers and doesn't dare look at his face, somehow still fearing he overstepped his bounds.

He then feels Thranduil' hand on his chin, raising his face, and the look in his eyes is one of wonder.

"You are really afraid I will be angry for this?"
“Yes, I… I know you said I can ask for anything, but this…”

“I asked you to do it first, didn't I?” Thranduil says. “It's only normal you can ask it of me.”

“So you'll do it?” an excited Legolas asks.

“Like you said then, I will also answer I need to think about it. And I promise you, anything you ask of me, I will never refuse just because it sounds strange or unexpected, or, even worse, because then I would not be the dominant one. It's just… I never even given any idea to piercings before. I understand the urgency, so I will not delay my answer, is that OK with you?”

“Yes, that is great,” Legolas beams and kisses him nice and sweet.

“I think we will have a problem with this though,” Thranduil muses.

“What kind of problem?”

“Well, until it heals, neither of us will have his nipples played with, since it will be too painful,” he says.

And Legolas shivers so good at this, that Thranduil can no longer contain himself and he just abruptly pulls Legolas' shirt open, not caring about buttons, and starts teasing those beautiful pink pearls, making them get hard and pointy, and then he gently bites one, whispering then against it:

“Can you take six months when I won't be able to do this, my sweet? And you know it's probably safer to say 9 months until they are completely healed, right?”

Legolas is shivering harder now, and his hands go into Thranduil's hair, fisting themselves there, pulling his mouth against the other nipple, whimpering when he is bitten again and again, moaning for more, but now Thranduil is just teasing, touching oh-so-lightly with the tip of his tongue, making him squirm so prettily, until Legolas just snarls, leaves his hair alone and pushes him back towards the couch, pulls at his shirt, with the same disregard for buttons, and starts suckling his own nipples with passion.

Thranduil feels the heat pooling in his loins and really, he knows that, after the piercings will be healed, the sensitivity will be greater still, so the only issue in taking that decision is if he will be able to bear it when his darling boy will play with him afterward.

He moans when Legolas scratches both nipples at once, then gulps when they are soothed by a warm tongue and is completely bereft when Legolas moves away, breathing hard.

“Did you ever come just by having your nipples played with?” the boy asks.

“No, I never did,” he answers, and the gleam in the blue orbs tells him he will. Thranduil shivers and wonders if he really has to dominate tonight.

“But I would love to do it for you tonight, and have your mark on my body in this way too,” he says, because why should he think too much or oppose something his dear one seems to want so bad?

He's sure it is the right choice, because by the end of the night he knows he will have to wear a silk shirt on the morrow, because Legolas has used his fingers, nails, lips, tongue and teeth on him, and then he brought on the nipple clamps and weights and had him squirm, whimper and beg, but he did come without even taking his pants off at first, and then again and an excruciating third time, when Legolas had one clamp on his left nipple and the other on Thranduil's and had pulled rhythmically at the abused nub, making the most beautiful noises, using his hand to very lightly tease the other over-
sensitized bud, telling him what jewel he was planning to commission, something made of platinum filigree, with sapphires and diamonds, heavy with them, pulling so good, letting Thranduil know he would make him wear it all day long, until just a flick of his tongue would be enough to make his father come for him.

Thranduil can really see it, feel it, see the desperate want in the boy's gaze, igniting his own so, so bad, and he comes again when the clamp is released and the pain of the returning blood just short-circuits his senses, feeling like he would explode from happiness, having a real restful, uninterrupted sleep after all this.

And even the silk shirt was a torture on his abused nipples, but damn, it felt good to have Legolas in the limo with him, knowing they had precious little time, begging on his knees to have his puffy nipples played with, begging for his teeth, begging to be allowed to come from it. And it felt even better to deny him, to make him wait and to just casually touch him for a minute at a time during the day, getting him hard in an instant, while he was preparing his surprise.

Legolas had been disgruntled when he found out they were not going home after work, tired of waiting, but he shivered with want and probably a bit of apprehension, too, when Thranduil took them to Galadriel's place, not wanting to leave his body at the mercy of somebody he didn't trust.

He has her pierce his nipples first, loving the little pain, because the glint in Legolas' eyes is worth anything he could suffer. But he can't let anybody else mark his treasure, so he does it himself, slow but firm, loving the small twitch and whimper when the needle pierces each of the hard pink nubs, and then, when Legolas just thanks him and lets all the tension accumulated during the day explode in an orgasm, looking at his mark in wonder, Thranduil is terrified to admit to himself that he would never be able to deny him anything at all. Both wear each others' mark in their flesh now, and on their souls. Could he really not give his body freely?

He also knows what kind of ring he wants his lover to wear for ever, so, after they get home, he makes the call. It will be simple, really, because his son likes to wear clean, simple things, but the message is the most important, so inside it will say what matters: All mine, all yours. Because they are.
SERIOUSLY, SHOPPING IS DANGEROUS

Chapter Summary

Yes. I know it's not Monday. Thing is, my life was generally totally crazy during certain days of the week and tolerably crazy during others. But somehow that pattern changed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Thranduil is checking his tablet, happy to see they can finally go home, when his phone rings. It's Bard, so he answers immediately.

“What is it?”

“It's Legolas,” Bard says. “He called from the jeweler's, and seemed… unsettled. He confirmed he's safe and sound, but would like us to pick him up. Especially, if you could come…”

“Sure, I was just closing,” Thranduil says, and wonders what happened. It's strange, didn't they leave Legolas at the jeweler in the morning? He didn't leave until now? And what about the guards with him?

They are close to the jeweler, so, even with the traffic, it's just 10 minutes until they arrive, and he has Bard accompany him inside, just in case.

The girl at the counter takes them to the back when he confirms who he is, and he finds Legolas sitting alone at the table, his checkbook in front of him, looking dazed.

“What's wrong, my treasure?” he asks.

“I… it's… can you help me to the car?” Legolas says, and Thranduil is really worried now. “I'll tell you all about it, just… I'm a bit dizzy.”

He picks him up into his arms directly, and the fact that the boy just snuggles there is even more worrying. He tells Bard to wait and decides not to beat around the bush.

“OK Legolas, spill it. What happened? Someone was rude to you? Or…”

“No, no, it was great,” the boy answers. “Both Mr. Nori and Mr. Ori were fantastic and their designs were really great and the gems were wonderful and we spoke with their cousins in Amsterdam and they showed me some great stuff.

And they really understood my designs too, and they came with great ideas on how to make them just perfect. And they really are open minded for this.”

“OK, that sounds just great. So, again, what is the problem?”

“I… decided on several things,” Legolas gulps. “And I liked the more expensive stones,” he adds, softly. “But I didn't take everything!” he wails, abruptly.
Thranduil can barely stop himself from laughing. So his boy spent more than he expected. He's really curious what the amount is.

“I… I didn't take the more daring things,” the boy continues. “It would be too…”

“What are those daring things, Legolas?” Thranduil asks, using his stern voice. He might have an inkling, but…

“Ahh… I… things that… that you would use only in very… specific cases… I…”

“You designed sex toys from precious metals”, Thranduil says. The boy gulps and nods, mumbling:

“Added precious stones, mostly. And not just toys, but… yes, with toys, I…”

“That's something I want to see,” Thranduil purrs, loving this attack of shyness to pieces. “I think we should get back and you should get them all,” he says.

“No, I can't!” the boy whines.

“And why not? I'm sure Mr. Ori and Mr. Nori will have no issue with the late hour.”

“No, it's just.. I already spent too much, way too much…”

“How much did you spend, my dear?”

“I… I… f…”

“Legolas, look at me!”

He's so sweet right now, so much fear and uncertainty in his eyes, mixed with the desperate need that engulfs both of them so often, and it makes Thranduil really hot all over.

“I told you you can spend any amount, didn't I? Then, tell me.”

“15 millions,” Legolas whispers.

“And what was the total, with the toys?”

“27 millions,” Legolas manages to say, then closes his eyes and whimpers.

Of course, the only thing Thranduil can do now is laugh and hug him tight.

“I absolutely must see these toys worth 12 million dollars,” Thranduil manages to say after a while. “So we will go back in and you will commission them, and one thing, my treasure: just be prepared to have them used on you, extensively,” he says, dark and silky, and this time Legolas' whimper sounds way better.

He still has to support him back in, and of course, both Mr. Ori and Mr. Nori are ecstatic to hear they want all the designs they discussed earlier, but Thranduil stops them from starting to describe them to him, because he always enjoyed this kind of surprises. Still, Mr. Nori insists on speaking with him alone, and leaving Legolas well entrenched on the chair, Thranduil agrees.

“I understand when you made the other order you had no idea of the design your fiancee will choose for your wedding ring,” Mr. Nori starts. “And you might want each to be very different, and if so, please let me know.”
“I didn't really think about them being similar or not,” Thranduil replies. “Actually, only the message is important for me at the moment, the rest is much more important for Legolas.”

“Well, the idea is, they are indeed very different. And, well, I was thinking that maybe we could just apply to your design the choice of metals Mr. Robertson made.”

“Hmm… or we could just duplicate his design, and add the message. I see your point, well, let's just ask my lover, I think that's the best.”

They go to the other room, and Thranduil wonders if he should pressure Legolas more.

“Yes Thran, what's the matter?”

“Well, Mr. Nori here helpfully pointed out that the design I gave him for your ring is wildly different from what you chose. I must admit I have no talent for this, so I chose something very simple. Obviously, you did not,” he smirks, “and we have several options here: to continue like this, to change a little the design I gave them or to duplicate your choice and just add my message on the inside. It's not necessary to answer right now” – and both jewelers hmph, so clearly it's not something very easy to make – “but I would love to know your opinion on this.

And, of course, if you don't mind the lack of surprise, we could compare them and discuss the subject these days.”

“I actually would love to show you the design and know you don't hate it, before having you wear it for decades, Thran,” Legolas says. “Just… I think part of my dizziness is hunger,” he adds sheepishly. “I couldn't eat any of the snacks Mr. Nori and Mr. Ori have brought, and I'm sorry to say I deprived them of lunch, I was just…”

“You were just like me and got totally caught in your work. OK, we can go have dinner someplace and discuss there. Let's see, do you have a preference?”

“I don't want to sound whiny,” Legolas says, “but could we do this at home? I'm sure Mrs. Baggins can do something nice and…”

“Oh, absolutely,” Ori says. “Since Gimli visited, her cooking is a legend!”

“OK,” Thranduil smiles, “let's go home then.”

“We will follow you,” Nori says, “just have to get the design and our laptops; the gems were from our cousins in Amsterdam, so we'll have to get them online again to see them.”

Thranduil nods and he's happy to see Legolas seems to be swaying less on his feet. In the car, he remembers they had chocolates in the bar again, so he puts one in Legolas' mouth, then kisses him, sharing the delicious taste of Belgian truffle. The next one is filled with Curvoisier, and he enjoys the tang of it against his boy's tongue, suddenly so hungry for more he has to growl and restrain himself; they do have serious things to discuss.

“Don't stop,” Legolas moans, and hugs him tighter.

“I have to, if we are to be able to discuss this ring business,” Thranduil purrs. “But don't worry, I will get you mad with pleasure before the night is up. And no pouting, pretty. We both need our brains in our heads, not in our pants.”

“I can manage without pants,” Legolas quips, and it's so delightful to see him smile again, that Thranduil takes another cognac chocolate and feeds it to him on his tongue, then thoroughly cleans it
from his lips and teeth, nipping just a little, feeling the zing in his groin and his toes.

“I think I should give you pleasure,” Legolas says, slowly. “You gave me such a present I…”

“You are my present every day, my son, my love. And you were so very sweet and scared earlier, you could have asked for the moon and I would have tried to give it to you.” He pecks him slowly on the face again, happy to feel him so relaxed in his arms.

Abruptly, Thranduil starts laughing again, startling Legolas, especially since he can't seem to stop. He finally hiccups and manages to stop, but doesn't want to tell him why he laughed, so Legolas really pouts now, but doesn't have time to badger him, because they arrived.

Mrs. Baggins, as usual, has delicious things just about ready, and Thranduil is firm on not starting any work until he sees Legolas finishing a piece of steak with tender green beans and salad, plus a hefty portion of chocolate cake, for energy, he says.

He's smirking a bit more than usual, and Legolas just can't imagine what is it that amuses him so, but he has to just go on with the discussion for now.

It seems that Dori and the Amsterdam cousins have gone the extra mile, because they have produced a beautiful 3D image of his creation, and Thranduil is indeed impressed with it: the gold and platinum mix in the exact shades of their tresses, forming an infinity symbol around two beautiful blue gems, one icy blue, like Thranduil's eyes, one darker, like the sea, like Legolas'. Of course the ring is big – but he had expected that, and realizes he would really like to see such huge stones on his boy's slim finger.

“The stones will be either diamond or sapphire,” Nori says, “it depends really where will we find the exact shades. And the material is a mix of platinum, white gold and yellow gold, with just a hint of pink gold right near the stone.”

“So beautiful,” it's the only thing Thranduil manages to choke, and realizes there's a tear on the loose on his cheek, but he can't mind, really. He has a lapful of Legolas, because his son is overjoyed that he likes his design, so the kitten can't contain his happiness and needs to hug him and kiss him, and of course Thranduil obliges.

After he manages to breathe, he confirms he wants his design changed to that one too, and he has to tell Legolas about the message he wants written on the inside, and that gets him a kiss so dizzying he almost forgets himself completely and he's prepared to take him over the table, but somehow Galion just throwing a plate on the floor, hard, manages to make him snap out of it.

“I apologize,” he says to the jewelers, and knows he blushes, and that didn't happen in ages. “I got a bit carried away.”

“No, no, you are in love, that's wonderful! We will leave now, and tell Dori to start looking for the stones.”

“Well, I have one more request first, some companion pieces to this, I think.”

“OK, what kind of pieces, Mr. Green?” Nori asks, ready to write them down.

“I would like some nipple rings with this design also, two pairs,” Thranduil says, and in his arms Legolas can't suppress a moan, and then turns even redder, ashamed. “I think you must have made such from time to time, right?”

“Indeed we do, Mr. Green,” says Ori. “Of course, the stones should be smaller for this, though.”
“Yes, that is a thing… I suppose we need two pairs with small stones, for day-to-day wear,” Thranduil muses. “They should be, hmm, absolutely maximum 5 grams in weight per pair, preferably less. It would fit what, let's say some 3 carat stones? But we would need some larger ones too, for special occasions. Do you think you can find enough stones?”

“Well, Mr. Green,” Nori says, pondering. “I think we will do everything needed to find the stones for the two rings in time for your wedding. They will be around the 10 carat mark, so it's not easy, but we will be proud to do it. And, during that time, we will also look everywhere for more stones, and ready the other rings as soon as possible. Is that all right with you?”

“Ideally, I would like to have the small rings by the wedding,” Thranduil says. “And 3, maximum 6 months later, the other ones. Is that doable?”

“Yes,” Ori says, decisively. “We'll spread the word and we will find them. Anything else?”

“No, I have no other ideas,” Thranduil says. “So, Legolas,” he adds with a smirk, “how much was the ring?”

Legolas shivers, realizing this was amusing Thranduil, and that he will not escape now.

“The ring was 5 millions,” he whispers.

“I see. So, do we have a total with the changed design for my fiancee's ring and the others?”

“Well, let's see, the other wedding ring would be the same,” Ori starts jotting in his notebook, “the small nipple rings would be 1.5 million for two pairs, we'll look for stones but for the big ones, I don't know yet. We have to see what size of stones we find and what you can tolerate in weight, I think. Do you know, by chance…”

“No, unfortunately that will be trial and error,” Thranduil muses. “I would love to say we want them also with 10 carat stones, but yes, we'll have to decide in time. OK then my treasure, you should write one more check tonight.”

Legolas sighs, and his hands are shaking, but he knows he will not escape this, so he writes a new check for 6.5 million dollars and just wants to go hide somewhere, but even if Thranduil no longer restrains him bodily, he is not insane to try to bolt yet, so he waits for the jewelers to leave and for the next command. And then he gasps, because he realizes that, of course, he will have to write the check for the big nipple rings too, and that will be another 20 million. Because no matter what, Thranduil will make them wear those, even if it will be torture. And he knows he will love every second of it.

“I'm going to go hide under a rock,” he tells Thranduil, when he comes back.

“How many carats?” Thranduil quips. Of course he does.

“Seriously, this is insane, even by your shopping standards! How did I spend 53 million dollars in a day?”

“Relax, my dear, I promise we will consider them two days. And maybe they won't find so many large stones, they are indeed very, very rare.”

Legolas snorts, very inelegantly.

“The way their eyes sparkled, they will do it just to be able to brag they could.”
“Well, my love, you start to understand people, that is a great thing. Now, I’d really like to see if you can take the weight of large rings… what do you say?”

Legolas moans, but then he realizes their piercings are way too new to try anything, and he tells Thranduil that, and is met with a dark gleam in his eyes.

“Come, darling, let me show you other delightful places on your body where we can place clamps,” he says, and Legolas follows him in a trance, only to find himself again held in a sling, with his legs spread wide, a steel toy opening him up and clamps squeezing tight the very tender tissue right in between his balls and his anus.

It's excruciating already, but then Thranduil adds the weights too and starts treating his cock like it were the best lollipop ever, and moves the toy inside him from time to time, or jingles the weights, and Legolas screams his pain and pleasure and begs to be taken, to be sucked deep, anything just to quench the raging inferno in his belly.

But of course Thranduil is in a teasing mood, so he changes the long weights with some which stay very close to the clamps and then, to Legolas' complete dismay, puts some on himself, and hisses and then moans deep at the feeling.

“Mmm, my dear, this is such a great idea,” he whispers in the boy's ear. “I will fuck you deep and hard tonight, and we will both feel the weights so good. I think we will confirm them we want the big stones,” he adds. “Can you feel them, my son, pulling at your pink nipples, moving in time with my thrusts? How loud will you beg then,” he asks, rearranging the sling so his ass is higher in the air, taking the steel rod out of him and pushing his cock instead. Legolas cries out, because the contrast between the cold, unforgiving toy and his father's hot, pulsing cock is almost enough to push him over the edge, and the pulling movement of the clamps and weights does not help with it one bit.

Thranduil hisses too when he's all the way in, and starts telling him how it feels to be gathered in his warm silky heat and to have the clamps pull at his sensitized flesh, and then he lightly rubs his aching nipples on Legolas' body and twitches inside him and squeezes Legolas' hips, hard.

“Oooh, this is maddening,” he says, “don't you dare come yet, because I want it to last!”

Legolas whimpers and tries to relax even more, although all he wants to do is squeeze him with all his strength. Of course this allows Thranduil to push in even easier, and he does, and he does piston fast and deep, while Legolas knows he wants so bad to touch his nipples and make him scream. He both wants it and dreads it, breathing hard and shallow and fast, already feeling the jumble of sensations too keenly.

“Love you, dad…. ahhh, l…. ahh, yes, yes” is all he manages to utter, giving permission for anything with his eyes, lost in the icy sea that is Thranduil's gaze. But instead, Thranduil removes one clamp, and the pain of the blood rushing back in there is indeed exquisite, so he does scream. Still, amazing even himself, he's not coming and, it seems, not squeezing his muscles against his lover's cock, because Thranduil smiles at him and pounds a few more times, before he takes off the other weight and takes his cock in hand. Now Legolas begs brokenly, incoherently, desperate to give way to all he feels, all the sharp pain and maddening pleasure and the feeling of being his father's toy and treasure and heart.

“Come,” Thranduil says simply, and he does, so grateful, so filled with love, and he does squeeze and milk his lover too, enjoying the hot seed bathing his insides so much. But it's not over, because his father uses the steel toy to fill him again, as soon as he pulls out, and Legolas mewls at this, because it's too much, too cold, but he can't do anything against it as he is still in the sling.
Thranduil kneels and starts licking around it, jolting his nerves, then presses on the perineum, where the clamps were, and then nips there, making him cry out, making him fall over the edge of the world, keeping him there for God knows how long, there where every worry is forgotten and he is just happy to be.

He's kissed then, long and languid, and stays in that haze of pleasure, feeling his beloved father's hand in his hair, relishing his taste, his silky tongue exploring his mouth, purring his happiness and floating on his fluffy little cloud.

Legolas doesn't know how much time has passed, but Thranduil stops, slowly pulls the toy out of him and starts taking him off from the sling, and then picks him up in his arms, and it's just the perfect place to be, so he snuggles there just like the big kitten his father so often told him he resembles. He's gently lowered to the bed, and turns to his side, waiting to be spooned, but Thranduil has other ideas.

“On your back, kitten”, he says, and of course Legolas listens, keeping his eyes closed, because it's easier.

“Open your eyes, pretty”, the voice purrs unexpectedly. His breath just stops completely when he does, because Thranduil is almost sitting in his lap, carefully lowering himself on top of his again hard cock.

“I need your hands”, his father says, “hold yourself so I can ride you, and when the head is in, take off one of the clamps”.

Legolas can only nod, but as soon as he's able to take a breath, he lets it out in a broken moan, because he didn't expect this, and there are a million worries trying to invade his mind. But there isn't time for them, because Thranduil has already squeezed a lot of lube over his cock and is now slowly lowering himself over him, so hot inside it burns his mind to ashes and he almost forgets what he's doing, but the ingrained response holds and he gently pulls one of the clamps off his lover. He feels the ragged moan this causes in his entire body and really doesn't know how he didn't just buck up, to fill him to the hilt.

They are both breathing hard, Legolas trying to stay as still as possible, Thranduil trying to keep his knees locked enough not to just leave himself fall completely. The sensation is excruciating, and that is a good thing, because his mind is short-circuited and can't bring back the ugly, painful memories, and it seems he did quite a good job of opening himself up while he was kissing Legolas.

He manages to control his tremors a bit and lowers himself another inch. It burns a little, but he is ready for it, wants to be filled and claimed so much that it doesn't matter one bit. He's still going slow, because he knows hurting him would dismay Legolas to no end. But Thranduil actually wants it to hurt, maybe even to bleed, because this is something he wants to offer his beautiful, pure son. He wants him to feel how full with love and devotion his heart is, to know he owns it, owns him, that he would do anything, give anything, just to see that beautiful face, those clear blue eyes filled with so much light that it burns him to the core.

“Yesss”, he moans after another inch, and somehow his desperation for more has probably reached Legolas, because he flicks the remaining clamp, making him see stars and cry out, and it's so damn hard to relax his muscles, because all they want to do is squeeze the silky rod impaling him for dear life. His head falls forward and brings his hair like a curtain around them, tickling his lover's abdomen and making him buck, just a little, because Legolas manages to control it, but that jolts Thranduil so good that he inadvertently falls another bit, and his legs are almost liquid now and his hands are trembling too.
“You are shaking”, Legolas says, and he blessedly brings his hands under his father's thighs and offers just enough support to hold him there, so Thranduil can draw a few breaths and push himself to relax, damn it! “Easy, I have you”, his son adds, and it fills him with warmth to know it's so true.

He lets his love help to the end, until his pelvis rests flush over his son's, and he hisses, both because he is so damn full and because the clamp and weight are pressed in between their bodies, and he feels it like lightning, up to the crown of his head.

“Ouch! What?” Legolas says, because it pushes into his flesh too.

“I'll try to get up a little, so you can take it out”, Thranduil manages to say.

“Hold it, hold on, it might be too much when I take it off”, and he's right, his muscles spasm beyond any control when the blood rushes back in, and Legolas can't resist bucking into him when he's squeezed so hard, touching deep inside the place that makes him scream. There's also a hand on his cock, a warm and delicious shock of pleasure, even if he's not that clear what it does exactly. They both just explode, moving erratically, way too deep still, pressing just right, and Thranduil is sure there must be fireworks, because he can only see flashes of light. Now he just does his best to just stay were he is and not collapse over his son, riding out his body's shudders and the shards of immense pleasure. So, so much better than fingers, Gods! Is this what Legolas feels every time? Oh fuck, it's something that is worth selling your soul for!

“Are you all right?” Legolas asks, after getting his breath back somewhat.

“Mmmm… very”, Thranduil answers, languidly. “Although that was fast”.

“Well, it's OK, since you don't have experience with this. But you will learn”, his cheeky love quips, making him laugh, and then hiss, because that jolts him and he's still too tense, too sensitive, so he tries to move to the side, but surprisingly strong hands stop him.

“No you don't”, Legolas purrs darkly, “if you are fine, then you'll stay here until I get hard again. I want to savor you”.

“All I am is yours, my love. Take whatever you want. Always.”

Yes, this forever he can well take.

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaaand... it's done. Like, I managed to write all this. Phew.

Have to thank everyone who encouraged me while I wrote, your comments mean the world to me :).

Special shoutout for those who stood by me from the absolute beginning - LovelyNightmare, TheTVJunkie, Kyrie_Eleison - you really made this journey doable and it was real nice knowing you are there, waiting for an update!

I'll be posting the first chapter of the sequel in a week or two, and also the alternate story - honestly, as soon as I find some damn titles for them. Finding a good title is damn hard, OK?
There's also a story inspired by this one:

Go read it! It's great!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!